FIND LIVINGSTONE! RESCUE EMIN PASHA! CROSS AFRICA!

Stanley's Terse Assignments to Dark Continent—Sent on Instant to Fight Way Into Jungle.

Livingstone Deeply Touched—Emin Pasha Less Pleased and Doubtful if He Ought to Leave.

WITH the death of Henry M. Stanley last Tuesday morning the memories of the middle-aged and the fingers of the young skimmed over the record of the past thirty years with a new interest. Stanley as a Knight and a member of the House of Commons was distinctly a figure of repose. Stanley as a newspaper correspondent and explorer of "The Dark Continent" was emphatically a figure of action. And as a figure of action he takes on a most inviting interest to the man who reads the newspapers of today.

A surprising lack of information has prevailed concerning the explorer's Welsh home and his early life. On investigation that period of his career proves to be as interesting, or nearly as interesting, as his fights with the savages of Africa. The story of his commission to seek out Dr. Livingstone seems to have been forgotten in the account of the search itself. Similarly, few of those who noted Stanley's death remembered that he not only found Livingstone and rescued Emin Pasha, but crisscrossed the continent. Finally, the expedition to Emin's rescue has a new quality when viewed in the light of the day of rescue.

For these reasons—and because Stanley and his bride came to Washington on their honeymoon—The Times republishes the following graphic articles on these several phases of the Welshman's remarkable career.

STANLEY'S relief of Emin Pasha was the most widely heralded and scientifically valuable achievement of his career. The following account has something of a contemporaneous interest because it was published in the "New York Tribune" in December, 1889:

Stanley's latest expedition into Africa was undertaken as the necessary result of Gordon's death and the fall of Khartoum. The conquest of the Soudan and the building up of a genuine civilization in Equatorial Africa was undertaken by Gordon in 1874. He wrested the country from the Arab slave-hunters and sent Emin Pasha to Lado as governor, under himself, of the southern province. This was in 1876, and Emin had lived and ruled in that region ever since, until brought away by Stanley.

Emin is a Silesian by birth. He is now forty-nine years old. His real name is Edward Schnitzer. His family is now living in Neisse. He studied medicine at the University of Breslau in Berlin. He possessed in the highest degree the true spirit of adventure, and for ten years, until he met Gordon, he was wandering about in Turkey, Armenia, Syria, and Arabia, in the following of Valis Ismail Pasha, under the name of Dr. Emin, having assumed a Turkish identity and professed, it is said, the Mohammedan faith.

Emin a Wise Ruler.

Gordon sent him to Lado almost as soon as he entered the Egyptian service, and his administration from the very first, and, indeed, until Selim Bey and his rebel following deposed him, only a few months ago, was a great moral and financial success. He maintained an army of 2,000 Egyptian and native soldiers, exterminated the slave-hunters from his province, established schools and missions, and gave an enlightened, progressive, and powerful government to a country of 6,000,000 theretofore savage and ignorant people.

Meanwhile Gordon had left Khartoum and his successor was unable to cope with the slave dealers. The Mahdi, claiming to be a second Mohammed, had created an Arab uprising, and was conducting a spirited rebellion against the Anglo-Egyptian government of the Soudan. He massacred Hicks Pasha's army and created havoc generally.

Gordon was induced by the English government to go to Khartoum and restore order. He was not supported by an efficient military force, however, and while a relief expedition was slowly crawling up the Nile his garrison rebelled and murdered him, giving over the city and the Soudan wholly to the Mahdi.

At Mercy of Arabs.

This left Emin and his province, south of the Soudan, in the greatest danger; in fact, quite at the mercy of the Arabs. Their extermination was merely a question of when the Mahdi should feel disposed to attack them. Internal disorders in the prophet's forces delayed the intended blow, and, while allaying them and preparing for new conquests, the Mahdi died—probably by violence. His place was not long vacant. Another Mahdi, claiming divine inspiration, promptly assumed command of the Arab forces and Emin's situation was rendered as desperate as before.

At this time, the winter of 1886, Mr. Stanley was in America, delivering a course of lectures. He had returned to Europe two years before, having completed his magnificent work of creating and settling the Congo Free State.

