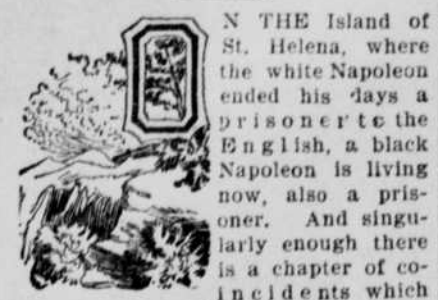


A BLACK NAPOLEON.

ST. HELENA AGAIN THE HOME OF A WARRIOR.

Dinizulu, Chief of Zulus—He Led a Campaign Against the English Successfully Until He Was Captured—Built 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, Dingana, 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 of 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 Hitinkula, 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. Gotthard 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. Gotthard 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 both 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 figures of speech, the body must be slender and graceful, like a weeping willow branch."

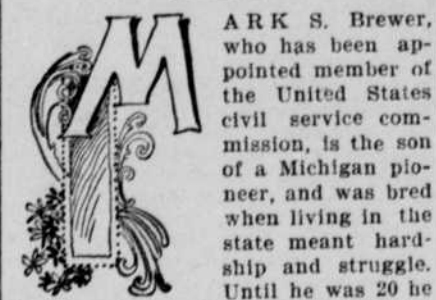
Polite Hints.
William Dean Howells' father, who emigrated to Ohio half a century and more ago, used this formula to get rid of an intrusive visitor who had worn out his welcome. He would be called out on some business and would say to the guest, "I suppose you will not be here when I return, so I wish 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.

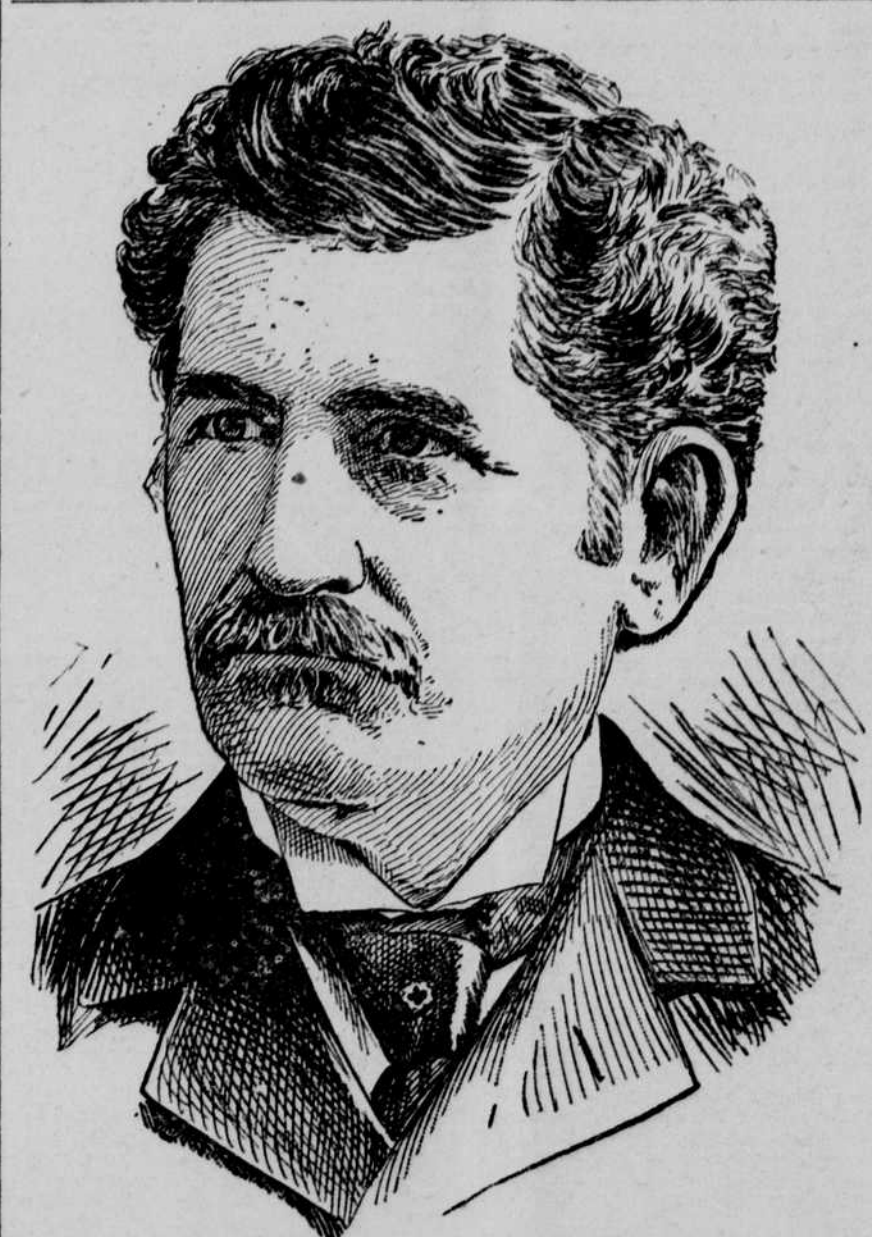
Mark S. Brewer the Son of a Wolverine Pioneer—One of the Old-Time Defenders of the Greenback—His Selection Not Unexpected.



