till the rickety little revolver nearly shook | for nearly killing himself with a forbidden itself to pieces, and Amouma the outcast-because he might blow up at any momentbrowsed in the background and wondered why stones were thrown at him. Then they found a balk of timber floating in a pool which was commanded by the seaward slope of Fort Keeling, and they sat down to-

of Fort Keeling, and they sat down to-gether before this new target. "Next holidays," said Dick, as the now thoroughly fouled revolver kicked wildly in his hand, "we'll get another pistol-central fire, that will carry farther.' "There won't be any next holidays for

me," said Maisie. "I'm going away." Where to?'

"I don't know. My lawyers have written to Mrs. Jennett, and I've got to be educated somewhere-in France, perhaps-I don't know where; but I shall be glad to go

away." "I shan't like it a bit. I suppose I shall be feit. Look here, Maisie, is it really true spitefully. you're going? Then these holidays will be with Miss the last I shall see anything of you; and I go back to school next week. I wish-" The young blood turned her cheek scarlet. Maisie was picking grass tufts and throwing them down the slope at a vellow sea poppy nodding all by itself to the illimita-ble levels of the mudflats and the milk-dream. He had won all the world and white sea beyond.

lid see vou again sometime. You wish that, too?" "Yes, but it would have been better if-if

you had-shot straight over there-down by the breakwater." Maisie looked with large eyes for

a moment. And this was the boy who only ten days before had decorated Amomma's horns with cut paper ham frills and turned him out, a bearded derision, among the pub-lic ways! Then she dropped her eyes; this was not the boy. "Don't be stupid," she said, reprovingly

and with swift instinct attacked the side-issue. "How selfish you are! Just think what I should have felt if that horrid thing had killed you! I'm quite miserable enough Why? Because you're going away from

Mrs. Jranett?"

'From me, then?"

No answer for a long time. Dick dared not look at her. He felt, though he did not know, all that the past four years had been to him, and this the more acutely since he had no knowledge to put his feelings in "I don't know," she said. "I suppose

it is "Maisie, you must know. I'm not sup-

posing." "Let's go home," said Maisie, weakly.

But Dick was not minded to retreat. "I can't say things." he pleaded, "and I'm awfully sorry for teasing you about Amount the other day. It's all different new, Maisie, can't you see? And you

might have told me that you were going, in and of leaving me to find out." "You didn't. I did teil, Oh Dick, what's the use of worrying?" "There isn't any; but we've been together

years and years, and I didn't know how much I cared." "I don't believe you ever did care."

"No, I didu't; but I do. I care awfally ow. Maisie," he gulped,-"Maisie, dar-

ling, say you care too, please." "I do; indeed I do; but it won't be any use:" "Why?"

"Because I am going away."

"Yes, but if you promise before you go. Only say-will you?" A second "darling" came to his lips more easily than the first. There were few endearments in Dick's home or school life; he had to find them by instinct. He took the little hand blackened

with the escaped gas of the revolver. "I promise," she suid, solemnly; "but if I care there is no need for promising." "And do you care?" For the first time in the past tew minutes their eyes met and spoke for them who had no skill in speech. "Oh, Dick, don't! please don't! It was all right when we said good morning; but new it's all different!" Amomma looked on from afar. He had seen his property quarrel irequently, but he had never scen hisses exchanged before. The yellow seapoppy was wiser, and nodded its head approvingly. Considered as a kiss, that was a failure but since it was the first, other than these demanded by duty, in all the world that either had given or taken, it opened to them new worlds, and every one

"I was playing with it, and it went off by itself," said Dick, when the powder-pocked check could no longer be hidden, "but if you think your going to lick me you're wrong. You are never going to touch me again. Sit down and give me my tea. You can't cheat

us out of that, anyhow." Mrs. Jennett gasped and became livid. Massie said nothing, but encouraged Dick with her eves, and he behaved abominably all that evening. Mrs. Jennett prophesied an immediate judgment of Providence and a descent into Tophet later, but Dick walked in Paradise and would not hear. Only when he was going to bed Mrs. Jennett re-covered and asserted herself. He had bid-den Maisie good-night with down-dropped eyes and from a distance.

'If you aren't a getleman you might try behave like one," said Mrs. Jennett, itefully. "You have been quarreling with Miss Maisie again." This meant that the regulation good-night kias had been omitted. Maisie, white to the lips, thrust her cheek forward with a fine air of indifference, and was duly pecked

yond. she said, after a pause, "that I she turned it over with her foot, and, instead of saving, "Thank you," cried,-"Where is the grass collar you promised

for Amomma? On, how selfish you are!"

WITH GORDON SHUT UP IN KHARTOUM.

two, Ridin', ridin', ridin', two an' two,

the regulation householder - Lover of

and all that lot-frizzling on hot gravel?" "With a blue veil over his head, and his clothes in strips. Has any man here a needle?" I've got a piece of sugar-sack." "I'll lend you a packing-needle for six

"Why not six square acres, while you're

you doing with that everlasting sketch-book

ers, commissariat boxes, sugar bags, and

ganing seams of the boat herself.

"Exactly the case with my breeches, whoever you are," said the tailor, without look-ing up. "Dick, I wonder when I shall see

a decent shop again." There was no answer save the incessant

the commercial traveler on the road. "My own hand," said the young man,

"Nothing. There was a row, so I came. I'm supposed to be doing something down at the painting-slips among the boats, or else I'm in charge of the condenser on one of the water-ships. I've forgotten which." "You've cheek enough to build a redoubt with," said Torpenhow, and took stock of the new acquaintance. "Do you always draw like that?" The young man produced more sketches.

"Row on a Chinese pig-boat," snid he, sententiously, showing them one after an-other. "Chief wate dirked by a comprador.

Junk ashore off Hakodate. Somali muleteer being flogged. Star shell bursting over campat Berbera. Slave dhow being chivied

by Fuzzies." "H'm!" said Torpenhow, "can't say I

CHAPTER II.

