

THE WOODLAND RILL.

BY ARTHUR E. SMITH.

We wander down the aisles of pine,
And turn the brow of the hill.
And there within the wooded vale
Swift flows the woodland rill.
Its banks are lined with briar and vine,
And graceful arching trees
Whose sun-kissed leaves and cooling shade
Invite the summer breeze.

At early morn, when the bright sun
Borrows slowly into sight,
And floods the woodland vales around
With a rich, golden light,
The timid partridge and her brood
Ever come to take their fill
From this sweet fountain of crystal clear,
This little woodland rill.

We stoop and quench our thirst from where
The waters slowly run,
And where they form a little pool
Sheltered from the sun.
We prize this gift that Nature gives,
These waters cool and clear,
Which leap and sparkle through the vale
The whole of the long year.

Pure as the dew which sorrow draws
From the eye's hidden well,
Pure as the tear of heaven caught
In the modest lily's bell,
And purer than the woodland rill
Scattered over vale and hill
Are the laughing, sparkling waters of
This little woodland rill.

Here lovers meet, at night's faint hour,
To hold communion sweet,
Here hunters cool their heated brow,
And rest their weary feet,
Here beauty lingers longest, here
Are first seen smiles and eyes
And here the joyous birds of song
Their sweetest anthems sing.

Fair woodland stream! a charm thou hast
For all who do thee love!
For all who, with their hands and voices wing,
Fancy doth ever move!
We count life dear if we can not
But share thy pure and cool
But thou art glad, for thou dost breathe
Ever of the Beautiful!

APPLETON, Wis.

The Piccadilly Puzzle.

THE STORY OF A TERRIBLE EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.

By F. W. HUME

CHAPTER III.—Continued.
The case seemed to be more mysterious
than ever; instead of the maid it was
the mistress. Dowker took a photograph of
the deceased and gave it to Lydia.
"Who is that?" he asked, eagerly.
"Miss Sarschine," she replied, quickly;
"but what is the matter with her face?"
"Swollen by poison."
"Yes; on Monday last she was found
lying dead in Jernyn street, killed by a
poisoned dagger."
"Last Monday night?" said Lydia, with
a gasp, "that was the last time I saw
her."

"Look here," said Dowker, quietly,
"you'd better tell me all about it. I am
employed in the case, and I want to dis-
cover who murdered your mistress; so
tell me all you know."

Lydia Fenny, who seemed to possess
strong nerves, sat down and began to
speak deliberately.
"I will tell you everything, and help
you to bring the murderer to my poor
mistress to justice. But I don't know any
one who would have killed her. She
lived a very quiet life and had few friends.
Lord Calliston came here very frequently,
and she was very much in love with him.
Where she came from I don't know, as
he never told me, but she would make her
wife, and she was always imploring him
to do so. About three months ago he
met some great lady—"

"Lady Balcorn?"
"Yes, that was the name—and fell in
love with her. He neglected Miss Sar-
schine and she reproached him. There
was a lot of trouble and quarreling be-
tween them, and Lord Calliston stayed
away a good bit. Three weeks ago I
went away for a holiday, and when I
came back I found my mistress in a ter-
rible state. She had discovered in some
way that Lord Calliston had determined
to elope with Lady Balcorn, and she
went to the Azores in his yacht. Miss Sar-
schine was mad with rage; she said she
would kill them both, and then thought
she'd play a trick upon Lord Calliston
and go off with him instead. This was
on Monday last."

"The time of the murder," murmured
Dowker.
She went to Lord Calliston's rooms
in Piccadilly and found out from his
valet that he intended to leave town that
evening for Shoreham, where his yacht
was lying, and that Lady Balcorn was to
follow him early next morning. So she
came back here, and waiting till the
evening, dressed herself and put on her
hat, as less conspicuous than her own.
She intended to catch the ten minutes
past nine train from London Bridge
Station, and go right on board Lord Cal-
liston's yacht, and insist upon his sailing
and leaving Lady Balcorn in the lurch.
She went out about seven with this in-
tention, and since then I have heard
nothing of her. I thought she had car-
ried out her scheme and gone off with
Lord Calliston to the Azores."

