

LAD BACK FROM THE BOER WAR

STEPHEN TALBOT, 19 YEARS OLD, SERVED WITH THE BRITISH.

At Home Again in New York. After Three Years of Fighting—Very Mild Fighting—He Says It Was His Account of British Officers and British Soldiers.

Three years ago Stephen Talbot, then a sixteen-year-old boy, left his home at 17 Abington square, then joined the British army and served for three years in South Africa. He had no end of experiences there and had a good deal of the respect which he had felt for the British Army.

He returned home lately, having been discharged from the army a few months ago, and told some of his experiences to a SUN reporter.

"When I got to London on the cattle steamer 'I was broke,' he said. 'I was hungry as a horse and was eating a banana while waiting along the street when a fellow who evidently saw that I was hungry stopped me and asked me if I didn't want to join the army.'

"I hadn't had any idea of doing that but I was so hungry that I asked him if I'd get enough to eat. He said I would, so I went right off with him and enlisted.

"The regiment I joined was the First Leinster and after a stay of six months in Ireland and two months in Aldershot we were shipped to Cape Town. The first day we were there we were placed on guard over the 1,800 Boer prisoners who were camped in the racecourse.

"While we were on guard it was discovered that some of the Boers had begun to tunnel into the town from the enclosure and had a good long hole dug. Knapknaps bearing the names of those of you were found in the excavation and their owners were shipped away in a hurry.

"During my stay in Cape Town and later in the country I had a good chance to see how a cook can run a kitchen. The cook for the officers' mess was the man who had acted in the same capacity on board the transport which took us to South Africa. He was a good cook and the officers persuaded him to give up his job and come with them.

"He was an ex-prize fighter and wasn't afraid of any of them. There was a young Lieutenant named Cameron in the regiment who was about 16 years old and was very self-important. He used to practise saying 'Waiah, bring me a drink' in his tent until he got his nerve and one day used the phrase to pay attention to him.

"The incident didn't pay any attention to him. Cameron attempted to call him down for his inattention and the cook gave him the greatest talking I ever heard. He asked Cameron if his mother knew he was out and several other things not exactly respectful.

"Cameron made a kick to his Colonel, but nothing was done about the breach of discipline as the cook was the only good culinary artist in the vicinity and they couldn't afford to lose him.

"The men of the regiment were mostly Irishmen and had a fondness for getting drunk. There was a crowd of about fifteen drunk somewhere in camp every night, and when they became too noisy the officers ordered them to be quiet.

"That is a punishment I never heard of before. A long plank was set up parallel to the ground. The men were backed up against it and their arms outstretched and tied to the plank. There they were left until morning, and it was no easy punishment.

"After a couple of months with the Regulars I found that I was making only one shilling a day while the Boer prisoners got six shillings. A lot of us talked it over in camp and made up our minds to desert and join the Volunteers, so we did.

"Fourteen of our marching regiments and only one was caught. He was recognized seven months later and got nine months in prison.

"The Volunteer regiment I was in was sent out into Cape Colony. The regiment was a good deal different from the Regulars and was composed of the worst lot of bums and loafers I ever saw. The Boers had them deserters from the ships that came into Cape Town and there were a lot of mule tenders in it.

"It wasn't much of a regiment. Its Colonel was an M. P., and was so afraid he might do something that would bring discredit upon him and spoil his chances for reelection that he was afraid to let the enemy engage them or do very much of anything.

"When he was supposed to be chasing the Boers he was afraid to get within a mile of them and then he would stop. On a couple of occasions he accidentally ran on some of them and he didn't like that a bit, so he retreated.

"With a Colonel like that it is no wonder we didn't do much of anything. He didn't want to fight the Boers and he didn't want to fight us. After a few little skirmishes prisoners told us that they were mighty sorry that they had to hunt the Boers and that they wouldn't have done it if they could help it.

"There was a little town inland which the Boers held and which we were sent to capture. The actions around that town were funny.

"Whenever the Colonel wanted to go in and take supplies that were subsistence sent word to the Boers to leave for a little while and they all got out. Then the English would go in and deliver the supplies. If they didn't get enough they would say the Boers would find out that they were coming back and the Colonel would get out in a hurry.

"The Boers captured two of our men there and left them after keeping them a couple of days, that they might go back to their camp if they were going to be sent to the Colonies. They agreed. The note told the Colonel to chain the two men up, as they ate so much food that the Boers could not afford to feed them.

"Finally the Generals learned how much good our Colonel was and we were ordered back to Cape Town where he was deposed and Gen. Buller took his place.

