

# AIKENSIDE

BY  
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## CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

Guy was a puzzle to himself. He would not admit that during the past year his liking for Maddy Clyde had grown to be something stronger than mere friendship, nor yet that his feelings toward Lucy had undergone a change, prompting him not to go to her when she was sick, and not to be as sorry as he ought that the marriage was again deferred. Lucy had no suspicion of the change, and her child-like trust in him was the anchor which held him still true to her in intentions at least, if not in reality. He knew from her letters how much she had learned to like Maddy Clyde, and so, he argued, there was no harm in his liking her, too. She was a splendid girl, and it seemed a pity that her lot should have been so humbly cast. This was usually the drift of his thoughts in connection with her; and now, as he stood there in that cottage, Maddy's home, they recurred to him with tenfold intensity, for well he foresaw that a struggle was before him if he rescued Maddy, as he meant to do, from her approaching fate.

No such thoughts, however, intruded themselves on Maddy's mind. She did not look away from the present, except it were at the past, in which she feared she had erred by leaving her grandmother too much alone. But to her passionate appeals for forgiveness, if she ever had neglected the dying one, there came back only loving looks and mute caresses, the aged hand smoothing lovingly the bowed head, or pressing fondly the girlish cheeks. With the coming of daylight, however, there was a change; and Maddy, listening intently, heard what sounded like her name. The tired tongue was loosed for a little, and in tones scarcely articulate, the disciple who for long years had served her Heavenly Father faithfully, bore testimony to the blessed truth that God's promises to those who love Him are not mere promises—that He will go with them through the river of death, disarming the fainting soul of every fear, and making the dying bed every gate of heaven. This tribute to the Savior was her first thought, while the second was a blessing for her darling, a charge to seek the narrow way now in life's early morning. Disjointed sentences they were, but Maddy understood them all, treasuring up every word even to the last, the words the farthest apart and most painfully uttered. "You—will—care—and—comfort—"

She did not say whom, but Maddy knew whom she meant; and without then realizing the magnitude of the act, virtually accepted the burden from which Guy was so anxious to save her.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Grandma Markham was dead, and the covered sleigh, which late in the afternoon plowed its way heavily back to Aikenside, carried only Mrs. Noah, who with her forehead tied up in knots, sat back among the cushions, thinking not of the peaceful dead, gone forever to the rest which remains for the people of God, but of the wayward Guy, who had resisted all her efforts to persuade him to return with her, instead of staying where he was not needed, and where his presence was a restraint to all save one, and that one Maddy, for whose sake he stayed.

"She'd be vummed," the indignant old lady said, "if she would not write to Lucy herself if Guy did not quit such doings," and thus resolving she kept on her way, while the subject of her wrath was, it may be, more than half repeating or, in decision to stay, inasmuch as he began to have an unpleasant consciousness of himself being in everybody's way.

In the first hour of Maddy's bereavement he had not spoken to her, but had kept himself aloof from the room where, with her grandfather and Uncle Joseph, she sat, holding the poor aching head of the latter in her lap and trying to speak a word of consolation to the old, broken-hearted man, whose hand was grasped in hers. But Maddy knew he was there, she could hear his voice each time he spoke to Mrs. Noah, and that made the desolation easier to bear. She did not look forward to the time when he would be gone; and when at last he told her he was going, she started quickly, and with a gasp of tears, exclaimed: "No, no! oh, no!"

"Maddy," Guy whispered, bending over the strange trio, "would you rather I should stay? Will it be pleasanter for you, if I do?"

"Yes—I don't know. I guess it would not be so lonely. Oh, it's terrible to have grandmother dead!" was Maddy's response; after which Guy would have stayed if a whole regiment of Mrs. Noahs had confronted him instead of one.

Maddy wished it; that was reason enough for him; and giving a few directions to John, he stayed, thereby disconcerting the neighboring women who came in to perform the last offices for the dead, and who wished the young man from Aikenside was anywhere but there, watching them all in their movements, as they vainly fancied he did. But Guy thought only of Maddy, watching her so carefully that more than one meaning glance was exchanged between the women, who, even over the inanimate form of the dead, spoke together of what might possibly occur, wondering what would be the effect on Grandma Markham and Uncle Joseph. Who would take care of them? And then, in case Maddy should feel it her duty to stay there, as they half hoped she would, they fell to pitying the young girl, who seemed now so wholly unfitted for the burden.

