## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

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

TRAPS FOR THE ELEPHANT.

Casement's Party Reaches the Headwaters and Returns.

EXPERIENCES WITH THE LUFEMBI

WHITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.



UR greeting at Raulu was most kindly. The usublood brotherhood having through by firelight, presents were exchanged between the chief and ourselves,

quickly striking up friendships with natives on shore (for the Baukindu of the Equator are an offshoot of the great 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 end of navigable river. The chief gave us similar information to that we had obtained lower down respecting the upper reaches of the Maiinga, and promised to begin ivory-sell-

ing operations in the morning.

We had up to this been unsuccessful in obtaining anything like the quantity of ivery we expected to find in the Lulungu, our total stock purchased and that received as presents from "blood brothers" amount to a fewthundred pounds' weight, which had cost us pretty dear, too.

BUYING THE TUSKS.

However, in the morning we found ourselves surrounded by canoes containing mag-nificent tusks, or were besieged from the shore side by a crowd of old Lolos, followed by sons or slaves staggering under beautiful white 60-pound or 70-pound tusks. Fully a ton-weight of ivory was brought alongside 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 pence and 3 pence per pound, paid chiefly in brass wire and white and blue beads, such as children use at home for making into toy rings, which these larger African children put to the very same uses. A man on getting paid for the ivery he had just sold would make off at once with the tin soup plate full of beads in his hands, glowing lengths of red cotton behind him; and the other items received. and ends like these, gracing the arms of his adherents who followed. The crowd of seeing a single cance or trace of human hability invisible enemy. They were when consuch as spoons, brass wire, mirrors and odds Deggars. Once safely past the throng around the landing place, the aged ivory merchant would make for home with rapid steps, where the admiring whoops of his domestic circle and the instantaneous demands for beads put forth by every semale member of the estab-lishment, speedily made him long for the peace and solitude of the forest, where he had helped, perhaps, to slav the elephant that now brought him all this accession of

DRESSED IN THEIR FINERY.

However, a division having been made the favorite wife, no doubt, beloing berself to the largest share, and a portion being put away against future gala occasions, the old Lothario encompassed by his sisters, cousins, aunts and wives, all resplendent in



and pink beads, would return, leaning on copper-halted spear to gaze on anxiously waiting throng of expectant sellers, longing to convert their ivery into such magnificence as this new fully dis-

The small boys took to attaching any beads they could get hold of to the little described, which terminates the masculine Lolo costume in the rear. So overpowering became the desire to pos-

sess beads, that often when, to save our scanty stock from diminishing too tast, we would offer tempting lengths of colored cotons, or strips of stout, red cloth in lieu of bends to complete some bargain, they would assail us with cries of: "No, no! Give us something to wear-we want beads!"

A busy day was thus spent at Baulu, and promising to buy plenty of their remaining ivory on our return, by which time we guessed the beads would have done their leadly work, we bade farewell to the chief. and kindly disposed people of this happy Central African village. Lest some may say that to buy tusks of ivory worth \$5 in Europe at the cost of only a few cents in rapid than at any other. Africa is robbing the savage who sells it. I can only reply that if every vender of imported goods in this country is as satisfied with his 150 to 200 per cent profit as these Baulu ivory traders were with their head and cowrie haul, then we should never hear another word about free trade.

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 for the night and cut up dead wood for next day we passed frequent little fishing settlements, but all constructed in the same man-

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 verandas into their dugont canoes fastened 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 fallen tree which rose from the surface

of the river.

Other canoes from the villages we had passed gathered around us too, and fresh detachments from up river came down to us, bringing firewood to sell for beads and cowries, and big lumps of gum copal, which make a capital blaze. We were surrounded for hours by these poor creatures, auxious to obtain a few of the much-coveted possessions of the white men; and, thanks to the supplies of most they beautiful to were enabled. plies of wood they brought us, were enabled next morning to resume our journey. Day after day our journey led us between swampy, overflowed banks, every now and then bringing us to villages erected on piles standing in the water similar to those we

MISERY AND WRETCHEDNESS.

The inhabitants of these wretched river dwellings were poor in the extreme, and led a terrible, hunted existence, exposed on the forest side to the ferocious attacks of the Lusembi cannibals and on the river suffering from the raiding canoes of the more powerful villages lower down. As we journeyed higher up the misery and wretchedness seemed to increase, while the number of villages, we encountered grew less.