Then he brought the lances down, then the bugles blew, When we went to Kandahar, ridin' two an'

"I'm not angry with the British public, morning papers then. Can't you imagine

Justice, Constant Reader, Pater-familias,

square inches of it, then. Both my knees

about it? But lend me the needle, and I'll see what I can do with the selvage. I don't think there's enough to protect my royal

of yours, Dick?"

worn riding breeches and began to fit a souure of coarse canvas over the most obvious open space. He grunted disconsolately as the vastness of the void developed itself.

of white lead, to plaster up the sun-parched

coes; an' then, s' elp me, when she can't do nothin' else, she opens 'erseli out like a cock-eyed Chinese lotus."

The formula of the correspondent is that of rush of the enemy, the same pressure on the weakest side of the square, the few minutes of desperate hand-to-hand scuffle, and

black as the sliding water above a mill dam

-full on the right flank of the square.

Then the line of dusty troops and the faint

blue desert sky overhead went out in rolling

smoke, and the little stones on the heated

ground and the tinder-dry clumps of scrub

became matters of surpassing interest, for

men measured their agonized retreat and re-

covery by these things, counting mechani-

stabbing spears, and a man on a horse, fol-lowed by 30 or 40 others, dashed through,

elling and hacking. The right flank of

the square sucked in after them, and the

live, caught at the enemy's feet and brought

them down, or, staggering to a discarded rifle, fired blindly into the scuffle that

raged in the center of the square. Dick was conscious that somebody had cut him vio-lently across his helmet, that he had fired

his revolver into a black, foam-flecked face which forthwith ceased to bear any re-semblance to a face, and that Torpenhow

had gone down under an Arab whom he

turning over and over with his cap-

tor was jabbing at a venture with a bayonet.

and a helmetless soldier was firing over Dick's shoulder. The flying grains of

powder stung his cheek. It was to Torpen-

how that Dick turned by instinct. The representative of the Central Southern Syndicate had shaken himself clear of his enemy, and rose, wiping his thumb on his trousers. The Arab, both hands to his fore-

head, screamed aloud, then snatched up his

spear and rushed at Torpenhow, who was panting under shelter of Dick's revolver. Dick fired twice, and the man dropped

limply. His upturned facs lacked one eye.

The musketry fire redoubled, but cheers mingled with it. The rush had failed, and

the enemy were flying. It the heart of the square were shambles, the ground beyond was a butcher's shop. Dick thrust his way

forward between the maddened men. The

remnant of the enemy were retiring, and the

lew-the very few-English cavalry were

riding down the laggards Beyond the lines of the dead, a broad

blood-stained Arab spear, cast aside in the retreat, lay across a stump of scrub, and be-yond this again the illimitable dark levels

of the desert. The sun naught the steel and turned it into a savage red disk. Some one

behind him was saving, "Ah, get away, you brute !" Dick raised his revolver and pointed toward the desert. His eye was

held by the red splash in the distance, and the clamor about him seemed to die down

tive, feeling for the man's eyes. The doc-

tried to "collar low," and was

other sides sent help. The wounded, who knew that they had but a fey hours more to

"What's your business here?" "Nothing. There was a row, so I came, "m support the design of the selence of the desert, broken only by the yells of those whom the handful of cavilry attempted to pursue. They had grown careless. The camel-guns spoke at intervals, and the square slouched forward amid the protests of the series of the desert, broken only by the yells of those whom the handful of cavilry attempted to pursue. They had grown careless. of the camels. Then cams the attack of 3,000 men who had not learned from books that it is impossible for troops in close order to attack against breech-loading fire. A few dropping shots heralded their approach, and a few horsemen led, but the bulk of the force was naked humanity, mad with rage, and armed with the spear and the sword. The instinct of the desert, where there is always much war, told them that the right flank of the square was the weakest, for they swung clear of the front. The camel-guns shelled them as they passed, and opened for an instant lanes through their midst, most like those quick-closing vistas

round Tajurrah Bay. Soldier lying dead in the moonlight outside Suakim-throat cut in a Kentish hop-garden, seen when the train races by at full speed; and the intantry fire, held to the opportune moment, dropped them in close-packed hundreds. No civil-med troops in the world could have endured the hell through which they came, the living care for Verestchagin-and-water myself, but there's no accounting for tastes. Doing leaping high to avoid the dead clutching at their heels, the wounded cursing and staggering forward till they fell-a torrent

anything now, are you?" "No. Amusing myself here." Torpenhow looked at the aching desola-tion of the place. "'Faith, you've queer notions of amusement. Got any money?" "Enough to go on with. Look here; you

want me to do war work?" "I don't. My syndicate may, though. You can draw more than a little, and I don't suppose you care much what you get, do you?" "Not this time. I want my chance

first."

Ta-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra, All the way to Kandahar, ridin' two an' two. Barrack-Room Ballad.

but I do wish we had a few thousand of them scattered among these rocks. They wouldn't be in such a hurry to get at their

are worn through."

body from the cold blast as it is. What are

"Study of our special correspondent repairing his wardrobe," said Dick, gravely, as the other man kicked off a pair of sorely

"Sugar bags, indeed! Hil you pilot-man there! Lend me all the sails of that whale-

A fez-crowned head bobbed up in the stern-sheets, divided itself into exact halves

with one flashing grin, and bobbed down again. The man of the buttered breeches, clad only in a Norfolk jacket and a gray flannel shirt, went on with his clumsy sewing, while Dick chuckled over his sketch.

