

A BLACK NAPOLEON.

ST. HELENA AGAIN THE HOME OF A WARRIOR.

Dinizulu, Chief of Zulus—He Led a Campaign Against the English Successfully Until He Was Captured—Bolt Up the Great Amazulu Empire.

ON THE island of St. Helena, where the white Napoleon ended his days a prisoner to the English, a black Napoleon is living now, also a prisoner. And singularly enough there is a chapter of coincidences which seem to unite the fortunes of the house of Bonaparte and the house Chaka. Early in the century, when Napoleon was overrunning Europe with his armies and dazzling the minds of men with his genius an English sailor was wrecked on the African coast and wandered into Zululand. He was taken before the young chief Chaka, and to him he told of the wonderful outside world, of which the chief had heard rumors, and as all the world was then filled with the name of Napoleon he told of the rise of the Corsicans and how he had conquered nations and built up for himself a great empire. The story of Napoleon captured the fancy of Chaka, and he resolved to be an African Napoleon. Then began the rise of the great Zulu power in South Africa, and Chaka spread his conquests over great territories and subjugated neighboring tribes and built up for himself an empire. It flourished until it broke itself to pieces against the English just as the empire of the



DINIZULU.

man whose name had inspired its building did before it. The empire established by Chaka stretched along the whole southeast seaboard of Africa, from Limpopo to Cape Colony, and extended far inland. When the English landed in Natal in 1824 the empire of Amazulu was the most powerful in Africa. Chaka made a treaty with the English, allowing them to live in Natal, and for this he was killed by his brother, Dingaar, in 1828. Then began the struggle between the white man and the black man which was to end in the destruction of the empire founded by Chaka. Peace and war alternated, and all the time the Zulus lost ground. Finally, in 1878-80, the British felt bound to blot out the Zulu power. Then it was that Cetewayo, the heir of Chaka, summoned forth his whole force and hurled his "impis," or regiments, on the British. At Isandulu the Zulus broke the British squares and routed the redcoats, but the end was the capture of the chief and the breaking of the Zulu power. In this war the house of Bonaparte again became mixed up with the fortunes of the house of Chaka. The prince imperial, grand-nephew of the man whose example had inspired the building of the empire of the Amazulu, went out to fight in the ranks of the English, and was killed by a Zulu spear. In 1884 Cetewayo died and the quarrel was continued by his son, Dinizulu. Dinizulu was conquered and now he has been sent to St. Helena to end his days on the spot where the man whose example caused the building up the black king's empire died. As becomes the head of a great and war-like line, Dinizulu is accompanied in his exile by a numerous retinue. His two uncles, several chiefs, a physician and a clergyman, with their wives and children, make up a household as numerous as was that of the great Napoleon when at St. Helena.

The chaplain of the royal exiles is Paul Hittinkula, a "catechist" from Cape Town, who was invited many years ago by Cetewayo to come to Zululand and teach the people. He is called by the Zulus "Doctor Paul." He accompanied the exiles to St. Helena of his own accord. Dr. Wilby, an Englishman, is the physician to the exiled household. All the Zulu attendants who wait on the exiles went to St. Helena of their own accord. Dinizulu speaks and writes English fluently and is a man of more than ordinary intelligence. An effort is now being made to procure the release of Dinizulu. It is argued that his return to his own people would convince them that the English intend to deal fairly with them.

Feeding Elephants in India. Elephants in the Indian army are fed twice a day. When mealtime arrives they are drawn up in line before a row of piles of food. Each animal's breakfast includes ten pounds of raw rice, done up in five two-pound packages. The rice is wrapped in leaves and then tied with grass. At the command "Attention" each elephant raises its trunk and a package is thrown into its capacious mouth. By this method of feeding not a single grain of rice is wasted.

TEMPERATURE IN TUNNELS.

The Snow-Covered Alps Have Very Warm Hearts.

