native name of Isandhiwana. For three

herd of buffalo that still inhabited the dis-

not far from their present camping place, in the vague hope that he might find an oppor-

Black Heart and White Heart.

A ZULU IDYLL.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER 1. At the date of our introduction to him Philip Hadden was a trader in "the Zulu." Still on the right side of 40, in appearance he was singularly handsome, tall, dark, upright, with keen eyes, short, pointed heard, curling hair and clear-cut features. His life had been a varied one and there were passages in it which he did not narrate even to his most intimate friends. He was of gentle birth, and, it was said, had received a public school and university education in England. At any rate he could quote the classics with aptitude en occasion, an accomplishment which, coupled with his fine voice and a bearing not altogether common in the wild places of the world, had earned him among his rough companions the sobriquet of "The

However these things may have been, it is certain that he had emigrated to Natal under cloud, and equally certain that his relatives at home were content to take no further in-terest in his fortunes. During the fifteen or sixteen years that he spent in and about the colony he had followed many trades and done no good at any of them. A clever man of agreeable and prepossessing manner, he al-ways found it easy to form friendships and to secure a fresh start in life, but by degrees the friends were seized with a vague distrust of him, and after a period of more or less application he himself would close the opening that he had made by a sudden disappearance from the locality, leaving behind him a

doubtful reputation and his debts.

Before the biginning of this story Philip Hadden had been engaged for some years in transport riding, that is, in carrying goods on ox wagons from Durban or Maritzburg to various points in the interior. A difficulty such as had more than once confronted him in the course of his career led to his temporary abandonment of this means of earn-ing a livelihood. On arriving at the little frontier town of Utrecht in the Transvaal in charge of two wagon loads of mixed goods consigned to a storekeeper there it was discovered that out of six cases of brandy five were missing from his wagon. Hadden exwere missing from his wagon. Hadden ex-plained the matter by throwing the blame upon his "boys," but the storekeeper, a rough-tongued fnan, openly called him a thief and refused to pay the freight on any of the load. From words the men came to blows, knives were drawn, and before any body could interfere the storekeeper received a nasty wound in his side. That night, without waiting till the matter could be inquired into by the landrost or magistrate, Hadden slipped away and trakked back into Natal as quickly as his oxen could travel. Feeling that even here he was not safe, he left one of his wagons at Newcastle, loaded up the other with Kaffir goods, such as blankets, called and hardware, and crossed into Zululand, where in those days no sheriff's officer would be likely to follow him.

Being well acquainted with the language and customs of the natives, he did good tradwith them and soon found himself possesses of some cash and a small herd of cattle, which he had received in exchange for his wares. News had reached him that the man whom he had injured was still vowing vergeince against him and had communicated with the sutherlifes in Natal, reasons that made his return to civilization unde sirable for the moment. Further busines being impossible, however, until he could recaive a fresh supply of trade stuff, like a Sending his cattle and wagon over the border to be left in charge of a na-tive headman with whom he was friendly, he went on foot to Ulundi to obtain permission from the King, Cetywayo, to hunt game to his country. Somewhat to his surprise the indunias, or headmen, received him courte-ously, for Hadden's visit took place within a few months of the outbreak of the Zuiu war of 1878, when Cetywayo was already showing unfriendliness to the English traders others, though why he did so they knew

form him that "the Elephant whose tread shook the earth" had signified that it was did not escape him. Accordingly he was "Let this White Man's offering be brought, "Let this White Man's offering be induna a kaross of leopard skins. The induna who had conducted him to the august presence went down upon his hands and knees, and uttering the royal salute of Bayete, crawled forward and announced that the white man 'Let him wait," said the King, angrily,

and turning he continued the discussion with his councillors. Now, as has been said, Hadden understood

Zulu thoroughly, and when from time to time the King raked his voice, some of the words he spoke reached his ear. words he spoke reached his ear.

"What!" Cetywayo said to a wizened and aged man, who seemed to be pleading with him earnessly, "am I a dog that these white hyenas should hunt me thus? Is not the land mine, and was it not my father's beland mine, and was it not the people mine to save ond before had been occupied by his monarch's heat.