Some 20 whateboats were nuzzling a sandbank which was dotted with English soldiery of halt a dozen corps, bathing or washing their clothes. A heap of boatroll-

flour and small-arm-ammunition-cases showed where one of the whaleboats had been compelled to unload hastily; and a regimental carpenter was swearing aloud as he tried, on a wholly insufficient allowance

"First the bloomin' rudder snaps," said he to the world in general; "then the mast

cally and hewing their way back to chosen pebble and branch. There was no semblance Torpenhow looked at the sketches again, of any concerted fighting. For aught the men knew, the enemy might be attempting all four sides of the square at once. Their and nodded. "Yes, you're right to take your first chance when you can get it." He rode away swiftly through the Gate of the Two War-Ships, rattled across the cause-way into town, and wired to his syndicate, "Got man here, picture-work. Good and cheap. Shall I arrange? Will do letterbusiness was to destroy what lay in front of them, to bayonet in the back those who passed over them, and dying to drag down the slayer till he could be knocked on the head by some avenging gun-butt. Dick

had

press with sketches." The man on the redoubt sat swinging his legs and murmuring, "I knew the chance would come, sooner or later. By George, they'll have to sweat for it if I come through waited quietly with Torpenhow and a young doctor till the stress became unbearable. There was no hope of attending to the wounded till the attack was repulsed, so the three moved forward gingerly toward the weakest side. There was a rush from without, the short hough-hough of the

this business alive!" In the evening Torpenhow was able to announce to his triend that the Central Southern Agency was willing to take him on trial, paying expenses for three months. "And, by the way, what's your name?" said Torpenhow.

Torpenhow. "Heldar. Do they give me a free hand?" "They've taken you on chance. You must justify the choice. You'd better stick to me. I'm going up-country with a col-umn, and I'll do what I can for you. Give me some of your sketches taken here, and I'll send 'em along." To himself he said: "That's the best bargain the Central South-

ern has ever made; and they got me cheaply enough." So it came to pass that, after some purchase of horse-flesh and arrangements financial and political. Dick was made free of the new and honorable fraternity of war correspondents, who all possess the inalienable right of doing as much work as they can and getting as much for it as Providence and

their owners shall please. To these things are added in time, if the brother be worthy, the power of glib speech that neither man nor woman can resist when a meal or a bed is in question, the eye of a horse-coper, the

skill of a cock, the constitution of a bullock, the digestion of an ostrich, and an in-finite adaptability to all circumstances. But many die be ore they attain to this degree, and the past masters in the craft appear for the most part in dress clothes when they are in England, and thus is their glory hidden

from the multitude. Dick followed Torpenhow wherever the latter's fancy chose to lead him, and between the two they managed to accomplish some work that almost satisfied themselves. It was not an easy life in any way, and under its influence the two were drawn very closely together, for they ate from the same disb, they shared the same water-bottle and, most binding tie of all, their mails went off to-

gether. It was Dick who managed to make gloriously drank a telegraph clerk in a palm hut far beyond the Second Cataract, and, while the man lay in bluss on the floor possessed himself of some laboriously ac quired exclusive information, forwarded by

a confiding correspondent of an opposition syndicate, made a careful duplicate of the matter, and brought the result to Torpen-1] was fai

manner of a clown.

alive with enemy."

The camel corps on the bank yelled to the

infantry to come to them, and a hoarse

shouting down the river showed that the re-

mainder of the column had wind of the

ments.

howled.

We've

against us, I know."

# CANNIBALS OF CONGO.

A Trophy

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1890.

Some Extracts and Illustrations From Herbert Ward's Book.

HOW HE CAME TO MEET STANLEY.

A Complaint About a Slave Boy That Resulted in a Big Feast.

BOILER TUBING FOR ORNAMENTS.

Here are some extracts from Herbert

reproductions of a lew

of its more striking

If my Borneo ex-

periences were ren-

dered unsatisfactory

through ill-health, it

is to this portion of

my life that I am in-

debted for a friend-

ship which has in

many ways influenced

my later life. It hap-

pened that news was

brought to me by a

Malay that a white

man had accidentally

shot himself at some

distance from where I

then was. It was my

poor friend Frank

Hatton, from whom I

had parted but a few

days before, whose

life of much achieve-

ment and more prom-

ise was ended in this tragic manner. While

tracking an elephant through the forest his

gun became entangled in a creeper, the trigger caught, and the charge entered his right lung, killing him almost instantly.

A Type of Balolo.

I had become much attached to Frank Hat-

ton during the short time we had spent to-gether, and my first thought on my return,

when renewed health enabled me to get

about, was to seek out his father. Mr.

Joseph Hatton was then in America with Mr. Henry Irving, and, hearing that some-one had arrived irom Borneo who could sup-plement the meager details of the catastro-

phe he was then in possession of, he hast-ened his return to England, and immediately

on his arrival home sought me out to hear all that I could tell him of the cruel circum-

stances that deprived him of an only and dearly-loyed son. It was through Mr. Hat-

ton that I procured an interview with Mr. Henry M. Stanley, and thus, by a chain of

circumstances, an event happening in a far away Eastern island was the means of send-

ing me to the heart of Central Africa. And as I jot it down to-day my reminiscences of

five years' life with the Congo cannibals it

seems that I can almost hear the report of the fatal shot echoing through the Bornean

On one occasion, some two years ago, a large caravan of men from the north bank of the Congo had

taken loads of Man-

the State officials of

Manyanga, this gang

halt, and after having

duly weighed the pros

and cons of the under-

overweight of the loads they had been

forced to take at Man-

yanga, and the length

of the road to the

Pool, and finally con-

fessed that copper was

a very valuable and

enticing metal, and

looked peculiarly lus-

trous in conjunction

marvelous display of copper necklets, and leg rings, and iron bracelets by the dusky

beauties of Bwende on market days that the

official mind at Manyanga, and steps were

taken to recover what might yet be saved

from the melting process, to which a great part of the steamer's fittings had been sub-

jewelry for the fair sex of Bwende.

All Harris Jos

horrible truth at length dawned upon the

with a black complex-

north bank.

of innocents called

illustrations:

Ward's book, just publishhd, together with

tented with his walk in life the remedy was

even a topic for conversation. This may seem incredible, and yet I have

an instance in my mind's eye of such an oc-currence having actually taken place at

Bangala only one year ago. A slave boy had been permitted to engage himself to work on thestation of the agent, at Bangala, of the Belgian trading company. After a time he absented himself during working

hours, without permission of the agent, who complained to the boy's master, a small chief in the neighboring village, informing him at the same time that the boy was a

lazy fellow, and not worth much. A day or two later the chief told the trader, with

evident satisfaction, that the boy would not trouble him again, for that he had killed

him with a thrust of his spear; and the

white man's horror was increased when on

the following day, the chiel's son, a youngster of 16 or 17 years of age, came

swaggering into the station with spear and shield, and nonchalantly remarked "That

slave boy was very good eating-he was nice and fat."

