EXPLORING ON THE AMAZON.

A River Whose Mouths Cannot be Counted.

ADVENTURES OF A BRITISH EXPEDITION.

The Thermometer at 127° and the Ship Surrounded by Crocodiles.

I was second mate of the British steamer Forward during her two years of exploration in the mouths of the Amazon, and no other field could have been selected to furnish more daily adventures. We had with us a botanist, a photographer, a naturalist, an artist, and two outside civil engineers who wanted the experience, and our mission was to make a thorough exploration. This meant to enter every channel where a steamer could float to take soundings; to observe the tides, currents, floods, &c.; to record the washing away of the banks, changes of channels, and a hundred other things the knowledge of which might be useful to the world.

At the time the Forward set out there was strong talk of the British Government gobbling up a big slice of the Brazilian coast in payment of an old claim for indemnity, and I suppose the first object in view was to see whether the white man could stand the climate and do business there, and to get an idea of what he would have to contend with.

The Forward was a propeller, carried two six-pound cannon as her armament, and when loaded drew only five feet of water. We had a crew of fourteen men, were outfitted with everything which could be possibly used, and were convoyed from Georgetown, in British Guiana,

BY A MAN-OF-WAR

and a brig, the latter loaded with supplies for us and under orders to anchor where our Captain directed, and remain as a store ship and a haven for us in case of disaster.

I do not suppose there is a geography or a marine chart in existence which gives the actual number of mouths of the Amazon. Any attempt to name them would be guesswork. In the flood season the great river empties its muddy waters over a coast seventy miles long and through twice as many channels, and in the dry one may be unable to find more than five or six channels. Islands are formed one month to be washed away the next. Where there is a bluff ten feet high to-day there will be nothing in sight but water to-morrow. The world could not raise enough cash and laborers to straighten the stream and confine its outlet to one channel.

From what I have read of Equatorial Africa I should call it a paradise compared to what used to be termed "The Spot of Desolation." The line of the equator crosses the mouth of the Amazon, and as for heat no white man could long endure it. I saw the thermometer mark from 122° to 127° for days at a time, and that was on the water, with more or less breeze stirring. The variety of insects which annoyed us at night by biting was something over a score. At times, when we lay at anchor off a jungle, a puff of wind would bring such a cloud of mosquitoes that their bodies would cover everything. A white man exposed to them on shore could not have lived an hour. There are seven kinds of poisonous snakes along the Amazon, the largest crocodiles in the world, five or six species of beasts which will attack man, and goodness knows how many kinds of bugs and ants and worms which make life miserable. The things we had most to dread, however, were the jaguar, the serpents, the natives, and the crocodile. They seemed leagued against us from the very start.

We had a steam launch and two yawls for exploration where the steamer could not go, and there were six of us out in the launch one day making soundings in a great bend, when

A MONSTER CROCODILE

rose to the surface close beside us, lunged forward, and had his head and one leg over the gunwale before any one saw him. The engineer had a hatchet within reach, and with this he gave the reptile such a blow as made him draw off and sink out of sight. The launch had scarcely righted herself, however, when a full dozen more of the saurians rose to the attack. We should have been capsized and every man devoured alive had we been in one of the yawls. As it was, we drove ahead at full speed and outran them, though some of them pursued us for half a mile, and we were nearly swamped with the water splashed into the boat. A few days later, one afternoon as the steamer came to anchor in a channel, the anchor must have dropped among a bed of sleeping crocodiles. They rose all about us, hissing and splashing, and this excitement brought up others, until sixty-six enormous big fellows were to be counted at one time. They attacked the steamer with the utmost fury, and, while their efforts were harmless their struggles rocked her as if she was at sea in a gale. A fuse shell was prepared in in a keg, together with three pounds of lose powder, and at a proper time the keg was thrown overboard. It had drifted a hundred feet astern before they saw it and made a rush. They had pulled it about five feet under water when the explosion came, and a full dozen of the saurians must have been killed by it. It was nearly a month after that before another one came about the steamer, and it looked to us as if couriers had been sent up and down with the news that we were an enemy to be avoided

On another occasion one of these monsters did us a good turn. I had charge of one of the yawls, which was sounding a channel. The men at the oars were pulling slowly against the current, while the one handling the lead was casting and calling out, when zip! came a dart from a blowgun, passing

JUST OVER OUR HEADS.

