THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

IN THE CONGO STATE.

A Trip in a Small Boat on the Great African River and Some of Its Tributary Creeks.

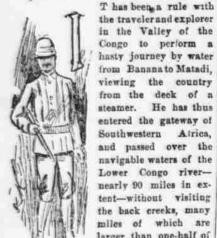
INTERVIEWING A NATIVE PRINCE.

Sailing Among Islands Covered With Giant Trees and on Streams Lined With Graceful Palms.

A SUNSET IN THE DARK CONTINENT

Possibilities of the Country and the Characteristics of the Natives.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. MATADI, STATE OF CONGO, May 25.



Congo to perform a hasty journey by water from Banana to Matadi. viewing the country from the deck of a steamer. He has thus entered the gateway of Southwestern Africa, and passed over the navigable waters of the Lower Congo rivernearly 90 miles in extent-without visiting the back creeks, many miles of which are

of Europe and America. I was determined to see the Cougo and its back creeks and fertile islands; and so, after making two steamer trips, I went from Boma to Banana intending to ascend the river thence to Boma, and afterward to this place in a small boat, with a capacity for seven persons and food for five days. I started upon this trip on May 1. My party consisted of seven persons, an English trader. R. E. Dennett, five Musserongos and myself. We started at 6:16 and proceeded due east from Banana, skirting the island immediately in front of that place, and leaving the Belgian Catholic Mission to our let, nestling dreamily among the kills, without the first signs of life. GRAND PLACE FOR PLEASURE SEEKERS.

The first modest rays of sunlight were working their way through a beautiful curtain of pearl-colored clouds. A cool breeze from the hills of the mainland swept down upon us like a benediction from nature; and the boat song of our black boys rang amid the almost impenetrable manges and rever-berated among the hills of the mainland. After an hour and a half of steady pulling we passed over to the slack water of the levy for native troops of ten men from each mainland in search of fresh water to use one of the 30 villages, and appealed to the ring our trip. Now and then we met natives in canoes standing up and propelling



One of the Older Chiefa.

them by means of long paddles, the power ful muscles standing out at every exertion of their splendid bodies. Then we glided by a few native villages whose friendly inhabitants drew pear the shore to gaze at us and call out "Me bote," the native salutafringed with slight timber, with a prom of fertility upon the plateau about 400 to 600 After securing water from the land of Mr.

Dennett we took our course to the southwest, and passed several groups of wild ducks and native pigeous, passing at least through about five miles of spacious creeks, generously and coplously fed by the mighty Congo, so intimately related, mingling and intermingling, that it was quite difficult to tell which one would bring us to the parent of these many waters.

A STREAM LINED WITH PALMS. Turning suddenly to the south we came into a creek whose banks were lined with the most beautiful bamboo palm trees I ever saw. The trees stood in rows on either bank so periect that one could not help thinking that they had been carefully trained through many years. As the breeze swept down this aisle, so much like an enchanted temple of ancier t Droids, the palms lunity but gracefully fanned themselves. Behind these barn boo palms but a few yards stood their graceful and majestic relatives, the palm oil free, lifting their sword-like branches 40 and 50

feet in the golden sunlight, After a few miles of this glorious vision we turned into another creek, where a similar sight greeted our eyes, with the exception that now we were traveling eastward and leaving the maioland to the left. Here we observed the massive and majestic baobab tree—the elephant tree—and the coconnut, in whose branches we frequently saw and heard the parrot and birds of the most correcous plumage. At 2 o'clock we sighted the Congo, and one hour later we halted at Malella, in the terratory of the Musserongos, where we took luncheon. These people are much like the North American Indians; it is impossible to approach their villages unobserved.

INTERVIEWED BY A PRINCE. We were soon surrounded by the natives, who watched our boys prepare the repust. While at luncheon one of the princes of Maielia, having heard of our arrival, called upon us. His Royal Highness approached us carrying a deep-crimson umbrella. He wore a European conciman's winter greatcost, had a handkerchief of variegated colors about his loins, while his lower extremities were naked. He caught me in the act of eating fish with my fingers, and when the royal hand was extended to me I am sure I soiled it. The Portuguese language was the court language here, as we were interviewed in this tongue. We had were interviewed in this tongue. We had with us an interpreter, who, on our behalf, put a ew leading questions to the Prince. We explained that we were only making a trip through the country with triendly intentions, a sent ment which seemed to meet with a hearty response from his people. His Majesty took this occasion to unbosom his complaints against the Independent State of Congo. He said that neither him-

self nor his people recognized the authority of the State; that the State had never pur-

chased their land, and had not even

"dashed" them s box of gin; that the princes had been invited to Boma in Bula Matidi's time—Stanley—and flags were given them with the statement that the Beigians were now the owners of the country.
He said that his people all understood Portuguese, but that the Belgians came speaking a new tongue they could not under-

PREFERRED RUM TO TEA. I was very much pleased with the looks and behavior or these people, and I feel confident that with kind and prudent treat-ment they could be made useful members of society. I was surprised and delighted to learn that this Prince was a temperance man, and after congratulating him upon his position on the traffic in ardent spirits, I offered him tea, which, after tasting, h asked permission to share with his wife.