TWO PROJECTS IN GREECE.

The Corinth Canal a Certainty, but the Hel-

lespont Bridge Isn't.

The bridging of the Hellespont is an

event still of the uncertain future. The

French company stands ready to begin the

work at once, having the plans ready and

the money in hand. But will the Sublime

Porte grant a charter? There is the rub.

The probability is that permission to build

modern enterprise in an equally historic

place is being rapidly pushed to completion.

That is the Corinth canal, which will sever

Greece, and will permit the largest ships to pass directly from the Gulf of Athens to the

Gulf of Corinth. The route for goods from Adriatic ports will be reduced by 185 nau-

tical miles, and from the Mediterranean by

The work was begun some eight years

ago, and, of course, by a French company. It was to have been finished in 1887, but

various troubles delayed it, and now 1895 is

named as the earliest date on which it can be opened for traffic. The total cost of the

canal is reckoned at \$14,000,000, or about

STEEL TIES A SUCCESS.

An Encouraging Report on Their Use by

Some of the experiments in metal railroad

ties in Australia are of special interest to

this country. Conditions there are much

the same as prevail in portions of the West.

Steel ties made in the form of an inverted

trough are used. They are manufactured in

England and cost \$65 a ton on shipboard.

These ties are 6 feet 3 mehes long, 12 inches

wide and 23% inches deep. There are grooves for the rails. Mr. James, the resident en-

gineer, says: "The steel ties are exceedingly strong; they stand well in the track and keep a good line. To one traveling on an engine the road seems as elastic as if the line was

aid with wooden ties. The contractors are

highly pleased with them. They give no trouble when laid, and the cost for main-

tenance is very much lighter than with wooden ties."

THE COLLEGE ATHLETE.

Picture of the Harvard Giant as He Appea

in the Classroom.

The athlete in a recitation is very amus

ing. When he enters some admirers usual-

whispers his confidante "look at: isn't he

dandy?" The athlete always looks too

large for his chair in the classroom. You

wonder why it does not break down. The

ronage, as if interloctual particular particular in their way and a thing to be encouraged, in their way and occasions, but just a

professor even defers to him a little, unable

little unworthy a man of muscle.

loston Traveller.

Railroads in Australia.

will not be granted. But another work of

New York Tribune. ]

95 miles.

\$3,500,000 a mile.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat. ]

simple. They no longer troubled him to continue treading a path which proved a weariness to the flesh. The pot became his destination, and he soon ceased to afford Chicago Herald.]

the Peloponessus from the mainland of Greece, and will permit the largest ships to pass directly from the Gulf of Athens to the

less.

Chicago Herald. ]

of them plorious, so that they were lifted above the consideration of any worlds at all, especially those in which tea is necessary, and sat still, holding each other's hands and saying not a word. "You can't forget now," said Dick at last

There was that on his cheek that stung more than gunpowder.

"I shouldn't have forgotten, anyhow." said Maisie, and they looked at each other and saw that each was changed from the companion of an hour ago to a wonder and a mystery they could not understand. The sun began to set and a night wind thrashed the beats of the foreshore.

We shall be awfully late for tea," said Maisie, Let's go home." "Let's use the pest of the cartridges first,"

said Dick, and he helped Massie down the slope of the fort to the sea, a descent she was quite capable of necomplishing at fall Equally gravely Maiste took the ament. Dick bent torward clumsily: gring hand. Dick bent forward clumsily; Maisle drew her hand away and Dick

"it's very pretty," he said.

"Poph" said Maisie, with a little laugh of gratified vanity. She stood close to Dick as he loaded the revolver for the last time and fired across the sea with a vague notion at the back of his head that he was protectng Maisie from all the evils in the world. A puddle far across the mud caught the rays of the sun and turned into a wrathinl red disk. The light held Dick's attention for a moment, and as he raised his revolver there tell upon him a renewed use of the miraculous, in that he was standing by Maisie who had promised to care for him for an indefinite length of time till such date as- A gust of the growing wind drove the girl's long black mir across his face as she stood with her hand on his shoulder calling Amomma "a little beast," and for a moment he was the dark .- a darkness that stung. The bullet went singing out to the empty sea.

"Spoilt my aim," said he, shaking his "There aren't any more cartridges; head. we shall have to run nome." But they did not run. They walked very slowly, arm in arm. And it was a matter of indifference to them whether the neglected Amomma with two pin-fire cartridges in his inside blew up or trotted beside them; for they had come into a golden heritage and were disposing of it with all the wisdom of all their

"And I shall be-," quoth Dick, valiantly. Then he checked himself: "I don't know what I shall be. I don't seem to be able to pass any exams., but I can make awful caricatures of the masters. Hol hol' "Bean artist, then," said Maisse. "You're always laughing at my trying to draw; and

it will do you good." "I'll never laugh at anything you do," he answered. "I'll be an artist, and I'll do

things. "Artists always want money, don't they?" "I've got £120 a year of my own. My guardians tell me I'm to have it when I come of age. That will be enough to begin

"Ah, I'm rich," said Maisie. "I've got three hundred a year all my own when I'm That is why Mrs. Jennett is kinder to I had somebody that belonged to me-just a father or mother."

