THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

Roger Casement's Meeting With the Explorer.

THEIR RACE TO THE NKISSI.

An Interview Inside His Tent on the Banks of the River.

THE START FOR ARUWINI SWAMPS.

Launching of the Florida in the Waters of Stanley Pool.

A DINNER TOGETHER AT KINCHASA.

rom Matadi to Stan. cting as carriers of my personal loadsetc .- altogether numbering about 100 per-

The Zulus (64 in number) were employed carrying two heavy cylinders of 500 pounds each and some smaller pieces of machinery, all belonging to the steamer Florida, then in course of

construction at Kinchasa station, on the pool, and only awaiting the very loads I was bringing up to be launched on the up-per Congo and begin her journeyings through the untraveled regions of the in-terior in search of ivory for the Sanford exploring expedition, of which I was a mem-

Toward the middle of April I reached the roward the middle of April 1 reached the village of Lutete, only 60 miles from my destination on Stanley Pool, and here the news that H. M. Stanley, at the head of a great expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, consisting of eight white officers, 600 Teachers of the contract of the c Zanzibaris, and Tippo Tib, the renowned Arab slave trader from Stanley Falls, was on his way up country close behind me, caused me to use every exertion to hasten my march, so that I might be able to cross the Nkissi river, which falls into the Congo some 15 miles beyond Lutete, before Stanley and his expedition should arrive on its banks; for I knew Stanley's journey was of far greater importance than mine, and that he would require all the cances on the Nkissi to convey his caravan across, during which time I should be compelled to stand saide with a band of 100 semi-starying

NATIVES PEARED THE ZANZIBARIS. Owing to the advent of so many Zanzibaris the natives along the line of route were descring their villages and fleeing into the bush, fearing the plundering pro-pensities generally attributed to the Zanzi-baris when on the march, so that I found great difficulty in teeding my men as Stanley's column drew nearer. At Nzungi market place about 10 miles from Nikissi 1 was overtaken by Mr. Jephson, one of Stan-ley's officers, who, preceding the main column, was charged with putting the portable boat together so that everything might



Stanley himself should arrive on its banks. Jephson hurried off at 3 A. M. next morning in pitch dark, we having learned in the night that the expedition had arrived at a spot only an hour's march behind us, where Stanley had halted for the night.

llowed Jephson at 4:30, and at 7 A. M. we had crossed the Lunzadi river by a frail bridge of felled trees, just sufficiently strong to bear the weight of the loads and men t gether, and were toilfully climbing up the steep hill on the far side when looking back I saw only half a mile behind us, across the walley of the Lunzadi, a long stream of people pouring down the hill toward the river, at their head a white man on a white donkey, followed by two or three white-robed figures, which I judged to be Tippo Tib and his suite, and behind these long files of Zangiberis and natives.

I knew it was Stanley at the head of his column, and that he would soon be upon us at the rate we were progressing.

UBGED TO A JOG-TROT. I urged the Zulus up the hill and got them into a jog-trot, almost, with their heavy loads, while I hastened on with my camp equipage and the lighter loads to the Nkissi, where I arrived in about two hours and found Jephson busily engaged piecing the portable boat together on the bank of the stream. The Nkissi runs through a gorge with steep banks of 250 to 300 feet, rising almost from the water's edge

All my camp loads, tent, bed, food, etc. were passed over to the opposite shore of the river, about 150 yards across, in two small native canoes, and sending my native carriers over with them and my two dogs-Paddy (a buildog) and Snooks (a buil-ter-I returned up the hill to see how the Zulus were getting on with the cylinders and hoping they might yet arrive before

Entering the deserted village of Selo, which crowns the hill overlooking the river, found it rapidly filling with Zanzabaris and Soudanese in long white shirts and blue uniforms, who, as they arrived in the shelter of the huts and trees, threw down their loads or piled their guns and crept away into cor-

ners and quiet spots out of the blaze of the I observed a young white man in shirt and

flannel trousers moving about what had been the chief's house, and he, catching sight of me, came forward and, answering my greeting, said: "Mr. Stanley is there," pointing to the hut in the inclosure. "Would you 'Very much," I replied, "if he isn't too

THE MEETING WITH STANLEY. Leading the way, he showed me into the

For several days during the end of April hut, where I found myself face to face with

Stanley. He was sitting on a box or old camp chair—I forget which—making a fru-gal breakfast off a cold roast Congo fowl, some hard, brown ship biscuit and a cap of tea without milk. His bronzed features, lit up by a pair of bright blue eyes, and set off by the white mustache he wears and the gray hair which encircles his forchead, progray hair which encircles his forehead, pro-duced a very pleasing impression on me as I introduced myself and told him why I was traveling on the road to the pool. He knew something of the Sanford expedition and asked after several of its members with whom he was personally acquainted—after having called to William (his white attend-ant who had shown me in) to bring another tineup and some cigars.

ant who had shown me in) to bring another tineup and some cigars.

