THE DARK CONTINENT.

Stanley's Travels and Labors in the Congo Reviewed—The Missionary and His Work—What the Whole Amounts to.

A Paris cable gives the following letter from Richard F. Burton: I do not despair of Stanley, even if the mysterious white pasha of the Bahr-el-Ghazel should turn out to be Emin, which is probable. Stanley is an artist in the surprises, catastrophes and properties of a drama, as well as in its denouement. He is, in fact, a sort of a geographical Sardou and when the world pulls out its cambric handkerchief he will probably come up smiling and ask, "What the deuce is the matter?" I am a great admirer of Stanley. He is simply the prince of African explorers of this day or of any day. But as an administrator I rank him as below par, and the best proof of this is that of all the new stations he has founded on the Congo, at a cruel expense and waste of life and labor, as well as of gold, there is hardly one that has not been abandoned and left to fall in ruin. On the present occasion his avowed object was the rescue of Emin Pasha, who has distinctly and determinedly declined to be rescued, but Stanley's real object was to divert the ivory trade from the long and expensive Zanzibar line to the cheap and safe waterway of the Congo. The idea is excellent. By this means Belgium recoups the millions wasted upon expeditions and stations. Zanzibar, also, under the unprejudiced annexationists, our cousins-German, can have the sole profit of the slave exportation; nor would a Teuton of them all raise a hand against what brings grist to their mills. Stanley has thus, by one touch of his magic wand, converted the Congo Free State, the happy hunting ground of Tippoo Tib and his merry Sawahili men—absurdly named Arabs—into a Congo Slave State par excellence. The great slave mines are now transferred from the Unyamwezi country, the old Mountains of the Moon, to the Upper Congo. These fresh diggings remain to be exploited. Tippoo Tib is made Governor (God save the mark!) of those new slave reserves at a salary of £300 a year, where he can easily make £30,000 a year, and where his followers are pretty sure to shoot him if he talks any nonsense about the abolition of slavery. You must not expect to hear any truths of this kind in England, where the imperious and tyrannical opinion of society subdues even the boldest spirit. A well-known administrator was sent to the Congo, and after a careful inquiry found Mohammedanism a grand and saving fact, and set down the Christian missionary as an utter humbug in all except being a doughty explorer, a laborious and useful linguist and an able collector of other men's money. The administrator goes home fully resolved to state the facts uncompromisingly before the public of Great Britain; but, although the administrator is an honest man, the influence and association of old ideas trooping back into his brain, so act upon him that so far from stating the facts he states clean to the contrary. He stands up and declares that missionaries are the cream of creation and that the gospels are overspreading the land, while, if he mentions Islam, it is in a patronizing tone, as if Mohammed were a mere courier to the founder of Christianity. All this is utterly unfair. It allows the unfortunate public no chance of learning the truth. The narrator may be honest and honorable, but he dare not state the facts nor have the courage of his own opinions. If he did society would turn upon him with the usual "Oh, no, we never mention him!" and his name never would be heard unless accompanied by a snarl or sneer. The fact is, England's chronic disease is religiosity in the few and hypocrisy in the many.

(Signed) RICHARD F. BURTON.

Hotel Meurric, Paris, July 18th, 1888.

Desperate Attempt at Suicide.

A Montreal despatch says: A singular case of attempted suicide occurred on the Longueuil ferry wharf yesterday morning. A well-dressed, middle-aged man was seen coming on the wharf and violently striking his head against one of the mooring posts on the wharf three or four times. The people who were standing at a distance hurried to the spot, where they found the man lying on the ground, with a large gash in his head and apparently dying; but what was their surprise when they tried to raise him from the ground to see him jump up and with a bound throw himself into the river. When he came up for the first time he made the sign of the cross and raised his eyes to heaven; but when he saw that one of the men on the wharf was jumping after him, he ducked his head under water and bubbles rose rapidly. Simpson succeeded in holding the would-be suicide when the latter rose a second time. "For God's sake, let me go down," almost inaudibly uttered the half dead man. His rescuer, however, would not listen and brought him to shore, where Renaud, for such was his name, asked the bystanders, "Please, let me drown, or kill me one of you." The would-be suicide was ascertained to be Albert Renaud, a well-to-do grocer. He is believed to have been suffering with *delirium tremens*.