"You belong to me," said Dick, "for ever and ever,

"I know I do. It's very nice." She squeezed his arm. The kindly darkness hid them both, and, emboldened, because he could only just see the profile of Maisie's check with the long lashes veiling the gray eyes, Dick at the front door delivered him-in England over one soldier who insubordi-If of the words he had been boggling over for the last two hours. "And I-love you, Maisie," he said, in a

angry murmur of the Nile as it raced round low, who said a basalt-walled bend aud formed across a rock ridge half a mile up stneam. It was war correspondence," and built an excelas though the brown weight of the river would drive the white men back to their own

country. The indescribable scent of Nile mud in the air told that the stream was falling and that the next few miles would be no light thing for the whale boats to overpass. The desert ran down almost to the banks, where, among gray, red and black hillocks a camel corps was encamped. No man dared even for a day lose touch of the slow-moving hosts: there had been no fighting for weeks past, and throughout all that time the Nile had never spared them. Rapid had followed and rip out half her bottom planks.

rapid, rock rock, and island group island group, till the rank and file had long since lost all count of direction and very nearly of time. They were moving somewhere, they did not know why, to do something, they did not know what, Before them lay the Nile, and at the other end of it was one Gordon, fighting for dear life, in a town called Khartoum. There were columns of

British troops in the desert, or in one of dar. the many deserts; there were columns on the seil." river, there were yet more columns waiting o embark on the river; there were fresh drafts waiting at Assiut and Assuan; there were lies and rumors running over the face of the hopeless land from Suakim to the Sigth Cataract, and men supposed generally that there must be some one in authority to direct the general scheme of the many movements. The duty of that particular river nlumn was to keep the whaleboats affoat in the water, to avoid trampling on the villagers' crops when the gangs "tracked" the boats with lines thrown from midstream, to get as much sleep and food as possible, and. above all, to press on without delay in the the teeth of the churning Nile.

With the soldiers sweated and toiled the correspondents of the newspapers, and they were almost as ignorant as their compan-1005. But it was above all things necessary that England at breakfast should be amused and thrilled and interested, whether Gordon lived or died, or half the British army went to pieces in the sands. The Soudan campaign was a picturesque one and lent itself to vivid word painting. and again a "Special" managed to get slain -which was not altogether a disadvantage to the paper that employed him-and more often the hand-to-hand nature of the fighting allowed of miraculous escapes which were worth telegraphing home at 18 pence

the word. There were many correspondents with many corps and columns-from the veterans who had followed on the heels of the cavalry that occupied Cairo in 1882, what time Arabi Pasha called himself King, who had seen the first miserable work round Sunkim, when the sentries were cut up nightly and the scrub swarmed with spears to youngsters jerked into the business at the end of a telegraph wire to take the place of their betters killed or invalided.

Among the seniors-those who knew every shift and change in the perplexing postal ar rangements, the value of the seedlest, weed iest Egyptian garron offered for sale in Cairo or Alexandria, who could talk a telegraph elerk into amiability and soothe the ruffled vanity of a newly-appointed staff officer me than she is to you. I wish, though, that when press regulations became burdensome -was the man in the flannel shirt, the black-browed Torpenhow. He represented the Central Southern Syndicate in the cam-

paign, as he had represented it in the Egyp-tian war and elsewhere. The syndicate did Hurry up, you men!" not concern itself greatly with criticisms of attack and the like. It supplied the masses and all it demanded was picturesquenes nately steps out of a square to rescue a com-rade than over 20 generals slaving even to The little hundred and fifty-pound cancel-

Sor the last two hours.
'And I-love you, Maisie," he said, in a whisper that seemed to him to ring across the world-the world to-morrow or next day set out and conquer.
There was a scene, not for the sake of discipline, to be reported, when Mrs. Jennet would have tallen upon him, first for disgraceful unpunctuality, and secondly

to a very far-away whisper, like the whisper lent descriptive article from his rival's riot-ous waste of words. It was Torpenhow who the red light, \* \* \* and the voice of rether and apart, from Philm to the waste wilderness of Herawi and Muella, would fill many books. They had been penned into a square side by right and happen afterward. Something away, exactly in a past life. Dick waited for what should happen afterward. Something away, exactly and the being put together at Leopold ville, among which been penned into a square side by side, in deadly fear of being shot by over-excited soldiers; they had fought with baggage camels in the chill dawn; they had jogged along in silence under blinding sun on instood in the dark-a darkness that stung. He fired at random, and the bullet went out across the desert as he muttered, "Spoilt my aim. There aren't any more cartridges. We shall have to run home." He put his defatigable little Egyptian horses; and they hand to his head and brought it away covhad floondered on the shallows of the Nile when the whale boat in which they had ered with blood.

"Old man, you're cut rather badly," said Torpenhow. "I owe you something for this business. Thanks. Stand up! I say, you found a berth chose to smite a hidden rock taking, they medi-tated, asserted the inordinate Now they were sitting on the sand bank, can't be ill here." Dick had fallen stiffly on Torpenhow's and the whale boats were bringing up the

"Yes," said Torpenhow, as he put the last rude stitches into his overlong neglected gear, "it has been a beautiful business." "The patch, or the campaign?" said Helshoulder and was muttering something about aiming low and to the left. Then he sank to the ground and was silent. Torpenhow dragged him off to a doctor and sat down to work up his account of what he was pleased to call "a sanguinary battle, in which our "Don't think much of either, my-

"You want the Euryalus brought no arms had acquitted themselves," etc. All that night, when the troops were enabove the Third Cataract, don't you? and 81-ton guns at Jakdul? Now, I'm quite satisfied with my breeches." He turned camped by the whale-boats, a black figure danced in the strong moonlight on the sand bar and shouted that "Khartoum the acround gravely to exhibit himself, after the ursed one was dead-was dead-was dead-"It's very pretty. Specially the lettering on the sack. G. B. T. Government Bullock that two steamers were rock-staked on the Nile outside the city, and that of all their crews there remained not one; and Khartoum was dead—was dead—was dead.'

Train. That's a sack from India." "It's my initials-Gilbert Belling Torpenhow. I stole the cloth on purpose. What the mischief are the camel corps doing yon-der?" Torpenhow shaded his eyes and looked across the scrub-strewn gravel. But Torpenhow took no heed. He was watching Dick, who was calting aloud to the restless Nile for Maisie-and again

"Behold a phenomenon," said Torpenhow, earranging the blanket. "Here is a man, A bugle blew furiously, and the men on rearranging the blanket. the bank hurried to their arms and accouter presumably human, who mentions the name of one woman only. And I've seen a good 'Pisan soldiery surprised while bathing,"" remarked Dick calmiy, "D'you re-member the picture? It's by Michael Angelo, All beginners copy it. That scrub's leal of delirium, too. Dick, here's some fizzy drink."

