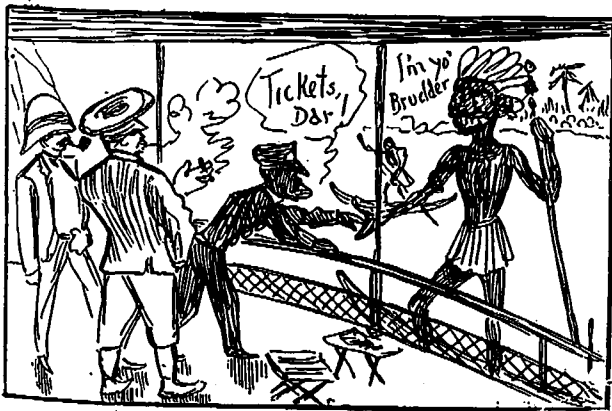




TRAVELLING THROUGH THE FOREST.

dotted with fairy-like islands, and its peaceful flow is broken with occasional rapids, which are an advantage as a matter of scenery, but not absolutely necessary to easy navigation. The man who rowed my canoe knew all about Stanley's trip up to Yambuya, and from him I gleaned the particulars which I now set down. On May 1st Stanley's party left the Pool in the following order: The steamer *Henry Reed* and two barges, carrying Tippu Tib and his sixty-nine followers, and thirty-five Expedition men; the steamer *Stanley*, with her consort, the *Florida*, carrying 336 people and six donkeys—though he was inclined to think a good many of the passengers who were entered under the head of "people" should have been put in the other category; the steamer *Peace*, with Stanley himself and 134 others. The trip up river was enlivened by the eccentricities of the *Peace*, which appeared to suffer from spasms in the boiler. She would go splendidly for half an hour, and then balk altogether; the steam would drop from high pressure to five pounds without any apparent reason. The people on board, from the great traveller down, did a lot of good, emphatic swearing, but even this did not bring the crazy craft to her senses. Indeed, seeing that she belonged to a Mission station, it is quite likely that this wicked conduct greatly aggravated the trouble. At each camping place the men were employed to cut wood for fuel for the steamers, the coal ring of that vicinity having put the prices beyond reach. On the 12th they reached Bolobo, where they had a blow-out on bananas, rice, poultry,

goats and other delicacies of the season. Having been on the verge of starvation ever since leaving Lukunyu several days before, it wasn't necessary to ring the dinner horn very long or loud to call the folks to their feed. As Emin Pasha was all this while standing in his distant Province and holding up a red bandana as a signal of distress, Stanley was anxious to press on rapidly. It was decided, therefore, that 125 people who were rather out of sorts should be left at Bolobo to fatten up while the rest went on to Yambuya, the arrangement being to send the steamer back to bring them up. This "left" wing was placed in charge of Mr. Bonny and Mr. Herbert Ward. On May 24th the travelling party reached Equator Station, where they celebrated the birthday of Her Majesty the Queen by going into camp and enjoying a snooze. Next morning Stanley gave the order to "move on," and on the 30th they reached Bangala. This is a thriving settlement. Mr. Van Kirkhoven, late of Germany, is mayor—and pretty near as able a magistrate as Mr. Ned Clarke. Bangala has a garrison of sixty men and two Krupp guns for boring holes in obtrusive natives. It also has a brick manufactory for the production of missiles for peppering would-be invaders in case of emergency. At this point Major Bartelott, who had been formally appointed commander of the Rear Column, was ordered to proceed with Mr. Tib to Stanley Falls, and have a clear understanding with that gentleman as to when he would be on hand at Yambuya with his 600 carriers. The Expedition itself started off with expedition and reached Yambuya on June 12th. This was the former home of Baruti, Stanley's little dude servant, and here he had a most affecting meeting with a brudder of his who came to the side of the steamer in response to his call. The rest of the natives acted in a remarkably stand-offish manner, however, which was disappointing, as Mr. Stanley had intended, with his entire party, to become their guests for several weeks. Finding them unwilling to extend an invitation or even to negotiate on a basis of rent, he brought his steamers up close to their village and then set the whistles going with a terrific uproar. The whole tribe turned and dove into the bush, and the Expeditioners calmly walked in and took possession of their town. This is not the first instance in which people have been done out of their rightful possessions by the clamor and noise of others. Having entrenched themselves securely they sat down to wait for the return of Major Bartelott, who should have been back from Stanley Falls before this. But "he cometh not, she said." Day after day passed. Stanley grew very uneasy, believing that Tippu Tib must have made a broth of the gallant officer as a special feast for his cannibal neighbors. On June 22nd he was on the point of sending a detachment to look for the absentee, when the latter turned up safe and sound. He had been detained on business. And now Stanley was ready for business. He proposed to take 388 of the people, with officers Stairs, Jephson and Parke, and go on toward the lake, and he left instructions with Bartelott to wait for the arrival of the people from Bolobo with officers Bonny, Ward and Troup, with their accompanying baggage. Then to wait a little longer for the arrival of Mr. Tippu Tib and his carry-van (the Arab had promised by the beard of the Prophet to be on hand in nine



BARUTI MEETS HIS BRUDDER.



THE FOREMOST MAN.