

BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.

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BAXTER SPRINGS, - - KANSAS.

MY OWN.

She basks in the glorious sunshine,
Half hid in a favorite nook,
Her eyes bent on fields in the distance
With a dreamy and far-away look.
The wild flowers growing about her,
Unheeded receive not a glance—
I silently gaze on the picture.
Ah! shall I retreat, or advance?

She knows not that I am so near her,
I'm standing outside of the gate.
My entrance, I fear, might disturb her,
And hence I impatiently wait.
For once when I burst on her musings
The interview ended in pain—
And now is my heart in a flutter
With fear lest it happen again.

Ah! could I decipher the feelings
That thro' in the heart of my own.
Oh! could I foresee a glad welcome
If I should approach her alone.
And, Oh, if she kindly would greet me
And slip her head into this noose—
She's the trickiest mule in the pasture
And won't let me catch her when loose.
—Charles L. Hill, in Jury.

UP THE MALINGA.

Explorer Casement Arrives in the Land of the Balolo.

A Great Race Almost Exterminated by the Cannibal Lufembi—A Strangely Disfigured People—Slaves at Four Cents a Head.

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Nothing more interesting than firewood and eggs and the attention of the ladies, who giggled and nudged each other and then fled if we gave the slightest indication of approaching within ten yards of them

—which we had no desire to do—we bade farewell to the good-tempered crowd and continued our journey up river.

We passed some two hours later the large district of Lulungu—consisting of several villages on the mainland and on an island in mid-stream—whose inhabitants regarded us either in speechless astonishment, or greeted us with loud cries to land, as we steamed past the long line of their villages. Elenge Minto, our guide, informed us that we should find these keen ivory traders more inclined to sell to us on our return from the upper waters of the river than on our present journey, so we determined to push ahead as rapidly as possible, only stopping where it was necessary to obtain fire-wood, or to purchase food for ourselves and crew.

A heavy tornado of wind and rain forced us to halt early alongside the deep impenetrable forest of the left bank, on the edge of which we put our crew to sawing up dry trees and dead wood for next day's firing.

Next morning soon after starting we again came on canoes darting about ahead of us, and speedily were steaming through a channel between an island entirely covered with native houses and the north or right bank—on which were collections of huts among immense grove of plantains separated from one another by stretches of grassy plain in some places extending quite a mile inland before the ever-encircling belt of forest was reached.

This island-village and the north bank district was called Bonginda, but we passed it without stopping—pursued by a fleet of friendly canoes offering very bad-smelling small fish for sale. They continued the chase until we had entered another district, that of Wambala. Elenge Minto informed us, whose inhabitants set up a great cry at our



EVERYWHERE WAS DESOLATION.

approach, but did not attempt to come out to us in their canoes.

Towards evening we arrived opposite two villages surrounded by high stockades on the land side, through two gates in which we could perceive women going and coming, on their way to or from the village plantation surrounding the fence. We halted for the night at the upper of these villages, fastening the steamer close alongside the bank. In the morning when I arose from my couch on deck I found, to my disgust, that some enterprising native had profited by the shadows of night to steal my

trousers, socks and coat from the table at the head of my bed where I had laid them on going to rest, so that I was spared the difficulty I usually experienced on getting up of endeavoring to get into my clothes unperceived by native eyes, until I had been able to arouse Glave in the cabin by my cries, who soon appeared on the scene with fresh articles of attire and enabled me to arise clothed and in my right mind, but breathing awful vengeance against the thief if I should discover him. The missing garments never turned up, and I was forced to quit Bolombo (the name of this dishonest village), hoping that on the return journey down river again the thief might be revealed, or that at least the clothes and the effort to put them on properly might work the physical ruin of the wretch who had stolen them.

From Bolombo we continued our journey past long stretches of thick forest, occasionally relieved by open spaces and steep red-earthed bluffs topping which extended vivid green patches of banana and plantain leaves, where some small village nestled amid the deep groves of those trees.

Although I judged we must now have been from eighty to one hundred miles from the mouth of the Lulungu the river continued of the same breadth, averaging a mile wherever we could see its entire surface from shore to shore, unbroken by islands.

