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B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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EX-SENATOR PALMER, of Michigan, is a conspicuous illustration of a poor man dependent on a rich wife. Mrs. Palmer is worth from $6,000,000 to $7,000,000, while he only has a paltry $4,000,000.

THE Emperor of Austria proposes to travel incognito for his health. If he will actually do so and go among the people of his own empire and other European countries he will learn much that will surprise and possibly instruct him.

A LEBANON county farmer, who kept his money in his house, found some virtue in gold and silver coin. He had several thousand dollars in metal, and when his house was destroyed by fire recovered all of it, the gold coins being melted together in one mass. Hereafter, however, he will keep his money in bank.

ROLL call of the Pennsylvania Railroad shows an army of nearly 90,000 men engaged in transacting the business of that great corporation. If to these could be added the thousands who indirectly find employment in supplying the company with materials or handling its freight after it has passed from the control of the corporation, the army would be as large perhaps as any that formed a single command during the war of the Rebellion.

HENRY C. WHITE, of New York, in a letter to the *Tribune*, says: "There is really no ground for the theory of the formation of a deaf race of men, simply because out of the 33,000 deaf mutes, fully 80 per cent. lost their hearing through sickness or from purely accidental causes, and the defect is not repeated in the offspring; on the other hand, congenital deafness has been decreasing, as is shown by the annual reports of every State institution in the land."

IT seems that the copper syndicate did not make last year as profitable for the Boston companies as might have been expected considering the high price at which copper ruled. The eight companies paid dividends amounting to $4,120,000, but late in the year, when the collapse of the syndicate became certain, there was a decline in the market value of the shares amounting to $23,214,050. The effect of the syndicate's operations on the business of mining copper will no doubt continue to be felt until the syndicate stock is largely reduced.

THE business failures for the quarter just ended are much larger in number than those during the same period last year, 3569 against 3053. The liabilities did not increase in proportion with the number of failures and the assets are about 50 per cent of liabilities. During the last four weeks the number of failures has fallen off as compared with a year ago. Considering what the country has gone through in the past six months in the way of shrinkage of value it is wonderful that there has been so little disturbance among business houses.

THE United States Consul at Valparaiso reports that while over 15,000 vessels entered and cleared at Chilian ports during 1887, the American flag waved over only 221 of them. The reason we are so far behind the other maritime nations of the world is that the United States Government has handicapped American shipping with navigation laws and tariff laws that choke the breath of life out of commerce.

THE Western Union Telegraph monopoly displayed its hand recently in true Jay Gouldian style. The Company has never had any intention of placing its wire underground. Recently it obtained an order of court restraining the Mayor and the Board of Electrical Control from interfering with its wires and poles. Another telegraph company also served legal notice upon the board not to interfere with its property. Now we have the fight. Going under ground means a vast expenditure for the owners of the overhead wires. They are fighting for delay. The people have decreed that the wires must be buried, and yet after a three years' struggle we only have in the subways 6,000 miles of the 100,000 miles of wires which disfigure and embarrass the city.

WHEN the startling tidings from Samoa of the loss of three American and three German warships in a cyclone, with a multitude of their officers and men, first came to us over the wires, there was every reason to hope that the story would prove to be as false as was the former story of the blowing up of the Nipsic by a German gunboat. All the probabilities seemed strongly on that side. It seemed incredible that experienced naval officers, equipped with barometers, had allowed themselves to be caught in unsafe waters by a storm, especially in a region known to be subject to violent atmospheric disturbances. A storm does not come without warning to men accustomed to observe and equipped with instruments of observation. Even on the stage a storm is not precipitated without a preliminary turning down of the lights, and at sea naval officers are accustomed to observe every change in the barometer with care and with eyes trained to detect the significance of every change. And as warships, placed as these were, keep steam in their boilers and are prepared to slip their cables at any moment, it was scarcely to be believed that half a dozen of them had been caught in a tangle of rocks and shoals by reason of a failure to put to sea in time.

Mr and Mrs. Bowser.

Mr. Bowser suddenly looked up from his paper the other evening and asked:

'Why is it that we haven't give an progressive euchre party this winter?'

'They have been voted too much trouble,' I replied.

'They have, eh? Did any one vote besides you? I saw half a dozen mentioned in the papers last Sunday.'

'It's almost impossible to get thirty or forty people together on a certain evening, even if they all desire to come. Mrs. Johnson calculated on eight tables and only had enough for five. Mrs. Dart calculated on—'

'Oh, bosh! What does woman's calculation amount to?'

'But if people can't come and don't come, what are you going to do?'

'They can come and they will come. It's all in the management.'

'Well, I wish you'd try it.'

'Do you? Very well, Mrs. Bowser, I shall give a progressive euchre party next week, Wednesday evening. If you'll see to the refreshments I'll see to the people.'

'I'll be glad to, of course, but—'

'But what?'

'You must prepare yourself for disappointments.'