To Maddy there came no definite idea of the future during the two days that white, rigid form lay in the darkened cottage; but when, at last, the deep grave made for Grandma Markham was occupied, and the lounge in the little front room was empty—when the Aikenside carriage, which had been sent down for the use of the mourners, had been driven away, taking both Guy and Mrs. Noah—when the neighbors, too, had gone, leaving only herself and the little hired girl

sitting by the evening fire, with the grandfather and the imbecile Uncle Joseph—then it was that she first began to feel the pressure of the burden—began to ask herself if she could live thus always, or at least for many years—as long as either of the two helpless men was spared. Maddy was young, and the world as she had seen it was very bright and fair, brighter far than a life of laborious toil, and for a while the idea that the latter alternative must be accepted made her dizzy and faint.

As if divining her thoughts, poor old grandpa, in his prayers that night, asked in trembling tones, which showed how much he felt what he was saying, that God would guide his darling in all she did, and give her wisdom to make the proper decision; that if it were best she might be happy there with them, but if not, "Oh, Father, Father!" he sobbed, "help me and Joseph to bear it." He could pray no more aloud, and the gray head remained bowed down upon his chair, while Uncle Joseph, in his peculiar way, took up the theme, begging like a very child that Maddy might be inclined to stay—that no young men with curling hair, a diamond cross, the smell of musk, might be permitted to come near her with enticing looks, but that she might stay as she was and be an old maid forever! This was the subject of Uncle Joseph's prayer, a prayer which set the little hired girl to tittering, and would have wrung a smile from Maddy herself had she not felt all the strange petition implied.

With waywardness natural to people in his condition, Uncle Joseph that night turned to Maddy for the little services which his sister had formerly rendered, and which, since her illness, Grandma Markham had done, and would willingly do still. But Joseph refused to let him. Maddy must untie his cravat, unbutton his vest, and take off his shoes, while, after he was in bed, Maddy must sit by his side, holding his hand until he fell away to sleep. And Maddy did it cheerfully, soothing him into quiet, and keeping back her own choking sorrow for the sake of comforting him. Then, when this task was done she sought her grandfather, still sitting before the kitchen fire and evidently waiting for her.

"Maddy," the old man said, "come sit close by me, where I can look into your face, while we talk over what must be done."

With a half-shudder, Maddy drew a stool to her grandfather's feet, and resting her head upon his knee, listened while he talked to her of the future; told her all her grandmother had done; told of his own helplessness; of the trial it was to care for Uncle Joseph, and then in faltering tones asked who was going to look after them now. "We can't live here alone, Maddy. We can't. We're old and weak, and want someone to lean on. Oh, why didn't God take us with her, Joseph and me, and that would leave you free to go back to the school and the life which I know is pleasanter than to stay here with us. Oh, Maddy! it comforts me to look at you—to hear your voice, to know that though I don't see you every minute, you are somewhere, and by and by you'll come in. I shan't live long, and maybe Joseph won't. God's promise is to them who honor father and mother. It'll be hard for you to stay, harder than it was once; but Maddy, oh, Maddy! stay with me, stay with me—stay with your brave heart, and at last, winding her arms around her grandfather's neck, she whispered: "I will not leave you, grandpa. I'll stay in grandmother's place."

Surely Heaven would answer the blessing whispered over Maddy by the delighted old man, and the young girl taking so cheerfully the burden from which many would have shrunk, should be blessed of God.

With her grandfather's hand upon her head, Maddy could almost feel that the blessing was descending; but when, in her own little room, the one where she had lain sick for so many weary weeks, her courage began to give way, and the burden, magnified tenfold by her nervous weakness, looked heavier than she could bear.

"I will, I will," she cried, while into her heart there crept an intense longing for the love of Him who alone could make her task a light one. "If I were good like grandpa, I could bear everything," she thought, and turning upon her pillow, Maddy prayed an earnest, childlike prayer that God would help her do right. That He would take from her the proud spirit which rebelled against her lot because of its loneliness, that pride and love of her own ease and advancement in preference to others' good might all be subdued; in short, that she might be God's child, walking where He appointed her to walk without a murmur, and doing cheerfully His will.

