

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, MARCH 9, 1890.

IN AFRICAN WILDS. Roger Casement's Unsuccessful Hunt for Elephant. FIRED ON BY THE RONKIS.

The Start From Equator for a Land Unknown to White Men.

CEREMONY OF BLOOD BROTHERSHIP

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) NO. 2.

Life at the equator, 750 miles up the Congo, was very different from my experiences on the lower reaches of a river. My friend, E. J. Glave, was in charge of our station, and was the "blood brother" of many of the surrounding chiefs, and the friend of all the natives. They daily crowded the precincts of the station, carrying spears and shields and other implements of war, yet with friendly smiles on their faces and good will apparent in all their actions.

with our headmen Biensi and Bakuna, two Waungatta natives who carried extra rifles of ours, we replied with our Express and Martini-Henry rifles, while the other canoe, of which Mongessi took command, moved in a dropping fire from four or five rifles. We were out in the full light of the moon, while our foes were completely hidden in the darkness of the forest. The air was full of derision and shouts from the shore greeted our fusillade and, paddling up stream, we gave another broadside in the direction of the snuffing fires, which this time was received in silence.

A REST ON THE SEED-GRASS.

Feeling we could do nothing that night, while our camp was near we offered a capital aim to our hidden foes, we determined to make for the opposite bank of the channel, about 300 yards across. A thick, floating mass of interlocking sedge grass clinging to the bank prevented us reaching the shore. Accordingly, fastening our canoes to the shore, we stepped out onto the grass, which bore our weight, although it rotted and fell beneath each movement. We promptly stretched ourselves out on this grassy couch, and although a leg would sometimes reach through to the river, we kept afloat and got some rest in spite of mosquitoes and a drizzling shower of rain. An India-rubber ground sheet with me, useful for stretching on the floor of one's tent or sleeping on a pinch, and this I now endeavored to rig up as a shelter from rain and mosquitoes by throwing it over my head and heading my knees up to my chin, while I could feel myself slowly making a deeper impression in the grass mat and gradually settling down in the sedge until I expected every moment to go through altogether and take a plunge in the river.

My comrade was of short duration, for Mongessi objected to rain and mosquitoes as much as I did—and observing that it was an unpleasant night for an al fresco entertainment he suggested that we should take to the water. We were anxious, too, to penetrate the thick forest, and, although we were not without our arms, we were in a bad way, and we had to make our way to a small island, for the water was so shallow that we could not find our way to the main bank.

The Malinga of whom Rev. George Grenfell, of the English Baptist Mission, had brought down some curious information from his trip up the Congo, was the little mission steamer Peace. He had been the first visit of a white man to that river, and we were anxious to see how the natives would receive us, stopping at every village as we intended doing, and endeavoring to make friends by exchanging the ceremony of blood brotherhood, done by scratching the arm of each party and rubbing an abrasion against the other, and purchasing almost anything the natives would bring us to sell.

Not wishing to provoke hostilities by introducing a quarrelsome foreign element we left the regular Zanzibar and coast-native crew of the Florida at Equator, replacing them by the best and most capable of our native crew from the surrounding villages. There still remained the two Lagos men, from the British colony on the Gold coast, who acted as assistants to our white engineer, and the three Lagos firemen from a district north of the Congo mouth—and my Loango servant Tati, as well as one Zanzibar, An-

UNPLEASANT NIGHT QUARTERS.

and huddled up close around me. I was banked in by a solid mass of warm flesh and could scarcely move a finger, and although the mosquitoes were now effectively excluded from every square inch of my person, I soon became aware of the fact that there are things worse even than mosquito bites in this world of ours, and among them I was compelled to rank the atmosphere under that ground sheet. I delicately hinted to Mongessi, in broken tones, that I thought his wife a very nice woman at a distance, but that I should be delighted to see more of her and his companions on a fine day on shore when the wind was in the right direction and they were bearing well to leeward of me, but he only replied by digging me in the ribs and asking me for some tobacco and a match to light up his pipe and smoke. I abandoned the ground sheet to this happy family, and slowly the night wore away, while Glave and I dozed or chatted alternately. Our Ronki friends across the water having re-lit their fires on the island, we returned to our quarters, but the hut was now dancing round them and singing wild war songs, brandishing spears and knives as they hurled defiance at us across the intervening channel.