It is very curious that the great obstacle encountered in tunneling under snow-covered Alps is the excessively high temperature, says the Boston Transcript. In the construction of the Mont Cenis tunnel, according to statistics collected by M. Victor Brandicourt, the highest temperature recorded was 86 degrees Fahrenheit, which was reached at a point near the center of the tunnel, about 5,100 feet beneath the mountain summit, on which the mean temperature is 27 degrees. The St. Gothard was still hotter, a temperature of 95 degrees having been observed in the center for several days. Such a heat in a moisture-laden and impure atmosphere, could be endured but five hours a day for two days in three; and so prostrating was the labor at Mont Cenis and St. Gothard that the physician who attended the workmen ten years reports the number of invalids to have been as many as 60 in 100. Stranger still was the appearance of a tropical disease—due to intestinal parasites—that is known only in the hottest regions of the earth. Even greater rock temperatures are expected in the great tunnels projected in recent years—those of the Simplon, St. Bernard and Mont Blanc—experienced engineers predicting that under Mont Blanc a heat considerably greater than 100 degrees—possibly above 125 degrees—will be reached. Improved methods of ventilating, cooling and working will all contribute, however, toward overcoming the difficulties of working.

WILD BIRDS SEEK FARMYARDS

Turkeys in Virginia Roost with the Domestic Fowls.

Turkeys are so plentiful that it is nothing uncommon to hear of their coming to roost at farmhouses, alongside the domestic birds. Mr. P. M. Yeager, living at Traveler's Repose, W. Va., and twenty-five miles west of Monterey, has, according to the Richmond Dispatch, six wild ones running with his tame flock. These, however, have a little romance connected with them that does not often come into the life of a turkey. One day last spring Mr. Yeager and his daughter, Miss Pearl, went from their home to a "clubhouse" several miles distant and situated in the solitudes of Cheat mountain. Fishing down one of the mountain streams for trout, they unexpectedly flushed a covey of wild turkeys, consisting of the mother bird and a nestful of little fellows. The old one flew away to a safe distance, while the little ones, true to their nature, scrambled away and hid among the ferns. Six of them were made captives, and it was decided to take them home, but how was it to be done successfully? Miss Pearl dropped them into the capacious and mysterious depth of her bonnet and bore them in triumph to the farmyard, where they were again to see the light and make their future home. The tiny fellows took kindly to their new existence and soon made fast friends of new neighbors. Months have come and gone and they are now full-grown, noble fellows, fit to grace the table of a king.

AN ORIENTAL BEAUTY.

While we are all willing to acknowledge the Japanese as the most thoroughly artistic of all Orientals, few westerners believe in the beauty of Japanese women. "To be beautiful in reality and in pictures, the woman must be somewhat of pale complexion, with thin, oval face, prominent nose, small oval eyes, and a small mouth. Her body must be slender and the movement graceful. Although the Ja-



HER FACE IS PALE, THIN AND OVAL.

panese women do not disfigure their feet as the Chinese do, yet they must be naturally small and turned inward in walking. Using the native language of speech, the body must be slender and graceful, like a weeping willow branch."

Police Hints.

William Dean Howells' father, who emigrated to Ohio half a century and more ago, used this formula to get rid of an intrusive visitor who had worn out his welcome. He would be called out on some business and would say to the guest, "I suppose you will not be here when I return, so I wish you good bye." This was not bad, except in comparison with the superb stratagem ascribed to Gerrit Smith in such emergencies—as that he used to say in his family prayer after breakfast: "May the Lord bless Brother Jones, who leaves us on the 10 o'clock train this morning."

Second Crops of Grapes.

Second crops of grapes have been raised at Belleview, Florida, this season.

IS A MICHIGAN MAN.

NEWEST MEMBER OF THE INTER STATE COMMERCE.

Mark S. Brewer the Son of a Volunteer Pioneer—One of the Old-Time Defenders of the Greenback—His Selection Not Unexpected.