It was broad noon ere Maddy awoke, and starting up she looked about her in bewilderment, wondering where she was and what agency had been at work in her room, transforming it from the cold comfortable apartment she had entered the previous night into the cheery-looking chamber, with a warm fire blazing in the tiny fireplace, a rug spread down upon the hearth, a rocking chair drawn up before it, and all traces of the little hired girl as completely obliterated as if she had never been. In her grief Maddy seemed to have forgotten how to make things cozy, and as, during her grandmother's illness, her own room had been left to the care of the hired girl, Nettie, it wore a neglected, rude aspect, which had grated on Maddy's finer feelings, and made everything so uninviting. But this morning all was changed. Some skillful hand had been busy there while she slept, and Maddy was wondering who it could be, when the door opened cautiously and Flora's good-humored face looked in.

—Flora from Aikenside. Maddy knew now to whom she was indebted for this comfort, and with a cry of joy she welcomed the girl, whose very presence

brought back something of the life with which she had parted forever.

"Flora," she exclaimed, "how came you here? Did you make the fire and fix the room for me?"

"Yes, I made the fire," Flora replied, "and fixed up the things a little, bustlin' that young one's goods out of here; because it was not fit for you to be asleep with her. Mr. Guy was mad enough when he found it out."

"Mr. Guy, Flora? How should he know of our sleeping arrangements?" Maddy asked, but Flora evaded a direct reply, saying, "there was enough ways for things to get to Aikenside;" then continuing, "How tired you must be, Miss Maddy, to sleep so sound as never to hear me at all, though to be sure I tried to be still as a mouse. But let me help you dress. It's all but noon, and you must be hungry. Your breakfast's all ready."

"Thank you, Flora, I can dress myself," Maddy said, stepping out upon the floor, and feeling that the world was not as dark as it had seemed to her when last night she came up to her chamber.

God was comforting her already, and as she made her simple toilet, she tried to thank Him for His goodness, and ask for grace to make her what she ought to be.

"You have not yet told me why you came here," she said to Flora, who was busy making her bed, and who replied: "It's Mr. Guy's work. He thought I'd better come, as you would need help to get things set to rights, so you could go back to school."

Maddy felt her heart coming up in her throat, but she answered calmly, "Mr. Guy is very kind—so are you all; but, Flora, I am not going back to school." "Not going back!" and Flora stopped her bed-making, while she stared blankly at Maddy. "What be you going to do?" "Stay here and take care of grandpa," Maddy said, bathing her face and neck in the cold water, which could not cool the feverish heat she felt spreading all over them.

"Stay here! You are crazy, Miss Maddy! 'Tain't no place for a girl like you, and Mr. Guy never will suffer it, I know," Flora rejoined, as she resumed her work, thinking she "should die to be moved up in that nutshell of a house."

With a little sigh, as she foresaw the opposition she should probably meet with from Guy, Maddy went on with her toilet, which was soon completed, as it did not take long to arrange the dark calico dress and plain linen collar which she wore. She was not as pale as her usual color that morning, for excitement and fatigue had lent a paleness to her cheek and a languor to her whole appearance, but Flora, who glanced anxiously after her as she went out, muttered to herself, "She was never more beautiful, and I don't wonder an atom that Mr. Guy thinks so much of her."

The kitchen was in perfect order, for Flora had been busy there as elsewhere. The kettle was boiling on the stove, while two or three little covered dishes were ranged upon the hearth, as if waiting for someone. Grandma Markham had gone out, but Uncle Joseph sat in his accustomed corner, rubbing his hands when he saw Maddy, and nodding mysteriously toward the front room, the door of which was open, so that Maddy could hear the crackling on the hearth.

Maddy entered the room known at the cottage as the parlor, the one where the rag carpet was, the six cane-seated chairs and the Boston rocker, and now the little round table was nicely laid for two, while cozily seated in the rocking chair, reading last night's paper and looking very handsome and happy, was Guy!

(To be continued.)

## The Last Straw.

Nobody in Cedarville was more generous than Almira Hanson. "She'll give an' give, an' without regard to gettin'," her neighbors said of her. But Almira Hanson had her own ideas as to the proper limits for generosity, and in the case of the Cedarville Corners' Church Sociable she felt that those limits had been overstepped.