'Oh, I must! How kind of you to give me warning! Mrs. Bowser, I don't went to seem vain or egotistical, but I'll invite thirty-six people here on that night, and for every one who fails to come I'll give you a $20 bill.'

'You are kind—very kind. I hope the party will be a great success. You can begin at once.'

During the next hour he had the use of the telephone to call up acquaintances, and when he finally hung up the trumpet he returned to me with:

'Anything very dismal about that, Mrs. Bowser? I've got ten couples without moving out of my tracks. I'll have the other eight before tomorrow night.'

'That is, they will promise to come.'

'Promise! Promise! Do you imagine that all other people are like you? Most folks know their own minds for a day or two ahead, Mrs. Bowser.

When he came home next night he had a list of eighteen couples who had been invited and solemnly promised to come. Mr. Bowser had made it a point to inform each one that the playing would begin at sharp 8, and all had agreed to be on hand fifteen minutes before that hour.

'Voted too much trouble—can't get people enough!' sneered Mr. Bowser as he looked over the list. 'It's in the management, Mrs. Bowser—all in the management.'

For three days he walked around on tip toe and took every occasion so brag over me. Then came the first set-back. We were at dinner when the telephone rang and Mr. Bowser was asked for.

'Hello Bowser!'

'Yes.'

'This is Filbert.'

'Yes.'

'I want to tell you that we can't come down to the party.'

'You can't?'

'No. My wife has just remembered that she agreed to go over to Johnson's on that night. Sorry, old fellow, but I hope—'

Mr. Bowser shut him off with a loud bang and turned to me and said:

'Mrs. Bowser, don't you ever darken Filbert's doors again—never! They are liars and dangerous people. I can fill their places in five minutes.'

Before he got out of the house there was another ring.

'Hello! Bowser!'

'Yes.'

'This is Watkins.'

'Yes.'

'When I told you the other day we'd be down Wednesday evening I forgot that our Eva was to have a child's party on the same evening. That knocks us out.'

'And you can't come?'

'Of course not. Sorry to disappoint you, old fellow, but of course—'

'Watkins is a liar, Mrs. Bowser—a first class, bold faced liar!' exclaimed Mr. Bowser, 'and you want to cut the whole family as dead as a door nail!'

He went off saying he could get two million couples to take their places, and he returned at evening just as the following note came by the hands of a messenger boy:

'Mr. and Mrs. Jackson present their compliments, and regret that the death of an uncle in China will prevent them from being present on Wednesday evening.'

Mr. Bowser had begun to turn white when the telephone rang.

'Hello! Bowser!'

'Yes.'

'Say, old man, this is a world of change, you know. When I told you we'd come down to that party I never thought about my sister. She's to be married that same evening. Tra-la, old boy, hope you'll have a good time.'

'I told you it would be hard work to get so many people out,' I remarked.

'Did you, Mrs. Bowser? How kind of you! But I'll show you and these liars a thing or two before I get through.'

There were no more declinations until Wednesday morning. Then Mr. Bowser was called up by telephone.

'That you, Bowser?'

'Yes.'

'Is it to night you have that party?'

'Yes.'

'Pshaw! I thought it was a week from to-night! Well that knocks us out. We've got to go to the Y. M. C. A. Sorry, you know, but this is a previous engagement.'

Mr. Bowser was jumping up and down when there came another ring:

'Hello! Bowser!'

'Yes.'

'Nice weather.'

'Yes.'

'Say, Bowser, my wife made a previous engagement for to-night. We've got to go to—'

Mr. Bowser shut him off with a bang and started for the office. During the forenoon I took in two more declinations, and while he was at dinner there was a ring and the old familiar hail:

'Hell?! Bowser!'

'Yes.'

'Say, Bowser!'

'Yes.'

'We expect to be down early to-night.'

'Glad of it.'

'But it may be that my mother-in-law will come in on the 6.30 train. If she does we can't come.'

Mr. Bowser seemed dazed as he hung up the trumpet and left the house. The last blow came at 7 in the evening. The telephone rang and he crawled over to answer.

'Is this Bowser's?'

'Yes.'

'Where's the old man?'

'I am Mr. Bowser.'

'Oh! so you are. Your voice seems mighty weak to-night. Say, old man, the three couples of us in this terrace were coming down to-night, but we must disappoint you at this late moment. We have had free tickets sent up for the opera, and of course—'

Mr. Bowser walked to the front door, locked it, muffled the bell and turned out the gas. Then he sat down and was very quiet for a couple of hours. At last he looked up and said:

'Mrs. Bowser, some husbands would murder a wife for this!'

'But what have I done?'

'What have you done! Coaxed, bribed and bulldozing me into giving a progressive euchre party, and where's the party? I told you how it would come out, and here we are! Mrs. Bowser, I—I—'

But he was too full for further utterance and went to bed.

As Good as Any Other Way.

I had been asleep in my seat in the passenger coach as the train was rolling through Kentucky, and was aroused by a couple taking a seat in front of me. I did not raise my head, but made out that he was a young fellow of twenty-two, or thereabouts, and she was a girl of eighteen or twenty.