"Did you not hear of the Jernyn street
murder?"
"Yes, casually, but I never thought of
connecting it with my mistress, and all
the servants here live very quietly, so
they would never think Miss Sarschine
was the victim."

"What was she doing in Jernyn street?"
"I can't tell you. Lord Calliston has
rooms in Piccadilly, and she was waiting
there first and then through Jernyn
street on her way to the station."

"You do not know any one who had a
grudge against her?"
"No—no one."
Dowker arose to his feet.
"I will call and see you again," he said,
"but meanwhile give me Lord Calliston's
address in Piccadilly and I will find out
if Miss Sarschine was at his rooms or
that night."

Lydia Fenny, who was now crying
gave the necessary address and followed
him to the door.
"One moment," said Dowker, stopping,
"where is the dagger that used to be on
the wall?"
Lydia looked round for the weapons
and gave a cry of astonishment.
"Two are gone."
"I have the one, but the other—where
is it?"

"Miss Sarschine took it down on Mon-
day, and said if Calliston did not take
her with him she'd kill him."
"Kill him—not herself?"
"No, she had no idea of committing
suicide. What are you going to do with
the other?"

"I try on a dog, and find out if the
symptoms of death are the same; then I
will know the companion dagger to this
was the cause of your mistress's death."
"But who would take it from her and
use it?"
"That's what I've got to find out. She
must have met some one in Jernyn street
who killed her with it."

"Hardly. The wound is in the jugular
vein in the neck, so it could hardly have
been self-inflicted. Besides, she would
not choose a public street to die in."
"When shall I see you again?"
"After I have found out what took
place in the Piccadilly chambers on Mon-
day last."

And Dowker departed, very well satis-
fied with the result of his inquiries.

CHAPTER IV.
THE PICCADILLY ROOMS.
Calliston occupied a suite of rooms in

a side street leading off Piccadilly; and
very comfortable apartments they were,
being luxuriously furnished in the pre-
vailing fashion of the day. His sitting-
room was hung with dark-red curtains
and carpet to match, and the furniture
being of the kind designed to promote
ease and comfort, it looked very agree-
able. There was a small table in a
corner of the room piled up with a
disorderly heap of papers. Over this
were fencing-foils and boxing gloves,
arranged against the wall, and the pic-
tures mostly consisted of photographs of
pretty women and paintings of celebra-
ted horses. There was a small table in
the place on which lay pipes, cigar-
boxes, and tobacco jars, and on a side-
board a spirit stand, which was much in
favor with Calliston's friends. A small
book-case contained an assortment of
French novels, principally of the Zola
and Mendes school, and, judging from
the shabby appearance of the books,
must have been pretty well read. The
whole apartment had a dissipated air,
and the atmosphere was still impregnated
with a faint odor of stale tobacco-smoke.
Opening off this apartment were a dress-
ing-room and bedroom, and, though the
whole menage was somewhat timid, yet
it made up in quality what it lacked in
quantity.

When Calliston was away his Lar-
es and Penates were looked after by a
worthy lady, who rejoiced in the name of
Mrs. Pory, generally known by the name
of Totty. She was elderly, very stout,
with a ruddy face, the tint of which
was due to health and not drink, as she
seldom imbibed anything stronger than
tea. Totty was addicted to a kind of
regulation uniform, consisting of a black
dress, a huge white apron, and a muslin
cap, set coquettishly on the side of her
elderly head. She was one of those
quaint old motherly creatures who never
offended, no matter what they say, and
she frequently lectured Calliston on the
irregularity of his life, which that noble
lord accepted with an amused laugh.