A Prince in Gaudy Attire. The Princess tasted the tea, but expressed her opinion that rum was a superior article. This sentiment was met by a cold look from the Prince of Malella, and we felt it was a convenient moment to take our departure. convenient moment to take our departure.

A sea breeze usually springs up in the afternoon and sometimes blows the waters of the Congo back with such violence as to prevent the natives from crossing the river.

Waves are created by this sea breeze so large as to suggest that one is on a large lake. Taking advantage of the friendly wind we hauled up two sails, and were soon sailing along at a wife rate of speed. larger than one-half of all the navigable rivers erica.

and the navigable rivers are the northward, where we came upon several villages of the Chimbamba people, the scene of the late war, in which the troops of the Independent State of Congo killed many people and burned several villages. The country of the Chimbamba is divided by the creek into two distinct princedoms; the Chimbambas occupying the right bank and calling their country Chim-bamba, and the Musserongos occupy-

ing the left bank of the creek and calling their country Kimbamba. METHODS OF A BELGIAN AGENT. On account of frequent boundary-line disputes, the Prince of Chimbamba requested the agent of a Belgian commercial company located in his district and having its head quarters at Mataba, to lease from him his lands, not to buy them. Having secured a lease of land from the Chimbamba Prince, the agent of the aforenamed company, Monsieur Proutch, sought to secure the same privileges from the Prince of the Mus-serongos, but was unsuccessful. The agent serongos, but was unsuccessful. The agent threstened to obtain the land by force, but the brave Musserongos were not easily frightened. At length Agent Proutch gave a great feast, and at it purposely insulted the Prince of the Musserongos. A short time after this affair Agent Proutch made a State of Congo for troops. This request was promptly granted, and a cruel and destructive war was waged against the Mus seronges, the results of which are still pain

This creek, which leads around to Ponta de Lehna, was one of the most lovely sheets of water I had seen. Both the island and mainland were fertile, bearing a variety of trees yielding fruit, oil and rubber. We coffee, while three or four varieties of wild flowers and creeping vines, more levely in tint and more ingenious in their trellis work than any to be found in England or America, trained by the hand of man. We passed many pleasant-looking villages, nestling peacetretching forth their green branches.

A SUNSET IN AFRICA. There is little or no twilight in Africa, although its sunsets are beautiful beyond description or comparison. When the sun's disk first reaches the horizon it presents the aspect of the open door of a blast surnace at its greatest heat. Within six and ten minutes you have a transformation marvellously beautiful, for now a considerable distance along the brazen pathway of the retiring King of Day are the most beautiful tints ever witnessed by the human eyes. Along the edge of the horizon is that peculiar color of the pearl so much desired by the expert merchant of that precious gem; while just above it is the creamy and exquisite tint of the ripe peach, blending with the plum purple still further up the horizon.

The shape of this afterglow is that of an exaggerated fan of a lady at opera, who holds it in such a position as to permit someone in a distant part of the house to esten, at one glauce, a thousand beautiful times brought out by a magnificent chandelier. One small moment of pleasure is left you; there is now one large spot of the horizon like an exquisitely polished block of alabaster. We had an early moon, and the moonlight in a tropical country is cer-tainly enchanting, the profuse and deep green foliage combining to make a lovely scene. Here, for example, we came upon a grove of banana trees, low but spreading their long blades like so many Damaseus swords; and at every rush of the wind turn-

bat, and scattering the soft, silvery light of the moon like the crystal spray of a foun-A STORMY NIGHT ON THE WATER. We passed a number of beauti ul islands with few, and sometimes no, inhabitants; islands green and fair to see, around whose green velvet skirts, fringed with soft sand, the and white, the wild duck and graceful stork wandered in peaceful security. Some-times we passed what seemed to be the mouth of a very small creek; but the waters soon find themselves imprisoned by banks of hard, yellow clay; and here, but a tew hundred yards rom the Cougo river, the hippopotami refresh themselves in the long cool grass and hide from the deadly rifle of the hunter. We encountered a severe storm, and did not reach Boms until hours after we should have been there. During the awful night we dared not land, and a few hippopotami grunted around us, but did not

ing their blades like knights in deadly com-

inter ere with our boat. From Banana to Boma the country on both sides of the river is a low, undulating plain; but from Bomba to Matadi it is high and mountainous. The change in the country is abrupt and extreme, and the waters are fretted by innumerable whirlpools, and as I desire to see this part of the river by daylight, I traveled only by day and occupied three days, a trip easily made in five hours by a small steamer. I made cour stops, at Mussuco and Naqui, in Portuguese territory, where I was hospitably entertained, and at Ange-Ango and Fuca-Fuca, in the State of Congo. From Boma to Matadi there are no create to the state of Congo. tadi there are no creeks to traverse. The population is sparse, the soil is sterile and the trade is light though profitable, and con-

sists of rubber, coffee and ivory.

I have just walked over the proposed route of the proposed Congo Railway, from Matadi to the mouth of the Mpozo river, and returned over the caravan road. In a few days I leave for the Upper Congo, going as

far as Stauley Falls.

GEORGE W. WILLIAMS.

The height of a hotel bill is me from the level of the sea,

HAS LOVED BEFORE.

The Story of Stanley's Engagement to Miss Pike, of New York.