'Reckon he's asleep?' queried the girl, referring to me.

'I'm shore of it,' he replied, after taking a look at the back of my head.

There was an interval of silence, cut on the bias and warranted fast color, and then he queried:

'Glad ye come, Mary?'

'Sorter, Bill.'

'We's friends, hain't we?'

'Shore.'

'I never did keer fur no other gal.'

'Shoo! Now you is funning me.'

'Shore as I live, Mary. I wouldn't marry no gal in our hull section, no how.'

'Honest?'

'True as cucumbers. Pap likes ye, Mary.'

'Glad on't.'

'And mam likes ye.'

'Glad on't.'

'And pap was a-saying to me that if I got mar'd I could bring my wife right home.'

'Your pap is good.'

'But I can't git mar'd, Mary.'

'Deed, but why not?'

'Cause nobody loves me.'

'Shoo! Reckon somebody does.'

'No they don't. If they did they'd show it.'

There was another interval of silence, bordered with forget-me-nots and ornamented with orange blossoms, and during this minute I think he seized her unresisting hand. I think she was ready to be seized. He probably squeezed it as he said:

'So you reckon somebody does?'

'Yep.'

'Then why don't they say so?'

'Waitin', mebbe.'

'Waitin' fur what?'

'To be axed to say so.'

He was trembling with excitement, and he could not control his voice as he said:

'If they loved me they'd squeeze my hand, wouldn't they?'

'Reckon they would.'

(Squeeze—zig—gasp. Hello, Central!)

'And—and, Mary, if they'd marry me they'd squeeze again, wouldn't they?'

'Shore they would.'

(Squeeze—whoop—call up the parson!)

Then he leaned over and kissed her, and Cupid danced a hornpipe up and down the aisle.

Coloring in Furnishing.

In furnishing, the matter of coloring is a point that should be carefully studied. A confusion of colors will spoil any room, and this holds good even to the smallest appointment and decoration. A chair covering or even a cushion can prove almost as complete a disfigurement as a carpet which does not accord with the paper, curtains or wood work.

Colors possess character, and that of the most divers sorts. Some hues suggest warmth and cheer, while others breathe of coolness and repose. Blue, gray, drab and fawn are the proper colors for sunny chambers, while red, pink and buff belong to north rooms or any into which the light comes in a stinted way. Even gloomy places can be made cheerful by employing right colors, especially when there can be added an open fire with a bright brass fender.

There is one rule in furnishing which people of moderate means ought always to obey, yet they are usually the least inclined to carry it into practice. This rule is, not to be hampered by the fashion of the moment or afraid of making one's room look unlike those of one's friends.

The fact that several ladies in one's narrow visiting circle possesses a certain style of carpets, chairs, tables, etc., ought to prove a good reason for buying articles entirely different in shape or color. Furniture not so pretty is far preferable to having one's house so like that of the right and left-hand neighbor that a new acquaintance can scarcely tell which of the three domiciles he has entered.

An Imaginative Youth.

The power of imagination is aptly illustrated by an incident which recently occurred in Washington. A well known society lady, accompanied by her little son, visited the panorama of the battle of Bull Run. The child seemed perfectly infatuated with the scenes spread before him, and it was with difficulty that his mother finally persuaded him to leave. All the way home he remained unusually silent, making no comment whatever upon the panorama from which he had found it so difficult to part. When supper was served the little fellow took his seat at the table, but refused to partake of the meal. Finally in response to his mother's anxious solicitations to the cause of his lack of appetite, he suddenly slipped down from his chair, exclaiming: "To tell the truth, I can't eat, for the odor of those dead horses and soldiers on the battle field just made me sick."

A resident of Stony Point, La., has invented a machine for making buckets and tubs from gum without staves or hoops, the bottoms being forced in the chimes with a screw press. Hoops are required for cottonwood, red cedar, poplar, magnolia, etc. Eight buckets can be cut from one block of gum, or twelve bowls, dishes and pans. The capacity is about forty vessels an hour.

Old, But Good.

Ten weary footsore travellers,
All in a woeful plight,
Sought shelter at a wayside inn
One dark and stormy night.

"Nine rooms, no more," the landlord said,
"Have I to offer you,
To each of eight a single bed,
But the ninth must serve for two."

A din arose. The troubled host
Could only scratch his head,
For of those tired men no two
Would occupy one bed.

The puzzled host's was soon at ease,
He was a clever man—
And so to please his guests devised
This most ingenious plan:

[A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I]

In room marked A two men were placed,
The third was lodged in B,
The fourth to C was then assigned,
The fifth retired to D.

In E the sixth he tucked away,
In F the seventh man,
The eight and ninth in G and H,
And then to A he ran.

"Wherein the hos', as I have said,
Had laid two travellers by;
Then taking one—the tenth and last—
He lodged him safe in I.

Nine single rooms—a room for each—
Were made to serve for ten;
And this it is that puzzles me
And many wiser men.