"I don't want to carp nor to criticize," she remarked to an interested listener; "their ways have never been my ways, but they've never gone against my grain so much as they did last night."

"They asked me for a pot of beans for the supper, and I made 'em same as I do for all three of the churches. 'Now you understand me, I was glad to do it. I didn't begrudge 'em the beans, nor the time it took to do 'em when I had company come unexpected—three cousins and a woman I'd never set eyes on before."

"Nor I didn't begrudge carrying that heavy pot down there on a hot night and then paying twenty-five cents to eat some of my own cooking."

"But when I was ready to come home, and begin to hunt round for that pot, and found Miss' Deacon Harding had sent her boy home with it, and said she knew I'd rather pay five cents to him for the church debt than to lug it myself, well—I didn't say anything but thinks I, 'if this isn't the cap-sheaf I don't know what would be!'"

## The Servant Problem.

Smith—Excuse me, Jones, but may I ask how you manage to have such delicious things to eat?

Jones—It's quite simple. I always kiss the cook before dinner, and hold her on my knee after dinner.

Smith—But what does your wife say?

Jones—Oh, she doesn't object. She's the cook.—Brooklyn Life.

## He Had Been Stung.

Wedderly—The only way to cure yourself of an attack of love is to run away.

Singleton—Why didn't you do that when you were courting the girl you married?

Wedderly—I did—I ran away with her.

## Same Effect.

"Was you ever in love, Eddie?" "Naw, but I fell out of ter second-story window once!"

## EARLY RAILROAD DAYS

### First Charter in Country Obtained in 1823—Sails Attached to Engines.

### ACCIDENTS WERE VERY COMMON

#### Barrier Cars as a Remedy—Difficulty in Getting Wood and Water.

In 1822, the first charter was obtained for a railroad in the United States. It was for a line from Philadelphia to a point on the Susquehanna river, but was never built. On the announcement of the project some one asked one of the Baltimore newspapers, "What is a railroad, anyhow?"

The editor was forced to reply that he did not know, but that "perhaps some other correspondent can tell."

Seven years later on the little wooden track along the Lackawanna creek the first locomotive had its trial. The experiment was far from successful, and for a number of years afterward the train on most of the railroads continued to be drawn by horses.

The first locomotive on the Baltimore and Ohio had sails attached. So did the cars. These sails were hoisted when the wind was in the right direction so as to help the locomotive.

The rivalry between the railroads using locomotives and those using horses was very bitter. In August, 1830, an actual trial of speed was held between a horse and one of the pioneer locomotives, which did not result in favor of the locomotive, the race was on the B. & O., the locomotive being one built by Peter Cooper, who also acted as engineer.

The horse, a gallant gray, was in the habit of pulling a car on a track parallel to that used by the locomotive. At first the gray had the better of the race, but when he was a quarter of a mile ahead Mr. Cooper succeeded in getting up enough steam to pass the horse amid terrific applause.

At that moment a hand slipped from a pulley and though Mr. Cooper lacerated his hands trying to replace it, the engine stopped, the horse passed it and came in the winner.

As there were no brakes on the early trains, they used to stop and start with jolts which threw the passengers across the car. The coupling was with chains having two or three feet of slack which the engine in starting took up with a series of fierce jerks. The shock on stopping was even worse and "never failed to send the passenger flying."

There were no whistles in the old days. Signals were given by pushing up the valve on the dome by hand and letting the steam escape with a loud hissing noise. On the New Castle and Frenchtown railroad when the signal was heard the slaves around the station would rush to the arriving train, seize hold of it and pull back with all their might while the agent stuck a piece of wood through a wheel. There were so many collisions and explosions that some Southern railroads introduced what they called a barrier car between the locomotive and the passenger coaches of the train. This barrier car consisted of a platform on wheels upon which were piled six bales of cotton, and it was claimed it would safeguard the passengers in two ways—it would protect them from the blowing up of the locomotive and would form a soft cushion upon which the passengers could land in the event of a collision. There is no record of how this experiment worked out.

Horatio Allen states that when the South Carolina railroad was completed, with its 100 miles of track, operation over such an extensive line was then unprecedented. In making arrangements for this unusual undertaking one of the first things that occurred to him was that the locomotives would have to run at night as well as day, and in the absence of a headlight he built on an open platform car stationed in front of the locomotive, a fire of pine knots surrounded with sand, which furnished the requisite illumination of the route traversed.

