

In Central Soudan.

As we approach the town, and when least expected, a party of horsemen in fierce Bedouin like array will spring from behind some cliff or out of an unseen hollow, and with narrow-piercing war-cries and unearthly screams, spears leveled or swords uplifted, bear down upon us like a whirlwind, amid clouds of dust, apparently bent on annihilating or sending to Gehenna such infidels as ourselves. But even though you feel a decided want of backbone, a dozen spears, as it were, already quivering in your bodies, and your heads not worth the purchase, pray do not run away, nor even blench for one moment. Assume an indifferent expression, as if being chopped up or spitted on spears was a daily experience. If you can smile in the emergency, all the better, for just as we seem to feel the hot breath of their horses on our cheeks, and in a bewildered sort of way realize the disagreeable proximity of several spears, another shout will bill the air, the galloping horses as if by magic will stand stock-still, enveloping us in a cloud of dust, and by the cordial shouts of welcome and hearty adams we shall find the most pleasant assurance that all this fiendish display is intended as an honorable welcome to their town. Barely shall we have realized that this is the way they do these things in central Soudan, and that instead of being among foes we are among friends, when the horsemen are off again, seemingly bent once more on annihilating an unseen enemy.

Let us wait a minute, and from behind the gateway we shall hear the notes of native music, not such as would delight us at home, but yet harmonizing with our surroundings, and not without a certain wild, weird charm of its own. Some of you may have heard similar shrill melancholy strains in the streets of Cairo in festival processions, or still more appropriately in Arab camps. Presently, however, the music will cease to monopolize your attention, as the musicians themselves advance with their huge trumpets six feet long, their pipes and hour-glass-shaped tom-toms, heralding the approach of a Pillani nobleman. Following at no great distance comes the respected magnate, voluminously clothed, and mounted on a prancing fiery-eyed horse, one mass of rich trappings, which jingle and rustle at its every step. This is the messenger sent to bid us welcome by the Sultan—a task which he will perform with that dignified bearing and inborn grace which seem somehow specially characteristic of Mohammedan races. This ceremony over, the horseman will once more engage in mimic battle, showing their modes of fighting, and the skill with which they wield their weapons and manage their horses. Thus escorted, we shall be expected to fall into procession, and headed by a court singer, who improvises a chant in our honor, which is accompanied by the pipes, and accentuated by the stentorian notes of the trumpets and the unmusical notes of the tom-toms, we shall be conducted through wondering but respectful crowds to the quarters specially provided for us in the town.

Let us imagine that this quaint and interesting ceremony is over, and that we are safely housed, that we have listened to a second messenger from the Sultan, and looked over the abundance of good things sent for our immediate entertainment, and finally left alone to refresh ourselves and rest after the excessive fatigues of our journey.

Toward the cool of the evening we can afford to wander forth once more, and seek new sights and scenes to gratify our lively curiosity. We must be prepared to be followed by crowds of the lower classes, more eager to see us than even we can be to see them. But observe how respectful they are, and how little of barbarous vulgarity they have in their examination of us, as compared with the pagan tribes we have hitherto passed through on our journey.

Leaving for another occasion the examination of the inside of their houses—their *penitralia*—let us wander through the town. Long dead-walls of glaring red clay suggesting prisons are varied by the occurrence here and there of a square tower-like building having an ordinary door-way to the street. From the roofs of these towers project long clay pipes to drain off the water from the flat roofs. Sometimes, instead of a flat-roofed building, a conical-roofed building takes its place, and in place of the ordinary European-like door-way characteristic of all the square buildings a horseshoe-shaped entrance performs the same duty. Mats or fences of sorghum stalks replace not infrequently the massive mud walls of the wealthy. These are all the architectural features which meet the inquiring gaze of the traveller.

Having thus little to note in the houses, we must turn to other objects for points of interest. And truly there is no lack. In shady nooks sit picturesque groups of natives in all kinds of combinations discussing the news of the day, haggling over a purchase, or busily engaged in embroidery or making up of gowns and trousers. This trade, we may note, is here entirely in the hands of men, who ply the needle with much skill. Farther on we meet a courtier gorgeously dressed, look-

ing in his voluminous garments like Falstaff in bulk, as he goes ambling past on his still more richly decorated horse, bent on a little exercise in the cool of the evening. Of the personal appearance of this aristocrat I shall not now speak, but we may take notice of the horse. By good-luck here happens to be one standing waiting to be mounted, so we can more conveniently examine steed and trappings in detail. The animal before us is a very fair specimen of a Soudanese horse. It is somewhat lanky, with little beauty of line, but it is fiery-eyed, and its tail and mane, being neat, give it a somewhat wild appearance. Soudanese horses are generally very vicious and difficult to manage, stallions alone being used for riding purposes. They are specially trained for sudden forward charges, to stop within their own length when in full gallop, to turn with equal rapidity, and away like the wind out of harm's way. At other times the favorite mode of progression is by making the horse's left legs simultaneously alternate with those of the right side, a method of travelling which is very pleasant and easy. The riders are fond of making their horses prance and plunge about with fierce and fiery action. There is nothing which the central Soudanese is so proud of as his horse, and nothing to which he devotes more time and attention than its appearance and trappings. The head-gear is almost one mass of brass-plated ornaments, little bells and a thousand tassels and flaps of leather in yellow, light blue, or dark red. The beautifully plaited reins would almost hold an elephant in strength, while the bits are perfect instruments of torture. —Joseph Thompson, in *Harpers Magazine for July*.