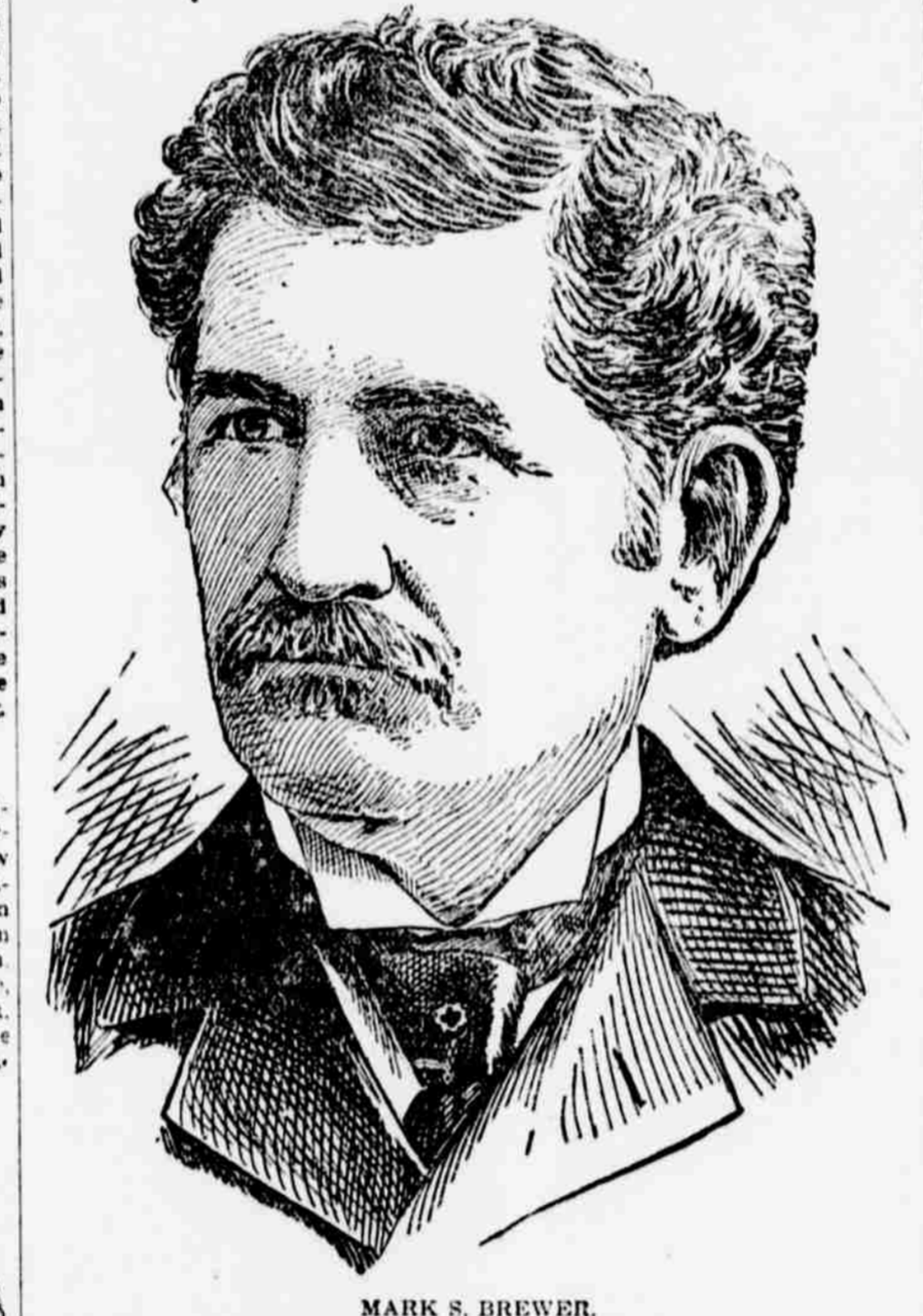


MARK S. Brewer, who has been appointed member of the United States civil service commission, is the son of a Michigan pioneer, and was bred when living in the state meant hardship and struggle. Until he was 29 he lived on the family farm, and at that age he went to Rome to finish his education. Mr. Brewer began the study of law in 1861 with W. L. Webber of East Saginaw, and after he was qualified to practice he went to Pontiac and entered into partnership with M. E. Crofoot. He was state senator in 1872, and in 1876 he was elected to congress to represent the sixth district of Michigan. He was in congress until 1881. In June of that year he was appointed consul general at Berlin. In 1885 Mr. Brewer was again elected to congress and ran 1,200 votes ahead of his ticket. He is a "Greenbacker."