HIS PRETTY GREEK SWEETHEART

Whom He Abandoned at the Altar When Her Father Demanded Pay.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) I was chatting yesterday with an old newspaper man, who has been a personal riend of Henry M. Stanley for nearly a quarter of a century. It was, in fact, through his instrumentality that Stanley was sent by James Gordon Bennett to find Livingstone. This gentleman, who might pose, as it were, as the godfather of Stanley, the explorer, has not seen his distinguished

godehild for several years, but of the Stan-

"Stanley's career," he said, "is a most forcible illustration of the fact that a man who has 'the stuff' in him is bound to make a hit, let his circumstances and surroundings be what they may. The man of whom all Europe and America is now talking was born at Denbigh, North Wales, in '43, and then bore the name of John Rowlands. His father was without means, and young Rowlands was a charity pupil at St. Asaph's School. He pushed his way along, becoming a pupil teacher in the National School at Brynford, of which a cousin of his was head master, when he was but 13 years old. For three years he remained there, and then he quarreled with his cousin, who had ordered him to do some menial work. Without saying a word to anyhody he packed his few belongings and ran away to Liverpool, and late in '59 the future discoverer of Livingstone found him-self penniless and friendless in the streets of New Orleans, having worked his way on a trading packet.

A WILL THAT NEVER WAS MADE. "After wandering about for a time, vainly looking for work, the lad succeeded in getting a position as cierk in the office of a rich old merchant named Stanley. The kind hearted old man took a fancy to the boy, and having no children of his own, adopted him. The boy then discarded his old name of John Rowlands and henceforth was known as Henry M. Stanley. I have often heard Stanley say that his adopted father frequently spoke to him about making a will in his favor. The merchant died, though, before the will was made, and his relatives and heirs, who had resented Stanley's astrusion-as they termed itturned the adopted son into the street."

The old newspaper man then told the familiar story of Stanley's enlisting in the robel army, his capture and his escape by

jumping overboard and swimming to shore under a heavy fire; of his trip to Europe and back; of his collistment in the Union navy and of his wonderful swim during an navy and of his wonderful swim during an action from the iron-clad Ticonderoga, on which he was serving, to a Con ederate vessel 500 yards away. To 'his vessel he attached a rope at the bow and safely returned to his ship with the other end of the rope, to his ship with the Confederate gues. under a hot fire from the Confederate gues.

The Confederate vessel was captured, and as guage, nor she his; but, with the aid of an reward for his gallantry raised from the ranks and made an ensign. AN EXPERIENCE IN TURKEY. "In 1866," continued the informant, "Stanley made his way to Turkey with a

couple of friends—Noe and Cook, I think there names were—set out from Smyrna to walk across Asia. They were set upon by brigands, who stripped them of all their possessions, subjected them to torture in the hope of forcing them to give up valuables which they were suspected of having hidwhich they were suspected of having hid-den, and held them for a time in the mount-ains for ransom. Maddened by their failure te obtain a ransom, the bandits subjected Stanley and his triends to certain indignities, and then, to shield themselves, capped the climax by turning them over to the Cadi. and charged them with attempted murder. Stanley made a strong plea to the Cadi and told his story in such a plain, straightforward fashion that that potentate, despite his prejudice, had the bandit complainants arrested and tried for robbery. They were convicted and sent to the galleys. Stanley and his friends were in a penniless condi-tion, even their clothes having been taken from them. A gentleman connected with the Ottoman Bank lent them money, and Stanley made a formal complaint to the American Consul at Constantinople, and demanded \$20,000 of the Turkish Government in satisfaction for the outrage inflicted upon himself and his friends. The Consul reported the matter to the Department of State at Washington, an investigation was made, and a considerable sum of money— \$1,200, it my memory serves me—was event ually paid to Stanley by the Turkish Gov.

still en file at Washington, I am told. WORKING FOR \$15 A WEEK. "In '67 Stanley again came to America, wandered westward, and went out on the plains as the correspondent of a Chicago paper and the St. Louis Democrat. As a representative of these papers he accompa-nied General Hancock's expedition against the Cheyennes, being paid the munificent sum of \$15 per week, in return for risking his life, enduring extraordinary hardships and supplying his papers with exclusive acthe news at the front. One day there was a big engagement with the red-

ernment. The affair made quite a sensation

at the time, and the papers in the case are

Stanley figured that the story of that fight —and he was the only newspaper man within hundreds of miles of the battlefield was worth more than pay at the rate of \$15 eral hundred miles to the nearest telegraph office and wired the New York Heraid that he had exclusive news of a great victory los the United States troops over the Cheyennes, and asked if the paper would like it. Of course the paper took it, and this brought him in connection with James Gordon Ben-

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS. "I suppose Stanley has changed a good deal in appearance since I last saw him, some five or six years ago, but I don't be-lieve the man himself could change much. His character is too strongly defined. In person he is, I should say, about five feet eight inches. When I knew him he must have weighed about 170 or 180 pounds, but he was lar from being fat. His flesh was all solid flesh, evenly distributed, and I fancy, his muscles weighed pretty nearly as much as the fleshy covering.