Nebraska is getting to feel very big nowadays. An Omaha editor is writing a book. Nothing since the queen visited Hon. Buffalo Bill's show has made the heart of Nebraska swell so with local pride as the announcement of developing genius. Only one cup of bitterness has fallen into the general cup of joy, and that was when a measly Lincoln editor remarked that it wouldn't do to bind the work in calf, as there ought to be some difference between the inside and outside. —Topeka (Kan.) Capital

Ten Eyck and George Bubar, the English champion, will row three miles straightaway on Lake Quinsigamond for \$500 a side. Betting is in favor of the English sculler.

A Blind Man's Work.
Herr Fortelka, a lieutenant in the Austrian army, during the first campaign in Bosnia received a bullet in his right eye, and speedily became totally blind. Since his blindness he has invented, in addition to a magazine rifle, a new micrometer, an apparatus for automatic mapping, a new sort of gunpowder, two machines for anti-oxidation of metals at a small cost, and a number of smaller devices. "When either great or minute measurements are in question," says Herr Fortelka, "those who see with their eyes are often wrong, while I, who see with my fingers, am right." The models of his inventions have been entirely made by himself with the help of pieces of wood, string, and wire. —New York Sun.

Statistics of the Churches.
The Independent says that statistics show that the churches of the United States have communicants as follows: Methodist Episcopal, 4,346,516; Roman Catholic, 4,000,000; Episcopal, 430,531; Moravian, 10,850; Baptist, 3,682,907; Congregationalist, 825,372; Christian Union, 120,000; Friend, 105,000; Adventist, 97,711; Methodist, 18,750; Presbyterian, 1,982,436; Lutheran, 930,829; Reformed, 259,574; German Evangelical, 125,000; Mennonites, 80,000; Church of God, 45,000.

H. Rider Haggard's Books.
Mr. H. Rider Haggard's list of books which, he says, have influenced him in his career as an author consists of "Robinson Crusoe," "The Arabian Nights," "The Three Musketeers," Poe, Montaigne, etc., etc. His favorite novels are Dickens' "The Tale of Two Cities" and Lytton's "The Coming Race." His favorite book in the Bible is Ecclesiastes.

Laborers of a Prince.
Prince Abraham Hilmy has nearly completed his historical work on Egypt, which will contain long articles on the Soudan and the Pyramids. He will next devote himself to unravelling the mysterious connection between "Masonic rites" and the early Egyptian ceremonies. —Boston Budget.

Eclipse of the Sun.
The total eclipse of the sun on Aug. 19 will be visible all over Russia from the Baltic to eastern Siberia. Astronomers from the United States, England, Russia, Germany, Italy and France are arranging to observe the phenomenon from at least five different stations. —Arkansas Traveler.

Gen. Boulanger's Wounds.
Gen. Boulanger, the French minister of war, is no martyr general. Between 1870 and 1871 inclusive he was wounded four times. In the Franco-German war he had his elbow broken by a ball.

Mrs. Custer's Correspondence.
Mrs. Custer is a conscientious correspondent. "Boots and Saddles" has called out up to date some 500 letters of inquiry or congratulation, and she has answered them every one.

A Surprise to the Surgeons.
Five years ago T. F. Woodall, of Hartsville, Ala., in a fit fell into an open fire, and his skull was so badly burned that he was likely to die. As a last resort surgeons removed the entire skull on a line parallel with the eyebrows, placed an artificial covering over the brain, and Woodall lived until a few days ago, and retained all his faculties. —New York Sun.

An Abandoned Metropolis.
Medora, D. T., the metropolis made famous by the Marquis de Mores and Theodore Roosevelt, is about to be abandoned for the winter. The only drug store in town has just closed, and the hotel was shut up some time ago.

ODDS AND ENDS.

According to The Philadelphia Times, the excellent manual training schools of Philadelphia are mainly filled with the sons of wealthy men. In sending their sons to these schools, the wealthy men show their good sense; but it will be a pity if the sons of poor men are thereby deprived of the opportunity of attending them.

A man who died in England, lately left legacies to the extent of \$55,000, and stipulated for a brass band at his funeral and a banquet to the mourners. By the time the last bones of the banquet had been picked clean, it was ascertained that his whole possessions consisted of a thirty shilling horse and 43 worth of coarse hay.

Readers of some of the London papers frequently find a ghastly red human skeleton passed on a conspicuous part of their paper. This is not the work of the publishers, but of an enterprising quack doctor, who takes this way of advertising his nostrums.

