Wichita Eagle

VENTURESOME STANLEY.

TURNING POINTS OF HIS CAREER IN DARK SAVAGELAND.

Pluck and Daring Lead Him to Livingstone, Yet This Was Child's Play to His Fighting Trip Down the Congo and the Relief of Emin.

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EDUCED to its simplest elements and shorn of the halo of enchantment that surrounds the subject of African travel the work of Stanley has been a series of marvels, even for this age of great things. Take his first exploit, the discovery of Livingstone. To the average newspaper man a commission from The New York Herald to set out on any unusual enterprise would be accepted as carrying with it all sorts of means necessary to success. Of gold there would surely be no lack—gold, the key to every fastness. Yet with all the resources poured out without stint, the Livingstone Relief expedition fell back again and again upon the "power of human nature" lodged in the leader.

It is only through following day by day the experiences of Stanley that the mind can grasp the trials and difficulties of this mission, which Stanley himself declares was only child's play beside his later achievements. On the day of dispatching his last caravan from Zanzibar his routine labors ended, and with less than 200 followers, and but twenty-four of them fighting men, he entered the wilderness of Africa bound for an adventure of the most daring type. He was a young man, and his strong constitution weathered the fevers which attacked him as soon as he entered the region of swamp and desert. After the fever the next great obstacle in the way of progress on an errand of this nature is the Arab element. These powerful, untrustworthy and rapacious people are not to be avoided on any practicable route of travel, and while hostility with them means defeat, alliance is almost as fatal. Stanley fell in with a caravan that soon became involved in a litter war with native bandits that disputed the route to Ujiji, where Livingstone was supposed to be.

The chief of the robbers, Mirambo, after accepting heavy tributs from the Arabs, coolly told them to turn back, for no Arab should pass across to Ujiji except over his dead body. Stanley led his men into battle in aid of his fellow travelers, and the stronghold of the bandits, Zimbizo, was carried and Mirambo's forces scattered. But the ungovernable Arabs rushed wildly in pursuit of the savages and soon met with a stunning defeat. The Arab leaders then decided to abandon the route, but Stanley, although some of his best men deserted, set out toward Ujiji on another road. The Arabs used every means to thwart this new enterprise, but the stout hearted leader gathered a company of fifty-four men, including natives, and started to find Livingstone or die in the attempt.

In a short time twenty men deserted in a body, and then the remainder mutinied. Facing their ready weapons, Stanley covered the strongest man among them with his rifle and quelled the mutiny on the spot. The waver of a muscle would have cost his life, but his coolness restored order, and he went ahead and found Livingstone. This was in 1871. Stanley's next expedition began in 1874, and was organized to complete the labors of Livingstone, who had died meanwhile, and solve the mystery of Lake Victoria. He made his way from Zanzibar to the lake with the usual trials of desertion and sickness, and was rewarded by valuable discoveries as to the headwaters of the Nile. From Victoria he advanced to Ujiji, followed in Livingstone's tracks around Lake Tanganyika, and then started on his remarkable trip down the unknown river, the Congo. His predecessors in this field had been unsuccessful. Stanley arranged with an Arab trader, Tippoo Tib, to furnish armed allies, carriers and guides, and with 146 men of his own expedition started from Nyangwe in November, 1876.

In a few weeks the Arab escort gave up in despair in face of the difficulties, sickness and hostile natives, and Stanley again set out alone. The Arabs contended that the great river flowed north and in no other direction, but Stanley insisted that it was the head of the Congo. Within the next two months the expedition made the wonderful passage of the cataracts, and engaged in battles almost daily with the natives. Thirty-one pitched battles took place between Nov. 24, 1876, and Feb. 14, 1877. On this last date occurred the hardest battle of the series, that with the Bangala. On approaching the land of the Bangala Stanley expected friendliness, but these people had never seen a white man and would receive no offers of peace. The expedition was moving in canoes, and before a landing could be made for defense the party was assailed by a force of sixty-three boats with over 500 warriors. Stanley mustered forty-four. The fight lasted nearly four hours, and at times the native canoes ran up within fifty yards. The aim of the savages with their muskets was wild and ineffectual, and the superior range and power of the Snider rifle won the day. The Bangala were appalled at the fact that the white men's bullets flew to the shore and perforated their huts, even striking down their old men and women who came out to look at the fight.