But he had hardly reached American shores before the King of the Belgians and Sir William Mackinnon besought him over the cable to go and rescue Emin. Messages had reached Zanzibar and Europe from the Pasha's capital at Wadelai, through Dr. Junker, indicating that he would be unable to hold his position against the Mahdi's threatened attack and was practically awaiting annihilation.

Had he been willing to abandon his people, those of whom he had created a nation, he could easily have cut his way by some southern route to the coast before the Mahdi's forces could come down the Nile and get at him. But Emin is a noble hero, and he preferred death to desertion. Indeed, when Stanley reached him this sentiment, carried to almost Quixotic extremes, threatened to render the relief expedition unavailing.

Sir William Mackinnon is the president of the British East Africa Company. Sir William secured subscribers to the relief fund, the Egyptian government giving a full third of the total presumed expense. Directly upon receiving the messages from King Leopold and Sir William Stanley canceled his lecture engagements and hurried off to London.

There the character of the errand he was desired to perform was fully made known to him. The expedition was not to be military. He was not to go in and drag out, or anything of that kind.

It was not known just what Emin's situation might be. His last letters had been quite hopeless in tone, telling of the submission to the Mahdi of all the territory north of his and of the fears that his own time would inevitably come.

Stanley was asked, therefore, to conduct a caravan to Emin, laden with ammunition and supplies. If Emin wanted to come home Stanley was to act as escort. If he wanted to stay and take his chances with the Mahdi, Stanley was to supply his necessities and come away.

The scheme was thoroughly peaceful and merely in the performance of the duty owed by civilization in general and Great Britain in particular to the intrepid man who was so bravely upholding worthy interests in such an unequal contest.

Allied With Slave Dealer.

Stanley proceeded from England to Cairo, where he saw the Khedive, by whom he was specifically charged to say to Emin that should he decide to remain in Wadelai he must do so on his own responsibility. Then proceeding by steamer to Zanzibar, Stanley organized his expedition.

His agents had already recruited a force of 600 men, mostly Zanzibari, and Stanley found it necessary only to enter into a treaty with Tippu-Tib, the Zobehr of the Upper Congo, a personage of vast influence in the African interior, a greedy slave dealer and a man of whose character much that is bad can be said. But Stanley had trusted him, and did so again.

Emin was reported by Dr. Tucker to have seventy-five tons of ivory at Wadelai, and Stanley supposed, of course, that the Pasha would want to get it out to the coast. Tippu-Tib agreed to furnish the carriers, for whose services he was handsomely paid. It was also arranged to appoint the Zobehr to the office of governor of Stanley Falls, on the Congo, at a regular salary. This was done, that he might communicate with Stanley after the expedition had got into the Aruwimi country and maintain a permanent and accessible depot of supply.

Conflicting Advice Set Aside.

The route question was a serious one. It was left entirely to Stanley's judgment, but a vast amount of advice was given him by other African travelers, and his decision evoked a great deal of adverse criticism.

Three routes were urged upon him in preference to his own. One was from Mombasa through the British possessions northwest to Wadelai. Another was from Bagamoyo, in the German Protectorate, directly to the Victoria Nyanza, across it or around, and thence Uganda and Unyoro. The third was from Bagamoyo to Lake Tanganyika, and thence northward.

But Stanley chose a route of his own, and for reasons of his own. He decided to sail from Zanzibar around the Cape of Good Hope to the mouth of the Congo, thence up the river he knew so much about to Yambuyu, and thence, having stationed Tippu-Tib below on the Congo at Stanley Falls, to proceed as best he could up the Aruwimi to Kavallio.

The route from Yambuyu was through an entirely new and unknown country, and many were the doleful predictions that he would come to grief in the dense forests said to cover that wilderness.

Explorer as Well as Rescuer.

It is difficult to resist the suspicion that Stanley took this route as much for the very reason that it lay through an unexplored country as for any other. If he could add to the map of Africa while carrying relief to the beleaguered Pasha, why not do it? The reason he gave, however, and one that has undoubted force, is that traveling, as he was, with a heavy burden of supplies for Emin, he could get along much better with a river at hand, up which he could go in canoes, than if he traveled overland.

