

AFRICAN RAJACE.

A Story Blended with Some Interesting Colonial History.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

CHAPTER I.

I find that very few of my countrymen understand anything of the detail of village life in Africa. Because the people who print the maps choose to color the region with carmine and another with cobalt, nations take an idea that there are great nations there, each, I suppose, with a president, a congress, reporters, and primary meetings, and everything else to make people comfortable. All this is wrong. Africa, almost everywhere, and in particular Central Africa, south of the Great Desert, and north of what we call, conveniently enough, the Cape, is a land, I had almost said, of villages. By this I mean that there are, I dare not so many tribes, living comfortably enough, each in its own place, only molested when Arab slave traders come along; now that the slave trade of the Atlantic has been happily put down.

It is in a little village in one of these really independent tribes that I had the adventure which I now describe. If you look on any map which is old enough you will find the kingdom of Lower Mandara. In that kingdom is, or should be, this village of sixty or eighty huts,

What I did was to lay my head on one side as if I were desirous of sleeping, and to put my finger in my mouth as if I wanted to eat. I had learned the first sign of the ballet, and the second from Mother Nature and the Navajo Indians. He laughed good-naturedly and pointed to the village. A group of boys and girls, with a few uncles and aunts, fathers and mothers, were assembled already to see the wonder. For myself, I was asking myself whether they would sing, as they did to Mungo Park.

Let us play the white man: No man other has to bring him milk, No wife to grind his corn.

But I am not writing for Mr. Fekkes or the Ethnological Society. So I will only say that my guide led me to the place as they march right and left as he would. Before ten minutes had passed I was lying on two or three nice sweet mats of indescribable perfume, and a gentle black woman, dressed also in a high-colored mat, as I said, were fresh from the mint of King Joannes of Portugal, the fourth of that name.

In another wrapper, where I found a husk or two of Indian corn was a very handsome wampum necklace of Narragansett manufacture. It had been my business to study wampum, not to say to me, it, to be sold. I have never seen more perfect beads than these, white and black both, and all of the best forms. I have no doubt that the string was in the same condition as when it was traded away by Canonius or some of his men.

The revelation was made on extraordinary terms. The silver and gold, almost of their nature, go all over the world. But wampum does not. How did this necklace—it was not a belt—come here?

I expressed by every sign—by raising of the eyebrows, holding up my open palms, and radiant smiles—my interest, curiosity and surprise. I might say puzzled amazement. Then I handed back the two necklaces, respectfully, to Redgown. Then the ceremony continued. More mats were laid out for me. Another parcel was reached, larger than the first. This was carefully opened, with sundry prostrations, and a knock or two of the forehead upon it. When all was opened it proved to be a bound book, which I had seen in the Bigot of Bonin, opened it at the title page, to find a perfect English Bible. For an instant I thought it was a waif from Mungo Park's equipment. No, it was of a date much earlier than he. "Cum Privilegio, London, 1642. Published by the Stationer."

How, when or why, by what agency of church, state or trade, had these things found their way here?

CHAPTER II.

I did not choose to abate the reverence with which I saw this book was regarded. I am as little given to bibliomania as any man. But in this case I made no scruple. I bowed as low as I could, and bowed and touched my forehead to the volume. Then I commanded silence. I opened at the Sermon on the Mount. I read the first three beatitudes and the Lord's prayer aloud, as solemnly and with such dignity as I could express. By a signal I made them all bow the heads and touch their hearts. I am sure, on my knees, I said, "Father in heaven, tell me what to do, what to say, and how to lead these people." I am sure they understood that I offered prayer.

As I bent forward to take a side-bow, I saw the priest, who was, I think, a priest of some kind. I carefully watched the folding of it in mats, and the business of taking it away with the necklace. Then I began a series of signs, and such interrogatories as can be expressed by the hands. Now, at a time that I had the skill of Huckleberry of Columbus, in translating into "visible speech" the language of the car.

They led me out into the open air. They showed me the sun, which was by itself, and they made me to understand that he rose at one point in one part of the year and at another at another's season. Then I felt that we were advancing. I had the night before been made to understand that two doubled fists, together with the fist of one another child and priest, I was taught that it was twenty-four tens of years since these things came into their possession. The son of Red Gown was young, a vigorous man of 50, and his son a boy of 15.

