Story Blended with Some Interesting Colonial History,

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

observed that very few of my countrysight very few of my countrysight very few of my countrysight very few of my countrying its in Africa. Because the
sight in Africa. Because the
who print the maps choose to
our region with carmine and
region with carmine and
region with carmine and
there are great nations there,
is uppose, with a president, a
seporters, and primary meetand verything else to make
of ortific that is wrong,
almost everywhere, and in
niar Central Africa, south of the
pleert, and north of what we
overeinently enough, the Cape, is
d, I had almost said, of villages,
is I mean that there are, I dare
abow many tribes, living comfortsnowth, each in its own place,
modested when Arab elseve tradere
along; now that the slave trade or
leath the sale we trade or
state the sale with the slave trade of
the the sale were tradere slong; now that the slave acceptantic has been happily put down, in a little village in one of these independent tribes that I had the which I now describe. If dependent tribes that I had the re which I now describe. If on any map which is old enough and the kingdom of Lower Inthat kingdom is, or should lives of sixty or eighty buts: of sixty or eighty huts.



OUT ON THE SLOPE OF A

thall deference to the men who maps, and the chromo-lithon who color them, I doubt if in that village ever heard of or Lower Manon of Upper or Lower Man-knew that he lived under a r thew that he lived under a they lived a good deal as the of tranberry Center lived, before see canvassing committees for neutry, and when they had not nough to send a member to the

I had come up the Congo to a say sixty miles below then something happened to ting rod of the steamer and up for repairs for twenty-was glad of the chance to egs and to try for game, and s soon as the engineer made rith my two boys, as they Philip and Mendi John. f no great use but as an in-ith the other, who had a good woodcraft in him and n capacity. We had great reculd a man fail to, going adows and wood which never tomologist before? I had I chioroformed and stuck, 15-the fine butterflies and lozen traps for moths, to be hen we came back next day. when we came back next day, inched under a grove of pep-when I saw what I afterwards the period with the period in the period with the period in the period with the period w real creknardts, and as i ightly, wholly new. I iled to the boys that they were te the place, and started after

ed tramp he led me, up hill date. Hot! oh, how hot it a dale. Holt oh, how hot it dows here, pepper trees there, channas, pain trees—now in e. now in the sun, and this latering, fluttering flutterer me, with the wiles and wit of dan Oread combined. But I plent for him. 'After an hour I plentid creature—there he is ea dand under glass, hanging II opposite where I write. I box on my back after I had med and direct had nevel and then ack to my men.

ax on my oach are and, then at and, and, sixed him, and, then at my men. Sound them there would have my. The truth was that my voorinymph there, the Vanestithed the brooks and the at everything ran the wrong a the sun in the heavens, ione at all, shone in the wrong lost of the time the sky was to that the poor sun himself shine at all. And how was I yroad there in the kingdom ra, I pper or Lower, if the sun did not know his? I tramped del. I had lost my own tracks led. I had lost my own tracks not know his? I tramped
I had lost my own tracks
At last I came to a path
beaten, and it brought me
in sight of the smokel'riness Beatrice? Not a
brought me out on the
long a large benana patch,
on a large benana patch,
on et sixty or seventy huts

I was frightened, for telling tales out of I not say I was not, d in lying. The sun, was well near setting. So I have

made nothing of them, but passed on; and then, meeting a pleasant follow, as black as the knave of clubs, with a black as the knave of clubs, with a handsome, good-natured face, dad in a long blue night-gown, made in a Manchester print shop for a bed curtain, I made a salaam to him, in the best fashlon of Bel-el-djerce. And he, restraining his laughter, made one in quite another fashlon to me. Then he advanced, and boldly offered me his hand, as an Englishman might have done, much to my surprise. He said something also, but I knew not what; and I took pretious good care not to lisp a word of Arabic.

Arabic.