At these words the story sharp exclamation and relied from his story in a most unkingly fnanner, while the terrified induna, springing backward, contrived to touch the trigger of the rifle and discharge a bullet through the exact spot that a second before had been occupied by his monarch's head. these little white men, my impis shall eat them up. I have said!" Again the withered, aged man interposed,

evidently in the character of a peacemaker. Hadden could not hear his talk, but he rose and pointed toward the sea, while from his expressive gestures and sorrowful mien he seeemed to be prophesying disaster should a certain course of action be followed. For a while the King listened to him, then sprang from his seat, his eyes literally

ablaze with rage. "Harken," he cried to the councillor, "I have guessed it for long, and now I am sure of it. You are a traitor. You are Sompseu's dog and the dog of the Natal Government, and I will not keep another man's dog to bite me in my own house. Take him away!"

A slight involuntary murmur rose from the flinched, not even when the soldiers, who seized him roughly. For a few seconds, per-



NAHOON, THE SON OF ZOMBA, BEARS THE KING'S ANSWER.

haps five, he covered his face with the corner of the kaross he wore, then he looked up and

spoke to the King in a clear voice.
"O King," he said, "I am a very old man; as a youth I served under Chaka the Lion and I heard his dying prophecy of the coming of the white man. Then the white men came and I fought for Dingaan at the battle of the Blood River. They siew Dingam and for many years I was the concellor of Panda, your father. I stood by you, O King, at the battle of the Tugela when its gray waters were turned to red with the blood of Umbuyour brother, and the tens of thousands of his people. Afterward I became your counofflor, O King, and I was with you when Sompseu set the crown upon your head and you made promises to Sompseu, promises that you have not kept. Now you are weary of me and it is well, for I am very old and

. Note-Sir Theophilus Shepstone's.

the old. Yet I think that the prophecy of Chaka, your great uncle, will come true, and that the white men will prevail against you and that through them you will find your death. I would that I might have stood in death. I would that I might have stood in one more battle and fought for you, O King, since fight you will, but the end which you choose is fore me the best end. Sleep in peace, O King, and farewell. Bayete."

For a space there was silence, a silence. For a space there was silence, a silence t expectation while men writed to hear

not please him to be merciful, or the needs of policy outweighed his pity.

Hadden witched and listened in amazegot out of favor since I le't Natal. I wonder

whether he means to make war on us or what. Is so, this isn't my place."

Just then the King, who had been gazing moodly at the ground, chanced to look up. Bring the stranger here," he said. Hudden heard him and, coming forward, offered Cetywayo his hand in as cool and nonchalant a manner as he could command.

nonchalant a manner as he could command.

Somewhat to his surpris: it was accepted.

"At last White Man," said the King, glancing at his visitor's tall spare form and cleanly cut face, "you are no 'umfagozan' (low fellow), you are of the bloods of chiefs."

"Yes, King," answered Hadd n, with a little sigh, "I am of the blood of chiefs." "What do you want in my country, White

"Very little, King, I have be n trading here as I daresay you have heard, and have sold all my goods. Now I ask your leave to

hunt buffalo and other big game for a while before I return to Natal."

"I cannot grant it," answered Cetywayo, "you are a spy sent by Sompseu, or the queen's induna in Natal. Get you gone." "Indeed," said Hadden, with a shrug of his should rs, "then I hope that Sompseu, or the queen's induna, or both of them, will Catywayo frown d. "What do you here

and, stamping their feet upon the ground in unison, repeated:
A red tele! A red tale! A tale of spears.
And the imple shall sink it in their cars.
One of them indeed, a great firee-faced fellow, drew near to Hadden and shaking his fist before his eyes—fortunately being in the royal presence he had no assegal—shouted the sentences at him.

The King saw that the fire he had lit was and my messengers are sometimes rough.

reach

hoon?" asked Hadden.

ridge to the right. "The Home of the Dead! Why!"

breath of life has passed away and who yet

"Indeed," said Hadden, "and have you ever seen these shosts?"
"Am I mad that I should go to look for

forest, and it is on the borders of it that the people make offerings to the dead."

