

WILSON STANLEY IN AFRICA.

RETURN OF AN ENGLISHMAN WHO TELLS HIS STORY.

A Picturesque Scene With Tippoo Tib For His Centre—Stanley and His Silver Cigar Case.

Several weeks ago Herbert Ward, an "old boy" of the Mill Hill Grammar School in London, delivered a lecture there on his experiences of travel in Central Africa and his work in connection with the Congo State. Mr. Ward has since arrived in New York and he attended the dinner of the Fellowship Club on Oct. 16. He joined the Emin Pasha expedition under Henry M. Stanley in March, 1887, and was one of the five officers in charge of the ill-fated camp on the Aruwahim, where Stanley's rear guard was posted. He is said to be now the last white man who has returned to England with associations with Stanley's latest explorations in Africa. Mr. Ward's life in Africa is described as having been remarkable for the rapid journeys he made on the Upper Congo, which gained for him the names of "Mayala Mbamba," or "Eagle's Wing."

Mr. Vince, the head master of the school in London, in introducing Mr. Ward, spoke of his visits to Borneo and other untraveled regions, and of the affection he had shown for his old school in giving them the only lecture that he would deliver during his stay in England. Mr. Ward, in the course of his lecture, explained that he first went to Africa in 1884, when, after returning from Borneo, where he had spent some years in the interior among the head-hunting Dyaks, he entered the service of his Majesty, the King of the Belgians. The first year and a half he spent in traveling among the

TRIBES OF THE LOWER CONGO.

He applied himself to learning their language and to obtaining as much information as possible about their customs and superstitions. They proved to be most ignorant and most superstitious. They lived in small villages scattered about the country, and in no single instance was a ruler to be found with more than a few hundred subjects. The greatest obstacle to progress and enlightenment in this portion of Africa was a "functionary" known to the natives as the "Nganga Nkisi," or charm doctor.

After spending some eighteen months in becoming acquainted with the language and manners of the people in this way, he was, in 1886, transferred to the command of the station at Bangala. It was here that Stanley had had his most severe fight on his great journey across the continent, and it was in March, 1887, when proceeding down country from Bangala, in order to embark for Europe, his term of service having expired, that he met Stanley. He had broken camp one morning early and was marching rapidly along, when in the distance, coming over the brow of a hill, he saw a tall Soudanese warrior bearing Mr. Gordon Bennett's yacht flag. Behind the soldier and astride a magnificent mule, whose silver-plated trappings shone and sparkled in the bright morning sun, came the great explorer, attired in his famous African costume.

Following immediately in his rear were his personal servants, Somalis with their braided waistcoats and white robes. Then came Zanibaris with their blankets, water bottles, ammunition belts, and guns; stalwart Soudanese soldiers with great hooded coats, their rifles on their backs, and innumerable straps and leather belts around their bodies; Wagawali porters bearing boxes of ammunition, to which were fastened axes, shovels, and hose lines, as well as their little bundles of clothing, which were invariably rolled up in old threadbare blankets. Stanley, whose name in Africa is Bala Matadi—the stone breaker—saluted him cordially and dismounted. "Take a seat," said he, pointing to the bare ground.

They squatted down and Stanley, producing a silver cigar case, given him, he said by the Prince of Wales the night before he left England, they both smoked the cigar of peace. He had already rendered Stanley a timely service by obtaining some 500 carriers to transport his baggage, and he now offered himself as

A VOLUNTEER IN THE EXPEDITION.

Stanley made little difficulty, and in a characteristic way set him at once to work, arranging a meeting at Stanley Pool later. Passing along the procession, he became further acquainted with the constitution of Stanley's great cavalcade. At one point the whole boat was being carried in sections, suspended from poles, which were each borne by four men. Donkeys heavily laden with sacks of rice were next met with, and a little further back were the women of Tippoo Tib's harem, their faces concealed and their bodies draped in gaudily-colored clothes. Here and there was an English officer.

