

## AFRICA'S NIAGARA

FRANK G. CARPENTER VISITS THE FALLS  
of THE ZAMBESI IN NORTHERN RHODESIA

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**VICTORIA FALLS, Africa.**—I have been wandering for days about the Niagara of Africa, its awful wonders grow upon a far off here in the wilds of the black continent, far below the equator, several hundred miles south of Lake Tanganyika, as far north of Cape Town as Boston is from New York. Hundreds of miles west of the Indian ocean, and still farther from the Atlantic, is one of the grandest natural features of old Mother Earth. It is the falls of the mighty Zambesi, one of the great rivers of the globe. It has been compared to the falls of Niagara, but I have seen both. I find it almost impossible to liken one to the other. Each is of its own kind and each has its own description. From the point of view of nature, I should say the Victoria falls by far the greater. It may be compared to a play, a drama, a Niagara is a drama with but many acts and many scenes, each of which has features of its own. As to the volume of water, the Victoria falls probably surpasses those of the Zambesi, for over them pours the Zambesi of half a continent. The watershed of Lake Superior is 600 feet above the level of the sea, and almost one-half of its drop is at Niagara. The Zambesi has its source in a swampy plain a mile above the sea and its waters have already fallen 2,000 feet in their course of 800 miles before they reach their mighty drop into the great gorge.

The falls of the Zambesi are twice as broad and more than twice as high as Niagara. The river is two miles wide where it plunges straight down over the cliffs into a gorge which is more than 400 feet deep. I heard the thunder of its waters when I was ten miles distant, and the spray, which rises up in great plumes, can be seen 50 miles away. The natives call the falls "Thundering Smoke" and they are said to worship it as the electric force which may be generated. It is said to be greater than that of Niagara, but I will write of it in the future.

## IN THE HEART OF THE WILDERNESS

Of these two mighty wonders of nature the Zambesi falls by far the more natural setting. Niagara has been strayed by commercialism. One goes to its gorge in an electric trolley, and landing he is fought for by guides and hotel keepers, and the pillars of mist which rise like the vapor from live volcanoes until lost in the low-hanging clouds. The only settlements near the falls are Livingstone, which is seven miles off, and the group of iron huts which comprise the hotel, the railway station and the postoffice. Everything is in harmony with the surroundings, and it is the intention of the people to keep it so.

All the land within a radius of five miles of the falls has been set aside as a public park, which is to be left in its natural state. Outside that radius another of 15 miles on one side the river, and on the other a block of 40 miles square, which will preserve the farms or buildings of any kind from the falls. In these woods there is no hunting allowed. I have met droves of monkeys as I wandered from fall to fall, and at times have made my way in the very tracks in which hippopotami had traveled the night before.

## RAILROADS AND HOTELS.

Notwithstanding all this, the Zambesi falls may be seen with almost as many comforts as Niagara. There are trains de luxe, with dining cars, observation cars and bathing accommodations, which bring one from Cape Town or Beira, and the little hotel here, although it is built of galvanized iron, is almost equal to those at Niagara in comforts and prices. All the rooms are on the ground floor, and some are well furnished. I have a suite of four, including a parlor, dressing room, bedroom and bathroom. My apartment is lighted by electricity and cooled by an electric fan. The parlor is carpeted, and it boasts a piano. The rate I pay for myself and my baggage is \$15 per day, which is not excessive considering that we are far out in the wilds. As for my meals, we have three every day, and in addition a cup of coffee on rising, and an afternoon tea. Our table waiters are natives in uniform, and our chambermaids are black boys in white gowns.

## ON THE ZAMBESI BRIDGE.

Let me come with me and take a look at the falls. We shall first stroll down to the Zambesi bridge which crosses the river after it leaves the falls. You have probably heard of this bridge. It is the greatest in the world and one of the most beautiful. It was made in England, and brought out here in sections and put together. It is 400 feet above the water and jumps from rock to rock in a span of 550 feet. The spray falls from the cars of the Cape to Cairo railroad as they pass over it, and travelers will have a glimpse of the falls as they go by.

