

BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.

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BAXTER SPRINGS, - - KANSAS.

LORD HARRY.

Lord Harry, he sat on the shingles one day,
And his lordship with jewels was laden,
And he lifted his eye, as sweet Polly came by,
The bonniest trim fishermaid.

He gave her a stare, with his lordliest air,
And he said: "I've determined to marry;
I've goods and I've land, and here is my hand;
I think I'm a catch," said Lord Harry.

"And what will you give to your lady?" said she,

"To the bride whom your lordship may honor!"

"Why, dinners and dresses and money," said he.

"And jewels to sparkle upon her!"

"If you give nothing more, sir," the maiden replied.

"I pity the girl whom you marry!"

While his lordship looked down at her rough fisher gown.

"What more can she want?" cried Lord Harry.

"When I have a lover," sweet Polly replied,
And she blushed with a smile that was sunny.

"He must give me his heart, ere he makes me his bride,

For 'tis love that I ask—not money!"

She made him a curtsy, and off went my lord,
And invited a duchess to marry;

She was ugly and old, but she'd plenty of gold,
And she made a good match for Lord Harry.

—Temple Bar.

UP THE MALINGA.

Closing Chapter of Explorer Casement's Journey.

A Savage Dance at Baulu—Trading for Ivory—Customs of the Man-Eaters—An Impassable Barrier—The Return to Stanley Pool.

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CONCLUDED IN THIS NUMBER.



UR greeting at Baulu was most kindly. The usual ceremony of blood brotherhood having been gone through by firelight, presents were exchanged between the chief and ourselves and our men, quickly striking up friendships with natives on shore (for the Baukindu of the Equator are an offshoot of the great Balolo and speak a kindred tongue) were soon dancing round several fires with their new-formed chums, while Glave and I talked to the chief and interviewed him as to the possibilities of many days' steaming yet before we ere we should reach the end of navigable river.

We had up to this been unsuccessful in obtaining any thing like the quantity of ivory we expected to find in the Lulungu, our total stock purchased and that received as presents from "blood brothers" only amounting to a few hundred pounds' weight, which had cost us pretty dear, too.

However, in the morning we found ourselves surrounded by canoes containing magnificent tusks or were besieged from the shore side by a crowd of old Lolos, followed by sons or slaves staggering under beautiful white sixty-pound or seventy-pound tusks. Fully a ton-weight of ivory was brought alongside the Florida that day, but Glave, unwilling to spoil the price, would only buy about three hundred and fifty to four hundred pounds' weight of it, which he secured for prices averaging two pence and three pence per pound, paid chiefly in brass wire and white and blue beads, such as children use at home for making into toy-rings, which these larger African children put to the very same uses. A man on getting paid for the ivory he had just sold would make off at once with the tin soup-plate full of beads in his hands, glowing lengths of red-cotton handkerchiefs or blue cloth streaming out behind him; and the other items received, such as spoons, brass wire, mirrors, and odds and ends like these, gracing the arms of his adherents who followed in his wake thrusting their way through the crowd of would-be sellers of ivory, who regarded with longing eyes this ravishing transit of such wealth through their midst, or even grabbed at the beads as they shot past, thereby provoking an awful row and the scattering of many small boys to the winds, and sometimes the precious beads themselves, when the scramble which ensued beggars description.

A busy day was thus spent at Baulu, and promising to buy plenty of their remaining ivory on our return, by which time we guessed the beads would have done their deadly work, we bade farewell to the chief, and kindly disposed people of this happy Central African village.

We left Baulu in the afternoon and speedily became aware of the fact that we had left dry land behind us also, for the two little villages we soon came to consisted of huts raised upon piles standing in the water, and around on every side we could see no trace of bank or shore to the river. The bordering line of great forest trees on each hand stood in the rushing water, and as we steamed on hoping to come to some spot where solid earth would enable us to camp for the night and cut up dead

wood for next day we passed frequent little fishing settlements, but all constructed in the same manner.

At last we were compelled by darkness and want of fuel to stop at one of these for the night. The occupants of the few houses speedily stepped from off their little verandahs into their dug-out canoes fastened to one of the supporting pillars of the structure and came out to us where we had attached the bow of the steamer to the jutting branch of a fallen tree which rose from the surface of the river.

Other canoes from the villages we had passed gathered round us, too, and fresh detachments from up river came down to us, bringing fire-wood to sell for beads and cowries, and big lumps of gum-copal, which make a capital blaze. We were surrounded for hours by these poor creatures, anxious to obtain a few of the much-coveted possessions of the white men; and thanks to the supplies



A VILLAGE BUILT ON PILES.

of wood they brought us, were enabled next morning to resume our journey.

Day after day our journey led us between swampy, overflowed banks, every now and then bringing us to villages erected on piles standing in the water similar to those we had passed.

The inhabitants of these wretched river-dwellings were poor in the extreme, and led a terrible, hunted existence, exposed on the forest side to the ferocious attacks of the Lufembi cannibals and on the river suffering from the raiding canoes of the more powerful villages lower down. As we journeyed higher up the misery and wretchedness seemed to increase, while the number of villages we encountered grew less and less.