A flock of large-horned goats next came along, and then the majestic form of the veritable Tippoo Tib came into view as he strutted majestically along in his flowing Arab robes and large turban, carrying over his right shoulder a jewel-encrusted sword, the emblem of office from his Highness the Sultan of Zanibar. Behind him, at a respectful distance, followed several Arab sheiks, whose bearing was quiet and dignified. He passed along the line of 700 men, which embraced, in addition to nationalities already named, Assyrians, Malaysians, and others, each wearing the distinguishing garb of his own country. Having rejoined Stanley Pool they embarked together on the 1st of May on a small launch, he (Mr. Ward) being then in command of No. 1 Company of Zanibar. After ten days' steaming we reached Bolobo. It was necessary there to form the first temporary encampment, and as this was a more or less hostile region with a population of upwards of 40,000, he was, on account of his former experience and his knowledge of the language, left in charge.

He continued at Bolobo with a white officer and about one hundred and fifty Zanibar without any serious conflict with the natives. Mr. Stanley and the other portion of the expedition had meanwhile proceeded on to Aruwahim. There, it will be remembered, he formed an entrenched camp at the Yumbaya under the command of Major Barttelot and Mr. J. S. Jamieson. Stanley himself, with four officers and 400 picked men of the expedition, starting on the 19th of June with the intention of forcing their way

THROUGH THE FOREST

to Emin Pasha. In due course the Bolobo camp was broken and he, the lecturer, and his men joined the entrenched camp

on Aug. 14, 1887. They were now cut off from all communication with the outside world, for they were a thousand miles from the white man's settlement at Stanley Pool. After a further lapse of time spent at Aruwahim he was chosen to force his way down the Congo in canoes, with a view to communicating by cable from the Portuguese settlement at Angola, on the southwest coast, to the effect that no news had come from Stanley. Although, according to arrangements, he was to have returned in November, 1887. He (the lecturer) accordingly left the camp on March 28, 1888, and after several days' journey through the dense and deadly virgin forest, reached the banks of the Congo with his thirty-five soldiers. Just as they neared the stream they passed over a range of hills of considerable altitude, which extended for several miles along the north bank. Procuring two huge canoes, he lashed them together, and they hurriedly embarked, drifting down night and day with the current.

The Congo basin was one vast forest swamp, and this monotony was scarcely relieved by any stretches of untimbered land. As far as the eye could reach, in all directions there was the same dark olive-tinted mass of trunk and foliage. Eventually he reached the coast and dispatched the cablegram and then started on his return journey. He had got as far as Bangala, where he was detained for some little time, when the news of the assassination of Major Barttelot at Bonalya reached him, that place being distant from him 700 miles.

While on this point he wished to say a word or two in favor of Tippoo Tib. Tippoo Tib was not in the least responsible for this assassination. It was true that it had been represented that he had

DELAYED THE SUPPLY OF MEN

sufficient to make up Major Barttelot's contingent, and this had been regarded as a reason for blaming him for the foul play that occurred later on. As a matter of fact Tippoo Tib's action had been to a certain extent prompted by a benevolent intention, inasmuch as, knowing the lawless character of the Manyemas, he appreciated the difficulty which white men would have in controlling them, and by his efforts sought to prevent an opportunity for the mutiny which, unfortunately, subsequently resulted in Major Barttelot's assassination.

It was at Bangala that the most pathetic incident in connection with the lecturer's varied African experience happened, for it was here that poor Jamieson passed to his rest in his arms. Mr. Ward then went on to say that, after Jamieson's death and the assassination of Major Barttelot, there was nothing left for him to do but to proceed again to the coast and to cable home the melancholy details. The reply cable was to the effect that he was to take command of everything in Stanley's absence, and he accordingly made his way back to Stanley Falls. On the journey upward he learned that Stanley, by a strange coincidence, had returned there on the very day of poor Jamieson's death at Bangala, 700 miles away. Stanley had taken everything on from Bangala in his march to seek Emin Pasha, and so he (Mr. Ward) had nothing left but to act on his own responsibility and to bring the sick man back with him to the coast. When he arrived there instructions were given to him to bring them home, and accordingly he reached England again on the 1st of July with the remaining survivors of the ill-fated Barttelot camp.

Calling a Boy Up in the Morning.

If you want your boy to get up at eight o'clock you will be obliged to commence operating on him by six. A boy never begins to sleep in earnest until it is time to get up. Over night, you must tell him that it is absolutely essential to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, that he should get up by eight o'clock, and make him understand that his honor is at stake.