Lamar Fontaine, who claims the authorship of "All quiet along the Potomac to-night," is a witness in the trial of Hamilton for the murder of Gambrell at Jackson, Miss. He appears as an expert in pistol practice, and it is claimed that he is able to fire a number of shots into the bulge of a barrel rolling down hill.

Mr. Edw. Maybridge has just completed the plates of his work on "Animal Locomotion," with reproductions of nearly 20,000 instantaneous photographs of men and animals in almost every imaginable position, representing part of the investigation carried on by the University of Pennsylvania.

A Winnipeg photographer has put himself in a way to have a fine lot of label suits. He recently exhibited a case full of photographs of his debtors, each being labeled with the name, address and indebtedness of the person represented.

Oscar Wilde has blossomed out as a novelist of the blood and thunder school. One of the London society papers is printing a serial story from his pen entitled "Lord Arthur Saville's Crime; a Tale of Chiro-mancy."

Queen Victoria has declared her intention of "patronizing" a projected exhibition of articles belonging to Mary Queen of Scots, and has asked that a catalogue of the relics when ready shall be sent to her.

A London shopkeeper was recently fined under the new act of parliament for keeping two of his girls at work for ninety-seven hours in a week—sixteen hours and a half day—that is, for six days running.

It is said that John Greenleaf Whittier and Robert Purvis, of Philadelphia, are the only original members now living of the American Anti-Slavery society.

A Decatur, Ills., man, who has been testing the capacity of the sparrow to withstand the effects of poison, got a quantity of a grain of crystal strychnine without effect.

Unusually low water in Lake Constance has been bringing to light many valuable and interesting relics of the prehistoric lake dwellers.

The personal estate of the late J. D. Perrin, a proprietor of the celebrated Worcester-shire sauce, amounted to nearly \$3,000,000.

The real estate sales of New York for the first four months of the year foot up in round numbers \$50,000,000.

Two hundred and sixty-two pairs of twins were born in Chicago during 1886.

It is estimated that there are 125,000 old soldiers in the state of Kansas.

Buffalo Bill in London.
Although Mr. Cody has not been in London over a month he is today as well known to the masses of this great city of 5,000,000 as is the queen. You could not pick up in the most obscure quarter of London any one so ignorant as not to know who and what he is. His name is on every wall. His picture is in nearly every window. The wonder of this lies in the fact that the London public is strangely dull and unimaginative. The people of one quarter are often as ignorant of a neighborhood within a stone's throw of them as if it were in Central Africa. You find constantly the proof of this in inquiring your way about town. The policemen never know where particular streets or buildings outside of their beats are located.

An Englishman who has lived in London for a quarter of a century tells me that no one but an American would think of asking a London policeman for anything in the way of information. London policemen are often placed on guard in front of English officials' houses where they are absolutely ignorant of the name of the occupant. It is a genuine and not an affected ignorance. I have asked higher police officials about this and they say that the men very often do not know and do not care. I saw some twenty policemen guarding one day the house of the prime minister. I asked several of the men on guard if they knew whose house they were guarding. They all replied in the most courteous negative. Finally, one of them referred me to an older constable who had been on the beat in that neighborhood for some years, and he was able to give me the information. Imagine a set of New York policemen guarding any prominent office house in New York without their knowing just what they were doing, and particularly if it were the house of the chief officer of our government.—T. C. Crawford in New York World.

One of the Famous Pikes.
Probably I am the only person in St. Louis having one of the famous pikes made by John Brown to arm the negroes of his provisional government in February, 1852. When in Collinsville, Conn., Brown ordered the manufacture of 1,000 pikes by a local firm, and in 1852 ordered them forwarded to Chambersburg, Pa., whence they were transported across the country to the Kennedy farm, near Harper's Ferry. From there they were scattered around in various places. One lot was stored in the Mount Vernon (Ala.) arsenal, which subsequently burned. The pikes and a lot of metal were afterward sent to the Rock Island (Illa.) arsenal, to be rolled into iron, but the mill was never opened up, and they were scattered around the country as relics.—Thomas Doughty in Globe-Democrat.

A Snail's Pace.
A snail's pace need not be used any longer as a term more or less indefinite. By an interesting experiment at the Polytechnic the other day it was ascertained exactly and reduced to figures, which may now be quoted by persons who favor the use of exact terms. A half dozen of the mollusks were permitted to crawl between two points ten feet apart, and the average pace was ascertained. From this it was easy enough to calculate that one snail can crawl a mile in just fourteen days. —Terre Haute Express.

Diet for Athletes.
A less restricted diet in athletic training is being favored in England, and, instead of the large proportion of meat formerly rigidly insisted on, physiologists now consider a variety of food essential to the best results. The Cambridge boat crew, in training for the race with Oxford, were this year permitted to eat fish, puddings and dessert, though still forbidden sugar with pastry. —Arkansas Traveler.

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