We knew what it was from the sound it made, but we could not tell from whence it came. Either shore was too far off for a dart to reach us. Over our starboard bow as we pulled ahead was a long, thin tongue reaching out from the right hand shore and ending in a pile of driftwood. This tongue had been created by drifting trees grounding on the bottom and the silt collecting to make a bar. I stood up in the boat and took a long look, but could see nothing. I ought to have been able to detect even a rabbit anywhere on that tongue or drift, as there were no bushes, but nothing whatever was in sight. I was in the act of sitting down, almost satisfied that we had all been deceived when a second arrow whisked so close to my cheek that I thought a bird had darted for my eye.

"A close call, sir, and it was a poisoned dart at that!" said one of the men as I dropped back into my seat.

"The infernal wretch must be in that driftwood, though I can't see him!" added the man with the lead line.

We held the boat stationary and prepared to signal to the steamer, which was a mile below, when all of a sudden a fifteen-foot crocodile landed on the tongue of land and began trawling towards the driftwood. He had just reached the pile when a native, who had been skilfully concealed, rose up with a cry of despair. He had a reed or blowgun in his hand, and he made frantic motions to us to save him. We were consulting what to do when the crocodile made a rush, drove him off the pile, and followed after to catch him in the water. As we saw nothing of the man after that, we felt positive of his horrible fate, though we had no sympathy to waste.

Perhaps no instance of the destructive power of a six-pounder can be recorded to match the one I am about to relate. We were about forty miles above the sea, and had come to anchor about pistol shot from the shore, which was here entirely clear of bushes, when we were suddenly greeted by

A FLIGHT OF ARROWS

and darts from a grove over our port quarter. We knew from the number of missiles that there must be at least fifty natives bunched there. They had not waited to see who we were or what we wanted, but had sent out a challenge to battle before our anchor was fairly buried in the mud. As our mission was one of peace, we sheltered ourselves and made no reply for some time. This simply emboldened the fellows, who doubtless comprised some war party passing up or down, and they shot so many arrows and darts into the steamer that her port side literally bristled with them. It was at length decided to teach them a lesson, and the Captain ordered the six-pounder on that side cast loose and loaded with shell. This was done under cover of a screen provided for the purpose, and when all was ready the gun was aimed at the centre of the grove and fired. One loud, long wail followed the explosion, and then we heard no more of the natives. An hour later, when we landed to secure some wild fruit, we found fourteen dead and dying natives in the grove—all the work of that one shell, which had exploded in the midst of the crowd. In this case, too, the news seemed to spread with great rapidity, for we were not annoyed again for months.

The jaguar of the Amazon is also called a cougar, a puma, and a panther, and he seems to be one and the same beast, no matter what the name. He is lithe, fierce, and vigilant, and an enemy to be dreaded by even the best-armed man. We often saw pumas on the shores or crouched in trees, and now and then floating past us on drifting logs, and their far-reaching cries were always to be heard at night, if we lay within a mile of a jungle. The only man we had killed in the two years met his fate at the hands of a jaguar and under singular circumstances. We had wooded on the right-hand shore, and then paid out our rope cable, by which we were fast to a tree, to be safe from a cave-in during the night. The anchor watch for the night consisted of only one man, relieved at intervals of four hours.

The man who went on at midnight had been on duty only half an hour when a cave-in took place. A strip of the bank, which was four feet above water when we turned in, dropped into the river, and with it the tree to which we were fast. The tree fell directly over the bows of the boat, but only its top coming aboard, and that without doing any great damage. We heard the man's

SHOUTS OF ALARM,

but before any one had turned out it was all over with him. A jaguar had been hidden in the tree-top, and as the tree fell he came aboard with it and at once sprang upon the watchman. He had the man by the throat and was sucking his blood as we turned out and finished him.

We dreaded the snakes more than all the rest, as they were to be met with on the water as well as on the shore. Go where you would you could not run amiss of them, and every species seemed more inclined to fight than run. On one occasion we came to a beautiful stretch of shore, and the naturalist and botanist were landed from my boat. We lay for them at the bank, under the shade of a great tree, and as soon as the boat was secure the men stretched themselves out on the thwarts to sleep. I had brought along a fish line and a double-barrelled shotgun. Not caring to accompany the gentlemen in their walk ashore, I proceeded to cast in my hook and await results. The minutes had passed, and we were all very quiet, when I felt,

A SUDDEN THUMP,

followed by a yell and a struggle. On a limb ten feet over our heads a boa constrictor had been lying. He selected the man lying on the forward thwart for his victim, and made a dart for him. That serpent had never seen a yawl boat before, and he made a very natural mistake. In trying to fling a coil around the sailor he included the thwart in his grip. It was a moment of excitement. You can judge of the power he possessed when I tell you that he almost lifted boat and all clear of the water, and the only reason he didn't pull us up to the limb was because the thwart gave way under the strain and flew up as if sent from a spring-board. The sailor didn't get caught, but he felt the folds of the serpent, heard a hiss in his ear, and rolled overboard into the water. The others leaped ashore, and I was left alone in the stern of the boat with the snake almost above me.