Then set the alarm clock right by his head, and wind it clear up, so that when it goes off at seven, next morning, the whole neighborhood will hear it, and think there is a fire somewhere.

In the morning, after you have cleared your throat, you can begin to call your boy. The earlier you start out at it the more vocal exercise you will get.

When you have yelled up the stair-way all you feel that you can, go up stairs, and fire away at him from the hall. Then, cheered and inspired to fresh efforts by his resounding snore, open his chamber door and shake him, and poke him up, as the keeper does the animals at the menagerie. If you work with a will, and your hands are moderately cold, you will probably, at the end of half an hour's hard work, elicit the sleepy inquiry: "What's wanted? Who's—a—wanting me—to get up this time of night."

And your boy will sit up in bed, and rub his fists into his sleepy eyes, and it would take an hour's hard work to make him understand that he is the same boy who was warned over night to be on hand at eight the next morning.

He will give up the attempt to rub open his eyes in despair, and sink back again among the pillows, and if you mean to conquer, you have got the whole business to go over again.

There are some very curious facts about boys who cannot wake up in the morning—facts which go to show that science has not yet succeeded in explaining everything.

This same boy of whom we have been writing, will get up on the morning of July 4th at one o'clock, and nobody to call him! It is just as easy for him as sliding down a hill. He will get up to go fishing with Bill Jones at any hour Bill may name. He is always up in season to see his big sister's boat take his departure on Monday morning about cock-crow.

He can get up and get ready to go on the train which leaves at seven A. M., when there is a circus in prospect.

He is an early riser when he so wills it, but on other occasions you might as well try to wake up the sentinel on the Soldier's Monument on your village common.

And his mother will excuse him, and tell her next door neighbor whose boys are all girls, that poor Willie works so hard at school, and grows so fast, that he needs all the sleep he can get, and it seems to be a shame to wake him up to eat breakfast with the family.

And so Willie is left in bed till he sees fit to get out of it, and the breakfast-table stands and the kitchen girl's temper is spoiled, and so are the mufins and the baked potatoes; and when Willie grows up and gets a family of his own, he will try his wife's temper and he will set the bad example of unpunctuality to his children.

So, therefore, we say to you called, "Willie get up the first time you are called."

A DEATH DEALING GUN.

The Zilinski Dynamite Projectile.

Even supposing that Lieut. Zilinski does not find some means of increasing the range of his gun, and that a mile remains its limit, the fact that within that limit dynamite projectiles can be used with precision and effect is staggering enough. In the first place land defenses will be given an enormous advantage in any contest between them and ships. In attacking forts in harbors and estuaries, the iron-clads are often obliged to come within a mile of the shore. But if the land batteries are armed with guns throwing dynamite shells, to do so will mean

DESTRUCTION FOR THE SHIPS.

Such projectiles do not merely injure the vessel struck; they extinguish her. Under ordinary circumstances, an armored war ship, though she may run a considerable risk of being disabled by forts if she comes within their fire, has a very fair chance of keeping afloat even if struck. The bombardment of Alexandria, for instance, showed that ships could be hit again and again without serious damage being done to them. But as some experiments made a few months ago with the Zilinski gun proved, the effect of its fire is very different. One of its projectiles was dropped on the deck of a vessel and the explosion that ensued was sufficient to totally wreck the whole structure. Nor were even the mizzen harmless. So great a column of water was raised by the explosion as to do a great deal of damage in its descent on the object of attack. If, then, the forts at the entrance of the Thames were armed with the dynamite gun it would be impossible for any hostile squadron to force the passage. The batteries could not be destroyed by ships out at sea, as they would be protected by the turns of the river, and whenever they were attacked from quarters they would be able to reply with far greater power than that possessed by their assailants. In fact the Zilinski gun makes it possible to fire torpedoes through the air, and with the accuracy of rockets. If, then, the effect of the new discovery be such as we have described it, the problem

HOW TO DEFEND OUR COAST

from attack will be immensely simplified. Floating batteries which can be towed to the most convenient points in a harbor or at a river's mouth would soon put places like Liverpool and Newcastle-on-Tyne out of all danger of being raided. A hostile cruiser obliged to keep two miles out to sea, though it might set fire to a few public buildings, would not be a very formidable enemy. It can, however hardly be supposed that the invention will stop where it is. Everything seems to point to the fact that we shall soon discard ordinary gunpowder for the filling of projectiles. Up till now there has been a difficulty in discharging dynamite and similar compositions from an ordinary cannon, and therefore pneumatic guns, which are comparatively rare, have had to be adopted, in spite of the short distance over which they will throw a shell. Methods of getting over this are, however, being diligently sought for, and we may be certain that before long either the pneumatic guns will be improved, or, what is more probable, some means will be devised for firing dynamite from ordinary artillery.