"He was better than his predecessor, but not a great deal better. On one occasion we were camped at night on a ridge on a farm. In the morning the enemy was about eighty Boers sleeping in a cornfield near-by. There were 800 of us. So Price made up his mind that he could take a chance and attack them.

"He ordered us to go over to another ridge and to fire down on them from there. There wasn't any order in the way the men went and the first man to gain the ridge began to fire.

"That let the Boers know that they were being attacked and they made a rush to get away without trying even to get their horses. They had to pass right in front of the English in their flight and we had a fine time firing at them as they went by. In spite of that we hit only one and he got away.

"Their horses stampeded and followed them. The risk excited two of our horses which were carrying boxes of Maxim cartridges and they ran over and joined the Boer horses.

"One of our Captains, named Farrington, and three or four men chased out to get them. Farrington was terribly unpopular among the men and while he was trying to restrain the horses he was shot through the legs and later both of them had to be amputated.

"The reports said that the Boers fired the shots that did it, but I know better. He was shot by some of the men on our side who hated him and were ready to do almost anything to be rid of him.

"One of the men who went out with him to capture the horses had his mount shot under him. That fixed it so he couldn't run away and he had his ground. Later

he was rewarded for his bravery in not running.

"One can get a pretty good idea of the reason the Volunteer officers were not more ambitious, from a conversation I heard between some officers and Boer prisoners. The Boers asked the Englishmen how long the war would last. The officers answered that it would go on about three years.

"They said that they were satisfied with their jobs. They didn't have to work very hard and were drawing better pay than they could get at home at work, so they didn't want to do anything to help end the war.

"The men were willing enough to fight as a rule, but I knew only one Volunteer officer who really tried his best to conquer the enemy. He was named Davis and worked about as hard as any man I know of. He found a man that wasn't fighting in an engagement Davis would hit, punch the laggard and make him fight.

"The officers were Englishmen, though. Most of them in my regiment were Scotchmen and in the ranks there were more of every nationality with not a great many English.

"The news of all this shirking never got into the papers. All reports had to be censored and the censor fixed it all so that one might think the regiment was doing great work.

"The worst regiment I saw in South Africa was the Sixth Worcestershire. In it there were hardly a dozen men who were over 16 and they didn't know how to shoot a rifle or use a bayonet.

"When they got to Cape Town they were the laughing stock of the place. About eighty of them went to the hospital with toothache or stomach ache; the matter with any of them.

"That regiment was sent out to guard a line of blockhouses. One day a sentry reported that he saw something in the distance, so the detachment at that point about eight miles went out to investigate without thinking to take their guns. They didn't find any Boers during their investigating tour, but when they came back to the blockhouses they found that the Boers were there and had captured all their ammunition and guns.

"The Boers told them to get out or they would get it, so they went back to the Colonel and reported. Many of them were crying like babies about the sad affair.

"The loss of several blockhouses was reported at the headquarters at Stormberg and at Bergendrift, which were on the line of blockhouses. Armored trains went out from each place to try to regain them. The trains collided on the single track and twenty-seven were killed.

"Once when our regiment was in camp near a farm the sentries were stationed on a ridge. I was sent out to relieve one of them and didn't find him anywhere.

"Finally I saw a bunch of Boers a little distance off carrying the sentry away. Evidently he had been bringing down something when they came on him and took his gun away.

"I gave the alarm and I never saw anything like the actions that followed. The officer I saw ran into the farmhouse and lay low. The men when they saw what the officers had done took to the barns and the stables and hid there.

"Then the officers sent word by a servant to the men in the barns telling them to come out. They were willing enough to do that if they had any officers, so they charged and the Boers ran away.

"About the funniest thing in the whole campaign was our allowance of winter clothing. We were supposed to have a coat and trousers and a set of underclothing. All I got was a pair of shoes and a chin strap for my cap.

"We didn't face badly, though. We didn't get much food from the authorities but we did have permission to forage and take anything in sight, so we came out pretty well.

"About six months ago they found they didn't need a good many men so they ordered them out and sent a lot home. They found that I had had teeth from eating army biscuits and that my heart was weak, so I was discharged.

"I went back to London and there the Government gave me a ticket to New York in the steamer, so after all I haven't any complaint to make about the way I was treated.

POETRY'S POWER TO VEX.
Secretary Hay Tired of Hearing About His Verse—Mr. Call's Mistake.