QUELLING A MUTINY.

One more fight took place on the river, but other trials beset the expedition, and it did not reach the Atlantic coast until August, eight months from the time of starting from Nyangwe. Thirty-five men had been lost by battle, disease and accident, and Stanley was the only European left.

The experiences of Stanley in the discovery of Livingtone and the exploration of Central Africa led up to the greatest achievement of his life, the penetration of the dark forest region between the Upper Congo and Lake Albert with the Emin Relief expedition. The outfit for this enterprise was most complete. The powerful Arab, Tippoo Tib, was induced to furnish under Stanley numbered over 700, with 600 carriers for the land journey. The men about 500 fighting men and a good complement of under officers.

The expedition started in the summer of 1887, and all went happily until the hour arrived for Tippoo Tib to lend a hand. But this rapacious Arab wanted more largess, and did not put in an appearance at the rendezvous on the Upper Congo. The bold Stanley as usual decided to act on the resources at hand, and dividing his expedition he left a reserve in a strongly intrenched camp at Yambuya, and went ahead with a flying column to carry news to Emin. Then began a series of trials that tested the mettle of this daring genius to the utmost. The distance to be made between Yambuya and Lake Victoria, where Emin was to be reached, was 550 miles, and the region totally unknown to Europeans.

On the first day's march hostile natives were encountered, and every device known to cunning and cruel savages was employed to harm the expedition. Several men were killed and an officer severely wounded by poisoned arrows. Another evil which Stanley had hoped to avoid by taking the Congo route cropped out at the end of a couple of months. This was the Arab pest. These people are the enemies of native and European alike, stirring up the savage animosity by their raids and bribing and tempting the trained followers of Europeans to desert. Within three days after meeting the Arabs Stanley lost twenty-six men by desertion. During the next six weeks the flying column was reduced by sickness, desertion and starvation to 174 men. The Arabs had devastated the country and the expedition subsisted on wild fruits and nuts. Men secretly bartered their weapons, ammunition and clothing with the Arabs for food.

So terrible were the sufferings and calamities that the followers lost heart and refused to believe that better things lay beyond. It was "like dragging them along with chains," said Stanley. "They were deaf to our prayers and entreaties, for, driven by hunger and suffering, they sold their rifles and ammunition for a few ears of Indian corn, deserted with their ammunition and were altogether demoralized." The time passed in the wilderness was 160 days. An average of six miles was made each day of actual travel. All possible haste was made so that the savages should not muster in hordes along the route and overwhelm the travelers. In December they reached a land of abundant forage near the lake, and for a few days feasted upon plenty. However, new troubles arose. A powerful tribe, under a noted chief, Mozamboni, spurned all offers of tribute, and there was no road except through their widely

IN MOZAMBONI'S LAND.

scattered settlements. Fierce war cries rang through every valley and echoed from a hundred hills.

Stanley seized an elevation, and with his few men stood at bay. An attempt at parley was answered with the yell meaning "war," and two arrows were fired at the interpreter. The fighting men of the expedition were divided into four companies of 50, 30, 20 and 10, and led down from the hill by covered paths to the plain. As soon as they come within sight the arrows fell in showers. But long range rifles and surprising boldness in charging put the savages to rout in a short time. Stanley's men fired several villages, and returned to their camps only to be beset again. Once more the little companies went out to the charge and several more villages were burned. The fight lasted the day out, and the settlements were in the end totally destroyed.

After considerable more fighting for roadway Lake Albert was reached Dec. 14, but Emin was not at the appointed rendezvous and no message from him was found. In order to lighten burdens Stanley had left his boat 100 miles back, and he could not seize one without provoking war, which he could ill afford. His ammunition was nearly gone and there was no boat material at hand. In this extremity the fate of the expedition again fell back upon Stanley's ready genius and resource. Selecting a favorable region recently passed through, he built a fort and placed a garrison to hold it and plant corn. After forty-seven days of illness Stanley set out again for Emin's land. His boat had been brought up and his flying column was all together at the fort. He reached Emin at the end of April, 1888.

