

THE CANNIBAL LAND.

Progress of Roger Casement's Party Up the Malinga.

WHOLE VILLAGES IN RUIN.

Strange Cincitization of the Great Race of Iron Workers.

CREW OF THE FLORIDA IN A PANIC.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

NO. 3.

FINDING nothing at Bukutia more interesting than firewood and eggs and the attention of the ladies, who giggled and nudged each other and then fled if we gave the slightest indication of approaching within ten yards of them.

which we had no desire to do—we bade farewell to the good-looking crowd and continued our journey up the river. We passed some two hours later in the large district of Lalungu—consisting of several villages on the mainland and on an island in mid-stream—whose inhabitants regarded us either in speechless astonishment, or greeted us with loud cries to land, as we steamed past the long line of their villages.

Another island village.

Next morning soon after starting we again came on a canoe during about half of us, and speedily were steaming through a channel between an island entirely covered with native houses and the north or right bank—on which were collections of huts among immense groves of plantains separated from one another by stretches of grassy plain in some places extending quite a mile inland before the ever-encircling belt of forest was reached.

This island-village and the north bank district was called Longina, but we passed it without stopping. It was a friendly canoe offering very bad smelling small fish for sale. They continued the chase until we had entered another district, that of Nwansala, Elengé Minto, however, whose inhabitants set up a great cry at our approach, but did not attempt to come out to us in their canoes.

Towards evening we arrived opposite two villages surrounded by high stockades on the land side, through two gates in which we could perceive women going and coming on their heads or on the village plantation surrounding the fence. We halted for the night at the upper of these two villages, the lower being on the right bank. In the morning when I arose from my couch on deck, I found, to my disgust, that some enterprising native had profited by my absence, only stopping to steal my trousers, socks and coat from the table at the head of my bed, where I had laid them on going to rest, so that I was spared the difficulty of finding my own clothes on getting up of endeavoring to get into my clothes unperceived by native eyes, until I had been able to arouse Glave in the cabin by my cries, who soon appeared on the scene with fresh articles of attire and enabled me to arise clothed and in my right mind, but breathing awful vengeance against the thief if I should discover him.

THE MISSING GARMENTS NEVER TURNED UP, and I was forced to quit Bolombo (the name of this dishonest village), hoping that on the return journey down river again the thief might be revealed, or that at least the clothes and the effort to put them on properly might work the physical ruin of the wretch who had stolen them.

From Bolombo we continued our journey past long stretches of thick forest, occasionally relieved by open spaces and steeply rising bluffs topped with extended vivid green patches of banana and plantain leaves, where some small village nestled amid the deep groves of those trees.

Although I judge we must now have been from 80 to 100 miles from the mouth of the Lalungu the river continued of the same breadth, averaging a mile whereas we could see its entire surface from shore to shore, unbroken by islands.

Late on the afternoon of the second day, after quitting Bolombo—at a point about 120 miles from the mouth—the canoe came upon the first of a long line of villages, extending up the left bank as far as the eye could see, crowning a bluff about 50 feet high and steep that rose from the water's edge, and descended into the hard, red clay of the bank served to communicate between the village and the water's edge.

LARGE CANOES were lying hauled up partly out of the water at the foot of the bluff, or, manned by excited crews, darted out from the shore and came up as we drew near to the beach. Voices from under the great trees that towered over the streets of houses lining the top of the bank called out to us to approach, and answered us that there were lots of ivory for sale here. Landing by freight we made bold brothers on the bank, amid a crowd of savages, with the chief of this village, whose name we learned was Popono, and received from him two fine tusks of ivory as presents. All night long our men were chatting with the natives round the fire on shore.

The district of which Popono was only one village was called Masan Kuso, and extended about eight miles higher up to the junction of the Malinga and Lopori rivers, which together form the Lalungu, the great

tributary of the Congo we had been traversing for the last four days. Next day we steamed higher up to the topmost village of the district, situated in the face of a high cliff, coming to anchor in the north and north-western countries destitute of ivory, and only supplying enormous numbers of slaves to the raiding canoes of this very Masan Kuso district.

