

## EAT THEIR OWN PEOPLE.

### AFRICANS WHO THUS DISPOSE OF THEIR AGED AND CRIPPLED.

Two Thousand Skulls in a Pavement—The Drum Signals by Which Messages Were Sent in the Recent Arab War—Important Part Women Played in the Campaign—Forests Teeming with Coffee.

Capt. S. L. Hinde was in the Congo medical service during the recent war which has resulted in the expulsion of all the Arab slave traders from the Congo State. In this campaign he travelled through a part of the Congo basin that was almost unknown, and since his return home he has told some new and striking things about tribes that have never been studied before, and lived about 300 miles directly south of the northern bend of the Congo.

There is a region here, north of the Sankuru River, about 90,000 square miles in extent, that is almost a blank on the maps. The Arabs knew the country very well, however, for here they had pursued the slave chase, using part of the natives to prey upon the others. It was one of the most densely peopled parts of Africa until the Arab forays, within the past few years, made desolate a part of it.

Capt. Hinde thinks he found in the Batetela people of this region the most remarkable cannibals he has seen. Throughout the whole of their country, he says, the traveller sees neither gray hairs, nor halt, nor blind. The unfortunate who is marked by any physical imperfection is killed and eaten. Even parents are eaten by their children upon the first sign of approaching decrepitude. These people are probably the only tribe in Africa who

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The effect, however, is not to deplete their numbers, but to make them superior, physically, to the tribes around them, for they do away only with those who are physically imperfect or upon whom old age is stealing. Capt. Hinde says they are a splendid race, and all the finer in appearance because they do not disfigure themselves with tattoo marks nor by filling their teeth.

The Batetela are a very numerous people. About 10,000 of their warriors were in the service of the great slave raider Gongo Lutete, who helped the Arabs capture a large part of their slaves. This long-headed chief made up his mind that it would pay him to cast his fortunes with the whites, and so he turned his back on his former employers and with his cannibal brigands helped to drive the Arabs out of the country.

Gongo's capital, N'Gandu, is a sight to behold. It is a fortified town on the Lomami River, and each of its four gates is approached by a handsome pavement of human skulls, the bregma, or front part of the skull, being the only part showing above the ground. Capt. Hinde counted more than 2,000 skulls in the pavement of one of the gates. Every tree in the town is crowned by a human skull. The practice of adorning the trees with skulls is very common among the more savage tribes throughout the Congo basin.

Capt. Hinde participated in nearly all the big fights with the Arabs, and in some of them several thousand of the Arab forces, mostly armed slaves, were killed. After the battle the cannibal camp followers and fighters among the State's allies would have

#### A GREAT FEAST.

In one battle over a thousand men fell, and Capt. Hinde had the direction of the burial parties. He found only a few hundred heads and bones. The cannibals had carried off all the meat, and in many cases the whole body for food. African cannibals, apparently, never eat flesh raw. They always boil or roast it.

The white explorers have never been able to trace the beginnings of this horrid practice until during the Arab campaign, when they discovered that the Kaluba tribe, of whom explorers have never spoken as cannibals, have taken, of late years, to eating their enemies who are killed in battle. Only the men, however, indulge in the new custom.

It is well known that, throughout a large part of tropical Africa, the tribes are able to communicate with one another by means of drum signals. There is a fairly well-known general code of signals, though often two or three chiefs will have their private codes and can talk with one another at distances of five or six miles, their enemies hearing every stroke of the drum, but without being able to understand anything of the plots that are hatching against them. In this war the whites found the private signal codes of considerable service. They had no difficulty in talking at night to friendly natives several miles away. Sometimes the chiefs in the State service signalled to some of their own people who happened to be prisoners in the hands of the Arabs, telling them when and where to desert in order to reach the white encampment. These instructions were usually carried out with success.