LETTER FROM STANLEY.

NEWS OF THE GREAT EXPLORER TO SEPTEMBER 4.

LONDON, April 2.—Henry M. Stanley's letter to a friend in Edinburgh describes the journey between Yambunga and Albert Nyanza. It goes much into detail, and is very interesting.

Mr. Stanley, after stating the orders given by him to Major Bartelet, goes on to describe the advance of the column. The expedition, which consisted of 389 officers and men, started from Yambunga on June 28th, 1887. On the first day the expedition marched 12 miles along the river bank of Yankarde. On the approach of the column the natives set fire to their villages, and, under cover of the smoke, attacked the pioneers. A skirmish followed, lasting 15 minutes.

During the next six days the expedition marched inland in an easterly direction through a densely populated district. The natives used every art known to them to molest and impede the advance of the party, but, although several conflicts took place, Stanley did not lose a man. Finally, perceiving that the path he had been following was taking him out of his proper course, Stanley struck out toward the northeast and again reached the river on July 5th. From this date until October 18th he followed the left bank of the Aruwhimyi. After seventeen days of continuous marching the expedition halted for one day's rest. On August 1st the first death occurred, the cause being dysentery. So far, for 34 days, the course had been singularly successful.

The party now entered a wild country in their nine days' march through which their sufferings multiplied and several deaths occurred. On August 13th, we arrived at Airsibba, the natives presented a bold front and the party lost five men from poisoned arrows. Lieutenant Stairs was wounded below the heart and suffered greatly, but he recovered. On August 31st the expedition met a party of Manyemas, and their misfortunes began on this date. Stanley writes that he had taken the Congo route to avoid Arabs, who would tempt his men. Within three days of this unfortunate meeting 26 men deserted.

What Stanley describes as an awful month begins on September 18th. Leaving the station of the Arab chief, Ugarrava, when the expedition numbered 263 men, having lost 66 by desertion and death, and having left 56 sick with Ugarrava, the march led to the Arab settlement, Kalingalonga. The men lived on wild fruits, fungi and nuts. Before reaching Kalingalonga, Stanley lost 55 men through starvation and desertion. A slave owner at Kalingalonga, named Abedsalim, did his utmost to ruin the expedition, short of open hostilities. He insisted upon purchasing rifles, ammunition and clothing, so that the expedition left the station beggared. The men were absolutely naked, and were so weak that they were unable to carry the boat. Stanley was therefore obliged to leave the boat, together with 70 loads of goods, at Kalingalonga, under the care of Surgeon Parke and Captain Nelson, the latter of whom was unable to march.

After 12 days' journey, the party on November 1st reached Ibwiri. The Arab devastation, which had reached within a few miles of Ibwiri, was so thorough that not a native hut was left standing between Ugarrava and Ibwiri. What the Arabs did not destroy the elephants destroyed, turning the whole region into a horrible wilderness.

Mr. Stanley continues: Our sufferings terminated at Ibwiri. We were beyond the reach of destroyers. We were on virgin soil, in a populous region, abounding with food. We ourselves were mere skeletons. From 289 persons we now numered 174. Several of the party seeming to have no hope of life left, a halt was therefore ordered for the purpose of recuperating. Hitherto our people were skeptical of what we told them. The suffering had been so awful, the calamities so numerous, and the forests so endless that they refused to believe that by and by we would see plains and cattle, the Nyanza, and Emin Pacha. They had turned a deaf ear to our prayers and entreaties, for, driven by hunger and suffering, they sold their rifles and equipments for a few ears of Indian corn, deserted with the ammunition and became altogether demoralized. Perceiving that mild punishment would be of no avail, I resorted to the death penalty, and two of the worst cases were hanged in the presence of all. We halted for thirteen days at Ibwiri, revelling on fowls, goats, bananas, corn, yams, etc. The supplies were inexhaustible, and our people glutted themselves with such effect that we had 173 sleek and robust men. One had been killed with an arrow.

When we started for Albert Nyanza, on November 24, we were still 126 miles from the lake. Given food, the distance seemed nothing. On December 1st we sighted an open country from the top of a ridge connected with Mount Pisgah, which was so named from our first view of the land of promise and plenty. On December 5 we emerged upon the plains, leaving the deadly and gloomy forest behind us. After 160 days of continuous gloom we saw the light of broad day shining all around, making all things beautiful. We thought we had never seen grass so green or a country so lovely. The men literally leaped and yelled with joy and raced over the ground with their burdens. Ah; this was the old spirit of former expeditions, suddenly completed and all suddenly revived. Woe betide the native aggressor whom we may meet. However powerful, with such a spirit the men will fling themselves upon him like wolves on sheep. Numbers will not be considered, it was the eternal forest that had made them the abject, slavish creatures so brutally plundered by Arab slaves at Kalinga Tonga.