Extending Her Dominions.

England has been extending her dominions so far that she is obliged to call in organizations of private persons to take care of her territory. The British South Africa Company is the latest of these authorized representatives of British power in remote parts of the globe. This company has now been duly empowered to develop and govern that part of South Africa which lies between the central and lower Zambesi on the north, and the frontier of the Transvaal on the south; a territory comprising about 400,000 square miles, or about three times the extent of the United Kingdom, and twice the area of France. A large part of this territory is very rich in minerals, and the climate and soil are favorable to European settlement. A good deal of it is tableland at a considerable elevation above the sea, with a dry and invigorating climate. It is abundantly supplied with water, and the soil is said to be extremely rich. Coffee, corn, rice, sugar, and cotton are among the crops that can be raised to advantage. Over this vast domain the company will exercise sufficient rights, although the approval of the Colonial Secretary will be needed in certain cases. What the country needs is stable government, means of communication, and ease of access. These will be supplied by the new company, which will put steamers on the Zambesi and complete the railroad now being built from the south. The British South Africa Company is the fourth of these great companies to which the British Government has delegated a part of its power and responsibility, the others being the North Borneo Company, and the East Africa Company.—[Ex.]

A Bright Journalist.

Foreman (excitedly): Here's a go! Johnson, the murderer, has just been found innocent and the Governor has telegraphed a pardon. We've got the whole account of the hanging set up, with illustrations, and the form is on the press. Editor (colly): Don't get excited, my boy. Just set over the account in large caps.

JOHNSON PARDONED!

Below is a full account of what he escaped!

A Distressing Story.

Stranger (driving past the foot of the mountain, to driver): Anything remarkable about this mountain? Driver: There is nothing peculiar about the hill itself, but there's a queer story connected with it.

Stranger: What is that? Driver: A young lady and gentleman went out for a walk on this hill; they ascended higher and higher and—never came back again.

Stranger: Dear me! What, then, became of the unhappy pair? Driver: They went down on the other side.

Extremes.

"You always go to extremes. Now you eat absolutely nothing but vegetables." "That isn't an extreme. Extremes meat."

It Was a Pair.

Congratulations, old fellow. Boy: Mr. B. (sorrowfully).—Life

GENERAL NEWS

The efficiency of our quarantine regulations at Grosse Isle has prevented several cases of contagious diseases from entering the country this year. At this station during the season every vessel is thoroughly inspected, except the mail steamers, which undergo the same test at Rimouski, so that the introduction of dangerous epidemics from foreign countries by the most natural channel is prevented. This is a comfortable reflection in view of the fact that there is an apprehension felt in Europe that an attack of cholera may be expected next year.

Much has been said about the acquisition of American money-making concerns by British capitalists. According to the Chicago Tribune the buyers are not all capitalists. The breweries, flour mills, etc., are transferred to joint stock companies. The stock is offered in shares of \$50 or \$100 each, and is largely taken up by people who are seeking investment for small savings and are tempted by a rate of interest much higher than can be obtained in England. The Tribune says, probably with truth, that many of those people will suffer disappointment and loss, the investments being subject to the ordinary perils of business life.

American wild turkeys have been successfully acclimatized in Austria on that portion of the estate of Count Brenner, which is known as the Danubian meadow, and great flocks of them are to be seen in his forests. About the middle of the last century there was a vast flock of wild turkeys in Windsor forest, which had been introduced by William, duke of Cumberland, from Richmond Park, where, during the reigns of Anne and George I. there were thousands of these birds. The Richmond flock was destroyed by poachers, and that at Windsor gradually became extinct, the last-known birds having been devoured at "The Cottage" during the reign of George IV., but about that period there was also a flock at Holkham, which Lord Leicester established.