The natives here were very friendly, and we had to undergo the ceremonial of exchanging blood with several of the community, who expressed their appreciation of the new-found relations by offering us presents in return, consisting of several fatheads of redfish, or American shooting, or cheap Manchester cottons, a few spoonsful of white and blue beads, a mirror or two, a tin plate, cup and spoon, and one or two odd and ends which cheer the heart of the African in his rude simplicity.

DEVASTATED BY CANNIBALS. Learning at Masan Kuso that a great inland tribe of cannibals known as the Lufumbi had been ravaging the banks of the Malinga and had destroyed every village up to the great Balolo town of Malinga (from which the river takes its name), we determined to lay in as large a stock of fowls, goats and other food as possible, since we could not hope to reach Malinga town before three days.

On the second morning after our arrival we started from Masan Kuso up the Malinga and were soon far from any evidences of life. No canoes passed us and no signs of human habitation or human being greeted us. For two days we passed along between the tall, silent walls of the great forest on either side, the silence scarcely broken by the cries of any bird, and the only moving thing upon the water the head of a black or green water snake as it strove to avoid our bows in its passage across the river. One of these creatures jumped into our low-lying canoe attached to the side of the steamer, which served instead of a boat, and scattered all the cooking arrangements of poor little Mochinda, our cook, who used to arrange his mid-day dishes along the bottom of the canoe.

On the evening of November 10, after we had been two days in the Malinga without seeing a sign of any human being, we were cheered to sight a few miles ahead of us up along a straight reach of river, the lighter green patch in the dark surrounding forest which was the sign of a village, the broad-leaved plantain groves that surround every village.

However, on getting up to it we were sad-

dened by the scene which met our eyes, after we had ascended by rope ladder and steps up to the bank of the cliff on which the plantain groves were situated. Everywhere was desolation. The huts were almost all destroyed by fire and only charred poles and half-burnt beams were seen where the enormous masses they blocked up the paths between the houses, or lay half suspended across the still hanging counter pole of some partially ruined hut.

We wandered about for some time amid the ruins, wondering at the cause of this destruction, and seeking if we might find some new cause for the disaster. Everywhere we saw a scene of desolation. Presently from across the river a voice called out to us, timidly and faintly, and looking in the direction of the voice, we saw the presence of a small canoe with two occupants creeping close in to the opposite bank and stealing up stream in the shadows of the trees. To our cries they did not answer, but we saw no harm if they approached, the timid natives only answered that they had nothing to sell, or even give us, and the advice that we should sleep anywhere else rather than on the site of their destroyed village, for that the Lufumbi at the bank were only a short distance off and would probably come down on us in the night.

FLIGHT FROM AN INVISIBLE FOE. However, as there was plenty of good wood to be had from the partially burnt frame work of the houses, we determined to remain the night there, and put all hands to pulling down poles and charred timbers, saving them on the top of the bank and throwing them down the cliff, whence we had them carried on board the Florida. This work by freight went on fairly enough well into the night, the men chafing each other and occasionally saying in half-play, half-serious tones: "What will we do if the Lufumbi come down upon us by and by?"

Gradually, work being finished and the wood all carried on board, the men sank to rest round their fires upon top of the cliff, each man with his loaded Snider rifle beside him, and a guard having been posted we all went asleep with a feeling of security. I had not lain very long, I fancy, on my camp bed on the deck of the Florida when I was startled from sleep by a awful noise coming from the top of the bluff—vels shrieks and hoarse cries, amid which continually sounded sharp and clear the bang! bang! of the rifles being discharged. I jumped from my bed, seized my revolver with my right hand, and with Glave and the engineer, whom I encountered running for the shore and the boat, we were just going to leap on shore and scale the steep path up the plateau, when, tumbling helter-skelter over one another, rolling down the side of the bluff, we were hurled into the water, or even leaping from the summit, came the greater number of the crew of the Florida. For a moment there was a scene of indescribable confusion among the panic-stricken men, struggling up to their necks in the river.