While we were dozing around the campaber of villages we encountered grew less and less. Sometimes from a few tumbling, broken-down structures standing in the hailing 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 the natives of Mompono, the last village we had seen, owing to the impenetrable darkness we were told us we should find no villages and no huining in ignorance of the cause of all this conman beings. For three days we steamed up the ever-narrowing reaches of the river, its Balolo and speak a kindred tongue) were current increasing in force as it grew soon dancing round several fires with their smaller; round sharp corners, where our times of a false alarm, as no enemy appeared. bows were driven into the opposite bank and the funnel got entangled in the branches at intervals, and it was not until daylight that

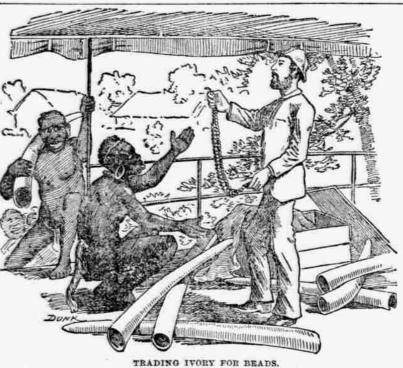
down upon us. They stood off at a respect-ful distance, evidently hardly knowing what to do about it, and we went out toward them, but they retired. This was not an auspicious beginning to our acquaintance so we sent a deputation consisting of four of our own natives belonging to the crew to parley with them. Our men returned in an hour and reported that they had met a great crowd of natives armed with spears and shields, their bodies painted, and with a very fierce, warlike appearance. WARNED OF THE LUFEMBI.

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

ferers at their hands.

While we were dozing around the campber of villages we encountered grew less and less. Sometimes from a few tumbling, broken-down structures standing in the scient, still waters of some little inlet leading to the deep forest would come a voice perienced at a point 100 miles further down the river, Rifles and revolvers were dis-charged, and when we heard drums beating in several directions we felt certain that the dreaded Luiembi were upon us in force. fusion. After awhile the firing ceased and the frightened crew of the Florida were once



in its impenetrable depths THE HEART OF A CONTINENT.

Climbing a tree one day which stood on a bluff whose river face was clothed in a clinging mass of terns and creepers, I looked in-land and away up river. Everywhere spread a broad, boundless expanse of treesa wave of thick forest extending from my eet to the furthest limits of the horizon. There was no change in any directionoverhead the clear sky and the bright sunight, underneath and all around level with the sky line-the dark forest and its still help feeling that this was indeed the heart of Africa; that here, far from the outer world throbbed the pulses of a hidden con-What strange life might not lie tinent. concealed in those silent woodland depths? Whence came this mysterious river, welling 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 countless generaions of barbarians had pursued the same daily, monthly, yearly round of bloodshed and misery, laughter and death-cappibal feasts and parental joy when another little savage had opened his baby eyes on the theater of life, whose strange scenes and stranger characters were to develop before his gaze behind that screen of forest barrier which the genius of Africa has raised around

Several days were passed traversing the reary solitudes, 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.

er inmost shrine.

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 sance, and brought him on board the Fiorda; but this was not done without difficulty, for our men had a sharp chase before he was finally caught. He was a very sullen fellow, and our interpreter had some trouble in coaxing him to speak at all. We were not very far from a village, he told us. At his request a drum was handed him, and should soon see plenty of his people.

In the morning a number of strange-look-

ing men came down toward us in canoes, inging fuel and presents. We soon made We learned that their village was friends. three or four miles off. These people were 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 tusk of ivery in the whole tlement behind us, we started up stream again with the utmost care, for we soon discovered that there was a succession of sharp turns and no end of snags immediately ahead. In avoiding these we were constantly running into the banks, for just at this point the stream is narrower and more

SIGNS OF LIFE AGAIN. Toward evening we came to traces of an encampment on the left bank of the river, where the Lufembi, the dreaded tribe of cannibals, were said to be. These were the ple and effective. First a watch is kept to the country where the c 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 avoid-ing disaster to the Florida. There were no signs of life about the encampment, so we stopped and sounded a shrill blast from the steamwhistle; but there was no response steamwhistle; but there was no response save the echoes which seemed to repeat head of the weapon is exactly over the centhemselves indefinitely before dying out on the wooded shores. We pushed on for a Attached to nand 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 we are not with the speed of the bank. As the Florida drew near one of the men ran off with the speed of the night and cut we do not mean to be some to camp for the night and cut we do not mean to be some to camp for the night and cut we do not mean to be some to camp for the night and cut we do not mean to be some to camp for the night and cut we do not mean to be some to camp for the night and cut we do not mean two men standing near the edge of the solid cut we do not mean to come to and the other, almost equally alarmed by our sudden appearance, darted in behind

these savages brandishing their ugly looking machetes at every sentence or two.

