

nature, and had but one thought only—to tread on for one look more at the blue ocean.

Rounding, after a long stretch of tolerably calm water, a picturesque point, we view another long reach, and half way on the left bank we camp. Maddened by sharp pangs of hunger, the people soon scatter about the district of Kilolo. What occurred I know not. Likely enough the wretched creatures, tormented by the insufferable insolence of the aborigines, and goaded by a gnawing emptiness, assisted themselves with the wanton recklessness of necessity, and appropriated food unpaid for. While I am seated on the right bank, I hear shots on the cultivated uplands; and though I pretend to take no interest in them, yet a bitter, restless instinct informs me that those shots have reference to myself; and presently the people return, some with streaming wounds, from oxide of copper pellets and iron fragments, which have been fired at them. Uledi comes also, bearing a mere skeleton on his back, whom, with his usual daring, he has rescued from the power of the men who would shortly have made a prisoner of him; and he and the rest have all a horrible tale to tell.

"Several men have been captured by the natives for stealing cassava and beans."

"Why did you do it?"

"We could not help it," said one. "Master, we are dying of hunger. We left our beads and moneys—all we had—on the ground, and began to eat, and they began shooting."

In a very short time, while they are yet speaking, a large force of natives appears—lusty with life and hearty fare—and, being angered, dare us, with loaded guns, to fight them. A few of the men and chiefs hasten to their guns, and propose to assume the defensive, but I restrain them, and send my native friends from the right bank to talk to them; and, after two hours' patient entreaties, they relax their vindictiveness, and retire.

We received the good news that Embomma, on the Atlantic coast, was only five days' journey distant.

As the object of the expedition had now been attained, and the great river of Livingstone had been connected with the Congo of Tuckey, I saw no reason to follow it further, or to expend the little remaining vitality we possessed in toiling through the last four cataracts.

I announced, therefore, to the gallant but wearied Wangwana that we should abandon the river, and strike overland for Embomma. The delight of the people manifested itself in loud and fervid exclamations of gratitude to Allah! Quadruple ration-money was also distributed to each man, woman, and child; but owing to the excessive poverty of the country, and the keen trading instincts and avaricious spirit of the aborigines, little benefit did the long-enduring, famine-stricken Wangwana derive from my liberality.

Fancy knick-knacks, iron spears, knives, axes, copper, brass wire, were then distributed to them; and I emptied the medicine out of thirty vials, and my private clothes-bags, blankets, water-proofs—every available article of property that might be dispensed with—were also given away, without distinction of rank or merit, to invest in whatever eatables they could procure.

At sunset we lifted the brave boat, *Lady Alice*, after her brave journey across Africa, and carried her to the summit of some rocks, about five hundred yards north of the fall, to be abandoned to her fate. After a journey of nearly seven thousand miles, up and down broad Africa, she was to bleach and to rot to dust!

(To be continued.)

Interesting Facts about Chautauqua.

The report of 1889, of Miss Kate Kimberley, secretary of the C.L.S.C., shows that 150,000 persons have entered the Circle, and begun the reading prescribed during the past eleven years. Notwithstanding many fluctuations, the number of graduates has been larger every year, and those of to-day bring the total graduate membership up to 21,000.

During the last year, one-tenth of all the graduates have been pursuing a second course of readings, or have taken up special studies alone, or in company with other graduates.

The higher orders of the C.L.S.C., known as the Order of the White Seal, League of the Round Table, and Guild of the Seven Seals—the membership of which involves the reading of special courses, or the filling out of special examination papers on the regular four years' course, have grown steadily during the year, the order now numbering 25,000 members, the league 850, and the guild 150.

Two thousand two hundred local circles, representing more than 20,000 active members, and about 10,000 local members, have been reported during the year. Twenty of these have continued their work, without a break, for ten years.

At the suggestion of the *Chautauquan*, which published last year a series of articles on philanthropy, many circles took up the study of local charities.

At a small town in Kansas, where the streets are not lighted, members of a local circle have found their way to the weekly gatherings with lanterns, and have not missed a single meeting, in spite of blizzards.

The Kansas Circles have founded a State union. At Queen Charlotte Island, in the North Pacific, there is a solitary reader. The Hawaiian Islands boast of five Circles; and in Micronesia, a member of the class of 1890 reads away diligently—his interest in the class being not at all lessened by the fact that it takes twelve months for the news of the class to reach him by mail. Wellington and Hawkes' Bay, in New Zealand, have many readers; and forty-one are enrolled from Dunedin.

