

"CAPE-TO-CAIRO" GROGAN

BY W. ROBERT FORAN
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IT IS true keeping with the spirit of Africa that the first white man to make the journey through its center from south to north should have been a mere youth in years. Africa is today, and has been in the past, receding civilization almost entirely in their early twenties. It is a land of golden opportunity for

John Ewart Scott Grogan made a remarkable journey when still a college student. He spent a year in this way of spending a vacation. He is also his way of winning a charming and beautiful wife. He heard it said that Grogan was by the lady who is now his wife before she would consent to marry him must come to her having that which no other man had been able to accomplish. And out of romantic days grew a remarkable event.

It is only fitting that a woman should be the guiding spirit of such an undertaking. Men will attempt to do it for the love of a woman. His alone proves this. And in his journey with the spirit of the great outdoors, the little weather-battered flag, which Grogan carried throughout his journey, was accepted as the late Majesty Queen Victoria.

It was Grogan for the first time in British East Africa, early in that is to say, some six years ago. This historic tramp through the continent. He is a tall, clean-shaven English gentleman, remarkably handsome and with dark hair and hazel eyes. He is fully six feet high and splendidly proportioned. He does not look the part of the great outdoors. Had he not known otherwise, he would have set him down as an English country squire—a gentleman of a doubtful, but scarcely a tamer wild.

It is not to know him well, for he had taken up land in East Africa and interested himself in the development of the country. He has built a fine house on a lovely knoll overlooking Nairobi, and here he now lives with his wife and family.

Grogan first saw Africa during the war with Rhodesia. He then traveled the railway had only reached the end of his experiences during the initial venture were not such as to leave him with any keen desire to go to the experiment. But the unobtainable spirit of the wild was in him, and in comfortable England he took a trip to the misty shores of the past; so that in a short time his purpose was inspired by Africa's inhospitable shores. But his time his purpose was inspired by his wish to conquer Africa in a new

The Stupendous Undertaking.
Accompanied by Arthur Henry Grogan landed, in the end of January, 1898, at Beira, a port of Portuguese East Africa, and set out on his march from Rhodesia to Cairo, via Zambesi, Chiperoe, Lake Nyassa, Tanganyika, Dussel Valley, Lake Edward Lake, Katwe, Toro, Semilki Valley, Albert Nyanza, Upper Nile, Wadale, Kero, Abu-Bohr, Dinkaland, Nuerland, the Nile River, and thence to Cairo by way of Khartoum.

On glancing at the map of Africa it will realize in part what a stupendous undertaking this was. It is a realization which has made such rapid progress through the hinterland, but it must have been in those early days, sans railway, sans steamer, sans motor, sans comfort? Moreover, remember that not only had they to contend with the dangers of the wilderness but also from the natives, and not yet come to accept the majesty of the white presiding sickness, hardships, terrors, all had to be faced and overcome.

The journey to Karonga was less arduous than the later stages. It consisted of nothing more difficult than a march with lions, buffalo and elephants. Ujiji, which is the historic point of the meeting with Livingston, was found on the foreshore a gruearray of grinning skulls, relics of days of Arab predominance, to the great joy of the great slave-trader of the past.

Bluffing the Natives.
He made up their minds to the perilous and unknown route via Lake Kivu, and with an escort of six totally inexperienced natives with old rifles they set out on the adventurous second great journey.

Days and days after leaving had to travel along the small lake. Often they were up to their middles in water to avoid the mimosa thorns. As the lake was swarming with crocodiles, this made a passage by land a matter of great peril. Added to their worries, fever reduced to a pitiable plight. Grogan went up to 108.9 degrees so weak that he could not stand. But before reaching

opened fire upon them with his light rifle and they disappeared like rabbits into the standing crops.

Grogan hurried on to the huts from which he had seen these people come; but they were too quick for him, and fled. A cloud of vultures hovering over the spot gave him an inkling of what he was about to see, but, as Grogan told me, the realization defied description. He cannot speak of the awful events even to this day without a shudder; it haunts him in his dreams; at dinner it sits on his leg-of-mutton; it bubbles in his soup—in fine, even the Watonga followers of Grogan went forty-eight hours without food rather than eat the potatoes that grew in that country! And negroes have not delicate stomachs. Loathsome, revolting, it was a hideous nightmare of horrors.