The prosecution of a medical practitioner for neglecting to notify the health authorities of a case of diphtheria in this city will have a good effect. In England a severe enactment regarding infectious diseases has just gone into force. It not only requires the physician, but also the parents to give notice to the medical health officer of the locality when a case occurs. A list of the infectious diseases to which the act applies is given, but local authorities are empowered to make additions to the list at their discretion. Those named are small pox, cholera, diphtheria, membranous croup, erysipelas, and the following fevers: scarlet, typhus, typhoid, enteric, relapsing, continued and purpuræ. Our local law is sufficiently stringent and should be enforced.

It is reported in official circles at Ottawa that the Dominion Government have decided again to call for tenders for a fast line of steamers to carry the mails between Halifax and England, in view of the refusal of the Andersons of London to carry out their contract. Parliament last session voted an annual subsidy of \$300,000 for this service for an eighteen-knot average rate of speed for a weekly line of Atlantic steamers, which will be given to any company securing the contract. The understanding is that the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific shall have equal facilities in connection with any line undertaking the service. Considering the time that the mails now take to cross the Atlantic, business people will be a unit in demanding that something be done to enable us to keep pace, in this particular, with other countries.

The General Term of the New York Supreme Court has declared invalid the will of the late Samuel J. Tilden, which bequeaths a sum estimated at about \$4,000,000 to public objects in New York, among them the establishment of a great free library. This decision is based on the indefiniteness with which the conditions of the trust were set forth in the document, which, by the way, was drawn up by Mr. James C. Carter, the present leader of the New York bar, and approved, of course, by Mr. Tilden himself. It seems odd that two such eminent members of the legal profession should have been unable to frame a will that could successfully run the gauntlet of the courts. It may be, however, that in these days of legal refinements and judicial hair-splitting it is impossible to draw up a document which some court would not pronounce invalid.

A MEMORIAL OF INVASION.

Russian Brutality Recalled by a Painter's Recent Death.

Hunichen, the deaf and dumb landscape painter, whose death from an accident is just announced from Wittenberg, was a walking memorial of the horrors of the Russian invasion of Germany in 1813. He was born in 1812 at Birkenbusch, a village about two hours' journey from Wittenberg. One day during the Russian bombardment of the town the villagers all left their homes to watch the firing from the heights, and Frau Henichen, with her infant, was left alone in her cottage. Suddenly there appeared at the door two brutal Cossacks, who asked for money. The young mother tremblingly told them she had none, whereupon they seized her and her child, bound them together, and fledged them with their knouts until they were both insensible. On the return of the villagers they were restored to consciousness by medical aid, but, as a result of the injuries he had received, Hunichen remained deaf and dumb until the end of his days. His death was, indeed, a direct consequence of the maltreatment he had received seventy-six years ago, inasmuch as he was never able to work, the approach of which he was unable to bear. Hunichen was a very capable painter and was much patronized by the German Imperial family.

Mrs. Hollyhook "I don't want anybody to stick 'sacred to the memory of Betsy Hollyhook' on me when I'm gone; fer I never heered anything yit that I didn't fergit it." —[Harper's Bazar.]

A gentleman employed at a colliery near Glasgow had a dog called "Jimmy," which he parted with to a friend at a colliery some miles distant. The collieries are connected by telephone, and on a recent morning the gentleman rang up his friend and asked how Jimmy was doing. "Oh, he's fine," was the answer. "He's at my feet just now, I'll hold him up and see if he knows your voice." This was done, and the former owner shouted over the wire, "Hello, Jimmy!" Jimmy made no sign of recognition, but on being set down again he at once made for the door, and when his old master went home to dinner the dog was there to welcome him.

OCEAN RACERS TO BE LAID OFF.

It Doesn't Pay to Run the Atlantic Liners in the Winter.

In sympathy with the decrease in the passenger carrying business all the big European steamship companies are preparing to take off the best boats of their service. The new Tautonic of the White Star line, will make another trip to this side, and on her return to the Mersey will be laid up in Liverpool harbor for the winter. The City of New York, of the Inmans, will continue her regular transatlantic trips until the holidays, when a few weeks of tinkering will be given her. Her sister ship, the City of Paris, which has

SMASHED ALL RECORDS.

will remain in service throughout the winter, next spring and summer. The experiment of running vessels of the size and type of the Paris and New York is occasioning a great deal of interest in maritime circles. The agents of rival lines are a unit in the opinion that the experiment will not pay. It costs more to run the Paris and her consort than any other two racers on the Atlantic, and these rival companies think the winter season cannot produce a sufficient amount of passenger trade to make the candle worth the burning.