LIFE CAUSED BY THE GOAT. No one could tell the cause of the sudden flight of all was shouting at once, and expecting the next moment to be taken over-whelmed by a shower of spears from the banks, where we doubted not the savage Lufumbi were gathering for an assault on the steamer. We endeavored to arrest the men in their scrambling, and were just mounting the scaling ladder when voices called out from the top of the bluff and a peal of laughter caused us to pause. Then came the tones of Bienele's voice relating the cause of the panic, and the shouts of laughter from the men who a moment before had been carrying their lives in their

hands to the bottom of the river bank drowned all our attempts at inquiry or relief. It appeared from Bienele, who with one or two more had not fled when the first shot was fired, that on searching for the cause of the disturbance, he had found our three goats tied up near one of the houses for the first time of his life. Then followed after noon, and it was one of these which had coughed in its dreams, or while chewing the cud, that started Elengé Minto, that brave chief of his Soida. Then followed after noon, and it was one of these which had coughed in its dreams, or while chewing the cud, that started Elengé Minto, that brave chief of his Soida.

His first thought was of the Lufumbi, and the blood-curdling cough being repeated, he had answered with a yell of fear and pulled the trigger of his Snider. Then followed the panic, the hasty shots at an invisible foe and the indescribably wild descent over the face of the cliff. We could not refrain from joining in the merriment and chaffing the unfortunate Elengé Minto. The racking cough of a consumptive goat became quite a popular complaint on board the Florida for the remainder of the evening.

ON UP THE RIVER.

Our next day's run was a short one, and we camped at 2 in the afternoon alongside a small opening in the forest of the north bank, where we found dead wood for fuel as well as numerous elephant and buffalo tracks, but none of them very recent ones. The river now was only on an average of 150 to 200 yards broad, and its general direction was always the same, from the southeast.

Continuing our journey next morning, we steamed on at a good speed without seeing a human habitation or a canoe until the afternoon, when we arrived at a village situated on low-lying swamp land at the water's edge, and consisting of a few poor fishermen's huts. It was on the right bank of the river and opposite the side on which the Lufumbi carried on their ravages. The few fishermen about were astonished at our advent, but they speedily gathered in from the forest at the back and adjacent plantations, and became sensible of the beauties of a few strings of white beads held up artlessly before their longing eyes. When to these were added a handful of cowries and a shining tin plate and spoon the leader of the assemblage of savages on shore could only find broken tones in which to explain his appreciation of our kindness; and when, later on, we asked him as to the country lying ahead of us, he eagerly strove to impart everything he knew.

THE FAMOUS IRON WORKERS.

We were of the Balolo, the great iron workers (Balolo signifying "Iron People"), who inhabit the country bordering on the three affluents of the Congo—the Ronki, Kolumba and Lalungu—whose true home is at the head waters of this system of

kindred rivers. The facial and bodily adornment of the Balolo differs entirely from the modes of civilization of the tribes dwelling lower down, or along the banks of the Congo. The men we now encountered indulged their savage instinct of improving upon nature's handiwork by chiseling their features into hard

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that he himself was not at all averse to a little boiled or roasted Lufumbi, whenever the fortunes of war delivered a few prisoners into the hands of his countrymen.

THEY WERE CAPTIVES. "Those who are not fit to sell as slaves," he said, alluding to the weak or wounded captives, "we eat."

He branched off into a description of the upper course of the river, which we soon judged would prove navigable yet for another ten days' steaming of the Florida.

"High up," said he, "the river sides into two branches, one coming from swamps and trees, the other, and larger, falling over stones where there are fish villages."

He then branched off into a description of the upper course of the river, which we soon judged would prove navigable yet for another ten days' steaming of the Florida.