WASHINGTON, June 28.—Some people have the idea that Secretary Hay is not proud of his poetic efforts, but this is not so. He is simply tired of having callers and chance acquaintances talk to him about them. That is why Mr. Hay becomes reticent and cold when they are mentioned, and gives the impression that he has no soft spot for the first children of his poetic fancy.

A Congressman who went the other day to see Mr. Hay about getting a consular office in the influential constituency of the Secretary very favorably to the candidate. In fact, Mr. Hay gave the impression that the constituent would be appointed.

Then the Congressman began quoting from "Pike County Ballads." Mr. Hay's cordiality vanished, and when the Congressman again mentioned his man the Secretary's countenance failed to repeat his previous assurances. The constituent didn't get the office.

Ex-Senator Call of Florida had a similar experience with another Government official. He had a friend who was a member of the United States Botanical Gardens, and was told by a friend who had asked for advice that all he had to do was to express admiration for the best of the work of the culture, the superintendent of the gardens. Mr. Smith has the finest collection of Burmannia in Washington.

When he called on Mr. Bobby Burns, "the parting advice of Mr. Call's friend," the Senator went to see Mr. Smith, who reminded him of the poet, Burns, and poetry, particularly the poetry of Burns.

"What Burns?" asked the superintendent with immediate interest.

"The 'Whistle' Burns, the Scotch poet, of course," was Mr. Call's response.

And the Senator wondered for many a day why he couldn't get any flowers. He didn't know that the story came back to him from some of the admirers of Burns in the Senate to whom Sept. Smith expressed the indignation he felt on the subject.

LOST CHANCE FOR A PANAMA.
An Officeholder Hears Too Late of a Cabinet Officer's Desire.

WASHINGTON, June 28.—An unsuccessful applicant for a Government office was chatting with some friends the other day just before starting for home, and the conversation turned on Panama hats.

The unsuccessful candidate had a beautiful Panama, soft, light and blow-away, which had been appraised by a local hat dealer at a high price. One of those in the conversation repeated the remark of a Cabinet officer, that he had been intending to buy a big grade Panama, but couldn't muster up courage to pay the price.

"I have often thought of writing to some one to buy the finest one I ever saw worn by a man I met more than thirty years ago. He got it at Panama and told me it was the finest one I ever saw."

"Don't you believe these stories about such prices," said the unsuccessful candidate. "This fine hat that I'm wearing came from South America. It cost just \$3 in gold at the place where it was made."

There was silence for a minute, and then the ex-candidate asked:

"Who did you say was the Cabinet officer who told that story?"

The name of the Secretary who hadn't been mentioned in the candidate's application was mentioned.

"My!" said the candidate, sadly, fingering the soft fabric of his Panama; "I wish I'd heard it sooner."

SCIENCE APPLIED TO A DAIRY.

PRECAUTIONS THAT VERY NEARLY INSURE PURE MILK.

College Graduates and Professors Among the Managers—Care of the Cows—Measures to Keep Germs Out of the Milk—Success of the Enterprise.

A present achievement of scientific farming is the production of milk so free from germs that bottled as it is taken from the cow and sealed it has been transported across the ocean and brought back still in perfect condition.

The farms where this milk is produced are not conducted on agricultural experiment station lines, the first object being to produce milk practically free from bacteria; profit being a secondary consideration, although it is by no means ignored.

The undertaking is unusual in uniting under the control of a single corporation large farms situated near as many acres, and the number of cows milked daily averages something more than 3,000. The conduct of these different farms is identical.

Each has a resident manager in charge. Most of these managers are college graduates and a number have been professors. It is required that all managers, whatever their previous training, shall spend some time in one of the laboratories of the company. The result is that in each of the cities near which the farms of the corporation are situated, and it is from these that the milk is distributed.

The farm near New York is typical of others controlled by the company. Here there are 225 cows and each one of them is as carefully considered and cared for as fine horses in the best stables. They are not of any particular strain, but are good grades, the standard being a young, perfectly healthy cow giving an average of ten quarts of milk a day, which tests 4 1/2 per cent or more.

The men, as they go about caring for and milking these cows, look, in their white perfectly clean clothes, like serving men in a well-appointed dining room. They rise at 4:30 o'clock, and after brushing each cow and washing the udder, put on their white suits, which are washed each day and then sterilized, and proceed to the milking.

The milk is at once put in covered sterilized cans and sent to be cooled and bottled. The room in which this is done has white tiled walls and a cement floor.