On the 9th we entered the country of the powerful Chief Mazamboni. The villages were scattered so thickly that no road except through them could be found. The natives sighted us, but we were prepared. We seized a hill as soon as we arrived in the centre of a mass of villages, and built a zareba as fast as bill-hooks could cut the brushwood. The war cries were terrible from hill to hill, pealing across the intervening valleys. The people gathered in hundreds at every point, war horns and drums announcing the struggle. After a slight skirmish, ending in our capturing a cow, the first beef we had tasted since we left the ocean, the night passed peacefully, both sides preparing for the morrow.

Here Mr. Stanley narrates how negotiations with the natives failed, Mazamboni declining a peace offering, and how a detachment of 40 persons, led by Lieutenant Stairs, and another of 30, under command of Mr. Jepson, with sharpshooters, left the zareba and assaulted and carried the villages, driving the natives into general route. The march was resumed on the 12th. There were constant little fights all along the route.

On the afternoon of the 13th, says Mr. Stanley, we sighted the Nyanza, with Kavalli, the objective point of the expedition. Six miles off I had told the men to prepare to see the Nyanza. They murmured and doubted, saying, 'Why does the master continually talk this way? Nyanza, indeed.' When they saw Nyanza below them many came to kiss my hands. We were now at an altitude of 5200 feet above the sea, with the Albert Nyanza 2900 feet below, in one degree twenty minutes. The south end of the Nyanza lay largely mapped for about six miles south of this position, and right across to the eastern shore. Every dent in its low, flat shore, was visible, and traced like a silver snake on the dark ground was the tributary Lanikı, flowing into the Albert Nyanza from the southwest.

After a short halt to enjoy the prospect, we commenced the ragged and stony descent. Before the rear guard had descended 100 feet the natives from the plateau poured after them, keeping the rear guard busy until within a few hundred feet of the Nyanza plain. We camped at the foot of the plateau wall, the aneroids reaching 2500 feet above the sea level. A night attack was made, but the sentries sufficed to drive our assailants off.

We afterwards approached the village of Kakongo, situated at the southwest corner of Albert Lake. Three hours were spent by us in attempting to make friends, but we signally failed. They would not allow us to go to the lake, because we might frighten their cattle. They would not exchange the blood of brotherhood, because they never heard of any good people coming from the west side of the lake. They would not accept any present from us, because they did not know who we were, but they would give us water to drink, and would show us the road up to Nyam-Sassic. From these singular people we learned that they had heard that there was a white man at Unyoro, but they had never heard of any white men being on the west side, nor had they ever seen any steamers on the lake. There was no excuse for quarrelling. The people were civil enough, but they did not want us near them. We therefore were shown the path and followed it for miles. We camped about half a mile from the lake, and then began to consider our position with the light thrown upon it by conversation with the Kakongo natives. My couriers from Zanzibar had evidently not arrived, or Emin Pasha, with his two steamers, would have paid the southwest side of the lake a visit to prepare the natives for our coming. My boat was at Kilinga Tonga, 190 miles distant, and there was no canoe obtainable. To seize a canoe without the excuse of a quarrel my conscience would not permit. There was no tree anywhere of a size sufficient to make canoes. Wadelai was a terrible distance off for an expedition so reduced. We had used five cases of cartridges in five days fighting on the plain.

A month of such fighting must exhaust our stock. There was no plan suggested that was feasible except to retreat to Ibwiri, build a fort, send the party back to Kalingalongas for a boat, store up every load in the fort not conveyable, leave a garrison in the fort to hold it, march back to Albert lake and send a boat in search of Emin Pasha. This was the plan which, after lengthy discussions with the officers, I resolved upon.

On the 15th we began a night march, and by 10 A. M. on the 16th we had gained the crest of the plateau once more, the Kahonhos natives having persisted in following us to the slope of the plateau. We had one man killed and one wounded. On January 7th we were in Ibwiri once again. After a few days' rest, Lieut. Stairs, with 100 men, was sent to Kalingalongas to bring the boat and goods. I also sent Surgeon Parke and Captain Nelson. Out of the 38 men in their charge, only eleven men were brought to the fort. The rest had died or deserted. On the return of Stairs with the boat and goods he was sent to Ugarrow. He was to bring up the convalescent. Soon after his departure I was attacked by gastritis and an abscess of the arm. After a month's careful nursing by Parke I recovered and set out again for the Albert Nyanza, on April 2, accompanied by Jephson and Parke. Nelson was appointed commandant of Fort Bodo in our absence, with a garrison of 43 men and boys.

On April 26 we arrived in Mazamboni's country again, this time after solicitation. Mazamboni decided to make blood brotherhood with me. His example was followed by all the other chiefs as far as the Nyanza. Every difficulty seemed now to be removed. Food was supplied gratis. Cattle, goats, sheep and fowls were also given in abundance, so that our people lived royally.