Slaves, he asserted, in that paradise of the man-eater could be purchased for two mitakos each (two brass rods, worth about 2 cents each), so valuable was metal there, and so plentiful the supply of human flesh.

AN EXHIBITION OF DISGUST ON OUR PART was out of place here; and we felt that to argue with a blood-thirsty old cannibal, and have our arguments met by a supercilious lifting of a pair of anthropopagous eyebrows was more than either we could stand, or Elengé Minto felt suitable words to express; so by way of inflicting as much torture as possible we went out from the bank, and there a steam whistle string such a tug that the shriek which burst from the Florida nearly deluged ourselves as we enjoyed the specimen of human life which we were to see grinning savages along the muddy shore.

Our last view of that village was somewhat obscured by the hopeless jumble of what we saw out from the bank, and there a steam whistle string such a tug that the shriek which burst from the Florida nearly deluged ourselves as we enjoyed the specimen of human life which we were to see grinning savages along the muddy shore.

ROGER CASEMENT.

A RAT EATS A DIAMOND.

The Kodak was Caught in Time, However, and the Stone Rescued.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

When Louis Braham, the old-time pawnbroker, opened up his shop yesterday morning he missed a quarter of a carat diamond shirt stud, valued at from \$35 to \$50, which he was positive was in the window late Saturday evening. He called his son, and the two searched the shop high and low, but could not find the missing gem. Braham then got crazy over his loss, and went to Vic Hill's to get a glass of beer and brace up to continue the search.

"Had quite a time last night watching a rat in your show window," said Vic as the old pawnbroker quaffed off his beer.

"Rat in my window? What's that?" "A number of rats were seen in front of the St. James Hotel about 8 o'clock Sunday evening. The electric light was burning brightly in the window, when along came a woman, and she was looking at the diamonds and shrieked, 'A rat!' We all rushed over, and sure enough there was a big gray fellow, at least a foot long, skipping around among the diamonds and nibbling at the neck of the silver spoons and listening to the ticks of the clock."

Braham took off his hat and flung it on the counter. "I wonder," he said, and then started out. "What's up?" cried Hill.

"Why, I've lost a diamond stud out of the window," Hill looked at the rat and Pinkerton, said: "Why, the rat has swallowed it. Catch the rat and you'll get the stone."

"Nonsense! What do you know about rats and diamonds?" and Braham rushed out. But he acted on Hill's advice, first used some poison in an attractive manner for the rat, and then he set a trap for the hunting for water, weak and sickly looking. Young Braham rushed up and kicked him with his foot. The rat was cut open, and said and seen in its stomach was found the stud as good as new.

A MEMORIAL TO BEECHER.

His Old Friend Halliday Will Build a Church in His Honor.

Ever since the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher died, says a New York exchange, some plan has been on foot to erect a memorial to his honor. His old friend will be glad to learn that at least one of the plans will become an accomplished fact before very long, and that Mr. Beecher's old friend and assistant, the venerable S. B. Halliday, will be entitled to the credit.

He and some associates have prepared plans for the Beecher Memorial Church, and will begin building operations in a month. The new edifice will be a frame affair, about 40 feet wide and 80 feet deep. It is expected to cost about \$17,000. The congregation consists of about 200 people, while the Sunday school contains 300 little ones. Over this modest parish Mr. Halliday will spend the remainder of his days preaching, as he says, "The Gospel of Jesus Christ and Henry Ward Beecher."

A NOVEL JAIL BUILDING.

It Looks Like a Chimney, but is as Impregnable as a Fortress.

Ozark county, Mo., has about 12,000 inhabitants and a debt of \$17,000, but as only 3,000 are taxpayers they must be responsible for the debt. His old friend will be glad to learn that at least one of the plans will become an accomplished fact before very long, and that Mr. Beecher's old friend and assistant, the venerable S. B. Halliday, will be entitled to the credit.