Followed by Nahoon, Hadden walked to the edge of the cliff and looked over it. To

the left lay the deep and dreadful-looking

pool, while close to the bank of it, placed upon a narrow strip of turf between the

cliff and the commencement of the forest,

White Man, only the dead enter that

and my messengers are sometimes rough."

That means that I am a prisoner,"
thought Hadden... but it will go hard if I cannot manaxy to give them the slip somethow. I dou't mean to stay in this country if war breaks out, to be pounded into mout imedicine), or have my eyes put out, or any joke of that syrt."

Ten days had passed and one evening Hadden and his excet, were encamped in a wild stretch of meuniain country lying between the Blood and Unbunyana rivers, not more than eight miles from that "Place of the Lit." burning too fercely. "Sil nee," he thundered, in the deep voice. for which he was remarkable, and instantly such man became as if he were turned to stone, only the echoes still answered back-"And the imple shall sing it in their ears-

Just then there appeared through the gate of the fence a splendid specimen of the Zulu the tyrant r verse his judgment. But it did rece. The man, who was about 35 years of not please him to be moreiful, or the needs age, was arrayed in the full uniform of a Coptain of the Umcityu regiment; from th of policy outweighed his pity.

"Take him away," he repeated, and with a slow smile upon his face and one word.

"good night," upon his lips, I aning upon the arm of a soldier, the old warrior and stateman shuffled forth to the place of shill, also black in color. The other was empty, since he might not appear before the King hearing arms. In countenance ment not unmixed with f.ar. "If he treats the man was handsome, and though just now his own a reants like this, what will happen they betrayed some anxiety, his eyes were to me?" he reflected. "We English have gental and honest and his mouth sensitive. In height, he must have measured six feet two inches, y t he did not strike observer as being tall, perhaps because his width of chest and the solidity of his limbs, that were in curious contrast to the dilicate and almost womanish bands and feet which so often mark the Zulu of noble blood. In short, the man was what he seemed to be, a savage gentleman of birth,

dighity and courag . In company with him was another man plainly dressed in a mocha and a blanket. whose grizzled hair showed him to be over fifty years of age. His face also was pleasant and even refined, but the eyes were timorous and the mouth lacked character.

"Who are these?" asked the King.

The two men fell on their kness before him, and bowed till their foreheads touched

the ground, giving him his sibonga or titles of praise the while.

"Sp ak," he said impatiently, "O King," said the young warrior, seating himself Zulu fashion, "I am Nahoon, the son of Zomba, a Captain of the Umcityu, and this is my uncle, Umgona, the brother

pay me when I return to my own country, away from your regiment, Nahoon?" Meanwhile I will obey you because I must, "May it please the King, I have leave of



"LET HIM BE TAKEN AWAY," SHOUTED THE INCENSED KING.

but first I should like to make you a present." "What present?" asked the King, "I want no presents. We are rich here, White Man."
"So be it, King. It was nothing worthy"
"It is this, O King," said the Capter

Cetywayo frowned, for the note of sarcasm his pleasure to see him. Accordingly he was led through the thousands of huts and across I will consider it." Instantly the induna the Great Place to the little enclosure where who had accompanied Hadden darted to the Cetywayo was holding an indiba or confer- gateway, running with his body bent so low ence, gurrounded by his councillors, a royal that it seemed as though at every step looking Zulu seated on a stool and wearing he must fall upon his face. Presently he a kaross of leopard skins. The induna who presented it to the King, holding it so that the muzzle was pointed straight at the royal

heart.

incensed King from the ground, but long before the words had passed his lips the

induna, with a cry that the gun was be-witched, had cast it down and fled at full speed through the gate. speed through the gate.