"Anybody could see at a glance that he was a may of wonder ul muscular power.

was a man of wonder ul muscular power. His chest was broad and deep and his legs niade one think of a couple of short posts, so solid did they look. His face was—and, of course, 18-a face marked in every line with determination. His eyes are small, near together, and have—or at least, had—the look of a tiger's. No man could ever look at Stanley and take him for anything else than man o unbounded determination and grit. As for physical courage, he is one of the men I have ever met of whom I would say that, literally speaking, he did not know what lear meant. He has the conrage of a lion, and, at times, the gaze of a tiger

FITTED BY BIRTH FOR HIS WORK.

"He must have been born with a love of

Like a Circuit of Electric Wires. The human sensorium resembles a circuit of electric wires, the various sets of nerves forming links in the circle of continuity. When digestion grows weak the epigastric nerve suffers, and the whole system is affected. Beinforce is with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and the nervous organism grows tranquil and reposers. Fever and ague, constipation, kidney troubles and liver complaints retreat before this remedy. ndventure; his strength of character made him a man who easily acquired the art of commanding men, and, in fact, in most re-spects he was fitted by birth for the work to which he has given so many years of hig

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JULY life, and in which he has achieved such suc-IN VERY GOOD HANDS.

"Speaking of his explorations, by the way, reminds me that after his first Airican trip—I think it was the first—he found his hair turning gray and tried to dve it. He used some sort of a dye that had an emerald hue in it somewhere, and after awhile his hair turned from a dyed-black color to green. If my memory serves me, he had to keep himself in hiding in his room before he got the hest of that green dye for you keep himself in hiding in his room before he got the best of that green dye, for, you know, a great explorer with green hair would be a ridiculous looking person, no matter how great his achievements might have been. I have been in Stanley's different rooms in this city a good many times, and in days goneby knew him pretty intimately. He always struck me as being a rather moody nort of fellow, who disliked crowds, lived largely within himself, and didn't care to talk much except with his intimates. EXPERIENCE WITH BRIGANDS timates.

ALWAYS THOUGHT WELL OF HIMSELF. "He is not exactly what you'd call a vain man; and yet, when I last saw him, he apparently had a pretty good opinion of himself. No doubt he had good reason for his opinion, but he was rather found of using the personal pronoun 'I,' and was inclined to be a little dramatic whenever opportunity offered. Beyond all question he has done much to open the Dark Continent to the civilized world, but he hasn't exactly cut ley of years ago he can talk interestingly by his way through trackless forests and jungles and all that sort of thing as many people seem to imagine. Anybody who knows anything about the interior of Africa—and I have had some experience there—knows that any and every traveler must, in the main trial to the arthur and by the the main, stick to the paths made by the caravans. Of course, one may branch off a little, and, perhaps, take short cuts between besten paths, but as far as plunging right into the heart of the interior and disregard-ing these caravan paths goes, you might as well talk of walking through a brick wall. "Mind, I am not trying to detract from the credit due Stanley for his achievements;

> as to the method of African exploration.
> Of course, the explorer must determine which of the caravan paths he will follow and where he should cut off and how to make the best of the trying situations that continually confront him, but he can't exactly cut a new road through the heart of

I am only correcting a mistaken impression

TWO OLD LOVE AFFAIRS. "I was rather surprised to hear of Stanley's engagement to Miss Tennant, for I happen to know that a few years ago my friend did not set any great store by the fair sex. After the experiences he has had one couldn't blame him for his quasi aversion, and I wasn't surprised at that letter of his published a few months ago, in which he He is a diplomat without a diplomat's and I wasn't surprised at that letter of his published a few months ago, in which he criticized the female sex rather harshly. Allusion has recently been made in the newspapers to Stauley's supposed engagement to a fair but faithless New Yorker. I happen to know that the story is true. The lady in question was Miss Pike, daughter of Samuel N. Pike, who built the Grand Opers House. I think it was on Stanley's

Opera House. I think it was on Stanley's return from his first African trip that he met Miss Pike here in New York and be-came engaged to her. When he made his second trip to A rica he was engaged to her; when he returned from Alrica he found her married to another man. She had heard nothing from him, and, becoming tired of waiting, had decided to be married anyway. "Stanley had had another matrimonial affair prior to this one, of which he himself told me. I think it was in '67 or '68—anyinterpreter, he asked for and obtained her

DIDN'T WANT TO BUY THE GIRL. "The girl's family was of the best, and when the wedding day came great preparations for the bridal event were made. Stan-ey took his stand beside his bride that was be, and everything was in readiness the ceremony—at least, so he thought. It happened, though, that it was customary in the islands for the prospective husband to hand over to the father of his fiancee, prior to the marriage, a sum of money in proportion to the beauty, rank and accomplishments of his expected bride, as a sort of recompens to her father for the loss of his daughter and the cost of bringing her up. Stanley knew nothing of this expectation, and, of course, made no move to hand over. Finally, the hard-hearted but business like father beckoned the interpreter and quietly told him to remind Stanley that he was overlooking an important feature of the marriage proceedings. The interpreter complied. "When he had made his message clear to

Stanley, the destined explorer of world-wide fame pushed aside his affianced bride, to the amazement of the gathered throng, drew the interpreter by the arm to the fame pushed aside his affianced bride, to the amazement of the gathered throng, drew the interpreter by the arm to the presence of the puzzled father, and in his most indignant fashion ordered the interpreter to convey to his not-to-be-lather-index to buy, your daughter.'