Late on the afternoon of the second day, after quitting Bolombo—at a point about one hundred and ten miles from the Congo—we came upon the first of a long line of villages, extending up the left bank as far as the eye could see, crowning a bluff about fifty feet high and so steep that rope ladders, or wooden steps fixed into the hard, red clay of the bank, served to communicate between the village and the waters' edge.

Large canoes were lying hauled up partly out of the water at the foot of the bluff, or, manned by excited crowds, darted out from the shore and circled round us as we drew in to the beach. Voices from under the great trees that towered over the streets of houses lining the top of the bank called out to us to approach, and answered us that there were tons of ivory for sale here. Landing by firelight we made blood-brothers on the bank, amid a crowd of savages, with the old chief of this village, whose name we learned was



FOR A MOMENT THERE WAS A SCENE.

Popono, and received from him two fine tusks of ivory as presents. All night long our men were chatting with the natives round the fires on shore.

The district of which Popono was only one village was called Masan Kuso, and extended about eight miles higher up to the junction of the Malinga and Lopori rivers, which together form the Lulungu, the great tributary of the Congo we had been traversing for the last four days.

Next day we steamed higher up to the topmost village of the district, situated in face of the Lopori which, coming from the north and flowing through countries destitute of ivory, and only supplying enormous numbers of slaves to the raiding canoes of this very Masan Kuso district, here joins the still broader Malinga by a mouth about four hundred to five hundred yards wide.

The natives here were very friendly, and we had to undergo the ceremonial of exchanging blood and becoming "kindred of one blood" with several chiefs of the community, who expressed their appreciation of their new-found relations by offering us goats, fowls and two or three beautiful tusks of ivory, for all of which we gave suitable presents in return, consisting of several fathoms of red cloth, or American sheeting, or cheap Manchester cottons, a few spoonfuls of white and blue beads, a mirror or two, a tin plate, cup and spoon, and one or two odds and ends which cheer the heart of the African in his rude simplicity.

Learning at Masan Kuso that a great inland tribe of cannibals known as the Lufembi had been ravaging the banks of the Malinga and had destroyed every village up to the great Balolo town of Malinga (from which the river takes its name), we determined to lay in as large a stock of fowls, goats and other food as possible, since we could not hope to reach Malinga town before three days.

On the second morning after our arrival we started from Masan Kuso up the Malinga and were soon far from any

evidences of life. No canoes passed us and no signs of human habitation or human being greeted us. For two days we passed along between the tall, silent walls of the great forest on either side, the silence scarcely broken by the cries of any bird, and the only moving thing upon the waters the head of a black or green water snake as it strove to avoid our bows in its passage across the river. One of these creatures jumped into our low-lying canoe attached to the side of the steamer which served us instead of a boat and scattered all the cooking arrangements of poor little Mochindu, our cook, who used to arrange his mid-day dishes along the bottom of the canoe.

On the evening of November 10, after we had been two days in the Malinga without seeing a sign of hut or human being, we were cheered to sight a few miles ahead of us up along a straight reach of river, the lighter green patch in the dark surrounding line of forest which denoted the presence of the broad-leaved plantain groves that surround every village. However, on getting up to it we were saddened by the scene which met our eyes, after we had ascended by rope ladder and steps cut in the bank the cliff on which the plantains waved their long arms. Every where was desolation. The huts were almost all destroyed by fire and only charred poles and half burnt thatch remained to show where once had extended the broad pleasant street of a comfortable African village. The beautiful stems of the bananas and plantains were blackened by fire—or cut down in enormous masses they blocked up the paths between the houses, or lay half suspended across the still hanging center pole of some partially destroyed hut.

We wandered about for some time amid the ruins, wondering at the cause of this destruction, and seeking if we might find some poor savage lurking in the bushes near his but recently destroyed home. Presently from across the river a voice called out to us, timidly and faintly, and looking in the direction whence it came, we perceived a small canoe with two occupants creeping close in to the opposite bank and stealing up stream in the shadows of the trees. To our cries that we were friends and should do them no harm if they approached, the timid natives only answered that they had nothing to sell or even give us save the advice that we

early overwhelmed by a shower of spears from the banks, where we doubted not the savage Lufembi must be gathering for an assault on the steamer. We endeavored to arrest the men in their scramble, and were just mounting the scaling ladder when voices from the darkness on top of the bluffs and a ringing peal of laughter caused us to pause. Then came the tones of Bionelo's voice relating the cause of the panic, and the shouts of laughter from the men who a moment before had been risking their lives in their wild leaps to the bottom of the river bank drowned all our attempts at inquiry or reproof.

