



IN A STATE OF DECLINE.

ASPIRING GENIUS—"Pardon me, sir, but I have brought you here a poem in thirty pages, entitled 'When Winter Winds are Whirling.'"

PERSPIRING EDITOR—"Thanks. I'm very busy just now—but there's the waste-paper basket!"

we'll lick him for the knavish acts of his head-men toward our people, so he restores to us some of our stolen rifles and ammunition. Can't stop to square accounts with him now. Will see him later.

June 25th.—Parke, who accompanied us here, has returned to Ft. Bodo with fourteen men and thirteen loads of our goods, and once more we are on the road—only we can't exactly find the road.

June 27th.—Starvation Camp. This is the spot where poor Nelson had such a time of it, living on fungus and butterflies' legs. Here we find a lot of our ammunition where we buried it. It is in excellent order. The address of the manufacturer of this splendid ammunition is—*

July 7th.—Have had a tough day of it. Rain overhead, poisoned skewers under-foot, nothing to speak of between, in our stomachs. I have reason to believe that even broiled beefsteak and onions would not be rejected by the lowliest of us.

July 9th.—Blowed if I know the way to Ugarrowa's.

* Personalities of this sort must go in the advertising dept.—Ed.



A DROP OF CITY WATER FROM THE RESERVOIR MAGNIFIED.

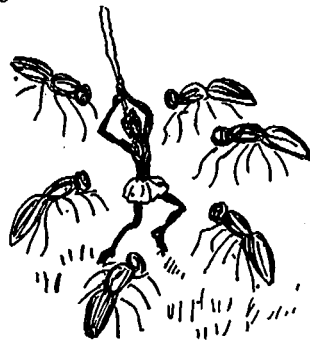
We are lost; no doubt about that. It is exceedingly annoying to be lost when you are in a hurry to reach your destination, and in a woods where there is absolutely nothing to eat.

July 13th.—Have found the path again, after a very nasty time plunging round through bogs and all that sort of thing. If we could only get something to eat, now, we might feel encouraged.

July 14th.—Amiri Falls. Beautiful bit of scenery, but not satisfying to the stomach. Wish we were built like those tragedians who are said to "chew the scenery"—might get something out of it, then.

July 15th.—Zanzibar is all off scouring the country for victuals. Not much use, though. Ugarrowa has just passed down the river with 600 hungry followers, who have stripped the country like an invasion of grasshoppers.

Later.—Plantains reported four miles S.S.W., and everybody sent out to gather them. Members return loaded with fruit. No London banquet I am likely to get can equal the blow-out we have had to-night.



FIGHTING THE RED ANTS.

Shortly after this, it would appear, the worn-out and rapidly diminishing party were so fortunate as to discover some canoes in the river, which they appropriated. This enabled them to lighten the carriers, as well as to convey the helpless of their number; and they moved down the river with renewed energy. Meal-time would insist on coming around regularly, however, and it was with more than Carlyle's disgust that they became aware that they were each and severally fitted out with that "wretched contrivance called a stomach." Stanley accidentally discovered that some of his Darkies were occasionally feeding on poultry and goats in a clandestine manner, which made him feel very bad. He gave strict orders that all such tid bits should in future be divided with him. At Wasp Rapids the couriers despatched by Lt. Stairs were overtaken, some of them being reported missing. They had been kept busy fighting the cannibals, and had been obliged to retreat to Ugarrowa's without getting anywhere near the Rear Column. Ugarrowa, who was overtaken about the same time, could tell nothing about Bartelott's people. Stanley pushed on, full of apprehension—which, however, did not at all satisfy the cravings of his appetite. Thus he was moving down the river with his flotilla of canoes, sixty days from Fort Bodo and yet ninety miles from Yambuya, when all of a sudden arose the joyous cry of "The Major!" It was the Rear Column in camp at Banalya. But what a camp! and where was the Major?

CHAPTER XI.—THE STORY OF THE REAR COLUMN.

This story may be very briefly told. Tippu Tib had not carried out his contract to send the 600 carriers. After a delay of about a year he sent 200, and one of them, in a moment of passion, killed Major Bartelott. Jamieson had died of fever; Troup had been invalidated home; Ward had departed down the Congo, and here, in Camp Desolation, the only white man was Mr. Bonny.

[END OF VOL. I.]

And, on second consideration, end of this great work.