

LIFE ON THE CONGO RIVER.

E. J. GLAVE, ONE OF STANLEY'S OFFICERS, AND HIS ADVENTURES.

A Pioneer Captain at Nineteen Years of Age, and an Explorer at Twenty-two. Experiences in the Jungle—Views on the Slave Trade.

[Special Correspondence.] NEW YORK, March 6.—Mr. E. J. Glave was taken by surprise with my early call the other morning and met me in his parlor, on Lexington avenue, in undress costume, over which was thrown a long ulster. His parlor, by the way, looks rather like an apartment on the frontier; the conventional ornaments being hidden by trappings that belong to the outfit of a traveler in some far off clime, and the curious implements, and panoply of war, and grotesque decorations of a savage race.

This pioneer and explorer is a young man of athletic build and weighs 150 pounds. His face is strongly marked with lines showing energy and stamina. It is a good English countenance; a type found only among the adventurous types of that adventurous people. He was diffident about talking of himself, but finally consented to answer what was asked if he could.

"When did you first go to Africa?"

"In 1888, with Stanley, establishing posts."

"You were evidently young then."

"I was just 19."

"I think I can appreciate your spirit, for I ran away to war when in my teens. Now, why did you go with Stanley?"

"Purely to seek adventure," he said, rallying. I had struck the key that unlocks many a fund of adventurous narrative. "Yes, I was only 19, and at the end of four months after leaving England I was in command of a pioneer station on the Congo. We landed at Banana Point, at the mouth of the Congo, and then took a river steamer to Vivi, a hundred miles up."

"How did the climate agree with you at first?"

"I had the usual troubles, fevers and so on, for a time, but I soon got strong and remained there three years. I returned to England for ten months, and then went out again exploring the tributaries of the Congo, where I spent three years more."

"To what violent dangers were you exposed?"

"I lived among the natives with only one soldier and slept as securely as I do here in New York. Of course there are dangers in life and travel on the Congo. Some of the natives there are trouble some at times. Then there are the hippopotami, the rough waters, and the terrible tornadoes that come up without warning and have a tendency to swamp your boat before it can reach shore."

"What of the natives on the Congo?"

"They are a happy-go-lucky, good natured, childlike people, except when aroused to cruel passions by bloodthirsty, savage ceremonies. They are at times suspicious from the fear they have of stronger tribes from the interior."

"What about the chimpanzees?"

"He is simply an intelligent monkey."

"How about the notion that he is human and would talk but for fear of being enslaved should he do so?"

"That is nonsense. He is only a monkey and becomes very tame. In fact, they become too familiar around camp. When the crew are at mess the chimpanzees will run up and dip their paws in the pot to pull out their share."

"Are you an artist, Mr. Glave?"

"I made some sketches on the Congo, and they were used in the London illustrated papers and also in Stanley's 'Founding of a Free State.' I have none of my own that I could offer you, but here is a very curious picture of a native climbing a wine tree. It was made by another on the spot. The rope passes around the trunk of the tree and the body of the climber. By working the rope with a circular motion little by little he draws himself up the tree and can hold on at any point he chooses."

"What of the Congo region for development?"

"The climate will prevent extensive colonization, but the productions of the country admit of successful commercial enterprise, which, however, must be confined to the few. Great fortunes will be made by those fortunate enough to endure."

"Stanley is a unique character all the way through. He knows the native from the foundation up, and he wins in his conquests by tact and patience. On an expedition he lives the same as his men and is genial and talkative. I have spent hour after hour listening to his tales of adventure as we lay surrounded by the jungle, within earshot of the howling of beasts and of savage music, the very spot to lend a realism to his marvelous recollections of things of days gone by. Only a fortnight ago I received a friendly letter from him in which he calls up recollections of our mutual comrades with being inconsiderate. That is not his nature. The magnitude of his work may cause him to appear so at times. He moves with a vast responsibility resting upon him; like a conquering warrior he cannot stop to count the little ills that befall by the way. No great work is accomplished without some suffering."

"Speaking of the development of Africa, I should say that there is a work of development extending rapidly from the south coast up into the central portion. As in your own western country, new villages and towns are springing up like magic. In the gold region, south of the Congo, there is at present great activity, and fortunes are being won and lost there in mining, exploring, trading and all manner of enterprises that belong to a gold region."