The late Mr. Pory had long since de-
parted this life, and leaving behind him
a young wife as a warm man, had left
Totty comfortably off, so that lady oc-
cupied her position more from choice than
necessity. She had a gruff voice, and
her casual remarks had the sound of
positive commands, which she found of
great use with refractory servants.

Totty learned from the papers that
Lord Calliston had gone off to the Azores
with Lady Balcorn, and expressed her
disapproval of his action in the most em-
phatic manner to Mrs. Swizzle (a friend
of her youth) as they sat together four
o'clock tea.

"Ah," said Totty, fixing her eyes pen-
sively on the little black teapot, "it ain't
no good being a reformer. The way I've
seen it, it's all about his goings on,
and now look at his goings off."

"Perhaps he couldn't help himself,"
said Mrs. Swizzle, who was tall and thin,
and spoke in a kind of subdued whistle.
At this moment there came a ring at
the door, and Totty hurrying away to at-
tend to it, Mrs. Swizzle made the best
use of the time by eating up the buttered
toast as rapidly as she could.

When Mrs. Pory opened the door she
was confronted by a lady figure in gray,
which was none other than Dowker, come
to prosecute his inquiries concerning Miss
Sarschine.

"Well," inquired Totty, gruffly, an-
noyed at being disturbed, "and what do
you want?"
Dowker gazed on the substantial figure
before him and sighed.

"A few words with you about Lord
Calliston," he said, softly.
"What's up?" she gasped. "Has Lord
Calliston bin doing anything wrong?"
"No, no," replied Dowker, soothingly,
"I only want to obtain some information
about Miss Sarschine."

"I don't know that kind of pussen,"
said Totty, angrily.
"Never mind if you know her or not,"
retorted Dowker, sternly, "but answer my
questions."

Mrs. Pory sniffed and would have re-
fused, but there was something in the de-
terminative eye which quelled her, so she
yielded an ungracious assent.

"When did Lord Calliston leave town
for his yacht?"
"About a week ago—on Monday last."
"Where was his yacht lying?"
"At Shoreham. He went to London
Bridge Station to catch the ten minutes
past nine train. His yacht was to leave
next morning."

"Did he go alone?"
"As far as I know," retorted Totty. "If
Lady Balcorn went with him you can see
it in the papers. I know no more than
that."

"How often did Miss Sarschine call on
Monday?"
"Once, in the afternoon, to see Lord
Calliston."

"Did she see him?"
"No; he was out, so she said she'd call
again in the evening."

"And did she?"
"Yes; but Lord Calliston had gone
about eight o'clock to catch his train. I
suppose she thought he wouldn't go till
next morning."

"Did she know he was going to elope
with Lady Balcorn?"
"Not that I know of."
"Did she see any one when she came
the second time?"
"Yes; Mr. Desmond, my Lord's cousin."

"What time was that?"
"About twelve—between eleven and
twelve."

Dowker pondered a little. So she
called here to see Calliston just before
she was murdered, and saw Desmond
Now, the question was, what had Des-
mond to do with the affair?

"Was Mr. Desmond here on that even-
ing?"
"No; he told me he had come to give
Miss Sarschine a message from Lord
Calliston."

she left these rooms and after her inter-
view with Mr. Desmond.
"Oh, he is innocent, I'm sure," said
Mrs. Pory, eagerly. "What on earth
should he have to do with it? Besides,
he's in love with Miss Penfold."
"Oh, and she, I understand, was going
to marry Lord Calliston."

"I don't believe she'd ever have mar-
ried him," said Totty, disbelievingly;
"she's that fond of Mr. Desmond, as
never was. Where are you going?"
"To the office," replied Dowker, and
by the way, where does Mr. Desmond live?"

"You ain't going to arrest him for this
murder?" shrieked Totty.
"No—no—there's no evidence," re-
torted Dowker, lightly. "Where does he
live?"

"Primrose Crescent, in Bloomsbury,"
replied Mrs. Pory.
The detective took the address and
went down stairs, followed by Mrs. Pory.
"You don't think Mr. Desmond did it,
sir?" began Totty, for a more—
"I don't think anything," said Dowker,
putting on his hat. "You'll hear soon
enough what is done."