I drank a cup of tea and smoked a cigar which he offered me, while Stanley talked about mutual acquaintances on the Congo and laughingly alluded to the way he had been besieged by applications to accompany the expedition on his march up country from former members of his earlier explorations on the Congo-now officials of the

"Well," he replied, "I don't see much improvement anywhere. There are more white men out now, of course, but it strikes me they have too many books at headquarters in Bonu, and too. me they have too many books at headquarters in Boma, and too much office work and N April, 1887, I writing of dispatches, when men might be better on ployed doing something through the country. There are plenty of bridges to through the cataract region of the
lower Congo, leading
a caravan of Zulus

a caravan of Zulus

a caravan. Why, there's the Lunzadi just

Congo the fellowing manning Storder and Storde back there, which when I left the Congo had a bridge over it, and now this morning ley Pool, with a lead a bridge over it, and now this many party of natives of log or two remaining."

THE SCARCITY OF POOD. I told him the natives along the route all of us white men lending a hand

all was bustle and excitement round the shores of Stanley Pool, loading the various little stern-wheel steamers and at our station, endeavoring to construct a hasty slip to effect the launch of the Florida. All our standard to the steamers are standard to the steamers are standard to the standard to t efforts were in vain; the beams cracked and bent beneath her weight, and the upright supports beneath her sank deep in the mud as we tried to induce the unwieldly frame of steel to glide down the inclined plane of

greased logs into the river.
On the third day of our exertions Stanley rode over to Kinchasa on his white donkey to see how we were getting on, and finding our difficulties by no means diminishing he announced his intention of returning with a

force of 200 men, and by sheer force getting the Florida into the water.

My bulldog, Paddy, had but just emerged victorious from a conflict with two native curs in the neighboring village, and Stanley was much struck and amused by the torn and discountable supportance of near Paddy. the expedition on his march up country from former members of his earlier explorations on the Congo—now officials of the Congo Free State.

1 asked him if he noticed much change or

more serious remedies than eye salve, for the poisonous fangs of the native dogs had in-flicted wounds which swelled rapidly, and in a few days I was compelled to consign him to the care of a medical missionary at

On the following morning Stanley ap-peared with about 200 Zanzibaris, and ac-companied by Stairs, Nelson and Jephson, and, after some tremendous shoving and hauling, the Florida commenced to move were very much atraid of his Zanzibaris wherever we coul et in an arm or a shoul-tent, private boxes, and had been running away from the vil-



STANLEY AT THE HEAD OF HIS CARAVAN.

When I went down country in '84, before going home to Europe, every village I passed through the chiefs presented me with something, and by the time I reached Matadi I had 25 goats saved to give to Vivi station, where food was always scarce. Why, I re-member in this very village of N'Selo," looking around on the deserted huts, in Ki-Swanili from Stanley, who assures "where now there is not a soul, I had a them in forcible terms that if they damaged couple of goats given me then and pienty of

food brought for my men." At this moment we heard the strange chant the Zulus had composed during our journey up country, the burden of which was "Yah, Kongo," repeated several times in quite a musical cadence, and they appeared in a few minutes staggering along under their heavy loads, each party striving

to be the first to gain the river.

Bidding Stanley goodby I hastened after who were now descending the steep hill in a rush, and left him saying to his white attendant: "Now, William, be sure you have hot water ready for tea for the officers when they arrive. They will be tired after their long march in the blazing

STANLEY GUIDING THE BOATS. I got my two cylinders over the Nkissi in the canoes, and at 7 in the evening. Next morning at noon Stanley came down to the far bank, and the work of embarking his men was rapidly commenced, and, steering the boat himself, with Uledi, his Zanzibari coxswain, giving orders to the crew, the first detachment was con-

veyed across the river. Every man was safely over by evening; branches were cut, linen cloths strung from them tent-like, and all around us an encampment sprung up as if by magic, where the Zanzibaris ensconced themselves for the

At daybreak the camp was raised tents carriers, and by 6 A. M. not a soul remained among the sticks and impromptu huts of the Zanzibar encampment. Every one was streaming along in the wake of Stanley on his white donkey. Soudanese soldiers, weakened by fever contracted since their arrival in the damp air of Congo, dragged their long limbs wearily over the unequal path; sick Zanzibaris struggled to keep up with their stronger companions, or despair-ingly threw themselves down by the bank of some stream, and, in answer to the appeals of their comrades, only shook their heads or despairingly looked at the thin, narrow strip of road winding over some hilltop in front, dipping into the recesses of a wooded valley, only to reappear a mile further on, where the leaders of the column were now beginning to emerge.