"Mr. Glave wears as a decoration L'Étoile de Service—the Star of the Service—presented by the king of the Belgians."

"Are there many Americans in Africa?"

"Yes, as missionaries, and they seem to rough it well. They go far into the heart of the Dark Continent and found stations with missions. They are kind to the natives and hospitable to all white travelers whom fortune casts among

them, and they are a most desirable element to have there."

"Is there much territory remaining unexplored?"

"Very little. But much of that which has been explored in the past is now closed up; there are no roads and no stations, and the whole country has relapsed into an unknown wilderness peopled with savage tribes."

"Are young men good explorers and frontiersmen?"

"At proper age, yes; say between 30 and 40. Most great explorers in Africa have started out young."

"What have been some of your personal adventures?"

"I have shot buffalo, elephants, hippopotami, crocodile and huge serpents. I have also shot a soko, a dangerous half-brute, half-man, something like the gorilla. I hunted a great deal on both my trips. As a rule, I went out alone, accompanied by two natives. The natives do not take game as hunters do. They kill large animals by trap and use a net for small ones. I found that natives on a hunt would sympathize with the sentiments of their leader. If he showed the white feather, they were most happy to do the same. If he showed a disposition to 'go in,' they would follow with coolness and courage. I found it better to hunt alone—that is, without white men. As a rule men who go there to hunt have an idea of plenty of big game to be had for the shooting. They do not take into consideration the probability that the animal may dispute possession of himself. Now, when amateur hunters come to realize that hunting means fighting, and look out upon a sea of horns, menacing and murderous looking, they begin to tremble and then the hunting stability is all taken out of them. I have been charged by buffalo. I have been where life depended on my last shot and if my rifle had failed me then I would have been gone."

"The great quality for a hunter there is patience. It is wrong to fire from a great distance or without sure aim. When we kill big game we give it to the natives to insure their good feelings, but to hit big game at a venture, only wounding it, is an act of torture. I never could game as got unless I have the tail as a trophy. An animal may be hit and supposed to be mortally hurt, but he disappears in the jungle, never to be seen by his hunter again."

"Mr. Glave's manner, when I had secured his interest, convinced me that he is of the stuff for pioneering, and I asked him if he intended to return to Africa."

"Yes, after an interval to regain my

full powers. Only ten months elapsed between my first and second trips, and this time I intend to make it longer; then I shall return for three or four years. I am now preparing an account of my six years' hunting experiences for the boys of the St. Nicholas Magazine, and shall write upon weightier topics, particularly on slavery, for The Century Magazine. I return to England in April. In writing up the slave trade I shall relate what I have seen of the evil, with the hopes of arousing public sentiment on the question. African slavery will never be suppressed but by some gigantic movement sustained by the combined powers of Christendom. I am deeply interested in the question, and if an opportunity offers to abate the evil, an opportunity where I can take my own course and act on the suggestions of my own experience, I shall embrace it."

"The slaves of natives are badly used, and the Arabs who deal in slaves are very cruel."

"What of your experience with Stanley?"

"Stanley is a unique character all the way through. He knows the native from the foundation up, and he wins in his conquests by tact and patience. On an expedition he lives the same as his men and is genial and talkative. I have spent hour after hour listening to his tales of adventure as we lay surrounded by the jungle, within earshot of the howling of beasts and of savage music, the very spot to lend a realism to his marvelous recollections of things of days gone by. Only a fortnight ago I received a friendly letter from him in which he calls up recollections of our mutual comrades with being inconsiderate. That is not his nature. The magnitude of his work may cause him to appear so at times. He moves with a vast responsibility resting upon him; like a conquering warrior he cannot stop to count the little ills that befall by the way. No great work is accomplished without some suffering."

"Speaking of the development of Africa, I should say that there is a work of development extending rapidly from the south coast up into the central portion. As in your own western country, new villages and towns are springing up like magic. In the gold region, south of the Congo, there is at present great activity, and fortunes are being won and lost there in mining, exploring, trading and all manner of enterprises that belong to a gold region."

"Mr. Glave wears as a decoration L'Étoile de Service—the Star of the Service—presented by the king of the Belgians."

"Are there many Americans in Africa?"

"Yes, as missionaries, and they seem to rough it well. They go far into the heart of the Dark Continent and found stations with missions. They are kind to the natives and hospitable to all white travelers whom fortune casts among

them, and they are a most desirable element to have there."