Whether in the light of all that is now known this was a wise decision depends largely from the point of view whence the expedition is regarded. It took him from February 25, 1887, to April 29, 1888—429 days—to go from Zanzibar to Lake Albert by the route he chose. It has taken him 202 days to come from Lake Albert to Zanzibar by the route he might otherwise have taken.

Having embarked his men, Stanley made all haste to reach the mouth of the Congo. Congo steamers took him as far as Yambuyu, but before he got there he had to stop at Leopoldville and at Stanley Falls. Tippu-Tib was duly installed as governor at the latter station, where he was to keep re-enforcements and supplies ready at call. Late in June Stanley reached Yambuyu, and there his serious work began.

Disposing His Forces.

His force of Zanzibari was officered, besides himself, by Major Barttelot, Surgeon Parke and Messrs. Jephson, Nelson, Ward, Bonney, Troup and Jamieson. He left Major Barttlot, with Jamieson, Troup, and Ward and 257 men, at Yambuyu, as a rear guard, in charge of supplies which they were to bring forward by hurried marches so soon as Tippu-Tib should supply a sufficient force of carriers.

Then, on June 28, with 389 officers and men, Stanley plunged into the forest. Opposition at once confronted him. Within twenty-four hours the natives give him battle, but he lost no men, and made a steady progress. He used the river to advantage and had reached Airsibba by August 13. Here he had five days of hard fighting, and his perils and difficulties thereafter increased every day.

The Manyuma Arabs fluttered around him, enticing his men away and laying waste the country before him so as to render food scarce. When, on November 12, he found himself in the land of the Ibwiri, and amid peace and plenty, his force was reduced to 174 men. Death and desertion had robbed him of the rest. It was December 5, however, before he emerged from the dead, black forest upon the high, grassy plains above the Albert Nyanza.

Fighting His Way.

Before he reached the lake he had to do much fierce fighting, but he was invariably successful in beating the natives without serious loss to himself, and on December 14 the silver waters of the Nyanza lay before him. His destination was Wadelai. But the hostile natives would give him no boats to get up the lake, and his own had been left at Kilougolanga, 190 miles behind him. He thought it wiser to go back for them than to march northward overland. So he turned about, and, having secured his boats, he reached the lake again April 26, 1888.

His courier meanwhile had penetrated into Emin's province, carrying the news of his arrival, and when he returned to the lake he found that Emin was coming up to meet him. They came together at Kavallis on April 29.

The meeting was cordial, as may be supposed, and yet it left Stanley disappointed. The Mahdi's expected attack on Emin had been so long delayed that the pasha had quite recovered from his fears. Moreover, he was profoundly interested in his province and unwilling to quit the great work he was so successfully performing. His army consisted of 1,390 men, and, with the supplies Stanley delivered, he felt strong. Stanley stayed with him a month, Emin all the while engaged in a fruitless struggle to come to a decision whether to go or to stay.

Rear Guard in Trouble.

Nothing as yet had been heard from Major Barttelot and the rear guard, and Stanley was painfully anxious for their safety. He concluded to utilize the time while the pasha was making up his mind by going back to meet him. Leaving Mr. Jephson with the pasha he hurried off toward Yambugu, following the trail already made.

He went on and on and on, until he had practically gone the whole distance originally traveled, for only at Bonalya was the mystery solved. There he met Bonney and seventy-one men, the remnant of his rear guard of 257, who, singularly enough, while he had been traveling 1,000 miles, fighting all the while, were able to come only fifty.

Barttelot had been murdered, Ward and Troup had gone home and Jamieson was hunting up Tippu-Tib and reenforcements. The mismanagement of the rear guard is impossible to understand.

Stanley's arrival gave the survivors courage, health, and strength, and they soon started back to the lake. At Ugarrowa the explorer left the river and deflected into the wilderness, where he encountered many trials. Swarms of Arabs and Wambutti dwarfs harassed him, and so denuded the country of game that he came near starving. But his bravery and skill overcame everything, and on January 9, 1889, he was again beyond the forest and almost in sight of the Nyanza.

