

IT COMETH SOON OR LATE.

An Incident.

A gentle rain had fallen in the night. The sky was still hung with soft, gray curtains of clouds and the air was warm and heavy with moisture. The little procession passed slowly along the winding woodland roads. The damp sand sifted from the heavy wagon wheels with a soothing, murmuring sound. Wild roses flung sprays of pink bloom down beside the path. The spicy scent of sweet fern rose up from under the horses' hoofs as they crashed out its fragrance and the pines added a resinous odor as of incense when a breath of the south wind sighed through them.

At last the white fence of the little burying-ground gleamed through the trees. Its gates stood wide open, and they passed through to where a low mound of yellow sand showed that an open grave was made. Silently and reverently they alighted and gathered around it. Carefully and tenderly the coffin was lowered to its last resting-place.

The men uncovered their heads, and an old, gray-haired man who had been the dead man's friend for many years, took in his hand the shining shovel that lay upon the heaped-up earth. As the low tones of the minister rose in the words "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," the damp sand fell on the coffin lid—a triple knock on the gates of that mysterious city whose outer portals swing to before the inner ones that hide its secret enclose. Then strong hands joined in the task, and soon a smooth yellow mound lay beside the green one beneath which the old man's wife had slept peacefully for many years.

There was a moment's hush. Through the pine woods swept a musical tone like the tolling of a far-off bell. A mile away on the bay shore a great glassy wave, a heavy swell coming in from the lake where a storm a score of miles out had tossed the water into wild waves, had fallen on the beach and sent its resonant clang for miles inward upon the still air. A bluejays flashed from a tall pine overhead to a more distant oak with a single ringing note. Low and tenderly came the words of the benediction, "May the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, be and abide with you now and forevermore. Amen."

There was a gentle rustle and a murmur of voices as good byes were said, and soon the rattle of wheels and beat of horses' hoofs, as swiftly now they rode away by various paths, and soon were scattered throughout the country side.

The wind arose and swept the clouds away. A bar of sunlight fell through the pines and lay across the two lone graves like a link of a golden chain. The old man and his wife were alone together once more. That night as the twilight deepened into darkness, a woman with a sad, worn face, and hair beginning to be streaked with silver, sat alone. The little room where the old man had passed many quiet years, and where he had lain only this morning, cold and still, was empty, with bare floor and wide-open windows through which the cool breath of the night wind passed at its will.

The children had been playing there as the fires of the sunset burned low in the west and suffused its walls with a roseate glow. They had crept in timidly at first, holding each other's hands tight, and whispering together with awe-struck faces, half expecting to see their grandfather's well-remembered face, and to see his dim eyes light up with a loving gleam as they peered in at the half-opened door. They had soon grown bolder, and the empty room had echoed with their laughter as they joined in a merry romping game.

Now the restless little hands and feet were still, and bright eyes curtained with soft-fringed lids, and each little, round, rosy face, framed in its rings of dark curls, pressed its white pillow as they lay fast asleep. The men were all asleep too. There was a big day's work to be done to-morrow. The great west corn field should have been cultivated two days ago, only that the old man's death had put every thing back. Somebody had got to go to town, too; they must be up and at work in good season.

The woman alone in all the house was awake. She had had no time nor place for thought before. Suddenly she arose and her hands tore frantically at her throat for a moment as if she were suffocating. She went quickly out of the door and down the path until she reached the rough rail fence that shut in her home.

The night was warm and full of sweet woody scents. A little brook ran along the edge of the woods across the road through a bed of mint and fern. Its musical tinkle as it rippled over its pebbles marked off the silence into rhythmic spaces. The sky was full of great glowing stars, and the milky way wound among them as the white road below wound in the dusky darkness among the trees.

All the airy spaces between the earth and sky seemed suddenly full.

Visions of the past; of days when she was a little child; of herself, sitting upon her mother's lap with soft, warm, loving arms around her; of still Sabbath mornings, when she went down the graveled walk at the old home, holding her father's hand, and all the air was full of the scent of the lilacs and pinks that bordered the path; of the little dark-eyed brother who had died; of her girlhood and still the loving care that guarded all her ways; of the later years when the care she had had given her was to be given back to the old in double measure; rank upon rank, shadowy form after shadowy form floated by and vanished among the stars.

In all the memories of her childhood and youth no living soul could ever share a grief or a joy with her again. Down deep in the grave they had made to-day the past was buried forever, and the heavy earth lay like a sealed stone over it all.