A Dot for Hard Drinkers.

A Russian physician named Portugaloff declares that strychnine is an infallible cure for drunkenness, administered in subcutaneous injections. The effect of the strychnine solution is to change the craving for drink into positive aversion, and this change is effected in a day. After a treatment of eight or ten days the patient may be discharged. The strychnine is administered by dissolving one grain in two hundred drops of water, and injecting five drops of the solution every twenty four hours.

Why They Didn't Speak.

He—Why, there's Johnson and his wife walking across the street and they haven't spoken a word to each other in four months.

She (with great interest)—You don't say so. Tell me all about it. Why did they quarrel?

He—They didn't quarrel.

She (disappointedly)—They didn't? Why didn't they speak for four months, then?

He—Because they couldn't. He was away in Europe for that time.

She—O! you brute.

The Florida orange crop is estimated 2,000,000 boxes.

A SUICIDE'S LIFE

Might Have Been Saved by Three Men, But They Were Afraid to Cut Her Down.

A New York despatch says: Miss Annie Stillwell, a boarder at the house of Charles Johnson, on Carpenter street, in Camden, committed suicide yesterday, but she might have lived to die a natural death if three men had done as they ought and not have had silly scruples. Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Johnson saw Miss Stillwell come in and go up-stairs early in the day. As this was an unusual thing for her boarder to do she mentioned the fact soon afterward to her husband and got him to go to Miss Stillwell's room to see if she was sick. Mr. Johnson is an invalid himself, and it was only with great effort he climbed the stairs. He knocked and knocked but received no response, and as he was too weak himself to break in the door called over to Joseph Butcher, who was at work on the next house, to come in and help him. Mr. Butcher came and burst in the door, and the two men were horrified to see Miss Stillwell hanging by a rope around her neck, apparently dead. Neither of the men would touch her, so they called in Isaac Lovett and asked him to cut her down, but he wouldn't because, like the other men, he believed no one had a right to touch a suicide but the coroner. They sent for Dr. Beale, who cut the rope and found the woman just dying. He endeavored to revive her, but she died soon, and then the three men were sorry they had not cut her down when they discovered her, as her life could have been saved. Miss Stillwell was in her nightdress, and near her was found a note saying:

"Dear P——, I have no home. May God have mercy on my soul! Dear cousin, forgive me, for Jesus' sake! Mother, brother and sisters forgive! Oh! I ask all to forgive me that I have ever wronged. Good-bye."

Miss Stillwell had not been in perfect health lately, and was inclined at times to be erratic and did many queer things. She was well known in Camden.

Temperance Notes.

The various temperance bodies of Tasmania have resolved on positive action against the liquor traffic. Encouraged by the success of local option in Victoria, Tasmania has decided to come to the front.

The opening of the Prohibition Park on Staten Island was one of the features of the celebration of the "glorious Fourth" in the metropolitan district. Ex Gov. St. John, Dr. Funk and other notable temperance advocates were among the speakers of the day.

Miss Willard's suggestion that the white rose be adopted as the emblem of the Prohibition party to offset the red rose of the democracy is being received with enthusiasm. If the Republicans would don the yellow rose, the campaign of 1888 might very properly be called the war of the roses.

The Young Women's Christian Temperance Union of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., has placed wall-pockets in the buildings occupied by the volunteer fire companies of that city and expects soon to have them also in other places. These pockets are kept filled with religious papers and other good literature.

Directors of the London and Northwestern Railway have shown their appreciation of the movement by establishing temperance houses at many stations along their line for the accommodation of their employees. These taverns have been successful from a financial as well as a social and moral point of view.

A prominent liquor dealer in Parkersburg, W. Va., applied to the court for the renewal of his license. The court after listening to petitions and protests and the argument of the counsel granted the license. Immediately the daughter of the liquor dealer, a beautiful young woman, a deputy clerk of the county, rushed into the court room and demanded to be heard. The court granted a hearing. For twenty minutes she held the judge and audience spell-bound by her eloquent pleading against granting her father a license to sell drink. The judge reversed the decision and refused the license.