"So it happens that Henry M. Stanley is

EDWARD BUNNELL PHELPS.

FOR THE GERMAN COURT.

Costumes That Must Be Worn if One is to Bask in the Presence of Royalty. Pall Mall Budget.] As everybody knows, court costumes are

very precise and arbitary affairs. Herewith are sketches of the new costumes which are to be worn at German court functions: The costume at the left is for persons not entitled to wear a uniform. Coat and waistcoat of black satin; stockings, black silk. The coat may also be worn of black cloth, but must have satin revers. The costume at the right is that of Secretaries of State. Coat blue, with gold embroidery; knee breeches and stockings white.



Three other costumes are like those of the Three other costumes are like those of the Secretary of State, except that the embroidery and other ornaments vary according to the rank of the wearer. Black buckle shoe: Four imperial crowns adorn the buckles. If the Court festivity at which they are worn concerns the Kingdom of Prussia, the buckle is chauged for one with the Royal instead of the Imperial crowns. Hat for Secretaries of State: Black with gold border and feathers, der and feathers.

Ex-Minister Palmer Well Fitted to Manage the World's Fair.

HOW HE EARNED HIS MILLIONS. Wonderful Farm Near Detroit and His Fine Horses and Cows.

MONEY MAKING NEWSPAPER WRITERS

WASHINGTON, July 10.-Ex-Minister Palmer's appointment as the head of the World's Fair is very popular in Washington. He was one of the richest members of the "Millionaire's Club," and was pointed out as one of the "Mediocre Gold-Bags" when he first came here. After short time, however, he showed himself to be a man of broad culture and a thinker. He made several speeches which read like the old English classics and at the end of his first year he was known as the folliest and brainiest of the new Senators. A short experience with-him showed that he did not worship his money and he put on no more airs than the poorest messenger who stood at the Senate doors

He rented the big mansion on Scott Circle, which Windom then owned and kept open house. The year following he bought a lot and built his \$85,000 brown-stone palace on MacPherson square and entertained magnificently. One of the doctrines in his philosophy of life is that a man should cultivate his social nature and that of his friends. Palmer did this. He went on the principle that it was just as easy to say a pleasant thing as a mean one, and his actions bred him friends as fast as though they had been so many Australian rabbits. Before his term was over he had the friendship of all his brothers, and he got more bills through for his constituents than any man from the Northwest. Palmer once told me that life was too short for revenge, and that he could not afford to spend time thinking how to get even with a man who did him an injury.

A BOOMING MANAGER. These features of his character made him hypocrisy, and he will make the fair popular in this country and the world over. He will travel over the United States in its interest, will know all of the Governors before 1893, and will have every one of them working for him to make the Exposition a success. I hear it rumored that he will take a run over to Europe and look up matters

there this year or next, and the acquaint-ance he has will do wonders. Senator Palmer is in many respects like Chauncey Depew. He can make nearly as good an after-dinner speech as Chauncey, and there is no man in public life who can equal him in singing Methodist hymns or Moody and Sankey songs. Like Mr. Depew he has a temper as smooth as the Lake of Como in its gentlest mood. Nothing ever worries him. He doesn't fret, and he never loses his head. If he is ever annoyed he doesn't show it, and he can do an immense amount of work while pretending to do nothing. He understands how to make others work for him, and he carries on one of the biggest businesses of the country with of the biggest businesses of the country with no friction. Just how much Tom Palmer is worth I don't know. I believe if anyone asked him, he would tell him in a lazy, unestentatious way, without thinking. know, however, that he has his millions and that his lumber mills, his pine forests, his great salt wells and his real estate if put under the hammer would bring him in a pile that would have bought out Job ten times over, that would have made the Queen of Sheba bow down to him as she did to Solomon, and would have redeemed Midas from the lust of more gold. His wire is also worth several millions, and the two control

one of the biggest fortunes of the country. HIS IDEAS OF MONEY-MAKING. This fortune was made in lumber, and Senator Palmer married the daughter of his partner. When he began life he was for a time unsuccessful, but after his marriage, in connection with his father-in-law, he made noney hand-over-fist, and now everything he touches turns to gold. He once told me that a man ought to work hard until his property brought him in \$2,000 a year, and after that he ought to let up and take things easy. "Everything comes to the man who waits," said he, "and if you keep your eyes open you're sure to make by and by. I don't believe that a big fortune makes a "So it happens that Henry M. Stanley is to wed Miss Dorothy Tennant."

Still Senator Palmer has a number of as it will, to a certain extent, but its move very expensive luxuries. His farm near Detroit is one of them, but the increase in the value of the land has made this pay for itself many times over. If he could move this tarm to the World's Fair it would be one of the great sights of the Exposition. It contains 657 acres and it is laid out like a great English park. There is a big forest | is 35 years, and a third 20. They are vicious on it, in which are shady glens and romantic drives and where you may wander through all the mazes of Rosamond's bower and lose yourself in the end. Everyone of the walks has its name and some of these slip to a snake or alligator showing fight. nooks are called after the Senator's friends. I remember Manderson avenue and Sherman's Hill, and I saw a gray squirrel playing on Everett's Knoll.