As he hurried away Mrs. Pory shut the
door and returned to her room, where
she employed Mrs. Swizzle to mix her a
glass of brandy.

"I've had such a turn," she wailed, "as
never was. Oh, it's a blessing Pory died
before he saw his wife mixed up with them
nasty police."

CHAPTER V.
A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.
Dowker walked along Piccadilly think-
ing deeply about the curious aspect the
case was now assuming. As far as he
could make out, Myles Desmond was
the last person who saw Miss Sarschine
alive, and he having gone out a few
minutes after the interview, it seemed as
though he had followed her. The only
thing to be done was to see Ellersby, and
Dowker went along in that direction.

He followed the same path as he sur-
mised the dead woman must have taken,
but what puzzled him was the reason she
had for going into Jernyn street.

"After she found out Calliston had
gone off with Lady Balcorn," he mut-
tered, "the most obvious course would be
for her to go home, but she evidently did
not intend to do so. I wonder if she
walked or took a cab? Walked, I sup-
pose. Let me see; it was a foggy night,
and she got lost, that is the explanation.
But then this man, Ellersby, the man
must have been a friend, as she would
hardly have stopped talking to a stranger,
unless, indeed, she asked the way. Lord,
ejaculated Mr. Dowker, suddenly stop-
ping short, "fancy if this murder turns
out to be the work of some tramp; but
no, that's bosh; tramps wouldn't use a
poisoned dagger—unless they took the
one she carried. Hang it! it's the most
perplexing case I was ever in."

He had by this time arrived at the
Guelph Hotel and sent up his card to Mr.
Ellersby. The waiter soon returned with
the information that Mr. Ellersby was
in and would see him, so he went upstairs
and was shown into a sitting-room. At
one end near the window sat Spencer
Ellersby in a comfortable armchair, smok-
ing a pipe and reading a French novel.
A remarkably unpromising bulldog lay at
his feet and arose with an ominous growl
as Dowker entered the room.

"Lie down, Fickles," said Ellersby to
this amiable animal, who obeyed the
command in a sulky manner. "Well, Mr.
Dowker, what do you want to see me
about?"

"That case, sir," said Dowker, taking a
seat.
"Oh, of course," replied Ellersby,
shrugging his shoulders; "I guessed as
much. I thought I'd done with the whole
affair at the inquest."

"As far as it then went, sir," said the
detective, quickly, "but I've found out a
lot more since that time."

"Ah, indeed! The name of the assas-
sine?"
"Not yet, sir—I'll do that later on—but
the name of the victim."

"Yes? And it is—"
"Lena Sarschine."
"Hum! And what was she doing in
Jernyn street that night?"

"I don't know, sir. That's one of the
things I've got to discover."
"Well, what else have you found out,
and how did you manage to acquire your
information?"

"That was easy enough," said Dowker,
confidentially. "I'll tell you all, sir,
for I want you to give me some informa-
tion."

"Delighted—if I can."
"As to the finding out, sir, The hat
worn by the dead lady had a ticket inside,
showing it was made by Mme. Rene, of
Regent street. I went there and found
out it had been sold to a woman called
Lydia Fenny, of Cleopatra Villa, St.
John's Wood. I, thinking Lydia Fenny
was the victim, went there and found
that she was alive, and had lent the hat
to her mistress last Monday night."

"Curious thing for a maid to lend her
mistress clothes," said Ellersby, smiling.
"It's generally the reverse."

"I think she did it for a disguise, sir,"
explained Dowker, because Miss Sar-
schine went to Lord Calliston's chambers
in Piccadilly."

"What for?"
"To get information concerning his
elopement with Lady Balcorn."