Mrs. H. B. Kells, one of the most accomplished women in the south, has come out into the prohibition party movement in Mississippi, and is to edit a W. C. T. U. paper which has just been started for that State. Mrs. Kells has long been devotedly attached to the white ribbon movement, and although she has done excellent service, has not until now made it her occupation to help in this work. She is an acquisition of which any society in any State or city might be proud. Mrs. Kells expects to attend the national convention in New York city.

The National Temperance Society will hold its annual temperance camp-meeting at Ocean Grove, beginning Wednesday, Aug. 1st, and continuing five days. Addresses will be delivered by George W. Bain, Edward Carswell, Mrs. Emily L. McLaughlin, Bishop J. P. Newman, Miss Julia Colman, Rollo Kirk Bryan, Gen. C. B. Fisk, Rev. Dr. T. L. Poulson, Rev. W. C. Steele and others. The Park sisters, of Boston, and Mrs. Alice J. Osborne, soprano of Tremont Temple, Boston, will furnish music. The meeting will be under the management of J. N. Stearns, Corresponding Secretary of the society.

New Style of Pride.

Two little misses belonging to different households but living in the same neighborhood, on the east side, have ceased to speak as they pass by. Death lately robbed one of them of a baby brother. The other evening she went by the house of a neighbor while her former companion was sitting on the doorstep with a young lady. Both with a toss of the head and a swing of their skirts expressed their mutual contempt. "Why!" said the young lady to the one on the doorstep, "don't you speak to Maggie any more?" "No, I don't," was the response; "she thinks she's awful smart just because their baby died."—*Buffalo Courier.*

SOME friends of Yseult Dudley, the young Englishwoman who shot O'Donovan Rossa, are making an effort to secure her release from the asylum for insane criminals at Auburn. There is some question as to the legality of the detention of a person who is not a criminal in the eyes of the law in an institution maintained by the State for the care and custody of those sentenced to imprisonment on conviction of a crime.

THE UNBURIED DEAD.

Some who Walked About Two Thousand Years Ago.

The dead of ancient Egypt are exhibiting in the Egyptian Hall, says the London *News*, and it is a curious, mournful spectacle. Mr. Flinders Petrie has been digging at Hawara in the Fayoum, and has brought his mortuary spoils to England. The most remarkable thing in the gallery is an assortment of Egyptian portraits, painted in wax. At a late period, after the Roman annexation of Egypt, it became usual to fix the portrait of the dead on the outside of the mummy case. Some twenty or more of these effigies are here, and visitors will be surprised by the vivid coloring, the life-like, modern air. Here are beautiful women with large, dark eyes; here are men in the prime of life, with the characteristic hard Roman face. Here, above tiny mummies, are touching portraits of little girls, dead in their sixth winter, like the child Erotion, whom Martial so tenderly laments. One portrait of Artemidorus represents a handsome young man with a gilded laurel crown—he may have been a poet, and may have contributed to the "Anthology." The whole array of vivid characteristic heads, unburied after 1600 years, and in some instances still attached to their lacquered mummy cases, must impress every observer with a sense of the fleeting of time. They might have been painted yesterday. But Artemidorus, within that red case and under these gilded figures of the dog-headed god of the graves, has been dead nearly 2,000 years. We cannot say he has been dust. The head of a lady, with the long hair pins yet in her hair, with the silken lashes on her cheeks, is exhibited apart. This has a ghastly look; ghastly, too, is the malicious look of life on the gilt face and beaded eyes of an older mummy case. These faces, in high relief, are stiff and unnatural, not like the portraits, but certainly they were portraits, too, in their way. The slippers, the combs, the toys, the glassware of the dead, are gathered here, and here is the sham copper money which was buried with them long after Christianity came in, that they might pay their way in Amenti or Hades. Broken false coin was good enough for the dead, and the mummies of Hawara carried with them no silver or gold; nay, even their poor copper money they never spent in the kingdom of Ostris. Mr. Flinders Petrie has discovered many other things curious and less melancholy. Among them is a terra cotta, representing a Roman lady in a sedan chair, with two chairmen, one of whom is looking back over his shoulder. The chair had windows and folding doors to close in front when the weather was cold or wet. Mr. Flinders Petrie has also brought a papyrus of the second book of the Iliad, which he has not yet unrolled. The writing is extremely beautiful, as easy to read as print, and in this very different from our other Homeric papyri. These were manifestly fragments of cheap editions, and their readings are worthless. Mr. Petrie's papyrus appears to contain an excellent text, though doubtless later than the revision of Aristarchus (160 B. C.)

