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another, down in the valley—the quick peal of the cavalry trumpet. "It isn't true. It's true," shouted Graham from the doorway. "Come on!"

OPERATIC TREATS.

Two Old Favorites Appear in New Clothes in New York.

HULLER'S "THE KING'S FOOL."

A Pair of Gaudy Cabellinas Who Sing the Leading Roles—A New Version of "The Grand Duchess"—The Comedy and Musical Features—Gaudy of the Season.

The season, so far, has failed to bring out anything startling in the way of operatic successes; neither has there been more than the usual number of failures.

It would amuse the average person to know how small a proportion of the plays and operas written are ever put on the stage.

In 1893, 741 pieces were copyrighted, of which but 60 were staged. Eighteen were successful to a greater or less extent.

Probably Gilbert and Sullivan's "Gondoliers" comes nearest to being the operatic success of the season, and yet no very enthusiastic praise of the "Gondoliers" has been heard outside of London.

But notwithstanding all these facts the American public has no cause to complain. If there has been nothing remarkable there is plenty of sterling quality. Two operas were recently produced in New York which may be safely mentioned in this latter class, and which will undoubtedly continue in the favor of the public for a reasonably long time.

These are "The Grand Duchess" and "The King's Fool."

"The King's Fool" is laid in sunny Spain, during the reign of King Philip, the usurper. The real heir to the throne has been dressed in girl's clothes and hidden in a school to escape him from his murderous uncle, the tyrant Philip, the prince himself being kept in ignorance of his own royal blood.

He is brought to the gold chain, which is the only means of identifying him, to his playmate, the girl Felisa. A rebellion against the usurper occurs, and the people seize both Felisa and the prince. The possession by the former of the gold chain makes them suppose that Felisa is the prince, and they prepare to put Julius, the real heir, to death. Felisa, who loves him, assumes the royal power conferred on her by mistake, orders his release, and at last his real sex and right to the throne are acknowledged. The finale of the opera is the marriage of Julius and Felisa and the return of the former to the throne.

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LIFE ON THE CONGO RIVER.

E. J. GLAVE, ONE OF STANLEY'S OFFICERS, AND HIS ADVENTURES.

A Pioneer Captain at Nineteen Years of Age, and an Explorer at Twenty-two. Experiences in the Jungle—Views on the Slave Trade.

NEW YORK, March 6.—Mr. E. J. Glave was taken by surprise with my early call the other morning and met me in his parlor, on Lexington avenue, in uniform costume, over which was thrown a long ulster. His parlor, by the way, looks rather like an apartment on the frontier; the conventional ornaments being hidden by trappings that belong to the outfit of a traveler in some far off clime, and the curious implements, and panoply of war, and grotesque decorations of a savage race.

This pioneer and explorer is a young man of athletic build and weighs 150 pounds. His face is strongly marked with lines showing energy and stamina. It is a good English countenance; a type found only among the adventurous types of that adventurous people. He was diffident about talking of himself, but finally consented to answer what was asked if he could.

"When did you first go to Africa?" "In 1863, with Stanley, establishing posts."

"You were evidently young then." "I was just 19."

"I think I can appreciate your spirit, for I ran away to war when in my teens. Now, why did you go with Stanley?" "Purely to seek adventure," he said, rallying. "I had a struck the key that unlocks many a fund of adventurous narrative."

"Yes, I was only 19, and at the end of four months after leaving England I was in command of a pioneer station on the Congo. We landed at Banana Point, at the mouth of the Congo, and then took a river steamer to Vivi, a hundred miles up."

"How did the climate agree with you at first?" "I had the usual troubles, fevers and so on, for a time, but I soon got strong and remained there three years. I returned to England for ten months, and then went out again exploring the tributaries of the Congo, where I spent three years more."

"To what violent dangers were you exposed?" "I lived among the natives with only one soldier and slept as securely as I do here in New York. Of course there are dangers in life and travel on the Congo. Some of the natives there are troublesome at times. Then there are the hippopotami, the rough waters, and the terrible malaria that comes up without warning and have a tendency to swamp your boat before it can reach shore."