But the finding of Emin, which had been the special task of the flying column, was not the end of the expedition. The great need was ammunition, and the stores of this were back with the rear column. Stanley returned to Fort Bodo in June, and not finding the party on hand he decided to go back in person and lead it forward. Two hundred carriers were taken from his own force and Emin's, and with these he hastened back through the forest toward the Congo, and in August met the belated reserve a few marches in advance of where he left it fourteen months before. The delay had occurred chiefly through Tippoo Tib's breach of faith. All the carriers were mustered and laden with ammunition and a few loads of goods for tribute en route, and after numerous trials, among them battles with cannibals, starvation rations, when men were reduced to a cup of thin broth each day and were driven to suicide by despair, he reached Fort Bodo in December, and found himself on sure ground once more. The garrison was in good condition, and a full granary and growing crops proved the wisdom of holding on to a success once gained.

Stanley's work has not passed through historical criticism, yet his stories remain before the world virtually unchallenged.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Some practical German has made up a compound of sugar and condensed milk and tea, from which a cup of tea can be had by simply pouring on boiling water.

Hard Job.

"Children," said their mother, "you must go out of doors if you want to play. You will disturb your father in the next room."

"What is he doin'?"

"He is deeply engaged in literary work, my child, and he needs absolute quiet."

"Writin' a book?"

"More difficult than that, my dear," answered the mother, in a hushed tone. "He is trying to read a dialect story in one of the magazines."—Chicago Tribune.

The hop vine is said to be sinistrorse because it twines with the motion of the sun; that is, from right to left. Beans, morning glories and all other species of climbing plants, with the exception of one of the honeysuckles, are dextrorse, turning opposite to the apparent motion of the sun, or from left to right.

NATIVE INDIAN POLICE.

THERE IS A REGIMENT OF THEM, ARMED AND EQUIPPED.

An Indian in Uniform "Will Arrest His Own Grandmother if Ordered"—Much Gambling Among Indians—Reports of Various Indian Agents.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—The killing of sly and surly old Sitting Bull by the Indian police attached to Standing Rock agency has called the attention of the public to the fact that Uncle Sam maintains on the western plains a large force of native Indian policemen, and that these offi-

A DANDY COPPER OF THE INDIAN SQUADS.

cers are, many of them, brave, loyal and even heroic at times in the discharge of their duties. There are 779 of these police, seventy of them being officers and the remainder privates. The officers are graded as captains, lieutenants and sergeants, and all are furnished uniforms by the government. The privates are paid $10 a month and the officers $15, pay which Indian Commissioner Morgan and all the Indian agents who know well the services rendered by these men think very much too small. The uniform of the police is blue, much like that worn by privates in the army, and is adorned with gilt buttons and a metal badge on which is inscribed "U. S. Indian Police." Indian agents testify that the effect of donning one of these uniforms is almost like magic. The redskin at once appears like a new man. He seems to transfer his allegiance from the tribe of which he has been a member to the Great Father in whose service he has enlisted.

Of course this Indian police force has not the discipline of a city force composed of white men, but it contains good material, and their loyalty and courage have never yet been found wanting. Indian police officers are very proud of their uniforms and of their buttons and badges, and among them there is many a dandy copper of the squad who knows how to make the most of his regimentals in impressing his manly beauty upon the dusky maidens of the agency or nearby Indian village. The Indian policeman is not required to show up in the morning at roll call, nor is he subjected to a civil service examination in the arts of his trade or anything else. He is simply hired, clothed with the dignity of uniform and badge, placed under the orders of the Indian agent, and told to come when sent for, and to do what he is told. He rarely fails. He will arrest his own grandmother if so ordered, and he is a terror to whisky sellers, intruders on reservations, horse thieves and gamblers. Many stories are told illustrative of the courage and pertinacity of these policemen of the plains, such as riding hundreds of miles into the bad country in pursuit of horse thieves, arresting drunken Indians while surrounded by scores of their friends as desperate as themselves, and boarding gangs of half breed gamblers and liquor peddlers in their dens.

The average Indian policeman is so proud of his calling that he devotes his whole time to it. The government provides him with a Colt or Remington six shooter, but no gun, blanket or horse. These the officer furnishes himself, and he keeps his horse at his own expense, drawing from the government simply his meager pay and the same rations which all of his tribe enjoy at the hands of the Great Father. The result of this pride on the part of the men is that nearly all of them are mounted, and many of them are well mounted, as fleeing horse thieves and other criminals, overhauled and brought to justice by men of their own tribes, know to their cost.