"The deuce! said Ellersby, in astonish-
ment. "This is becoming interesting."
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Thinness of a Bubble.
The most powerful microscopes render
visible a point about 1-100,000 part
of an inch in diameter. There is reason
for believing that a single molecule is
much smaller even than that. One reason
for this has been deduced from the soap
bubble. Scientists have measured the
thickness of the envelope of soapy water
inclosing the air of the bubble when it
had become so thin as to produce rain-
bow tints. At the appearance of the
shade of violet, it was one-fourth of the
thickness of the light of an ordinary
violet wave of light—one-sixty-thous-
andth of an inch—thus making the
thickness equal to one-two-hundred-and-
forty-thousandth of an inch. As the
bubble continued to expand a black
patch formed adjacent to the pipe from
which the bubble was being blown, and
the thickness of such patch has been
found to be only one-fortieth of the thick-
ness of the violet section, or about one-
millionth of an inch.—Electricity.

New Testament in a New Language.
Queen Victoria has accepted a copy of
the New Testament in the Motu language
of New Guinea. This is the first New
Testament in the language of her Ma-
jesty's latest subjects. It was begun by
Rev. J. Chalmers, more than ten years
ago, and has been completed by Rev. W.
G. Lawes, who has borne a distinguished
part in bringing the "Golden Rule" under
British rule. The Port Moresby dialect
in which the version is made, is the
mother tongue of about five thousand
natives, but it is the best known of the
various languages along the coast, and
the missionaries have resolved to make
it the literary language for the entire
part of the Island from Possession east-
ward. As it will be the language of
commerce, it will doubtless become the
victorious and standard language of New
Guinea.—New York Observer.

EMIR SAMORY.

A PICTURESQUE FIGURE IN WEST AFRICA.

From a Slave He Rose to be the Ab-
solute Ruler of a Million and
a Half of People—Van-
quished by the French.

NEWS has been re-
ceived that at the
Emir Samory, who
has cut a greater fig-
ure within the past
fifty years than
any other native, had
been defeated by
the French and was
a fugitive from his
capital. There re-
seems no doubt, says the New York Sun,
that this prestige and power have at
last been destroyed. The French have
vanquished their most bitter and for-
midable enemy, a man who rose from a
humble slave to be the ruler of a million
and a half of people and of a country in
the western Soudan, east of Liberia and
Sierra Leone, that is larger than most
European States.

Lieutenant Colonel Humbert left
France in September last to organize an
expeditionary column against Samory.
His base of operations was the French
post of Siguri, upon the Upper Niger.
His objective point was Bissandugu, the
large capital of Samory. On January 1
he left Siguri with a force of a little
over 1000 men, of whom 140 were Eu-
ropeans, and 600 were Tirailleurs, or
trained Senegalese soldiers. On Janu-
ary 6 he reached Kankana, and a little
beyond that town he found the enemy de-
termined to stop his progress toward the
capital. Samory had been getting ready
for the struggle. He had purchased a
large number of guns from British mer-
chants at Sierra Leone. The French
complain bitterly that munitions of war
were provided from British territory to
be used against them.

Colonel Humbert's force was attacked
by 15,000 of Samory's warriors. The
attacking force was strong enough in
numbers to annihilate the advancing
column, but the French had this great
advantage: Their guns could be used
effectively, nearly twice the distance at
which the arms in the hands of the enemy
were serviceable. They had besides
Maxim guns, cannon and other improved
weapons which made them more than
equal to almost any native force that
could be brought against them.

In the first fight the forces of Samory
were completely defeated and fled from
the field, leaving many dead behind and
sixty of the guns they had bought of the
English in Sierra Leone. The little
European contingent came out of the
fight almost without a scratch. They
then advanced on their way to the cap-
ital. In front of Bissandugu Samory had
marshalled his force for a desperate
struggle. The fight was a hard one.
Samory lost 150 killed and 300 wounded.
The French lost ten killed and fifty-
three wounded. Bissandugu fell into the
hands of the French, who entered in on
January 12, while the vanquished Sa-
mory, deserted by his own friends, fled
toward the south.