What I did was to lay my head on one side as if I were desirous of sleeping, and to put my finger in my mouth as if I wanted to eat. I had learned the first signal from the ballet, and the Second from Mother Nature and the Kwayai Indians. He laughed goodnaturedly and pointed to the village. A group of boys and girls, with a few uncles and aunits, fathers and mothers, were assembled already to see the wonder. For myself, I was sating myself whether they would sing, as they did to Mungo Park.

Let us pity the white man:

Let us pity the white man; No mother has he to bring him milk, No wife to grind his corn.

But I am not writing for Mr. Fewkes or the Ethnological Scolety So I will only say that my guide was evidently a topawyer in the crowd, and that he made them march right and left as he would. Before ten minutes had passed I waslying on two or three nice sweet mats of indescribable perfume, and a gentle black woman, dressed also in a high-colored Manchester chintz, had brought me a sup of coffee. After this there was enough to eat, and of the best, too, and, to make the story as short as I can, in this house I spent the night, on these same mats, indeed. Conversation is very hard, when it has to be confined to pantomime. I described the river as well as I could, and the play of the walking beam of the engine of the Princess Beatrice. Of one thing I may say I am certain—that my friend had seen her or had not. But, whether he had seen her or not I do not know, At one time I thought he had, and went on with inquiries as to the distance that might part me from her at that moment. But afterward I had reason to think that he supposed I described the jumping up and down of some monkeys who had been playing upon the tree. Such are the dangers of sign language.

After a little conversation of this sort I intimated that I would like to go to sleep. He intimated that there was no better time nor place. With a consideration I had not expected, he stretched a mat, or sort of a curtain across the room—or house, for there was but one from under the roof—and I found myself in my bed-room. I cannot say that I went to bed. I was already in my bed—a rapidity of comfort I have not found in more elaborate forms of civilization. It was the next morning that the revolation came, which I am trying to write out in this story, if by good luck and persistent effort I can get to it. I was wakened early from a sound sleep, by the singing of the birds, I believe it is called by the poets. It was, in fact, the rasping and exasperating screaming of cocks, guinea hens, geese and ducks. For these African villages are nothing vithout their poultr



THE PERSON NAMED IN

A STATE OF THE

Twas they had sees that I had any, and
I was graceless seemed to think that it
would be long before I handed my lets
grace and it is thought as a Philistine
thinks, as you shall see.
I gracefully unhitched it from the
chain and gave it to him with my best
manner. What says Jacob Abbot:
"When you grant, grant cheerfully."
Old nightgown showed it eagerly to blue
nightgown, and to a red nightgown on

they pointed to each other the stamp on the obverse with evident joy. Then, with great ceremony, they handed back the piece to me. If it had been sacred

the piece to me. If it had been sacred it could not have been more reverently handled. Then blue and red nightgowns scrambled up from their haunches, more rapidly than gracefully, and hurried from the house. What in thunder all this meant I could not guess.

And I was more than satisfied when they returned, this time again with certain ceremony. For what I might call an escort, rather than a bodyguard, came with them. Through the great open doorway I could see the procession come of ten or twelve men, I could see it open to the right and laft to make a pessage for red and blue and stand a passage for red and blue and stand fixed as they came in. Instantly the mate were cleared from the platters as if a meal were done. Then they put down a great covered basket, tightly tied.

With endless manipulations and ceremonies it was opened. The covers and cloths, napkins and mate taken out from it were numberless. But at last we came to a handsome neckiace, made of three gold coins and say thirty silver coins. This really elegant thing they You know 1 came to a handsome neckiace, made of three gold coins and say thirty silver coins. This really elegant thing they handed fearlessly to me. You know I am a bit of an expert in coins. The three gold pieces, which were made, so to speak, the center of the neckiace, were perfect Portuguese Joes, as perfect as if they had been struck yesterday. The silver coins, also fresh from the mint, were English shillings, exactly like mine, but that they were not in the least worn, out of the coinage of Charles I. As everybody knows, these are, if in good condition, among the very rarest coins in the world, poor Charles having, for reasons well known to history, very little silver to coin. The Joes, as I said, were fresh from the mint of King Joannes of Portugal, the fourth of that name.