AT STANLEY POOL On the third day of this weary march we reached the Luila river, having kept close behind Stanley's march each day, amid the ruck of native carriers with ammunition loads and straggling or sick members of the

The next day Stanley reached the pool and camped on the hill above Leopoldville station, where I found him on my arriving the subsequent evening, with the Egyptian flag floating near his tent.

He pointed to it and said: "You see we are an Egyptian expedition, going to re-lieve an officer of the Khedive's Government"-and then some native chiefs, old friends from Ngalyiema's village near by, came to greet their well-remembered Bula Matadi and see how he looked after four years' absence.

On the morrow I continued my journey to Kinchasa, where I found the hull of the Florida ready for launching, only requiring the engines to be fitted in her. Stanley had, however, requisitioned her as she stood from the chief of the Sanford expedition, for the entire flotilla of steamers on Stanley Pool were incapable of holding all the men and loads of the relief expedition, and he wished to use the shell of the Florida as a barge, to fill her with men and loads, and to tow alongside the State steamer Stanley. Even hen he would be forced to leave several hundred loads behind in charge of Mr. J. ose Troup, an officer of the expedition, to tollow by a second trip of the Stanley, at she had conveyed the main body up to the

Arnwimi river. LAUNCHING THE FLORIDA.

lages a day or two in advance of his coming, and of the difficulty I experienced in finding enough tood for my men.

"Yes," he said, "I am particularly sur-"Yes," he said, "I am particularly surprised at the absence of food in the country and the change in the manner of the people.

Stanley speedily took her in tow down to where the expedition loads were being embarked at the Baptist mission station.

who had successfully effected it, drew up in front of the verandah to listen to a speech the steamer of his friend Swinburne (the chief of the Sanford expedition) or stamped heavily on her thin iron decks while travel ing up to the Aruwimi on her he would play a different tune on their heads with his

All cheeringly assented to the propo they broke up and hastened back to the



mission station to complete the preparation

for embarking.
On the 30th of April everything was ready; the donkeys had, with difficulty, been got on board the steamship Stanley and her companion, the Florida; the men, Zanzibaris, Soudanese and Somaulis were all in their places on each of the little steamers of the fleet. Steam was hissing from the funnels; the captains were only awaiting the word to let go the ropes, and one by one, as Stanley issued the orders, the vessels were cut adrift, and their stern wheels slowly revolving threw up sheets of foam and spray behind them as their prows shot into the currents, and they began their long journey against the strong waters of the Congo, up to the distant forests an swamps that lay around Yambuya.

STANLEY'S BOAT DISABLED. Cheer after cheer broke from those on board, white and black alike, as they moved off from the bank on which we were stand-ing, doing our best to look smiling and gay, as we responded to the farewells which feared would prove farewells forever. Stan-ley was the last to leave, accompanied by Herbert Ward, in the little Baptist steamer Peace, the only screwboat then on the pool. On reaching Kinebasa, what was our as-tonishment to find the black crew of the Peace and many Zanzibaris about the sta-tion, while we could see the little steamer herself alongside our beach. Hurrying to our dining room we found Stanley giving some instructions to the engineer of the steamer, and in answer to our

"Why, Mr. Stanley, how is this? We thought you were a couple of miles up the Pool." He replied: "So we ought to have een, but just when we got opposite the station here in the bad water off the islands omething broke, and the rudder wouldn't act. We were at the mercy of the stream, and almost drifted on the rocks of the island there. I thought we should have to swim for it, and turned to Ward, saying it was time to jump, but luckily we escaped the rocks and were able to get into your beach, Swinburne, and so here we are until to-morow, I tear. The engineers will have to work all night at repairing the damage."