The story of Samory is a remarkable
one. When a little boy he was given as
a ransom to the Marabout Sory Idrahina
for a woman who had been made captive
by that chief. The boy early showed
that he had remarkable abilities. His
intelligence, courage, and talent for in-
trigue made him, while still a very young
man, the chief adviser of the Marabout.
But Samory saw before him a greater
future than any his master could give
him. At that time the power of the
great Mahomad, who had consolidated
many of the little States of West Africa
into a powerful empire, had fallen to
pieces after his death. Samory looked
about him for an alliance among the re-
vived States which was worthy of his
abilities and would give him a chance to
carry out his ambitious projects. He
suddenly deserted his master and offered
his services to Bitki, the King of
his life, for he showed any signs of
fear it was probable that every member
of the embassy would be slaughtered.

The next morning he went to the
palace gates with his entire embassy
and guard, and demanded an audience
with the Emir. The party were finally ad-
mitted, and with the French flag flying
at their head, they marched into the
presence of Samory as he sat surrounded
by his officers of state, the women of
his household, and 200 of his guard. Then
the Captain spoke through his inter-
preter:

"Almany Emir Samory, a Captain of
the French Army, speaks to you in the
name of France, which he was sent here
to represent. He will read to you now
the treaty which the ruler of the French
commanded him to have you sign. You
will hear all the articles. Then you can
reflect on them; but if, as yesterday, you
address to the representative of France
insulting language, he will destroy the
token of friendship which he was told to
give you, and will tear in pieces the flag
now behind him, which is the insignia of
his mission, and will throw the debris at
your feet. There will then be war be-
tween the French and you, a war with
Corro, who was glad to have the young

man join him. He had no reason, however,
to rejoice in his acquisition, for the wily
Samory, by his skilful intrigues, com-
pletely crushed the power of his new
master, placed himself on his throne, and
began his conquering career.

He seized the country of Konadugu
and killed its king. The large district
of Koni voluntarily surrendered to the
conqueror. Then soldiers from all the
little States far and wide began to flock
to Samory to place themselves under the
patronage of the rising star in West
Africa. He laid siege to Sanankoro, his
native town, and by a brilliant assault
captured its fortress. The most impor-
tant kingdom in West Africa, Wassulu,
surrendered to him without a blow.
Finally an alliance with the Mandingos
made him by far the most redoubtable
chief out of the upper Niger. In the
course of his triumphs he attacked his
first master, defeated him in battle,

made his old patron a prisoner, and the
unfortunate chief soon succumbed to the
hardships of his captivity. All these
events advanced to the highest the power
and military prestige of Samory. He
compelled the King of Bissandugu, now

his capital city, to beg his pardon for
the resistance he had offered, and to pro-
claim himself his vassal.

The empire of Samory up to the time
of his defeat in January by the French
was very extensive. It was composed
of 160 of the former little States of that
part of Africa. It was limited on the
north by the empire of Segou, on the
west by the possessions of the French on
the upper Niger, and the territory of
Liberia and Sierra Leone. Still this im-
mense territory did not suffice for his
ambition. He coveted the entire west-
ern Soudan, and this greed for the ac-
quisition of territory made him for five
years most troublesome to the French.

For two years he waged almost incessant
war with the French outposts along the
Niger. Nothing but the superiority of
their arms and military discipline pre-
vented him from sweeping them out of
the country. But while invincible
among native Africans, the French were
too strong for him. At last, after sus-
taining, for the first time in his career,
defeat after defeat, he sued for peace,
and five years ago a French Embassy
was sent with a strong escort to Samory's
town, Bissandugu, to sign a treaty with
its former enemy.

The embassy was received in a most
hospitable manner and was lavishly
entertained. No town so brisk, so large
and handsome was to be found through-
out that part of Africa. Samory's horse-
men and foot soldiers made an imposing
spectacle on parade, and the Chief did
all he could to impress his visitors with
an idea of his power. The French mis-
sion was led by Captain Peroz, who
had been delegated by Lieutenant-
Colonel Gallieni to negotiate the treaty.