"He has already taken himself away,"
suggested Hadden, while the audience tittered. "No, King, do not touch it rashly,
it is a repeating rifle. Look—" and, lifting
the Winchester, he fired the four remaining
shots in quick succession into the air, striking the ton of a tree at which he airsed

ing the top of a tree at which he aimed with every one of them. "Wow, it is wonderful!" said the company "Has the thing finished?" asked the King.
"For the present it has," answered Hadden.

Cetywayo took the repeater in his hand and examined it with caution, swinging the muzzle horizontally in an exact line with the stomache of some of his most eminent in-dunas, who shrank to this side and that as the barrel was brought to bear upon them. "See what cowards they are, White Man," said the King with indignation, "they fear lest there should be another bullet in this

answered Hadden, "they are cow ards indeed. I believe that if they were seated on stools they would tumble off them as it chanced to your majesty to do just

now."
"Do you understand the making of guns. White Man?" asked the King hastly, while the indunas one and all turned their heads and contemplated the fence behind them.

"No, King, I cannot make guns, but I can "If I paid you well, White Man, would you

stop here at my kraal and mend guns for me?" asked Cetywayo anxiously. "It might depend on the pay," answered adden, "but for a while I am tired of work and wish to rest. If the King gives me the permission to hunt for which I asked, and men to go with me, then when I return peraps we can bargain on the matter. If not, will bid the King farewell and journey to

'In order to make report of what he has seen and learned here," muttered Cetywayo.
At this moment the talk was interrupted, for the soldiers who had led away the old induna returned at speed and prostrated themselves before the King.

"Is he dead?" he asked. "He has traveled the King's bridge," they answered grimly, "he died singing a song of praise to the King." "Good," said Cetywayo, "that stone shalt

"It is this, O King," said the Captain with some embarrassment: "A while ago the King of your taking, only a rifle."

On the occasion of his first visit and last interview with the King, Hadden got a hint of the reason. It happened thus: It was on the second morning after his arrival at the armed before the Elephant who shakes the to come armed before the Elephant who shakes the the hair of his head. "Being now a ringed arriv"

"Right? Speak more humbly, son of Zom ba. My soldiers have no rights. Nahoon bit his lip, for he had made a seri-

eus mistake "Pardon, O King, the matter stands thus: My uncle Umgona, here, has a fair daughter named Nanea whom I desire to wife, and who desires me to husband. Awaiting the King's leave I am betrothed to her, and in earnest of it I have paid to Umgona fifteen head of "I crave leave to say, O, Elephant," remarked Hadden in a drawling voice, "that it might be well to command your servant and the work of the Crocodile named Maputa, the Warden of the Crocodile named Maputa, the work is known to the King, Drift, who doubtless is known to the King, "Why?" asked the king.
"Only because it is loaded and at full cock. O. Elephant, who probably desires to continue to shake the earth."

Drift, who doadeless is known to the king, and this chief also seeks Nanea in marriage, and this chief also seeks Nanea in marriage.

Brift, who doadeless is known to the king.

Brift, who doadeless is known to the king. toward Maputa it is black, therefore together we come to crave this boon of the King. "It is so, he speaks the truth," said Um-

> "Cease," answered Cetywayo, angrily. "Is this a time that my soldiers should seekwives in marriage, wives to turn their hearts to water? Know that but yesterday for this crime I commanded that twenty girls who had dared without my leave to marry men of the Undi Regiment should be strangled and their bodies laid upon the crossroads and with them the bodies of their fathers, that all might know their sin and be warned by it. Ay, Umgona, it is well for you and for your daughter that you sought my word before she was given in marriage to this man. Now this is my award: I refuse your prayer, Nahoon and since you, Umgona, are troubled with one whom you would not take as son-in-law, th old Chief Maputa, I will free you from his importunity. The girl, says Nahoon, is fair-good, I myself will be gracious to her and she shall be numbered among the wives of the oyal house. Within thirty days from now he week of the next new moon, let her be delivered into the Sigodhla, the royal hous of the women, and with her those cattle, the cows and the calves together, that Nahoon has given you, which I fine him because he has dared to think of marriage without the

> > CHAPTER II.