We did not share Mr. Stanley's chagrin at the delay, for it gave us the pleasure of his company that evening to dinner, Swinburne turning out of his room with a feeling of thankfulness that he had a root to offer his old leader and friend. Our little dinner that night was one of the pleasant est of my experiences during my five years

in Africa. SERVING THE REAL CRIEF How well I remember Stanley's bright, agreeable conversation during the meal, how attend upon the feast, the real-the true Bula Matadi—none of your spurious inita-tions, but the genuine being who had thrashed their chiefs in many a fight and then "made blood-brothers" with them who

had journeyed in lands far up the great

of firewood thrown upon it. Lying flat on my face on an overhanging cliff which rose high above this raging, roaring mass of water, I watched it foaming and boiling along far below me. No one else has stood on that cliff, I am sure. It lies hidden away somewhere below the Gordon-Bennett entrance into the Congo, and from it the most magnificent view of the rapids is ob-I was deeply interested in his graphic description of his descent of the river on that "Dark Continent" journey, and ven-tured to ask him if he thought a white man

Goodby, Snarley!

ically described his descent of the great cataract below the pool—how he had dragged his camels two miles nearly over an island at the mouth of the Gordon-Bennett

tributary to avoid the Livingstone rapids, which raged and howled outside the island.

"I wandered for two days along the north bank seeking a place to descend," he said, "but all was a hideous roar of waters tossing their huge waves up 100 feet from the sur-

face—such a sea of broken billows that the Great Eastern herself would be like a chip

could travel through tropical Africa with-out means, men or armed followers, as Rene Cailie did through the Soudan about 1820. STANLEY'S SIGNIFICANT REPLY. He looked at me and replied: "People have tried that since Callie. There was that German, who attempted a somewhat similar journey on the east coast, but did not suc-

Then I saw a smile stealing round the corners of his mouth as be continued: "You

corners of his mouth as be continued: "You might perform the journey from Matadi to the pool on stilts, Mr. Casement, and I have no doubt you could accomplish the remainder of the distance on your head, if you liked to devote enough time to it, but what good you would derive from it, or anyone else, when you emerged at Zanzibar I don't really know."

With this parting shot Stanley left us for the night, telling Ward to be up early for the morning start. Next day we were up before the sun, and the repairs on the Peace having been executed during the night, all was once more ready for a start, and by the time we had finished our coffee Ward had marshaled the Zanzibaris, distributed their rations to them through their headmen, and they were getting on board the Peace.

Her whistie blew, the engineer came up to say they were waiting for him, and Mr.

say they were waiting for him, and Mr. Stanley rose to say goodby, and I accompanied him down the steps of the verandah to the path which led to the river. Again shaking our hands, he walked some paces toward the steamer, then, as if suddenly remembering something, he turned round, and, shoot-ing a sly glance at me, bowed to my bulldog Paddy, who was blinking on the steps, and holding out his hand to him said: "And holding out his band to him said: goodby, too, Snurleyow!"

OFF FOR HER CONSORTS.

A moment or two later the Peace was shooting out through the rapids round Kin-chasa islands, where she struggled to overtake her consorts, now steaming with a full day's start up the broad bosom of the Congo. As the smoke slowly faded away on the orizon we turned away from the beach and were soon busily employed, Swinburne and I, arranging for our coming journey to the upper waters of the Congo, getting rifes and cartridges ready against the return of the Florida, that we might be fully prepared for any dangers likely to lurk amid the swampy forests of the wild Balolo, up the ilmost entirely unknown waters of the

Malinga river. I waited at Kinchasa until an opportunity offered of traveling up to the Equator sta-tion, some 250 miles up the pool, where I took up my quarters while awaiting the arrival of the steamer in which I hoped to be able to penetrate the tributaries of the Congo lying above that point, of which strange stories almost daily reached me of cannibal orgies and raiding tribes who signalized each fresh triumph over their enemies by feasting on the bodies of the prisoners they had captured in the fight. ROGER CASEMENT.

COSTS 70 CENTS EVERY TIME. The Wear and Tear of Material Caused by Stopping a Train.

New York Star. 1 Sitting in the Hoffman House last night, I heard C. C. Rainwater, chief engineer of the Wabash Railroad, discussing the question of railroad management. "Did you ever consider," said he, "what is the actual cost of stopping a train? I have been in the railroad business since I was a boy, and the question never seriously occurred to me until the other day in a lawsuit at St. Louis, when the question came up. John C. Garrett, general manager of the Wabash. testified on the stand that the cost of stopping an ordinary passenger train at a way station was 70 cents.