INSPIRED BY ROSA BONHEUR. The Senator has 60 fine Percheron horses, each of which is worth at least \$1,000. He brought some of them over from France and he has one horse 3 years old which weights 2,000 pounds. He has 4-monthold colts which weigh as much as the ordinary horse, and he has his own theory of horse breeding. He tell in love with the Percheron horse in making a study of Ross Bonheur's famous picture, "The Horse Fair," and he believes it is the finest horse that walks. He claims that it is a cross be-tween the Arabian and the Norman, and it was with this idea that he sent his farm manager to Jerusalem to pick him out at Arabian stallion. The farm manager found that very few of the Arabian horses were sound, and Palmer's permit from the Sultan to take away a horse from his dominions injounted to nothing.
Outside of Percheron horses Senator Pal-

mer runs to Jersey cows. His butter costs him \$1 a pound, but he gets \$2 worth of run out of every pound, and the 80 cows which he keeps are a perpetual source of amuse-ment to him. I wish I could give you a picture of his barn. The cow stable is as well lighted as a parlor, and the floor back of where the animals stand is so clean that you could drop a cambric handkerchief on it and pick it up without soiling. The woodwork of this stable is polished yellow pine finished in oil, and it is as well fir-nished as that of many cottages.

KIND TO HIS BRUTES. Senator Palmer is careful in his treatmen of his cattle and horses, and he has rules pasted up in the stables for his men. A whip is never used on the horses and no loud words can be spoken to the cows. A regu-lar record is kept of the milk each animal gives, and each cow has its name and its page in the herd book. It takes a steam engine to do the work of these cow stables. The hay is raised to the second story by steam. The oats and corn are ground into meal in the same way, and the water is pumped and ensilage cut up by steam. Senator Palmer believes in modern inventions. He blows out his stumps by dynamite in clearing up his land, and he has a pond in front of his log cabin home the water of which is kept fresh by the pumping

water of which is kept fresh by the pumping of a steam engine.

This log cabin of Senator Palmer's is, I judge, 50 feet square. He lives in it throughout the summer, and he tells me it is way ahead of a castle in Spain. There is a wide hall running through the center, and on one side of this is an immense sitting room or parlor filled with antique furniture which Palmer got at the old Vermont homestead and brought out to Detroit. On the which Palmer got at the old Vermont homestead and brought out to Detroit. On the
other side of the hall is a dining room,
which must be fully 30 feet square. This is
also furnished in the style of our forefathers, and if you take a meal with the
Senator you will find he has the most delicious hamfin his larder and that his spring
chickens are tender. He has a good cook,
and it is a recommendation for the man to
know that he keep his servants a long time.
Some of Mrs. Palmer's girls have been with
her for years and the Senator is as careful
of their comforts as of his own.

GATH AS A MONEY MAKER. George Alfred Townsend tells me that his novel entitled "Alexander Hamilton and Mrs. Reynoids" is selling well. Its first edition of 2,000 has been sold and a second edition of 5,000 is now being issued. The book as Mr. Townsend wrote it was originally 300 accounts. ally 100 pages longer than it is now, and he had to cut it down to suit the ideas of the publisher. The probability is that he will make some money out of it. He made \$600 out of "The Entailed Hat," and he once told me that the same time spent in newsparer writing that he had put upon this book would have netted him over \$10,000. He made \$1,600 out of his book on Washington which he published ten years ago, and he has been making \$6,000 a year and upward on newspaper correspondence since the war. His newspaper work now nets him about \$15,000 a year.

One of the brightest newspaper writers of One of the brightest newspaper writers of to-day is Frank A. Burr, who is now in London writing syndicate letters. Burr paid Parson Newman \$500 to write the deathbed scene of General Gront for his biography of Grant, and he makes a great deal of money in literature. Williams, who does the funny work for the Norristown Herald, writes 2½ columns a day, and he is considerate one of the Seast general parameters. considered one of the finest general parag-raphers in the United States. He writes a half a column of funny matter every day, and his salary is less than \$100 a month. This is all the Herald can afford to pay, and Mr. Williams, although he has had many other good offers, prefers to stay where he can make a small salary without feleties. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

QUEEN OF THE ALLIGATORS. Lady Who Plays With all Sorts of Reptiles in a Big Water Tank.

Pall Mall Budget,] Londoners have made acquaintance with everal snake charmers, good, bad and indifferent, recently, but a lady whose show eclipses all others of the kind for grace and daring, as well as having peculiarities of its own, is now to be seen at the Aquarium-Mile. Paula. Clad from top to toe in tightfitting green, with golden tressess that reach below her waist, the latest subjugator of reptiles gives and entertainment with snakes and caymans-or alligators-both on the stage and in a tank, which is as conspicuous for its novelty as for its nerve. The deadly attentions of a python, or the playful snap of a cayman's jaws, are no laugh ing matter; but so completely has Mile



Performance in the Glass Tunk slightest hesitation or dismay. In a large and to catch hold at the exact moment. The boa, for instance, is allowed to twine itself ments have to be checked at a given instant. or madame would be crushed to death in a

minute or two. "The alligators all come from the Mississippi; the largest, about 7 feet long, is be-tween 80 and 90 years old—we tell the age by the number of rings on the tail—another brutes. I can tell you, and want very smart handling. The performance in the water i more dangerous than that on the stage, be cause out the tank it is easier to give A point requiring attention is to keep them warm. Here they are kept at a comfortable heat of 750, which always insures their being lively, and the water in the tank is also about that temperature."
"How does Madam contrive to stay so

long under water?" Before allowing her head to sink beneath the surface she exhales, and then inhales deeply. By this mean she has managed t stay under as long as three minutes. Of

THE CURE OF LOCKJAW. Treatment Based on the Theory of Local Specific Poison. Herald.

