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Among The Tibetan Bandits

The following will be of interest here as Mr. McLeod referred to in a brother of Lieut. Col. Allan McLeod of Hartsville.

Tsechoung, Yunnan, July 18, 1927.

Dear Mr. Corey:

We are here on our way home, penniless and less almost everything else. We, MacLeods and I, left Batang on the 27th of June. Due to the unsettled state of the route we had heavy escort when we could get it, but later when we arrived in a place where the Chinese could not go because of the rebellion the first of the year, we hired Tibetans. However, after we had crossed Tsa Lei Pass the escort of six men whom the Tibetan official declared to be sufficient for us proved to be useless. From the feeble defence they put up and their retreat which left us between them and the robbers and the knowledge that their official later shared in the plunder, we know that they treacherously turned us over to the mercy of the robbers.

On July 6, after descending less than 2,000 feet from Tsa Lei Pass which is 15,800 feet high, we entered a small grassy plain where two streams met. The escort had told us a quarter of a mile distant before this place that they had seen robbers on the pass and that they were following us. But since our escort seemed to be going on ahead and as they could easily have stopped them at the narrow pass, I concluded that they were trying to scare us so we would give them money although their hire had been agreed upon and paid over.

As we arrived at this slightly sloping ravine we found that my baggage animals had camped for dinner on the north side of the main stream which flowed almost east. Our chair was dropped there but as MacLeod's animals insisted on going across the ravine his chairs crossed over and stopped there near the ruins of a stone house. The escort leader suggested that we go across the stream but our chairman objected so we prepared to eat dinner.

The escort arranged themselves beyond the dilapidated stone wall on the edge of the scrubby oak forest which grew up that side. We had reached the place about 10:20 A.M., Wednesday morning July 6, and in about five minutes shots rang out. Looking up I saw two or three Tibetans partly concealed by low bushes not over three hundred feet away, advancing toward us.

I thought of going to the mule and getting my staff off of the mule and then retreating with the children, but the mule was fifteen feet away and directly in the line of fire. Bay Shang Wun, my teacher and caravan leader, grabbed John Kenne (John Kenneth Ducean aged three years) while I picked up the baby (Marian Louise Ducean born April 14, 1927) and my wife seized the baby blankets. We started at right angles up the larger stream. First we had to cross an open plain about 300 feet before we could reach the shelter of the rocks at the mouth of the ravine. Shooting was now general.

An Old Recipe to Darken Hair

By JANICE RANDALL

Almost everybody knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome.

Nowadays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." You will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients, for only 75 cents. Everybody uses this preparation now because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger.



Hon. Elsie Mackay, daughter of Lord Inchcape, who flew with Captain Hinchliffe in his transatlantic effort. (1) is Miss Mackay in flying togs; (2) Miss Mackay in ordinary dress; (3) Capt. Hinchliffe.

GIRL IN DARK TWO YEARS

(By British United Press)

BERLIN, March 21. — A strange tale comes from Ottersberg, in Pomerania. In that part of Germany peasant proprietors try to uphold the ancient tradition that land should be divided at their death between their sons, while their daughters may inherit only the household goods.

The peasant in question has two sons and one daughter, and as the latter objected to the proposed arrangement, he shut her up in a cellar in hopes that she would die before division of the land became necessary.

That was two years ago, and the mother and two brothers con-

between the robbers and our escort but as both were on higher ground than we were no shots seemed near until just before we reached the mouth of the ravine. As we ran along, we came across John Kenne sitting forlornly on the ground. This caravan leader had given him to a chairman who had stumbled and then put him down so he could run faster. Shifting Marian Louise to the left arm, I picked up John Kenne in my right arm and continued at a slower pace. Running at an altitude of 14,000 feet is a breath taking performance. Louise (Mrs. Ducean) was some 100 feet distance in the rear. Across the stream stood Andrew with outstretched hands shouting to his robbers not to shoot. The MacLeod children were running into the stone enclosure.

We ran some more. Just before I reached the mouth of the ravine a bullet struck the ground at my feet and another whizzed over my head. I was so out of breath that I stopped to crouch beneath a low overhanging rock. My wife joined us. I looked across the stream and saw several robbers running toward Andrew. They beat him with guns and swords as he implored them to have mercy. It seemed to me that they were not doing it violently so I figured they would not kill him. Tibetan robbers usually beat their victims more or less severely.

I was startled from this scene by the appearance of a tall Tibetan who asked me for money, gun and opera glasses. I gave him my money belt by putting John K. on the ground. The only gun with us was my revolver which was in the bottom of my saddle bags. With a band of robbers as large as this such an instrument was more dangerous than useful.