The selection of Mr. Brewer for the civil service commission is not regarded with surprise. He and the president are old friends. Mr. Brewer stumped Ohio when President McKinley was running for governor. When the president was in congress he and Mr. Brewer had adjoining seats and were in many other ways brought together. Mr. Brewer's abilities for the duties of the place is unquestionable.

Hawthorne's Bear Story.

In "Hawthorne's First Diary," begun at his home in Raymond, Maine, when he was a small boy, he tells a



MARK S. BREWER.

bear story, which is vouched for by his editor. Hawthorne gives it as follows: Mr. Henry Turner of Otisfield took his ax and went out between Saturday and Moose ponds, to look at some pine trees. A rain had just taken off enough of the snow to lay bare the roots of a part of the trees. Under a large root there seemed to be a cavity, and on examining closely, something was exposed very much like long black hair. He cut off the root, saw the nose of a bear, and killed him, pulled out the body, saw another, killed him, and dragged out the carcass, when he found that there was a third one in the den, and that he was thoroughly awake, too; but as soon as the head came into sight it was split open with the ax, so that Mr. Turner alone, with only an ax, killed three bears in less than half an hour, the youngest being a good sized one, and what the hunters call a yearling. This is a pretty great bear story, but probably true, and happened only a few weeks ago; for John Patch, who was here with his father, Captain Len Patch, who lives within two miles of Saturday Pond, told me so yesterday.

An Expert Bore.

Barthe, the French dramatic author, was remarkable for his selfishness. He was so completely wrapped up in the consciousness of his own importance as to be often strangely insensible of the wants and woes of others. Calling upon a friend whose opinion he wished to have regarding his new comedy, he found him dying, but, notwithstanding, proposed to read the play. "Consider," said the man, "I have not more than an hour to live." "Ay," replied Barthe, "but this will occupy only half that time."

CADDIES' CHARACTERISTICS.

Dissertation Upon the Indispensable Importance of Golfing.

A caddie is a highly important adjunct to the game of golf. This information is for the benefit of the solitary few to whom golf is an occult pastime and it may further be added that this kind of caddie has no connection with teapots, says the London Mail. Golf may be played without a caddie and it may also be played in a frock coat and without other club than a "driver," but the thing, to say the least of it, is not orthodox. A caddie is usually from 12 to 18 years old—only when he is the latter age he is Scotch, if not by birth or race, then at least by temperament. In fact, in golf wisdom, in reticence even amounting to dignity, he is stupendous. When and how he acquires all these virtues and how readily you might mistake this ragged, unkempt-looking urchin for an ordinary boy, are to the writer's mind, among the marvels and mysteries of golf. It has been observed by many. Mr. Andrew Lang among the number, that however badly you play the game, the caddie does not despise you for it, but, on the contrary, contemplates you with a large sympathy and charity. It is not, however, to be gained that the bad play of the player who has engaged him at even eightpence an hour (small pay that for a Cromer, Prestwick or St. Andrews caddie) occasionally makes the caddie marvel, but it is an honest, genuine, unobtrusive surprise. When you maledroitly land a ball in the middle of a bunker he does not exclaim: "Well, of all the duffers I ever saw you are the very worst!" He merely looks after the ball with wide-open eyes, as if its getting into the bunker were a mystery not easily explained. Remember that a caddie is not a hireling but a colleague. Remember that he is terribly in earnest and expects you to be the same. At St. Andrews the caddies are almost a hereditary caste. They are all

AN IRISHMAN'S WIT.

SAVED THE DAY FOR HIMSELF AND HIS LAWYER.

Won His Honor's Admiration—The Audacity of the Gay, Rollicking, Imperturbable "Patsy" Was Too Much for the Court to Withstand.

