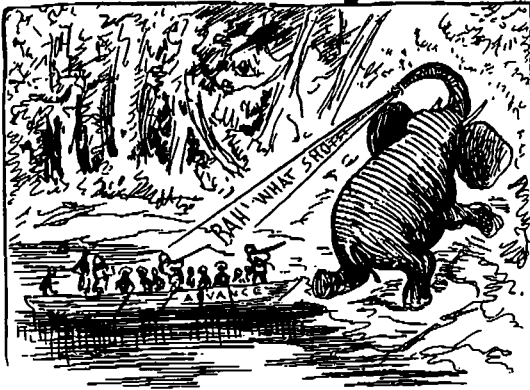


it was decided to send on a small detachment of head-men to find Kilonga-Longa's and secure food. Fifty-two of the people being unable to go further, were left at Starvation Camp in charge of Capt. Nelson, and Stanley pressed on with the rest in what he supposed to be the path of the couriers. He had a terrible time of it, but, with his usual luck, just as the last degree of human endurance was reached, they stumbled upon the sought-for settlement. The head-men hadn't got there, and were not found for some days afterwards, having lost themselves in the bush. Kilonga-Longa wasn't at home



ATTACKING AN ELEPHANT ON THE ITURI RIVER.

himself, but his superintendent was on hand, and introduced the travelers to as precious a gang of rascals as ever butchered an African native. "Every tusk they possess," as Stanley remarked to Parkes, "is steeped and dyed in blood, and this awful work will go on until the European Governments prohibit the sale of gunpowder in Africa."

#### CHAPTER VI.—THE MEETING WITH EMIN PASHA.

An Expedition was formed, under Jephson, to go back and relieve poor Nelson and his sick people. The job was brilliantly accomplished, although only five out of the fifty-two were found alive. Nelson himself was on the verge of the grave. The survivors were brought to Kilonga-Longa's and left there under Dr. Parke's care, arrangements having been made by Stanley for their board and lodging. Meanwhile Stanley had gone on with the Advance Column, and some days afterwards Jephson overtook him. He brought the gratifying intel-



EMERGING FROM THE FOREST

ligence that the scoundrelly Arabs were doing their best to starve Nelson, Parke and the sick men, notwithstanding the agreement. For a time the easterly course lay through the same sort of forest as of yore, though now clearings were frequent. A clearing is a place which isn't clear, but, on account of fallen trees, etc., is almost impossible of navigation excepting by skilled acrobats. Dwarf villages were numerous, and several Pigmies were captured. It is understood that Stanley is going to use the Pigmies to replace the Protectionist statesmen who are dying off. Several times the party ran across troops of elephants, but the animals always succeeded in getting away. At Ibware (of course you know that enterprising town) the poor starved fellows stumbled into a land metaphorically flowing with milk and honey. Rice, manioc, goats, poultry, bananas—tongue cannot tell of the Paradise adequately. It is estimated that the Expedition got away with more bananas than an average Toronto girl could eat at a sitting. They sat right down there to fatten up, and it wasn't long before they were in prime condition. The march was resumed, and on December 4th—memorable day—they burst from the confines of the horrible forest and beheld the happy grass-land.



CHIEF OF THE IVOGA.

The whole outfit, from commander down to slave, leaped for joy. But their troubles were by no means over yet. The natives of the grass-land had something to say as to "enemies" marching through their country, and the consequence was a series of fights with hosts of valiant warriors. Explanations were at length made and peace was declared, and Stanley made "blood-brotherhood" with the chief. By this time they had reached the uplands, from which they beheld the lake—but the strongest glass could detect no Emin Pasha anywhere about. The natives had never heard of any white man answering his description. Stanley was somewhat disgusted. As there was nothing to eat on the lake shore, the weary party went away back into the bush and built a fort—Fort Bodo, they named it—and here they took up their abode O, *pro tem*. Lt. Stairs and a detachment of rifles went to Ugarowa's and Ipoto and brought up Nelson, Parkes and those of the sick who survived, and on April 2nd they started off a second time for the Nyanza, which they reached about the 16th. On April 29th Emin Pasha, accompanied by some members of his staff, came into Stanley's camp on the lake shore and was "rescued," after considerable trouble.

(To be continued.)

#### A FATAL DEFECT.

EDITOR—"I have looked over your article on Canadian literature. I'm afraid we can hardly accept it in its present shape."

CONTRIBUTOR—"Why not? Isn't it up to the mark?"

EDITOR—"It is good enough in the main, but it has one glaring omission. You don't quote what's-his-name," famous saying, 'Let me make the ballads of a nation, etc.' No article on Canadian literature is complete without that. Work it in somewhere and it goes."