Every village had been burned to the ground, and in every direction lay skeletons, nothing but skeletons; and such postures—what tales of horror they told!

Kishari, a beautiful and well-watered country, had been converted into a howling wilderness. Kamerose had suffered to the same extent. Thus a tract of country fully three thousand square miles in extent had been depopulated and devastated. Grogan estimates that barely two per cent of the inhabitants had survived the massacre and famine. In Kishari and Kamerose he did not see a single soul.

After this followed two of the worst days in Grogan's life. Rapid movements alone could save him and his party from utter annihilation, and they traveled from sunrise to sunset, camping in patches of forest, and concealing their route by leaving the paths and forcing their way through the grass. Mummies, skulls, limbs, putrefying carcasses, washing to and fro in every limpid stream, marked the course of the fensidish river of Baleka. An insufferable stench filled the land, concentrating round every defiled homestead.

Fear of being rushed at night made sleep well-nigh impossible, tired as they were. The country was exceedingly beautiful. Wild stretches of undulating hills, streaked with forest and drained by a hundred streams, each with its cargo of bloated corpses, made a terrible combination of heaven and hell. Grogan says that, seeing all these things, he wondered whether there were a God. Flights of gorgeous butterflies floated here and there, and, settling on the gruesome relics, gave a finishing touch to the horrors of the land.

In Kamerose, in skirting along a large papyrus swamp, they came across fresh spoor of natives. Grogan had only just seized his gun, when a woman, a girl and two small boys appeared. These his followers captured, and the woman offered to lead them to her relatives. Grogan followed cautiously in her wake, the way leading through very tall grass. As he turned a corner, the guide flashed past him, and Grogan found himself confronting a dozen gentlemen of anthropomorphic proclivities on supper intent!

The unexpected appearance of a white man checked their rush, and dogging a spear, he got his chance and dropped one of the Baleka with a shot through his heart. The others turned and fled, with Grogan and his men in hot pursuit. In the cannibals' camp they found the remains of two unfortunate natives, captured the day before, stewing in cooking pots. Everywhere there were the same gruesome relics.

The Journey With a Madman.
After reaching Bugole, Grogan joined forces again with Sharp and traveled to Uganda with him. But at Toro, Sharp was forced to leave the expedition and return to England on account of urgent private affairs. Grogan decided to continue his journey down the Nile alone.

Skirting Mount Ruwenzori, he struck out for the Semilki valley, which is the true source of the Nile. His adventures on his march to Kero in the Lado Enclave of the Congo, to say the least of it, were exciting. Everywhere he had to overcome difficulties which might appear insurmountable to most. At times he had to bluff the unruly natives and so save the lives of himself and his few native followers; and other adventures of almost every day's progress.

At Kero the Belgian official in charge offered Grogan a passage in a whale boat down the Nile to Bohr. He set out in company with an old Egyptian Dervish prisoner with a broken leg, one small boy, a Dinka native, a mad criminal in chains, a dozen Belgian native soldiers and sundry other nondescripts. It was no easy trip to make, for the Dervishes had been suppressed for only a year, and the river was not so easy of navigation in those days as it is now. It is bad enough now, in all conscience, when one travels in comfortable mail steamers, but in those days such vessels were an unknown quantity. Finally they reached Bohr, after many hardships.

With a total following of fourteen natives, which total included the criminal lunatic, Grogan set out from Bohr to march overland across the arid desert wastes to the Sobat. It is a God-forsaken, dry-sucked, fly-blown wilderness, this Upper Nile country; a desolation of desolations, an infernal region, a howling waste of weed, mosquitoes, flies and fever, backed by a roaring waste of thorns and stones—waterless and waterlogged! But still this Cambridge undergraduate, this youth of dauntless courage held onward, determined to complete the task he had set himself to accomplish or die in the attempt. And he came mighty near dying many

times on that horrible march. As he himself says, the man who has once walked through this country can have no fear of the hereafter.