On most of the other lines no substitutes for headlights were used. The trains traveled slowly through the dark. Night trips, however, were avoided as much as possible. The first headlight on a locomotive was used by the Boston and Worcester in 1840.

The original American locomotives were nearly all wood burners, and during a protracted period, before the invention of spark arresters, the flying sparks caused a great amount of damage and annoyance. Interwoven with this difficulty was a necessity for using smokestacks many times larger than those now in use—too high indeed to pass under overhead bridges or the roofs of covered wooden bridges.

To overcome this difficulty the smokestacks of many of the locomotives were jointed or hinged so that they could be lowered when trains were proceeding over or under bridges. This naturally greatly increased the danger of setting fire to the wooden bridges, and it was customary for a watchman to follow every train over or under the bridges, carrying a bucket of water for the purpose of extinguishing fires. Notwithstanding this precaution the burning of bridges was a common occurrence.

On most of the early railroads the

cars were at first entirely uncovered, being in fact merely platform cars with a row of seats along each side. The passengers were entirely unprotected from the sun, rain, smoke or cinders. A passenger who took a trip over the Mohawk Valley railroad when this company had opened its line between Albany and Schenectady thus describes his experience: "They used dry pitch pine for fuel, and there being no smoke or spark catcher to the chimney or smokestack the volume of black smoke strongly impregnated with sparks, coal and cinders, came pouring back the whole length of the train. Each of the passengers who had an umbrella raised it as a protection against the smoke and fire."

"They were found to be but a momentary protection, for I think in the first mile the last one went overboard, all having had their covers burnt off by the flames, when a general melee took place among the passengers, each whipping his neighbor to put out the fire. They presented a very motley appearance on arrival at the first station."

Telegraphic service available for railway service was not established until about 1850. In the absence of the telegraph and the lack of any established system of signaling the early railroads adopted novel methods for conveying information.

The New Castle and Frenchtown railroad had a primitive telegraph in operation as early as 1837. A description of it says that "the poles were of cedar, quite like those now in use, and had cleats fastened on them, forming a sort of Jacob's ladder."

The operator would go to the top of the pole forming his station and with his spy-glass sight the next station in the direction of the approaching train. If the train was coming and the signal showed a flag, it meant that all was well, and the operator would pass the signal along to the next station below.

If a ball was shown, and no train in sight, it signified an accident or a delay of the connecting steamboat. These signals were methodically exchanged until an understanding was had all along the road.

The facilities furnished by the railroads were at first much more fully appreciated by travelers than by the shippers of freight. The speed of the trains, amounting at times to as much as twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, was a source of unabated wonder to the passengers, who had hitherto traveled on the slowly moving canal boats and stage coaches.

In the matter of freight traffic the railroads were at first unable to compete with the canals. Of a prominent Massachusetts railroad it is said that a motion was made at an annual meeting to let the privilege of carrying freight on its lines to some responsible person for \$1,500 a year.

There are many accounts of the pitiful state of impunctuality to which some of the railroads were reduced. Cash being exhausted, and receivers' certificates having not been invented, when operations proved unprofitable there was no basis for credit.

Men were sometimes put on the tender with a sawhorse and saw, and when the engine ran out of wood these men would take up their saw and cut up a new supply of fuel from the nearest woods. Often the passengers would get off the train and help in the cutting of the wood.

The railroads were often too poor to pay for the fuel thus secured, and there are many stories in the old newspapers of encounters between train crews and the farmers who caught them cutting down their trees. The complaints of the high-handed methods of the grasping railroad corporations, their defiance of the law of the land and the rights of others, sound strangely familiar to-day.—Van Norden Magazine.

## EAT SOUR MILK AND LIVE LONG

### Doctors Dwell on the Merits of Zoghurt, a Bulgarian Food.

The latest producer of long life discovered by European physiologists is zoghurt, a preparation of sour milk, says the Washington Star. Prof. Elias Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute, was the first to direct attention to it, but no sooner had he done so than Prof. Reinhardt of Vienna announced that he had known all about it for years and that it was a food in general use in country parts of Bulgaria.