Standing upon this bridge a great river or mass of green rock is before us. It bisects, as it were, the narrow gorge, and the whole flood of the Zambesi boils and seethes below. The waters are yellow, and they look like that of steaming molasses. Opposite the lower is a mass of green far down a second gorge. It is made up of palm trees and other trees. It is known as the palm floor, and is a great garden kept only by nature, and filled with monkeys and baboons. It contains date trees, fig trees, baobabs and a jungle of smaller trees.

## THE EASTERN FALLS.

Leaving the bridge, we take our first view of the cataract from its eastern side. The way lies along green paths, under green trees, where the ground is so level that we cannot see the river until we are close to them. The great river bursts upon us all at once, as if a dam had been broken. It is a rushing of feet, striking with a noise as a cannonade of artillery. Here the river is so dense that we can see only the third of the distance across. The waters are over a mile wide and we can hardly catch sight of Livingstone Island, which lies in the center. No rainbows? The sun is shining through the foam. There are rainbows above and below us. There are rainbows in the great gorge. One a thousand feet long, has stretched itself from all to wall, about 300 feet under where we are standing. It is a perfect bow and its colors are more gorgeous than any of any rainbow I have ever seen. I could not find there the other day and asked her father why men did not

lower themselves down by ropes over the rocks and get the great bags of gold which the fairies say are always found at the ends of the rainbow.

## AT THE DEVIL'S CASCADE.

Our next trip is to the Devil's cascade, on the other end of the falls. The distance is about two miles, and we must cross the bridge and walk through the park. We frighten the monkeys, and strange birds fly about our heads as we go. A thick mist is falling—the mist is the cataract until we are right upon it. We sit down opposite the lip of the falls, and watch the great rivers of water pouring over the black rocks in volumes of yellow foam. The Zambesi is now at its full and it is consequently muddy. Right in front of us is the great pit into which it falls. It is a mighty cavern, hundreds of feet deep. We cannot see its bottom, for out of it is rising steam, a volume of steam and foam as exists nowhere else in the world. The western end of the fall is cut off from the main portion of the cataract, and as a result several hundred feet out in the river. The western cataract alone is greater than any fall in Switzerland, but it is only a little section of the Zambesi, but if it could be carried to the Alps it would be one of the wonders of Europe which tourists would travel thousands of miles to see.

## ON LIVINGSTONE ISLAND.

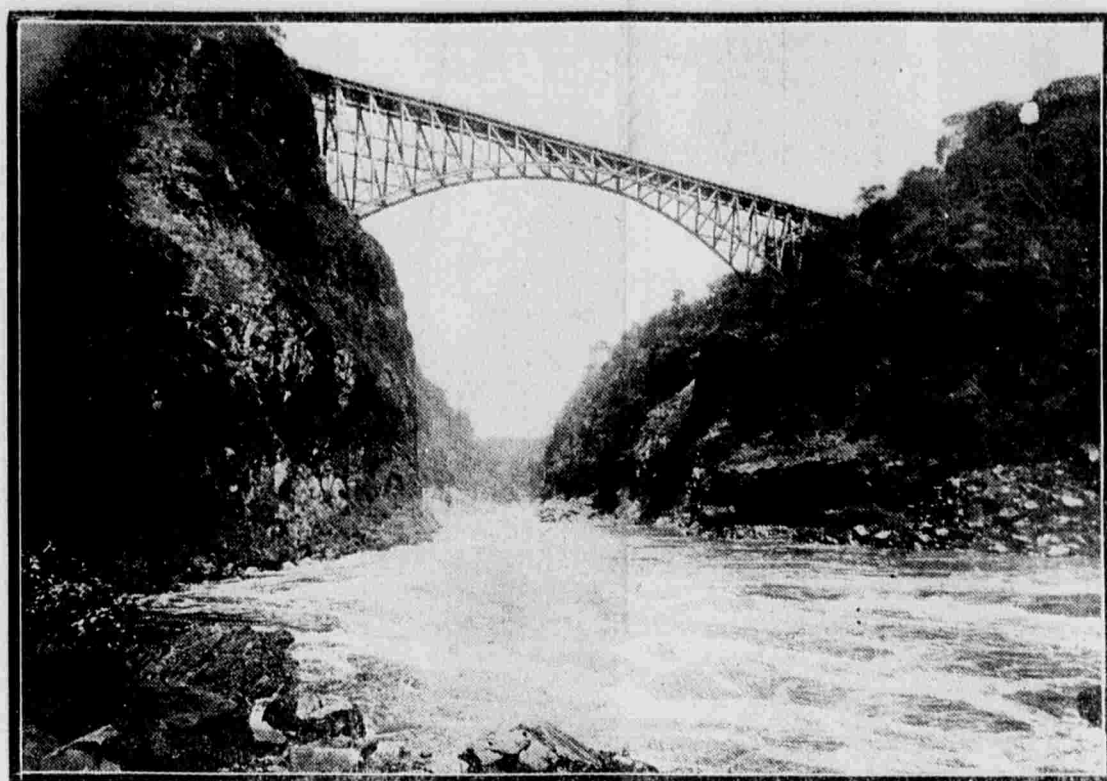
The most remarkable view of Victoria falls is from Livingstone island, which divides the Zambesi in its center. This island is on the very edge of the falls, and when the river is high there is hardly a perceptible mark of division, the great cascade of a mile wide going down in one mighty sheet. It was upon this island that David Livingstone took his first view of the cataract in 1855. He reached the island from the upper Zambesi, coming down in a canoe. While there, he cut his initials and the date of his discovery upon a tree, and the letters and figures are still to be seen. It is said that he also planted an orchard, but if so this has long since been eaten up by hippopotami.