The Revival.

A gentleman writes to ask if we believe the John street revival is a healthy kind of excitement and likely to accomplish any permanent good.

Well, from our secular standpoint we can look at it in a cold, calm and critical fashion. It is an interesting movement—a popular outburst, indicative of an appetite on the part of thousands for something they have not had as a regular diet. It deals in none of your conservative methods, packed in ice, and so eminently respectable that it is considered indecorous to exhibit any emotion; but is one of the old-fashioned affairs, like a conflagration, or a fire in a dry pine forest where the crackling and roaring of the flames are both superb and awful. It holds sinners over the pit, throws them into the brimstone lake and then asks them how they like it, and if they want to come ashore. There is an element of terror in it, but a predominance of earnest and eloquent persuasion and pleading.

Yes, we like to see a man, like this young Harrison, and his fellow workers, who are in dead earnest. If they go a little too far, why, the rest of the world don't go far enough. If he makes the devil devilish and warns his hearers that they are going to have a warm spell by and by unless they hold up—well, we rather think he won't do any harm. Most men are pachydermatous, and it takes a sledge hammer to make an impression.

As a rule you needn't be afraid of anybody's getting too much religion. Besides, this is a free country, and no one need go to hear the preaching unless he wants to. He is not taken by the scruff of the neck and lugged into church, but does as he pleases. The crowds that attend the meetings seem to be satisfied, and therefore the best thing for you to do is to give them your good wishes, and then stay away if you don't like them.—*New York Herald.*

Exclusiveness of "Society."

The number of people who have real merit and talent for society who are kept out by the exclusiveness of self-constituted tyrants of society must be very large; but if they have tact and learn to wait they will find their way. The most certain way to please is to show a modest indifference to the smiles of the great. (They call it patronage in England. We have no such ugly word here, nor have we any really "great people" socially.) They should not "push." There is, however, always an ideal exclusiveness, a society which should only admit the cultivated, the wise, and the good. Every hostess should inquire into the general characteristics of her guests, their moral, social and political standing. We use the word political in its largest sense. In spite of all we can do, objectionable men and women do get into the most carefully guarded society; and we have as yet no such inviolable insight that we can rate Dives and Lazarus before their deaths as they are said to be rated afterwards.—*Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood.*

Charge for Paper.

Drummer (indignant at being charged with writing paper at a Toronto hotel)—How did I come to be charged with writing paper? I never had any.

Waiter (desiring to mollify him)—May be not, sar. Hit's de paper de bill was made out on.

FAILURE OF TURRET FORTS.

The Professors of Fortification Must Invent Something New.

The *Times* published, upward of a month ago, an account of the experiments in firing with the steel cupola turrets manufactured at the works in St. Chamond, Chatillon and Commentry. It was explained that the discovery of the new explosives had induced the military engineers to construct forts composed of an enormous block of concrete, within which the space was obtained necessary to receive a small garrison, stores, and the turret, or two turrets, armed with cannon, sometimes simply rotary like those of St. Chamond, sometimes rotary, descending and ascending, like those of Chatillon and Commentry. The firing with the turrets had given excellent results.

The second portion of the experiments, not less important and interesting, has just been conducted in the presence of M. de Freycinet. The question was whether the turrets, after their great success in firing on the enemy, could themselves stand fire. Had this been the case, France, by means of a series of forts, could have supplied the gap on her frontiers and stopped the invader long enough to mobilize behind the protection of these works.

Unfortunately, the experiment does not seem to have been satisfactory. The turrets were shattered by the first shot, and became terrible projectiles, for the fragments of steel struck with the violence of a cannon ball. The firing, it is true, was at 140 metres, whereas in a real siege the distance would be 3,000 or 4,000 metres. There is, however, nothing to show that the accuracy and force of the explosives would be lessened by distance, so that the result is very significant, for the possibility of an effective armament of frontiers, if what is said be correct, is placed in doubt.