After the brigand left us, we proceeded up the ravine and in about a hundred feet distance came upon MacLeod calmly handling over valuables to our robber-guest as he was asked to. We stopped here sheltered by light shrubbery and lay down in the misty rain. For two hours we lay here in the cold drizzle which had alternate periods of cloudy sunshine not long enough to dry us out.

The firing ceased after about fifteen minutes. Then the brigands went up our ravine past us for the animals. When they came down MacLeod went toward them and asked to be taken down to where his family was. They refused and demanded his hat. His comrades seeing that his friend had a hat looked back at me and yelled for my hat. I obligingly went out and presented him with it.

We lay in the rain bareheaded and uncovered. MacLeod let my wife and children have his raincoat to cover them. I raised up once to see what was going on but a bandit pointed his gun at me. I didn't stay raised up very long.

MacLeod, being dressed lightly, was soon shivering in misery so I loaned him my sweater. I was dressed warmly in wool so suffered little.

Anxious and uncertain as to our own safety, we let the bandits load up our goods upon our hired animals and leave without a word. Just before they left one of the leaders came down and asked us about money and opera glasses, looked over the contents of my pockets and took our keys. We asked him to open the boxes, take out what they could use and to throw down what they did not have any use for. I asked him to let me go with him and open the boxes. He replied that he was a righteous man but that some of the others were wicked and might kill me so he refused to let me go with him. MacLeod wanted the man to take him to his wife and children but the man refused saying that his wife and children were safe and would not be harmed.

In a short time the brigands gave a parting shot and yell which we had heard they gave before leaving. Then in about five minutes our escort fired a few shots after them and then, 12:15, the servants and chairman came down although within fifteen feet they were so scared they could not hear



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Protest Abandonment of Steamship Line

BOSTON, March 21. — The proposal to abandon steamboat passenger service by the Eastern Steamship Lines between Boston and Portland and Boothbay, Me., has aroused a storm of protest from Maine business men and others.

Calvin Austin, president of the lines, is authority for the statement that the last twenty years of operation of the century old service has been without a cent of profit to the company. Last year the line operated at a deficit of \$79,000, and the loss for the past ten years aggregated \$814,000, he said.

These opposing abandonment of the service indicated they would not be satisfied with a freight service, declaring such an arrangement would react to the disadvantage of those catering to summer visitors.

The Maine business men have proposed building a steamer to be operated by the Eastern Steamship company, but this scheme has not been looked upon favorably by the head of the line.

It has also been decided by the Maine business men to launch a publicity campaign in an effort to secure patronage sufficient to make operation of the line profitable.

blocked and for us to send up a man or come up and get the goods. Our two caravan leaders and MacLeod's muleman went up. We went on to Atuntze, rested a day and then wearily on three days to Tzuchoang where we were given warm welcome by the French priest, Ouard.

The next day MacLeod and I started back to Atuntze to raise money to pay off chairman and servants as they could go no farther. When we reached there after two hurried days we were met with sad news from our two caravan leader. They had followed down a day and managed to secure a load of miscellaneous stuff and two of food but on their return after crossing the pass into Yunnan and camping far down the mountain side, they had been attacked again and fired on at a close range in the forest, they luckily managed to escape with their lives by fleeing among the trees. When they returned the robbers were going to kill them but the officials who had hired our escort managed to prevent the unscrupulous bandits from falling on them there. They fled for their lives to Atuntze.

A Batang man who had been befriended by members of the mission, Kangbing by name, had stirred up the robbers. He with another Batang renegade, Drahenorji, who wrote the letter guaranteeing us safety to the top of the pass, had led the robbers. They wanted to kill our two caravan leaders so as to remove two men of influence who would testify against them.

The officials who hired our escort said we would have gotten our goods back if more robbers had not come up and outnumbered him. Only twelve robbers were said to be in the attacking party but our servants reported fifty or sixty at the dividing of the loot place. The official who hired our escort was seen riding off on MacLeod's horse with my saddle and one of my rugs on top of that.

Treachery, lies and deceit had been practiced on us because they believed that robbing and even killing a foreigner was an easy deed which brought no punishment. All Tibetans who are our friends say that the robbing and killing of Shelton with no punishment has created this belief. Robbing us with probably no punishment later will confirm that belief.

We stayed in Atuntze the rest of the day and then hurried back to Tsechoung. We arrived almost worn out having traveled (counting the day in Atuntze when we spent two hours in the saddle) twenty days of the twenty-one days we had been gone from Batang.

Here we are short of everything except life, dependent upon the French priest who will add us on our further journey. We thank God that thus far the lives of all the party have been spared.

Sincerely,
MARION H. DUNCAN.



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