During many months of hardship there was scarcely a death, except on the battlefield, among the thousands of natives in the service of the whites, and Capt. Hinde attributes this good fortune to the women who followed the army. As is usual in African warfare, the native soldiers were accompanied by their women, and

#### THESE FAITHFUL CREATURES

relieved the men of all the care they could assume themselves. When camp was pitched it was the women who reared the rude huts and cooked the meal, and they marched heavily laden with the camp equipment while the lighters had only to carry their guns and ammunition. The women thus played an important part in the year of hard work while the Arabs were being driven out of the State and across Lake Tanganyika.

Capt. Hinde's caravan saw the Congo dwarris further south than they had previ-

## The New Spanish Water Bicycle.



Don Ramon Barea, of Madrid, is the latest amateur to try his hand at inventing a nautical bicycle. He has perfected a machine for use upon lakes and rivers, with which he has been enabled to make about six miles per hour. This machine is composed of two cases of steel, which serve as floats and are connected by cross-bars. Near the stern, in the space between the two cases, is a paddle wheel, operated by pedals something like a bicycle. The machine weighs about one hundred pounds. It is steered by a small rudder at the stern and has been tried successfully by its inventor, passing over the water quickly and easily.

ously been observed. One day about a hundred of them, men and women, flocked to the camp from the surrounding forest. It is a curious fact that they are not afraid of firearms; they drop when they see the flash, and then run in and spear their enemy or shoot him with an arrow before he has time to reload.

The two great Arab towns of Central Africa, both of them the result of the slave chase and the ivory trade, were captured in this war. Nyangwe, on the banks of the Upper Congo, was, until this campaign, one of the greatest markets in Africa. When the Belgians attacked it the town contained 30,000 inhabitants, but to-day it has ceased to exist, and its site is occupied by a single house. Kasongo, a little further south, had a population of about 60,000, and here the Belgians captured large quantities of repeating rifles and tons of gunpowder. The town has now been entirely swept away.

This war completely changed the political geography of the Upper Congo, for the Arabs who were masters of the country, were driven out of it. It also changed the trade routes, for the traffic which once followed the well-beaten track from Nyangwe across Tanganyika to the Indian Ocean at Zanzibar now goes down the Congo to Stanley Pool and the Atlantic. A very significant fact mentioned by Capt. Hinde is that in all parts of the virgin Congo forest which he visited wild coffee is so abundant and so excellent that his party left their tins of imported coffee unopened.

#### A Story of Macaulay.

"When I was London, in the fifties," writes one of Macaulay's biographers, among my haunts was an old, low-ceiled tavern, with a sanded floor two feet below the level of the street. I used to go there and drink 'alf-and-alf.' One day, while I was sitting beside a table, a large man in a cloak entered. His face was round, pale, and heavy; but his eyes were bright, bushy eyebrows slid up and down with quick changes of expression. He sat at the table next to mine, and a waiter came in directly with a big plate of bread and cheese and a glass of ale, and set before him. He ate and drank heartily, and after finishing his lunch, sat upright and rested his hands on a heavy cane. Suddenly he reached for his empty glass and hurled it on the floor with all his strength, smashing it into shivers. He sat for a minute longer, then got up slowly, 'tipped' the waiter, paid his reckoning at the bar and passed out. He had uttered not a word. The waiter got a broom, swept up the pieces of glass, and cleared the table. I asked him if the gentleman's intellect was a little in need of repair. 'Oh, no, sir,' said he. That's nothink unusual with 'im, sir. W'y, 'e's broke maybe a 'under glahasses since 'e's been a-comin' to this 'ouse. 'E don't know it when 'e does it. 'E's a-thinkin', and it seems like as 'e got mad at somethin' 'e was thinkin' about.' 'Who is he?' 'Lord Macaulay, sir.'"

#### A Demented Mother.

A horrible murder was committed a few miles north of Hillsboro', Ohio, the other day. A mother, evidently demented, deliberately took the life of her year old baby by strangling it with a rope. The child was strangled while being dragged along the public highway. At times the desperate woman would swing the child over one shoulder. Then she would tighten the cord, swinging it over the other shoulder until life was extinct. This act seemed to only sharpen the depraved appetite for other diabolical work. Another child of six years was next the object of the infuriated mother. Strangulation was first attempted, but wearying of that she threw the child into the well. She followed this by throwing herself into the same well and only for the fact that the water was shallow her own life would be added to the list of the dead. The child thrown into the well showed some signs of life when taken out, but its condition is hopeless. The parties are colored, named Richman. Bill Richman being the husband's name.