At last, after many days of this, we reached a point beyond which the natives of Mompono, the last village we had seen, told us we should find no villages and no human beings. For three days we steamed up the ever-narrowing reaches of the river, its current increas-

ing in force as it grew smaller; round sharp corners, where our bows were driven into the opposite bank and the funnel got entangled in the branches of the overhanging trees, and yet without seeing a single canoe or a trace of human habitation.

Climbing a tree one day which stood on a bluff whose river face was clothed in a clinging mass of ferns and creepers, I looked inland and away up river. Every where spread a broad, boundless expanse of trees—a wave of thick forest extending from my feet to the furthest limits of the horizon. There was no change in any direction—overhead the clear sky and the bright sunlight, underneath and all around level with the sky-line—the dark forest and its still, impenetrable wall of foliage. I could not help feeling that this was indeed the heart of Africa; that here, far, far from the outer world, throbbled the pulses of a hidden continent. What strange life might not lie concealed in those silent woodland depths? Whence came this mysterious river, welling silently up from the dim, swampy recesses of the surrounding forest—through which, for ages and ages, the elephant had roamed and savage man through countless generations of barbarians had pursued the same daily, monthly, yearly, round of bloodshed and misery, laughter and death—cannibal feasts and parental joy when another little savage had opened his baby eyes on the theater of life, whose strange scenes and stranger characters were to develop before his gaze behind that screen of forest barrier which the ge-

ography of Africa has raised around her inmost shrine.

Several days were passed traversing the dreary solitudes, without coming in contact with a single human being.

On the fourth day we were surprised to hear a voice coming from the trees, and to listen to a native shout. We sent our canoe, and brought him on board the Florida; but this was not done without difficulty, for our men had a sharp chase before he was finally caught. He was a very sullen fellow, and our interpreter had some trouble in coaxing him to speak at all. We were not very far from a village, he told us. At his request a drum was handed him, and he beat a signal to his village. We heard the answering signal, borne over the water, clear and distinct. He told us, too, that they would know that it meant strangers were here, and that we should soon see plenty of his people.

In the morning a number of strange-looking men came down toward us in canoes, bringing fuel and presents. We soon made friends. We learned that their village was three or four miles off. These people were Balolo, and had the same peculiar tribal marks I have already mentioned. I went over to their village, and a terrible tramp it was, over bogs and morasses and roots of trees. I stumbled and fell several times, smashing my watch, and after all my pains, I found on arriving there that it was a wretchedly poor place, with absolutely nothing to trade and only one poor tusk of ivory in the whole village. So I tramped back again by the way I came, first exacting a promise from the native we met the preceding night at the river that he would come to the Florida next morning and act as our guide. When morning came, and the Balolo failed to turn up, we pushed ahead without him.

Leaving the poverty-stricken settlement behind us, we started up stream again, only to run almost immediately into a snag at a sharp bend of the river. On getting safely afloat again we had to proceed with the utmost care, for we soon discovered that there was a succession of sharp turns and no end of snags immediately ahead. In avoiding these we were constantly running into the banks, for just at this point the stream is narrower and more rapid than at any other. Towards evening we came to traces of an encampment on the left bank of the river, where the Lufembi, the dreaded tribe of cannibals, were said to be. These were the first signs of houses we had seen in four days; for the last three days had been spent in dodging the snags of the river and avoiding disaster to the Florida. There were no signs of life about the encampment, so we stopped and sounded a shrill blast from the steam-whistle; but there was no response save the echoes which seemed to repeat themselves indefinitely before dying out on the wooded shores. We pushed on for a

mile or more, and then we observed fires on shore and two men standing near the edge of the bank. As the Florida drew near one of the men ran off with the speed of a deer, and the other, almost equally alarmed by our sudden appearance, darted in behind the trees and regarded us from that point of vantage. Several of our men jumped on shore and tried by persuasion to coax him to come to us, but it was useless. After a little while he, too, disappeared.

Judging by all the signs we thought there must be a village near, and so we decided to camp there. That afternoon while we were getting in firewood there was a sudden commotion and a great crowd of natives swarmed down upon us. They stood off at a respectful distance, evidently hardly knowing what to do about it, and we went out toward them, but they retired. This was not an auspicious beginning to our acquaintance, so we sent a deputation consisting of four of our own natives belonging to the crew to parley with them. Our men returned in an hour and reported that they had met a great crowd of natives armed with spears and shields, their bodies painted, and with a very fierce, warlike appearance.

"You can not go on," was the reply of their head-man to our messengers. "The Lufembi, with many canoes, have passed up the river. No one ever sleeps here on this bank. If you try it you will all have your throats cut."

This was not particularly cheering; but we decided to sleep there, nevertheless, and sleep we did. A strong guard

was detailed to prevent a surprise. In the morning we would go up to the village, which was named Bolando, and whose people, like all the Balolo, were kindred to the fierce Lufembi, and at the same time frequent sufferers at their hands.