With the earliest dawn we re-entered our canoes, loaded every gun and rifle, and commenced paddling across to renew the fight, determined to annihilate the Ronkis for the unprovoked attack of the previous night. They saw us coming, and renewed their wild dance and song, but as we came within 100 yards of them they ceased firing, and merely sidled off behind the tree trunks and into the forest, so that by the time our canoes grounded on their beach we could not see a single foe.

REVENGE UPON THE RONKIS.

We sent a volley in between the trees and then landed. Our natives promptly seized all the huts, which contained only a few paddles and some fishing tackle, and setting to work to burn them. We were supplied with two canoes which we found up a little creek. These we sank in mid-stream, and then catching sight of two big canoes making for the river, we went about 800 yards above us we gave chase, thinking them to be probably of the party which had fired on us. However, after an hour's chase we found that they were not our men, so we contented ourselves with seeing them turn up a side creek and disappear from view in the thick bushes that, having dispersed our enemies and satisfiedly punished their wanton attack by the capture of the two canoes and the burning of their huts, we returned down stream and continued our journey to the north bank mainland, passing the scene of the conflagration, on which the Ronkis were believed to be assembling to see what damage we had done.

We paddled all that day under a burning sun until late in the afternoon, before we reached the mainland of the north shore. On the night of the 11th we were again fired on by the Ronkis, who were now cooking for their supper, and Bukunu cooked a horn-bill, which served Glave and myself an evening meal.

NO ELEPHANTS OR BUFFALO.

We spent the two next days paddling through a long succession of narrow channels of the great river, searching for traces of elephants, but although we landed at one or two spots and had some hours of hard tramping through forest and swamp up to our waists in water and mud, or kept on these interminable paths, we did not find any recent tracks of either elephant or buffalo. The natives of a village we came to in our wanderings, named Bakana, assured us that the two native head men, whose names were Biensi and Bakuna, and who offered to guide us to a spot where we should certainly find game, we spent three hours in a terribly hot crawl through a thick wood with dense undergrowth to an open patch of long grass with our own coming around with some shooting. Returning to the village, we determined to remain there all night and have a try at the buffaloes in the early morning, when the natives assured us their manioc plantations would be overrun by them.

On arriving at Lualaba next morning we were greeted by a crowd of natives and proceeded to our quarters which had made several tramping and slave-raiding expeditions up as far as Malinga town on the main branch of the Lualaba, which, as I have said, is called the Malinga river. Our guide's name was Eleong Minto, literally "Young Man," and we subsequently found him a very useful companion.

The Lualaba people had been accustomed to the sight of an occasional passing steamer going up the Congo to Bangala or Stanley Falls; but we were now leaving the great river behind us, and following where only a few small canoes, of which our own was the largest, had ever ascended the Loporri, a second and smaller tributary of the Lualaba (the Malinga) had gone to sea many months previously.

Lualaba natives were very friendly, and crowded the banks in long lines of aged and youthful loveliness as we steamed past the three miles of lush fronting the Lualaba.

At noon we arrived at a village we were informed by Eleong Minto was called Bolongo, on the left bank. We put in here and halted for the day. The chief, an old man named Nzemba, insisted on making "blood brothers" with us, and then regretted his inability to give us anything save firewood, on account of the steep grade the village was enduring, owing to the attacks of a neighboring settlement.

NOVEL PROTECTION AGAINST INVADERS.

Landing, we found that the place consisted of about 200 huts, surrounded by a thick wall of bamboo, with a narrow entrance and banana trees, and beyond this lay a cleared space and then an encircling wall of forest. Climbing over the fence I jumped on the other side, but cries from the natives who followed my movements arrested by steps. One man climbing the barrier came after me, and stopping down to pick up some things, he was followed by another who carried many sharp spears and a bamboo hidden beneath his garment, and so pointed that they would enter the unprotected feet of an advancing enemy.