In another wrapper, where I found a husk or two of Indian corn was a very handsome wampum neckiace of Narra-



TWENTY PORTUGUESE SLAVE-DRIVERS."

gansett manufacture. It had been my

gansett manufacture. It had been my business to study wampum, not to say to make it, to buy it, and to sell it. I have never seen more perfect beads than these, white and black both, and all of the best forms. I have no doubt that the string was in the same condition as when it was traded away by Canonicus or some of his men.

This revelation was more extraordinary than the other. Silver and gold, almost of their nature, go all over the world. But wampum does not. How did this necklace—it was not a belt—come here?

I expressed by every sign—by raising of the eyebrows, holding up of my open palms, and radiant smiles—my interest, curiosity and surprise, I might say puzzled—amazement. Then I handed back the two necklaces, respectfully, to Redgown. Then the eremony continued. More mats were withdrawn from the basket. Another parcel was reached, larger than the first. This was carefully opened, with sundry prostrations, and a knock or two of the forehead upon it. When all was opened it proved to be a bound book, which was handed to me reverently. I opened it at the title page, to find a perfect English Bible. For an instant I thought it was a waif from Mungo Park's equipment. No, it was of a date much earlier than he. "Cum Privilegio, London, 1642. Published by the King's Printer."

How, when or why, by what agency of church, state or trade, had these things found their way here?

CHAPTER II.

OHAPTER 11.

I did not choose to abate the reverence with which I saw this book was regarded. I am as little given to bibliolatry as any man. But in this case I made no scruple. I bowed as low as Redgown had bowed, and touched my forehead to the volume. Then I commanded silence. I opened at the Sermon on the Mount, I read the first three beathudes and the Lord's prayer aloud, as solemnly and with such dignity as I could express. By a signal I made them all bow their heads. And, with all my heart, I am sure, on my knees, I said, "Father in heaven, tell me what to do, what to say, and how to lead these people." I am sure they understood that I offered prayer.

do, what to say, and how to lead these people." I am sure they understood that I offered prayer.

I gave back the book to the curious and dignified old chief, who was, I think, a priest of some kind. I carefully watched the folding of it in mate, and the business of taking it away with the necklace. Then I began a series of signs, and such interrogatories as can be also to the same that I had the skill of Harlequin or d'Columbine, in translating into or d'Columbine, in translating into account to the control of the same that it is to the open air.

this time half as hour high. I was made to understand that he rules at one sport more part of the year and at another at another season. Then I felt that we were advancing. I had the night before been made to understand that two doubled fists made ten. Now by rejeated pilings together of the fists of one and another chief and priest, I was taught that it was twenty-four tens of years since these things came into their

years since these things came into their constraints and his son, a small lad of 15. I was made to understand that Red Gown's father's father's father, seven generations back, brought the secred things from a country beyond the sunset. He had preserved them, sind, as I found atterwards, by oaths the most sacred in formulas more binding than anything which is known to book-ruled lands, he had bound his children and his children's children to preserve them. I say 'I was made to understand this." How much I really gained from that long and trying conversation in pantomime I do not precisely know, but when my interpreters appeared, my guesses were confirmed or corrected, so that I find it now hard to say at what moment I gained the correct ideas.

By this time they had missed me from the ship. My black fellows had gone home at ten o'clock at night and reported that I was lost. At sunrise they sent these two out again and some volunteer skirmishers. By nine o'clock some of the Blue Gown's people met some of these scouts, and by ten I had Phil and John to talk for me. Red Gown produced a man who had taken a Mendi wife, and so, with four languages and interpreters, we understond each other in a way.