With a wild, despairing gesture she flung up her arms and turned her white face toward the stars.

"Father! Father!" It was a smothered, breathless cry, voicing the pain that filled her heart to bursting, and it went out into the night—empty and desolate now—and brought not an echo back.

Her hands fell heavily to her side. With feeble steps, that could not keep the narrow path, she went into the dark house and lay down beside her children.

"What's the price of sausages?" "Twenty cents a bound." "You asked twenty-five this morning." "Yes; dot was ven I had some. Now I ain't got none I sell for twenty cents. Dot makes me a rebatement for selling cheap, and I don't lose noddings."

LATE AMERICAN NEWS.

Barrett W. Crown, a druggist in Anderson, Ind., administered a dose of fluid extract of belladonna instead of extract of dandelion. He was considerate enough, however, to take the dose himself, and he died of paralysis of the heart.

A Kingston, N. Y., newspaper tells of a Marlborough colored man who, having carried \$140, invested 90 cents of it in three dozen bananas, ate them all on the spot, and then adjourned to a saloon to moisten them with a dozen glasses of beer.

A Maine newspaper tells of a poddler that sold a farmer's wife the familiar sign "Ici on parle Français" (French spoken here), assuring her that it was the original Latin text for "God bless our home," and the good woman proudly hung it in the best room.

H. L. Clark of Higganum, Conn., brags because one of his ducks laid 160 eggs this season, which is four times the yield of the average duck. What is more, from one of those 160 eggs was hatched a four-legged duckling that still lives and walks, using all of its legs, as if that were the proper thing for young ducks.

A professional safe burglar told a Pittsburgh reporter that when artists in his profession were working at a safe they often used a screen of canvas and stiff wire painted in close imitation of the safe they were working on. This they stood in front of the safe and worked behind it, and when the watchman looked to see if the safe was safe, he saw only the screen which in the night looked like the real thing.

At the Norwalk trot the other day, while five horses were scoring, a rein broke on one of them. The trotters were well bunched and an accident seemed inevitable, but Billy Brooks, the driver with the broken rein, jumped from his sulky to his horse's back and stopped him before any damage was done.

A big turkey cock near Americus, Ga., fell in love with a flock of neat little Guinea hens, and, quitting his own turkey hens, gave undivided attention to the harsh-voiced Guineas. He even went so far as to endeavor to hatch out a nest of Guinea eggs, and has been at it steadily for nearly three weeks, with good prospect of success.

A newspaper man in Minneapolis one day caught a young woman as she was falling in the street. A few days after he met her at the house of a friend, and they were introduced. A few months after he asked her to marry him, and she said, "Yes." A few hours after they were married, and not until then, he learned that she was worth \$75,000.

A hundred-acre peat bog has been discovered near Ellendale, Dak. The peat reaches to a depth of from seven to ten feet, and is said to overlay a surface of ice.

The story comes from Boston of a dude who, having been asked to say grace at a formal spread at which he took a leading part, bowed his head slightly, languidly lowered his eyelids, and murmured, "Oh, Lord, thanks—awfully!"

A Philadelphia woman who has had twenty-five years of experience behind a store counter says that the great burden of their life is not in the work required, but in the fact that women do not like each other, and have no compassion on one another.

Gussie Seine of Arkansas City, Mo., thought that M. V. Jones had insulted her. So she got a rawhide whip and a friend, and while the latter "held up" Mr. Jones with a revolver, Gussie thrashed him with the former. She afterwards paid \$10 and costs for her amusement.

Frank Graff, a hearty young citizen of Rockville, Pa., bet that he could eat a pint of ice cream in half a minute. He won, gulping down the cream in huge swallows. Then he bet that he could eat three large ginger cakes, that together weighed half a pound, in one minute. He devoured two of them, and was on the third, when he suddenly dropped to the floor, dead.

Little Guy Haley, 6 years old, of Pensacola, fell from the bridge at Big Bayou. Two negroes saw him and made no effort to help him, but the boy's brother Lem, 13 years old, jumped in, went down, seized Guy, and brought him to the surface. Guy grabbed Lem around the neck so that he could not swim, but by treading water Lem kept his brother up until help came and both were saved.

A Minnesota man who knows the Indians of the Northwest well advances the theory that they are increasing instead of diminishing in numbers. He says that they have been steadily following the buffalo westward, gradually moving from the Atlantic coast to the far West, and multiplying as they moved. The first Government report mentions 60,000 Indians, the last total number reported was 230,000.