I thanked the friendly natives, but showed them that the thick wall of bamboo was not a sufficient protection against bamboo. I saw, in Bolongo, the highest and biggest hut I ever came across in Africa. The outer roof was a good 30 feet high, the roof was of grass thatched, circular, and reaching to within one foot of the ground, where it was supported by a central pole. Inside the hut were some traces into the interior. Aside was a blacksmith's shop and room for a couple of hundred people if closely packed. We walked to the friendly natives, but showed them that the thick wall of bamboo was not a sufficient protection against bamboo.

THE TRIP TO THE MALINGA.

On October 28 the long-expected Florida appeared in sight, steering round the point below our station. We had been anxiously waiting for her, Glave and I, to make our eagerly desired journey up the Lualaba river, which, with its main feeder, the Malinga, native report described as being the richest ivory-producing affluent of the Congo. We were anxious, too, to penetrate the thick forest, and, although we were not without our arms, we were in a bad way, and we had to make our way to a small island, for the water was so shallow that we could not find our way to the main bank.

popotamus which was playing about in the Congo opposite the village.

MONGESSI'S UNLUCKY EXPEDITION.

The canoe wobbled fearfully owing to Mongessi's wild attempt to stand upright in it, and long ere the canoe we promptly dispatched after him for the recovery of the rifle had been able to overtake them, he and his wife were floundering in the river; but the rifle, fortunately enough, was safe at the bottom of the canoe. Mongessi returned somewhat damped, and the poor wife consoled herself for her ducking by spoiling his evening meal and making herself generally disagreeable for the remainder of the evening.

By this time we had had enough of Bakanga, so we departed an hour later for the equator by a new route, through a different network of islands, in the channels between which we came upon herds of hippos, but very wild, owing to the presence of many fishing canoes. We succeeded in shooting a couple, but, although they were badly wounded, we could not tell if we had succeeded in killing them outright or not, and were obliged to continue our journey in order to reach our station before night, where I arrived suffering from a severe toothache, brought on by exposure to the sun during our long passage of the village as we tried to reach the equator.

Mongessi endeavored to share with the wounded native the honors of the expedition, but the production of the piece of stone shot from the Ronki gun from the latter's rifle finally raised him so high in popular estimation that Mongessi was compelled to admit he was not the hero of our fruitless elephant hunt.

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THE VILLAGE OF BUKUTILLA.

Toward 9 o'clock as we steamed up the broad channel of the Lualaba, we observed a long line of brown huts crowning the high left bank of the river, and most overshadowed by the high green foliage of the banana and plantain groves, which here surrounded the natives with the chief article of their diet.

The district we were approaching, we learned from our guide, was Bukutilla, and on drawing near we were greeted by an immense crowd of men, women and children, calling out to us to come ashore, and by a great multitude of small canoes which put off to us.

On putting the steamer in to the bank, and coming to anchor alongside the shore, we were greeted by an immense crowd of men, women and children, calling out to us to come ashore, and by a great multitude of small canoes which put off to us.

HOW THE WOMEN DRESS.

The women were generally clothed in a grotesque dress—a costume consisting of a belt of white material, from the ends of which a twine from which depended innumerable strips of dried grass, dyed either black, red or yellow-brown, reaching to the middle of the thigh, and entirely encircling the person.

Some of them were not content with only one such costume, but had supplemented the original black garment by a second, and even a third yellow or other colored garment on top of it, so that they presented the appearance of a row of lightly-colored umbrellas, and slowly the women, with the agility with which they changed their reposed attitudes of rapt admiration or wondering regard to our strange-looking selves, were engaged by attaching a steam whistle, into frantic attempts to escape up the bank or disappear behind bushes or huts, heightened the resemblance. How we laughed at this sudden disappearance, and how timidly the frightened ladies, after quiet had been restored, would peep out to see if the coast was clear, or if they had succeeded in a recurrence of that dreadful sound, they again surrendered themselves to their natural curiosity to observe the strange white creatures who had come to their village, and returned to their posts of vantage on the river bank. The men were nearly as frightened as the women on first hearing the steam whistle, but they were not so easily discouraged. And then it was we learned the true value of a steam whistle on board a steamer.