The Messrs. Wright, who are the New York agents for the record breakers, do not concur in this belief, and are quite willing to lose or win in the speculation. It will be the first instance of ocean racers being sent across the pond throughout the cold term, and the rival lines will await the result with interest. They are not slow in saying that, aside from the promising reward, there will be great danger and possible disaster in navigating such speedy craft in wild sea and tempestuous weather such as the Atlantic is noted for during the winter.

The Aurania, of the Onnard line, will be dropped from the list in the first part of January. The Gallia will take her place. The Etruria will tie up during February, the Botnia using her sailing days. The Servia will be hauled off the latter part of February and the Umbria in March. These four vessels are the

CREAM OF THE CUNARD FLEET.

and each will undergo a few weeks' overhauling in the Liverpool docks. It is expected that the Etruria is to have her compound engines replaced with others of the triple expansion type, but the agents on this side deny any knowledge of the truth of the report. They insist that the Etruria can hold her own with her present machinery, and they do not see the necessity, they say, for a change. La Champagne of the French line will be docked at Havre during December for a general overhauling and La Normandie will take her place. That big white elephant, the city of Rome, has already gone into winter quarters on the other side, and she will not be returned to the Anchor Line service until the spring. Of the Norddeutsche boats the Elbe has been docked for the winter, the Eider has undergone some repairs at Bremen, and the Werra will be tied up about the holidays.

Brave Missouri Women.

In Blue Springs, Missouri, where the laws against the liquor traffic are of the strictest, one John Haley opened a "quiet club-room" for the sale of the forbidden beverages. One Saturday night twenty-five women, described as "the leading matrons of the town," and belonging to a local Temperance organization, masked and armed with cudgels, attacked the club room. They broke in the doors and drove the drinkers into the street. Haley resisted, but was struck on the head with clubs and chased down the street by four women. Beer kegs and whiskey barrels were broken and the contents poured into the street. This proceeding was observed with sorrow by one of the ejected gentlemen, who plaintively reminded the ladies of the goodness of the liquor, and of its suitability to the wants of poor sick people, of whom he was not the least. He also was chased and beaten with clubs. Even without the suffrage a really resolute woman can do a great deal for the cause of moral reform.

The Ideal And The Real

The ideal one, my love, of whom I dreamed, And who to be perfection always seemed, Had hair of wavy brown—a goodly tress— A clear pink cheek, and, sweetheart, I confess,

A figure that was slender and petite, A bright blue eye, a face so pure and sweet 'T would even make an angel better yet To gaze upon it. But, my darling Bette, I married thee, whose half-closed eyes, when seen

In certain lights, seem almost apple green, Who stand in good proportion six feet two, Who wear a ruinously costly shoe, Yet art thou still the sweetest thing in life, My own beloved carmine-headed wife.

Came Near It, Anyhow.

Mistress (to exile from Erin): "Ellen, go down to—'s dry-goods store and ask one of the clerks to send me samples of satin de Lyon."

(Maid returns from errand; seeks her lady, before whom she stands, a picture of silent tearfulness.)

Mistress: "Did you get them? What did he say?"

Ellen (mournfully): "Sure, ma'am, he did nothing but laff."

Mistress (much surprised): "Why, what did you tell him?"

Ellen (thoughtfully): "Well, ma'am, says oi, my lady says would you be so kind as to plazz send her some samples o' satin 't sit on?"

Mistress swoons.—[Harper's Bazar.]

Proof.

"That's a great mine. I tell you there's money in it."

"How do you know there is?"

"Well, I put fifty thousand in it myself."

A Safe Expedient.

Office-boy (engaged in his usual work of reading Mrs.): "What shall I do with this article? I can't read it." Country Editor: "Are there any stamps enclosed?" "Yes." "Well, keep the stamps, and send the author word that his contribution is accepted, and will be paid for on publication."