When the serpent discovered that he had a piece of board in his coils instead of a live sailor he let it drop, and began looking about for another victim. The sailors called to me to hurry ashore, but I knew that he would drop on me if I made a movement to do so. I cocked the gun and held it ready to fire, while the men ashore, who could see him better than I could, kept me informed of the serpent's movements. He crawled from branch to branch, seemingly confused, but at length he came back to the former spot and made ready for a dart at me. I got sight of his head as he waved it to and fro, and by a lucky shot blew it to pieces with heavy charge. Most of his body at once fell to the earth, but his tail had such a grip on the limb that four of us could not pull it loose. He measured 2 feet long, and evidently had the muscular power to crush the largest ox.

TIT BITS.

His Little Plan Worked.

Lady (to tramp)—"You'd better go somewhere else for a meal. I don't see why you singled out this house."

Tramp—"The reason is plain, lady. Judging by the appetizing odor that comes from your kitchen, I am satisfied that you are the finest cook on the street."

Lady—"Come right in, sir. I'll have a tenderloin steak ready for you in about ten minutes."

A Stroke of Luck.

Doodles—"Just had a tremendous piece of luck."

Noodles—"As how?"

Doodles—"Why, I met Snyder, and he struck me for two dollars."

Noodles—"Well?"

Doodles—"Why, I hadn't a cent. Say, can you lend me five dollars?"

Noodles—"No; I'm in the same good luck."

A Professional Compliment.

Detective (caught at last by Cupid)—Don't take your hand away from mine, dear. It's the prettiest, smoothest, shapliest little hand I ever saw.

His Dear—You only say that to flatter me.

Detective—No, indeed. I mean it. (With enthusiasm) What a perfectly splendidly pickpocket you'd make!

Another Style of Dessert.

He called her little "Sweetie"
When the arrow pierced his heart,
But saw, when he had married her,
She was a little tart.

Wearisome Travel.

"I have decided not to go this afternoon."

"Well, that's nice! Here am I all ready!"

"Well, I am sorry; but I am tired out. The people in this story are so active that it is as much as I can do to keep up with them. They've crossed the ocean twice, staid a week in Paris, been presented at Court, and walked through eighteen picture galleries in the last hour."

A Possible Case.

Jones—"It's the most curious case on record."

Brown—"Tell me about it."

Jones—"Well, you see, he kissed his wife in the dark, supposing it was her sister. She kissed him, supposing it was her brother. They embraced each other for ten minutes before they discovered the real state of affairs. Now they are both trying to get a divorce for kissing each other—[Life.

Didn't Consider it an Insult.

"As preliminary to discussing the matter of your voting for our measure at the next meeting of the Board of Aldermen, Mr. Sellerby," said the soft voiced emissary, "permit me to offer you this."

"It seems to be a $100 bill," observed the Alderman, looking at it calmly and dispassionately.

"You are right, Mr. Sellerby. It is a $100 bill. I hope you will not consider it an insult."

"No, sir," said the Alderman from the Sixteenth Ward, looking at it again, shaking his head slowly but firmly and speaking in a tone of mild disgust. "I don't consider it even a discourtesy."—[Chicago Tribune.

How He Managed to Catch on.

The clock had just struck eleven and was ticking away in a discouraged manner on the next hour, but young Fitzmaurice de Bang had not gone.

The young lady was gazing dreamily at him, or rather through him, and his heart stirred with a vague, nebulous rapture.

"Aw—Miss Laura," he said tenderly, "may I awsk you what you are looking at?"

"Nothing," she murmured, and her pensive, dreamy gaze still seemed to rest on the young man.

Fitzmaurice de Bang sat in thoughtful silence for nearly ten minutes. Then a light appeared to dawn by degrees on his mind. He reached mechanically for his hat that rose in a preoccupied way, moved abstractedly toward the door, went slowly out and she never saw him again.

A Question of Precedence.

Mrs. Jones-Brown—A society leader.

Mr. Thomas J. Brown—Her husband.

Mrs Jones-Brown. "I am dreadfully worried, Thomas."

Mr. Brown (with a sigh). "Bills?"