Some drunken young men of Centerville, Ind., thought it would be fun to play at hanging. A mock trial was held. One of their number was found guilty, sentenced to be hanged, a light cord was put around his neck, and he was swung off from the limb of a tree. The boys thought that the rope would break when his whole weight was on it, but it didn't, and, as they were too drunk to release him, the condemned man was nearly dead when assistance arrived.

Husband and Wife.

A man has an eye for the beauty in his wife. He notices the soft wave of her hair and fit of her gown with a sort of pleasurable pride, even after time and trials have dimmed the glamour of first love. The successful wife must represent to her husband all the virtues; must be sympathetic, and at the same time sensible. She must be bright, entertaining and agreeable at home as well as abroad, and she must know how to preserve silence when it is desirable to hold her tongue, even though she is ready to burst with indignation. If she does not possess these qualities let her cultivate them most assiduously. And there is no trait that is such a powerful factor in household harmony as assimilation—to become one in thought and purpose, to have kindred tastes and kindred wishes. The theory of the affinity of opposites was hopelessly exploded long ago. The picture of a petite blonde Desdemona clinging to a swarthy Othello is very pretty, but if Othello's mind is out of tune with Desdemona the affinity cannot exist.

"And then, gentlemen of the jury, I must appeal to your sense of justice. You must remember that you are twelve strong, well-fed men, opposed to this one miserable, puny defendant."

GLEERUP'S TRIP IN AFRICA.

An Explorer Tells of Great Changes Occurring on the Dark Continent.

Lieut. Edward Gleerup, the ninth white man to cross Central Africa from sea to sea, has arrived from Zanzibar. As he followed the route traced by Stanley in his journey across the continent, his trip is geographically without important results, but he has collected much interesting information with regard to the improved facilities for traveling in Africa, the remarkable growth of the power and influence of Arab traders, and the value and prospects of Germany's new possessions in East Africa.

The eight men, from Livingston to Capello and Ivens, who preceded Gleerup in the trip across the continent, all occupied from two to two and a half years. Gleerup has now demonstrated that the journey can be made in about eight months, or only two-thirds the time that Burton and Speke, the first Englishman to visit the great lakes, required to travel from Zanzibar to Tanganyika. With the aid of the Congo State steamers the journey from the Atlantic to Stanley Falls, 1,200 miles up the river, can now be made in two months. Lieut. Gleerup was six months on the road between Stanley Falls and Zanzibar. The Congo State in the West and the east-coast Arab traders, whose many caravans have made a beaten highway to the Indian Ocean, have brought about this great improvement in the conditions of African travel.

Important changes have occurred in some regions that have not been visited by whites since Stanley's trip, nine years ago. Along the 300 miles of the Congo, between Stanley Falls and Nyangwe, Gleerup found two large and several small Arab stations—collecting points for slaves and ivory. Nyangwe, the famous trading town, has largely grown, and neighboring Kasongo, which Livingston described as a little village, has 8,000 inhabitants. Near these two towns the Arabs rear large herds of cattle. Along the road to Tanganyika they have several stations for the training of female slaves for labor on the plantations. Ten caravans now travel the road to and from Central Africa where one was formerly seen. Gleerup often met them, and he says that east of Tanganyika it was not uncommon for two or three caravans to camp together, and that their combined force was sometimes over 1,000 men.

The authorities of the Congo Free State have recently asserted that the Arabs are seeking only trade, and are willing to concede the political supremacy of the Free State. Gleerup also says that the Arabs are perfectly friendly. It is a curious fact that he traveled to the coast as the guest of the Arabs. The supplies with which he started, including his tent, were presented to him by Tippu Tib, and at the request of this great slave and ivory dealer, Gleerup was heartily welcomed at every Arab station and gratuitously supplied with everything he needed.

He speaks in glowing terms of the beauties and fertility of Usagara, the mountainous region, 100 miles from the east coast, which forms a part of Germany's possessions. He says, however, that the Germans will not be able rapidly to develop the country owing to the apathy of the natives, who, though friendly, refuse to work for the Germans, who therefore lack the labor they need to carry on their enterprises.

HOUSEHOLD.

BRAN or oatmeal water should be used when bathing children suffering with scarlet fever.

TOMATO SALAD.—Peel and slice six large tomatoes; take one teaspoonful of oil, one of vinegar, a teaspoonful each of mustard, salt and pepper; mix and pour over the tomatoes.