## A GRATEFUL MOTHER

### Relates How Her Daughter's Life Was Saved.

Anæmia and General Debility Had Brought Her to the Verge of the Grave—Physicians Held Out No Hope of Recovery—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Again Prove a Life Saver.

From the Ottawa Free Press.

A personal paragraph in the Free Press some time ago simply stating that Miss Sophie Belanger, 428 Cooper street, Ottawa, had recovered from a serious illness caused by anæmia and general debility, has apparently awakened more than usual interest and pleasure among her relatives and acquaintances. So much so, indeed, that a reporter of the paper found it extremely interesting to visit the family and enjoy a chat with Mrs. Belanger on the recovery of her daughter after she had for two years been considered irrecoverably a victim of this terribly enervating and dangerous disease. Mrs. Belanger is a very intelligent French-Canadian, wife of Mr. Joseph Belanger, whose wall paper and paint and glass establishment is at 146 Bank street. Miss Sophie Belanger, the whilom invalid, vacillating between death and life, is a promising young lady of seventeen years.



SHE LAY ON A COUCH LIKE ONE DYING.

She is a student under the nuns of St. Jean Baptiste school on Primrose Hill. Over two years ago she fell sick and rapidly wasted away. The nature of her disease appeared to be a profound mystery to the physicians as they were called in one after the other. Despair seized the family as they looked upon the once beautiful, spirited girl, laying day in and day out, weeks and months on her couch, simply slowly vanishing and they powerless even to raise a smile to her wan lips. Each succeeding medical man gravely told the parents to prepare for the worst. However, Mrs. Belanger is not one of those women who give up in despair while there is still hope, as her own words will denote.

"It was a terrible time," she said. "We had been told again and again that nothing could be done to save Sophie, and had almost been forced by appearances to believe it. I have now to say that but for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she would have been in her grave instead of attending school every day the liveliest of the lively. It began like this: The poor girl was coming to me three or four times a day exclaiming, 'Oh, ma; I have such a terrible headache. I cannot stand the pain of it.' This went on for a long time, weeks in fact, until we began to look at it in a very serious light. We had almost every French doctor in the city called in, but with no result. Sophie got worse and worse. Her face was small and yellow while her lips were as white as your collar. She was listless and apathetic and so weak she could not raise her hand to her head. A leading doctor forced her to take a certain kind of powders, which seemed to be taking the flesh from her bones. Her skin became hot and parched, her eyes sank into her head and she lay on that couch as one dead, taking no interest whatever in things going on around her. Then it was we became confirmed to the popular belief that she was going to die. It was agonizing to look at her, but we became partially resigned to the fate that appeared to be overtaking us. She was watched day and night, but we could detect no change unless for the worse. All hope had gone. I had read of the cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and about this time I noticed a description published in the Free Press somewhat similar to Sophie's case. Something seemed to urge me to give them a trial, and now I thank God I did. I sent for some and began giving them to her one at a time. Before long we saw an improvement, and gradually increased the dose from one to two and then to three at regular intervals. It was incredible to note the change. Her color came back, a different look in her eyes, her general health and appearance gave us all new interest in her. Before the fourth box was gone Sophie was able to be up and around again, and a further use of them fully restored her health, or rather snatched her from the brink of the grave. To Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is due all the credit for we had stopped doctor's medicine, and simply gave her these, following the directions around the box. My daughter's life was saved by Pink Pills and no one knows better than her mother. I wish to tell everyone of the cure, as it is almost impossible to believe that the poor thing that lay there, and the happy rosy-cheeked girl who goes regularly to her classes are one and the same person in such a marvellously short space of time, and you may be sure I am advising ailing neighbors to use this wonderful medicine."