Naturally these Indian policemen are not all saints or models. It is one of the traditions of the frontier that the captain of a squad of Indian police can be "seen" and "fixed;" and this is true in some cases, but not in many, as the Indian agents who have charge of them, and others who have had an opportunity to watch them, readily testify. For these reasons, and as a matter of just payment for services rendered—services of surprising value considering the conditions—Mr. Morgan has asked congress to increase the pay of privates to $13 a month, of sergeants to $17, of lieutenants to $20 and of captains to $25.

The men who know most about the Indian police are the Indian agents who have them in charge, and while the agents naturally have a desire to put the best possible showing on their administrative work their reports to the Indian office so uniformly praise the policemen that one cannot but entertain a feeling of admiration for the loyalty and prowess of these half civilized minions of civilized law and order.

INDIAN POLICEMAN AFTER A THIEF.

The agent at Fort Berthold, Dak., says:

But one crime has been committed at this agency during the past year—that of a white man stealing a horse from an Indian. He was arrested by the Indian police, the horse recovered and the offender brought to justice. The policemen here are influential men among their people, and do not shirk duty, no matter how unpleasant it may be.

The agent at Sisseton agency, Dakota, says the Indians there have learned to obey the police, and an officer has only to notify an Indian of what is wanted and he obeys promptly. The force, he adds, has acquitted itself with much credit.

At Chickasaw agency, where there are forty Indian policemen, the agent says the force has made itself indispensable to the preservation of law and order. In one month, not long ago, they destroyed 5,000 gallons of whisky. It is contrary to law to sell or give liquor to Indians on Indian reservations, but traders infest the borders of reservations and carry on their traffic in spite of law and vigilance. The agent at Chickasaw adds in his report:

The whisky traffic is the most pernicious of all evils here, and the most difficult to regulate. The Indians do not manufacture liquor, and they are cautioned against it, but white men will furnish it to them by stealth, and they fall victims to its baneful influences. The extent of the evil may be seen from the report of the grand jury made at the United States court at Fort Smith, to the effect that 95 per cent. of all the criminal cases heard by that body were directly traceable to intoxicants—a terrible record of murders, assaults, robberies and crimes of various degrees.

The agent of the Kiowa tribe says his police have at all times performed faithfully the service asked of them; that they have been almost constantly in the saddle keeping off stock thieves, and that they are truthful and honorable men, who can be depended upon in any emergency. This agent says the whisky traffic has been suppressed in his region by the police, but that the use of woqui, or mescal, is alarmingly on the increase among the Indians. Drink and gambling are the prevalent sins among Indians at the agencies, and the Kiowa agent adds to his report the following interesting paragraph:

Gambling has been suppressed about the agency, but in their tepees many of the Indians practice it habitually. The police are instructed whenever they find a game in progress to burn the cards and bring the money which they find in sight to me, and they obey orders implicitly. By these means gambling has been driven away from the agency, but it flourishes farther away. The Indians do not like to be interfered with in their games of chance, saying that gambling and the use of cards has been taught them by the white men, and they can't understand why the authorities will allow one man to teach them to do a thing and then send another to prevent them doing it.

The agent at Colorado River agency, Ariz., compliments his police, but says they, too, are inveterate gamblers.

Some of the Indians are pretty shrewd gamblers. At the Sac and Fox agency the agent says white gamblers come there at the times when the Indians are receiving their payments from the government expecting to make a rich haul, but "as a rule the Indians are too much for them." It is encouraging to know that here and there is a redskin who proves an apt pupil in the arts of civilization, and is smart enough to beat his tutor.

Not only are there native Indian policemen, but there are copperskin judges. For six or eight years the government has maintained on some of the reservations a "court of Indian offenses," which has been of great assistance to the agents in breaking up superstitious practices, brutalizing dances, plural marriages, and in punishment of crimes and misdemeanors. It is said the Indian makes a very good judge

A DUSKY JUDGE ON THE BENCH.

and a very harsh one. Often the agents find it necessary to modify their sentences, for when a drunken Indian is brought before one of these stern justices he is likely to receive a sentence of six months in solitary confinement. The redskin judges do not know much about law, or care much, but they have plenty of common sense, and are inclined to hew to the line, no matter who is made to suffer. They are very dignified, as a rule, and always keep in court an Indian marshal, and contempt of court and punishment therefor is not by any means uncommon in their practice.