The coating of concrete, indeed, has resisted, but this is an illusory resistance for a fort, and is no obstacle to an enemy's march. The newspapers to-day argue that the fortress must be coated with concrete, but this is a hazardous inference. If the fort resists, while its guns are speedily silenced, it stands for a little, whether of concrete or not. Some way must be found of arming the forts for aggressive purposes; then only can they supply a substitute for a strong frontier and stop the march of the enemy. It would be better to have cannon without walls than walls without cannon, and after the experiment of Chalons it is apparent that the struggle will continue between the engineers who construct and the artillerymen who destroy.

One conclusion, however, which was not looked for at Chalons resulted clearly from the last experiments, namely, that an iron plate, whatever its thickness, does not offer sufficient resistance to the new explosives, and that iron-clad ships are already practically useless, and are condemned without ever having had a chance of showing what they could do. How many millions have been spent in vain! What labor has been thrown away, without one experiment being made which could be turned to account!—*London Times.*

A Domestic Dialogue.

"How do you like my new dress?" inquired Mrs. De Jaison of her husband.

"Isn't it a little"——

"No, it isn't. Now, Alfred, I think you're just horrid. It's the new color, emerald green."

"Yes, dear, but I was only going to say"——

"Oh, I know! That it isn't the color I ought to wear. If it was that horrid Miss —— you would think it lovely."

"But I didn't mean"——

"Yes, you did, too. You're mean enough for anything. And you've never noticed my new chip hat, either."

"Why, my love, I thought"——

"You thought! Of course you did—that it makes me look frightful. I—I—declare it's to-o-o b-a-d!"

"If you'd only let me speak"——

"Speak! Why, what else have you done for the last half hour—just to find fault, too, with everything I had on. What's that? A diamond for my birthday present? Oh, you dear, precious old sweet! Why didn't you say so, and not tease me so? I could not imagine what you wanted to say."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Going into Particulars.

The superintendent of schools in a Plymouth county town, we will call him Mr. A., one day visited a school taught by Miss B., and in the course of the morning said:

"Now, children, I wish you to take notice what I do and then write an account of it."

Then he stepped to the blackboard and wrote a sentence upon it.

All the children except one wrote in effect that Mr. A. came into the school and wrote on the blackboard, "I love a good school."

One little fellow, however, followed instructions more literally, and completed the story by adding, "and then he went to the platform, sat down, played with his watch chain, twirled his mustache and winked at Miss B."—*Old Colony Memorial.*

"Intemperate Temperance."

Mrs. Ada H. Kepley is editing a temperance paper in Effingham county, Ill., and her aggressiveness has gotten her into trouble. Her paper is called the *Friend of Home*. She has published each month a list of those seen drunk on the streets of Effingham between the date of each issue. One man whose name appears in the black list in the last issue claims he was not drunk and had the editor arrested. Mrs. Kepley appeared before the Justice of the Peace in her own defence, but a fine of $5 was imposed upon her. She appealed the case, and the trial promises to be more exciting in the higher courts than it was before the Justice of the Peace.

Osmi Martin is the name of a 16-year-old girl forger, who has been astonishing commercial and detective circles in Detroit. Her forgeries were of small cheques, which she had cashed at various places. She was a type-writer for an advertising agency.

A. J. Drake, of Palatka, Fla., has a vest of homespun that was worn by his grandfather during the Revolutionary war. It is in an excellent state of preservation, and Mr. Drake frequently wears it on state occasions.

CAUGHT IN A TIGHT PLACE.

He Furnished the Rope for a Raving Maniac Who Desired to Commit Suicide.

A number of detectives in the Central Bureau were talking of the peculiar freaks of insane prisoners whom they had had in charge in times past, when Detective Frank Blakely said:

"When I was a turnkey at the jail some years ago, an insane woman was brought there who was constantly harping on suicide. One couldn't talk with her two minutes but she would make the assertion that she would kill herself the first chance she got, and once upon that theme she would talk about nothing else. I got so tired of her at last, that to vary the monotony and try to get her mind in a different channel, I said I would help her carry out her purpose. She seemed pleased at the idea and I asked her how she wanted to go, by poison, hanging or the pistol. She chose hanging, and I provided her with a nice new rope. I went to the corridor where she could see me, made the noose, gave her full instructions how to tie it, throw the rope over the top of the cell door, get up on a chair, adjust the noose and then kick the chair away. I watched her carefully all the while I was talking, but she did not weaken. Then I bade her good-bye, saying:

"'I'll be back in half an hour, cut you down and put your tongue back in your mouth. You know, when people hang, their tongue runs out about a foot.'

