

## SIX MONTHS ON THE CONGO.

Full Text of the Great African Explorer's Letter—Friendly Natives Give Stanley an Ovation—A Populous and Wealthy Land—The Natives know Who their Best Friend Is.

Extracts of a letter from Stanley, the great African explorer, to a friend in Boston, have been published. The following is the letter in full. It is dated Stanley Pool, Congo river, July 14.

You must have read the sensational telegram that appeared in the English papers, stating that one of our stations had been attacked, and the chief of the expedition gravely wounded. It was sent by the Dutch house which, strange to say, has joined our numerous antagonists, and as the Dutch are located at the mouth of the Congo, the slightest rumor of trouble is exaggerated. It was to this silly telegram that I am indebted for being despatched so suddenly to Congo again, when I was very unfit as you know. The news was grave, it is true, but not of the character we were told. The chief had been shot in the arm, but no station had been attacked. Our chief was, however, heartily disliked, and it seems that the subs combined to discourage him. This proved successful, and he left the expedition without a responsible head, and for the post there were half a dozen clamorous claimants. It even became disorganized, for no one's orders were respected by the mass, and the chiefs of stations also getting discouraged from such a state of affairs, many of them had gone home. This was a sad state of affairs, but no station was in danger of attack.

Six months have brought wonders. The natives, after comparison, have begun to learn who their best friend is, and my short absence from the Congo did more to impress them favorably toward me than my three years' work of patient and just dealing. All along the line I received an ovation, and each district testified its joy quite characteristically. It would be unbecoming in me to dilate on this. Since I have arrived carriers have appeared by hundreds, and the question of transportation has lost its importance; that is, I am no longer anxious about the future. Our stations can be supplied easily with native help, though I once doubted that natives here would ever appear in force enough to do reliable and efficient service. Now I am hopeful.

Since I arrived on the Congo last December I have been up as far as the equator, and have established two more stations, besides discovering another lake, Mar tumba, and exploring for one hundred miles or thereabouts, the river known on my map as the Ikembu, but which is really the Malundu. It is not as large as I stated in my book, but a stream the size of the Arkansas, deep, broad and very navigable. The big stream which I expect must drain the largest part of the south Congo basin must be somewhere higher up. Having become better acquainted with the country I am really struck with the dense population of the equatorial part of the basin, which, if it were uniform throughout, would give 49,000,000 souls. The number of products and the character of the people are likewise remarkable. The gums, rubber, ivory, camphor, wood and a host of other things would repay transportation, even by the very expensive mode at present in use. The people are born traders, and are, for Africans, very enterprising and industrious. They are bold in their expeditions, and risk everything to turn an honest penny.

My reception by this people was very flattering. Two incidents which occurred will keep my memory green for some time. A populous district was divided against itself, and there was nothing but war, throat cutting, carrying off of women, and much other atrocious evil. One of the chiefs in more prosperous times had visited one of my stations below, and we had purchased a fine, large canoe from him, which we had with us. He recognized it as we were sailing past, and called out. We went ashore and made up our minds to halt and buy provisions. It was then I learned that the chief was at war with his former friends, and among the names of the chiefs that he mentioned was one who had pledged brotherhood with one of my subordinates. The causes of the war and all else I soon learned, and I then asked:

"How long have you been fighting?"

"Two months."

"Can I not do something to stop it?"

"Oh, yes, if you will. They will all listen to you. We are well tired of it, because we lose money and life, but we dare not ask for peace first."

I sent two of my boats to the rival chiefs and told them if they wished to see me and to make brotherhood with me to stop the war. "We leave it to you," they said. "You decide as to who is wrong, and let the guilty party pay a fine." Three days' talk settled the matter, peace was declared, and I was elected father and mother of the country. A little below there was another populous district called Holindi. They heard of what I had done and sent me a very hearty welcome. Here also I was elected father and mother.

I have been delighted with my trip and enjoyed robust health. Indeed I feel at this moment as strong and as active as ever. The only anxiety I have is for the new Europeans, who, before they are acclimated or before they have learned the simple art of doctoring themselves, are a great trouble, though I have two doctors to attend the sick.

## Salmon Cannery.

The firms or individuals who own the salmon canneries to run on co-operative principles furnish to each fisherman his outfit and pay him a fixed price for each fish, deducting one-third of the market rate for the use of his outfit. A boat properly equipped for the season costs \$750. This year the market price of salmon was ninety cents each, but a heavy run coming in, the price dropped as low as forty cents during the season. The price is fixed by mutual agreement, and partly owing to the wholesome influence of the co-operative concerns, the result arrived at is usually satisfactory all round. The fishermen are largely of foreign birth, Scandinavians, Italians, and Greeks being largely represented. Without Chinese labor, the canners say, the work could not be done, and Chinese fishermen are relied upon as being more steady than the proud Caucasians. As so large a number as 40,000 fish may be caught in a single day, at a market price not less than fifty cents each, one can readily see into what excesses the lucky fisherman may be tempted. The whisky shops of Astoria, Or., are almost as many in number as the houses of legitimate business and residence. The Chinaman never gets drunk, never strikes for higher wages, and never hesitates to work extra hours when a great run of fish comes in. The white man is less trustworthy in these respects. The Chinamen, too, are very expert in handling the fish. The "slitter," as he is usually called, is usually a stalwart Chinaman who ranges a long row of fish on the table before him, with the tails toward him. With a rapid movement he walks along the row, cutting off fins and tails as he moves. Then the fish are reversed, and, with equal celerity, he chops off each head with a single motion. Then he splits the fish open and removes the entrails. It seems to an observer that there is a great waste here, as no serious attempt is made to utilize the offal, which is rich in oil and fertilizers. The average weight of the live salmon is thirty-two pounds each, although fish weighing as high as eighty pounds have been caught. The dressed fish weighs just about one-half less than it does when caught.