Back to Emin.

Up to this time not a word had been heard from Emin and Jephson, and he was now as anxious on their account as he had been in April on account of Barttelot. Emin's confidence in the devotion of his Egyptians and his reluctance to leave the province has been incomprehensible to Stanley, and he feared that the Mahdi had arrived and that Emin and Jephson had shared Gordon's fate after all.

He was half right. On January 16 a courier reached him with a package of letters from Jephson, telling him that in August, 1888, Selim Bey, Emin's chief officer, had rebelled against the pasha, had taken both Emin and Jephson prisoners and had assumed control of the province himself. Meanwhile a Mahdist army, led by Omar Sali, had come up the Nile, had captured Lado, Regaf, Kirri, and Muggi, and had advanced on Dufile. There Selim Bey had made a plucky stand against them and had driven them back, and they were now somewhere about Lado waiting for re-enforcements from Khartoum.

Stanley replied urging Jephson and the pasha to escape, if possible, and to meet him at Kavallis. Meanwhile he made arrangements with a number of Arab and native chiefs, who were friendly to him, to give him an army of 2,000 warriors, with whom, if need be, to whip Selim and his rebels.

Finally Persuaded to Go.

He pushed on to Kavallis and there found Emin and Jephson. They had got away from Wadelai. But to Stanley's consternation Emin was still unwilling to go away. He said he thought Selim and the Egyptians would return to his standard and it looked like desertion to leave his people at the Mahdi's mercy.

Stanley called a council of war and submitted the situation to his officers. They unanimously recommended that the expedition move on for Zanzibar on April 10, with such persons as chose to accompany it. This was the answer returned to Emin, and when April 10 arrived the expedition moved. Emin and about 400 followers decided to go with it.

The very next day Stanley was taken seriously ill, and his death was feared, but Dr. Parke pulled him through, and a month later the journey was resumed. They marched up the valley of the Semliki River, crossing it at Awamba, through Usonora and Kative to the Victoria Nyanza. Mslala was reached on September 1 and Mpwampwa on November 11.

Finally they came out at Bagamoyo, all the world crying plaudits to the hero who had thus completed the most wonderful journey recorded in history.

Since leaving Zanzibar, three years before, Stanley had traveled in all about 5,000 miles.

Results to Science.

The geographical and anthropological results of the expedition are of the highest value. The course of the Aruwimi is at last fully defined, the limits of the forest region fixed; the extent of Albert Nyanza bounded and all the new country, from the Congo to the Lake, reduced to a map. But of far more importance is the discovery of the Semliki River, of Mount Ruvenzori, of Lake Albert Edward, and of the southwestern extension of Lake Victoria.

It is now proved that Lake Albert Edward, the rumored Muta N'zige, is the primary source of the White Nile, that its waters pour through the Semliki, which has been seen by a white man now for the first time, into the Albert Nyanza. Mount Ruvenzori is shown to be a rival of Kilimanjaro, and probably 17,000 or even 18,000 feet high. The extent of the Victoria Nyanza is definitely ascertained to be fully 26,900 square miles and to reach within 150 miles of Tanganyika. The tribes of all this new country are now discovered.

HENRY M. STANLEY

How Stanley Was Assigned to Make His Famous Ttip

STANLEY himself tells the story of his assignments to find Livingstone in the following form:

"On the 16th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1869, I am in Madrid, fresh from the carnage at Valencia. At 10 a. m. Jacopo, at No. —— Calle de la Cruz, hands me a telegram. On reading it I find it reads 'Come to Paris on important business.'

"The telegram is from James Gordon Bennett, jr., the young manager of the 'New York Herald.'

"Down come my pictures from the wall of my apartments on the second floor; into my trunks go my books and souvenirs; my clothes are hastily collected, some half-washed, some from the clothes line, half-dry, and after a couple of hours of hasty, hard work my portmanteaus are strapped up and labeled 'Paris.'