When one day's march from the Nyanza, natives came from Kavali and said that a white man named Malejja, had given their chief a black packet to give me, his son. "Would I follow them," they asked. "Yes, to-morrow," I answered, "and if your words are true I will make you rich." They remained with us that night, telling us wonderful stories about big ships as large as islands, filled with men, &c., which left no doubt in our mind that the white man was Emin Pasha. The next day's march brought us to Chief Kavali. After awhile he handed me a note from Emin Pasha, covered with a strip of black American oil cloth. The note was to the effect that, as there had been a native rumor that a white man had been seen at the south end of the lake, he had gone in a steamer to make inquiries, but had been unable to obtain reliable information. He begged me to remain where I was until he could communicate with me. The next day, April 23d, Mr. Jephson was despatched with a strong force to take the boat to the Nyanza. On the 26th the boat's crew sighted Mawa Station, the southernmost belonging to Emin Pasha. Mr. Jephson was there hospitably entertained by the Egyptian garrison.

The boat's crew say that they were embraced one by one, and that they never had such attention shown to them as by these men, who hailed them as brothers. On April 29 we once again reached the bivouac ground occupied by us on December 16, and at 5 P. M. of that day I saw the Khedive steamer about seven miles away, steaming up toward us. Soon after 7 P. M. Emin Pasha, Signor Carati, and Mr. Jephson arrived at our camp, where they were heartily welcomed by all of us.

Next day we moved to a better camping place, about three miles above Nyamsassie, and at this spot Emin Pasha also made his camp. We were together until May 25, when I left him, leaving Mr. Jephson, three Soudanese and two Zanzibaris in his care. In return he caused to accompany me three of his irregulars and 102 Madi natives as porters. Fourteen days later I was at Fort Bodo. At the fort were Captain Nelson and Lieut. Stairs. The latter had returned from Ugarrowwas 22 days after I had set out for the lake, bringing with him, alas, only 16 men out of 56. All the rest were dead. My 20 couriers whom I had sent with letters to Major Bartelot had safely left Ugarrowwas for Yambuya, on March 16th. Fort Bodo was in a flourishing state. Nearly 10 acres were under cultivation. One crop of Indian corn had been harvested and was in the granaries.

On June 16 I left Fort Bodo with 111 Zanzibaris and 101 of Emin's people. Lieutenant Stairs was appointed commandant of the fort. Captain Nelson was second in command, and Surgeon Parke was medical officer. The garrison consisted of 59 rifles. I thus deprived myself of all my officers, in order not to be encumbered with baggage, provisions and medicines, which would have to be taken if accompanied by Europeans.

On June 24th we reached Kilonga, and on July 19th Ugarrowwas. The latter station was deserted. Ugarrowwa, having gathered as much ivory as he could obtain from the district, had proceeded down the river about three months before. On leaving Fort Bodo I had loaded every carrier with 60 pounds of corn, so that we were enabled to pass through the wilderness unscathed. Passing on down the river as fast as we could go, daily expecting to meet the couriers, who had been stimulated to exert themselves for a reward of £10 per head, or the Major himself, leading an army of carriers, we indulged ourselves in pleasing anticipation as we neared the goal.

On August 10th we overtook Ugarrowwa, with an immense flotilla of 57 canoes, and to our wonder our couriers, now reduced to 17, who related an awful story of hair-breadth escapes and tragic scenes. Three had been slain, two were still feeble from wounds; all except five bore on their bodies the scars of arrow wounds.

A week later, August 17th, we met the rear column of the expedition at Bunalya.

There was a white man at the gate of the stockade, who at first I thought was Mr. Jamieson. A nearer view revealed the features of Mr. Bonney, who left the medical service of the army to accompany us.

'Well, my dear Bonney, where's the Major?' I asked.

'He is dead, sir; shot by a manyuema about a month ago,' replied Bonney.

'Good God,' I cried, 'and Jamieson?'

'He has gone to Stanley Falls to try to get more men from Tippoo Tib.'

'And Troup?'

'Troup has gone home invalided.'

'Well, where is Ward?'

'Ward is at Bangala.'

'Heaven alive! Then you are the only one here?'

'Yes, sir.'

After describing what a wreck he found the rear column to be, Stanley complained to the officers at Yumbuya complained to the officers at Yumbuya too readily accepting the deserter's report of his death, and sending his personal kit, medicines, etc., down to Congo, leaving him naked of necessaries for his return to Emin. 'By accident,' he says, 'two hats, a fair pair of boots and a flannel jacket were left, a truly African kit with which to return.'

The letter then proceeds to summarize what had been accomplished. Stanley says: 'We were 160 days in the forest—one continuous, unbroken, compact forest. The grass land was traversed by us in eight days. The limits of the forest along the edge of the grass land was well marked. We saw it extending northeasterly, with its curves, bays and capes just like a seashore. Southwesterly it preserved the same character. North and south the forest area extends from Nyanzive to the southern borders of Monbuttu. East and west it embraces all from the Congo, at the mouth of the Aruwimi, to about east longitude 29 degrees, latitude 40 degrees. How far west beyond the Congo the forest reaches I do not know. The superficial extent of the tract described, totally covered by forest, is 246,000 square miles. North of Congo, between Upoto and Aruwimi, the forest embraces another 20,000 square miles.

