

A HANDFUL OF BEADS

Will Buy a Ton of Ivory in the Heart of Africa.

TRAPS FOR THE ELEPHANT.

Casement's Party Reaches the Headwaters and Returns.

EXPERIENCES WITH THE LUFEMBI

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

Concluding Number.



UR greeting at Baulu was most kindly. The usual ceremony of blood brotherhood having been gone through by fire-light, presents were exchanged between the chief and our men, and our men, quickly striking up friendships with natives on shore (for the Equator is an obstacle of the great Balolo and speak a kindred tongue) were soon dancing round several fires with their new-formed chums, while Glave and I talked to the chief and interviewed him as to the possibilities of many days' steaming yet before us ere we should reach the mouth of the river. The chief gave us similar information to that we had obtained lower down respecting the upper reaches of the Malinga, and promised to begin ivory-selling operations in the morning.

BUYING THE TUSKS.

However, in the morning we found ourselves surrounded by canoes containing magnificent tusks, or were beckoned to the shore by a crowd of old Lolo, followed by sons or slaves staggering under beautiful white 40-pound or 70-pound tusks. Fully a ton-weight of ivory was brought along the Florida that day, but Glave, unwilling to spoil the price, would only buy about 350 to 400 pounds' weight of it, which he secured for prices averaging 2 cents and 3 cents per pound, paid chiefly in brass wire and white and blue beads, such as children use at home for making into toys, which these larger African children put to the very same use. A man on getting paid for the ivory he had just sold would make off at once with the tin snop plate full of beads in his hands, clanking lengths of red cotton handkerchiefs or blue cloth streaming out behind him; and the other items received, such as spoons, brass wire, mirrors and odds and ends like these, gratifying the eyes of his adherents who followed. The crowd of would-be sellers of ivory, who regarded with longing eyes this ravaging transit of such wealth through their midst, or even, as we suspected, of Lufembi savages, if even these wild people could make their homes in its impregnable depths.

THE HEART OF A CONTINENT.

Climbing a tree one day which stood on a bluff whose river face was fringed by a clinging mass of ferns and creepers, I looked inland and away up river. Everywhere spread a broad, boundless expanse of tree-land, underneath all and extending to the feet of the furthest limits of the horizon. There was no change in any direction—overhead the clear sky and the bright sunlight, underneath all and extending to the sky line—the dark forest and its still impenetrable wall of foliage. I could not help feeling that this was indeed the heart of Africa, that here, in this hidden world, throbbled the pulses of a hidden continent. What strange life might not be concealed in those silent woodland depths? Whence came this mysterious river, which silently up from the dim, swampy recesses of the surrounding forest—through which, for ages and ages, the elephant had roamed and savage man through the centuries. Our journey of barbarians had pursued the same daily, monthly, yearly round of bloodshed and misery, laughter and death—cannibalism and cannibalism, and the same had happened here, which the genius of Africa has raised around her inmost shores.

Several days were passed traversing the river, without coming in contact with a single human being. And each day our supply of food grew less, without any means of replenishing it.

A VOICE FROM THE TREES.

On the fourth day we were surprised to hear a voice coming from the trees, and to listen to a native shout. We sent our canoe and brought him on board the Florida, but he spoke in a language which we finally ascertained was that of the Malinga, and our interpreter had some trouble to get him to speak at all. He was not very far from a village, he told us. At his request a drum was handed him, and he beat a signal to his village. We heard a number of faint, but distinct, sounds, that they would know that we were near, and that they should soon see plenty of his people. He then pointed to a small, tree-look-alike man came down toward us in canoe, bringing fuel and presents. We soon made friends. We learned that their village was thirty-four miles from the headwaters of the Balolo, and had the same peculiar tribal marks I have already mentioned. I went over to their village, a wretchedly poor place, with absolutely nothing to trade and only one poor task of ivory in the whole village. Leaving the poverty-stricken settlement behind us, we started up stream in a dugging the snags of the river and fire and only one poor task of ivory in the whole village. Leaving the poverty-stricken settlement behind us, we started up stream in a dugging the snags of the river and fire and only one poor task of ivory in the whole village.

SIGNS OF LIFE AGAIN.

Toward evening we came to traces of an encampment on the left bank of the river, where the Lufembi, the dread cannibal-cannibals, were said to be. These were the first signs of houses we had seen in four days, for the last three days had been spent in dodging the snags of the river and fire and only one poor task of ivory in the whole village. Leaving the poverty-stricken settlement behind us, we started up stream in a dugging the snags of the river and fire and only one poor task of ivory in the whole village.