The Fight With the Dinkas.
The very first day Grogan camped among the Dinkas he was visited by at least a thousand natives, but with the exception of one or two small fracas with the servants they were well-behaved. But on the second day fully fifteen hundred arrived at the camp and became very obstreperous. Grogan ordered them away from the camp and had to hustle some of them pretty roughly.

One of them turned on him and he had to knock him down. Then one young blood danced a dangerous waltz, brandishing his spear round one of the armed escort, until Grogan took the spear from him and broke it. Grogan had to spend the rest of the afternoon with his hand on his revolver, momentarily expecting a general emeute, when no doubt things would have gone badly with him. They behaved after this and finally made off to their villages and left the party in peace.

A week later they experienced more trouble from the Dinkas, and this time it was of more serious proportions. Fully a hundred of them persisted in following Grogan's little party on the march and annoying them. Grogan turned to drive them off, when his followers were seized with a sudden panic and threw down their loads and ran toward Grogan, calling out that they were lost.

The Dinkas thereupon killed one of the soldiers, and two more had their skulls cracked. Grogan shot the chief of another man with his double-barrel rifle; then turning round, he found his servant had bolted with his revolver. At the same moment a Dinka hurled his spear at him, he dodged it, but the man rushed in with a club and dealt a swinging blow at his head which was warded off with no more damage than a wholesome bruise on the arm.

Grogan poked his empty gun at his stomach, and the native turned, receiving a second afterward a dum-dum bullet in the small of his back. Then the Dinkas broke and ran. Grogan's army of eight guns having succeeded in firing two shots.

After dressing the wounds of two soldiers, who, with the trifling exception of two gaping holes in their heads, seemed little the worse for their experience, they all hurried on, with the Dinkas following until nightfall out of range of Grogan's rifle.

On to Cairo.
Finally they managed to win their way through to the Sobat, where Grogan met Captain Dunn of the Egyptian army. It was a lucky meeting for Grogan, for all his followers were sick; meat was non-existent and all the grain was exhausted; and as a final climax to Grogan's sufferings, his hands had begun to turn black on account of long lack of vegetable diet.

The meeting between these two men was characteristic of the British stolid dislike for displays of emotion. "How do you do?" remarked Dunn casually, as he advanced with outstretched hand.

"Oh, pretty fit, thanks; how are you? Had any good sport?" replied Grogan calmly.

"Oh, pretty fair, but there's not much here. Have a drink? You must be hungry; I'll hurry up lunch. See any elephants? Had any shooting?" Dunn asked as he led the way to his tent.

This after traveling six hundred miles, across swamps and deserts—and then such a greeting! Verily the British are a strange people, quick to hide their feelings. It was only after they had washed, lunched and discussed the latest news of the Boer war that Dunn thought to ask his guest who he was and where he had come from.

Gradually Grogan made his way down the Nile by gunboat to Khartoum, incidentally dropping the first transcontinental mail bag at Fashoda, which he had carried with him throughout his entire journey. Everywhere he was hailed with a hearty welcome—everywhere as "The Tourist from the South."

At arrival at Cairo he once more stood in the roar of the multitudes after fourteen months spent in the heart of Africa. Here he was again in the prosaic land of certainty and respectability. But he had won in those long fourteen months never-ending fame as the first white man to traverse Africa from south to north. Surely, as he looks back through the vista of years, he will be proud of such an achievement, for he has full reason to be.

For the rest of his life Grogan will have the prefix "Cape-to-Cairo" tacked on to his name. Not even death can rob him of his proud title.

JAM ME JIB SAIL, 'T WAS SOME DIVE

Deep Diver Bell Man Fishes Up
Sunken Chronometer.

LAD OVERBOARD CAUSE

Landlubber, Without Hesitation,
Jumps Into Seething Main—Seething With Frost—To Save Drowning Man—Lets Out a Yell for Help.

Chicago.—Yoho, my hearties! Gather around me now, for I am about to unfold ye a strange a tale of the sea as ever happened on the Chicago river.