My first case came at Florence, Ala., a few months after I was licensed, writes Attorney B. M. Jackson in the Memphis Commercial-Appeal. The sheriff there, Capt. W. T. White, now dead, a gallant confederate soldier and one of nature's noblemen, met me on the street and told me there was a man confined in the county jail who wished to see me. I was then 21 years old, but would readily have passed for 17. The client's name was Patrick Donevan, but he was commonly called "Patsy" Donevan. Going to the jail I found a man from 30 to 35 years old, an intelligent, nice-looking, devil-may-care Irishman. When I entered he greeted me with "Good evening, miss." Pretending not to have heard him address me as "miss" and assuming much dignity I told him I was the lawyer whom the sheriff had promised to send him. For answer he exclaimed: "Well, I'll be d—d—d," and burst out laughing—laughing uproariously. I was irritated to a degree by this reception. "I beg your pardon, judge; it's a go. You do look pretty young, but Tom (the sheriff) says you are a daisy. Get me out of here and my folks, who've got plenty, will pay you well for your trouble." He told me his story. He was a skilled mechanic from Keokuk, Iowa, and had been employed by the government in constructing a lock on the Muzel-Shera canal, near Florence. He had shot the physician in charge of those works. This physician was a brother of the United States engineer in control of the canal construction, and it was evident that the prosecution would be bitter, sparing no pains or expense to secure a conviction, entailing a long penitentiary sentence. The doctor and my client were both men of reckless courage and overbearing temper, both sometimes looked on the wine when it was red, and both, I inferred, were striving for the favor of the same woman. A clash between them soon came. They had a savage quarrel at their boarding house at dinner. The doctor being armed and my client unarmed the latter had to submit to unlimited abuse and would have been shot but for the interference of several men who were present. Soon after nightfall of the same day my client went to the doctor's office and sleeping room, about a mile distant and in a secluded place, and knocking at the door, was bidden by the doctor to come in. Entering he found the doctor putting on a shirt and thus for the moment disabled and, remarking, "You had the drop on me this morning, but I've got it on you now," fired, striking the doctor in the neck and inflicting a dangerous but not fatal wound. The case soon came on for trial. While the defendant's version of the occurrence as he had given it to me was very different from the one in the foregoing, yet it was so improbable in itself and so inconsistent with the attendant circumstances that it looked like a sentence of ten years was inevitable if the case was then tried. To gain a postponement an objection was interposed to the competency of the court on the ground that he was related by affinity to the prosecutor. This failed. Next an earnest effort was made for a continuance. The state fought this aggressively, thus giving warning of what was to come, and it, too, failed. In sheer desperation I then whispered to my client, "Your real name is Patrick, not 'Patsy,' isn't it?" (The indictment named him "Patsy" Donevan.) Then, moving to quash the indictment for the misnomer, I wrote out the defendant's affidavit in support. The affidavit stated that the defendant's name was Patrick, and that he was commonly known and called by this name, and not by the name of "Patsy" Donevan. He took the affidavit and read or seemed to read it carefully, and going to the clerk's desk, swore to it and signed it—"Patsy" Donevan. This, of course, was the way he usually signed his name, but he never reflected that to sign it "Patsy" this time was to afford the strongest evidence of the falsity of the affidavit. Arguing the case without looking at the affidavit, I didn't see how he had signed it; but the state's attorney had noticed the signature, and in his reply called the court's attention to it. This disclosure raised a storm of laughter and jeering in the courtroom. I was confounded and at the end of my resources. Not so with "Patsy." Realizing his peril, that the slip was his own, and that he alone could retrieve it, he spoke out, not a whit abashed: "I signed it 'Patsy' out of pure respect for your honor. It's not for me to give the lie to your honor's court papers. Your honor's court papers say I'm 'Patsy,' and I'll sign it 'Patsy' until your honor gives me leave to write my own true name."

Artificial Marble.

Mr. Bruhl, the United States consul at Catania, Sicily, describes the manufacture of artificial black marble, as it is now carried on in that city. Catania is overlooked by the great volcano, Etna, and this mountain has furnished part of the material employed. Common white sandstone is cut into the desired shapes, and these are placed in an iron tank upon a heavy wire grating. Then the tank is filled with a molten mixture of volcanic asphalt and coal tar. This is kept boiling for 35 hours, when the stones are taken out, cooled, dried and polished. It is difficult, Mr. Bruhl says, to distinguish stones thus treated from genuine black marble, but the cost is much less.

The Sudbury River Aqueduct.

The Sudbury river aqueduct in 250 days has delivered 14,857,300,000 gallons to Chestnut Hill Reservoir, and 25,500,000 to Lake Cochituate.

