



trunks, abnormally bulky bolsters, and no end of similar *impedimenta*.

"Why, good gracious, Doctor!" I cried to Emin, whom I had brought with me, "whatever does all this mean?"

"What does it mean?" he echoed.

"Why, that is some of the baggage of Major Awash Effendi, one of the thousands of my beloved people whom you have promised to rescue."

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed, "but the major can't really require all that rubbish. Look there, for instance," I went on: "he can't want all those three-and-thirty fat bolsters, surely, Doctor?"

"Herr Stanley," returned Emin, in a piqued tone, "those are not fat bolsters, sir; they are a few of the Effendi's favorite wives!"

And so they were!

CHAPTER VIII. — PERSONAL TO THE PASHA.

A WARRIOR OF THE MAYORI.

"Well, Pasha," I said, the next morning, when he was brought round, strictly guarded, to my tent, "I hope that, now you have had time to consider my proposal, you are more reconciled to the thought of being relieved by me."

"I was hoping," returned the obstinate Governor, "that you, perhaps, on reflection, would be inclined to yield, after all, and let me relieve you."

"Pasha," I said, sternly, "you hope what is impossible."

"Stay, don't say that!" he replied. "At all events, before you quite make up your mind, tell me, fairly and squarely, what I shall gain by being relieved by you and your Expedition."

"What will you gain?" I exclaimed—"what will you gain!" and then wondering to myself what the deuce he *would* gain, I thought it better to add, "Why, Pasha, how can you ask so unnecessary a question?"

"I ask it," returned that inexpressibly stubborn little German, "because, so far as I can see, all that I shall gain by being rescued by you is a good chance of catching confluent small-pox at once from your not too cleanly Zanzibaris, and a certainty of being starved to death with you on the way back to civilization in the course of a week or two."

This was such a facer, that I thought it better to assume one of my sternest expressions, and to exclaim, with a dramatic gesture of disgust, "Ingratitude, thy name is Emin!"

"Whereas," went on the obstinate Doctor, "if you will only consent to be rescued by me, I can promise you at once"—and he took out his pocket-book and read out the following list: "1 First-class Paddle Steamer; 3 Half-gallon Jars of Mixed Pickles; 2,000 Picked Egyptian Troops; $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. of Honeydew Tobacco; 50 A1 Donkeys; 5 Suits of Twilled Cotton Pyjamas; 2 Batteries of Artillery; 3 large Bottles of Hair Restorer; 1 gross Egyptian Officers (assorted ranks); 2 strings of capital Onions; 500 Fat Oxen; 1 box Arnicaed Bunion Plasters; 5 Tons of Bananas; 2 Pairs Carpet Slippers; 1,000 quarters of Maize; and one first-class Liver-pad (equal to new).



EMIN AT STANLEY'S CAMP.



EMIN RE-RESCUED.

It was awfully tempting, I admit, and for a moment I wavered, but just in time I thought of the disinterested "Emin Relief Committee" sitting in London, and of what their feelings would be if, after spending £30,000 or so that I might rescue the Pasha, I allowed him to rescue me; and this made me firm again. So I said, "Emin Pasha, there is no time for trifling! My mind is made up. Until you consent to be rescued by me, you will remain a close prisoner."

Seeing the look of inexpressible anguish which came into the Doctor's eyes as I said this, I resolved, if possible, to gild the pill I was forcing him to swallow. So I went on:

"It is true, Pasha, that I must insist on rescuing you; but, that once done, I shall be able to prove my gratitude in several ways. For example," I said, "if you really like this African life, I'll tell you what I'll do, old fellow: I'll make you King of the Congo, with a salary, say, of a thousand pounds a week."

Emin only shook his head.

"Well, if that doesn't suit," I added, "what do you say to my creating you Emperor of the Equator, with a Civil List of a million per annum?"

Strange to say, the Doctor didn't jump at this munificent offer of mine either.

"Confound it all, Pasha!" I exclaimed, "will nothing satisfy you? Look here, then, Suppose I promise to go 'grand slam,' and make you Kaiser of all Africa? That will about clinch the business, I guess?"

But—will you believe it?—that sceptical Doctor, instead of overwhelming me with ecstatic thanks, said, in his dry way:

"Thanks very much, Mr. Stanley, but I hardly see what authority you have to make me Emperor of anything."

And I had made the offer out of pure good-will to the Pasha, too! Clearly it was no use talking to such a man, so, with a nod to Jephson, I said:

"Take him away, and see you guard him closely."

"One word more," cried the Doctor, despairingly, as he was being led from my tent. "I know that I am in your power, Mr. Stanley; but surely you will not refuse to give me one chance for my life?"

"What do you mean, ingrate?" I hissed.

"Why, be a sportsman, do!" returned the Doctor, "and let us toss up to settle our little difference. Sudden death!" he added, excitedly drawing a coin from his pocket. "Heads, I rescue you; tails, you rescue me. Now, you cry!" and with the same he tossed up the coin in the air.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, and with my thoughts far away in Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, London, S.W., I shouted, "Woman!"

"It's a man!" yelled Emin, hysterically, "I'm saved!"

"Bah!" I said, severely. "This is no time for trifling, I repeat. Jephson, remove your prisoner!"

CHAPTER IX.—TROUBLE WITH EMIN.

For three mortal months—the endless procession of burden-bearing niggers toiling up the steep side of the plateau with the assorted rubbish I detailed in my last chapter went on.

Day after day steamers and canoes laden down to their gun-wales with corpulent Egyptian beys and obese effendis, each accompanied by a large assortment of bolster-like wives and other equally cumbersome belongings, continued to arrive, until the piled-up baggage began to form an imposing-looking barricade all round my modest little camp on the plateau.