Just as the reporter was leaving Miss Belanger returned from school. She was the picture of grace, health and beauty, her lithe physique denoting health in every movement, while her face showed the warm, ruddy glow of health. She corroborated all her mother had said besides adding some new testimony. Happiness now abideth in that home where misery held sway too long, and Mrs. Belanger rests her faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will do for other weak and ailing girls what they did for her daughter.

#### A Tallow Tree.

Dr. Stuhlmann, who is traveling in Africa, has come upon a tree whose fruit gives out a tallow-like fat. The tree is one of the largest in the forests of Usambara, and the fruit is big and heavy, measuring a foot in length by half a foot in diameter. It is a new species of the guttiferi. The natives call it mkani, but the botanists name it Stearodendron Stuhlmanni.

## LIFE OF THE POOR IN PARIS.

### Unconsumed Victuals at the Soldiers Barracks Are Given Away to the Poor.

To get enough to eat is not the chief difficulty, for that can always be done with a little ingenuity. For instance, there are here 20,000 soldiers continually under arms, housed in huge barracks in different quarters of the city, for whose support enormous supplies of provisions are required. Naturally there is a great amount of surplus or unconsumed victuals. Instead of being destroyed or sold, these are given away to whoever chooses to ask for them. All one has to do is to faire queue (stand in line) early in the morning at the doors of the casernes, to have a bountiful supply. Free soup is distributed at the ailes de nuit. Then at the great Halles, or Central Market, where the meat received from the abattoirs is cut up, the butchers and market gardeners sell a soup made from the scraps of meat and unsold vegetables which though not very clean, is still palatable and wholesome and one can get a breakfast for 2 sous. At night if a man has exhausted his ticket for three successive lodgings at the aile de nuit, he can find a room in some of the large barrack-like buildings of which there are two or three in Paris, immense buildings divided off into small rooms, where a night's lodging can be had for 40 or 50 centimes. Or he can walk out to St. Denis, where these lodging houses are more frequent and the price cheaper.

The difficulty of finding a place to sleep in is the chief one for those without resources or employment who try to live in Paris. Some cross the river to a certain famous "zinc" or bar, so called from the material of which the drink counter is made, and where the Owen Sound business people, as the visitors were liberal with their cash and spent it freely on merchandise, refreshments, etc. The Owen Sound people would not consider themselves crowded or inconvenienced in any way, (barring the Times' man perhaps) if a like excursion were to visit the place every for his drink and takes all day to finish it. In the place I am speaking of they pay 4 sous a glass and thus get a night's sleep, more or less comfortable, and are not disturbed because this is the very object the "patron" has in view and he is said to derive a good revenue from it. Up to within a few years there existed a large room in Montmartre where the lodgers slept on the floor for 3 sous a night.

#### A Private Slaughter House.

The Ameer's son is a most uncomfortable guest to entertain. His following numbers some 80 persons, who have to be fed according to the Mussulman rites, and the erection of a special slaughter house was sanctioned by the London authorities before the Prince consented to set foot in England. If the retinue is as careless as the Shah of Persia's when that potentate visited London several years ago, the "cleaning up" will have to be searching and elaborate. It was said when the Shah departed that no pigsty could approach the apartments devoted to his attendants in filth and destruction, and such a light was let in on the customs of these semi-barbaric visitors that the royal servants did not cease to shiver with disgust for weeks afterward.

For twenty-five years

**DUNN'S BAKING POWDER**  
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND  
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

## THE HATEFUL OPPRESSOR

### A YANKEE JOURNAL'S JEALOUS REMARKS ABOUT BRITAIN.

Britannia Rules the Waves—Enormous Resources of the United Kingdom—Steady Decline of American Commerce Since the Civil War—The British Share of American Trade, Annually, Monthly, Weekly and Daily.