"Being cross-examined, he admitted that a certain train running between East St. Louis and Toledo was paying his company about \$1 per mile, and, being further ques-tioned as to the number of stops made on the road, it was established that if it cost 70 cents for each stop, this paying train, as Mr. Garrett called it, lost money to the extent of twice its operating expenses. The decision of the jury in the case was based on the conclusion that it cost about 50 cents in wear and tear and time to stop an ordinary passenger train at a way station, and I b

TRANSPLANTING BONES. The Thigh Bone of One Man Makes Part

the Humerus of Another. Prof. Von Bergmann, of Berlin, is said to have lately conceived and carried out an operation which must be considered a marrelous tribute to the progress of modern surgery. Two patients were brought to him, one of whom was suffering under an injury which necessitated amputation of the thigh, and the other from a disease of the humerus which called for excision of a part of tha bone. The professor proceeded to operate upon the first of these patients, and he then

removed the diseased portion of the bone from the arm of the second one, leaving necessarily a gap. This heactually filled with a portion of the healthy bone from the am-putated leg, and a successful union was made. The second patient was by this clever operation endowed with a serviceable arm, instead of one which would probably

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, MARCH

river, where fabled dwarfs with top-heavy heads dwelt; or who, in his own land, the distant Mputu, whence the white men came far across the sea, was the King and father Leland Stanford's Career From Farm Dinner over, during our coffee and cigars to Political Greatness. (for we sometimes possess these luxuries down on Stanley Pool) Stanley most graph-

A WEALTHY SENATOR.

HIS BOYISH BUSINESS VENTURES.

The Nucleus of His Fortune Chopped Out of

a New York Forest. FOUNDER OF A GREAT UNIVERSITY

SAN FRANCISCO, February 27 .- The foreost Californian of fo-day is the State's enfor representative in the national Senate. While his associates in the great railroad enterprise with which his name has been for accomplished Governor California ever had; whose destiny it was to build the first railroad through her richest and most beautiful valleys and over her snow-elad mountains; who has accumulated by the exercise of his genius and business foresight, a fortune of over \$50,000,000, was, as late as 1860, a quiet and unobtrusive merchant in Sacramento.



While Leland Stanford has been such a large figure in the history of his State, and his public acts are public property, there are some incidents in his career that are not generally known. If he is not a living example of the Manchester saying that the nost successful business men are those who labor that he got his first start in life.

HIS FIRST TWO SHILLINGS. Born in Albany county, N. Y., 66 years ago, one of a family of seven sons, he had only such educational advantages as were to be obtained in the district schools of that day. He worked on the farm in the sum-

a boy he gave evidences of business talent. Some time ago he told to a friend the story of how he earned his first money.

"I was 6 years old," he said, "but I can remember it well. Two of my brothers and myself gathered a load of horse-radish in the garden, washed it clean—I think they made me do most of the scrubbing, for I was the youngest—took it to Schenectady and sold it. We received six York shillings for the lot, and of that I received two shillings. I felt very proud of that money you may be sure. Two years later I made my second financial venture. One day father's hired man came home from Albany and told us that chestnuts were very high. We boys had a lot of them on hand that we had rathered in the fall and a council of war eing held it was decided that now was the time to put our chestnuts on the market. Accordingly we took them to Albany sold them for \$25. That was a good deal of money for those times, when grown men were only getting two shillings a day."

IN A LARGER BUSINESS. When he was 18 years old his father bought a piece of woodland and that winter told Leland that if he would cut the timber he could have the proceeds. The young man hired several hands to help him, and to-gether they cut and piled 2,600 cords of wood. He hauled it to Albany and sold it to the Mohawk and Hudson River Railroad Company at a net profit to himself of \$2,600. He now had a little cap tal and he gave more time to his studies, having determin to fit himself for the law. At the age of 22 entered the office of Wheaton, D & Hadley, a prominent law firm in Albany. In three years he was admitted to the bar and then started West to locate. His first objective point was Chicago, then looked upon as the coming metropolis of the West. It is probable that the young lawyer would have settled there and his whole future might have been changed but for one thing. The mosquitoes were so thick that existence was rendered a torment. It was in the summer season, and the insects plied their vocation so vigorously that they fairly drove the newcomer away. had heard about a town just being laid out on the shore of Lake Michigan, some distance above Milwaukee, called Port Washington, which its projectors declared was bound to eclipse both Chicago and Milwaukee in the near future. Stanford jour-neyed thither, liked it, and resolved to locate. He hung out the te. He hung out his shingle and during the succeeding four years had a good