TURNING DOWN STREAM. Although we were exceedingly anxious to push forward to the elephant country, where, in its native habitat, the forest giant, we were assured, could be found in vast numbers, we could not possibly do it. We had exhausted our food supply, and the problem of revictualing was becoming harder daily. Besides, we were due back at Kinchasa by a certain date; so we regretfully turned the Florida's bows downriver mpenetrable wall of foliage. I could not and began our homeward journey, The current was strong and the Florida sus-tained considerable damage, but not enough to prevent us from continuing our journey. Finally, we got through the dangerous swells and currents and into safe water, nater which our progress down stream was

very rapid.
On getting back to Baulu, we bought a great quantity of ivory-about 2,000 pounds of it, and of a very superior quality. Our journey to Malinga was continued without incident. There we were greeted by the natives in the same cordial way as on our first arrival; but a serious event had hanened during our absence. Their village had been attacked by the cannibal Lujemb in force; a sharp fight had taken place and the assailants had finally been repulsed. Prisoners had been taken by both sides, and when we came upon the scene there were five ingas. All this the head man told us when came on board the Florida on the even-

ing of our arrival.

THE CAPTIVE CANNIBALS. Going ashore I saw one or two of the cap tive cannibals tied up to huge logs, which were chained about their necks. These savages talk practically the same language as the Malingas, who are, as I have already explained, a branch of the great Lucembi race, and have the same peculiar tribal marks on their bodies, even to the ridges on their faces. Physically the Lufembi mer are magnificent men; tall, clean-limbed and dignified looking. A peculiarity about them is that they are, as I was informed by he beat a signal to his village. We heard the answering signal. He told us, too, that they would know that it meant strangers were here, and that we war solely through a desire to get their enemies to eat, and not because they hate them or from motives of vengeance. They are the true man hunters, who follow the human game to gratify their frightful ap-

The prisoners in the hands of the Malingas were stoles, and bore themselves bravely. A savage, although he knows he is to be killed the next morning, will make no outonly one poor tusk of ivory in the whole village. Leaving the poverty-stricken set had a passive expression, and they faced their fate uncomplainingly. The Lufembi villages are large and populous we were told at Malinga, and they have fine plantations, their occupation, when not making war, being almost wholly agricultural.

HUNTING THE ELEPHANT. Prominent among these great African inland tribes are the elephant hunters, into whose country we had penetrated, and some of whom we had seen. They are large, powuntil the place in the forest where the ele phants are accustomed to pass when going to the river is discovered. Then the huntphant path and to a stout limb they attach a broad-bladed, strong spear, which is hung

the tall forest grass. A rope stretched across the path and hidden from sight connects our sudden appearance, darted in behind the trees and regarded us from that point of vantage. Several of our men jumped on shore and tried by persuasion to coax him

it, crashes through the foliage and pene-trates the back of the huge brute at a vital point, generally back of the head and be-tween 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

has done its work. "If, when you are passing through the for-est, you hear a whirring noise in the branches overhead," said the head man at Baumfunu, "spring forward, or you are



The Elephant Trap. lost. A movement in the other direction will be fatal, for no one can escape an elephant

trap unless he leaps forward instantly, while

AMONG THE CIVILIZED AGAIN. We returned to Equator where we discharged our native crew, took on board the Zunzibaris and Loando natives, and then continued on to Kinchasa. On reaching the head of Stanley Pool, we saw from the dock 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 there to hunt ele-phants. 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 the day, starting up steam again in the Florida after breakfast next morning. I need hardly say that we enjoyed this little episode after our long solourn 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 sately 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 till then unexplored Malinga to the land of the elephant, the hunted Baiologand the towilds. the hunted Baiolo, and the terrible, man eating Lufembi. ROGER CASEMENT.