"What of the natives on the Congo?" "They are a happy-go-lucky, good natured, childlike people, except when aroused to cruel passions by bloodthirsty, savage ceremonies. They are at times suspicious from the fear they have of stronger tribes from the interior."

"What about the chimpanzee?" "He is simply an intelligent monkey. How about the notion that he is human and would talk but for fear of being enslaved should he do so?" "That is nonsense. He is only a monkey and becomes very tame. In fact, they become too familiar around camp. When the crew are at mess the chimpanzees will run up and dip their paws in the pot to pull out their share."

"Are you an artist, Mr. Glave?" "I made some sketches on the Congo, and they were used in the London illustrated papers and also in Stanley's 'Founding of a Free State.' I have none of my own that I could offer you, but here is a very curious picture of a native climbing a tree. It was made by another on the spot. The rope passes around the trunk of the tree and the body of the climber. By working the rope with a circular motion little by little he draws himself up the tree and can hold on at any point he chooses."

"What of the Congo region for development?" "The climate will prevent extensive colonization, but the productions of the country admit of successful commercial enterprise, which, however, must be confined to the few. Great fortunes will be made by those fortunate enough to endure."

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IT HAS SENT OUT MANY SUCCESSFUL MEN.

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Finally one gentleman, a prominent figure in congress and in national politics, with a good deal of seriousness stood against what seemed to be the prevailing opinion, and argued that as wealth is so much more conspicuous than poverty, its display always exaggerates its relation to the average condition of things.

"Let me tell you a story from actual life to illustrate my position," said he. "I think I can show you from a remarkable incident, or rather a series of incidents, coincidental, that in the United States a man needs neither the prestige of wealth nor family to enable him to win conspicuous success in business or professional life."

"Fifty years ago I was a barefooted boy living with my parents on a farm in Ashland county, O. The country was comparatively new, the markets were not good, and the agricultural people were hard pressed to get a living out of the soil. Money was scarce, nearly every one was in debt, and no one was prosperous or content. At the cross roads in Green township, near which we lived, there used to be an old blacksmith of the name of Studebaker. He was a good old man, who worked pretty hard at his anvil, but for all that had a constitutional tendency to financial prostration. He had some boys, who were active young fellows and who tried to help their father out, but in spite of all they could do, and all the old man could do, the blacksmith found himself more than once every year sued for debt before a justice of the peace known in the neighborhood as Squire Allison. It was understood in the neighborhood that the old gentleman Studebaker owned nearly every man in that part of the country, and every man in the county seat whom he could induce to trust him. In the same way about half the farmers in the township owed him bills for sharpening plow shares, for repairing wagons and implements and shoeing their horses. The farmers were too poor to pay, and Studebaker was therefore unable to pay the merchants who had sold him supplies."

"One day, to the surprise of every one, an old man Studebaker loaded his family and a few household goods into a covered wagon and started to Green township, Ashland county, O., and paid every debt which he had left behind him. I remember how proud the old man was of his ability to do this, and how glad his former neighbors were to see him prospering. Well, you all know the rest. You know how that wagon shop grew and grew till it became the largest institution of its kind in the world. You know how the county seat, immensely wealthy and highly respected man, the Squire Allison whom I have mentioned was a poor man, too. He had a son, Bill, who was fond of chewing tobacco and playing ball and of shirking his work on the farm. Bill and I were chums, barefoot boys together, and I remember that he often said he was going to leave the farm at the first opportunity. Finally he got a chance to go to Ashland county, and he went to study law with a firm there who knew his father, and in time he was admitted to the bar and hung out his shingle. He didn't have many clients, and for a time had to go through the process of starvation and insolvency which is the fate of all young lawyers in a country town. He naturally turned toward politics, and when the Republican party was born enrolled himself as one of its members, and stood for county attorney on the Republican ticket. Ashland was then and still is a staunch Democratic county, and young Allison was snowed under. He took this as a hint that that neighborhood was not congenial for him, and started west. He went to Dubuque, Ia., and within five years his abilities and his popularity as a man had won for him a nomination and election to congress. You all know the remainder of the story—how he served a member of years in the house and then stepped up to the senate, where he has been for seventeen years. Senator Allison has never been a success financially, though you will often see his name in the papers as one of the millionaires of the senate. The truth is he is not worth \$30,000, and the entire devotion of his time to public affairs has left him without the inclination or the ability to take a hand in the money grabbing enterprises of the times. But his life has been a great success, nevertheless."