"Is there much territory remaining unexplored?"

"Very little. But much of that which has been explored in the past is now closed up; there are no roads and no stations, and the whole country has relapsed into an unknown wilderness peopled with savage tribes."

"Are young men good explorers and frontiersmen?"

"At proper age, yes; say between 30 and 40. Most great explorers in Africa have started out young."

"What have been some of your personal adventures?"

"I have shot buffalo, elephants, hippopotami, crocodile and huge serpents. I have also shot a soko, a dangerous half-brute, half-man, something like the gorilla. I hunted a great deal on both my trips. As a rule, I went out alone, accompanied by two natives. The natives do not take game as hunters do. They kill large animals by trap and use a net for small ones. I found that natives on a hunt would sympathize with the sentiments of their leader. If he showed the white feather, they were most happy to do the same. If he showed a disposition to 'go in,' they would follow with coolness and courage. I found it better to hunt alone—that is, without white men. As a rule men who go there to hunt have an idea of plenty of big game to be had for the shooting. They do not take into consideration the probability that the animal may dispute possession of himself. Now, when amateur hunters come to realize that hunting means fighting, and look out upon a sea of horns, menacing and murderous looking, they begin to tremble and then the hunting stability is all taken out of them. I have been charged by buffalo. I have been where life depended on my last shot and if my rifle had failed me then I would have been gone."

"The great quality for a hunter there is patience. It is wrong to fire from a great distance or without sure aim. When we kill big game we give it to the natives to insure their good feelings, but to hit big game at a venture, only wounding it, is an act of torture. I never could game as got unless I have the tail as a trophy. An animal may be hit and supposed to be mortally hurt, but he disappears in the jungle, never to be seen by his hunter again."

"Mr. Glave's manner, when I had secured his interest, convinced me that he is of the stuff for pioneering, and I asked him if he intended to return to Africa."

"Yes, after an interval to regain my

full powers. Only ten months elapsed between my first and second trips, and this time I intend to make it longer; then I shall return for three or four years. I am now preparing an account of my six years' hunting experiences for the boys of the St. Nicholas Magazine, and shall write upon weightier topics, particularly on slavery, for The Century Magazine. I return to England in April. In writing up the slave trade I shall relate what I have seen of the evil, with the hopes of arousing public sentiment on the question. African slavery will never be suppressed but by some gigantic movement sustained by the combined powers of Christendom. I am deeply interested in the question, and if an opportunity offers to abate the evil, an opportunity where I can take my own course and act on the suggestions of my own experience, I shall embrace it."

"The slaves of natives are badly used, and the Arabs who deal in slaves are very cruel."

"What of your experience with Stanley?"

"Stanley is a unique character all the way through. He knows the native from the foundation up, and he wins in his conquests by tact and patience. On an expedition he lives the same as his men and is genial and talkative. I have spent hour after hour listening to his tales of adventure as we lay surrounded by the jungle, within earshot of the howling of beasts and of savage music, the very spot to lend a realism to his marvelous recollections of things of days gone by. Only a fortnight ago I received a friendly letter from him in which he calls up recollections of our mutual comrades with being inconsiderate. That is not his nature. The magnitude of his work may cause him to appear so at times. He moves with a vast responsibility resting upon him; like a conquering warrior he cannot stop to count the little ills that befall by the way. No great work is accomplished without some suffering."

"Speaking of the development of Africa, I should say that there is a work of development extending rapidly from the south coast up into the central portion. As in your own western country, new villages and towns are springing up like magic. In the gold region, south of the Congo, there is at present great activity, and fortunes are being won and lost there in mining, exploring, trading and all manner of enterprises that belong to a gold region."

"Mr. Glave wears as a decoration L'Étoile de Service—the Star of the Service—presented by the king of the Belgians."

HE LAID OVER ONE TRAIN.

They Were Small Holes, but They Convinced Him That He Could Wait.

"Put down room No. 52 to be called in time for the 4:30 train in the morning," he said, as he leaned gracefully over toward the night clerk of a Mississippi hotel.

"Case of life and death?" queried the clerk.

"Why, no; but I want to get to Jackson before noon."

"Hadn't you better wait for the 9:30 train?"

"What is it to you?"

"Nothing but the excitement and fuss, and I shall probably have to testify at the coroner's inquest."

"I don't exactly catch on."

"Come up stairs, please."

