

Living Wild Animals Caught by the Camera

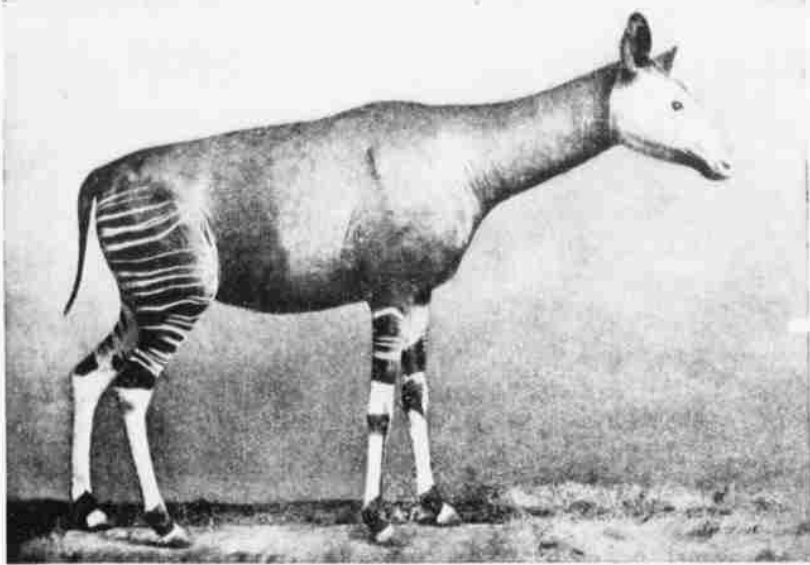
READERS of "The Living Animals of the World" are in all probability readers of the newspapers, and it would, therefore, be affectionation on the part of the writer of these lines to assume that they have not heard more or less of the discovery which he was privileged to make of an entirely new ruminant of large size, dwelling in the forests bordering the Semliki river, in central Africa, on the borderland between the Uganda protectorate and the Congo Free State. The history of this discovery, stated briefly, is as follows: In 1882-83 I was the guest of Mr. (now Sir Henry) Stanley on the River Congo, at Stanley Pool. I was visiting the Congo at that time as an explorer in a very small

part of the northern Congo forests than we had yet received. Stanley also was the first to draw the attention of the world to the dense and awful character of these mighty woods and to hint at the mysteries and wonders in natural history which they possibly contained. The stress and trouble of his expedition prevented him and his companions from bestowing much attention on natural history; moreover, in these forests it is extremely difficult for persons who are passing hurriedly through the tangle to come into actual contact with the beasts that inhabit them. Sir Henry Stanley, discussing this subject with me since my return from Uganda, tells me that he believes that the okapi is only one amongst several strange new beasts which will

be discovered at the end of 1899 I came in contact with a large party of dwarfs who had been kidnaped by a too enterprising German impresario, who had decided to show them at the Paris exposition. As the Belgians objected to this procedure I released the dwarfs from their kidnaper and retained them with me for some months in Uganda until I was able personally to escort them back to their homes in the Congo forest. I had other reasons connected with my government business for visiting the northwestern part of the Congo Free State. As soon as I could make the dwarfs understand me by means of an interpreter I questioned them regarding the existence of this horse-like creature in their forests. They at once understood what I meant and, pointing to a zebra skin and a live mule, they informed me that the creature in question, which was called okapi, was like a mule with zebra stripes on it. When I reached Fort Mbeni, in the Congo Free State, on the west bank of the river Semliki, I put questions to the Belgian officers stationed there. They all knew the okapi, at any rate, when dead. As a living animal they had none of them seen it, but their native soldiers were in the habit of hunting the animal in the forest and killing it with spears and then bringing in the skin and flesh for use in the fort. On searching for this, however, it was discovered that the greater part of it had been thrown away, only the scapular portions having been cut into strips by the soldiers to be made into bandoliers. These strips, together with similar ones obtained from natives in the forest, I sent to England to Dr. P. L. Selater for his consideration. Furnished by the Belgian officers with guides and taking with me all the dwarfs whom I had brought from Uganda I entered the forest and remained there for some days searching for the okapi. All this time I was convinced that I was on the track of a species of horse, and therefore when the natives showed the tracks of a cloven-footed animal like the eland and told us these were the footprints of the okapi I disbelieved them and imagined that they were merely following a forest eland. We never saw the okapi, and, as the life in the forest made the whole expedition extremely ill, and my time was required for official work elsewhere, I was obliged to give up the search. Meantime I had elicited from the natives, whom I questioned closely, that the okapi was a creature without horns or any means of offense, the size of a large antelope or mule, which inhabited only the densest part of the forest and generally went about in pairs, male and female. It lived chiefly on leaves. The Belgian officers, seeing that I was disappointed at not obtaining a complete skin, offered to use their best efforts

to obtain one for me and send it on to Uganda after my departure. This promise was eventually redeemed by Mr. Karl Eriksson, a Swedish officer in the Belgian service. Mr. Eriksson sent me a complete skin and two skulls. The skin and the bigger of the two skulls belonged to a young male. This is the skin which is now set up in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, and of which a photographic illustration accompanies this notice. Upon receiving this skin I saw at once what the okapi was—namely, a close relation of the giraffe. From the very small development of the horn-bosses, I believed that it was nearer allied to the helladotherium than to the living giraffe. In forwarding the specimens to Prof. Ray Lankester