BOATING IN THE HIMALAYAS. The Craft are Inflated Buffale 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 accommodations as primitive possibly as any can be found in the heart of Africa. Inand ends like these, gracing the arms of his adherents who followed. The crowd o would be sellers of ivory, who regarded with longing eyes this ravaging transit of such wealth through their midst, or even grabbed at the beads as they shot pust, thereby provoking an awind row and scattering of many small boys to the winds, and sometimes the precious beads themselves, when the sgram-precious beads themselves, when the surfaces of thuman habitation. On every side extended the silent, illimitable forest, haunted by elephants and buffalos kins are the only beads used on the Sutlej at Seonee. For this purpose the stream of invisible enemy. They were, when our delegation met them, a variety of weapons, the principal one being a wooden kniic, illimitable forest, buffalos we knew, for the banks, which rose from the water here, bore frequent traces of the passage across the stream of the skins are the only beads them, a variety of weapons, the principal one being a wooden kniic, in shape somewhat like a pruning hook, this shape somewhat like a pruning hook, this shape somewhat like a pruning hook, this made of an e twitches down from a pole above his hut the limp, collapsed skin and starts for the river, where it is immersed for a moment; then the leg of the skin which contains the inflating aperture is turned up, when he places his mouth over it and



A Very Uncertain Craft

lows for dear life or rupees. His face red ens and pales with every exhalation into he great skin. When filled 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 closes the opening with a string and pitches it upon the water. To enter his boat, or rather to mount it, he places himself across he buoyant skin on his stomach, using a short paddle on one side and his feet as paddles on the other. One large skin will buoy five or six men, but it will not balance them, so that when more than two persons are to be carried two skins are placed by side and a frame is made to extend beween them. The river at Seonee is about 100 yards wide, deep and with a strong cur rent. I crossed and returned, sitting both times astride my boatman.

CRIMINALS HAVE VANITY.

Their Conscience Rurely 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 escape. Besides, the age influences criminals as it influences all other men, and "the age," for reasons we do not pretend fully to comprehend, is losing some of its ancient and natural horror at murder. and has transferred its dangerous wrath t 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 determination of humanity to keep itself safe; but for the moment it is powerful, and with criminals as with the rest.

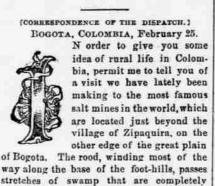
How can burglars think murder a worse crime than burglary, when educated men, neapable of hurting any created thing, talk of parricides as victims of heredity and pity their "blighted lives?" Or how can the fear of the gallows coerce them, when they see that a capital sentence rouses the whole nation to discussion, and great parties, as in the atrocious Lipski case, to pro-test, while the much more terrible, though less dreaded, sentence of penal servitude fo life scarcely evokes a comment? In Texas, it is said, men of the desperado class will commit any crime but one with light hearts. It takes exceptional daring even there to steal a horse, for the penalty for horse stealing is instant death at the hands of the democracy, which has no pardon for that offence against its own safety and

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, MARCH A FAMOUS SALT MINE.

> Trip Through Its Gloomy Corridors Walled in Solid White.

A SHRINE IN A MOUNTAIN'S HEART.

Homes of Colombia. CONTRAST IN THE HUTS OF THE POOR



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 may

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 green blades hardly while a third shows the green blades hardly a foot above the ground. It is the same way with the wheat, Here are newly sprouted 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 arth covered with stores. The wheat is the earth covered with stones. The wheat is then thrown in and a span of horses driven around and around the inclosure, until their trampng has shelled out the kernels. Sometimes a flock of sheep is turned in and driven rapidly to and iro until the same purpose is accomplished. Then the women come in and separate the wheat from the chaff by hand, sifting 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 reeds, with holes cut in the thatch 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, wherein the lowest classes, who really comprise the bulk of the population, numerically, are born, live and die, always in abject poverty, often in hunger, but invariably in a state of absolute contentment. There are no windows in the walls, and frequently the entrance has no other door than a bit of brush set up on occasion, a stolen an old blanket slung board, or an old blanket slung across. Mother earth furnishes the only flooring, chairs are unknown, and a bench no beds at all, the people lying down on the ground wherever they like; while the pigs, fowls, goats, donkeys, or whatever live stock the family are so fortunate as to possess besides fleas, lice, et catera, go in and out at will, as much at home inside as any of the