VILLAGES ON PILES.

We left Baulu in the afternoon and speedily became aware of the fact that we had left dry land behind us also, for the two little villages we soon came to consisted of huts raised upon piles standing in the water and around on every side we could see no trace of bank or shore to the river. The bordering line of great forest trees on each hand stood in the rushing water, and as we steamed on hoping to come to some spot where solid earth would enable us to camp for the night and cut up dead wood for next day we passed frequent little fishing settlements, but all constructed in the same manner. At last we were compelled by darkness

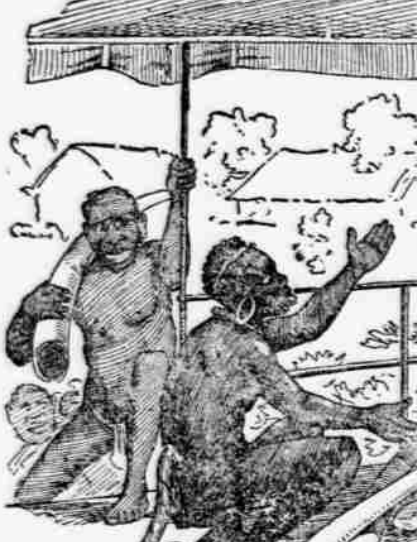
and want of fuel to stop at one of these for the night. The occupants of the few houses speedily stepped from off their little verandahs, hunted daggers, and so we decided to one of the supporting pillars of the structure and came out to us where we had attached the bow of the steamer to the jutting branch of a tree which rose from the surface of the river.

Other canoes from the villages we had passed gathered around us too, and from detachments of men came down to us, bringing firewood to sell for beads and cowrie, and big lumps of gum copal, which make a capital business. We were surrounded for hours by these creatures, anxious to obtain a few of the much-coveted possessions of the white men; and, thanks to the supplies of wood they brought us, were enabled after day our journey led us between swampy, overgrown banks, every now and then bringing us to villages erected on piles standing in the water similar to those we had passed.

MISERY AND WRETCHEDNESS.

The inhabitants of these wretched river dwellings were poor in the extreme, and led a terrible, hunted existence, exposed to the forest side to the ferocious attacks of the Lufembi cannibals and on the river suffering from the raiding canoes of the more numerous hunters. As we proceeded, our journey higher up the river and the wretchedness seemed to increase, while the number of villages we encountered grew less. Broken-down structures standing in the silent, still waters of some little inlet leading to the deep forest would come a voice halting us to stop, and a single man would put off to try and intercept us.

At last, after many days of this, we reached a point beyond which were called Mompono, the last village we had seen, told us we should find no villages and no human beings. For three days we steamed up the ever-narrowing reaches of the river, its current increasing in force as it grew smaller; round sharp corners, where our bows were driven into the opposite bank and the funnel got entangled in the branches



The Elephant Trap.

A movement in the other direction will lose the animal unless he leaps forward instantly, while it is falling.

AMONG THE CIVILIZED AGAIN.

We returned to Equator where we discharged our native crew, took on board the Zanzibaris and Lolo natives, and then continued on to Kibicho. On reaching the head of Stanley Pool, we saw from the deck of the Florida a pleasing and unexpected sight. On shore among the trees were several neat-looking tents and, approaching closer, we were met by two young Englishmen who had come out to hunt elephants. They had already shot three elephants, several buffaloes and an antelope, and were looking forward to more excellent sport. We went ashore at their invitation and stopped there for a day, starting a steam again in the Florida after breakfast next morning. I need hardly say that we enjoyed this little episode after our long sojourn among the savages of the upper Malinga. One of our hosts, Walter Dean, a splendid young fellow, was killed by an elephant a few months afterward.

WE ARRIVED EARLY AT Stanley Pool station on December 17. Ten days before our return the chief of the station, a German, had died after a short illness. So ended our memorable journey up the river, which explored Malinga to the land of the elephant, the hunted Balolo, and the terrible, man-eating Lufembi. ROGER CASEMENT.

BOATING IN THE HIMALAYAS.

The Craft are Inflated Buffalo Skins and They're Hard to Ride.