While we were dozing around the camp fires, in fancied security, a great shout suddenly went up and there was an instant panic, resembling the scare we had experienced at a point one hundred miles further down the river. Rifles and revolvers were discharged and when we heard drums beating in several directions we felt certain that the dreaded Lufembi were upon us in force. Owing to the impenetrable darkness we were in ignorance of the cause of all this confusion. After awhile the firing ceased and the frightened crew of the Florida were once more convinced that they had been the victims of a false alarm, as no enemy appeared. The distant drums, however, continued to beat at intervals, and it was not until daylight that our camp felt quite secure from attack of the invisible enemy.

In the morning, deeming it hopeless to risk a visit to the village, after the exciting scare of the night, and as we were unable to get either food or fuel at that point (which is between two hundred and fifty and three hundred miles up the Lulungu river, from the point of its confluence with the Congo), we returned to the steamer and went to Bohema, a fishing village where we were told supplies were to be had in abundance. We carried with us, however, a vivid recollection of the Bolando natives, whom our messengers described as being of a very martial appearance. They wore, when our delegation met them, a variety of weapons, the principal one being a wooden knife, in shape somewhat like a pruning hook, this made of an exceedingly hard and durable wood, sharpened to a point, and they used it very skillfully. In conversation, they employed it to emphasize their talk, and it was not encouraging to our messengers to see these savages brandishing their ugly-looking machetes at every sentence or two.

Although we were exceedingly anxious to push forward to the elephant country, where, in its native habitat, the forest giant, we were assured, could be found in vast numbers, we could not possibly do it. We had exhausted our food supply and the problem of revictualing was becoming harder daily. Besides, we were due back at Kinchasa by a certain date; so we regretfully turned the Florida's bows down-river and began our homeward journey. The current was strong and at the sharp bends of the river we were obliged to proceed with great caution, to avoid getting aground or fouling on hidden snags. Still, with all our precautions, we struck on the banks repeatedly, and the Florida sustained considerable damage, but not enough to prevent us from continuing our journey. Finally, we got through the dangerous swells and currents and into safe water, after which our progress down stream was very rapid.

On getting back to Baulu, we bought a great quantity of ivory—about 2,000 pounds of it, and of a very superior quality. Our journey to Malinga was continued without incident. There we were greeted by the natives in the same cordial way as on our first arrival; but a serious event had happened during our absence. Their village had been attacked by the cannibal Lufembi in force; a sharp fight had taken place and the assailants had finally been repulsed. Prisoners had been taken by both sides, and when we came upon the scene there were five Lufembi warriors in the hands of the Malings. All this the head-man told us when he came on board the Florida on the evening of our arrival.

Going ashore I saw one or two of the captive cannibals tied up to huge logs, which were chained about their necks. These savages talk practically the same language as the Malings, who are, as I have already explained, a branch of the great Lufemba race, and have the same peculiar tribal marks on their bodies, even to the ridges on their faces. Physically the Lufembi are magnificent men; tall, clean-limbed and dignified-looking. A peculiarity about them is that they are, as I was informed by the head-man, vegetarians in all else except their horrible love of human flesh. They differ from other savage races in the fact that, according to all we could learn, they make war solely through a desire to get their enemies to eat, and not because they hate them or from motives of vengeance. They are the true man-hunters, who follow the human game to gratify their frightful appetite for flesh. While other savages attack their enemies to punish aggression or secure revenge, the Lufembi alone make their ghoulish appetite the primary object in their raids upon their weaker neighbors.

The prisoners in the hands of the Malings were stoics, and bore themselves bravely. A savage, although he knows he is to be killed the next morning, will make no outcry, nor will he try to escape. Their eyes had a passive expression, and they faced their fate uncomplainingly.

The inland tribes are all related, the Lufembi being generic. The latter occupy a country that is full of swamps and heavy forests; and to make a village they have incredible labor, clearing the dense growth of timber. The Lufemba villages are large and populous, we were told at Malinga, and they have fine plantations, their occupation, when not making war, being almost wholly agricultural.

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When a song was struck up by our own party, I thought the Fuegians would have fallen down with astonishment. With equal surprise they viewed our dancing; but one of the young men, when asked, had no objection to a little waltzing. Little accustomed to Europeans as they appeared to be, yet they knew and dreaded our fire-arms; nothing would tempt them to take a gun in their hands. They begged for knives, calling them by the Spanish word *cuchilla*. They explained also what they wanted, by acting as if they had a piece of blubber in their mouths, and then pretending to cut instead of tear it.

It was as easy to please as it was difficult to satisfy these savages. Young and old, men and children, never ceased repeating the word *yammerschooner*, which means "give me." After pointing to almost every object, one after the other, even to the buttons on our coats, and saying their favorite word in as many intonations as possible, they would then use it in a neuter sense, and vacantly repeat *yammerschooner*. After *yammerschooner* for any article very eagerly, they would by a simple artifice point to their young women or little children, as much as to say: "If you will not give it me, surely you will in such as these."—Popular Science Monthly.

The president of Vassar College has plans for the erection of a new library hall, houses for the professors and an annex for the students.