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 hard-ship and struggle. Until he was 20 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 1886 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," Maine, at his home in Raymond, he tells a 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.



MARK S. BREWER.

An Expert Horse.
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 Impement 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 looks 12. It goes without saying that 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 gainsaid 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 maladroitly 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

NEW ADJT-GENERAL.

COL. CORBIN BEGAN AT THE BOTTOM RUNG.

Never Saw West Point in His Life—His Selection a Severe Blow to "Aristocracy in the Army"—Popular on All Sides.



COLONEL HENRY Clark Corbin, the new adjutant general of the United States army, is a personal friend of the President and one of the most popular men in the army. The colonel is not a graduate of West Point, and yet it is more than probable that if the choice had been put to a vote of the army officers he would be the man selected for the place. In appearance the colonel is not unlike General Winfield Scott Hancock, "the superb," when he was about the same age. His huge frame, erect carriage and handsome face are familiar to everyone who has seen him at the head of presidential inaugural processions and other big parades to which the army has been called upon to contribute. He was the adjutant general at the inauguration of Garfield, Cleveland, Harrison and McKinley, and has ridden at the head of processions like the New York centennial of 1889 and other big affairs of that kind. Colonel Corbin's ancestors were of revolutionary fame and lived in Virginia. He himself was born in Ohio and taught school as a young man. He entered the army as a volunteer, and after the war he was one of



COL. CORBIN.

the few volunteers who remained in the service. He has served in many posts of the west and the east, and as a soldier and gentleman there are few men in the army who deserve to rank above him. Colonel Corbin has always been very near the presidents of the United States since the time of Lincoln. The fact that he is not a graduate of West Point is thought to be a notice that aristocracy in the army will never be fashionable with our presidents. All the heads of the army today, including Gens. Alger and Miles, came from the so-called "lower herd."

Burmah's New Civilization.

While King Theebaw is amusing himself by throwing pebbles into the sea on the west coast of India, young English officers drink whisky and soda and play cards in his throne room at Mandalay, which has been converted into a club. No Burmese officers with over-heavy swords now swagger about the streets. There is a regiment or two of Tommies, with nothing for them to do but make love to the Burmese girls and die of dysentery and fever. There are a few hundred princesses about Mandalay, to whom the Indian government, in unbounded generosity for having taken their country, gives each 15 shillings a week. Even in Burmah it is hard to keep up a quasi-royal state on 15 shillings a week so the ladies, who are of an enterprising mind, turn, as aristocrats now do, to business. One princess was fined the other day for keeping a gambling hell.—North China Herald.

Duration of Fright.

How long does fright last in a wild creature? The close observer will be surprised at its brief duration. They are not subject to "nerves" like human beings. A partridge after running (or rather flying) the gauntlet of half a dozen guns—if we may be allowed a mixed metaphor—drops on the other side of a hedge and begins calmly to peck as if nothing had happened. You would think a rabbit after hearing a charge of shot whistling about his haunches and just managing to escape from a yelping spaniel, would keep indoors for a week, but out it pops quite merrily as soon as the coast is clear. A fox pursued by hounds has been known to stop and kill a fowl in his flight, though we may assume that his enemies were not close to Reynard at the time.

