

JUNKER AND SCHWEINFURTH
CONVINCED

As I have already intimated, my plan was to follow Stanley's footsteps and find out where he had meandered to and what he had done *en route*. I may begin my narrative, therefore, at Alexandria, and proceed to give details in

CHAPTER II. — EGYPT AND ZANZIBAR.

Stanley had arrived here, I found, on Jan. 27th, and put up at the hotel. Here he was waited upon by Sur-

geon T. H. Parke, who applied for the position of doctor to the excursion. As he was a good looking chap he was engaged. Good-looking chaps have no trouble in getting engaged, generally. Sir Evelyn Baring called to ask if it was correctly reported that the route *via* Zanzibar had been changed for the Congo route, to which Stanley said yes. Prof. Schweinfurth and Dr. Junker came along and said they thought it was a big mistake, but with the aid of the accompanying map Stanley convinced them that they were away off. "You could never get through Uganda alive so long as that savage old duffer, King Mwanga, is boss there," said Stanley, "whereas you congo by the Congo, and we'll get there all the same." They expressed themselves satisfied, and Stanley then left for Cairo, where he had breakfast with Mr. Tewfik, the Khedive, and the Hon. Nubar Pasha, Premier. These howling swells armed the explorer with letters and High Arabic Orders to Emin, telling that gentleman to come home or stay there, just as he pleased. Leaving Cairo, Stanley proceeded to Zanzibar, where he arrived Feb. 23rd. Here he hobnobbed with his Highness Seyyid Barghast bin Said, the Sultan, of whom it has bin said that he was a pretty decent sovereign. Here also the Expedition was pulled together, consisting of the English officers, a parcel of Soudanese soldiers and some hundreds of Zanzibar natives, who had agreed to carry everything by accla-



TEWFIK, KHEDIVE.



NUBAR PASHA.

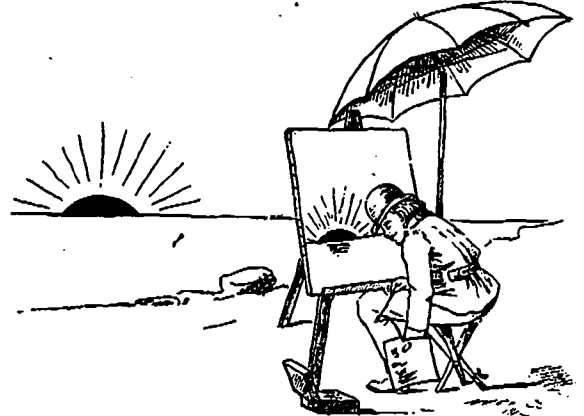
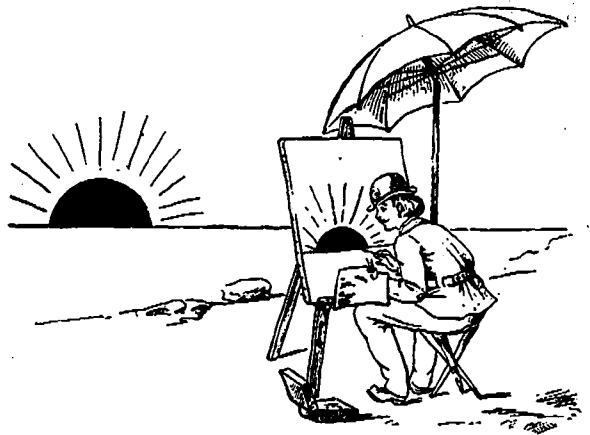
mation. Tippu Tib, the king of the region between Stanley Falls and Tanganika Lake, happened to be at Zanzibar on a vacation, and Stanley engaged him to provide an escort of 600 men through his country. This was better than having to fight the old rascal and his Arab heelers. In a few days the expedition was stowed away snugly on board the steamer *Madura*, and started off for the mouth of the Congo around the Cape of Good Hope, where they arrived safely on March 19th. Here is where the fun began. The job before Stanley was to go up the Congo River to Yambuya (1,300 miles from the Atlantic), and then from there on foot to Wadelai, Emin Pasha's capital, some 500 miles, as was supposed. What befell the party must be reserved for subsequent chapters.

(To be continued.)

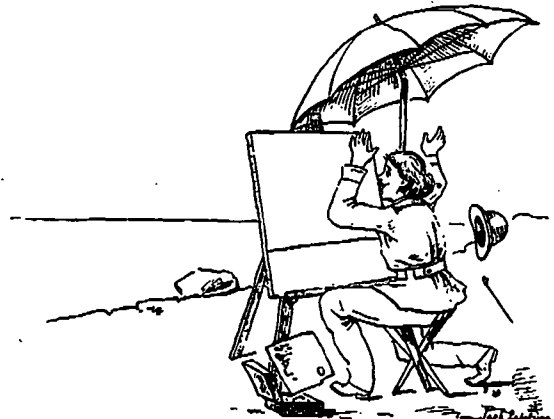


TIPPU TIB.

HIS PICTURE WAS TOO REALISTIC.



II.



III.

AMERICAN DEGENERACY.

PIDDICOMBE—"It's terrible the rate at which we Americans are departing from the Republican traditions of our ancestors. We are imitating the English and allowing their aristocratic notions to gain a foothold in everything."

DUSENBURY—"Yes, and that isn't the worst! I'm told there is a royalty on the telephone and nearly all the new inventions."

THE Condemned Murderer's Hymn: "We're going home to dynamo."