A LITERARY TASTE. Senator Stanford has always acknowl-

edged the great influence of the press. Some years ago he renarked: "Not the richest banker in San Francisco nor the ablest member of the bar wields as much power as the ordinary newspaper reporter." Few people, however, are aware that the railroad magnate came very near being a newspaper man himself. While at Port Washington he took a lively interest in polities and used occasionally to write for a Milwaukee paper. He was also a leading member of a local debating society. His friends praised his writings and he began to that time there was no newspaper in the town and it was proposed to start one. Stan-ford was to furnish most of the capital and to have charge of the enterpris heard that there was a press and type to b had in Milwankee for \$700, he started off with a wagon to purchase it and bring it home. When he reached Milwaukee he was greatly disappointed to find that the outfit had been disposed of several days previously, and there was not another press obtainable west of New York. The syndicate had not money enough to purchase an outfit at first hands and pay the freight upon it, and so the project was given up. Shortly after this incident the young at-

orney's office was destroyed by fire, flames consuming his entire library, in the his earnings. Having been urged by three of his brothers, who were in business in California, to join them, he gathered to-gether his few belongings and started for the Golden State, arriving in Sacramento in 1852. The Stanford brothers then had a mercantile house in Sacramento, with branches in all the leading mining campa. Leland was placed in charge of the branch at Michigan Bluffs, Placer county, where he remained four years.

mained four years. FIRST VENTURE IN POLITICS. In 1860 he was a delegate to the Chicago

place in the State. After a most exciting canvass he was elected by a plurality of over 23,000 votes. Almost the first topic discussed in his inaugural was the impordiscussed in his inaugural was the impor-tance of a Pacific railroad. He remembered when a boy hearing his father talk with Asa Whitney, one of the engineers of the Al-bany and Schenectady, the first railroad built in this country, as to the feasibility of constructing a railroad across the continent to Oregon, and the idea of a Pacific railroad appears always to have had an attraction for him.

Before 1860 the rich silver strike had been made in Nevada which was afterward

made in Nevada which was afterward known as the Comstock lode. This drew a known as the Comstock lode. This drew a large emigration to the new mines and great quantities of supplies were transported over the Sierras by mule and ox teams. There was also considerable trade carried on with Salt Lake and the country north of it. The project presented itself to Stanford that if the construction of a railroad across the mountains was feasible a monopoly of this business might be secured, and if, as he felt confident, the venture proved successful it would result eventually in the building of a terprise with which his name has been for years connected, have often become the target of public abuse, Leland Stanford has steadily maintained a large share of popularity. And yet this man who was the most make a personal inspection of the proposed route. General Judah, an accomplished engineer, accompanied the party and they STARTED ON HORSEBACK

to climb the summit of the Sierra. The engineer saw serious obstacles to the building of a railroad, but he was overruled and it was decided to make the attempt. A railroad company was incorporated July 1, 1861, though little work was done till the fall of 1863, and in July, 1864, the first 30 miles were graded.

"We knew the only competitors of a rail-road," said the Governor, "would be the mule and ox teams then used, and therefore we should be able to ask a price for transportation which would justify the construc-

"Stanford's Pacific railroad scheme," as it was then sneeringly spoken of by San Francisco capitalists, was considered a very doubtful enterprise, and until after 1864 no one would have anything to do with it. It does not speak very well for the business foresight of our people that only ten shares, amounting to \$1,000, were subscribed for in this city. The work went ahead, however, through all sorts of difficulties, both natural and financial. The last spike was driven at and financial. The last spike was driven at Promontory Point, Utah, May 10, 1869, and an electric wire attached to the silver handle of a hammer held in Stantord's hand flashed the tidings across the continent. At stanced the tidings across the continent. At the conclusion of his Gubernatorial term Stanford refused all political preferment, remarking that "he would rather build the Central Pacific Railroad than be President of the United States," and he never held any public office until his election to the United States Secreta in 1885.

United States Senate in 1885.

The business success of the venture of Stantord and his associates, three or four country merchants, was something marvelbegin the world in their shirt sleeves, it is ous. The first ten years their net cash earnings amounted to nearly \$20,000,000, and the corporation acquired a richer property than the East India Company during the two and a half centuries of its existence.

A LOVER OF HORSES, Fifteen years ago Senator Stanford bought Mohawk Chief, a son of Rysdick's Hamble-tonian, General Benton and some 30 head of mer and attended school in the winter. As a broad mares of Lexington stock and at Palo a boy he gave evidences of business talent. Alto, 30 miles south of this city, started his

> poses than this. As set forth in the grant of endowment, the university is intended "to qualify students for personal success and direct usefulness in life and to the public welfare by exerting an influence in behalf of humanity and civilization; teaching the blessings of liberty regulated by law and inculcating love and reverence for the great principles of government as derived from the inalienable rights of man to life, liberty and the pursuit of happi-

COST OF THE GRAND GIFT.

Both sexes are to be admitted, and the advantages will be shared alike by male and female. It is expected that the university will be ready for the reception of students October 1 pext. The cost of the buildings, which will probably exceed \$3,000,000, is not included in the endowment of real estate, cash, libraries, etc., which will amount to \$20,000,000 in value. No such princely en-dowment was ever bestowed upon an institu-

tion of learning before.