I was made to understand that Red Gown's father's father's father, seven generations back, brought the sacred things from a country beyond the sun. They pointed to each other the attempt of one another child and priest, I was taught that it was twenty-four tens of years since these things came into their possession. The son of Red Gown was young, a vigorous man of 50, and his son a boy of 15.

and there, in their archives, I got their part of the story. Strange enough it is, and you will find it in the archives of the village of Lower Mandara, looking much then as it looks now, there was to be a first-class wedding. This young fellow, as he was then, who is the hero of this story henceforth—his name was Telega—was to be married. And he was to be married to his sweetheart, as it happened. I am afraid it did not always happen so. But all the accounts agreed that it was a match of his making—nay, I believe they think, as I do, that this is the reason why we ever heard of him again.

Well, the forms of marriage were not ours. But in all countries lingers the tradition that the groom seizes the bride as, with her maidens, she goes escorted by him. So Telega seized Prosperine in Enns. And so, to this day, in a high wedding at church the bride and her maidens walk up the aisle, with the flowers they have gathered in their walk, and the groom, rightly dressed, with his men perhaps, steps out to meet her. Telega, as I said, bride walked with her maidens that day so at an ambush prepared and known of all, Telega and his men seized her, and then the procession passed on, he leading her to the great central house of the village, where the rite would come to an end.

Well, just as the tom-toms and banjos were doing their best that day, and the dancing girls dancing their best, down came a dozen Portuguese slave-drivers, with quilted cotton jackets on, and curved bows, and with guns loaded and matches burning. The dancing-girls shrieked and ran. The tom-tom men and boys ran. And Telega and his father and his friends fought like wildcats. But what had they to fight with? They were not even armed. The Portuguese were clapping handkerchiefs on seventeen of them and marching them off to a show which was waiting for them on the river. It was, as the traditions agreed, at the very bluff where the Princess Beatrice was mending her connecting cord, the day she wandered so far. Tradition is far more accurate, before books, paper, and ink came in.

What happened then I do not know. But it is clear enough that Telega and his neighbors were not used to being slaves, and they were not used to being a wretched life. They knocked them down, they jumped overboard, they set the barracons on fire, and at the last the Portuguese captain was glad enough to trade Telega off to a man whose language he could not understand, and who was in the Bigot of Bonin, a Moorish port where he was trading. This man of the unknown language was no other than Nathan Gibbons, a master who had sailed out of Boston, in a ship rigged as a brigantine, whose name I do not know. He looked around in the Bigot of Bonin, he picked up some cotton and some palm-oil and a little gold-dust, he watered his vessel and went back to Lisbon with her. What happened then I do not know. I do know that, four or five years after the wreck of the Portugal, he picked up Master Telega, the bridegroom, was landed at Gibbons' Wharf in Boston. I know that Gibbons' uncle was selling off the cargo, and that Telega was advertised by poster and by town-crier, to be sold, as a hearty, strong, negro boy, just arrived from Africa.

When Sherman reached Atlanta, he had much trouble in keeping back camp-followers, sutlers, women, curiosity-seekers, and so on. He gave stringent orders that no one was to be allowed to go to the front without a specific order. Just about that time a surgeon came back from a furlough. He had passed through to Atlanta, but at Chattanooga they refused to allow his wife to accompany him further. They had only been married a few weeks, and he had received her she should go with him, orders or no orders. Accordingly he dressed her as a soldier, and managed to smuggle her on a train. At Resaca, she was stopped, her sex being discovered. The officer of the post absolutely refused to let her go, after appealing to the officer's sense of mercy, he fell back on Scripture. "My pass allows one to go to the front," he said, "and Scripture says a man and his wife are one."

"Thunder!" retorted the officer; "Sherman outranks Scripture all to blazes in these times."

In consequence of the enormous initial velocity of the bullet in the new Mannlicher rifle, and the resulting friction and wear on the barrel, it has become necessary to devise some method preventing both of these evils. The manager of the Government Laboratory at Thun, Switzerland, has consequently devised a method of incasing the leaden bullet in a thin metallic covering, while over this he places a wrapper of specially prepared oleaginous paper, which reduces the wear of the rifle barrel to a minimum, without interfering with the course of the bullet.

Used Them for Observatories.

The white ant constructs habitations many yards in height, which are so firmly and solidly built that the builders are able to mount and use them as observatories; they are made of particles of wood joined by a gummy substance, and are able to resist even the force of a hurricane.

The speed of a hawk or gull on the wing is almost incredibly great. One of the swiftest hawks could make a round of the equator at the rate of 100 miles an hour.