'T was on a dark and stormy night that Fred J. Hohing, a simple commission merchant man, was sitting in his window on the second floor of 172 South Water street with pen in hand a-watching the big chunks of ice a-floating by and a-wondering how he was going to pay his coal bills, when of a sudden there was a splashing and a yelling, and who should Hohing see a-floundering around in that there icy water but this here landlubber that I was speaking of, the same being John Dunn, an advertising solicitor who had fallen into that there stream accidental or contrariwise.

Without hesitation whatsoever this here Hohing rises up from his chair, lays down his pen and jumps kerplunk out of that window into the seething main below, the same being a-seething with frost and not with heat, or you can wash my scuppers.

No sooner has this Hohing got himself into the water than he discovers to his pain that there are two drowning men in that there raging main, the one being this here landlubber and the other himself. So he lets out a yell, and along comes George Quinn, who wallers into the river likewise, that making three. Then up comes Cornelius Griffin, who has sense enough to keep his skin dry, and betwixt the three of them they manage to tow this here Dunn and themselves into port.

No sooner has this here Hohing got himself into drydock than, blast my tophats, he busts into a screech that made all the sirens on the river think they were deaf and dumb.

"My watch," sez he, "Cuss it," he sez, "I've lost my watch."

It had been given him by a German noble who was a relative of the family.

Then up comes Fritz Belthaus, who is a belidiver, and listens patient till he's found out what it's all about.

So the next day this here Belthaus puts on his diving suit and lets himself careful off that dock and



Jumps Kerplunk Out of Window.

Down he goes. Thirty feet deep that water was ninety degrees colder than a pawnbroker's heart.

Five minutes we waited, and then another five. Still no Belthaus. We was just a-going to adjourn and draw up the resolution for the funeral that we were to give him by the absent treatment, when sudden there's a rifle on the water and up he comes.

He climbs ashore painful and he opens his hand. Shiver my tophats! It's his ain't got that there watch. Hohing goes down into his pocket and heaved up a roll of greenbacks as big round as a masthead, and cuss me for a deck swabber, if he doesn't peel off five hundred dollars that there roll and hand 'em to Belthaus.

Pipe all hands to the bulwark, surgen, the sun's over the foretop.

In Jail Over Dead Bird.
Portland, Ore.—Otto Grutchman was given a sentence of ninety days on the rock pile for trying to shoot a bird off the hat of Miss Nellie Kelly. "I didn't like that bird on Nellie's hat," he remarked to the judge.

Served Dog Biscuit.
Paterson, N. J.—Miss Harriet Con-ton served dog biscuit as a practice oke on friends at a bridal party. She was sued for \$35 by Helen Brenton who broke a tooth and lost two gold allings.

REALLY NAMED FOR STATE

Mississippi River Steamers Original
ed Cognomen That Has Now
Become Universal.

On the Mississippi river in older days the passenger steamboats were very ornate affairs, vying with each other in garish glory. One owner on the idea of naming his steam boat's cabins instead of numbering them. So he named them in honor of the states of the union, each having above the door the gilt title of some state, the big central cabin being called the "Texas," after the largest state. Other boat owners took up the idea, and thus the word cabin was gradually alternated by "state" room. For years the best cabin was still known as the Texas. Then that ex-briquet died with the obbing glory of the old river steamers. But the word "stateroom" became incorporated into our language, and in time even brok into the dictionary, as does many a other catch phrase. Not one person in a thousand who occupies a stateroom knows the term once meant "room named for a state."

WIRE FENCING

Both welded and wrapped for stock pens, poultry, garden and lawn, all sizes—a good heavy hog proof 27 fence for 15¢ per rod. Send trial order. ROOFING of all kinds, galvanized and painted steel, rubber and gravel coated. We have a good rubber roofing for 5¢ square, all complete. Send trial order. Mention the paper. Pigeon-Thomas Iron Co., 24-D, N. 2d St., Memphis, Tenn. Adv.

Serious Matter.