Brisbane contains a circle; and Melbourne and New South Wales are also represented in the Australian membership.

The first Recognition Day in the Eastern Hemisphere was celebrated in South Africa on the 1st of July. Early in the year, members were enrolled in the Transvaal, at Kimberley, and at Natal; and the literary society of Durban is taking up the movement.

A woman missionary at Tabriz, Persia, has persevered to the end of the four years' course, and is now translating some of the books into Armenian. There is an Oriental Circle in India, where many missionaries read industriously, and it is likely that an assembly may be formed there.

In Siam, a circle of five members has been formed. The Japanese *Chautauquan*, issued every month, sends out three hundred copies to about two thousand readers.

The class of 1889 has more than one hundred members in Japan, and, in addition to the diplomas given to these students, special certificates are to be forwarded to several hundred others, who have pursued an elective course in political economy.

There are also students in Russia, at the Caucasus; and in Austria, Poland, Iceland, Sweden, and Bulgaria.

There are even readers in the penitentiaries; and in New Jersey, the State Charities Aid Association intends to adopt the plan in the State Prison at Trenton; while in the Massachusetts Reformatory, at Waverlyville, it has been tested with success.—*New York Tribune*.

The Little Maid's Sermon.

A LITTLE maid, in a pale blue hood,
In front of a large brick building stood.
As she passed along, her quick eye spied
Some words on a little box inscribed;
'Twas a box that hung in the vestibule,
Outside the door of the Charity school.

"REMEMBER THE POOR!" were the words she spelled,
Then looked at the dime her small hands held;
For chocolate creams were fresh that day,
In the store just only across the way!
But gleams of victory shone o'er her face,
As she raised her eyes to the "money place."
But her arm was short, and the box so high,
That a gentleman heard, who was passing by,
"Please, sir, will you lift me just so much?"
(For the tiny fingers could almost touch.)
The stranger stopped, and he quickly stood
By the sweet-faced child, in the pale blue hood.

As he lifted her, she gently said,
"Would you mind it, sir, if you turned your head?
For you know I do not want to be
Like a proud, stuck-up old Pharisee!"
He humored the little maid, but a smile
Played o'er his face, as he stood there the while.

"Excuse me, child; but what did you say?"
The gentleman asked in a courteous way,
As he took in his the wee, white hand,
"I believe I didn't quite understand."
"Oh! sir, don't you know? Have you never read,"
Said the child, amazed, "what our Saviour said?"

"We shouldn't give like those hypocrite men,
Who stood in the market places then,
And gave their alms, just for folks to tell,
Because they loved to be praised so well,
But give for Christ's sake, from our little store,
What only he sees, and nobody more."

"Good bye, kind sir, this is my way home;
I'm sorry you'll have to walk alone."
The gentleman passed along, and thought
Of large sums given for fame it brought.
And he said, "I never again will be,
In the market places, a Pharisee!
She preached me a sermon, true and good—
That dear little maid, in the pale blue hood!"

Tricks of a Pet Bear.

WHEN the Government light-house tender, *Manzanita*, returned from her Alaskan voyage, she brought one more passenger than she started with. The passenger was a little black bear cub, Sallie, which literally hugged her way to the hearts of all on board.

Being constantly with the men, and at the same time being allowed to roam at will all over the vessel, she very quickly became tame and gentle as a kitten, and quite as playful. The one place where she was not allowed was the engine-room, and this not because the chief did not like her, but because he was afraid she might get hurt.

One day Sallie was missing at dinner time, and one of the men volunteered to find her; when, after a long search, she was found perched on the walking-beam of the engine, which was in motion. There she clung; and at every movement of the great beam she was raised to within six inches of the ceiling, and her fat little body compressed to a corresponding thinness. But she never made a whimper—too much frightened to jump off, and knowing if she made a noise she would be whipped. So there she clung; alternately getting a good breath, and the next moment losing it in a violent manner. The moment she was safe in the man's arms she hugged him tight, and began to squeal and make a tremendous row.

Among the many tricks she plays is one of stealing quietly up to the cabin door, rising on her hind feet, giving the door a sounding whack with one of her paws, and, grabbing the knob, almost shaking it from its hinges. The moment she hears a footstep, away she goes scampering aft. A very cute bear is Sallie.—*Portland Oregonian*.