The trip to Livingstone island is so dangerous that it should only be made when the river is low. It is now much too high for safety, and had I been aware of the danger I should not have thought of making the trip. As it was, we several times narrowly escaped going over the falls, and upon our return the negro boys who paddled us had to get out and lift the canoe through certain of the shallow rapids to keep us out of the current. As it is, I esteem the excursion one of the greatest experiences of my life. I am, however, much like the proud Texas father who was strutting along the street the morning after his eleventh baby was born. He acted as though he owned the earth and when asked what he thought of the new arrival, replied: "Well, I would not take a thousand dollars for this one, but I would not give a nickel for another."

## THE UPPER ZAMBESI.

The Zambesi above the falls is two miles wide. It is full of green islands which are covered with a dense growth of papyrus and small trees. The banks

They Are Twice as High as Niagara and Almost Three Times as Wide—A Dangerous Canoe Ride Above the Falls—Among the Hippopotami—On Livingstone Island in the Midst of the Cataract—A Look at the Devil's Cascade and the Wonderful Rain Forest.



THE ZAMBESI BRIDGE, THE HIGHEST IN THE WORLD.

are low and we saw the spoor of many hippopotami as we made our way up the river. We did not attempt to cross until we were perhaps a mile above the falls, and we rode in our canoe, which threw its head high into the air, and opened its mouth almost in our faces. It looked as though a side of beef had been split apart and opened in two halves. The teeth were as big as my wrist, and I could see the great white tusks embedded in the red jaws.

When we reached the middle of the river the canoe men stopped paddling and began to steer. Our speed increased as we went down and we had great trouble making our way through the rocks. We soon came into the line of the spray. It fell

down like rain. The thunder of the waters was now so great that we had to yell to make ourselves heard, and at times we seemed to be rushing right into the Devil's Cascade. After a number of narrow escapes we fought our way out of the current and came to the black rocks of Livingstone Island. Here we fastened the boat and waded through the woods and across the pools to the knife edge of rock over which the Zambesi pours in its mighty cataract.

IN THE MIDST OF THE FALLS.

If you could double the height of Niagara and make it twice its width and then imagine yourself standing in the center upon a space barely

wide enough for your feet, with the raging torrent on either side, you might have my position as I stood there in the midst of the Zambesi. I was on a little section of bare black rock in the heart of that mighty cascade. All around, above and below me was a mist so thick that I could see beyond it only when the wind came and blew it away. The water rose in great clouds, dropping down in a warm rain, which, notwithstanding my rubber coat, drenched me to the skin. There were times when I could not see 10 feet in front of me.