"The express train leaves Madrid for Hendaye at 3 p. m. I have yet time to say farewell to my friends. I have one at 6 Calle Goya, fourth floor, who happens to be a contributor to several London dailies. He has several children, in whom I have taken a warm interest. Little 'Charlie' and 'Willie' are fast friends of mine; they love to hear of my adventures, and it has been a pleasure to me to talk to them. But now I must say farewell.

Get Ready and Go.

"Then I have friends at the United States legation whose conversation I admire—there has come a sudden ending of it all. 'I hope you will write us; we shall always be glad to hear of your welfare.' How often have I not during my feverish life as a flying journalist heard the very same words, and how often have I not suffered the same pang at parting from friends just as warm as these!

"But a journalist in my position must need suffer. Like a gladiator in the arena, he must be prepared for the combat. Any flinching, any cowardice, and he is lost. The gladiator meets the sword that is sharpened for his bosom—the flying journalist or roving correspondent meets the command that may send him to his doom. To the battle or the banquet, it is ever the same—'Get ready and go.'

"At 3 p. m. I was on my way, and, being obliged to stop at Bayonne a few hours, did not arrive at Paris until the following night. I went straight to the Grand Hotel and knocked at the door of Mr. Bennett's room.

"'Come in,' I heard a voice say.

"Entering, I found Mr. Bennett in bed.

"'Who are you?' he asked.

"'My name is Stanley,' I answered.

"'Ah, yes! sit down; I have important business on hand for you.'

Where Is Livingstone?

"After throwing over his shoulders his robe de chambre, Mr. Bennett asked: 'Where do you think Livingstone is?'

"'I really do not know, sir!'

"'Do you think he is alive?'

"'He may be and he may not be,' I answered.

"'Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found, and I am going to send you to find him.'

"'What,' said I, 'do you really think I can find Dr. Livingstone? Do you mean me to go to Central Africa?'

"'Yes; I mean that you shall go, and find him wherever you may hear that he is, and to get what news you can of him, and, perhaps'—delivering himself thoughtfully and deliberately—'the old man may be in want—take enough with you to help him should he require it. Of course, you will act according to your own plans and do what you think best—but find Livingstone!'

Project Well Considered.

"Said I, wondering at the cool order of sending one to Central Africa to search for a man whom I, in common with almost all other men, believed to be dead: 'Have you considered seriously the great expense you are likely to incur on account of this little journey?'

"'What will it cost?' he asked abruptly.

"'Burton and Speke's journey to Central Africa cost between £3,000 and £5,000, and I fear that it cannot be done under $2,500.'

"'Well, I will tell you what you will do. Draw £1,000 now, and when you have gone through with that, draw another thousand, and when that is spent draw another thousand, and when you have finished that, draw another thousand, and so on; but find Livingstone.'

"Surprised, but not confused at the order, for I knew that Mr. Bennett, when once he had made up his mind, was not easily drawn aside from his purpose, I yet thought, seeing it was such a gigantic scheme, that he had not quite considered in his own mind the pros and cons of the case. I said: 'I have heard that should your father die you would sell the 'Herald' and retire from business.'

"'Whoever told you that is wrong, for there is not enough money in New York city to buy the 'New York Herald.' My father has made it a great paper, but I mean to make it greater. I mean that it shall be a newspaper in the true sense of the word. I mean that it shall publish whatever news will be interesting to the world, at no matter what cost.'

"'After that,' said I, 'I have nothing more to say. Do you mean me to go straight on to Africa and search for Dr. Livingstone?'

"'No; I wish you to go to the inauguration of the Suez Canal first and then proceed up the Nile. I hear Baker is about starting for Upper Egypt. Find what you can about this expedition, and as you go up describe as well as possible whatever is interesting for tourists, and then write up a guide—a practical one—for Lower Egypt; tell us about whatever is worth seeing and how to see it.

"'Then you might as well go to Jerusalem; I hear Captain Warren is making some interesting discoveries there. Then visit Constantinople and find out about that trouble between the Khedive and the Sultan.