When they had ascended to the first sleeping floor the clerk continued:

"This is room No. 28, as you see. There are five bullet holes in the door. Man in here last week wanted to be called for that early train. Room No. 30 has seven bullet holes, but they stand for two men. This new piece in the carpet here is where a man fell and bled to death. Down here!"

"But who kills off these guests?" asked the traveler.

"Oh, the other guests. As soon as the nigger comes up and knocks and bows out, Col. Shaw, who has No. 32, reaches for his shotgun. Over in No. 39 Judge Havens slips out with his revolver. Maj. Brooks, who is in No. 33, always comes in a good third with a Derringer, and the rest of the fellows along the hall are always more or less well heeled. We don't care so much about the nigger, as niggers are mighty cheap around here, but there must be an inquest on the body of the white man, and"

"Did I say call me for the 4:30 train?" queried the traveler.

"I believe so."

"Then it was a mistake. I'm in no hurry. In fact, I like Mississippi in general and this town in particular; and even if I get away at 9:30 I shall be sorry to go. Just rub out the memoranda, and if I don't get up in time for breakfast you needn't mind sending a nigger up to pound on the door."—New York Sun.

Rigid Economy.

There is a good story told of the economical qualities of two well known and wealthy gentlemen living in the east part of town that is a good lesson for those recklessly extravagant persons who are not possessed of the true spirit of economy. On a certain night one of these gentlemen called on the other to transact a little business at the former's residence. The host lighted a candle that they might examine some papers, but he immediately blew it out again when they were through, leaving both sitting in the dark.

"Why did you blow out the candle?" asked the caller.

"Oh, we can talk in the dark as well as in the light, and it saves the candle," was the reply.

They continued their conversation for a short time, when the host heard some mysterious sounds coming from the direction of the caller's chair, and inquired what his friend was doing.

"Why," said his friend, "it's dark in here, and no one can see me, so I thought I would take off my trousers to save the wear on them."—St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald.

A Successful Diagnosis.

Sufferer—Dey's a powful ache in one ob dem, sah; but I kyan't tell yo' which one ob dem it an.

Sable Dentist—Well, sah, I'll jest pou'n' on each one ob dem on dat side wid dis yer 'IT' hammer; an' w'en I strikes de right one, yo' holler.

The plan proves successful in so far as locating the affected molar is concerned.—Harper's Weekly.

Would Blow It Away.

Mrs. Tufstake—Mr. Squibbs, permit me to express my admiration of your gentlemanly conduct. You are the only one of my boarders who does not blow on his food to cool it.

Mr. Squibbs—Thank you, Mrs. Tufstake. My portion is always so small that it do not dare to indulge in any such rash experiment.—Burlington Free Press.

A Gotham Dialogue.

She (reproachfully)—You are always saying unkind things to me. Last week you told me I reminded you of a Boston girl.

He (remorsefully)—Well, you may say I am like a Brooklyn man.

She (very earnestly)—Jack, I have a quick temper, but you know that I'm not vindictive.—Life.

Susie's Misfortune.

"Mamma," said little Katie, as she ran into the room, "Susie Brown fell out of her father's carriage and hurt herself awful."

"She did?"

"Yes; the doctor says she's sustained a compound fracture in her arm."—Philadelphia Times.

He Thought It Likely.

Mrs. Cumso—What do you think of the new theory that the birthplace of the human race was near the North pole?

Cumso—The theory is plausible, my dear. Noah navigated in the arctic regions, you know.—Yonowine's News.

For Culinary Purposes.

Lady of the House (calling down stairs to the cook)—Mary, can you tomatoes today.

Mary (failing to comprehend)—Mum!

Lady—I say can you tomatoes.

Mary (comprehending)—Can they what mum!—Washington Star.

Deserved an Increase of Salary.

There is a Washington correspondent who is noted for facility of expression rather than for accuracy. In fact, his paper has on several occasions had some explaining to do on his account. He is not remarkable for industry, and one of his employers while in Washington took occasion to say to him:

"Mr. J.—you don't seem to be exerting yourself much. I must confess I don't see what you have been doing. You haven't sent us two columns of matter in the last three weeks."

"I know it," was the reply, "but I've been saving the paper a heap of trouble."—Washington Post.

Companions in Distress.