Prof. Metchnikoff's theory is that the ferment contained in the milk attacks certain bacteria which develop in the human system and have poisonous effects. He has proved by experiment, he says, that the zoghurt has an absolutely disinfecting influence and that by destroying the poisonous germs it not only prevents actual disease, but also arrests the process of aging.

In a paper published in the Austrian Review Dr. Reinhardt tells how the Bulgarians prepare the zoghurt. Cow's or goat's milk is boiled in an open vessel until it is reduced to about half its original volume.

Then it is cooled and when it reaches a temperature of about 115 degrees some zoghurt already prepared is stirred into it and it is left to ferment. The germ, which the doctor calls maya fungus, acts quickly and the zoghurt is ready for use in a day.

Dr. Reinhardt thinks the health-giving qualities of the preparation are amply proved by the fact that Bulgaria, in a population of 4,000,000, has 3,800 zoghurt eaters of 100 years of age and upward, while in the whole German empire, with 61,000,000 people, there are only seventy-one centenarians.

## ASK RELEASE OF GIRL SLAYER.

### Jessie Morrison, Who Killed Her Rival, Said to Be Dying in Prison.

Interest in the tragic life story of Jessie Morrison, of Eldorado, Kan., is revived through the efforts of influential friends to secure her release from the Kansas State penitentiary for the murder of her school girl friend, Mrs. Olin G. Castle. The young woman, once known throughout the State as a beauty, is said to be dying as a result of her confinement in the woman's prison, with sixteen years of a twenty-year sentence yet to serve.

The crime for which Miss Morrison is paying the penalty was committed when she and a successful rival in love



MRS. OLIN G. CASTLE

engaged in a razor duel. Her opponent was Mrs. Olin G. Castle, who, as Clara Wiley, was married to young Olin Castle, clerk in an Eldorado store. Both girls had in turn been wooed by him.

July 22, 1900, nine days after the wedding of Clara Wiley and Castle, Miss Morrison visited the young wife and the fatal battle ensued. "I was called to the Castle home by Mrs. Castle, who commenced a furious tirade against me," she says in telling the story. "She attacked me with a razor. I snatched the weapon from her and slashed her." Mrs. Castle died a week later.

Miss Morrison had three trials, in each of which she was found guilty. The first time she was sentenced to three years in prison, the second to ten, and the third time to twenty.

The prominence of the principals of the case made it one of the greatest interest throughout the country. The convicted woman's father was at one time a member of the Kansas Supreme Court.



W. R. Foggs, an American, was slain by Mexican laborers who demanded their wages.

Two bombs were found beneath the box of King Carlos of Portugal in the Royal Theater of Lisbon.

Brigands tortured Marquis Clito of Naples and forced his wife to write a check for \$200,000 for his ransom.

The death sentence of Prof. Karl Hau, convicted of murder in Germany, was commuted to life imprisonment.

Empress Alexandra of Russia became so ill that special consultation of court physicians was deemed necessary.

In the effort to gain the mastery of the Pacific, Japan forced every foreign shipping line out of the China trade.

Thousands of native troops who attacked the French forces on the Algerian frontier were driven back into Morocco. A steamer went on the rocks of the Nova Scotia shore in a blinding storm, but the 600 persons aboard were taken off.

Oscar Erbsloeh was forced by German authorities to pay duty of \$50 on the James Gordon Bennett Cup he won in the balloon race.

Herr Lange, a well-known translator, predicted a famine in white paper and urged America to look to the preservation of her forests.

Finance Minister Kokovoff, in announcing the budget in the Duma, Tuesday, said that it would be necessary to get \$63,000,000 on credit to meet the extraordinary expenses.

Nicholas Tschakowsky, known as the founder of the first revolutionary circle at St. Petersburg, and Mme. Breshkovskaya, one of the first aristocratic converts to the terrorist program, both of whom have many friends in America, have been arrested and thrown into the Fortress of St. Peter and Paul at the Quaslan capital.

Recent reports from South Africa were to the effect that the Cape Government was arming in the expectation of another uprising of the native Zulus, whose leader, Dinisulu, was defying arrest in Natal for certain murders in connection with the rising last year. Now it appears that Dinisulu has surrendered to the authorities and has demanded a trial.