The introduction of labor-saving machinery has greatly facilitated the operations of canning. Revolving knives cut the fish to the exact size of the cans into which they are to be packed, and an elaborate and ingenious machine fills each can as rapidly as sixty men could when working with their hands. Each can passes through many processes, the total number of handlings being about 200. And yet, so rapid is the labor and so abundant the supply of fish, that the canner is fairly satisfied if he can make a profit of ten cents per can.—Correspondence New York Times.

## Railway Wages in British Columbia.

From the Victoria Evening Press the following official list of wages on the Canada Pacific railway (A. Oosterdonk, contractor,) in British Columbia: Overseers \$125 per month, rock foremen \$3.50 to \$4 per day, earth foremen \$2.50; \$3.50, bridge foremen \$3.50 to \$4.50, bridge carpenters, 1st class, \$3.50, 2d do. \$3, masons \$2.50 to \$3.50, stonecutters \$3 to \$3.50, blacksmiths, 1st class, \$3.50, 2d do. \$3, bl. cksmiths' helpers \$1.50 to \$2, drillers \$2 to \$2.50, laborers, \$1.75 to \$2, hewers, \$3.50, choppers \$2 to \$2.50, roopers \$2.50, of ten hours per day. The contractors leave it optional with the men to board with them at \$4 per week.

## A Parrot Stung to Death by Bees.

A parrot belonging to a railway signalman named Jackman, living at Wimborne, Dorset, was stung to death by bees. The bird had been hung out of doors almost daily in fine weather, and had never been attacked before. It is supposed that it must have struck at a bee with its beak or wings, and that the bees near at once flew into the cage and attacked the bird.

## Loss and Gain.

## CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago  
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I could not move!

I shrunk!  
From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.  
How to Get Sick.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

A million and a half dollars has been paid for a ranch in Greer County, Texas, by M. C. G. Francklyn, of the Cunard Line.

Smoke from the swamp fires near Westboro, Mass., has been so dense for some days that teams entering the town have lost their reckoning, and milmen have had to use a for horn. A farmer got off his course and had to be piloted back to his starting place.

A PHYSICAL WRECK.—A hacking cough saps the physical constitution, not alone because it destroys the tissue of the lungs and develops tubercles which corrode and destroy them, but also because it ruins rest and impairs digestion. How important, therefore, is a resort to judicious medication to stay its ravages. A total physical wreck must inevitably ensue without this. In the choice of a remedy the pulmonary invalid is sometimes misled by spurious representations, to the serious prejudice of his bodily well-being. The only safe resort is a tried and highly sanctioned remedy. The credentials of Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda entitle it to the place it occupies, viz., that of the foremost cough medicine and lung invigorant sold on this continent. The testimony of veteran physicians, and a popularity based on merit, combine to give it the prestige of a standard medicine. In cases of asthma, weak chest and lungs, bronchitis, laryngitis and other throat and lung complaints, it may be implicitly relied upon.

Poker has almost superseded whist in what might be called its special domain—the Cavendish club, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin; indeed, so popular has the American game become that Stephen's Green has been christened "Poker Flat."

## GET IT, SUKE!

Wells' "Rough on Rats" Almanac, at druggists, or mailed for 2c. stamp. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City.

The Mormon settlement of Stringtown, in Idaho, extending from Clifton to Oxford, is five miles long. The homesteaders' residences are within 300 feet of each other, and the farms are mere strips of land about 250 feet in width. The land was taken out in this manner to give every settler a frontage on the public road.

Mr. A. Fisher, of the Toronto Globe, says: "I take great pleasure in recommending Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure to the public. I have suffered with Dyspepsia for some time, and have tried several remedies without receiving any benefit. Being recommended to do so I used one bottle, and must say that I find the result perfectly satisfactory, not having been troubled with this distressing disease since, and would recommend others similarly afflicted to purchase a bottle at once and try it, as I am satisfied they will receive a benefit from its use."

Why go about with that aching head? Try Ayer's Pills. They will relieve the stomach, restore the digestive organs to healthy action, remove the obstructions that depress nerves and brain, and thus cure your headache permanently.

The usefulness of the American style of dress has greatly impressed the Corcan Prince, who, however, thinks his national costume the handsomer.

\* Druggists say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best remedy for female complaints they ever heard of.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT

OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.

Gentlemen:

## Ayer's Hair Vigor

Has been used in my household for three reasons:—

- 1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
- 2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
- 3d. As a dressing.

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,

WM. CAREY CRANE."

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO'S  
**IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR**  
**A NEW DISCOVERY.**  
For several years we have furnished the dairymen of America with an excellent artificial color for butter so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prizes at both International Dairy Fairs.  
But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as the best in the world.  
**It Will Not Color the Buttermilk. It Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.**  
And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid.  
**BEWARE** of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.  
If you cannot get the "Improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense.  
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

## NO SHAM, BUT REAL

WATER WAVES.



Copyright secured. (Copyright applied for.)  
20,000 sold since I first introduced them. No Designs, Fresh Stock, No Old Trash. The on Fashionable Hair Store in Toronto. W. L. Switches, Coquettes, Bang Nets, Countess Nets, Golden Hair Wash, Novelties in Hair Ornaments, &c. Wholesale and retail at the Paris Hair Works, 107 Yonge street, between King and Adelaide streets.

A DOREN WEND,