Not long ago a German physician seeking light on that terrible disease lockjaw found that inoculations with the blood and other fluids of the body of a victim failed to produce this malady; but when fluids were used which had been squeezed from the wound, or scraped from its immediate vicinity, which had caused lockjaw, then the disease was invariably produced. This, of course, would indicate that the direct cause -the specific poison of lockjaw-remains near its point of entrance, and that local treatment is imperative. Dr. Pavilini ac cepts this theory, and recommends sub-cutaneous injections of carbolic acid in the treatment of the disease.

He cites the case of a boy, 15 years old, who was attacked with lockjaw in a severe

form after being wounded on the foot. The usual remedies were at first applied without usual remedies were at first applied without any effect. On the fourth day a 1 per cent solution of carbohe acid was injected near the seat of the injury. Similar injections were repeated every three hours during the first four days. Improvement began on the second day. Recovery finally took place. The injections, gradually decreased in frequency, were kept up until the 27th day. Another case of recovery under the day. Another case of recovery under the same treatment has been reported.

The Two Weeks' Rest "How did you enjoy your vacation?" "Oh, I bad a great time. Couldn't go to work when I got back, I was so broke up."

THE STORY OF THE DOCTOR AND THE DETECTIVE WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

DR. PHILIP WOOLF. Author of "Who is Guilty?"

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Dr. Brandt is a physician who has sought rest at the seashore. In the hotel near his cottage lives Mrs. Amelia Glaye, an eccentric widow, who makes him her physician. Her charming daughter, Bertha, has engaged herself to Cyril Durand, who has squandered most of his fortune, and has promised to wed another woman, who clims closely to him. One night the doctor hears a shriek. He discovers the body of a young woman stabled to the hears, Taking from the body a breastpin and ring, he runs for help. Returning, he finds the body gone, with evidence that it had been thrown into the sea. A piece of shoe was found there. Two servants enter a deserted cabin. Instantly their torches are dashed to the ground, and a tall figure vanishes in the darkness. In the cabin a diamond earring is found. The body had only plain gold earrings. Just before retiring that night the doctor is summoned by lone Grande, Mrs. Glaye went out walking in the evening alone and came back with her dress and hands form by briars and a diamond earring missing. Arriving, the doctor, to his surprise, finds Mrs. Glaye more calm than he had ever seen her. She rescuts the visit, says she has no need for the physician, and treats the briar scratches and loss of the carring as jokes. Next day Detective Fox starts to work on the case, securing many clews in which are mixed up the names of Mrs. Glaye, her daughter, Berthal Cyril Durand, Otto Morton and a mysterious Ella Constant. Mrs. Glaye tells him Berthal is an adopted daughter. Years ago she loved a man named Glaye in Europe. He had a rich rival. They met and Glaye was killed. Later the rich man died, leaving all his property to his love providing she would marry. She bad promised Glaye to remain single and took his name on his death. Now she had exhausted all her own money and loved Cyril Durand. Next the detective goes to Durand's room and finds he has taken to flight. He visits the deserted cabin. Digging in the dirt he finds jeweiry Mrs. Glaye said had been stolen from her. The detective goes Otto Morto

CHAPTER IX. This was too much light let in suddenly me, and I was dazed by it.

"You will understand now, Detective "You will understand now, Detective "If you would save my friend, you must Fox, why he offered himself in marriage to be c lm," I ventured to say. "We can my mother; and you will also understand always snivel to-morrow," I added, con-why he would not hesitate at any crime to solingly, "but to-day we must act!" prevent her from marrying another. I believe that he committed the murder, and I believe that my mother witnessed it, and that you would hear the story from her own lips if she were not in terror of the persecuting wretch, Dr. Bradt, and that brings me to the real reason why I asked you to meet me here."

"I am listening, Miss Gladys, with great interest and admiration," I said en-

couragingly. "I want you to see my mother and speak plainly to her. In her present sad condition she has lost her will power, and I feel that if you spoke authoritatively to her, if you were stern and commanding, she would speak. I wish you to see her immediately. I wish you to protect her from the enemies that surround her, for I believe they are teving to kill her!" That seemed very probable now!

dared to tell all; if I only dared to tell all !" She fell back on the so'a, buried her face in the pillow, and went and grosned in a rather blood-chilling manner.

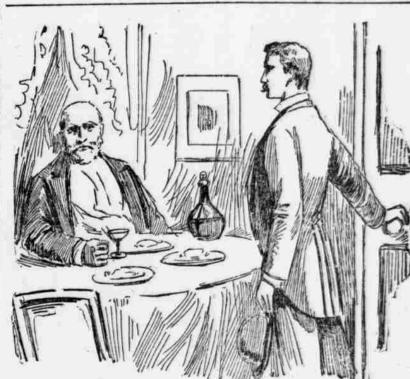
"I caunot think just now, for I have thought so much, and my brain is tired." She rose to a sitting position and faced me with dry eyes and fever-baked lips. "Come to me later and you will be satisfied; I will tell you everything. But not now."