PUFF PUDDING.—One pint of boiling milk and 9 tablespoonfuls of flour, mixed first with a little cold milk. When cold add a little salt and four well-beaten eggs and bake in a buttered dish. Serve as soon as it is done.

DISCOLORED MARBLE can often be restored by rubbing with pumice stone. For an effective polish take one half ounce of magnesia, two ounces oxalic acid, one pint of warm rain water. Polish with woolen cloths. Be careful of the acid, however.

FRUIT STAINS may easily be removed from white or light goods by placing the article in a bath of clean, boiling water before it has been wet with soap suds; let the goods remain till quite cool, wring, and if still the stains show immerse again in hot water.

IRON RUST IN DRY GOODS.—Iron rust is readily removed by equal parts of common salt and cream of tartar moistened with water and applied to the stained spots and placed in the sunshine. Moisten as it becomes dry, for two or three hours.

GERMAN CAKES.—One egg, 7 ounces of butter, 4 ounces of powdered sugar, 10 1-2 ounces of flour, 1 tablespoonful of molasses. Mix without adding the wetting, and roll out; sprinkle cinnamon and sugar on top, roll again thinner, and cut out into little cakes.

CHEESE CAKE.—Two cups of molasses, 1 1-2 cups of boiling water, 2 tablespoonfuls (not heaped) of tried-out beef suet, or a piece of butter the size of an egg, 3 heaped teaspoonfuls of baking powder, spices to taste, and a cup of raisins and currants. Add flour enough to make a soft batter, and bake in loaves.

BATTER FOR FRITTERS.—Beat up 1 tablespoonful of brandy and a little cold water, with the yolk of 1 egg; add a pinch of salt, then work in sufficient flour to make, with the addition of more water, as much batter as will be needed. It should be of the consistency of thick cream. Just before using beat the whites of 2 eggs stiff froth and mix them lightly but effectually with the batter.

TO PUT UP JELLY.—Jellies are usually put in tumblers, sometimes with tin covers, sometimes without. Cut soft brown paper into rounds half an inch larger than the tumbler. Dip them into water and flour mixed to the consistency of thick milk. Drain and spread them on the top. Rub them down smoothly and they will be air tight. Label with the name and date of the jelly.

FRENCH APPLE FRITTERS.—Peel 3 large apples, core them with an apple corer, and cut them across in slices rather less than 1-2 inch thick; put them in a flat dish with 1-2 tumbler of strong cider and strew them plentifully with powdered loaf sugar; let them remain covered for a couple of hours, then take each piece separately, dip it in batter so that it is well covered with it, and fry a golden color in hot lard. Lay the fritters in front of the fire, and when all are done down

pile them up on a napkin, shake plenty of powdered loaf sugar over and serve.

PRESERVED CITRUS MELON.—Take three medium sized melons, six lemons, one pound preserved green ginger root; peel, slice about a half inch thick and seed the melons. Weigh, and take the same weight in fine white sugar. Boil the slices in water until they are tender; take them out on a flat dish to cool. Then put the sugar in the same quantity of water for the syrup. Slice the lemons thin in cold water and let them cook tender. Then turn the water on the syrup and boil until clarified, with the ginger sliced thin. Put in the melon and boil until scalded through. Then take it out on a dish to cool, and after it is cool pour the syrup over it. It doesn't need to be put in preserving jars. Put it in an earthenware jar, cover it over, and it will keep all right in a cool place without moulding.

SURPRISING A LANDLORD.

A Mexican Adventure.

The trip was in the saddle, with my light baggage strapped on behind me. The trail as far as Mill Creek in New Mexico was well defined, and although making a steady and continuous descent the way wound along the side of the mountain and only here and there so steep as to make it uncomfortable or dangerous. Twelve miles of this brought me well down the mountain into a wooded country through which wound a tiny silver stream easily forded in places where it seemed to pause in its tortuous course, preparing to take a leap over a dead fall that turned its water in spray. Mill Creek camp was passed and six miles beyond brought darkness, and necessity for a night's halt.

A cabin showed itself beside the way and the hospitality of the ranchero was extended. "If the capitano wished to stay all night." Now the capitano did wish to stay all night, but notwithstanding our codified directions a feeling of mistrust took possession of us at the first sight of the Mexican who so kindly offered refreshments for man and beast. The broncho was staked out and supper served of the delicious temaro that only a Mexican knows how to prepare.