The double windows are so arranged that there is no dust, and the daily washing of the walls and floor keeps it scientifically clean. Here the air is changed by an exhaust process, the fresh air being filtered and washed by a spray. The arrangement for cooling milk is so perfect that it requires only about five minutes to reduce it to a very low temperature.

At 6:30 o'clock the milking is finished and the cows are fed, first with grain and then hay. No cow is fed while being milked.

All rations are carefully weighed and brought to the cows, no feed being kept in the barns. When they have finished feeding they are groomed, and if the weather is fine they are turned into the sunny yards which are cleaned daily.

Here they lie and chew the cud of full-cream milk, which is kept very clean, if one may judge by appearances, are altogether as happy a company of cows as could be found in a summer's search.

The barns are thoroughly cleaned, scrubbed and scrubbed each day. Although simple, they are models in their way. The walls, roofs and rafters are white-washed, so that every part, save the stall divisions and fine cement floors, is perfectly white. Each barn accommodates forty-eight cows, and is an airy, bright, wide and 104 feet long, the gives 1,000 cubic feet of air space to each cow.

A tier of windows forms the upper part of either side. The stalls are fitted with adjustable shutters, so that either the heat or cold can be excluded.

The stanchions are on a pivot and the cow can stand on either side, her head to her side or will. Her comfort is further insured by having a drinking cup filled to a certain height by means of a float and so placed as to give the cow water at it at any time. These stationary cups are cleaned daily and afterward sterilized with hot steam.

Each stall is provided with a thick, soft bed of clean pine shavings, which fill the barns with a sweet, piney odor. All refuse matter is removed twice a day at once, and the stalls are kept clean, no offensive odor about the farm, which at this season of the year, of a truth, lies smiling in the sun.

The fields, of a varying green, are perfectly drained, and along one boundary is a stretch of woodland. Altogether it is a place to inspire the song of a poet and the confidence of a scientist.

Being a little remote from lines of travel, there is no dust, and only distant sounds and the song of birds break the quiet. The water supply is fine and abundant, and so carefully protected that contamination is impossible.

The scientific methods are much better than the old-fashioned ways, and are evidenced in this herd, where the sleek, shining coats which indicate perfect condition are the rule. In addition to receiving the best of care, each cow is examined the cows twice each month. No animal is retained that is not in perfect condition or after it has reached a certain age.

The manager of the farm is a graduate of Cornell University, equipped with his office is a small laboratory connected with apparatus for doing exact work. It is here that the milk is tested and examined and other work in this line done up to the highest standard, not by students who come here for practical experience from various colleges.

While each farm is under the direction of a manager, the entire supervision of all the farms, together with the laboratory, is under the personal care of the scientific director of the company. In addition to selecting the managers and holding them responsible for enforcing the rules established, in regard to the conduct of everything pertaining to these farms, he from time to time makes personal investigations of what is being done.

This farming on a large scale and on scientific lines is a very new thing in this full-fledged, but was a small beginning. After much careful experimentation the milk was truly clean, and free from all bacteria, and was a success for babies.

Physicians had found that sterilized and pasteurized milk was not uniformly successful. Also that no other milk could be used for all young children, but that it should be modified according to the needs of the individual.

To meet this need and deliver, free from pathogenic germs, the clean milk which had been produced, it was found that a laboratory was needed, and milk is also sterilized or pasteurized if desired.

The room in which prescriptions are made up has concrete floors and walls, and in order to avoid dust is lighted by electricity. The air is brought in through water and kept in motion by a fan.

The milk, modified, according to the physician's orders, is put up in glass tubes, each one containing the amount to be fed at one time. These tubes are placed in small vials which like champagne bottles

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lets, and contain as many tubes as are needed to feed the child for twenty-four hours. The little basket cases are sterilized each time they are used and each tube is carefully sealed.

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Although the corporation has been constantly adding to the number and size of its farms and enlarging the territory, the demand is and has always been in excess of the supply.

As has been said, the first object of this scientific farming is to produce the best possible milk, and the enterprise is conducted on business principles and is a business success.

The net yearly income is considered a fair return on the investment. In addition to the fourteen farms controlled by the company in this country, it has three in Canada and one near London, England.

HIS RECORD AT GOLF.
Brief Assault by a Stout Man on the Game at Van Cortlandt Park.

A stout man carrying a dress suit case entered the clubhouse at the Van Cortlandt Park golf links the other afternoon. Ten minutes later he emerged in spotless flannels, carrying a set of new golf clubs.

