



BY EXPLORER GRIP.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

CHAPTER VII. — WITH  
EMIN PASHA.

REACHING the shores of Lake Nyanza, I set out in quest of the interesting particulars of the meeting of Stanley and Emin Pasha, which was briefly alluded to in the end of our last chapter. I visited the various tribes in the vicinity and found the natives disposed to be friendly, but, in the absence of my Baleggian Grammar, Phrase book and Dictionary, I found it im-

possible to make head or tail of their accounts. What was my pleasure, therefore, to stumble across a white man, an Englishman, in one of the villages. He had gone to the district on a mission similar to my own, as the representative of a paper called *Funnifolks*, and he very kindly offered me the use of a copy of the account he had written for that journal from statements made by Stanley himself. He did not intend returning to London, he said, having become so deeply impressed with the future greatness of Darkest Africa that he had made up his mind to settle down there and grow up with the country. Following is the narrative:



CLIMBING TO THE PLATEAU.

On February 17, 1889, Emin Pasha, still in voluminous white pyjamas, and excitedly waving an enormous green butterfly net, rushed into our camp in the wake of a fine specimen of the Alligator Moth, and catching his foot in a tent rope, as he made a last desperate sweep at the evasive insect, he fell headlong at my feet.

"Dr. Emin, I assume," I said, smilingly, as I picked the Pasha up.

"Mr. Stanley," he gasped, as soon as he had recovered his breath, "you can assume anything you please, sir, if you will only let me have a look at that three-foot-six puce butterfly of yours." Since I heard of its existence I have traveled night and day to get to your camp. Bring out that pickle jar without delay, I implore of you."

"Alas, dear Doctor," I said, sadly, "I fear there is a grievous disappointment in store for you. . . . Only last evening and hungry and larcenous Zanzibari, prowling around for delicacies in my tent, took that unique butterfly you so long to see, and, because it chanced to have a flavor, owing to its preservation in a mixed-pickle jar, actually ate it with his roast plantain as a relish."

"Wha-a-a-t!" screamed the Pasha, "it is gone?" Then he added, after a short pause, his eyes flashing at me savagely through his blue goggles as he spoke, "I am going too!" and, snatching up his butterfly-net, he was just about to dash off, when, seizing his arm, I cried:

"Oh, dear, no, you don't, Doctor. This time I mean to keep you, now I have got you, and to rescue you straight away."

"Oh, very well. I expected this," returned the Doctor, with a calmness which, I admit, I could not understand. "It is the will of Allah, and I must submit."

"Why, cert'nly," I replied, pointing to the men with rifles, who guarded every outlet from the camp.

"There's only one thing," the Pasha went on, in a strangely quiet tone. "If you rescue me, you will, of course, rescue my beloved people also? That was your promise, you know."

"Oh, of course," I replied. "And my never-to-be-replaced-if-once-lost collection?" he continued. "You will not force me to leave them behind?"

"Have I not promised to take them all?" I answered. "By the way," I said, assuming a more nonchalant manner, "you said something about having a collection of ivory, did you not? Of course you would like to have that rescued, too?"

"Well, to tell the truth," returned Emin, "I was thinking more about my cabinets of beetles and my cases of stuffed birds."

Before I could say more, a series of loud yells from without the camp caused me to hurry to the spot whence the noise proceeded. Arrived there—our camp, I may explain, was pitched on the top of a plateau which sloped steeply down to the margin of the lake—I saw a sight which quite accounted for my natives' excited shouts.

For this is what I saw: Along the shore there were three large steamers anchored, and from them a busy crowd of coal-black Soudanese soldiers was busily engaged in bringing on shore one of the most curious collections of cumbersome baggage I had ever seen.

Scores of the men had, indeed, already begun to climb the steep side of the plateau, and, in a seemingly interminable line, I saw them toiling up, staggering beneath the weight of wooden bedsteads, twenty-gallon copperpots, millstones of abnormal calibre, empty whiskey casks, garden rollers, hip baths, milpuff mattresses, mangles, stone coffins, rolls of old carpet, hair



A PHALANX DANCE BY MAZAM DONI'S WARRIORS.



STANLEY'S PROPOSITIONS TO EMIN.

\* Stanley had written to the Pasha about this alleged insect as a decoy.