Mrs. Jones-Brown. "Gracious, no! It's much more weighty—a question of precedence."

Mr. Brown (relieved). "Oh!"

Mrs. Jones-Brown. "I cannot determine whether the Batchby-Pokedyes or the Smith-Robinson's should go in to dinner first."

Mr. Brown (with the air of a man who has solved the problem). "Why don't you do it alphabetically, and then the Batchby-What-yer-call-'ems could go first?"

Mrs. Jones-Brown. "Don't be foolish, Thomas. You jest upon the most serious matters. The Batchby-Pokedyes are the oldest family, I believe,"

Mr. Brown. "Dun'no' about that; but the Smith-Robinsons belong to the largest family, and majority ought to win."

Mrs. Jones-Brown. "Thomas!"

Mr. Brown. "Yes, my dear."

Mrs. Jones-Brown. "Can you be serious?"

Mr. Brown. "Yes, my dear?"

Mrs. Jones-Brown. "Then do so."

Mr. Brown (after a moment of actual thought). "Why don't you have Mr. Batcheby-Pokerdo—"

Mrs. Jone.-Brown "Batchby-Pokedye."

Mr. Brown. "Well, have him take in Mrs. Smith-Robinson, and have Mr. Smith-Robinson go in with her."

Mrs. Jones-Brown. "Oh, Thomas, that's just it. How lovely! Why can't you be serious always? You have solved it beautifully. I always thought you clever."

106 Agnes Street, Toronto, Ont., May 23, 1887: "It is with pleasure that I certify to the fact of my mother having been cured of a bad case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacob's Oil, and this after having tried other preparations without avail." WM. H. MCCONNELL.

A Russian Tragedy.

A curious story is related of one of the most beautiful and prominent members of the Russian aristocracy, who is as well known at Paris as in St. Petersburg, where she occupies the honorary office of lady-in-waiting to the Czarina. Her numerous friends and acquaintances are aware of the fact that eighteen months ago she lost her only child, a lovely boy of four years, while spending the autumn at one of the most romantic sea-side resorts on the coast of Brittany; but few of them have any knowledge of the circumstances under which the little fellow met with his death.

The Princess is a superb swimmer, and daily she remained for hours in the water, taking especial delight in so doing when the sea was rough and the big green waves tumbled her about, causing her to look, with her long golden hair unbound on her shoulders, like a mermaid or a "nixe" from some old German legend. Often she would take her little boy with her, and although he was very much frightened, poor little fellow, a look from her sufficed to make him plunge into the restless water with a resolute expression on his fair face, although tears of terror glistened in his big blue eyes. One morning toward the end of October the young Princess, accompanied by two or three gentlemen and her little boy appeared on the beach to take her bath. The tide was running high, and the waves rose black and frothy upon the sands. "Surely you're not going to take the baby with you to-day?" growled an old fisherman, who, with his hands in his pockets and a telescope stuck under his arm, was sitting on an overturned boat watching the stormy sky. "Yes, indeed, I am," laughed the great lady. "He is a man and must learn to be plucky." Heedless of the warnings poured forth by the indignant Breton, she lifted the child in her arms and and walked into the surf. A small crowd of women, wearing the picturesque white cap of the Brittany peasant, had gathered at the foot of the cliffs to enjoy the sight presented by the elegant foreigners in their bright-colored bathing-suits, disporting themselves in the water. They thought that the Princess would plunge the baby once or twice and then take him out, but a cry of dismay arose as they saw her place him on her shoulders and swim boldly off, rising and falling with the big undulating rollers, topped with foam, which seemed about to engulf her, now and then, between their greenish walls. The boy, livid with fear, was clinging desperately to her neck, when suddenly the onlookers noticed that the tide, which was beginning to recede, was drawing her rappidly away from the shore. The Princess also felt the eminent danger and screamed aloud. Some men ran toward the overturned boat, dragging it rapidly down the beach and with difficulty succeeded in launching it on the now tumultuous sea, calling out to the Princess as they did so to "hold on that they were coming." She appeared, however, to have lost all her presence of mind and tried to shake off the boy, who was almost throtling her in his frantic efforts to maintain his hold. A fearful expression of rage and fury swept over her beautiful features, and grasping her precious burden by the arm she wrenched him from her and hurled him away from her. Then, without one look behind her, she swam toward the boat, which had meanwhile come quite close to her. One minute more and she might have saved the poor little one, who had sunk like a stone, and whose disfigured little corpse was washed ashore two days later.