"'Well, it never phased her. It was the most horrible thing I could think of, but she never said a word. Then I went out. Just as I descended the stairs two prisoners in one of the lower wards were fighting, and one was likely to kill the other. After twenty minutes' hard work I got the fighters separated and locked in their cells. Then I went into the jail office and sat down. In about five minutes I remembered the crazy woman and the rope, and my hair fairly stood on end! I had intended when I left her to go only to the foot of the stairs, remove my boots, and tip-toe back in my stocking feet and watch her. As it was, fully half an hour had elapsed! 'My God!' I thought, 'If that woman has hanged herself I am her murderer!' I mounted the stairs and, with a sickening sensation at the heart, entered the corridor. There lay the rope on the floor, untouched and just where I left it, and the woman was seated in one corner of her cell, with her hands over her eyes. Well, boys, I am not a praying man, but I don't believe any mortal ever thanked God with more genuine gratitude than I did at that time. It broke the woman of her insane desire for suicide, and you can bet it broke me of ever trying anything so foolish again."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Things to be Avoided.

An argument in "company."

Fault-finding, though gentle criticism is in good taste.

Avoid beginning a conversation by an allusion to the weather.

Avoid talking to any one person in the presence of others in a language not understood save by the two persons using it unless addressing a foreigner in his own tongue, and then others should be made aware of the topics of conversation.

Avoid using the word "she" or "he," accompanied by a nod of the head or a jerk of the thumb in the direction of the person spoken of, but speak the name of the lady or gentleman.

Avoid all remarks intended to have a double meaning.

Do not betray egotism.

Do not be satirical save in defence of yourself against impertinence.

Never show that you notice any error in language, either of punctuation or grammar, on the part of those with whom you are conversing.

Do not whistle, loll about, scratch your head or fidget with any portion of your apparel while in conversation.

Be alert to avoid absence of mind.

Do not ask to have a sentence repeated unless you actually failed to hear it. Many persons have contracted the careless habit of saying "What?" "Eh?" and the like.

Never interrupt the person who is speaking.

Marking Goods at Odd Prices.

It has become a frequent custom among dealers to mark their goods at some odd prices, such as 23, 47 or 98 cents. Said a Broadway dealer the other day: "You'd be surprised to see how much of an inducement these markings are to purchasers. The return of two or three cents in change seems a small matter, but long observation has taught me that many a person will buy an article for 23 cents, for example, which he would not buy if it were marked 25 cents." The principle also extends to comparatively high-priced goods, which are often marked a certain number of dollars and an odd number of cents. The odd price is almost invariably so fixed as to be slightly less than the value of some coin in common use, the idea being to tempt the purchaser by the return of the small amount of change.—*New York Sun.*

The Tramp's Expedients.

HE TRIED DISSIMULATION.

Tramp—Say, boss, won't yer give a feller a few cents to buy a loaf of bread?

Stout party—Look here, young man, you don't want that money to buy bread; you want it for rum. Now if you had told me the truth I might have given you a quarter.

Tramp resolves to play the truth racket in the future.

HE TRIES THE TRUTH.

Tramp—Say, Cap'n, won't you give a poor feller suthin? I want to get a glass of gin.

Solemn party—Ah, poor fellow! So degraded and yet so honest. It does my very soul good. Here, my friend, is a tract, and a word of welcome to our meetings for reformed drunkards.

A Pleasant Surprise.

A couple of lovers came together for the first time in a long while:

She—Why, George, you have grown a moustache since I saw you last.

He—Yes, my darling, I have let it grow in order to give you a pleasant surprise on your birthday.

Henry V. Perrine, a wealthy and eccentric merchant who died at Dayton, O., recently, had never drawn a check in his life although engaged in many daily business transactions. He paid all of his bills in cash.