GROWING UPSIDE DOWN.

Planted by a Man Who Had Read an Old German Legend.

John Meiners' distillery in Milwaukee has not been in operation for five years. It is an old landmark and is surrounded with the interest that every old building in Milwaukee awakens in the historian. The grounds about it are covered with grand old trees and rustic benches and form a little by-way nook whose existence one would not suspect from the road outside the fence at the south, says Mochlin's Monthly. But the object of greatest interest in this unique place is an old apple tree that was planted twenty-eight years ago, with its limbs in the ground and its roots in the air, and which still lives to bear fruit and sprout branches where roots should be, and roots where twigs and leaves should be, a curiosity to beholders. Mr. Meiners was induced to make the trial through an old German legend, in which such an inverted tree played a prominent part. When Mr. Meiners planted his twenty-five apple trees they showed no signs of life for a long time. Finally the one still remaining showed a leaf, softened by summer rains and expanded by the sun, and with a great deal of care it was nursed to a sturdy life. It grew very slowly and has not grown more than two feet in height since it was planted. It is now about four feet high, with a trunk fifteen inches in diameter. The roots had a tendency to droop, and it was found necessary to prop them up with a trellis. Instead of growing vertically, they have extended horizontally in long, slender arms. There are about twenty of these, radiating in all directions. Each year, as they grow longer, additional props were put underneath, and they have extended along the trellis flat, straight as a ceiling, with little slender shoots running at right angles and intertwining with one another so closely that they afford some protection from the rain to one who may stand underneath. The top is circular in form and about fifty feet in diameter. The tree has borne fruit for about twenty years and is now covered with little green apples. The fruit is of good quality, but the variety is not known by Mrs. Adolph Meyer, daughter of Mr. Meiners, who now occupies the old homestead with her husband and family.

TRAVEL AS AN EDUCATOR.

What It Does to Boys Who Have Its Advantages.

The usefulness of travel for rightly trained and constituted lads is so generally recognized that it is not all unusual for parents who wish to give their sons every chance possible to increase in wisdom to offer them the choice between spending several years in Europe or going to college at home, says Scribner's. Each of us knows one or two men who have pursued education in this way and we are used to compare them with their college-bred coevals and pass opinions as to which method of intellectual development resulted best. Every year there are lads who were fitted for college and perhaps entered, but went abroad. To compare them six or eight or ten or twenty years later with their schoolmates who went on and took their college degree is, perhaps, the most available test of the respective efficiency of the two methods; and it seems safe to say that, according to that test, the educational fruits of travel and study abroad compare very well with the products of the domestic tree of knowledge.

Reverence in Wit.

The English, who like their jokes labeled, their puns explained in parentheses and a dead line kept between serious hours and play hours—those stolid, poor relations of ours complain that we Yankees never take anything serious, because, forsooth, we mingle jokes with our solemnities, and have no real reverence for anything. In the first place, very few things seriously deserve this great epithet, "reverend;" in the second place, it would be hard to find an argument that would prove any real incompatibility between reverence and good cheer. Mark Twain was "irreverent" when he cracked jokes at Adam's grave and poked fun at King Arthur. But what particular tribute to either of those dubious worthies would it be to repress all profane anekdotes and leave a few hypercritical sighs? and how much nearer the truth would you come? If Adam had a tail, and if Arthur's knights were not all that poets have pretended, is it in the interests of truth that we have our fun out of it. If a man should have a neat epigram carved on his tombstone, instead of dolorous hyperboles and weeping willows, he would be a benefactor, and his grave would be all the more sought out, celebrated and remembered.—Current Literature.

Everybody Satisfied.

"I want to get a couple of books for two young men," said the girl in the book store, "and I don't know what to choose." "Er—what sort of young men are they?" asked the really intelligent clerk. "One teaches in our Sunday school and the other—well, he is not that kind of a young man at all, you know." "Ah! I think I know what you want." And he handed her two copies of "Quo Vadis."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Cook Book Trade.

Lounger—Do cook books form an important item in your sales? Book-seller—Yes; we sell them by the thousand. "The women appreciate them, eh?" "Oh, the women don't buy them; their husbands do."—New York Week-ly.