Unusually severe hurricanes may be expected in the West Indies and on the Gulf of Mexico during July and August, and while these hurricanes are on the Gulf we may expect sudden cool periods in the Northwestern States.

Local Forecasts.

Weather changes move from west to east across the continent, and each local forecast is made for within 250 miles eastward from the meridian mentioned, and for all the country between 25 and 50 degrees of north latitude. These local weather changes will occur within twenty-four hours before or after sunset of the dates given:

- SANTA FE, DENVER, AND BLACK HILLS MERIDIAN.
- July 17—Warmer.
- July 18—Storm wave on this meridian.
- July 19—Wind changing.
- July 20—Cooler and clearing.
- July 21—Fair and cool.
- July 22—Moderating.
- July 23—Warmer.

- GALVESTON, KANSAS CITY AND MINNEAPOLIS MERIDIAN.
- July 17—Moderating.
- July 18—Warmer.
- July 19—Storm wave on this meridian.
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- ATLANTA, CINCINNATI AND LANSING MERIDIAN.
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- July 19—Warmer.
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- July 21—Wind changing.
- July 22—Cooler and clearing.
- July 23—Fair and cool.

Coal and a B. Notes.

In order to form a 25 to 50 foot coal vein from vegetation would require 200 to 400 feet of fallen vegetable decay. The vegetation from which geologists declare coal is derived grows in swamps where there is an abundance of water, but not sufficient to cover the vegetation entirely while it is growing. Therefore, in order to produce even 240 feet of the coal-forming vegetation, the surface of the swamp water would necessarily have to gradually rise at least fifty feet, as the vegetation on the water would accumulate otherwise the vegetation would soon be high and dry above the water, where it would not grow.

It would not do to say that this vegetation began to grow and accumulate at the bottom of a lake which deepened, gradually filling up the lake with the vegetable remains, for that class of vegetation will not grow in such a lake.

Geologists say that hard coal is formed of soft coal by volcanic heat and great pressure. In this they are probably correct. The soft coal is formed by the heat and pressure driving off the water and the lighter oils of the soft coal. In that case all the dirt, the incombustibles, the gravel, rock, pyrites of iron, etc., would remain in the hard coal, and we would have a greater proportion of dirt in this dirt than in soft coal. But every person who has used hard and soft coal knows that the proportion of ash or dirt in the hard coal is not more than one-half what it is in soft coal.

This is positive evidence, irrefutable, that instead of coal being formed of vegetation in a swamp it fell as cosmic dust. The heavier forms would settle quickly in deep water, and therefore we have the hard coal with but little ash or dirt in it. The lighter forms, which are the shale, water, reach the shallow waters near the shore, and contain more dirt than the anthracite or hard coal.

When our coal beds were deposited in the Mississippi Valley was the shallow part of the sea, as the south end of Baffin's Bay now is the shallow part and near the shores, and the region of New York and Pennsylvania a hard coal was in the deep sea. On this line of thought, and on the line of coal formations all is clear.

Almost universally fire-clay is found under beds of coal, and instead of it being a vegetable producing clay, it, as a rule, fell on vegetable growth, smothering and killing it. In northern latitudes the clay is found under great masses of carbonate, the two deposits being in and covered with great masses of solid glacier ice, with not a particle of evidence of any vegetation ever existed there. These deposits from which they could have been carried by water.

WEATHER FORECASTS. AROUND A GREAT STATE.

WHAT PROPHET FOSTER HAS TO SAY.

A Storm of Considerable Energy in the Upper Missouri Valley About the 18th—Drooth Conditions to Continue in Parts of the South.

My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm wave due to cross the continent from 11th to 15th, and the next will reach the Pacific coast about the 16th, cross the Western mountains by the close of the 17th, and the Eastern States about the 21st.

This storm will be at its greatest energy in the Upper Missouri Valley about the 17th and 18th.

Weather, moving eastward, will cross the Western mountains about the 19th, the great central valleys about the 21st, and the Eastern States about the 23d.

Drooth conditions in large localities will continue in many parts of the Southern States and in Northern sections and in countries of more than 2,000 feet elevation, the weather will be more seasonable.

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BRIEF COMPILATION OF ILLINOIS NEWS.

Lively Times for Elder Dunscombe at Odin—State Fair Premium List Ready—Doubt Tragedy at Springfield—Jealousy Causes Murder at Quincy.

From Far and Near.

JAMES S. D. STEWART, of Williamson County, had scarcely got outside of the Chester Penitentiary walls when he was nabbed on a warrant for incest with his niece.