Without caddy or companion he walked over to the first tee and with scrupulous care built a neat cone of wet sand. On top of this he placed a golf ball, the snowy whiteness of which proved that it had had no acquaintance with a club.

Peeling off his flannel coat the man rolled up his sleeves, displaying a muscular arm to the few people interested enough to watch him. Then he took a position which was all that form demanded, made a mighty swing and missed.

A puzzled expression crossed his face. He examined the ball, then examined the cone.

Finally he put both back in place, got in position again and made another swing. The result was the same. The base of the club passed, two inches above the ball. The man looked troubled. It was rather gruff than exasperation that came across his face.

When a third trial resulted like the first two he scratched his head a moment, and then without aim or any delay made a fourth vicious swing. The club didn't get close enough even to fan the ball from its perch.

Seven times in all did the man swing at the ball and not once did he hit it. After the seventh try he stooped down, picked up the ball, put it into his pocket, shouldered his clubs and went back to the clubhouse.

Ten minutes later he emerged, dressed in his street clothes and carrying his dress suit case. The last seen of him he was making for the railroad station.

"I know you are friendly and if you come to see me you will be well received." A few days later, however, another messenger, out of breath and wild-eyed would arrive and say to Father Dupont:

"Makasa bids me tell you that when he announced your coming to the people they were very angry, threatened him with death, but after the next morning when the Makasa would never allow strangers to cross their frontiers. If you come into our country you will surely be killed, as well as all the men who accompany you."

Several invitations were thus extended

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and withdrawn until finally Mr. Dupont decided to act wholly upon his own responsibility. He sent the following message to Makasa:

"You have been trying to frighten me and have withdrawn the promises you made to welcome me kindly to your town. I am going to show you that I am afraid of no man. To-morrow I shall start on my journey and in two days I shall cross your frontier."

Next morning the missionary, accompanied by Father Anthony and an escort of thirty natives, set out for the forbidden land. They crossed the frontier and made straight for Mipini, some distance from the Luba plain. When the little party came within sight of the town, or town, they saw a vast number of grass huts surrounded by a high wall of pickets, four or five miles in length. Outside of this defense were about 5,000 clamorous natives brandishing their weapons and making so much noise that the missionaries were before Mr. Dupont succeeded in opening negotiations. The day was spent in tedious negotiations, but after the next morning he would wash his hands of all responsibility for their safety. If they were not to be killed, they would all be killed, and if they attempted to penetrate far into the country not a soul of them would be alive by sunset.

Father Dupont communicated this stern message to his party. The native escort said that they would not remain to meet certain death. When the sun rose every man of them had deserted, going back across the frontier. Father Dupont and Father Anthony were left alone. The day was spent here with astonishment. The ground in front of the white Fathers was occupied by quite a dense population. Mr. Dupont observed an old woman on the ground in great pain from a wound she had received. He had thought her dead, but she was intended to minister

to the sick and suffering if any were found. He washed and dressed the old woman's wound. She expressed her gratitude and told the natives that she felt greatly relieved. News of this friendly act spread quickly through Mipini and soon a crowd of the sick and suffering came out to the missionaries. All day long they ministered to these unfortunates who thousands of natives looked on. They sent into the town the present they had intended for Makasa.

"These people love me," was the remark that passed from mouth to mouth through Mipini. That night the two white men were permitted to sleep in peace in their camp.

For seven days they kept treating the sick of the town and by that time the town's friendship and confidence of the chief and his people had been gained. The missionaries were told that they might build a station on Kavanami Hill, about a mile east of Mipini. About a month later they opened a school. Before a year had passed they had 300 pupils, most of them sons of the leading men among the natives.

It is unnecessary to tell how their influence gradually spread over the whole of the country and how stations of the White Fathers were planted in many of the principal towns and even in Ituna, the centre of the hostile feeling against the whites, where Muamba, the paramount chief of the great tribe, resided. In September, 1888, when Muamba was dying, he said to Mr. Dupont:

"I want to continue to live in my country and to teach my people, and when I am dead I do not wish any blood to flow because I am gone. I have told all the chiefs that there must be no human sacrifice on my grave."

The chief died and not a drop of blood was spilled to mark his departure, though only a few years before, on May 29, 1887, a large escort should be provided for the deceased chief in the other world.

It was this French missionary who informed the British that the country was at last open to Europeans and that the time had come to establish a civilised government over it. On May 29, 1891, Mr. Codrington, the British Governor of northeastern Rhodesia, formally declared the establishment of British rule over the White Fathers. About a month later Katanga was the supreme chief of the people recognized by the British administration.