"I have shot buffalo, elephants, hippopotami, crocodile and huge serpents. I have also shot a soko, a dangerous half-brute, half-man, something like the gorilla. I hunted a great deal on both my trips. As a rule, I went out alone, accompanied by two natives. The natives do not take game as hunters do. They kill large animals by trap and use a net for small ones. I found that natives on a hunt would sympathize with the sentiments of their leader. If he showed the white feather, they were most happy to do the same. If he showed a disposition to 'go in,' they would follow with coolness and courage. I found it better to hunt alone—that is, without white men. As a rule men who go there to hunt have an idea of plenty of big game to be had for the shooting. They do not take into consideration the probability that the animal may dispute possession of himself. Now, when amateur hunters come to realize that hunting means fighting, and look out upon a sea of horns, menacing and murderous looking, they begin to tremble and then the hunting stability is all taken out of them. I have been charged by buffalo. I have been where life depended on my last shot and if my rifle had failed me then I would have been gone."

"The great quality for a hunter there is patience. It is wrong to fire from a great distance or without sure aim. When we kill big game we give it to the natives to insure their good feelings, but to hit big game at a venture, only wounding it, is an act of torture. I never could game as got unless I have the tail as a trophy. An animal may be hit and supposed to be mortally hurt, but he disappears in the jungle, never to be seen by his hunter again."

"Mr. Glave's manner, when I had secured his interest, convinced me that he is of the stuff for pioneering, and I asked him if he intended to return to Africa."

"Yes, after an interval to regain my

full powers. Only ten months elapsed between my first and second trips, and this time I intend to make it longer; then I shall return for three or four years. I am now preparing an account of my six years' hunting experiences for the boys of the St. Nicholas Magazine, and shall write upon weightier topics, particularly on slavery, for The Century Magazine. I return to England in April. In writing up the slave trade I shall relate what I have seen of the evil, with the hopes of arousing public sentiment on the question. African slavery will never be suppressed but by some gigantic movement sustained by the combined powers of Christendom. I am deeply interested in the question, and if an opportunity offers to abate the evil, an opportunity where I can take my own course and act on the suggestions of my own experience, I shall embrace it."

"The slaves of natives are badly used, and the Arabs who deal in slaves are very cruel."

"What of your experience with Stanley?"

"Stanley is a unique character all the way through. He knows the native from the foundation up, and he wins in his conquests by tact and patience. On an expedition he lives the same as his men and is genial and talkative. I have spent hour after hour listening to his tales of adventure as we lay surrounded by the jungle, within earshot of the howling of beasts and of savage music, the very spot to lend a realism to his marvelous recollections of things of days gone by. Only a fortnight ago I received a friendly letter from him in which he calls up recollections of our mutual comrades with being inconsiderate. That is not his nature. The magnitude of his work may cause him to appear so at times. He moves with a vast responsibility resting upon him; like a conquering warrior he cannot stop to count the little ills that befall by the way. No great work is accomplished without some suffering."

"Speaking of the development of Africa, I should say that there is a work of development extending rapidly from the south coast up into the central portion. As in your own western country, new villages and towns are springing up like magic. In the gold region, south of the Congo, there is at present great activity, and fortunes are being won and lost there in mining, exploring, trading and all manner of enterprises that belong to a gold region."

"Mr. Glave wears as a decoration L'Étoile de Service—the Star of the Service—presented by the king of the Belgians."

"Are there many Americans in Africa?"

"Yes, as missionaries, and they seem to rough it well. They go far into the heart of the Dark Continent and found stations with missions. They are kind to the natives and hospitable to all white travelers whom fortune casts among

them, and they are a most desirable element to have there."

"Is there much territory remaining unexplored?"

"Very little. But much of that which has been explored in the past is now closed up; there are no roads and no stations, and the whole country has relapsed into an unknown wilderness peopled with savage tribes."

"Are young men good explorers and frontiersmen?"

"At proper age, yes; say between 30 and 40. Most great explorers in Africa have started out young."

"What have been some of your personal adventures?"