Equus Johnstoni. The full discovery obliged Prof. Ray Lankester to set aside any idea of the okapi being allied to the horse, but he was good enough to attach Mr. Selater's specific name of Johnstoni to his newly founded genus of Ocapia. Up to the time of writing this is all that is known of this extraordinary survival in the Congo forest of the only living relation of the giraffe. We know by paleontological discoveries in Europe and in Asia that there existed a large family of ruminants which in their development and features were neither of the ox group nor of the deer, but in some respects occupied a position midway between these two branches of cloven-hoofed, horned, ruminating ungulates. To this family the giraffe, the okapi,



THE OKAPI OF THE CONGO FOREST.



HIPPOTAMUS.

way, and a naturalist. Mr. Stanley, conversing with me on the possibility of African discoveries, told me then that he believed that all that was most wonderful in tropical Africa would be found to be concentrated in the region of the Blue mountains, south of the Albert Nyanza. This feeling on Stanley's part doubtless was one of the reasons which urged him to go to the relief of Emin Pasha. His journey through the great Congo forest toward the Blue mountains of the Albert Nyanza resulted in his discovery of the greatest snow mountain range of Africa—Ruvenzori—and the river Semliki, which is the upper Albertine Nile; of Lake Albert Edward, from which it flows round the flanks of Ruvenzori; and, amongst other things, in more detailed information regarding the dwarf

eventually be discovered in these remarkable forests. He describes having seen a creature like a gigantic pig, six feet in length, and certain antelopes unlike any known type. In regard to the okapi, the only hint of its existence which he obtained was the announcement that the dwarfs knew of the existence of a creature in their forests which greatly resembled an ass in appearance and which they caught in pits. This tiny sentence in an appendix to his book, "In Darkest Africa," attracted my attention some time before I went to Uganda. It seemed to me so extraordinary that any creature like a horse should inhabit a dense forest that I determined, if ever fate should lead me in that direction I would make inquiries. Soon after reaching the Uganda pro-

tectorate at the end of 1899 I came in contact with a large party of dwarfs who had been kidnaped by a too enterprising German impresario, who had decided to show them at the Paris exposition. As the Belgians objected to this procedure I released the dwarfs from their kidnaper and retained them with me for some months in Uganda until I was able personally to escort them back to their homes in the Congo forest. I had other reasons connected with my government business for visiting the northwestern part of the Congo Free State. As soon as I could make the dwarfs understand me by means of an interpreter I questioned them regarding the existence of this horse-like creature in their forests. They at once understood what I meant and, pointing to a zebra skin and a live mule, they informed me that the creature in question, which was called okapi, was like a mule with zebra stripes on it. When I reached Fort Mbeni, in the Congo Free State, on the west bank of the river Semliki, I put questions to the Belgian officers stationed there. They all knew the okapi, at any rate, when dead. As a living animal they had none of them seen it, but their native soldiers were in the habit of hunting the animal in the forest and killing it with spears and then bringing in the skin and flesh for use in the fort. On searching for this, however, it was discovered that the greater part of it had been thrown away, only the scapular portions having been cut into strips by the soldiers to be made into bandoliers. These strips, together with similar ones obtained from natives in the forest, I sent to England to Dr. P. L. Selater for his consideration. Furnished by the Belgian officers with guides and taking with me all the dwarfs whom I had brought from Uganda I entered the forest and remained there for some days searching for the okapi. All this time I was convinced that I was on the track of a species of horse, and therefore when the natives showed the tracks of a cloven-footed animal like the eland and told us these were the footprints of the okapi I disbelieved them and imagined that they were merely following a forest eland. We never saw the okapi, and, as the life in the forest made the whole expedition extremely ill, and my time was required for official work elsewhere, I was obliged to give up the search. Meantime I had elicited from the natives, whom I questioned closely, that the okapi was a creature without horns or any means of offense, the size of a large antelope or mule, which inhabited only the densest part of the forest and generally went about in pairs, male and female. It lived chiefly on leaves. The Belgian officers, seeing that I was disappointed at not obtaining a complete skin, offered to use their best efforts