A correspondent of the New York Herald, writing on his trip in the Himalaya Mountains, says: At the river I found ferry companies all over South America, and here the craft can be found in the heart of Africa. The inflated buffalo skins are the only boats used on the Sutlej at Sonee. For this purpose the skins are removed from the animal in an entire piece. The apertures are all carefully sewed except one through which the skin is inflated. When the Sutlej ferryman is asked to cross the river he takes a wicker boat from a pole above his head, and twitches down from a pole above his head, the limp, collapsed skin and starts for the river, where it is immersed for a moment; then he places his mouth over it and

blows for dear life or rupee. His face reddens and pales with every exhalation into a passing breeze, and he presses it with his knees to spring it to its full compass, then blows into it again until it has the rigid tension of a drum. He at last disengages it with a string and pitches it upon the water. To enter his boat, or rather to mount it, he places himself across a buoyant skin on his stomach, using a small paddle on the other. One large skin will carry five or six men, but it will not balance them, and he carries more than two persons across by carrying two skins on his back by side and a frame is made to extend between them. The river at Sonee is about 100 yards wide and with a strong current. I crossed and returned, sitting both times astride my boatman.

A Very Uncertain Craft.

CRIMINALS HAVE VANITY.

Their Concealment Rarely Developed Before They Are Caught.

London Saturday Review.

Criminals are vain almost to a man, and to use the revolver is to mount almost with a bound to the top of their ladder of fame.

As to conscience, they develop it sometimes when caught, but very rarely before, the very possession of such a monitor warning the hesitating from a trade which nowadays involves so often murder as an incidental instrument of crime. Besides, the age influences criminals as well as the men, and the "age," for reasons we do not pretend fully to comprehend, is losing some of its ancient and natural horror as murder, and has transferred its dangerous wrath to those cruelties which leave their victim alive. This phase of feeling will pass, the instinctive sense of right and wrong coinciding in this case with the permanent deterioration of humanity to keep itself safe; for the moment it is powerful, and with criminality looking for penetration, and some of whom we had seen. They are large, powerful men, and physically the equal of the Lufembi. Their method of hunting is simple and effective. First a watch is kept until the place in the forest where the elephants are accustomed to pass when going to the river is discovered. Then the hunters dig a narrow trench across the path of the elephant path and to a stout limb they attach a broad-bladed, strong spear, which is hung upon a tree in such a manner that the head of the weapon is exactly over the center of the path.

Attached to the upper end of above the blade is a ponderous weight of wood or metal, which it sometimes takes 50 men to lift into position. On each side of the path is the tall forest grass. A rope stretched across the path and hidden from sight connects with the trap overhead. The elephant in passing strikes the concealed rope, the trap overhead is sprung, and the broad, keen blade, impelled by the great weight above

it, crashes through the foliage and vibrates the back of the huge brute at a vital point, generally back of the head and between the shoulders. So accurate are the traps of these elephant hunters that the game needs no finishing stroke after the trap has done its work.

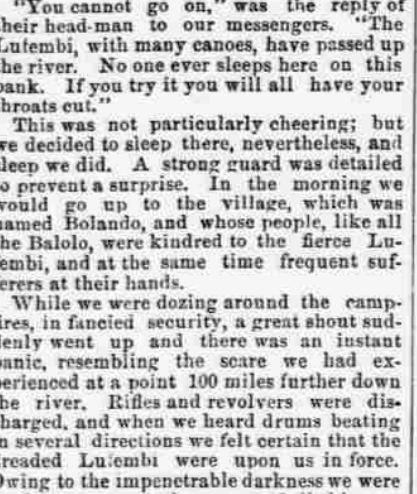
When you are passing through the forest, you hear a whirring noise in the branches overhead," said the head man at Baumfann, "spring forward, or you are

WRAYED ON THE LUFEMBI.

"You cannot go on," was the reply of their head man to our messengers. "The Lufembi, with many canoes, have passed up the river. No one ever sleeps here in this bank. If you try it will all have your throats cut."

This was not particularly cheering; but we decided to sleep there, nevertheless, and sleep we did. A strong guard was detailed to prevent a surprise. In the morning we would go up to the village, which was named Bolano, and whose people, like all the Bolalo, were kindred to the fierce Lufembi, and at the same time frequent sufferers at their hands.