"A Daniel come to judgment indeed," reflected Hacden, who had been watching thi savage comedy with interest; "our love-sici friend has got more than he bargained for Well, that comes of appealing to Caecar," and he turned to look at the two suppliants.

The old man, Umgona, merely started, then began to pour out sentences of conventional thanks and praise to the King for his goodness and condescension, which Cety-wayo answered by reminding him tersely that if Nanea did not appear at the date named, both she and he, her father, would in due course certainly decorate a crossroad in their own immediate neighborhood.

The Captain, Nahoon, afforded a more curl ous study. As the fatal words crossed the King's lips his face took an expression of absolute astonishment, which was presently replaced by one of fury, the just fury of a man who has suddenly suffered an unutterable wrong. His whole frame quivered, the veins stood out in knots on his neck and foreband and his fingers cleaned and his fingers cleaned and his fingers cleaned. forehead, and his fingers closed convulsively as though they were grasping the handle of Presently the rage passed awaya spear. for as well might a man be wrath with Fate as with a Zulu despet—to be succeeded by a look of the most hopeless misery. The proud dark eyes grew dull, the copper-colored face sank in and turned ashen, the mouth drooped, and from one corner of it there trickled a little line of blood springing from the lip bitten through in his effort to keep silence. Lifting his hand in salute to the King, the great man tone and staggard

"Good, I will see if she can sting me." "So be it," said Nahoon, and turning he led the way along the cliff till he reached a native path which zig-zagged down the face

absence from the head Captains, and I com-

to the grass at the foot of the descent and walked up it to the hut. It was surrounded by a low fence of reeds, enclosing a small court yard paved with ant-heap earth beaten hard and polished. In this court yard sat the Bee, her stool being placed almost at the mouth of the round opening that served as a doorway to the hut. At first all that Hadden could see, crouched as she was in the shadow, was a huddled shape wrapped round crave the right of a

with a greasy, tattered catskin kaross, above the edge of which appeared two eyes, fierce and quick as those of a cat. At her feet smouldered a little fire and ranged about it n a semi-circle were a number of human skulls, placed in pairs as though they were talking together, while other bones, to all appearances also human, were festooned about the hut and the fence of the court

"I see that the old lady has got all the usual properties," thought Madden, but he said nothing. Nor did the witch doctress say anything;

at the mouth of her trap, and that these bones were the relics of her victims.

"Why do you not speak, White Man?" she said at last in a slow clear voice. "Well, seated at small tables, so as to there is no need, since I can read your give greater facilities of intercourse. The thoughts. You are thinking that I who am called the Bee should be better named the Spider. Have no fear, I did not kill these should be an impartial distribution of their men. What would it profit me when the dead are so many? I suck the souls of men, not their bodies, White Man. It is their living hearts I love to look on, for therein I read much and thereby I grow wise. Now what would you of the Bee, White Man, the Bee that labors in this Garden of Death, and what brings you here, son of Zomba? Why are you not with the Umcityu now that they doctor themselves for the great war, the last war, the war of the white and the black, or if you have no stomach for fighting, why are you not at the side of Nanea the tall, Nanea

Nahoon made no answer, but Hadden said: "A small thing, mother. I would know if should prosper in my hunting."
"In your hunting, White Man; what hunting? The hunting of game, of money, or of women? Well, one of them, for a-hunting you must ever be, that is your nature, to hunt and to be hunted. Tell me now, how does that trader do who tasted of your steel yonder in the town of the Maboon (Boers)? No need to answer, White Man, but what fee, Chief, for the poor witch doctoress whose skill you seek," she added, in a whining voice. "Surely you would not that an old

oman should work without a fee?" "I have nothing to offer you, mother, so will be going, and Hadden, who began to feel himself salisfied with this display of the Beo's powers, of observation and thoughtreading. Day we with an unpleasant laugh,

"would you ask a question and not wait for the answer? I will take no fee from you at present, White Man; you shall pay me later on when we meet again," and once more she laughed. "Lat me look in your face; let me

laughed. "Lat me look in your face; let me look in your face?" she continued, rising and standing before him.