There is neither door nor window to the lower story, and the upper story is reached by a ladder to the heavy door, which is always double locked and barred. Six grated windows give light to the story, and the whole is as impregnable as a fortress when the jailer has drawn up his ladder down up. This upper room is used for the incarceration of criminals who are not considered of a dangerous character, but are confined for simple breaches of the peace, such as shooting a neighbor. A trap door and ladder leads from this room to the lower room, which is a regular prison, ill smelling from the emanations of the occupants. When the jailer feeds his guests he simply lowers a bucket by a rope. At the time of the correspondent's visit there were eight men confined in the hole.

Ozark County Jail.

THE DECEASED LUFUMBI. I was our first glimpse of the mysterious Balolo, on the borders of whose realm we now found ourselves, and we listened with interest to the speech of the old headman, who spoke to us through Elengé Minto, our interpreter. First, he gave us to understand that they lived in mortal dread of the savage Lufumbi, and that the "big" town of Malinga, to which he belonged, only a little farther up river, had lately suffered a great deal. Many had been killed and others carried off into slavery, but that now all the scattered Malinga villages on the other, or opposite side of the river, had drawn together and constructed a strong barricade around their united town, and so had been able to repel off the renewed attacks of the Lufumbi.

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

Eminent Physicians Point Out the Way to Health and Vigor.

LONGEVITY IS ON THE INCREASE.

The Moderate and Excessive Use of Whisky, Tobacco and Candy.

EVERY MAN OUGHT TO LOVE A WOMAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

Americans are told they live at the pace that kills. So they do, but they live longer on the average than their ancestors, and longevity is likely to be still greater in future generations. While on a visit to New York recently, the writer dropped in at the handsome office of the famous surgeon, Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, on Fifth avenue, and in a long conversation, the doctor explained the reasons for the extended term of life.

It is said the kindest hearted physicians are the best ones. There never was a kinder hearted man than Dr. Sayre. Nor, perhaps, was there ever a stronger minded one. He is 70 years old, but age has not left its full impress on him. He is known the world over by his writings and his services in the cause of humanity. He comes as near throwing physics to the dogs as a doctor well could. He believes largely in hygienic and rational treatment, and his reputation demonstrates that his theories are correct in practice. He is a wonderfully interesting and entertaining man in conversation. He discusses things pertaining to his profession in a way that is not only easily understood, but effective. He said to the correspondent:

WE SHOULD BE CENTENARIANS. "Everybody, under ordinary circumstances, ought to live to be 100 years old. As it is, however, only 15 or 20 live longer than their forefathers did. They have learned how to eat and drink; how to keep their homes ventilated and their sewers drained and how to generally take better care of themselves. Still they do not live anything like as long as they ought to, because they do not yet live as they ought to eat and drink, and do too much to think about, and too much care to bear. Many are very much distressed as younger men to know how they are going to make sure of a living. By and when their reputation has grown they are driven to death with the work forced upon them. If a man lived anywhere near right in the earlier part of his professional career, he would believe his life would have been prolonged beyond a century. I never used to know what it was to be tired, hungry or sleepy. When the decline began to show, I used to get the plump, vigorous look of the skin vanishes and lassitude takes the place of elasticity.

"Open grates are far preferable to any other means of heating a house, for they help ventilation which is an important factor in the prolongation of life. A window left unfastened is a danger to the house pipes freezing up. One of the greatest dangers to human life is the candy shop which destroys the stomachs of children. Candy, in fact, does almost as much to destroy the stomach as alcohol. A child with its stomach full of candy has no desire to eat anything else. By and when their reputation has grown they are driven to death with the work forced upon them. If a man lived anywhere near right in the earlier part of his professional career, he would believe his life would have been prolonged beyond a century. I never used to know what it was to be tired, hungry or sleepy. When the decline began to show, I used to get the plump, vigorous look of the skin vanishes and lassitude takes the place of elasticity.

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