"Thank you, Maisie," said Dick. (To be continued next Sunday.)

## CLEVER INDIAN CADET.

He is a Favorite and Doing Well at the Northwestern Milltary Academy.

trouble and was hastening to take share in Chicago Herald.]

it. As swiftly as a reach of still water is The Northwestern Military Academy at crisped by the wind, the rock-strewn ridge Highland Park has among its cadets a and scrub-topped hills were troubled and alive with armed men. Mercifully it oc-curred to these to stand far off for a time, to Dakota Indian. He is a sort of protege of the Government, and came there from the shout and gesticulate joyously. One man even delivered himself of a long story. Santee Agency. He is from the tribe known as Heikarees in the western part of The camel corps did not fire. They were only too glad for a little breathing space, North Dakota. He was at school at th Santee Agency, but life was made miserable until some sort of square could be formed there for him, because most of the scholars The men on the sandbank ran to their side; are Sioux Indians, and the two tribes are and the whaleboats, as they toiled up within nemies.

His name is Pasc-which means in his own shouting distance, were thrust into the nearlanguage "Young." Some one gave him the name John, and at the Highland Park school he is John Young. John Young wins all the prizes. He is the best writer est bank and emptied of all save the sick and a few men to guard them. The Arab orator ceased his outcries, and his friends "They look like Mahdi's men," said Torin the school, the finest ball player and, it penhow, elbowing himself into the crush of the square; "but what thousands of 'em there are! The tribes hereabout aren't whether the tribes hereabout aren't goes without saying, he runs like an Indian, having won several prizes as the fleetest runner in the Santee Agency. He is quite exclusive, but triendly with all the cadets. "Then the Mahdi's taken another town," said Dick, "and set all these yelping devils and they are all fond and proud of their Indian companion.

free to chaw us up. Lend us your glass." "Our scouts should have told us of this. Through the vacations he remains at the school and earns enough money to buy his We've been trapped," said a subaltern. "Aren't the camel guns ever going to begin? uniforms. At times he becomes anxious to know who seatles his bills, and asks some pointed questions, though his knowledge of the English language is limited. In There was no need for any order. The men flung themselves panting against the sides of the square, for they had good reason books he carries as many studies as any of the cadets, and is brighter than the aver-

age. His ambition is to master the language, to know that whose was left outside when the fighting began would very probably eccive commercial training and return to Dakota to go into business.

Hypnotic Suggestion. The Baltimore News.) Hypnotism continues to attract attention, and the source of danger it undoubtedly is brings it within the scope of proper legisla-ition. Nearly every Europaan source of the sourc tion. Nearly every European county bas pronounced against it, and it has been con-semmed by the Catholic Church.

vanga for Stanley Pool, consisting mainly of material for 4 quantity of copper boiler-tubing and iron piping. Having got well out of the ken of

to refuse his instinctive homage to powereven though it be physical. strolls across the yard, men look out of their windows after him. He is pointed out to the young lady visitors, and the fair

## THE FAD OF THE DAY.

## to Athletics Now.

There are probably more new writers and lecturers in the field of physical culture than on any other topic prominent before the public. The interest very widely expressed in the Sargent awards for the best developed man and woman, announced some weeks ago, was a striking illustration of the deer hold the effort after perfection of the person has taken on people generally. A man who has anything new or striking to say about building up a man's physique or developin the caravan route, and it was only as gradual native reports filtered into Manyanga of the a woman's muscles is to-day sure of a hear

talked and wrote on the human body. D Winship was less well known, but his ef forts were beneficial in drawing people's thoughts to the machines which rendered thought possible. Dr. D. A. Sargent, of Harvard, director of the Hemenway Gymnasium, Prof. Hartwell, of Johns Hopkins and Dr. Hitchcock, of Amherst, are to-day men whose teachings in athletics command as much respect as would their lectures on

## THEY LOVED BREVITY.

### say that I am tired of life, could I? Curious Abbreviations Found in the Manu It was pretty to notice how ever and again scripts of '76.

between her abrupt speeches, as some glaam of light fell for a moment on the dim and The men of "'76" studied brevity. This distant past, the centenarian would, with an is apparent in all their manuscript writings, appealing, childlike look, end her words by asking "Could I?" or "Could they?" not so much perhaps in the expression of "And can you still eat your food and enjoy it?" "I can eat anything. Nothing makes me their ideas as in their use of words. Their abbreviations were numerous, and perplexing from their peculiarity, and some of them ill. But I can't eat meat if it isn't cooked require almost as much patience for their interpretation as a cunelform inscription. to death, because I have only one tooth. I could not bite much with that, could I?" "Then, do you live all alone in this cot-These were not confined to particular much-used technical words or terminals, but

were applied indiscriminately. "The" was abbreviated to "ye," "your" "No, I am here only during the day. Up to a few months ago I lived in it, but now a neighbor fetches me at night and I sleep at to "yr," "that" to "yt," "companion" to "compn," "hundred" to "hnd," "young" to "yg," "Fritz" to "Fz," and so on in-definitely. When two consonants came to her house. I can dress myself, but they tie my stockings and put on my shoes. They are good to me, my neighbors are, but I have been good to them too. If you are not good to others, others won't be good to you, will they?" gether one was often dropped, and a circum-flex was used to denote the elision. Thus fier was used to denote the elision. Thus "wagon" according to the usage of those days, was correctly spelled with two g's, and when spelled with one only the writer signified that he knew better by placing a circumfler over it. So also with such words as "common," "trammel," "cellar," "pil-low," "committee," one of the doubles is often dropped. Important words were gen-erally capitalized. ouisville Western Recorder.]

OLDEST WIDOW IN ENGLAND. than the lukewarm bath, which, when Years Old, but Hearty Still.