"I have shot buffalo, elephants, hippopotami, crocodile and huge serpents. I have also shot a soko, a dangerous half-brute, half-man, something like the gorilla. I hunted a great deal on both my trips. As a rule, I went out alone, accompanied by two natives. The natives do not take game as hunters do. They kill large animals by trap and use a net for small ones. I found that natives on a hunt would sympathize with the sentiments of their leader. If he showed the white feather, they were most happy to do the same. If he showed a disposition to 'go in,' they would follow with coolness and courage. I found it better to hunt alone—that is, without white men. As a rule men who go there to hunt have an idea of plenty of big game to be had for the shooting. They do not take into consideration the probability that the animal may dispute possession of himself. Now, when amateur hunters come to realize that hunting means fighting, and look out upon a sea of horns, menacing and murderous looking, they begin to tremble and then the hunting stability is all taken out of them. I have been charged by buffalo. I have been where life depended on my last shot and if my rifle had failed me then I would have been gone."

"The great quality for a hunter there is patience. It is wrong to fire from a great distance or without sure aim. When we kill big game we give it to the natives to insure their good feelings, but to hit big game at a venture, only wounding it, is an act of torture. I never could game as got unless I have the tail as a trophy. An animal may be hit and supposed to be mortally hurt, but he disappears in the jungle, never to be seen by his hunter again."

"Mr. Glave's manner, when I had secured his interest, convinced me that he is of the stuff for pioneering, and I asked him if he intended to return to Africa."

"Yes, after an interval to regain my

full powers. Only ten months elapsed between my first and second trips, and this time I intend to make it longer; then I shall return for three or four years. I am now preparing an account of my six years' hunting experiences for the boys of the St. Nicholas Magazine, and shall write upon weightier topics, particularly on slavery, for The Century Magazine. I return to England in April. In writing up the slave trade I shall relate what I have seen of the evil, with the hopes of arousing public sentiment on the question. African slavery will never be suppressed but by some gigantic movement sustained by the combined powers of Christendom. I am deeply interested in the question, and if an opportunity offers to abate the evil, an opportunity where I can take my own course and act on the suggestions of my own experience, I shall embrace it."

"The slaves of natives are badly used, and the Arabs who deal in slaves are very cruel."

"What of your experience with Stanley?"

"Stanley is a unique character all the way through. He knows the native from the foundation up, and he wins in his conquests by tact and patience. On an expedition he lives the same as his men and is genial and talkative. I have spent hour after hour listening to his tales of adventure as we lay surrounded by the jungle, within earshot of the howling of beasts and of savage music, the very spot to lend a realism to his marvelous recollections of things of days gone by. Only a fortnight ago I received a friendly letter from him in which he calls up recollections of our mutual comrades with being inconsiderate. That is not his nature. The magnitude of his work may cause him to appear so at times. He moves with a vast responsibility resting upon him; like a conquering warrior he cannot stop to count the little ills that befall by the way. No great work is accomplished without some suffering."

"Speaking of the development of Africa, I should say that there is a work of development extending rapidly from the south coast up into the central portion. As in your own western country, new villages and towns are springing up like magic. In the gold region, south of the Congo, there is at present great activity, and fortunes are being won and lost there in mining, exploring, trading and all manner of enterprises that belong to a gold region."

HE LAID OVER ONE TRAIN.

They Were Small Holes, but They Convinced Him That He Could Wait.

"Put down room No. 52 to be called in time for the 4:30 train in the morning," he said, as he leaned gracefully over toward the night clerk of a Mississippi hotel.

"Case of life and death?" queried the clerk.

"Why, no; but I want to get to Jackson before noon."

"Hadn't you better wait for the 9:30 train?"

"What is it to you?"

"Nothing but the excitement and fuss, and I shall probably have to testify at the coroner's inquest."

"I don't exactly catch on."

"Come up stairs, please."

When they had ascended to the first sleeping floor the clerk continued:

"This is room No. 28, as you see. There are five bullet holes in the door. Man in here last week wanted to be called for that early train. Room No. 30 has seven bullet holes, but they stand for two men. This new piece in the carpet here is where a man fell and bled to death. Down here!"

"But who kills off these guests?" asked the traveler.

"Oh, the other guests. As soon as the nigger comes up and knocks and bows out, Col. Shaw, who has No. 32, reaches for his shotgun. Over in No. 39 Judge Havens slips out with his revolver. Maj. Brooks, who is in No. 33, always comes in a good third with a Derringer, and the rest of the fellows along the hall are always more or less well heeled. We don't care so much about the nigger, as niggers are mighty cheap around here, but there must be an inquest on the body of the white man, and"

"Did I say call me for the 4:30 train?" queried the traveler.

"I believe so."

"Then it was a mistake. I'm in no hurry. In fact, I like Mississippi