Griggs—I saw the doctor's carriage at your door yesterday. Anything serious?
Griggs—I should say so! He wanted to collect his bill.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Think Before You Speak.

If thou thinkest twice before thou speakest once thou wilt speak twice the better for it. Better say nothing than not to the purpose. And, to speak pertinently, consider both what is fit and when it is fit to speak. In all debates let truth be thy aim, not victory, or an unjust interest; and endeavor to gain rather than to expose thy antagonist.—William Penn.

Good Cause.

"Will you donate something to a good cause?" said the caller, as he laid a paper on the business-man's desk.

"What is it?" asked the business-man.

"One of the targets in this building killed a book agent this morning," replied the caller, "and we are taking up a subscription to reward him."

"Put me down for \$10,000," replied the business man.

BACKACHE IS DISCOURAGING

Backache makes life a burden. Headaches, dizzy spells and distressing urinary disorders are a constant trial. Take warning! Suspect kidney trouble. Look about for a good kidney remedy. Learn from one who has found relief from the same suffering. Get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Harris had.

An Ohio Case.
Fred W. Harris, Jefferson, Ohio, says: "For ten years I suffered from kidney trouble. I had constant backache, showed symptoms of dropsy, and became so bad I was laid up in bed. After doctors had failed I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me completely."
Get Doan's at Any Store, 50¢ a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Why Scratch?

"Hunt's Cure" is guaranteed to stop and permanently cure that terrible itching. It is compounded for that purpose and your money will be promptly refunded WITHOUT QUESTION if Hunt's Cure fails to cure Itch, Eczema, Tetter, Ring Worm or any other Skin Disease, 50¢ at your druggist's, or by mail direct if the bank't. Manufactured only by A. B. RICHARDS MEDICINE CO., Sherman, Texas

Acid Kills Waterfowl.

That sulphuric acid, discharged into the water of Great Salt Lake, Utah, is responsible for the death of two million water fowl last year has been ascertained by Dr. Buckley of the pathological division of the bureau of animal industry. The American Game Protective Association sent Dr. Buckley to Salt Lake City, thinking that some contagious disease caused the death of so many birds.

BUY FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR COMPOUND STOPS COUGHS - CURES COLDS

Contains No Opium - Is Safe For Children.

Memphis Oil & Supply Co.

MEMPHIS, TENN. DISTRIBUTORS

Pittsburgh XXX Coal Tar

Send us your orders for Skiffs, also.

W. N. U., MEMPHIS, No. 6-1913

After Long Suffering

Women Are Constantly Being Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Worth mountains of gold," says one woman. Another says, "I would not give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for all the other medicines for women in the world." Still another writes, "I should like to have the merits of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound thrown on the sky with a searchlight so that all suffering women could read and be convinced that there is a remedy for their ills."

We could fill a newspaper ten times the size of this with such quotations taken from the letters we have received from grateful women whose health has been restored and suffering banished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Why has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound accomplished such a universal success? Why has it lived and thrived and kept on doing its glorious work among the sick women of the world for more than 30 years?

Simply and surely because of its sterling worth. The reason no other medicine has ever approached its success is plainly and simply because there is no other medicine so good for women's ills.

Here are two letters that just came to the writer's desk—only two of thousands, but both tell a comforting story to every suffering woman who will read them—and be guided by them.

FROM MRS. D. H. BROWN.

Iola, Kansas.—"During the Change of Life I was sick for two years. Before I took your medicine I could not bear the weight of my clothes and was bloated very badly. I doctored with three doctors but they did me no good. They said nature must have its way. My sister advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I purchased a bottle. Before it was gone the bloating left me and I was not so sore. I continued taking it until I had taken 12 bottles. Now I am stronger than I have been for years and can do all my work, even the washing. Your medicine is worth its weight in gold. I cannot praise a bottle. Before it was gone the bloating left me and I was not so sore. I continued taking it until I had taken 12 bottles. Now I am stronger than I have been for years and can do all my work, even the washing. Your medicine is worth its weight in gold. I cannot praise a bottle. Before it was gone the bloating left me and I was not so sore. 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