"'Then—let me see—you might as well visit the Crimea and those old battlegrounds. Then go across the Caucasus to the Caspian Sea; I hear there is a Russian expedition bound for Khiva. Thence you may get through Persia to India; you could write an interesting letter from Persepolis.

To Africa From India.

"'Bagdad will be close on your way to India; suppose you go there, and write up something about the Euphrates Valley Railway. Then, when you have come to India, you can go after Livingstone. Probably you will hear by that time that Livingstone is on his way to Zanzibar; but if not, go into the interior and find him if alive. Get what news of his discoveries you can; and, if you find he is dead, bring all possible proofs of his being dead. That is all. Good night, and God be with you.'

"'Good night, sir,' I said. 'What it is in the power of human nature to do I will do; and on such an errand as I go upon, God will be with me.'

"I lodged with young Edward King, who is making such a name in New England. He was just the man who would have delighted to tell the journal he was engaged upon what young Mr. Bennett was doing and what errand I was bound upon.

"I should have liked to exchange opinions with him upon the probable results of my journey, but I dared not do so. Though oppressed with the great task before me, I had to appear as if only going to be present at the Suez canal. Young King followed me to the express train bound for Marseilles, and at the station we parted—he to go and read the newspapers at Bowles' reading room and I to Central Africa and—who knows?"

Side Lights on Explorer's Early Life and Home—First Saw the Light in a Castle Ruin.

Sent Letter to Sister Announcing His Own Death—Subsequently Entertained Mother Royally.

Stanley's Boyhood Career as Told by Baltimore Man

THE REV. D. T. PHILLIP, of Broadway Baptist Church, Baltimore, published the following interesting letter on Stanley's boyhood home, in the year 1890, when the explorer's fame was at its height:

"Although all of your readers are familiar with the adventures of Henry M. Stanley, yet few, I presume, are acquainted with his childhood career. While a student at Haverfordwest Baptist College, South Wales, I traveled one autumn through Flintshire, Denbighshire, Herionethshire, and the Liverpool district to collect funds toward the support of my alma mater.

"Among other villages and towns I visited Stanley's birthplace. I well remember the cottage where he was born. For reasons satisfactory to himself John Rowland, alias H. M. Stanley, does not refer to the home of his nativity. Some years ago, when there was a debate in the various journals in reference to his nationality, he published a letter in the 'London Times' that he was an 'American citizen.'

"I have evidence that Stanley is a thorough Welshman. His mother's maiden name was Betsy Parry. She was born in one of the ruins of Denbigh Castle, North Wales. His father's name was John Rowland, of Llys, who was born near the same antiquated locality. The father, who was a carpenter, died when his son was young, his mother being left in destitute circumstances. She married again, her second husband being Robert Jones, a Welshman, who was a slater and plasterer.

"Before her death, in the spring of 1886, Stanley's mother kept the Cross Foxes, a tavern in the parish of Glasgoed, near Bodelwyddan Castle, in the Vale of Clwydd, the most picturesque spot in Wales. My friend, John W. Jones, the late editor of the 'Drych,' a Welsh weekly journal published in Utica, N. Y., visited her two years prior to her death, and to him she related several new facts in reference to her son. Mr. Jones was accompanied by Evan Jones, of 'Sylw Fan,' a schoolmate of Stanley.

Well Educated and Full of Spunk.

"She said that Henry M. Stanley (John Rowland) was born in a little cottage within a portion of the old shell of Denbigh Castle in 1841. He lived in his cottage home for three years, and then the family removed to St. Asaph, where they lived ten years, and where Stanley obtained a good education. She stated that her son was a lad of unusual talent, noted for his indomitable courage, and that he could whip a lad twice his size.

"He was sent to St. Bueno's Well, Tremeirchion, where he stayed with an aunt, his mother's sister. His stay here, however, was brief, as he quarreled with his cousin.

"The eldest son at St. Bueno's Well, another cousin, kept school at Mold, Flintshire, a town where it was my privilege to preach and collect in behalf of my college. Stanley, who was at that early age a good scholar, was employed as subteacher in his cousin's school.