Whistling Is Encouraged.

From the Philadelphia Record: Whistling is encouraged in some of the public schools in Philadelphia. It is the Zane street school, where the board of education has its office, shrill notes from the class rooms above float down upon the committees in the midst of their deliberations. The repertory includes "Yankee Doodle," "Star Spangled Banner" and "Home, Sweet Home." Strange as it may seem, the girls, after a little practice, make better whistlers than the boys. They enjoy it immensely and when engaged in these "recitations" twist their little mouths into the sweetest of puckers.

NEW PATENT LAW.

Common Property Two Years After a Description Has Been Printed.

Some recent amendments of the United States patent laws which went into effect Jan. 1, 1898, are just now attracting attention. Hitherto there has been but one barrier to the issue of a patent by our government to a man who has proved that he was the original inventor. If the article in question, says the New York Tribune, had been in public use or on sale for two years or more before the man sent his application to the patent office, then he could not receive a patent. The public use and sale would naturally be considered as evidence of his having abandoned all claims to exclusive rights. The natural interpretation of the facts would be that the man did not consider himself the rightful owner, or else was willing to give the public the benefit of his ideas without charge. One of the new provisions of the law is that if a notice of an invention appears in print and specifies who is the author of it the application for a patent must be made inside of two years; otherwise it is assumed that he abandons all claims. This is a perfectly just requirement. It often happens that half a dozen men invent the same thing. If the first man who thinks of it does not push the matter, either for lack of money or because he lacks the necessary spirit of enterprise, why should not some of the other men have a chance to go ahead and take out a patent? A man who neither matures and markets a good invention himself, nor lets any one else do so, is a dog in the manger. Consequently Uncle Sam must draw the line somewhere, and he draws it at two years. He does not say that the application must be filed two years after the idea first occurs to a man, but within two years after a printed description appears. Such a period gives a man ample time to secure, by advertising, such financial aid as can be obtained in that manner. The exact language of the revised statute is as follows: "Any person who has invented or discovered any new and useful art, machine, manufacture or composition of matter, or any new and useful improvement thereof, not known or used by others in this country before his invention or discovery thereof, and not patented or described in any printed publication in this or any foreign country for more than two years prior to his application, and not in public use or on sale in this country for more than two years prior to his application, may, upon payment of the fees required by law, and other due proceeding had, obtain a patent therefor."

HOW SHE LOOKS.

Since Sarah Grand's last novel, "The Beth Book," she has occupied considerable space in the reviews. Anything, this remarkable woman writes is certain to provoke criticism, recrimination, blame and praise, for she unites a fertile and gifted mind with narrow views and an undying protest against man collectively and individually, young, old, good, bad or indifferent, though, to tell the truth, most of the men about whom she writes would come under the category of bad or disagreeable. Women, according to Mme. Grand, are unfortunately compelled to live on the same earth with these creatures, who interfere with their plans for mental advancement, their happiness and general pursuits. Naturally, everybody reads what she writes to glean some plan for adjusting matters, but as yet she has not produced any scheme for righting affairs. This picture is a late one and shows her in a girlish hat tied under the chin, the



MME. SARAH GRAND.

usual bracelets of the Englishwoman on her wrist and pensiveness in her gaze. She may be meditating the subject of her next book.

How He Kept Tally.

There had been a football game in the village of Skedunk, between the high school eleven of that place and a rival aggregation from the neighboring town of Ripley. Tommy Hunter, of the high school boys, was confined at home in consequence of injuries received in a practice game a day or two before, but he had abated nothing of his interest in the sport, and as soon as his father came in the evening of the eventful day when Ripley and Skedunk met on the gridiron field he bawled out: "What was the score, father?" "One broken rib, three bloody noses, one dislocated shoulder, and one torn ear for the high school boys; and two broken shins, two blackened eyes, one cut lip, one broken finger, and three teeth knocked out for the boys from Ripley," answered Mr. Hunter, who was not enthusiastic in the matter of football.