The first time I was at home in Connecticut, some five years after this happened, I made a run down to Boston. and there, in their archives, I got their part of the story. Strange enough it is,

and there, in their archives, I got their part of the story. Strange enough it is, and you shall hear it now.

It was in the year 1645 that, in this

and there, in their archives, I got their part of the story. Strange enough it is, and you shall hear it now.

It was in the year 1645 that, in this same village of Lower Mandara, looking much then as it looks now, there was to be a first-class wedding. This young fellow, as he was then, who is the hero of this story henceforth—his name was Telega—was to be married. And he was to be married to his sweetheart, as it happened. I am afraid it did not always happen so. But all the accounts agree that it was a match of his making—nay, I believe they think, as I do, that this is the reason why we ever heard of him again.

Well, the forms of marriage were not ours. But in all countries lingers the tradition that the groom seizes the bride as, with her maidens, she goes unescorted by him. So Pluto seized Proserpine in Enna. And so, to this day, in a high wedding at church the bride and her maidens walk up the aisle, with the flowers they have gathered in their walk, and the groom, rightly dressed, with his men perhaps, steps out and takes her for his own. So the bride walked with her maidens that day; so at an ambush prepared and known of all, Telega and his men seized her, and then the procession passed on, he leading her to the great central house of the village, where the rite would come to an end.

ing ner to the great central motion.

Ing ner to the great central motion and end.

Well, just as the tom-toms and banjos were doing their best that day, and
the dancing girls dancing their best,
down came a dozen Portuguese slavedrivers, with quilted cotton jackets on,
such as turned arrows, and with guns
loaded and matches burning. The
dancing-girls shrieked and ran. The
tom-tom-men and boys ran. And Telega
and his father and his friends fought
like wildcats. But what had they to
fight with? They were not even armed.
It ended in the Portuguese rascals clapping handcuffs on seventeen of them
and marching them off to a dhow which
was waiting for them on the river. It
was, as the traditions agreed, at the very
bluff where the Princess Beatrice was
mending her connecting rod, the day I mending her connecting rod, the day I wandered so far. Tradition is far more accurate, before books, paper, and ink came in

came in.

What happened then I do not know. But it is clear enough that Telega and his neighbors were not used to being slaves, and that they led the Portuguese a wretched life. They knocked them down, they jumped overboard, they set the barracoons on fire, and at the last the Portuguese captain was glad enough to trade Telega of to a man whose language he could not understand, who had been blown south from Salles, a Moorish port where he was trading. This man of the unknown language was no other than Nathan Gib trading. This man of the unknown lan-guage was no other than Nathan Gib-bons, a master who had sailed out of Boston, in a ship rigged as a brigantine, whose name I do not know. He looked around him in the Bight of Benin, around him in the Bight of Benin, he picked up some cotton and some palm-oil and a little gold-dust, he watered his vessel and went back to Lisbon with her. What happened then I do not know. I do know that, four or five months after the wedding was broken up, Master Telega, the bride-groom, was landed at Gibbons' Wharf in Boston. I know that Gibbons' uncle was selling off the cargo, and that Telega was advertised by poster and by town-crier, to be sold, as a hearty, strong, negro boy, just arrived from Africa.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

National Insurance in Germany.

compulsory contributions of the German working people to the national insurance funds have grown in a few years to enormous sums. The last re peats to enormous sums. The last reports show that the fund for insurance against accident was 94,300,000 marks at the end of 1894; that for insurance against lilness, 112,640,000, and that for insurance, against invalidism and old age, 303,570,000 marks. The sum total of 501,000,000 marks, or more than \$125,000,000 is recent than \$125,000. \$125,000,000, is so great that the German government is embarrassed to find satisfactory investment for it. The last mercation is that money as cannot be let i on real estate shall be used to build stodel houses for workingmen, which shall be let at lov tals to industrial workers.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS OF THE MEN OF THE PRESS.

He Was Inspired...The Ordeal...Two Al-· ternatives---Riches Have Advantages-

HE WAS INSPIRED.