ROGER CASEMENT.

HISTORY OF AN EAR TOMB.

A Curious Japanese Monument That Recalls Barbarisms of the Past. Near by the temple of Sanjinsangendo, in Japan, is a curious monument called Mimiko, or ear tomb. It is a small artificial hill of soil, on the top of which stands the form of which dates back to the Arayan times. The Arayan used to express unlimited time and space by a circle; a triangle with apex upward signified fire, or with the apex downward, water; and the creative power, a composition of fire and water, was denoted by two triangles side by side. The Hymalayas modified it by inserting a five in (see sketch).

The Mimiko is very nearly the form of the sketch and resembles the tomb of many Japanese tombs. The story of this tomb—originally founded on the site of a tomb of a Japanese General, Konishi and Kato, who invaded Korea near the end of the sixteenth century, cut off the ears and noses of their prisoners, brought the bodies back to Japan and buried them in this hill. In those times prisoners of war were not spared. Their heads were kept as trophies of victory. In this case the Japanese victors, being so far away from home, could not even transport the heads of their enemies, so had to content themselves with the noses and ears. This happened only 300 years ago, and it seems quite possible that soon in a fit of friendliness, the Japanese may send back to Korea, the land of the morning calm, these ears and noses, as Napoleon the Great was finally sent home from St. Helena.

FOUR VERY RICH MEN.

The Fortunes of Rockefeller, Astor, Vanderbilt and Gould.

RICHER THAN THE ROTHSCHILDS.

The Standard Oil and Western Union Magnates Inherited Nothing. THEY WILL SOON BE BILLIONAIRES.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

NEW YORK, March 8.—There are at least four men in America richer than the richest man in Europe. They are John D. Rockefeller, the President of the Standard Oil Trust; William Waldorf Astor, who has just succeeded to the fortune of John Jacob Astor, his father; Cornelius Vanderbilt, the head of the Vanderbilt system of railroads, and Jay Gould, the speculator and railroad magnate. The aggregate wealth of the Rothschilds reaches nearly \$1,000,000,000, but no individual Rothschild is worth over \$75,000,000. Here is an estimate, obtained from the most reliable sources, of the fortunes of the Americans named:

John D. Rockefeller.....\$125,000,000
William Waldorf Astor.....125,000,000
Cornelius Vanderbilt.....10,000,000
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It has been supposed that the late John Jacob Astor was the richest man in the world, and so he was for a time after the division of the wealth of William H. Vanderbilt, who, at the time of his death, was worth \$200,000,000. John D. Rockefeller has made money faster in the past few years than any other mortal ever made it. He is so rich that he cannot count his own millions. He said under oath in a legal proceeding that he had net property in real estate his fortune within \$10,000,000 or \$12,000,000. The estimate of \$125,000,000 is not considered excessive. If anything, it is unduly a conservative one.

ONCE A NEWSPAPER REPORTER.

Rockefeller was once a newspaper reporter, and less than two decades ago was a business man of only moderate means in Cleveland, O. His attention was attracted to the opportunities for making money in the handling and refining of the product of the

Pennsylvania oil fields. He started a comparatively small refinery, and from that the most profitable industry in the world, the Standard Oil Trust. How rapidly the Standard has grown is shown by the fact that in 1880 its capital was only \$3,000,000, whereas it is now \$200,000,000. The par value of the stock is \$100 a share, but it is quoted at \$170. It pays dividends amounting to 10 to 20 per cent per annum. Rockefeller owns more than a majority of the stock so that something like \$100,000,000 of his fortune is represented in the trust. He also has extensive natural gas interests in Ohio, and in addition is a large owner of Government bonds and the securities of railroads and other corporations.