Between Yambuya and Nyanza we came across five distinct languages. The land slopes gently from the crest of the plateau above the Nyanza down to the Congo river, from an altitude of 5500 to 1400 feet above the sea. North and south of our track through the grassland the fall of the land was much broken by groups of cones or isolated mountain ridges. To the north we saw no land higher than about 6000 feet above the sea, but bearing 215 degrees magnetic, at a distance of 50 miles from our camp on the Nyanza, we saw a towering mountain, its summit covered with snow, probably, 17,000 or 18,000 feet above the sea. It is called Ruevenzori, and will prove a rival to Kilimanjaro. I am not sure that it may not prove to be the Gordon Bennett Mountain in Gambaragara, but there are two reasons for doubting it to be the same. First, it is a little too far west for the position of the latter, as given by me in 1876. Secondly, we saw no snow on the Gordon Bennett. I have met only three natives who have seen the lake toward the south. They agree that it is large, but not so large as the Albert Nyanza.

Before closing let me touch more largely upon the subject which brought me here—viz., Emin Pasha. He has two battalions of regulars, the first consisting of about 750 rifles and the second of 640 men. Besides these battalions he has quite a respectable force of irregulars, sailors, artisans, clerks and servants.

'Altogether,' Emin said, 'if I consent to go away from here, we shall have about 8000 people with us.'

'Were I in your place, I would not hesitate a moment, or be for a second in doubt what to do. What you say is quite true; but we have such a large number of women and children—probably 10,000 people altogether. How can they all be brought out of here? We shall want a number of carriers.'

'Carriers for what?' I asked.

'For the women and children. You surely would not leave them and they cannot travel.'

'The women must walk. It will do them more good than harm. As for the little children, load them on donkeys. I hear you have about two hundred. Your people will not travel very far the first month, but little by little they will get accustomed to it. Our Zanzibar women crossed Africa on my second expedition. Why cannot your black women do the same? Have no fear for them. They will do better than the men.'

'They would require a vast amount of provisions for the road.'

'True; but you have thousands of cattle, I believe. Those will furnish beef, and the country through which we pass must furnish grain and vegetable food.

'Well, we will defer further talk until to-morrow.'

'The conversation with the Pasha took place on May 1, 1888, during a halt in camp at Nsabe. The Pasha came ashore from the steamer Khedive next day about 1 P. M. In a short time we commenced our conversation again. Many of the arguments used above were repeated. He said:

'What you told me yesterday has led me to think it best that we should retire from here. The Egyptians are very willing to leave. There are of those about 100 men besides their women and children. I should be glad to get rid of them, because they undermine my authority and nullify all my endeavors for retreat. When I informed him that Khartoum had fallen and that Gordon Pasha was slain, they always told the Nubians that it was a concocted story, and that some day we should see steamers ascend the river for their relief. But of the regulars I am extremely doubtful. They have led such a free and happy life here that they would demur at leaving a country where they have enjoyed luxuries they cannot command in Egypt. The soldiers are married and several of them have harems. Many irregulars would also retire and follow me. Now, supposing the regulars refuse to leave, you can imagine the position would be a difficult one. Would I be right in leaving them to their fate? Would it not be consigning them all to ruin? I should have to leave them their arms and ammunition, and, on returning, all discipline would be ended. Disputes would arise, factions would be formed, the more ambitious would aspire to be chiefs by force, and from these rivalries would spring hate and mutual slaughter, until there would be none left.'

'Supposing you resolve to stay, what of the Egyptians?' I asked.

'Oh, these I shall have to ask you to be good enough to take with you.'

'Thus, day after day I have recorded faithfully my interviews with Emin Pasha, but these extracts reveal enough for you to understand the position.'

I left Mr. Jephson 13 Soudanese, and sent a message to be read to the troops, as the Pasha requested. Everything else is left until I return, with the united expedition, to the Nyanza, within two months.

The Pasha proposed to visit Fort Bodo, taking Mr. Jephson with him. At Fort Bodo I have left instructions to the officers to destroy the fort and accompany the Pasha to the Nyanza. I hope to meet them all again on the Nyanza, as I intend making a short cut to the Nyanza along a new route.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

Old-Time Gambling.

In the old, old times, says the Minneapolis *Tribune*, everybody prominent in public life was fond of cards. Washington was flooded in those days with gamblers of the professional sort. There were a dozen faro banks on the avenue within sight of Gadsby's, on the corner of Sixth street. Members of Congress unhesitatingly entered these places. Sergeant Smith Prentiss was said to have lost $30,000 in his first term in Congress.

It was in one of these places that Henry Clay won from Count Brodisco the corner lot up near Lafayette square, which he afterward traded for an Andalusian jack-ass. Fox, the British Minister, General Scott, Secretary Marcy and a score of famous men played poker in those times.