At Rock Island the American Clothing Company was taken possession of by the sheriff on the strength of a judgment amounting to \$5,000 held by the Rock Island National Bank.

SIMON JOHNSON, in jail at Quincy for shooting his wife, will be tried for murder in the first degree. The shooting occurred Tuesday night at the woman's residence Sunday in great agony. Jealousy was the cause.

GOV. FRER appointed Dr. Ed Vincent, of Springfield, Surgeon General of the Illinois National Guard, to succeed Col. F. L. Matthews, deceased. He will be a member of the Governor's staff, and will be a colonel.

SAVILE HALL, of Chicago, a carpenter employed on Machinery Hall at the World's Fair, stopped to pick up a board, when he slipped, and, seeing that a fall was inevitable, writhed about as possible to avoid striking the lumber, but he landed squarely on his feet, breaking both legs at the ankles. He will probably recover, though he fell seventy feet.

OSCAR WISSINGER, a Springfield tinner, aged 60 years, who was divorced three months ago from his wife on her petition, returned Saturday, from Indianapolis, where he had been working. He went to her house, had a few words with her and then shot her twice, once through the heart, with a revolver. Wissinger then put the weapons on his own head, fired, and fell back down. He had been regarded as insane for some time. The couple leave eleven children.

The congregation of the Christian Church at Odin is in a turmoil, and it is all caused by the actions of a young minister of the gospel named Frank M. Dunscombe. Some time ago the church engaged Elder Dunscombe as pastor for one year. Since then the members and the officials of the church, with other members, became dissatisfied with his manner of conducting himself among the worldly element of the town and requested him to retire from the pastorate. The minister demurred. Sunday he went to the town and found the members of the church looked. He opened an impromptu service on the street corner, and was soon surrounded by a goodly congregation, who attentively listened to a sermon upon the subject of "Pharisee and Christian." His numerous local applications were not returned. He had announced his intention of conducting services in the church, or near it, in two weeks.

The premium list of the Illinois State Fair to be held at Peoria, Sept. 26 to 30 next is now ready for distribution, and can be had on application to the Secretary at Springfield. This classification was approved by the State Board of Agriculture, and is the most complete of any ever issued by the State Board of Agriculture. It embraces everything in the live-stock line from a Langshan rooster to a French draft stallion; in the women's department, from a cotton candy to an embroidered silk quilt; in the fine art department, from a charcoal drawing to an original oil painting; in the machinery department from a turnip to a big "yaller" pumpkin. No pains or expense has been spared to make the coming Fair the most interesting and profitable of any yet held in this State. There will be no State Fair in 1893 owing to the World's Fair and in view of the possible permanent location of the State Fair, which will give the Board of Agriculture ample time to attend to the erection of new amphitheatres, exhibit halls, offices, stands, dining halls, racetrack, barns, pens, and other accommodations required.

THOMAS PHIMISTER, a farmer, aged 59 years, was found dead near his home, eight miles south of Carterville. The night before he picked up his gun and started out with it, telling his family that he would not return by bedtime. He was to be alarmed, as he would be in for breakfast. A post mortem examination was made, and it was learned that he died from brain trouble. Phimister had been drinking hard of late.

CHAPIN and its vicinity was visited by a cyclone. One man was killed, three so seriously hurt they will likely die, and a large number of buildings were blown down. The storm at Winchester was extremely severe. A Walsh freight train was blown from the track, and a tramp who was stealing a ride was blown into the air. The storm at Franklin the storm was terribly severe. The latter place was visited by a terrible cyclone.

THROUGH the agency of the Illinois Humane Society, a large number of people have been prosecuted during the last month for cruelty to horses. The continuous rains have caused a great deal of trouble, and much muddy and difficult going. This, as a usual thing, has not been taken into consideration by the drivers of draft horses, nor has it made any difference with the loads which are piled on the backs of the draft horses. It is quite a common thing, when a wagon wheel gets stuck in the mud, for the brute of a driver to whip the horse until the wheel is extricated, or the driver is tired out. The roads which have been made by the Illinois Humane Society should not relax its vigilance. No brute who abuses a dumb animal should escape the law.

MARGARET MATHIE, the actress, was one of the many applicants for a divorce before Judge Vail at Chicago. Even after the testimony was taken no one knew that she was the celebrated actress, as the case was tried in the name of Margaret F. vs. Emil Haberkorn.