other occupants. The poncho is a South American institution that must by no means be neglected. It is nothing but a very large, souare blanket, of varying degrees of coarseness or elegance, with a short slit exactly 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, a man on horseback 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 farther suburbs of Zipaquira, with the family of one of the salt mine owners, and before darkness tell we were warmly welcomed and safely 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 1525 the Spaniards found them old and well established, having long been worked by the aboriginal trib 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 Walking up a steep hill to the most tensive 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 ropes. Tub-shaped blocks are thus made perfectly solid, and these, we were told, are sold at 5 reals each, or about 50 cents American money. Sometimes a thousand arrobus of salt are sold in a single forenoon, an arroba being exactly 25 pounds. In another shed a row of earthenware kettles is fixed 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 establish-

ment the kettles are made of clay, the same as that used for adobe bricks. Afterward we followed a steep path up to the opening of the principal mine. On the way thereto we met carts drawn by oxen loaded with salt, and women bearing on their backs heavy loads of the same. While waiting for candles we had time to look about us and enjoy the unrivalled view. In front stretched the great Bogota plain, the ancient elysium of the Chibchas; to the left, shut in by high mountains, lay up.

the important town of Nemacon, about six hours ride from Zipaquira; and Sepo was dimly discernible a tew miles to the right, a village made famous by one feeble and 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 de-Bvery Day Life in One of the Typical Rural

to higher and higher levels, instead of de-scending, 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 Scriptural passage, "If the salt hath lost its sayor, wherewith shall it be salted?" The superintendent in-formed us that this stupendous mountain of salt must have been formed by salt must have been formed by the ocean, which, 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 Virother edge of the great plain of Bogota. The rood, winding most of the way along the base of the foot-hills, passes and miners never fail to say their prayers here on entering the mine, fully believing that this alone saves them from failing into the clutches of the evil spirits of the mountain. We brought away some crystals from the river and some coagulated drops of salt from the works, that had failen out of the kettles and formed themselves into the most urious shapes, like frozen snow, to put beide 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 flowery patios, especially for its orchids and pansies. The last-named favorites are politically called pensamientos (thoughts) reminding one of Ophelia's words, "Here's pansies, for thoughts." Juratena, the quinta at which we were entertained, is shut in among the hills. That you may understand some-thing of domestic life among well-to-do country people of Colombia, let me recount one day's experience in this hospitable

A DAY'S ROUTINE.

Having slept soundly under the straw roof, in little iron bedsteads curtained with white muslin tied with pink ribbons, we were awakened at an early hour by the song of blackbirds and the twittering of a colony of cacaracheros which make their nests under the overhanging thatch. Evidently somebody had been listening for the first sound of our voices, for the instant we were awake the hostess came in bringing the usual desaguno in the shape of tea, bread and arepa-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

When finally summoned to that meal, the good senora went in ahead, carrying a large oila, 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, hard-boiled eggs 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 slices of aguacate, the oily iruit used for salads, which is sometimes called vegetable butter." Then cheese, arepacake and the weakest of tea. We may remark, en passant, that the Colombians seem have no idea how to make tea and drink it mostly as a medicine. The cheese is not at all like that found in the United States, but is white as paper and quite as tough and tasteless. Arepa 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.

After breakfast the time was beguiled by gathering flowers along the banks of the river, visiting the pigs and poultry, and viewing the few "sights" of the town. At 3:30 dinner was announced. This is the ceremonious meal of the day and we marched out of the parlor into the dining room ad joining, each lady on the arm of a gentleman, the precedence being given to the pair of highest social rank or greatest age. At each plate was a tiny bouquet, tied with blue, and a pin in the ribbon with which to asten it on. In the center of the table appeared a fine roast turkey, flanked by sev eral bottles of wine, brandy, beer and chiche, the latter a native beverage made from fermented corn and supposed to be

very strengthening. THE MEAL OF THE DAY. The first course was soup, colored yellow by some mysterious process and extremely greasy. Then the lady of the house carved the turkey, a slice of which was put on each plate, together with two potatoes, a lump of cornmeal pudding, a bit of roast mutton and some aguacate salad. When this had been cleared away we were served with another kind of soup, called masamora, which seemed to contain a little of everything. or two, with a stationary table of solid Then came a dulce, or sweetmeat, of cornadobe, or a few rough planks nailed together, are considered ample furnishing.