I therefore proposed that it should be called helladotherium tigrinum. Prof. Ray Lankester, having examined the specimens with a greater knowledge than I possessed, decided that the animal was rather more closely allied to the giraffe than to the helladotherium, but that it possessed sufficient peculiarities of its own to oblige him to create for its reception a new genus, which he proposed to call Ocapia. Meantime, the original strips of the skin (which apparently belonged to an older and larger animal than the specimen mounted at South Kensington) had been pronounced by experts to whom they were submitted to be the skin of an undiscovered species of horse and this supposed new horse had been tentatively named by Dr. P. L. Selater

the helladotherium, the samotherium, the sivatherium and the bramatherium belong. In all probability bony projections arose from the skulls of these creatures similar in some measure to the prominent bony cores of the horns of oxen. From the top, however, of these bony cores there would seem to have arisen anciently antlers, possibly deciduous like those of the prong-buck. In time creatures like the giraffe lost any need for such weapons of offense and ceased to grow antlers, but the bony cores from which these antlers once proceeded still remained, and in the case of the giraffe remain to the present day. In the helladotherium and in the okapi these bony cores have dwindled to mere bumps.

Gleanings from the Story Tellers' Pack

HE FELL on his neck and reminded him of the good old times, reports the Baltimore Herald. He mentioned the old playmate and spoke tenderly of those who were dead. After the fifth one they were as long lost brothers, and so he ventured it. "Sam," he said, "lend me \$50 till tomorrow. I'm a good friend of yours." "You are," the other murmured with enthusiasm. "You are the playmate of infancy, the friend of youth and the inspiration of manhood's happy hours, but," and a strange sadness crept into his voice so that it vibrated like the tones of some rich instrument, "I can't lend you \$50, Bill. You're too good a friend to lose."

A short time after Secretary John Hay, then a newspaper worker in New York, had published anonymously "The Breadwinners," a former associate of his on the Tribune published another novel called "The Money-Makers," in which he caricatured Reid, Hay, Bayard Taylor, Shanks and others of his old comrades. Hay was walking with the late John Swinton one day when the author of the obnoxious novel was seen approaching. Swinton suggested a truce and handshaking. "I could not think of speaking to him since his sad bereavement," said Hay. "Bereavement?" queried Swinton, and Hay replied: "I don't know the particulars,

but I noticed the last time I saw him that his hands were in half mourning—at the finger nails."

Secretary Shaw of the Treasury department is achieving a reputation as the humorist of the cabinet and seems never to grow weary of telling stories. Every day at noon he takes luncheon with the three assistant secretaries of the treasury and always ends the gossip about department matters by spinning a yarn. This is entitled by the secretary:

"I was passing the collection box in a church at home once upon a time. In the audience was seated the town's most popular barber. He was a very sporty chap and, thinking that he would not care to contribute, I passed him by. As I did so he rapped on his seat with his hand and attracted my attention.

"What is the matter?" he said. "Are you going to let me out?" "I told him that I did not think he wanted to give anything, so I had passed on." "Say, governor," he said, "I want to tell you I never fail to go into a game where the limit is as small as this." "Then he dropped a nickel into the basket."

A distinguished naval officer was telling this story on himself the other evening to a gathering of his friends, reports the Washington Star. At the time of his marriage he had been through the civil war and had had many harrowing experiences aboard ship, through all of which he kept his courage and remained as calm as a brave man should. As the time for the ceremony came on, however, his calmness gradually gave way. At the altar, amid the blaze of brass buttons and gold lace marking the full naval wedding, the officer was all but stampeded, and what went on there seemed very much mixed to him. Fearing the excitement of the moment would temporarily take him off his feet, the officer had learned the marriage ceremony letter perfect, as he thought, and he remembered repeating the words after the minister in a mechanical sort of way.

After the ceremony was over and all was serene again, including the officer's state of mind, the kindly clergyman came up to him and touched him on the shoulder. "Look here, old man," he said, "you didn't endow your wife with any worldly goods." "What's that?" asked the bridegroom, with something of astonishment in his voice. "Why, I repeated the sentence, 'With all

my worldly goods I thee endow' several times, and despite my efforts you would not say it after me."

The bridegroom seemed perturbed for a moment, and then a beaming light came into his face.

"Never mind, sir," he said, "she didn't lose a blessed thing by my failure."

A story was often told by the late Charles L. Tiffany of an importunate Irishman who for many years had been employed as a window washer, relates the New York Times. His pay had been raised quite as often as was consistent with the dignity of his position, but he seemed always hungry (or possibly thirsty) for more. At length the firm decided that the limit was reached. Not so Pat. Going one morning to the inner sanctuary, he sought audience with Mr. Tiffany.

"Good mornin', Mr. Tiffany," he commenced, artfully, seeking to preface his errand by disinterested conversation.

"Good morning, Patrick," was the answer.

"And how are ye this mornin', Mr. Tiffany?"

"Quite well, thank you, Patrick."

"And how are yer wife and family?"