Senator Stanford is a splendid specimen of American manhood. He is large and imposing. He has a massive, deep head; prominent jaws; round, close shut mouth; superlative gray eyes, which of late years, since the loss of his son, have assumed a tinge of sadness; a high forehead, and his face has firmness, energy and intelligence depicted on every feature. His voice is pleasant and well modulated, and he is a most interesting talker. He dresses very plainly, though with care and neatness every morning, eats a hearty breakfast and walks to his office, a distance of a mile and a half. He lunches in the railroad building in his habits, democratic in his manner and easily approached. Like all other successful men, Leland Stanford has strong enemies,

but by the people of California generally he is greatly beloved and respected. W. A. BOYCE. THOSE MUMMY CATS. Sketches From the Cargo That is to Fertilize

Euglish Land. Nearly 180,000 mummy cats arrived at Liverpool recently from their sacred burial place in Egypt. They are 3,000 years old. and are to be used as fertilizers. Sketches

Farmers are indebted for this excellent lot of 20 tons of manure to the lucky ceident which befell an Egyptian who while dying, fell into a pit which proved to



e a subterranean cave completely filled with mummy cats, each one being separately embalmed and wrapped up after the usual fashion of Egyptian mummies. Pussy of B. C. 2000 was a sacred object to a section of the ancient Egyptians, and when a cat died-as even a cat eventually must-it was buried with as much honor as any human being. To such base uses may the gods of

How Jokes Travel. Somerville Journal.

It gives an American humorist a quee sensation to see one of his old-time jests go-Convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln. In 1861 Stanford was nominated for Governor on the Republican ticket. He entered upon the campaign as he would undertake any business and before the day of election had visited every important polling



[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The story opens at Bryngelly, on the Weich coast. Geoffrey Bingham, a very promising young London barrister, is taking an outing at Bryngelly with his little daughter, Effle, and Lady Honoria, his titled wife. She married him for an expected fortune, which did not materialize, has little wifely feeling, frets about poverty, and makes her husband generally miserable, Geoffrey is cut off by the tide ene day, and Beatrice Granger, the charming, beautiful, but somewhat eccentric, daughter of the rector of Bryngelly, undertakes to row him ashore. The cance upsets, and Geoffrey is knocked senseless. Beatrice rescues him, and he is taken to the vicarage to recover. Here Lady Honoria and Geoffrey have several secenes, after which the former bundles off to Garsington to visit wealthy relatives, leaving Effle with her papa. Geoffrey and Beatrice learn to admire each other. 'Squire Owen Davies, tupid and very rich, is madly in love with Beatrice. She can scarcely bear his society. Elizabeth, Beatrice's sister, is ambitious to become Mrs. Owen Davies. The latter makes up his mind the crisis is at hand, and appoints a meeting with Beatrice. The girl, of course, rejects him, but, touched by his wretchedness, she gives him the privilege of asking again in a year, though holding out no hope. Elizabeth, from a hiding place, sees the meeting. After Beatrice goes she comes to Owen and he tells her Beatrice has refused him. This is her opportunity and she plots accordingly. On her way home Beatrice meets Geoffrey and almost unconsciously confides in him the story of the meeting. A long talk on religion follows, Geoffrey seeming to make some impression upon the pretty little unbeliever.

CHAPTER XIV. DRIFTING.

On the day following their religious dis-It was his custom to bathe before break-

And so the happy day would pass and bedtime come, and with it unbidden

on the day following their rengious dis-cussion an accident happened which re-sulted in Geoffrey and Beatrice being more than ever thrown in the company of each than ever thrown in the company of each Geoffrey thought no ill of this, as, of other. During the previous week two cases of scarlatina had been reported among the school children, and now it was found that the complaint had spread so much that it was necessary to close the school. This meant, of course, that Beatrice had all her time upon her hands. And so had Geoffrey.

It was his custom to bathe before breakfast, after which he had nothing to do for the rest of the day. Beatrice with little Effic also bathed before breakfast from the themselves. It seemed to him a thing riladies' bathing place, a quarter of a mile off, and sometimes he would meet her as was competent to form opinions and a judgshe returned, glowing with health and beauty like Venus new risen from the beauty, like Venus new risen from the he should remove himself from Bryngelly



lessons and poetry till she was tired, and ran away to paddle in the sea or look for prawns among the rocks.