A hard bed brought sound sleep for a while, but at length fitting fancies disturbed our repose, the pictures of Mexican banditti loitering at us from behind rocks and trees, snakes dropping lassoes for us from overhanging branches, road agents suggesting a division of booty, etc., etc., wrought us up to such a state of nerve that it only required a grizzly roll down upon us from an overhanging cliff to make our happiness complete, and we stood in the middle of the floor peering into the darkness, while each particular hair needed no electrical machine to separate it from its neighbor, and perspiration oozed from every pore.

It was only a dream, but it left "its weight upon our waking hours." So much did the feeling of an overhanging calamity impress us that we laid momentarily waiting the visitation. And it came. It must have been about 11 o'clock and we were lying perfectly still, listening to our own heavy breathing, when we heard a scraping, sliding sound, as if some one were working to move a sliding door.

Our presence of mind returned, and dismissing idle fancies we took the present for what it was worth. Sliding noiselessly from the bed with a good grip on our Colt we rolled as quietly under the bed. We had not disrobed when we retired, we were equipped with pocket fuse, which we put into position to light if needed. Soon we became aware of a presence in the room, and lying as we were, the proximity of feet quite close to our olfactories, gave notice that somebody was standing by the side of the bed.

A flash from the dark lantern thrown full on the bed informed the operator that his victim had left without settling. He must have stood for a moment dazed, for a reflection of the light discovered a short knife in the hand of the would-be assassin. He was confused, and gave us a second in which to act. We seized him by the lower extremities, and drawing his feet from under him, threw him at full length upon the floor of the cabin. As he turned on his face to recover himself by the use of his hands we were upon him with a death grip on his neck, crushing his face against the floor. His knife slipped from his grasp when he fell, and turning his head to get the use of his speech, he cried piteously for mercy. The dark lantern was sitting upright shining full on him.

We sprang away from him, covering him with a revolver, and, thus having him at odds, dictated terms. Following our orders, he took down a lariar from a peg on the wall, and passing a noose over his head pinioned his own arms. This done, we lowered the persuader and drew the noose tightly then finished the job by tying him so thoroughly that nothing short of a dark cabinet sance could release him.

We then waited the dawn, while he laid on the floor praying and cursing by turns. We called the roll early and marched him out to where the broncho was tethered. Throwing another rope over his neck, we tied him to our saddle and ordered a retreat on Mill Creek, where we delivered him up to the officer with the proper evidence sufficient to convict in a mining camp court of justice.

We never inquired what became of him, but have no doubt but he was cared for. He had been suspected of many a dark piece of business, but never before had been treed. Men had mysteriously disappeared after having struck the trail leading by his cabin, no traces of them ever having been discovered; but men are soon forgotten in a mining camp, and an occasional discovery of a new lead somewhere is sufficient to blot any little affair of this kind from a miner's memory.

A Pattern Woman.

A good housewife should not be a person of "one idea," but should be equally familiar with the flower-garden and flour-barrel; and though her lesson should be to lessen expense, the scent of a fine rose should not be less valued than the cent in the till. She will doubtless prefer a yard of sherry to a yard of satin. If her husband is a skilful sewer of grain, she is equally a skilful sewer of garments; he keeps his hoes bright by use, she keeps the hose of the whole family in order.

"How can you give me such a dirty napkin as that?" "Beg pardon, sir; got folded the wrong way, sir. There, sir, how's that now?"

Summer Boarder—I have heard that silk tassels grow on your corn? Farmer—Yes, miss, regular gros grain silk, it is, too.

ANOTHER ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Lieut. Brainard to Revisit the Region of Eternal Ice.

A reporter recently met Lieut. David L. Brainard, one of the six survivors of the Greely expedition, now a Sergeant of the United States Signal Corps, Washington. The gallant survivor is a polished gentleman of classic features and an interesting conversationalist. In a pleasant chat with the reporter, he was asked many questions about his proposed return to the land of the midnight sun, and his replies are epitomized as follows:

I do contemplate returning to the Arctic regions in the spring of 1890 as the commander of a small expedition composed of twelve persons, distributed as follows: One naturalist; one surgeon, who will act as assistant naturalist; one astronomer, who will assist as meteorological and magnetic observer; one meteorologist, one carpenter, one tinman, one blacksmith, one cook or steward, and three Eskimo dog drivers and hunters. The expedition will have for its object the exploration of Hayes Sound and the bringing back of the original records and scientific collection of specimens abandoned at Fort Conger, in latitude 81° 44' north, in the autumn of 1883. It is thought he will be absent only fifteen months, but if in order to complete our work of exploration, it were necessary to remain two years, we would be prepared to do so.