'Sprintly broke the long-distance running record, did he not?"

'He did; we told him just as he started that his wife had sent for him to beat a

THE ORDEAL.

He-I'm sure I don't know what to say

to him.

She—Just say, "Mr. Smith, I want to marry your daughter." Papa will say the rest.

TWO ALTERNATIVES.

So Jessie Westside married him at last 3

"Yes; he promised her a wheel if she would, you know."
"So she took him for wheel or woe."

RIGHES HAVE ADVANTAGES.

Block-Riches do not bring happiness,

my son.
(hipp—Neither does poverty. And riches do not prevent happiness, and poverty does.

AN UNPROMISING MATCH.

Mrs. Henpeck—"My dear, you will make a great mistake if you marry Mr. Steak. He has no beard, and he wears a

wig."
Daughter—"What difference does that

"Huh! You try managing a husband with no bair of his own, and you'll find out."

Layman—'I understand that you have devoted your life to the study of disease germs."

Great Scientist (proudly)--"I have"

Great Scientist (proudly)—"I have."
Layman —"Have you found a remedy
for any of them?"

Great Scientist—"Well, no: but I have
succeeded in finding good long names for
them all."

AN IMPOSTOR EXPOSED.

"Yes," said the dear girl. "I knew he was an impostor, though he did wear the college colors."
"And how?" asked the other dear girl.
"Easily enough. He didn't seem to think he was any better than anybody else.

PRECAUTION

"Oh! would you mind doing me a

favor?"
"With pleasure. What is it?" "Kindly remove that costly mantle out

of your window."

"Why, pray?"

"I shall be passing your shop with my wife in a few minutes."

A DEADLY AFFRONT.

Signor Sigarooti-You have insult-s

me:
Count Hottomalio—Nevair:
Signor Sigarooti—You have say-a
sell-a de banan for a leeving: I wh
play-a de harp-ya an' de org'!

FULL OF NERVE.

"Dinner?" mused the Cannibal Chief reflectively. "I don't know that there is much choice. Now, I think of it, how-

He smiled ingenuously.

"I believe there is a book agent on hand. In this enervating weather one welcomes occasional nerve food. Not?"

UNPROFESSIONAL

Powers. -- I'm sorry you lost your law n. Bowers.—Well, I ought to have known

Howers.—How I rough of the that my attorney was no good.

Powers.—Why?

Bowers.—The very first time the case

was called he told the judge he ready to go on with it.

BY NOSE-SIGHT.

Mr. Summer Borde.—Mrs. Skantfayre, don't they say man should learn wisdom from the ant?

Mrs. Skantfayre. —Yes: don't you think he should?

Mr. Summer Borde.—No; a blind-folded man wouldn't walk into butter like LOVE'S ECCENTRICITIES.

She—Darling husband, look at our sweet baby; ain't he sweet? Which do you'spose he loves most, his papa or his

He—Why, his mamma, to be sure. She—No, he don't: he likes his papa

best.

He—Well, have it your own way; I really think he does myself.

It was then the trouble began.

WICKED WASTE.

"There," said the proud father, pointing to a large picture that hung in the parlor, "there is the greatest product of my son's brush. How does it strike you! Fine, isn't it?"

"Yes," the visitor absently replied, "but why didn't he use the canvas to practise on some more?"

HOW THE SAVING IS EFFECTED.

Walker—Your claim, that you save-from 60 cents to \$1 car fare every day is simply ridiculous. You never averaged

simply ridiculous. 100 never averaged here than two car jides a day.

Wheeler—My dear boy, you don't understand. Every time I go out on my wheel—and that comes to ten to twenty times—I just imagine that I would have taken a car.

LUCIDLY EXPRESSED.

Tommy Pop, what's a critic?

Tommy's Pop.—A critic, my hoy, is a man who gats paid for telling other people how they ought to de things, that he couldn't possibly do himself.