It has been said, and it is probably a fact, that the Standard Oil Trust is the best managed corporation in the world. John D. Rockefeller is the directing spirit. He looks and acts more like a preacher than a millionaire. He is a Baptist, and a Baptist church. He has stooping shoulders, drooping eyelids and a face that is almost sepulchral. He lives in a handsome house in West Fifty-fourth street, just across the corner from Fifth avenue. It is in this neighborhood where the Vanderbilt mansions, the finest in New York, cluster.

HE KEEPS VERY QUIET.

His diversions are few. Little is heard of him save when he appears in public, which is possible at all times. He holds the enormous power of the Standard Oil Trust from behind portals. And this power is proved by the irresistible way in which opposition to the Standard in all forms has been crushed out. There is, however, one thing to be said of the Standard. If an opposition is made in the way of its interests, it is not merely crushed out, but it is so completely crushed out that the Standard is left with facilities and makes its competitor's business unprofitable. The competitor in the end gives up. The Standard never was a producer in Pennsylvania, but when the Ohio oil field was discovered it proceeded to

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secure all the productive territory, and now controls the situation there absolutely.

William Waldorf Astor's wealth is principally in real estate. The original John Jacob Astor bought farm after farm along the King's Highway, the old post road, extending from the Battery in New York to Albany. The King's Highway is now known as Broadway. His heirs followed his example, and it is that the Astors have, at one time or another, owned

THE REST PART OF BROADWAY.

People who desired to put up residences or business structures would obtain ground leases from the Astors, and on corn fields and potato patches reared buildings, which, at the expiration of their leases, returned to the Astors. As a rule these leases ran for 21 years. The Astors have never been speculators, and as a consequence their fortunes have never been impaired by the mutations of Wall Street. They have never been obtrusively in the only of the family who has ever been interested in politics. William Waldorf Astor was in both branches of the State Legislature and was also Minister to Italy. He is not likely to figure in politics again. He made something of a name as a novelist, but his literary work, as well as his political aspirations, had by now been abandoned. He is under 40, tall, well-built and agreeable in manner. He wears eyeglasses and dresses very quietly.

His home is a double brown stone house in East Thirty-third street, three doors from Fifth avenue. He will soon take possession of his father's mansion on Fifth avenue, a large and substantial, but rather old-fashioned house. The Astor property is easy to manage, for it involves merely the collection of rents with the occasional sale or purchase of a building or lot. Probably no individual fortune of any magnitude, either in America or Europe, is so secure as William Waldorf Astor's. Only an earthquake devastating Manhattan Island could wipe it out.

THE VANDERBILT WEALTH.

Cornelius Vanderbilt inherited \$80,000,000 from William H. Vanderbilt. He was previously the possessor of about \$2,000,000. Interest and appreciation in the value of the bonds and stocks left him by his father make up the balance of the \$10,000,000,000 with which he is credited. His fortune is very sagaciously invested. It is principally in stocks and bonds, but of a class that in Wall street are known as "edge edged." Even a panic in the stock market would not be apt to diminish the value of his fortune over 10 per cent, and this impairment would not be permanent.

He was the favorite grandson of old Commodore Vanderbilt, whose name he bears, and he was likewise the favorite son of his father. He is an excellent business man. His methods are conservative. Vanderbilt has made money fast in the past few years than any other mortal ever made it. He is so rich that he cannot count his own millions. He said under oath in a legal proceeding that he had net property in real estate his fortune within \$10,000,000 or \$12,000,000. The estimate of \$125,000,000 is not considered excessive. If anything, it is unduly a conservative one.

JAY GOULD.

He is now 25 years, or every one of the four great millionaires is likely to do, and his success keeps up, there is no telling how rich he will be. He may be a millionaire.

Corner corners in hotels are hard to find, yet any one stopping at the Standard Hotel Broadway and Twenty-ninth St. N. will be able to find a good many of them. Moderate prices and central location.