"By some strange dispensation of fate that neighborhood of Ashland county, O., has given a large number of famous men to the state of Iowa. Old Samuel J. Kirkwood, the war governor of Iowa, was a poor boy in Ashland county, who also studied law and for a time practiced before Squire Allison and other justices of the peace. Those who recollect him say that even then he had the same qualities of rugged honesty, eloquence and shrewdness which have since made him so successful as a popular leader. The first public office which he held was that of township clerk of Vermilion township, to which he was elected in 1841. He, too, drifted west, and became governor, senator and member of the cabinet.

"Judge Reed, now a member of congress from Iowa, was a near neighbor of the Kirkwoods and Allison in Ashland county before they all went west. The judge says he got his ambition to study law by hearing Kirkwood pettifoggery a damage case before his father, Squire Reed, who for many years was a justice of the peace for Green township. It appears that young Reed ran away from school to be present on that momentous occasion, an enterprise which involved him in a series of fictitious pleas entirely in keeping with the requirements of the legal profession.

"Young Reed drifted to Iowa just before the war, studied law, taught school and did everything which tradition has assigned to the youth of all great men. He afterwards went into the army, and as captain of a battery spent four years in the service. He is now one of the

full powers. Only ten months elapsed between my first and second trips, and this time I intend to make it longer; then I shall return for three or four years. I am now preparing an account of my six years' hunting experiences for the boys of The St. Nicholas Magazine, and shall write upon weightier topics, particularly on slavery, for The Century Magazine. I return to England in April. In writing up the slave trade I shall relate what I have seen of the evil, with the hopes of arousing public sentiment on the question. African slavery will never be suppressed but by some gigantic movement sustained by the combined powers of Christendom. I am deeply interested in the question, and an opportunity offers to shatter the evil, an opportunity where I can take my own course and act on the suggestions of my own experience, I shall embrace it.

"The slaves of natives are badly used, and the Arabs who deal in slaves are very cruel."

"What of your experience with Stanley?" "Stanley is a unique character all the way through. He knows the native from the foundation up, and he wins in his conquests by tact and patience. On an expedition he lives the same as his men and is genial and talkative. I have spent hour after hour listening to his tales of adventure as we lay surrounded by the jungle, within earshot of the howling of beasts and of savage music, the very spot to lend a realism to his marvelous recollections of days gone by. Only a fortnight ago I received a friendly letter from him in which he calls up recollections of our mutual comrades of pioneer days. Stanley has been charged with being inconsiderate. That is not his nature. The magnitude of his work may cause him to appear so at times. He moves with a vast responsibility resting upon him; like a conquering warrior he cannot stop to count the little ills that befall by the way. No great work is accomplished without some suffering.

"Speaking of the development of Africa, I should say that there is a work of development extending rapidly from the south coast up into the central portion. As in your own western country, new villages and towns are springing up like magic. In the gold region, south of the Congo, there is at present great activity and fortunes are being won, and lost there in mining, exploring, trading and all manner of enterprises that belong to a gold region.

Mr. Glave wears as a decoration L'Étoile de Service, the Star of the Service—presented by the king of the Belgians. GEORGE L. KILMER, an editor of a famous newspaper.