"Quite well, thank you, Patrick. But what can I do for you this mornin'?"

"O've been thinkin', Mr. Tiffany, that O've served ye long and faithful these twenty-five years, and that O' shud have a raise in me pay."

"You should be thankful, Patrick, that you have been permitted to serve so distinguished a house as that of Tiffany & Co. for twenty-five years. That, with what we have already done for you, should be sufficient. Good morning, Patrick."

"Good mornin', Mr. Tiffany."

Realizing the futility of further words, he left the room. Reaching the outer office, he was hailed by a chorus from the "boys," to whom his periodical pilgrimages had become a standing joke.

"What did you get, Pat?"

"Faith," was the ready answer. "O' got permission to kape me job, and O' tuk it!"

"Yes," said the policeman quoted by the Brooklyn Citizen, "a patrolman meets with many thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes and I had my share of them while on the force. I think the one that made my hair curl hardest happened one night on Fulton street. I was sauntering along and wondering if the horse I had backed for the next day's races would come in first, when I saw a package on the sidewalk a few feet away. It struck me in a

moment that the package contained money and my heart was in my mouth as I sprang forward and picked it up. It was scarcely in my hand when the roundsman turned the corner and stood before me and said:

"Dick, I'm sure that package is made up of greenbacks."

"So am I, sir, I said."

"Hand it over to me," says he.

"For why?" says I.

"Because I'm your superior officer and looking for \$50,000 to buy and furnish me a country residence."

"I'll divide," says I.

"That's agin discipline and tempting an honest man. Hand it right over."

"I handed it over," sighed the ex, "and the roundsman bought him a beautiful country seat and lived the life of a nabob to his death. When he left the force I asked him if he would not hire me to cut his grass and wash his carriages, but he shakes his head and says:

"Couldn't do it, Dick. Nabobs and patrolmen never get along well together. You go right on and find another package and keep it for your honesty."

Here is a story of the late Eugene Field which, the New York Tribune claims, has never before been printed. With Mr. Field on the Chicago Record up to the time of the latter's death was William E. Curtis, known the world over as a wonderfully versatile newspaper correspondent. Being in Chicago on a visit once, he met Mr. Field, who had been "meeting up" with some friends, and was consequently financially short. It was but the work of a moment for Mr. Curtis to "stake" his old friend and the two parted with the understanding that the fifty was to be returned the next day. But Mr. Field did not turn up and Mr. Curtis was forced to leave Chicago without seeing him.

It chanced that Mr. Curtis did not visit Chicago again for a year or more and when he called at the Record office he found Field husily engaged, but with the same old cordial welcome. In the course of the conversation it developed that Field had not yet repaid the loan and he was overwhelmed with shame to think that he had neglected it.

"I tell you, Bill," said Field, "I am so ashamed of the affair that I haven't the nerve to look you in the face."

A DRESS PATTERN FREE. shows in these magazines. Address The Ledger Monthly, New York City.

To think that I should neglect an old friend in that way! Dear, dear! What must you think of me to behave like that?"

"Oh, that's all right, 'Gene,'" said Curtis. "You can hand it to me before I go away again. Don't let a little thing like that worry you."

And the two parted with the understanding that Curtis should call at the Record office the next day. Mr. Field was at the time running a column of wit and wisdom called "Sharps and Flats." The next morning, when Mr. Curtis opened his Record at breakfast, he looked over the "Sharps and Flats" and there he read this paragraph: "Mr. William E. Curtis, the talented and versatile correspondent of the Record in Washington, is in Chicago looking after his permanent investments." There was nothing doing in collection that day.

DON'T BE SO THIN. FREE REMEDY.

Many ladies and gentlemen who cannot complain of any kind of sickness are abnormally thin and cannot find any medical treatment which will correct this condition. Dr. Whitney's Nerve and Flesh Builder is not alone intended for those who are sick, but also for those who appear well and hearty, but cannot acquire sufficient flesh to round out the form. In dyspepsia, indigestion, all stomach troubles, debility and nervous diseases no remedy is so prompt and powerful. In order to demonstrate the wonderful merits of Dr. Whitney's Nerve and Flesh Builder every person who will address the C. O. Jones Co., Elmira, N. Y., will receive a trial package in plain sealed wrapper absolutely free.

For sale in Omaha by the Sherman & McConnell Drug Co.



Rain and sweat have no effect on harness treated with Eureka Harness Oil. It resists the damp, keeps the leather soft and pliable. Stitches do not break. No rough surface to chafe against. The harness not only keeps looking like new, but wears twice as long by the use of Eureka Harness Oil.

EUREKA HARNESS OIL

Sold everywhere in 25-cent and 50-cent tins. Made by Standard Oil Company

Send 10 cents for March and April numbers of the LEDGER MONTHLY, and get a FREE Coupon good for a pattern of any one of the latest style short waists, frocks, skirts, etc.