Meanwhile the child's father and Beatric would talk-not about religion-they spoke

no more on that subject-nor about Owe Davies, but of everything else on earth. Beatrice was a merry woman when she was happy, and they never lacked subjects of conversation, for their minds were very much intune. In book-learning Beatrice had the advantage of Geoffrey, for she had not only read enormously, she also remem bered what she read and could apply it. Her critical faculty, too, was very keen. He, on the other hand, had more knowledge of the world, and in his rich days had traveled a good deal, and so it came to pass that each could always find something to tell the other. Never for one second were they dull, silence, for it was the silence of complete

So the long morping would wear away all too quickly, and they would go in to dinner, to be greeted with a cold smile by Elizabeth and heartily enough by the old gentleman, who never thought of anything outside of his own circle of affairs. After dinside of his own circle of affairs. After dinner it was the same story. Either they went
walking to look for ferns and flowers, or
perhaps Geoffrey took his gun and hid behind the rocks for curlew, sending Beatrice,
who knew the coast by heart, a mile round
or more to some headland in order to put
them on the wing. Then she would come
back, springing toward him from rock to
rock, and crouch down beneath a
neighboring seaweed-covered boulder, and
they would talk together in whispers or
perhaps they would not talk at all, for fear perhaps they would not talk at all, for fear est they should frighten the flighting birds. And Geoffrey would first search the heavens for curiew or duck, and, seeing none, would let his eyes fall upon the pure beauty of Beatrice's face, showing so clearly against the tender sky, and wonder what she was thinking about; till, suddenly feeling his gaze, she would turn with a smile as sweet as the first rosy blush of dawn upon the waters, and ask him what he was thinking about. And he would laugh and answer "You," whereon she would smile again and perhaps blush a little, feeling glad at heart, he knew not why.

Then came tea time and the quiet, when

they sat at the open window, and Geoffrey smoked and listened to the soit surging of the sea and the harmonious whisper of the night air in the pines. In the corner Mr. Granger slept in his arm chair, or perhaps he had gone to bed altogether, for he liked to go to bed at 8:30, as the old Herefordshire former his certain his care had one herefordshire farmer, his father, had done before him; and at the far end of the room sat Elizabeth. doing her accounts by the light of a solitary candle, or, if they failed her, reading some book of a devotional and improving char-ter. But over the edge of the book, or from the page of crabbed accounts, her eyes would glance continually toward the handsome pair in the window place and she would smile as she saw that it went well. Only they never saw the glances or noted the smile. When Geoffrey looked that way, which was not often, for Elizabeth-old Elizabeth, as he always called her to himlest her your g affections should become en-tangled. He felt sure that they would never be entrapped in any direction whatsoever

without her full consent. Then he ceased to think about the matter at all. Indeed, the mere idea of such a thing involved a supposition which would only have been acceptable to a conceited man-namely, that there was a possibility of the young lady's falling in love with him. What right had he to suppose anything of the sort? It was an impertinence. That there was another sort of possibility-namely, of his begether desirable—did, however, occur to him once or twice. But he shrugged his shoulders and put it by. After all, it was his look-out, and he did not much care. It would do ner no harm at the worst. But very soon all these shadowy forebodings of dawning trouble vanished quite. They were lost in the broad, sweet lights of friendship. By and by when friendship's day was done, they might arise again, called by other

names and wearing a sterner face. It was ridiculous—of course it was ridicu-lous; he was not going to sall in love like a boy at his time of life; all he felt was grati-tude and interest—all she felt was amusement in his society. As for the intimacy-felt rather than expressed—the intimacy that could already almost enable the one to divine the other's thought, that could shape her mood to his and his to hers, that could cause the same thing of beauty to be a com-mon joy, and discover unity of mind in opinions the most opposite—why, it was only natural between people who had to-gether passed a peril terrible to think of. So they took the goods the gods provided, and drifted sottly on-whither they did no

stop to inquire. One day, however, a little incident hap-pened that ought to have opened the eyes of both. They had arranged, or rather there was a tacit understanding, that they should go out together in the afternoon. Geoffrey was to take his gun and Beatrice a book, but it chanced that, just before dinner, as she walked back from the village, where she had gone to buy some thread to mend Effic's clothes, Beatrice came face to face with Mr. Davies. It was their first meeting without events have been described, and, naturally, therefore, rather an awkward one. Owen stopped short so that she could not pass him with a bow, and then turned and walked beside her. After a remark or two about the weather, the springs of conversa-

tion ran dry. "You remember that you are coming up to the castle this afternoon?" he said as

length. "To the castle!" she answered. "No, I have heard nothing of it." "Did not your sister tell you she made an engagement for herself and you a week or more ago. You are to bring the little girl; the tower.

Then Beatrice remembered. Elizabeth had told her, and she had thought it best had gone out of her mind.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I do remember