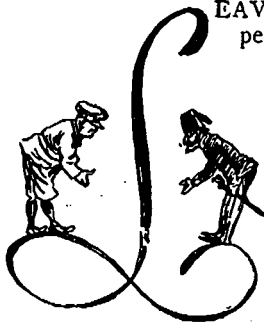


BY EXPLORER GRIP.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

[CHAPTER X.—FINDING THE REAR COLUMN.



LEAVING Emin Pasha and his people to go home and do their packing up, Stanley began his return journey to Fort Bodo on June 1, 1888. Jephson was detailed to accompany the Pasha and read the Khedive's letter to the Egyptian soldiers, to convince them, if possible, that the Expedition was verily no fake. A score of Mazamboni's warriors escorted the Explorer for some distance, and then committed

their charge to escorts from other tribes. This gallantry on the part of the natives was appreciated much better than the military sort of gallantry they had exhibited toward the Expedition on its advent into their country. After the last of these relays had said *au revoir* and turned homeward, there still remained a long stretch of questionable territory in front of the travelers. Stanley was anxious to convey to the various chiefs throughout this domain the intelligence that he was quite harmless if left alone, so as to save them the trouble of attacking him. But how was this to be done in the absence of telegraphs and telephones? Quite simply. He captured a woman of the Mandi country and committed the message to her as a great secret, and then let her go.

The result was most gratifying. Not an arrow was shot at the party, and on June 8th Fort Bodo was reached in safety. Here Stairs, Nelson and the rest of the boys were found "as well as could be expected," and, as soon

FEAST AFTER FAMINE.



CONGO FOREST SCENERY.

Bodo, according to orders, Feb. 16th. Had a deuce of a time. Got lost in forest, but reached Ugarrowa's all right. Sent on the couriers to Rear Column. Out of the fifty-six people we left at U.'s brought back fourteen alive. W. G. STAIRS, Lt. R.E. To H. M. Stanley, Esq.

FT. BODO, June 6, '88.
DEAR SIR,—I left Ft.

"Very good," said Stanley. "Stairs, you deserve promotion."

"Yes," assented Parke, "he'll get it, too; Stairs always go up, you know."

"And now," resumed Stanley, addressing the whole party, a general muster having been ordered, "I'm going down the river to meet and assist Major Bartelott and the Rear Column. All of you who wish to participate in the picnic please step this way." The little dog, Randy, was the first to respond. "No, Randy," said his master, "you must stay here; you've had enough fatigue for a dog of your size." Whereupon Randy, with his tail



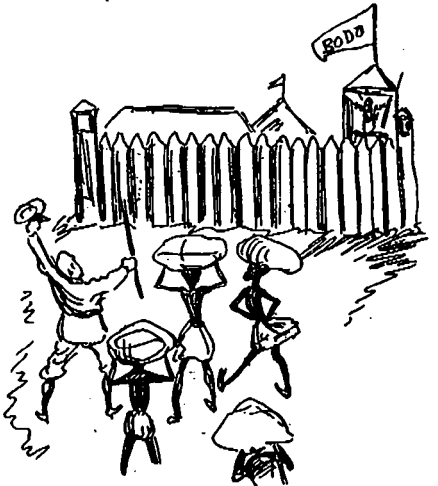
DEATH OF RANDY.

between his legs, crept away to the shady side of the Fort and died of a broken heart. Most of the men were by this time in good condition, and volunteered enthusiastically. They got their marching orders for next day (June 16th) and duly departed, Stairs and Nelson being left to keep house with a force of sixty rifles. Stanley had told them they might expect a visit from the Pasha within two months, and they did. But it didn't do them any good. For the information which follows we are indebted to stray scraps of diary-leaves picked up by natives here and there throughout the forest. They are evidently in Stanley's writing:

June 18th.—Hang this forest, anyhow! I wish to gracious that Congo railway were only open for passenger traffic. But patience, patience.

June 20th.—These red ants are a perfect nuisance—fifty times worse than red mothers-in-law. We have to detail a strong body of our best fighting men to keep them at bay. Why didn't I bring some insect-powder—though Ifancy it would require insect-dynamite to produce any result.

June 21st.—Ipoto. The old rascal Kilonga-Longa has returned from his murdering excursion. He's afraid



ARRIVAL AT FORT BODO.