A pile of straw covered with a blanket
forms a luxurious bed, but oftener there are

served with arepa cake; then chiche, in large mugs, a villainous drink that does not intoxicate, but stupefies; then huge dishes



of oranges, bananas and granadillas, fol-

owed by glasses of water; and lastly coffee, with eigarettes (or all who desired them. About 8 P. M. a third meal was served, consisting of tea, coffee, chocolate, or bread and milk, as each preferred. The sala, or parlor, is a long, high apartment, showing the clean straw thatch overhead. Its brick floor is partially covered with straw mats and its wide windows, with their shutters of solied wood like the doors of a barn, are draped with lace curtains. There are some wonderfully carved ebony tables, with mirrors in the bottom, brought from France; clawfooted chairs and sofas, upholstered with crimson brocade; chromos on the plastered walls, bad enough to set one's teeth on edge; a beautiful crystal chandelier (never used) suspended from an unpainted beam by two common iron pot hooks linked together; a magnificent German piano and half a dozen

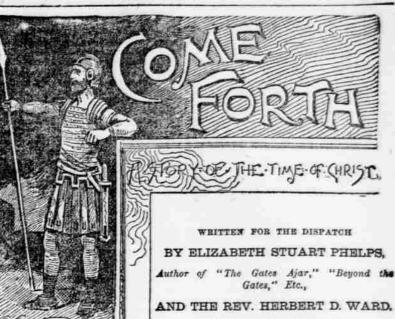
In the midst of this queer conglomeration we had music and dancing until the "wee sma' hours," in course of which our kind host and hostess—she short, fat, black-eved and good-natured, he tall, thin and very dark-performed the "bambuca," a native FANNIE B. WARD.

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WAITING FOR THE MASTER. What then? Was Jesus of Nazareth afraid? Did he stay away from Bethany. forsooth, lest he should be stoned? Did he allow his chosen friend to die, without even the most ordinary services of friendship, because he himself was not ready to run sacred risks? Or, wary, as pretenders are, did he remove himself lest the weakness of his claim should be exposed by this conclusive test? For whatever reason, did he not dare to show himself among the friends, now the mourners of Lazarus?

the Pharisee, making the most of his opportunity again to command the ears of his neighbors, and these, alas, the fickle people easily gave him. "This upstart is no fool. He estimates the intelligence of the citizens of Bethany correctly. He knows that we are not to be duped for our pains. How now! If this Jesus is what ye have believed him, could he not save his intimate friend from an untimely death? Would he not, if so be he could do the deed? People



CHAPTER XXIL

cometh he too-late? "He is a shrewd fellow," cried Malachi which said:

AND THE REV. HERBERT D. WARD. [The Concluding Chapters.] hand on Mary's hair with the motherly gesture of an elder sister.

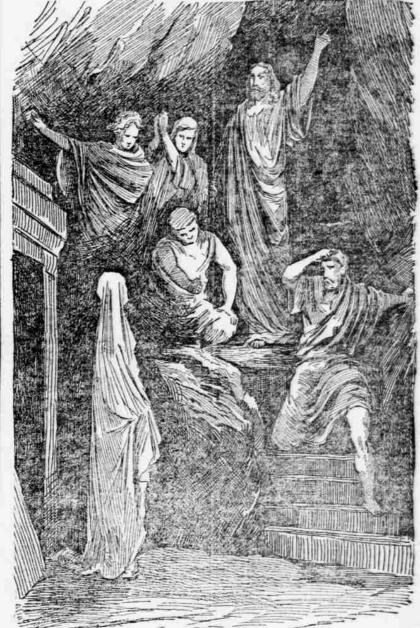
"Mary, arise thee. Abraham bringeth us great news. The Master cometh from Jericho, and is already on his way to Bethany.

Arise, thee, and come with me, that we may But Mary burst into terrible sobs and shook her head. With her hands she motioned her sister away. She and Martha were different-Martha could meet himamong all those people—on the highway. Mary was not like that. Mary sat still in the house. For the moment was it possible that a doubt—her first—shot through her tender heart? Did she, too, question—Why

Now, when Mary was left alone, the curtains of her room were gently parted, and a step like a breath entered. None but one refined by the personal knowledge of the suffering could have spoken with the voice

"Fear me not, Mary. I intrude upon thee not, save for the space of a moment. It is thy neighbor—Ariella."

Mary stretched out her hand and grasped that of Ariella strongly. She did not raise her face. An indefinable comfort flowed from the touch of Ariella into her own ex-



LAZARUS, COME FORTH, (After Dore.)

correct in the value I put upon this cowardly and deceitful fellow?"