It appeared from Bionelo, who with one or two more had not fled when the first shot was fired, that on searching for the cause of the disturbance, he had found our three goats tied up near one of the houses for the night after having grazed during the afternoon, and it was one of these which had coughed in its dreams, or while chewing the cud, that had startled Elenge Minto, that brave "young man," from his slumbers.

His first thought was of the Lufembi and the blood-curdling cough being repeated he had answered it with a yell of fear and pulled the trigger of his Snider. Then followed the panic, the hasty shots at an invisible foe and the indescribably swift descent over the face of the cliff.

We could not refrain from joining in the merriment and chaffing the unfortunate Elenge Minto. The racking cough of a consumptive goat became quite a popular complaint on board the Florida for the remainder of the evening.

Our next day's run was a short one, and we camped at two in the afternoon alongside a small opening in the forest of the north bank, where we found dead wood for fuel, as well as numerous elephant and buffalo tracks, but none of them very recent ones. The river now was only on an average one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty yards broad, and its general direction was always the same, from the southeast.

Continuing our journey next morning, we steamed on at a good speed without seeing a human habitation or a canoe until the afternoon, when we arrived off a village situated on low-lying swamp land at the water's edge, and consisting of a few poor fishermen's huts. It was on the right bank of the river and opposite the side on which the Lufembi carried on their ravages.

The few fishermen about were astonished at our advent, but they speedily gathered in fresh recruits from the forest at the back and adjacent plantations, and became sensible of the beauties of a few strings of white beads held up artlessly before their longing eyes. When to these were added a handful of cowries and a shining tin plate and spoon the leader of the assemblage of savages on shore could only find broken tones in which to explain his appreciation of our kindness; and when, later on, we asked him as to the country lying ahead of us, he eagerly strove to impart every thing he knew.

He was of the Balolo, the great race of Iron-workers (Balolo signifying "Iron People"), who inhabit the country bordering on the three affluents of the Congo—the Ronki, Ikelemba and Lulungu—but whose true home is at the head waters of this system of kindred rivers. The facial and bodily adornment of the Balolo differs entirely from the modes of cicatrization of the tribes dwelling lower down, or along the banks of the Congo. The men we now encountered indulged their savage instinct of improving upon nature's handiwork by chiseling their features into hard lumps resembling Spanish nuts in size and shape, which were impartially distributed down the forehead to the bridge of the nose, and on each cheek as well as on the chin.

The shoulders and hollow of the back were alike covered with these protuberant knots of hard skin and flesh. The women, in addition to sporting all this display, revelled in an extra batch or two of lumps, scattered down the thighs, which, if one may except a narrow strip of banana or plantain leaf, fastened from a thong of fiber around the waist, formed their sole indebtedness to art for any covering. The men, on the contrary, wore a strangely-made little grass or palm-fiber cloth, which terminated in a tail behind, to which was attached a piece of monkey skin, or the fur of some animal. They carried spears and shields, the former beautifully made of iron, their shafts covered with shining bands of copper or brass, and the latter procured from melting down the brass-wire rods used as currency by Upper Congo tribes. The younger boys paraded about with bows and arrows to shoot small birds, or thin, many-pronged spears, with which they speared fish in the shallows.

It was our first glimpse of the mysterious Balolo, on the borders of whose realm we now found ourselves, and we listened with interest to the speech of the old headman, who spoke to us through Elenge Minto, our interpreter. First, he gave us to understand that they lived in mortal dread of the savage Lufembi, and that the "big" town of Malinga, to which he belonged, only a little further up river, had lately suffered a great deal. Many had been killed and others carried off into slavery, but that now all the scattered Malinga villages on the other, or Lufembi side of the river, had drawn together and constructed a strong barricade around their united town, and so had been able to beat off the renewed attacks of the Lufembi.