She rose, w lked to the barred window and looked out. A slight rain was falling, and the landscape, or seascape, view was not encouraging. She rested her hot forehead for a moment against the cold iron bars, then returned to the sofa, rubbed her hands and shivered.

"My time is not my own," I began,
"I cannot speak now," she interrupted;
"my brain is in a whirl. Come again this ternoon, this evening, and you shall know

"But my friend Durand?" "I will save him; he has broken my heart, but I will save him. Come again," she repeated, swaying herself to and fro, "and everything shall be made plain; but

I had not much faith when I started out, "One minute, please. Have you heard of and so I was not disappointed at the



THE DOCTOR WAS STILL ENJOYING HIS MEAL.

your mother being robbed?" "No!" This in great surprise.

"Do you know these jewels?" I had taken the tin box from my and now showed her its contents. "Those are my mother's jewels."
"I found them buried in the old house

near the pond. Do you think they might have been stolen by Miss Grande?" "I cannot say."
"You know nothing about it? Nothing about certain papers that are missing, and which you often wished were in your pos-

"If the papers have been stolen, so much more reasonable my wish, as they relate to the affair o' which I have been speaking. If you seek the thief, you will find him in utter a word if you dropped molten lead on Dr. Brandt, as he alone is interested in the me; I have promised you shall know all this "You can give me no further details?"

"It is a pity!" I said musingly. "It can wait; but my poor mother is in danger, pethaps, even while we are idly

speaking here."
"I will go to her at once," I said, "and course, that means the possession of strong lungs."

now that you have called on me, you will find that your mother is as sale as it she was surrounded by walls of iron. I have a little for me, as it would not be wise for us to be

seen together!"

A brilliant idea had come into my head; I sistant to the hotel in the person of Policeintended to con rout Mrs. Glaye with the man Blinde, and that he would wait on the man Durand, and I felt sure that the meeting would be prolific in important results. I rushed over to the station and was just in time. Then I trotted over to the hotel.

get a fresh prescription made up.

"I ventured into my mother's room," she concluded, "but my presence roused her into fury. Perhaps it is better that you see her alone. I will wait here in the parlor, very nize her.

"Bundle from her hand to the ground, where it broke and scattered its liquid contents in the sand. I apologized, and then was profuse in regrets when I pretended to recognize her.

anxious for your return."

I hurried along the passageway and tapped on Mrs. Glay's door; a feeble voice bade me enter. I obeyed and found Mrs. Glaye in a loose mourning robe lying on the lounge. She was very pale, except two red spots on her cheeks that, somehow or other, only made her look paler. Her eyes were

sunken, but, as I thought, dangerously bright and flashing.
"What do you want?" she asked, quer-ulously, staring at me without recognition. I took advantage of her "other individual-ity" and said:

'I am the friend of Mr. Cyril Durand!" "He is dead to me!" she wailed. "He is dead to me, and my heart is broken!"

"He is in danger, great danger, and ne sent me to you. He is suspected of having committed a crime"

"I will swear that he is innocent!" she said, excitedly, raising herself on her elbow.

"The blood was soon his hands. Oh, if I "He is dead to me!" she wailed. "He is dead to me, and my heart is broken!"

woman's obstinacy. However, I made "But I must know all now!" "Later. Come again. I cannot think; I cannot speak; I cannot feel now. Come this

evening "You shall know everything-my guilt and Cyril's innocence. Give me till then, I will not run away," she said, with a deso-

"I will wait for you here, in the room in which we are speaking, and you shall be satisfied. But not now; not now! Give me that little time for dreams of what might have been." Seeing that I still hesitated, she rose and flashed out angrily: "Leave me; at this moment I would not

evening. If you are impatient, make the most of it, but leave me. I wish to be An obstinate, foolish, melodramatic woman!
"I will call on you this evening."

"I will expect you, and have a message ready for you to deliver to your friend." She threw herself on the sofs and closed her eyes, and I took the hint and left the business to transact, but it will not take me lack of success, and cautioned her to accept a long. Do you go up to the hotel and wait good watch on her mother until I sgain called. I torbade her to admit Dr. Brandt,

time. Then I trotted over to the hotel,
Miss Glaye was waiting for me with the
information that the doctor had visited the
information that the doctor had visited the
information that the doctor had visited the
in her hand. I stared up at the sky, inpatient and had departed a lew minutes before my appearance, and that Miss Ione
Grande had gone to the apothecary shop to
get a fresh prescription made up.

walking socerty along, with a little cundle
in her hand. I stared up at the sky, increased my pace, and by accident brushed
rudely against her, knocking the little
bundle from her hand to the ground, where

> "I shall have to take the long journey again," she said, "and I am so tired."
> "I will save you that trouble, "Miss
> Grande," I said with fine gallantry. "I am
> going in that direction, and I will drop in
> on the druggist and have the medicine again made up, and I will bring it back with me. I had picked up the fragment of glass to which the druggist's label still adhered, and

I pointed to it in triumph.

"You are very kind, and I am very much obliged to you," she said, as if she really meant it.
"You need a little tonic medicine yourself," I remarked, noticing her blanched