The Princess left for St. Petersburg immediately after the funeral unable to bear the horror which the whole village population seemed unable to conceal when seeing her pass. Last September, however, she appeared once more in the little seaport which ought to have been so full of sinister remembrances for her. She claimed that the bracing air of this particular place was most beneficial to her, and daily she could be seen walking on the beach, dressed in the gayest of dresses and accompanied by the same crowd of admirers as of yore, whilst the simple-hearted fisherfolk, following her with eyes full of disgust, muttered to each other, and marveled at the utter heartlessness of the Russian grande dame. She has forgotten both her child's death and the abominable part she took in a drama which is unequalled in the annals of motherhood. Even wild beasts sacrifice themselves for their young ones—not so, however, with mondaines like Princess X.

The Massachusetts Senate has rejected by a vote of 25 to 12 a bill to confer upon women the right of municipal suffrage. Eleven times within the last twenty-four years have propositions to confer upon women unrestricted suffrage been defeated, while the minor proposal, to permit them to vote in municipal contests has been voted down thirteen times. Though the question has been canvassed for years, there appears to be little change in public sentiment, in America at least, in regard to it. The main reason of this, it is said, is the fact that women themselves, seemingly, do not care to participate actively in political matters.

The tension of feeling between the Emperor William and Bismarck is evidently very great. Of the exact status of the affair no one outside very intimate official circles probably has any knowledge, but the comments and reports constantly appearing in the newspapers, together with such other information as somehow leaks out, make it clear that something very like a crisis has rcently been reached. Rumors have been in the air for some time past that there was to be a formal prosecution of Bismarck, although the precise offense charged against him has been only vaguely hinted at. The causes for the Emperor's irritation are matters of speculation. It is said, for instance, that Bismarck has refused to give up certain letters of the Emperor's in his possession. It is known, on the other hand, that the criticisms of the present imperial policy which have appeared in two leading newspapers, and which have given the Emperor the greatest possible annoyance, were undoubtedly inspired by the ex-Chancellor. The Emperor, who is a singular combination of autocratic temper with progressive tendencies, resents any criticism from any quarter, and no doubt has found it peculiarly galling to be subject to the fire of his late minister. The "Hamburger Nachrichten," one of these papers, declares that both it and the ex-Chancellor are prepared to meet prosecution in any form, and that the criticism of imperial policy which Prince Bismarck has allowed himself to make has been dictated solely by a sense of public duty. Altogether, the situation is a very uncomfortable one, and it is difficult to see how it can be made otherwise.

King of Medicines

A Cure "Almost Miraculous."

"When I was 14 years of age I had a severe attack of rheumatism, and after I recovered had to go on crutches. A year later, scrofula, in the form of white swellings, appeared on various parts of my body, and for 11 years I was an invalid, being confined to my bed 6 years. In that time ten or eleven sores appeared and broke, causing me great pain and suffering. I feared I never should get well.

"Early in 1886 I went to Chicago to visit a sister, but was confined to my bed most of the time I was there. In July I read a book, 'A Day with a Circus,' in which were statements of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was so impressed with the success of this medicine that I decided to try it. To my great gratification the sores soon decreased, and I began to feel better and in a short time I was up and out of doors. I continued to take Hood's Sarsaparilla for about a year, when, having used six bottles, I had become so fully released from the disease that I went to work for the Flint & Walling Mfg. Co., and since then

HAVE NOT LOST A SINGLE DAY

on account of sickness. I believe the disease is expelled from my system, I always feel well, am in good spirits and have a good appetite. I am now 27 years of age and can walk as well as any one, except that one limb is a little shorter than the other, owing to the loss of bone, and the sores formerly on my right leg. To my friends my recovery seems almost miraculous, and I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the king of medicines." WILLIAM A. LEHR, 9 N. Railroad St., Kendallville, Ind.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Some of the London papers are recommending the establishment of a quarantine against the United States in the case of persons arriving at Old Country ports from America with the "grippe," just as it is now done in case of yellow fever and cholera. This, the American journals are of opinion, would be adding insult to injury, considering the fact that the malady came to their shores originally from Europe.

"German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Boschee's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

An Episcopal Rector.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior. ⑨

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

It has been pointed out, in connection with the discovery that in England the average stature of men is decreasing while that of women is increasing—a fact attributable, it is claimed, to the stunting effect of the tobacco habit upon the masculine portion of humanity—that if this be true the statement should give heart to the advocates of women's rights, since in the natural course of events the result of the tendency thus established will be to reduce men more and more to the unimportance of mere puppets.

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RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Frost Bites, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Etc.

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