Our dogs and their Eskimo drivers will be obtained from one of the Greenland colonies, through the co-operation of the Danish Government. The vessel, a medium-sized steamer sealer from St. Johns, N. F., will be chartered and fitted out with provisions for two years. On entering Smith Sound a large depot of provisions will be established at a point near Rice Straits, and the vessel then moved northward to Fort Conger to bring back the records, specimens, etc., depots being made at various places along the coast to insure a safe retreat in the event of disaster to the vessel. When the specimens are loaded the vessel will return to Smith Sound and go into winter quarters in Alexander harbor, latitude 70° 50' north, about fifteen miles west of Cape Sabine.

A few miles to the westward of the place selected as our winter quarters we will enter on territory which has never been trodden by the foot of civilized man, and there is no field within the Arctic circle which offers to explorers such splendid inducements as this unknown region. It is bounded on the east by longitude about 70° west, and on the west by the 85 meridian. If there exists a passage westward to Greely Ford—the furthest point reached by Lockwood and myself in 1883—our cairn marking our furthest point south on the shore of that body of water will be revisited and a strenuous effort will be made to explore to the northward the Grinnell Land coast line to the point attained by Lieut. Archer, R. N., in the spring of 1875, and thus will the configuration of the entire coast of Grinnell Land have been accurately determined. Physical and scientific observations will be carried on at the station by a competent corps of observers, but in no wise will these observations conflict or interfere with the work of exploration, the paramount object of the expedition.

After the departure of the vessel the first season a small house shall be erected near the head of the bay, and at once the scientific observations will be commenced, and the work of laying out caches of provisions for use in the sledging operations of the following spring. A vessel will visit us in the spring of 1891 to convey us back to this country, but should our work be not fully accomplished we would remain one year longer. The money to defray the expenses will be raised by private contributions, and the approximate amount will be not far from \$50,000. My object in waiting so long before starting is that I may have a thorough restoration of my broken health, and to enable me to provide for the expedition a complete and reliable set of instruments and a full and complete equipment for sledging and other work.

The Christian Martyrs in Uganda.

When Stanley came home from his trip across Africa he said there was a grand opportunity for missionaries in Uganda. His glowing description of the country, teeming with 3,000,000 of intelligent and fairly industrious people, fired the hearts of English Christians. They sent several missionaries to live in the beautiful country near Victoria Nyanza, in Uganda's chief town. French Roman Catholics soon followed the English pioneers, and all worked hard and zealously to help and instruct the natives. It costs, the French tell us, \$5,000 to put a missionary in Central Africa. These Uganda missions have cost not only many thousands of dollars, but also the lives of three white men and years of ceaseless toil and anxiety. The news reached us last week that the fruits of all these priceless labor and sacrifices have been wiped out in a bloody tragedy. The King of Uganda has murdered all the converts of the missionaries, who are themselves in great peril and implore assistance.

For a while a bright future seemed to be before these missions. They built churches, and made quite a number of converts. A short time before King Mtesa's death about eighty converts were admitted to the English Church on one occasion. Old and young crowded the school to learn to read. Mr. O'Flaherty learned to speak Kiganda like a native. Mr. Mackay sailed the great lake in the little bark Eleanor, which had been sent in sections from England. Mr. Ashe excited much wonderment by digging wells and building a cart. But the King's counsellors always viewed these whites with suspicion. They often advised the King to kill them on the plea that they were subverting the ancient beliefs and undermining his hold upon his subjects.

King Mtesa on the whole was friendly to the missionaries, and they and their work were safe while he lived. His young son Mwanga, however, is the tool of his council, and they have filled him with fear that the whites may some day try to deprive him of the power which seventeen of his ancestors during nearly three centuries have wielded. The murder of Bishop Hannington, therefore, has been followed by the extinction of the native Christians.

When the story of the massacre reaches us it will doubtless be found that some of these hapless converts went to their death as fearlessly as the martyrs of old. A white ago King Mwanga warned his subjects of the danger of embracing new faiths by burning at the stake two Christian boys who refused to renounce their belief. They died with Christian songs on their lips, perfectly sustained in the terrible ordeal by their unflinching trust in the Deity the whites had taught them to adore.