The statue of Thomas Starr King, which is to be set up in Golden Gate park, San Francisco, next fall, will be of bronze, 104 feet in height, and will cost \$100,000. Sculptor Dana C. French, of New York city, is now taking a plaster cast of the clay model, and the work is well under way. Thomas Starr King

was born in New York city, Dec. 17, 1824. His father, Thomas Farrington King, was a Universalist minister. The son also entered the ministry. He was pastor of the Hollis Street church, in Boston, for eleven years. He went to San Francisco to take charge of the Unitarian parish there in 1860. His greatest fame rests on the fact that when a strong movement was made to carry California into the Confederacy he combated the scheme with eloquence and success. He died in 1864.

On Long Island, fifty miles east of Brooklyn, there is a curious lake called Ronkonkoma. The waters of the lake sink to shallowness for a space of three years and then gradually rise during the succeeding three years. The rising process has just begun and is being watched with much attention by scientists. The phenomenon has been a matter of record for over a century.

Thought He Was Suspected. Inspector of Emigrants to Italian just landed—Here, sir, have you taken a bath? Italian (trembling)—My heavens! I am mistaking—Chatter.

GLAVE IN HUNTING COSTUME.

"Are there many Americans in Africa?" "Yes, as missionaries, and they seem to rough it well. They go far into the heart of the Dark Continent and found stations with missions. They are kind to the natives and hospitable to all white travelers whom fortune casts among them, and they are a most desirable element to have there."

"Is there much territory remaining unexplored?" "Very little. But much of that which has been explored in the past is now closed up; there are no roads and no stations, and the whole country has relapsed into an unknown wilderness peopled with savage tribes."

"Are young men good explorers and residents?" "At proper age, yes; say between 20 and 30. Most great explorers in Africa have started out young."

"What have been some of your personal adventures?" "I have shot buffalo, elephants, hippopotami, crocodile and huge serpents. I have also shot a soko, a dangerous half-brute, half-man, something like the gorilla. I hunted a great deal on both my trips. As a rule, I went out alone, accompanied by two natives. The natives do not take game as hunters do. They kill large animals by trap and use a net for small ones. I found that natives on a hunt would sympathize with the sentiments of their leader. If he showed the white feather, they were most happy to do the same. If he showed a disposition

to go in, they would sympathize with courage. I found it better to hunt alone—that is, without white men. As a rule men go there to hunt for the animal man dispute possession of himself. Now, when another hunter comes to realize that hunting means fighting, and look out upon a sea of horns, menacing and murderous looking, they begin to tremble and then the hunting stability is all taken out of them. I have been charged by buffalo. I have been where life depended on my last shot and if my rifle had failed me then I would have been gone."

"The great quality for a hunter there is patience. It is wrong to fire from a great distance or without sure aim. When to kill big game we give it the natives to insure their good feelings, but to hit big game at a venture, only wounding it, is an act of fortune. I never count game as got unless I have the tail as a trophy. An animal may be hit and supposed to be mortally hurt, but he disappears in the jungle, never to be seen by his hunter again."

Mr. Glave's manner, when I had secured his interest, convinced me that he is of the stuff for pioneering, and I asked him if he intended to return to Africa. "Yes, after an interval to regain my

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Finally one gentleman, a prominent figure in congress and in national politics, with a good deal of seriousness stood against what seemed to be the prevailing opinion, and argued that as wealth is so much more conspicuous than poverty, its display always exaggerates its relation to the average condition of things.

"Let me tell you a story from actual life to illustrate my position," said he. "I think I can show you from a remarkable incident, or rather a series of incidents, coincidental, that in the United States a man needs neither the prestige of wealth nor family to enable him to win conspicuous success in business or professional life."