President Tyler was fond of "Loo," and often made up a game at the White House and played all day. The stakes were never large, but Mr. Tyler was just as happy as if he won his thousands. At one time General Scott, Henry Clay, Mr. Fox and Count Brodisco entered into compact to play whist once a week all winter, and the stake every night was $100.

They played a matched game. Scott and the old Russian against Clay and the Englishman. They were evenly matched, but Clay and Fox came out ten games ahead. Scott's loss was said to be as much as $1,200 in his little social amusement. Old Thad. Stevens in later days was a famous man at cards. He didn't hesitate to go into the worst gambling resorts to get his sport. He played with frigid quiet and coolness, and in the course of his play kept up a constant fire of brilliant conversation. Probably there are not twenty-five men now in Congress who are at all given to card-playing.

The longest tunnel in the world is St. Gothard, on the line of the railroad between Lucerne and Milan, being 9½ miles in length.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—At dinner at the White House four generations gather. There are great-grand father Scott, President and Mrs. Harrison, their two children and their children's children.

—The United States Government, as a reward for his faithful services, has enrolled Washakie, the head chief of the Shoshone Indians in Wyoming, as a Government scout, with the pay of a regular soldier.

—The tall female hat now so agitates the minds of the male frequenters of the London pits that it is proposed that the pit should be divided like a Quaker meeting house, the men sitting on one side and the women on the other.

—An American is said to have offered $1,500,000 for Secretan's great collection of pictures. As they are chiefly modern productions, it would cost under the present enlightened tariff between $400,000 and $500,000 to get them into this country.

—John Jacob Astor all his life been a firm believer in the efficacy of pedestrian exercise as a means of health. He rarely enters a public vehicle, no matter what the weather may be, and seldom makes use of his own private carriage, one of the plainest and most inconspicuous of all the millionaires in New York.

—The feature of Edison's exhibit at the Paris Exposition will be an enormous model of an incandescent lamp, forty feet high and made entirely of small incandescent lights, of which it will be necessary, it is said, to use 20,000. The French and American flags will be worked out in incandescent lamps on either side of the big lamp.

—It is estimated that the present population of the United States is 64,000,000. The total increase is said to be 100,000 a month, exclusive of immigration, and last year the increase by immigration was 518,000. At this rate the next census, which will be taken in July, 1890, will show about 67,000,000.

—Mrs. Harrison sent a bouquet of red and white roses to deck the table at the Garfield Hospital tea. The ladies sold the flowers for twenty-five cents per pair. Mrs. Harrison has also contributed two water colors to the art exhibition, one a bunch of pansies and violets, the other a landscape of Fall Creek, near Indianapolis, a sketch from nature.

—Dumas' two children inherit the dramatic and literary talent of their parents. Jeannine, the youngest is a violinist of talent. Colette, the youngest daughter, is now Mme. Lippmann, wife of a wealthy manufacturer. No French girl has been brought up more severely than Dumas' daughters; until her marriage only once had Colette seen a ball, and there she met her husband.

—The condition of the 1500 prisoners in Sing Sing, suffering enforced idleness, becomes more and more serious and pitiable. Insanity must of necessity increase. Walking is the sole diversion—walking in file in horrible monotony. At the present rate in the development of insane cases there will be seventeen or eighteen cases this year. There are 300 men each night troubled with insomnia.

—The "American Duchess" (wife of Marlborough) is said to be spending her fortune royally in reviving the artistic glories of her husband's house. An English observer writes of her: 'She is a handsome woman, and has improved in appearance since she came to England, while her toilets are dazzling, and much more elaborate and thought out than those in which she first appeared last year.

—At the American Express Company's sale of unclaimed baggage, which took place in Buffalo recently, a toy trunk was sold for 50 cents. On opening it the purchaser discovered a number of letters, and among them notes aggregating $800 in value. Two of the notes had been outlawed just three days—one for a small amount, and the other for $323. The others are pronounced good, and amount to something over $400.

—According to the latest returns, the Duke of Westminster is still the richest man in Great Britain, his fortune being set down at $80,000,000. This is a pretty big pile, but it isn't over stating it to say that there are at least half a dozen men in this country who could buy out the Duke without exhausting the contents of their coffers. America has become the abode of the Croesuses of the earth.

—At weddings among Germans in the southern colonies 150 years ago, the groomsmen attended in beautifully embroidered white aprons. Their duty was to protect the bride from having her slipper stolen from her foot. If any one succeeded in capturing it, the groomsman paid a bottle of wine for the loss, as the bride's dancing depended upon it.

—The Pope is a very fine chess player and one priest in Rome has the especial honor of being his adversary over the board. This priest—Father Giella—has played chess with Leo Pecci for thirty-two years past. When Cardinal Pecci was raised to the Papacy, Father Giella, who was then in Florence, got an invitation to proceed to Rome and take up his quarters in the Vatican. Giella is hot tempered, but the Pope takes his temper good naturedly, and is said to often improve the occasion by a homily on the virtues of resignation and meekness.

—The inventor of the "P