In reply to my question whether these savages had ivory, he facetiously remarked that as no Malinga man who

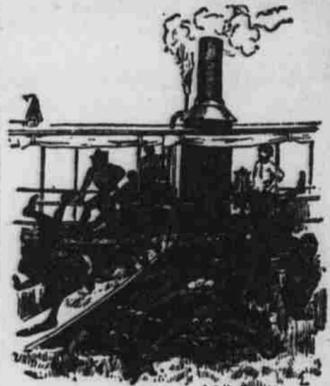
had ever visited the Lufembi returned to tell his tale it was impossible to say what they had, but he considered an appetite for human flesh as their most cherished possession; and on further inquiry the old gentleman admitted that he himself was not at all averse to a little boiled or roast Lufembi, whenever the fortunes of war delivered a few prisoners into the hands of his countrymen.

"Those who are not fit to sell as slaves," he said, alluding to the weak or wounded captives, "we eat."

Then he branched off into a description of the upper course of the river, which we soon judged would prove navigable yet for another ten days' steaming of the Florida.

"High up," said he, "the river divides into two branches, one coming from swamps and trees, the other, and larger, falling over stones where there are fisher villages."

Before reaching this point, however, he said we should come across the veritable home of the elephant, scores of these huge creatures continually cross-



OUR LAST VIEW OF THE VILLAGE.

ing and recrossing the infant river, bathing in its pools and wallowing in the shady recesses of its forest banks.

Slaves, he asserted, in that paradise of the man-catcher could be purchased for two mitakas each (two brass rods, worth about two cents each), so valuable was metal there and so plentiful the supply of human flesh.

Any exhibition of disgust on our part was out of place here; and we felt that to argue with a blood-thirsty old cannibal, and have our arguments met by a supercilious lifting of a pair of anthropophagous eyebrows was more than either we could stand, or Elenge Minto find suitable words to express; so by way of inflicting as much torture as possible ere we shot out from the bank, we gave the steam-whistle string such a tug that the shriek which burst from the Florida nearly deafened ourselves as we enjoyed the spectacle of its humiliating effect on the line of grinning savages along the muddy shore.

Our last view of that village was somewhat obscured by the hopeless jumble of arms, legs, monkey's tails, knotted thighs and bursting banana fiber waist thongs, which heaved and throbbed on the muddy beach—as old chief and young warrior, wife, husband and babe struggled and panted to escape from the piercing screams of the iron monster which was now gaily dashing aside the current of the river on its way to renowned Malinga.

The Longevity of Birds.

The swan is the longest-lived bird and it is asserted that it has reached the age of 100 years. Knauer, in his work entitled "Naturhistoriker," states that he has seen a falcon that was 162 years old. The following examples are cited as to the longevity of the eagle and vulture: A sea eagle captured in 1715 and already several years of age, died 104 years afterward, in 1819; a white-headed vulture, captured in 1706, died in 1826 in one of the aviaries of Schoenbrunn Castle, near Vienna, where it had passed 118 years in captivity. Parquets and ravens reach an age of over 100 years. The life of sea and marsh birds sometimes equals that of several human generations. Like many other birds, magpies live to be very old in a state of freedom, but do not reach over 20 or 25 years in captivity. The nightingale lives but 10 years in captivity and the blackbird 15. Canary birds reach an age of from 12 to 15 years in the cage, but those flying at liberty in their native islands reach a much more advanced age.

How to Get Rid of Rats.

Rats will eat any thing, from short-bread to slippers, but so cunning are they that unless anise-seed is sprinkled on the trap after setting they smell the human hand and keep aloof. The barrel remedy is worth trying. Fill a barrel with chaff, leaving at the top some choice morsel to tempt the rats' appetite, and an inviting stick leaning against the side. Do this for three nights, and then on the fourth night fill the barrel two-thirds with water and one-third with chaff. The rats, thrown off their guard by previous immunity, will mount the ladder gaily and meet their fate in the treacherous ocean below.—N. Y. Journal.

—Mrs. Kennan is a great help to George Kennan in his work for the oppressed people of Russia. She recopies manuscript, reads proofs, translates Russian works, goes over the receipts from his work, and sees to their investment or deposit. Mrs. Kennan is described as a thorough business woman, of considerable business tact and much personal attractiveness.