While we were doing around the campfires, in fact, a great shout suddenly went up and there was an instant panic, resembling the scare we had experienced at a point 100 miles farther down the river. Rifles and revolvers were discharged, and when we heard drums beating in several directions we felt certain that the Lufembi were upon us in force. Owing to the impenetrable darkness we were in ignorance of the cause of all this confusion. After awhile the firing ceased and the frightened crew of the Florida were once more convinced that no enemy appeared. The distant drums, however, continued to beat at intervals, and it was not until daylight that



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lost. A movement in the other direction will lose the animal unless he leaps forward instantly, while it is falling.

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A FAMOUS SALT MINE.

Trip Through Its Gloomy Corridors Walled in Solid White.

ASHRINE IN A MOUNTAIN'S HEART.

Every Day Life in One of the Typical Rural Homes of Colombia.

CONTRAST IN THE HUTS OF THE POOR

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA, February 25.

In order to give you some idea of rural life in Colombia, permit me to tell you of a visit we have lately been making to the most famous salt mines in the world, which are located just beyond the village of Zipaquira, on the other edge of the great plain of Bogota. The road, winding most of the way along the base of the foot-hills, passes through a swamp that is completely blackened by myriads of wild duck and other water fowl.

One need not waste a shot on most of the so-called wild game here, but we deliberately walk up and knock it over with a club. Nothing tells more truly of the even temperature here than the various stages of the corn fields, proving that seedtime and harvest are entirely in the hands of the husbandman. One field is just being plowed and planted; another by its side has a fine crop of full-grown corn, on stalks higher than a man on horseback; while a third shows the blades hardly a foot above the ground. It is the same with the wheat. Here are newly sown fields like emerald velvet; close by are others in full head; some are being cut by women, with short sickles; and in many places the primitive threshing floor is in operation. It is an established institution all over South America. A level place is selected, a circular wall of adobe built around it, and the earth covered with stones. The wheat is thrown in and a span of horses driven around close around the inclosure, until the stamping has shelled out the kernels. Sometimes a flock of sheep is turned in and driven rapidly to and fro until the same purpose is accomplished. The women come in and separate the wheat from the chaff by hand, sitting the former into little piles and afterward putting it into bags.

IN THE POORER HOMES.

The few huts surrounding Santander are roofed with grass and rice with hedges cut in the thicket through which the smoke may escape, if it will. It seldom avails itself of the privilege, however, but fills the room

and pours out of the door, from the fire of sticks built on the floor or on a sort of cairn or altar of adobe erected in the middle. These poor homes are like thousands of others all over South America, and here the huts are really comprise the bulk of the population, numerically, are born, live and die, always in abject poverty, often squalid, and in the midst of the most luxurious and comfortable life.

There are no windows in the walls, and frequently the entrance has no other door than a bit of board, or an old blanket slung across. Mother earth furnishes the only flooring, chairs are unknown, and a bench or stool, the latter a native contrivance made of a few rough planks nailed together, are considered ample furnishings. A pile of straw covered with a blanket serves as a mattress, and the children, on beds of adobe erected in the middle of the room, lie down on the ground wherever they like; while the pigs, fowls, goats, donkeys, or whatever live stock close around the huts, and in many places besides fleas, lice, et cetera, go in and out as well, as much at home inside as any of the other occupants.

The moncho is a South American institution that must by no means be neglected. It is nothing but a very large, square blanket, of varying degrees of coarseness or fineness, with a short fringe of wool, and in the middle of it, only just large enough to admit the wearer's head. Having thrust his head through this hole, which closes tolerably close around the neck, the moncho is completely covered, and well protected from dust, rain or cold.

VISITING THE SALT MINE.

We had been invited to remain during our stay in a pleasant little quinta in the immediate vicinity of the mine, the owner of one of the salt mine owners, and before darkness fell we were warmly welcomed and satly housed in this hospitable home. The famous salt mines are located in the hills directly back of the town. Nobody knows how old the mines may be, nor how many millions of tons have been taken out of them. In the year 1823 the Spaniards found them old and well established, having long been worked by the aboriginal tribes; and ever since they have been worked for the benefit of the changing governments, to this day furnishing the Colombian Government with about one-eighth of its total revenue.