Monday afternoon as a freight train on the Peoria Road, passing Bala, the engine made an unusual noise, which caused the engineer, James Sanders, to lean out of the cab widow to discover the cause. While doing so the train crossed a bridge over a creek and came in contact with it, fracturing his skull. He died at the Cairo hospital.



"IT BROUGHT ME OUT ON THE SLOPE OF A HILL."

But with all deference to the men who made the maps and the chronolithograph men who color them, I doubt if anybody in that village ever heard of the kingdom of Upper or Lower Mandara, or knew that he lived under a king. They lived a good deal like the people of Cranberry in the New England States, and they were anxious to get into the county, and when they had not voters enough to send a member to the Legislature.

For me, I had come up the Congo to a point—well, say sixty miles below Koussa, where a good deal of the connecting rod of the steamer and she was laid up for repairs for twenty-four hours. I was glad of the chance to stretch my legs and to try for game, and started off as soon as the engineer made this report, with my two boys, as they were called. Philip and John. Philip was of no great use but as an interpreter with the other, who had a great deal of good woodcraft in him and other working capacity. We had great luck, as how could a man fall to, going through meadows and woods which were full of game. I had a good deal of experience in an entomologist before. I had bagged and chloroformed and stuck, well, twenty-five fine butterflies and had left a dozen traps for moths, to be examined when we came to the next day. We had lunched under a grove of new trees, when I saw what I afterwards knew better, but what then I had never seen—a magnificent specimen of Vanessa, larger than Erckhardt's, and, as I supposed, rightly, wholly new. I simply called to the boys that they were not to leave the place, and started after him.

A Messed tramp he led me, up hill and down dale. Holl' oh, how hot it was! Bamboos here, pepper trees there, plantains, bananas, palm trees—now in the shade, now in the sun, and this lovely flatterin', flutterin' flutter after me, with the wits and wit of a Siren and an Oread combined. But I was too much for him. After an hour I had the splendid creature—there he is now, framed under a glass, hanging on the wall opposite where we were, slung my box on my back after he had chloroformed and fixed him, and then started back to my men.

If I had found them there would have been no story. The tramp was that my handsome man, and there the Vanessa, had bewitched the books and the paths so that everything ran the wrong way. Even the sun in the heavens, when he shone at all, shone in the wrong quarter. Most of the time the sky was overcast, and that the sun in the west could not shine at all. And how was I to know my road there in the kingdom of Mandara, Upper or Lower, if the sun in the sky did not know his? I tramped and tramped, now in the sun, and this long before. At last I came to a path tolerably well beaten, and it brought me out—on the river in sight of the smoke-stacks of the Princess Beatrice? Not a bit of it. It brought me out on the slope of a hill, on a large bananae, and with a village of sixty or seventy huts just below me.

I will not say I was frightened, for there is no good in telling tales out of school. But I will say I was not, for there is no harm in being a little nervous wherever he was, a well-used tramping tramp it was by my watch. I could not keep it much longer. So I boldly went down into the village.

Half a dozen of the curs snapped at me, just as if I had been in the village of the Yanktons, or in the Sahara. I made nothing of them, but passed on; and then, meeting a pleasant fellow, as black as the knave of clubs, with a handsome, good-natured face, and in a long blue night-gown, made in a Manchester print shop for a bed curtain, I made a man to him, in the best fashion of hotel-keepers. And he, restraining his laugh, made me in quite another fashion on me. Then he advanced, and boldly offered me his hand, and an Englishman might have done, much to my surprise. He said something also, to I know not what; and I took precedence of good ears not to slip a word of Arabic.



"I CAREFULLY UNBENTH IT FROM THE CHAIN."

All these tokens of Manchester were enough to show that they had learned the value of money. This was the first time they had seen that I had any, and I was graceless enough to think that it would be long before I handled my luck again.

But in this I thought as a Philistine thinks, as you shall see.

I gracefully unbent it from the chain and gave it to him with my best manner. What say, Jacob? "When you grant, grant cheerfully." Old nightgown showed it red right to blue nightgown, and to a red nightgown on the other side. Their faces beamed with astonishment and delight. Then they pointed to each other the attempt of the observe with evident joy. Then, with great ceremony, they handed back the piece to me. If it had been sacred it could not have been more reverently handled. Then blue and red nightgowns scrambled up from the benches, and ran rapidly than gracefully, and hurried from the house. What in thunder all this meant I could not guess.

And I was more than satisfied when they returned at this time again with certain ceremony. For what I might call an escort, rather than a bodyguard, came with them. Through the great open doorway I could see the procession of good men on their way to make see to open to the right and left to make