"Here, too, his stay was short. The two cousins could not agree. Matters came to a crisis when Stanley's cousin requested him to clean his shoes. This was too much humiliation, and Stanley returned to his aunt at St. Bueno's Well, where he resided a short time.

Ran Away to New Orleans.

"His next removal was to Liverpool, where he lived with another aunt, and found employment as a clerk in a butcher's store. Wearied with this monotonous life, he asked a captain at the Sailors' Home for employment and was engaged as cabin boy. Stanley did not tell his aunt of his intentions to go sea and when he left he put his old suit of clothes over his best one. His vessel was bound for New Orleans.

"Stanley was accepted for the voyage to and from New Orleans, but not being satisfied with his treatment on board, he escaped from the vessel as soon as she arrived in port. In New Orleans he was attracted by the familiar sign in a window, 'A Boy Wanted.' He went inside the store, where he met a kindly looking gentleman, whom he asked for employment. He was tried at writing on sacks, and having done this satisfactorily, he was engaged.

"The boy's employer's name was Henry Mortlake Stanley. Mr. Stanley died, and out of gratitude and love to his benefactor young Rowland, as he was still known, adopted his name, and henceforth called himself Henry Mortlake Stanley.

Wrote Sister He Was Dead.

"While in New Orleans young Stanley wrote a letter to his sister stating that John Rowland, the Welshman from Denbigh, was dead, and that he considered it his duty to inform the family of his death. The story was believed, and John Rowland in course of time was forgotten.

"Young Stanley joined the Confederate army, and while serving in the field was taken prisoner. He escaped, worked his way to one of the Atlantic ports and thence to Liverpool.

"He returned to his mother, who told Mr. Jones, her visitor, that her son then 'looked like a tramp.' While at home he received a letter addressed to him as 'Henry M. Stanley.' It was then that the fact was revealed to his family that he was the Henry M. Stanley who had written to his sister that John Rowland was dead. He explained how and why he had changed his name.

"After a short time he returned to America, where he joined the navy and served in it until the war ended. While in the navy he secured the position of correspondent of the 'New York Herald.' After leaving the navy, he again visited his mother. While at home he had his portrait taken in his naval uniform. That portrait may still be seen at his old Welsh home. He also spent a few days with his cousin at St. Bueno's Well. The latter had married a young lady to whom Stanley was much attached.

Bewildered Mother With Courtesies.

"The next time he saw his mother was when he returned from Abyssinia with the British army, which he had accompanied as the correspondent of the 'New York Herald.' She met him in London. He entertained her in regal style.

"On another occasion, after he had found Livingstone in Africa, his mother and sister met him in Paris where they were bewildered by the splendor of the courtesies shown them. On another occasion his stepfather, Robert Jones, and his mother visited him in London at Langham's Hotel.

"At Stanley's native home there are several mementos which the great explorer gave his mother as keepsakes, among them two white African hats which he had worn; a round black cap covered with long fur, which was given him by an African chief; a stick about a yard long, black, hard, and so heavy that half the material seemed to be of iron. The African who presented it said the tree from which the wood had been cut was called the 'tree of life.'

Curious Gifts to Home Folks.

"Stanley's mother received from him a hamper made of rushes, about twelve inches long, four to five feet wide, and three feet deep, with a neat cover of the same material. It was a curious piece of workmanship, and so compact that it was water-tight. Stanley said that it was made of the same material as the one in which little Moses was found on the banks of the Nile. He gave his mother also a gold watch, her name being engraved inside, with the date, August 18, 1874. He gave his stepfather a knife which he had carried with him through all his travels in Abyssinia. There are also in the old homestead thirteen different photographs of Stanley taken in various places—Alexandria, Zanzibar, Constantinople, Paris, London, etc. On the back of the photograph sent from Constantinople are the following words, written in rather a heavy hand: 'Affectionately, H. M. Stanley, 1870.'

"Stanley's mother died in Bodelwyddan, Denbighshire. The inscription on her coffin stated that the deceased was the 'mother of H. M. Stanley, the African explorer,' and at her request the same inscription was engraved on her tombstone."