Walking up a steep hill to the most extensive workings, we witnessed both the English and the American systems of condensing salt; the former in one big iron tank, and the latter in numerous small ones. In another large building the crude salt is condensed into solid blocks, and all the moisture squeezed out of it by rude machinery with a lever at one end, forced down by men with force. Tub-shaped blocks are thus made perfectly solid, and these, as you are told, are worth 3 cents each, or about one-third of an American dollar. Sometimes a thousand arrobas of salt are sold in a single forenoon, an arroba being equal to 25 pounds. In another row of earthenware tubs are laid over furnaces, and the salt is thus evaporated into cakes, the kettles having to be broken to get the cakes out of them. In another row of earthenware tubs are laid over furnaces, and the salt is thus evaporated into cakes, the kettles having to be broken to get the cakes out of them. In another row of earthenware tubs are laid over furnaces, and the salt is thus evaporated into cakes, the kettles having to be broken to get the cakes out of them.

Afterward we followed a steep path up to the opening of the principal mine. The way thence for canals we have time to look about us and enjoy the unrivaled view. In front stretched the great Bogota plain, the ancient sylvan of the Chibchas, to the left, shut in by high mountains, lay

the important town of Nemacón, about six hours ride from Zipaquira; and Sepo was dimly discernible a few miles to the right. The village most famous for its salt was a crippled girl, who does the most wonderful wood carving, representing the people, birds, beasts, and characteristics scenes of Colombia.

SHRINE IN THE MOUNTAIN'S HEART.

Inside the mine, we followed a cartroad to higher and higher levels, instead of descending, as in other mines, the walls were supported by solid columns of salt; salt everywhere, around, above, below, nothing but salt. Somebody spoke of Lot's wife, and another quoted the Scripture passage: "If the salt hath lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?" The superintendent informed us that this stupendous mountain of salt must have been formed by the collecting, in prehistoric ages, washed over the place where we were standing, but whether geologists will agree with him, I cannot say. In some places the salt was white as snow, and sparkled like diamonds, but as a rule it was a dirty slate color.

Away up in the heart of the mountain, where the air was close to oppression and the blackness and silence more terrible than before, is a little chapel, hollowed out of solid salt, in which is an image of the Virgin, surrounded by tall, crooked, gnarled trees, from year to year, candles are always kept burning in front of this strange shrine, and miners never fail to say their prayers here. That you may understand how cold this alone saved them from falling into the clutches of the evil spirits of the mountain, we brought away from the shrine the river and some congealed drops of salt from the works, that had fallen out of the kettles and formed themselves into the most curious shapes, like frozen snakes, and on one side some equally strange formations which I obtained last year from the Great Salt Lake in Utah.

Zipaquira is a charming little village, celebrated for its lovely gardens and flower patios, especially for its orchards and pansies. The last-named favorites are politically unpopular (the penman's note is a warning one of Ophelia's words, "Here" "passion, for thoughts," "Juratena, the quinta at which we were entertained, is shut in among the hills. That you may understand how cold this alone saved them from falling into the clutches of the evil spirits of the mountain, we brought away from the shrine the river and some congealed drops of salt from the works, that had fallen out of the kettles and formed themselves into the most curious shapes, like frozen snakes, and on one side some equally strange formations which I obtained last year from the Great Salt Lake in Utah.

Having slept soundly under the straw roof, in little iron bedssteads curtained with white muslin tied with pink ribbons, we were awakened at an early hour by the first sound of a cock crowing, and a colony of caecaroches which make their nests under the overhanging thatch. Evidently somebody had been listening for the first sound of our voices, for the cock crowing and the caecaroches were awake in bringing the usual despatch in the shape of tea, bread and arapa-cake and to inform us that, being in the country, breakfast would be served at the extremely early hour of 9:30 instead of at noon, as in the city.

When finally summoned to that meal, the good seniors went in a cabriolet carrying a large oil, or earthenware jug, of soup just off the fire. It was made of hot water and beaten eggs, with plenty of butter, flavored with fennel and parsley, having a little egg put in whole. Next cold boiled mutton was served, with a bit of cold turkey and two sweet potatoes served on each plate. Then came a slice of agoncado, or heavily fried vegetable butter. Then cheese, applesauce and the weakest of tea. We may remark on passing, that the chibchas seem to have no idea how to make soup, or drink it mostly as a medicine. The cheese is not at all like that found in the United States, but it is white as paper and quite as tough and tasteless. Arapa-cake is made of crushed corn and water, without salt or soda, baked on a griddle or in the ashes, and unlike a Mexican tortilla, it is not "vegetable butter." Then cheese, applesauce and the weakest of tea. 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