Pall Mall Budget. ] In a little tumble-down cottage not far from the Ham Gate of Richmond Park, lives the oldest widow in England. She

was born in 1786. "Is Mrs. Morfew in?" I asked, and knocked gently at the open door. No answer. Thinking that there might he a back room to which the old lady had retired. I knocked again, and again, each time louder than before. For some time all remained silent, and then suddenly the heap of grayish clothes on the old tumble-down poster began to move, and some one said, in far-away, unearthly voice, "Eh?" mind. once again, as, somewhat staggered, I re-mained at the door, "Eh?" Then from the Count Berchtold, of London, says of the English Consul General, of Alexandria (a

tangled mass there rose a small head, with gentleman of 60 years of age), that by reaa widow's cap pushed on one car, with hair as white as the finest flax, and with a face of a million lines and

"Not I. I am quite well, and I couldn't

son of his protracted stay in hot climates and his sedentary mode of life he had lost much of his former herculean strength, but that a frequent lukewarm bath, into which he poured a cup of pure olive oil, always refreshed and strengthened him greatly. The addition of the olive oil enhances the softening, flexible property of the lukewarm water. In former days physicians knew little or nothing of the fact that water could be absorbed into the human body while in the bath, and yet this is its most important factor.

A TRUSTWORTHY BEAUTIFIER.

The frequent lukewarm bath for ladies is a sure beautifier. It restores elasticity and smoothness to the dry, harsh skin, it loosens the tissues and thereby brings back fullness and roundness to the limbs. It prevents eruption of the skin, and where pre removes them, often even from the face. For elderly ladies lukewarm baths are the best means of conservation. The slight irritation of the sensitive

nerves has a quieting effect upon the nerv-ous system in general. Without increasing the activity of the regular warmth-produc-ing organs, these baths protect the body against giving up too much heat and this enhances nutrition, whereby the important part which the "indifferently warm" bath plays in the dietetic is explained.

RULES FOR BATHING.

It is well to commence with these baths as soon as the first infirmities of old age begin to make themselves feit, between the 50th and 60th year. Two to four baths should be taken every week. Thej temperature must be irom 88° to 95° Fahrenheit, and within this scale that degree should be chosen which is the most conducive to the comfort of each individual. As the water cools off hot water must be added and the thermom-eter constantly consulted. In the beginning the bathing should not be extended beyond the limit of a half hour, but it may gradually be increased to an hour. Lukewarm baths lasting less than a baif hour cannot be regarded as of a life prolonging character.

The best time for bathing is the forenoon one or two hours after breakfast, or the afternoon at least four hours after the mid-day meal. After the bath the body must be thoroughly dried and rubbed with coarse towels, first the arms and limbs, then the body and lastly the head. Baths either too hot or too cold are daugerous to old people. Hebra's experiments have demonstrated that a man can spend nine months uninterruptedly day and night in a lukewarm bath without the slightest ill effects to his health.

### Just Our Luck. Detroit Free Press. 7

A school of fish was seen off the coast of New Jersey the other day which was esti-

Pursuit and Possessio mated to contain 20,000,000 fish, each and We part more easily with what we possess every one anxious and willing to bite a hook than with the expectation of what we wish than with the expectation of what we wish for, and the reason of it is that what we expect is always greater than what we enjoy. every blamed fish got away!

that I should never have far to seek to find came to their net; and if a slave, captured in war or sold into bondage by a neighbor-ing people, became "uppish" and discon-

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A Bokongo's Grave.

immediate vicinity of the station did, after a

time, become chary of acknowledging to a white man their liking for human flesh or their participation in these orgies, I knew

ion, they inconti- Rats for Sale. nently bolted with all their loads to their distant villeags in the Bwende hills, on the Some short time afterward search was made by the State officers for the missing copper tubes, which were then badly wanted for the completion of the steamer's boiler; but no sign of them could be discovered along

> ing. John S. White, LL. D., head master o the Berkley School, of New York, read a good paper on this subject before the Town and Country Club at Newport some weeks ago. He predicts that the United States are at the threshold of a new era of physical development likely in its results to transcend anything that the world has yet seen. Everybody remembers the attention Dr. Dio Lewis attracted when he first

asleep" in the straw for many days, and as become shriveled up and wrinkled. has bec "Am I well? Yes, I am quite well. I have not an ache in my little finger. Only I am a little deaf, and my sight is bad, very "But you do not look as if you were tired of life?" metaphysics or the etymology of Pi.

ected in the task of converting it into

Among the Bangaras almost weekly some savage act of cannibalism would be brought to my notice and though the villagers in the

## creatures look with awe on the god-like being whom they have seen battling in mud and gore for the honor of Harvard in super human fashion. The athlete during his season of activity does not study much. He has to reserve his energies for physical effort. He can neither smoke nor drink. About all that is left him is to talk athletics, and for this purpose he can get plenty of listeners. But when

o'clock in the afternoon comes, then he is in his element. And from 4 to 6 he toils away like a young giant.

A Great Deal of Intellectual Energy Devote

Chat With Mrs. Morfew, Who is Now 104 He likes to stretch out his big limbs, and watch them in repose, knowing how much they can do when occasion requires. The

judiciously used with increasing age, will do all that human ingenuity can prescribe in order to prolong lile.'

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S CASE, At the time of Benjamin Franklin's stay in England during the '70's of the last century, when he was past 60 years of age, he began to feel greatly the encroachments of oid age. As a preventive Dr. Darwin recommended to him the lukewarm bath to be thing the same the be taken twice a week. Franktin followed his advice, and very soon experienced the beneficial effects of these warm baths upon his aging body. He continued to use them up to within a short time of his death, and always with the most satisfactory results. He reached the age of 84 years, and to the last was strong and vigorous in body and

FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

What Ponce de Leon Never Found is

Within the Reach of All.

THE PLAIN LUKEWARM BATH

Renews the Waning Powers of Age and

Paints Beauty's Cheek.

HOW THE BODY WILL ABSORD WATER

Life is everything, and so it is that any

nostrum whose virtue was supposed to be

the prolongation of the brief span of human

existence has always attracted the greatest

attention. The Brown-Sequard excitement

is the most recent example. Of course all

such claims are nonsense, but the belief in

the fact that there are draughts in existence

which have the power of prolonging life

has never entirely died out, and even at the

present day "arcanists" and wonder doctors are preparing elixirs of life from all kinds

of herbs for the benefit of those who will be

But this inborn hope is not altogether de-

lusive: there are means, positive means,

which for a time counteract the process of

waste in the human system, which comes

with advancing age, retarding thereby the end of the same. These rules are purely

lukewarm bath occupies a prominent rank.