BEATRICE

By H. Rider Haggard

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The story opens at Brunyell, on the Welsh coast. Geoffrey Bingham, a very promising young London barrister, is taking an outing at Brunyell with his little daughter, Elie, and Lady Bingham, his sister. She married him for an expected fortune, which did not materialize, has little worldly feeling, frets about poverty, and makes her husband generally miserable. Geoffrey is cut off by the tide one day, and Beatrice Grainger, the charming, beautiful, but somewhat eccentric, daughter of Brunyell, undertakes to row him ashore. The canoe is upset, and Geoffrey is knocked senseless. Beatrice rescues him, and he is taken to the vicarage to recover. Here Lady Honoria and Geoffrey have several scenes, after which the former banishes Geoffrey to Gardingston to visit wealthy relatives, leaving Elie with her papa. Geoffrey and Beatrice learn to admire each other. "Squire Owen Davison, honest, stupid and very rich, is made in love with Beatrice." She then secretly marries him in a year, through the intervention of her father. She then meets her father's secretary, and appoints a meeting with Beatrice. The girl, of course, rejects him, but, touched by his wretchedness, she gives him the privilege of staying in a year, though she is to be in a year, through the intervention of her father. She then meets her father's secretary, and appoints a meeting with Beatrice. The girl, of course, rejects him, but, touched by his wretchedness, she gives him the privilege of staying in a year, though she is to be in a year, through the intervention of her father.

CHAPTER XV. NOT SHOT AFTER ALL.

A few yards from the path grew a stunted tree with a stone at its root. Thither Beatrice staggered and sank upon the stone, while still the solid earth spun round and round. Presently her mind cleared a little, and a keener pang of pain shot through her soul. She had been stung at first; now she felt.

"Perhaps it was not true; perhaps Elizabeth had been mistaken or had only said it to torment her. She rose. She clung herself upon her knees, there by the stone, and prayed, this first time for many years, she prayed with all her soul. "Oh, God, if Thou art; spare him his life and me this agony." In her dreadful pangs of grief her faith was thus reborn, and, as all human beings must in their hour of mortal agony, Beatrice realized her dependence on the Unseen. She rose and went with unsteady gait back on to the stone. The people were streaming past her now, talking excitedly. Somebody came up to her and stood over her.

"Oh, heaven, it was Geoffrey!" "Elizabeth said that you were murdered."

"No, no. It was not me; it is that poor fellow Johnson, the auctioneer. Jones shot upon her knees, there by the stone, and prayed, this first time for many years, she prayed with all her soul. "Oh, God, if Thou art; spare him his life and me this agony." In her dreadful pangs of grief her faith was thus reborn, and, as all human beings must in their hour of mortal agony, Beatrice realized her dependence on the Unseen. She rose and went with unsteady gait back on to the stone. The people were streaming past her now, talking excitedly. Somebody came up to her and stood over her.

NOT A PUBLIC SPEAKER.

He is never heard as a public speaker except at the meetings of the railroad branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, where he preaches from time to time. He is a Baptist, and a Baptist church. He has stooping shoulders, drooping eyelids and a face that is almost sepulchral. He lives in a handsome house in West Fifty-fourth street, just across the corner from Fifth avenue. It is in this neighborhood where the Vanderbilt mansions, the finest in New York, cluster.

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Cornelius Vanderbilt inherited \$80,000,000 from William H. Vanderbilt. He was previously the possessor of about \$2,000,000. Interest and appreciation in the value of the bonds and stocks left him by his father make up the balance of the \$10,000,000,000 with which he is credited. His fortune is very sagaciously invested. It is principally in stocks and bonds, but of a class that in Wall street are known as "edge edged." Even a panic in the stock market would not be apt to diminish the value of his fortune over 10 per cent, and this impairment would not be permanent.

JAY GOULD.

He is now 25 years, or every one of the four great millionaires is likely to do, and his success keeps up, there is no telling how rich he will be. He may be a millionaire.

THE REST PART OF BROADWAY.

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