"Fifty years ago I was a barefooted boy living with my parents on a farm in Ashland county, O. The country was comparatively new, the markets were not good, and the agricultural people were hard pressed to get a living out of the soil. Money was scarce, nearly every one was in debt, and no one was prosperous or content. At the cross roads in Green township, near which we lived, there used to be an old blacksmith of the name of Studebaker. He was a good old man, who worked pretty hard at his anvil, but for all that had a constitutional tendency to financial prostration. He had some boys, who were active young fellows and who tried to help their father out, but in spite of all they could do, and all the old man could do, the blacksmith found himself more than once every year sued for debt before a justice of the peace known in the neighborhood as Squire Allison. It was understood in the neighborhood that the old gentleman Studebaker owned nearly every man in that part of the country, and every man in the county seat whom he could induce to trust him. In the same way about half the farmers in the township owed him bills for sharpening plow shares, for repairing wagons and implements and shoeing their horses. The farmers were too poor to pay, and Studebaker was therefore unable to pay the merchants who had sold him supplies."

"One day, to the surprise of every one, an old man Studebaker loaded his family and a few household goods into a covered wagon and started to Green township, Ashland county, O., and paid every debt which he had left behind him. I remember how proud the old man was of his ability to do this, and how glad his former neighbors were to see him prospering. Well, you all know the rest. You know how that wagon shop grew and grew till it became the largest institution of its kind in the world. You know how the county seat, immensely wealthy and highly respected man, the Squire Allison whom I have mentioned was a poor man, too. He had a son, Bill, who was fond of chewing tobacco and playing ball and of shirking his work on the farm. Bill and I were chums, barefoot boys together, and I remember that he often said he was going to leave the farm at the first opportunity. Finally he got a chance to go to Ashland county, and he went to study law with a firm there who knew his father, and in time he was admitted to the bar and hung out his shingle. He didn't have many clients, and for a time had to go through the process of starvation and insolvency which is the fate of all young lawyers in a country town. He naturally turned toward politics, and when the Republican party was born enrolled himself as one of its members, and stood for county attorney on the Republican ticket. Ashland was then and still is a staunch Democratic county, and young Allison was snowed under. He took this as a hint that that neighborhood was not congenial for him, and started west. He went to Dubuque, Ia., and within five years his abilities and his popularity as a man had won for him a nomination and election to congress. You all know the remainder of the story—how he served a member of years in the house and then stepped up to the senate, where he has been for seventeen years. Senator Allison has never been a success financially, though you will often see his name in the papers as one of the millionaires of the senate. The truth is he is not worth \$30,000, and the entire devotion of his time to public affairs has left him without the inclination or the ability to take a hand in the money grabbing enterprises of the times. But his life has been a great success, nevertheless."

"By some strange dispensation of fate that neighborhood of Ashland county, O., has given a large number of famous men to the state of Iowa. Old Samuel J. Kirkwood, the war governor of Iowa, was a poor boy in Ashland county, who also studied law and for a time practiced before Squire Allison and other justices of the peace. Those who recollect him say that even then he had the same qualities of rugged honesty, eloquence and shrewdness which have since made him so successful as a popular leader. The first public office which he held was that of township clerk of Vermilion township, to which he was elected in 1841. He, too, drifted west, and became governor, senator and member of the cabinet.

"Judge Reed, now a member of congress from Iowa, was a near neighbor of the Kirkwoods and Allison in Ashland county before they all went west. The judge says he got his ambition to study law by hearing Kirkwood pettifoggery a damage case before his father, Squire Reed, who for many years was a justice of the peace for Green township. It appears that young Reed ran away from school to be present on that momentous occasion, an enterprise which involved him in a series of fictitious pleas entirely in keeping with the requirements of the legal profession.

"Young Reed drifted to Iowa just before the war, studied law, taught school and did everything which tradition has assigned to the youth of all great men. He afterwards went into the army, and as captain of a battery spent four years in the service. He is now one of the

full powers. Only ten months elapsed between my first and second trips, and this time I intend to make it longer; then I shall return for three or four years. I am now preparing an account of my six years' hunting experiences for the boys of The St. Nicholas Magazine, and shall write upon weightier topics, particularly on slavery, for The Century Magazine. I return to England in April. In writing up the slave trade I shall relate what I have seen of the evil, with the hopes of arousing public sentiment on the question. African slavery will never be suppressed but by some gigantic movement sustained by the combined powers of Christendom