As the business went on perplexities
arose, and at last Samory assumed a
haughty mien, and it was evident that
the embassy was in danger. He de-
clined to surrender his Niger provinces
to the French. One day, in the presence
of his counselors, he told Captain Peroz
in an insolent tone that his son had been
in Paris, where he was received as an
equal by the President of the French
Republic and the Ministers of State.
It was a fact that one of the sons of
France's former enemy had been taken
to Paris after the cessation of hostilities
and had been made the lion of the day
by the newspapers.

"This Captain," continued Samory,
"and the Colonel who sent him here,
are merely servants of the men in France,
who have received my son as their equal.
If the Ministers wish to make a treaty
with me, let them come themselves, and
not treat with the ruler of a country
which is much larger than France, though
that of his servants. Now go to your
own quarters." He concluded, and Captain
Peroz withdrew from the palace grounds,
while on every side the soldiery and
people showed by their menacing looks
that the lives of the little party of
strangers were in danger.

Peroz passed a sleepless night, but be-
fore morning he had decided what to
do. It was evident that he must beard
the lion in his den, even at the risk of
out mercy, and God will decide the
issue."

Samory has great powers of self-con-
trol. During this violent speech he did
not betray by a movement or a gesture

any sign of anger or of perturbation.
Extending his arm to the Captain he said:
"Sit down."

"The servants of France do not sit,"
replied the captain, "when they speak in
the name of their country."

Samory made a gesture of indifference.
"Go on; I will hear you," he said.
The interpreter then read the treaty
in a loud voice. When he had finished
Captain Peroz dictated to him the fol-
lowing remark:

"Almany Emir Samory, you have
heard the wishes of the President of
France. Here is the copy of the treaty.
Meditate upon it. I shall now return to
my camp. I will await your response
until the eighth day from this time. If
at that time you do not express regrets
for the insults you have offered to France
in my person, and if you do not express
a wish to reopen negotiations upon the
basis of this treaty, I shall quit your em-
pire, and will be to the men of your
country who pass the fords of the Niger
behind us."

The guards and counselors of Samory
seized their guns and needed only a look
from their master to massacre the little
party. A gesture from their ruler re-
duced them to order.

"Now go," he said to the French,
and I will order all the gates to be opened
for you."

The next day the counselors of Samory
came to the Captain to express their re-
grets for the unpleasant incidents that
had occurred, and to offer to reopen the
interrupted negotiations. The Captain
replied that it was impossible, for he had
just sent a report to his superior officer
of the unpleasant occurrences, and
would be compelled to await his re-
sponse before reopening negotiations.
Eight days later a letter was received
from Colonel Gallieni fixing upon March
25th as the day for signing the treaty.

By that act Samory was to abandon all
his provinces upon the left bank of the
Niger and place his entire country under
the protection of the French Govern-
ment. The great difficulty had been the
reluctance of Samory to surrender his
provinces upon the west of the Niger.
His white enemies, however, have been
too much for him, and he was compelled
to submit to the inevitable. Thus the
treaty was crumpled down his throat, and
it was under these circumstances that
Samory became a vassal of France; and
that Government has since called the
1,600,000 people whom Samory ruled
with a rod of iron its subjects.

Samory, however, has chafed under
the yoke, and about a year ago he re-
sumed his aggressions. His rebellious
attitude has become more and more pro-
nounced, and it was evident months ago
that it would be necessary utterly to
break his power. Last year Colonel
Arohinard made a vigorous campaign
against Ahmadi, the ruler of Segou, who,
next to Samory, had been the greatest
enemy of France. His strongholds were
captured, and the once powerful chief was
now a fugitive on the border of the
Sahara. Having rendered Ahmadi harm-
less, the French turned their attention
again to Samory.

It is likely that we have heard the last
of Samory as a great factor in the affairs
of West Africa. The once humble slave