CHARACTER OF OLD AGE.

The efficacy of this is not new-only not

generally known. Careful observers have noticed long ago that aged persons are great-

ly refreshed, restored and rejuvenated by the lukewarm bath, but no one knew just

why it should prove so beneficial to old people. It was not until the end of the past

century, says a writer in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, that a French physician, Pomme

by name, explained this circumstance. He

reasons as follows: "The character of old

age is increasing dryness, brittleness and stiffness of tissue. Lukewarm buths are a

direct preventative for this drying up of the

tissues, and by reason thereof, are a means

of prolonging life, and it is easily under-stood why they should have such a beneficial

The human body absorbs a considerable

quantity of water in the lukewarm bath, which causes a softening of the tissues, and

for this fact Falconet has furnished us the

proof. This scientist demonstrated by the

scales that a person remaining in the luke-warm bath for an hour absorbs through the

skin more than three pounds of water.

Marcard, the famous Pyrmont physician,

asserts the same, and has arrived at this

conclusion through several careful experi-ments. Recent observations have been fol-

lowed by similar results, and everybody

who will set up a scale in his bathroom

can convince himself of the correctness of this statement.

THE WEAR AND TEAR.

dency for decreasing the number of pulsa-tions and respiration, and also in this direc-

tion they diminish the rapid consumption of

witality. Persons whose pulse is easily ac-celerated, who suffer from rush of blood to

the head, etc., derive most benefit from such baths. A bath of a temperature of from 880

to 95° Fahrenheit and lasting a hall hour

reduces the pulse from about 72 to 60, and

for quite a long time after the bath the number of pulsations does not increase.

Marcard says that he reduced his pulse to

540 during an hour and a half's stay in the

Iukewarm bath. Among others Dr. Zwierlein states: "Natural death is not caused through the wasting away and wearing out of the organs

but principally through the drying up, stiffening and immovability of the solid

parts of the body, the narrowing down and

of all the delicate vessels, through corrup-tion, incrassation and stagnation of the fluid

portions, through a superabundance of the terreous parts in the fluids and the disturb-

ance caused thereby in all the functions of

the human system, particularly that of nutrition and the circulation of the blood;

therefore, no more appropriate medium for

death can be found

the postponement of

complete obstruction and growing together

Beside this, lukewarm baths have a ten-

effect upon the old."

dietetical, however, and among the

deceived.

IRRIGATION IN KANSAS.

There has been growing upon those who

have studied the plains of Western Kansas

the conviction that the success of agricul-

ture in the western third of the State is be-

yond question a failure unless a more per-

manent water supply can be obtained. A

new theory has been broached, that of irri-

gation by means of the "underflow" in the

river valleys, and it has been tested with

remarkable success. In searching for and

investigating the water sources, it was dis-

covered that underneath the great valley of

the Arkansas, and presumably under all the

river valleys of Western Kansas, if not under the plains, lies hidden a vast body of

water. The possibility of utilizing this as a source from which to supply the ditches naturally arose and practical tests have just been completed that prove the entire reason-

ableness of the theory. The vicinity of Dodge City, about 100

miles from the western line of the State in the Arkansas Valley, was selected as the

place for the experiment just completed. There was opened a ditch 14 teet wide and drifting westward up the valley. The river falls seven feet to the mile, and the ditch

was commenced three feet below the surface

fect to the mile, which soon brought it below the level of the river bottom. The ditch was extended until the excava-

tion was found to be 12 feet deep and 6 feet below the river bottom. Into the ditch thus dug into the solid earth drained the under-

flow. So great was the drainage that at the

point of beginning a dam was constructed,

and the amount of water flowing over it was

found to be 30 cubic feet per second. A ditch was opened easterly along the

higher land at a fall of only 1 7-10 feet per

20 feet, with a water supply as constant as

sidered. The ditch thus far constructed, and which

it is believed will furnish a permanent sup-

ply the year round, as it was completed at

the close of the driest season ever known in

Western Kansas, will irrigate about 25,000

acres of land, and has been built at a cost of \$60,000. The proprietors believe that with

their experience they could now do the same amount of work for at least \$10,000

WHAT SPANIARDS DRINK.

Beer and Lemonade Mixed in Equal Quanti-

ties One of the Favorites.

Spaniards seldom drink much wine; as for

the women, they never touch it, but quaff

glass after glass of pure spring water during

their meals. Ordinary wine is placed on

the table; when a guest is present, sherry or

else manzanilla is served once around. Of

course, these usages only hold good in every-

day life; the aristocracy drink French wines

and champagne liberally, and the fair sex

partake of them also. Common wines would

be very good if the growers used casks in-

stead of putting them into skins, which

always give them a strong taste, even when

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, after his re-

freshing siesta, your Spaniard teels the want of a cup of chocolate. In some really

old-fashioned families it is a pretty substi-

tute for our 5 o'clock tens. The steaming hot beverage is served in quaint little cups

on lovely Talavera plates; with each cup is a large tumbler of the coldest water, to

drive the chocolate down," as the natives

say. The water is sweetened with the classic

azucarillo, a sort of light cake of sugar. Light sponge cakes are eaten with the choc-olate. Water is much used as a beverage,

olate. Water is much used as a beverage, especially in summer time. They cool it in

especially in summer time. They cool it in bottle-shaped jars of porous earthenware called alcaragas, which render the water as cool as ice. Spaniards do not use ice except in cafes at receptions. They do, however,

Louisville Courier-Journal. 1

bottled afterward.

wonder why it does not break down. The book, too, seems all out of place in his big hands, and a pencil looks positively funny as he handles it. He wears an air of pat-ronage, as if intellectual pursuits were well

When

the everlasting hills, or at least so con-

and extended westward on a grade

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