At this moment there passed by the group a man and a woman, whose faces were turned in the direction of Simon the Leper's house. These were Ariella and Baruch, happy man and wife, on their way to sorrow with the sufferers in the bereaved house. Their faces were the subdued and gentle sadness of sympathy, but the rich personal joy of health, recedom, and youth and wed-lock burned through their well of neighborty feeling like the sun blazing through a mist. It was like looking upon souls in

Paradise to look upon those two.
"There," retorted Amos of Gethsemane, turning upon Malachi with curling lips, "there you have your answer. Look to it!" "But how say you," cried another con-temptuous voice, "that the Nazarene has alowed his friend to die like any common neglected man?"

"His will I know not," answered Amos solemnly. "But I know that it is the will of a wise and holy man. More I need not "Verily, thou art easily satisfied," laughed someone scornfully. At this moment Enoch, the lad who was sent to guide blind Baruch, ran up to the gossiping group with exciting

It was reported that the Nazarene had

been seen that morning approaching Beth-Now this was the fourth day since the leath, the third since the burial of Lazarus. Within the house of Simon the Lever the first spasm of grief had subsided into the first alternative of quiet exhaustion. Martha's pale and saddened face, subdued by a new gentleness, bent over the di-rection of the mid-day meal with a conscious effort to estrange her thoughts from her sorrow. It seemed to Martha that if she could once stir up a stupid maid to provide for the mourners decently she should feel better. said unto me: Shelter her in the name of But Mary sat in the darkened room where her darling had died. Her face buried in

her hands, lay upon the sacred bed whence they had carried him to his tomb. She lay upon the hard floor. Her long fair hair fell about the crouching figure. The case-ment was closed. Light came in through the cracks in thin, radiant lines, on which the motes of dust danced like little spirits. Mary watched them now and then dully. She had ceased to weep. She felt a physical coldness at her heart which made her understand what men meant when they said, "My heart is turning to stone." She

repeated to herself, "Lazarus is dead." Suddenly there was a stir in the silent house. Voices started and husbed. Footsteps fell and ceased. Something had hap-pened below. But what then? Nothing could happen now that mattered any more. Mary did not raise her head to listen. Then Martha entered the room. She hurried, but she trod softly. She came up and put her

of Bethany! People of Jerusalem and the neighborhood! I appeal to ye! was I not was, how reserved, how tender! was, how reserved, how tender!
"I come upon an errand of importance," began Ariella in a stendy tone, as if nothing had happened. Ariella did not talk of Lazarus. She proceeded at once, for she did not sit down, nor have about her the air of a person who meant to remain for a call of condolence. "I must consult either Martha or thyself upon a certain matter." "Martha has gone forth," said Mary,

evasively, still without looking up.
"She goeth to the grave to weep there,"
replied Ariella. "The neighbors told me thus as I passed in at the door." Mary made no reply. She did not care to discuss the true nature of Martha's errand. Arielia, perceiving this reserve, hastened to sav: "A fugitive hath sought refuge with us, at the house of my mother and Baruch, my husband. Last night she came unto us like a hunted animal panting from the hunter. and we received her, and did shelter her, for we knew not what else to do unto the

miserable creature. She fleeth from the palace." "From the palace! Of Annas?" Mary lifted her hand suddenly.
"She is a slave of Annas, the High Priest," replied Ariella, observing Mary with gentle keenness. "Oh! A slave!" Mary's face fell wearily

"She telleth a strange story," continued Ariells in a low tone, "and she hath suffered unto death. Knowest thou, Mary, aught to advise me concerning the poor soul? "Shelter her?" said Mary with sudden in-

erest and earnestness. "Yea, shelter her, Ariella! Shelter any woman who fleeth to thee from the palace in the name of misery, and of mercy."
"Shall I do it in another name?" asked Ariella breathlessly. "Trust me, Mary. It did befall Baruen to hear strange things on

said unto me: Shelter her in the name of the dead." "Do it then, and God be with thee!" whispered Mary. The two women clasped hands, and without further words Ariella glided away. Mary's heavy head fell down again upon the bedside. She cared not for this fugitive. What did it matter? What was the life of a slave? Lazarus was dead. But Lazarus might care. Whoever she was -this Zahara-she and her plotting serv-

ants, who had cost the life too precious to be set in the same balance with the inmutes of a hundred palaces—Lazarus had asked it. Lazarus had said: "Love and shelter." Hours passed. Mary sat on in the dark and dreary room. She had the tempera-

ment which does not, because it cannot, con-quer grief by action. All her strength must come through reflection and religious faith. She must think herself and pray herself, not work herself into peace. The worker and the dreamer are always at odds,