At Standing Rock agency, the scene of many of the late disturbances, the court is composed of three full blood Indian judges who meet twice a month. The agent says:

They often render decisions which could not be excelled by the best lawyers. Eighty three cases were heard and adjudicated by this court during the past year, and all the decisions have been intelligently and impartially rendered upon the evidence adduced.

It was this John Grass, known among the Indians as Charging Bear, of whom ex-Governor Foster, of Ohio, who was one of the commissioners sent by the government to treat with the Sioux, said not long ago that he was "a man whose strong sense would be conceded anywhere, who was an intellectual giant."

The agents report that the principal difficulty which they meet with in endeavoring to extend the influence of these courts is the jealousy of the old chiefs, who regard the establishment of the courts as an infringement upon their power. At Flathead agency, for instance, the tribe is divided into two parties, one upholding the chiefs and the other the courts and the police. The former declare that the law is applied with swift vengeance when an Indian is the offender and a white man the victim, whereas very little effort is made to punish white offenders against Indians.

A summary of the criminal records of all the Indian agencies during the last year is full of significance. Seven white men were killed by the Indians and thirteen Indians by white men. Thirty-six Indians were killed by Indians. Seven hundred Indian offenders were punished by the Indian judges, and 500 by other means. Of crimes committed by whites against Indians there were 234. How many of these were punished the record fails to show.

ROBERT GRAVES.

A Young Woman's Philosophy.

A bright young woman from somewhere in the west visiting New York recently spent a large part of her leisure in Central park. For a time she marveled greatly at the number of wizened old men to be seen driving with blooming young women. One day while still bothering her head with this problem the fair westerner visited Wall street and the Stock Exchange. When she came out of that turbulent place into the comparative quiet of Broadway she said to her escort:

"Now I have it. You New Yorkers think only of money until you get it. When you get it you are 60 or 70. But having money, of course you can get young wives."

"You're drunk; go hang yourself," said Adam Kuhn, of Shelbyville, Ind., to a shoemaker named Busch, one day recently. Busch accepted the advice and a few hours later was found suspended from a rafter, dead.

Gave Him His Choice.

Conductor—Ticket, please!

Dead Beat—I travel on my cheek.

Conductor—Very well; which cheek do you prefer to travel on?—Puck.

Slightly Mixed.

"Can you count far now, Tommy?"

"Yeth. I can count ath far ath J."—Harper's Young People.

A Sensation Spoiled.

First Wife—I went to my husband's pocket for something and found a letter there.

Second Wife—From some woman, I suppose.

First Wife—No; one I gave him to mail a month ago.—Cape Cod Item.

A Question.

Editor—What do you mean by this expression you use, "A shapeless mass?"

Reporter—Why—er—um—anything that—I mean, something that—a—er—why, you know.

Editor—Thanks! I only asked for information.—Binghamton Leader.

Exact in Letter.

Hollow Eyed Woman (in dentist's office)—When you made me these false teeth didn't you promise me that they should be quite like my own?

Dentist—Without doubt, madam. What is the trouble?

Hollow Eyed Woman—I can't endure them; they torment me horribly.

Dentist—In that respect are they not like your own?—Judge.

Boomtown Finance.

"I'll sell you the first lot for $3,000, and the second for $5,000."

"But the second is a poorer lot than the first."

"I know; but the sale of the first lot will put up prices tremendously in the neighborhood."—Puck.

Proof Positive.

Tramp—I understand that a pocketbook containing $20,000 has been found on the street and you have got it here. I lost it.

Police Justice—You! What proof have you got that you lost it?

Tramp—This big hole in my pocket.—Texas Siftings.

Curing an Ailment.

Uncle—What in creation are you jumping about that way for?

Niece (from Boston)—I'm a self constituted board of health engaged in stamping out disease.

Uncle—Eh?

Niece—My foot's asleep.—New York Weekly.