Much has been heard in recent times of British sea power, but it remains for the Social Economist of New York to present the subject in a new and, from the American point of view, not agreeable aspect. It has been so long a cardinal doctrine of the Englishman that Britannia rules the waves, and so generally acknowledged by other nations, that a mere restatement of the fact would attract but little attention. The Economist, however, tells us just what percentage of American traffic Britannia controls and how much per cent. there is in the operation. The figures are such as to give some idea of the enormous resources of the United Kingdom. The writer in the Economist is distinctly hostile to British commerce, but he states the facts as they are. Of the 1,238 millions of commerce carried to and from Europe in 1892, the ships of the United States had as their share one and a half per cent. Half a million dollars daily, payable in gold, if demanded, is the debt incurred by the United States through the employment of foreign ships to do their business. Up till 1861 the United States carried more than their share of the total commerce between Europe and America, but since the beginning of the civil war there has been

#### A STEADY DECLINE.

The proportion of American tonnage entered and cleared in the United States in the American trade was 62.68 per cent. in 1853, 66.59 in 1860, 22.10 in 1870, 6.82 in 1880, and 2.50 in 1888. During the same period the British tonnage engaged in the trade increased from 33.73 in 1853 to 90.65 in 1888, while foreign bottoms, which carried 3.59 per cent. in 1853, carried 7 per cent. in 1888. These figures move the Economist write: to polite profanity, and this is how he gives expression to his feelings.

Thus it appears that a single foreman, the wily rival of our halcyon days, who has not kept faith in carrying out free shipping policy, the hateful oppressor of defenceless people, the deprecator of prices all over the world, the unrelenting enemy of silver money, the miserly demander of gold for debts, has almost monopolized the foreign trade and transportation of the United States. It is an interesting question to what extent are we, financially, in the toils of this domineering 'creditor nation'? As already stated, foreign shipping has been received from our trade not less than two hundred millions annually. The British share of this is over two-thirds. Including insurance, it may be taken at 70 per cent. and will reach the following figures:—

Annually.....	\$140,000,000
Monthly.....	11,666,666
Weekly.....	2,684,927
Daily.....	383,561

"Mercantile profits increase largely these amounts. The foreign tax, of whatever sort, is a gold account. Different items compose this tax. A leading foreign banker has estimated our usual interest and investment account at \$111,000,000. To this he adds

FIFTY TO SIXTY MILLIONS expended in travelling and living abroad. Travelling goes in with transportation. Allow for living only, and we have in all, for Europe, \$115,000,000. From the figures of a British statistician it may be reduced that sixty or sixty-five millions represents British interest due from the United States. Add to this for residence abroad and we have not exceeded seventy millions. It is therefore, plain that our foreign tax is twice as great for shipping service as for interest account, whether we have regard to Europe or Great Britain, and that our total foreign tax is about \$83,000 daily, and over six millions a week."

The end of it all is that the people of the United States are implored to own their marine, do their carrying for their foreign trade, and get from under the thumb of an oppressor who refuses to take depreciated silver, or silver certificates, in return for the work done, and demands gold or gold bonds. The financial crisis is said to be largely due to this "domineering creditor nation" which, not content with drawing \$15,000,000 sterling yearly in interest on American investments, demands also \$30,000,000 a year for carrying American goods all over the world.

#### A HEADLONG PLUNGE

The Economist writer wants an American marine, and, apparently, is willing to pay for it, because he quotes approvingly the fact that thirty years ago Great Britain was losing \$1,000 daily on mail subsidies. He would doubtless, advise into the subsidy business, so that an American marine could be established which would take its pay in store orders instead of cash. But what does all his reasoning lead to? This: That Great Britain carries the world's goods cheaper and better than any other nation. That the United States are hard-up because they get their goods carried more cheaply than their own ships could do the work. That it would be advisable to pay Americans more for doing this work than is now paid to Englishmen. All this because the Americans could be paid in silver, and the Englishmen have the power to demand gold. The absurdity of the whole thing is clearly shown by the fact that all the gold in use in the United States amounts to about \$646,000,000, and that, if gold were exported to pay interest and ocean carriage due Britain, there would not be an ounce of gold in the United States in three years. Notwithstanding the denunciation of the Economist, the United Kingdom will continue to carry American ocean freights, and will continue to take pay in wheat and other food products. Bread is more needed in England than gold. Not till the people of the United States can make more money by owning and sailing ships than by cultivating wheat and raising cattle will the sea power of Great Britain be seriously menaced.