Then the mist would break, and I looked down into a bottomless pit half filled with steam, which rose up in clouds and extended for a half mile into the sky. I tried to take notes, but the rain poured down upon my paper, obliterating the pencil marks and washing them off as fast as I made them. I shut my memorandum book and put it into the pocket of my waterproof. Then I took it out. It was turned almost to a pulp. The water had caught in the pockets and I carried a pint or so with me to hand.

Holding tight to the rocks I picked my way along the knife edge of the falls as far as I could, looking down now and then into the gorge, as the wind blew away the rain. It was like stepping into an inferno, a howling, foaming, seething hell, that needed only brimstone and flame to fit it for the devil and the damned. I did not dare look long for fear an insane desire might come and make me jump into that boiling mass—down, down, down into that wide gorge, up which the winds were hurrying those clouds of spray.

I cannot describe the beauty of the cataract. It is beyond description. The scenes change every moment and each additional moment seems more terrible and more grand.

Going back, we had a hard struggle to land. The current down which we floated was impassable, and it was tough work to reach the place where the river was shallow. By wading and pushing, pulling and fighting the rocks, we at last got into smooth water, and tired out came back to the tanks where we started.

## THE RAIN FOREST.

We next explored the great rocks which lie in front of the falls and then walked through the rain forest. This is a jungle of woods on the other side of the cataract, where day in and day out, for the greater part of the year, the leaves always drip. They are wet by the spray from the falls, and one cannot go through and keep dry without rubber clothing. When the wind came out with the droppings turned to a shower. The vegetation was dense and at the banks in the woods the sun found its way in and turned the spray to a veil of fine lace.

## TEN YEARS IN BED.

"For ten years I was confined to my bed with disease of my kidneys," writes Dr. A. Gray, D. P. of Oakley, Ind. "I was so severe that I could not move part of the time. I consulted the very best medical skill available, but could get no relief until Foley's Kidney Cure was recommended to me. It has been a God-send to me. Dr. E. J. Hill, Drug Co., 'The Never Substitutors'."

## UNCLAIMED BANK DEPOSITS.

Massachusetts Banks Resist Turning Over to the State.

It will rest with the United States supreme court to determine the constitutionality of the recently created law of Massachusetts as to the right of the state treasurer to appropriate certain banks deposits which have been of long standing where the depositors are not known.

The case on which the decision will rest, and which may be said to be a test case is that brought by the Commonwealth against the Provident Institution for Savings involving \$120,000 of deposits and the case was briefly heard before Judge Grant in the probate court in Boston.

In the Provident Institution for Savings have been a large number of deposits to which no additions have been made for many years and the depositors are not known. Acting under the provisions of chapter 340 of the acts of 1907, Attorney General Malone ordered that, as the deposits have remained unclaimed for more than thirty years without any known claimants, those interested, if any, should appear at the probate court to show cause why these moneys should not be turned over to the state.

The Provident Institution was re-

presented by John C. Gray as senior counsel, and William Ropes Trask, the latter appearing in person. The interests of a single depositor were represented by Charles F. Hall and the attorney general's office by Fred T. Field one of Mr. Malone's assistants.

These three were in close conference with Judge Grant for a half hour.

Judge Grant upheld the constitutionality of the new law, while the Provident Institution took the opposite view, contending that the statute is void and unconstitutional, being in violation of the fourteenth amendment as depriving persons of their property without due process of law and in violation of the state constitution and further, in contravention of the federal constitution as impairing obligations for contracts.

Judge Grant finally formally entered his decree and the case will immediately be taken to the higher tribunal at the national capital—Boston Transcript.

## DISAGREABLE AT HOME.

Lots of men and women who are disagreeable with others, get "cranky" at home. It is not disposition, it is the liver. If you find in yourself that you feel cross around the house, little things worry you, just buy a bottle of Ballard's Horebalm and put your liver in shape. You and everybody around you will feel better for it. Price 25 cents per bottle. For sale by Z. C. M. L. Drug Dept., 112 and 114 South Main Street.

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