Then of a sudden Hadden felt something cold at the hack of his neck, and the next instant she had sprung from him, holding between her flumb and finger a little curl of his dark hair which she had cut from his head. The action was as instantaneous that head. The action was so instantaneous that but stood still staring at her stupidly.
"That is all I need," she cried; "for like my heart my magic is white. Stay, son of Zomba, give me also of your hair, for those who visit the Bee must listen to her

humming." Nahoon obeyed, cutting a little lock from his head with the sharp edge of his assegal, though it was very evident that he did this not because he wished to, but because he

"Good," said Cetywayo, "that stone shalt hurt my feet no more. Go, tell the tale of its casting away to Sompseu and the Queen's induna in Natal," he added with bitter emphasis.

"Baba! Hear our Father speak. Listen to the rumbling of the Elephant," said the indunas taking the point, while one bolder than the rest added, "Soon we will tell them another tale, the white Talking Ones, a red tale, a tale of spears, and the regiments shall sing it in their ears."

At the words an enthusiasm caught hold of the listeners as the sudden fiame catches hold of dry grass. They sprang up, for the

THE RETIRED LIBERAL CHIEF

Reminiscences of the Career of England's Premier Statesman.

HIS ABILITY AND HIS MORAL PURPOSE

The Envy of the Political Small Fry and the ldol of the Democracy-His Wonderful Ability and Magnanimous Disposition.

The grand old man of England, William than eight miles from that "Place of the Lit-to Hand," which within a few weeks was to E. Gladstone, has not receded from the gaze of the world by reason of his retirement from come famous throughout the world by its public life. His voice is almost as potent had been tracking the spoor of a small at 86 as if backed by the prestige of official station, and his influence in the world's trict, but as yet they had not come up with them. The Zulu hunters had suggested that affairs is not a whit less commanding. An by should follow the Unbunyana down individuality so completions in the history ward the sea, where game was more plenti- of the waning century furnishes an inindividuality so conspicuous in the history ful, but this neither Hadden nor the Captain, Naboon, had been anxious to do for reasons exhaustible mine of reminiscences. Rev. J. Gunness Rogers of London, a personal which each of them kept secret to himself. Hadden's object was to work gradually down to the Buffalo river, across walch he hoped friend of the retired statesman, opens a lode in this storehouse of reminiscent wealth effect a retreat into Natal, while that of hoon was to linger in the alighborhood the kraal of Umgena, which was situated

tunity of speaking with, or, at least, of seeing and the ardent attachments they provoke. Namen, the girl to whom he was affianced. Continuing, he says:
who within a few weeks must be taken from Some of the reasons for the passionate him and given over to the King.

A more cerle-locking spot than where they were encamped Hadden had never seen. Behind them lay a tract of land half swamp and half bush, where the buffals were supfeeling, approaching to personal hate, with which Mr. Gladstone has been 'pursued through a large part of his public life may become apparent in the course of this sketch. In general, it may be said that a man who is head and choulders above his fellows, with posed to be hiding, beyond which in lonely grandeur rose the mountain of Isandhiwana, while in front was an amphitheater of whatever grace and meckness he may bear himself, will of necessity provoke some envy, and envy is infinitely skillful in masking the most gloomy forest ringed round in the distance by sheer-sided hills. Into this forits true character. It is certain, too, that a man of strong individuality will kindle strong antipathles as well as ardent attachments. This is pre-eminently true of Mr. Gladstone. Ha has been the head of a great, for a long period the predominant, party in the state. est there ran a river which drained the swamp, placidly enough on the level. But This is pre-eminently true of Mr. Gladstone. Ho has been the head of a great, for a long it was not always level, for within 300 yards of them it dashed suddenly over a any party. In his early days, when he was the young Ascanius of the old toryism, he was a puzzle to those who were leading to the said that he had acute. precipice of no great height, but very steep, falling into a boiling rock-bound pool that the light of the sun never seemed to the young Ascanius of the old toryism, he was a puzzle to those who were looking to him with fond hope, and the elders often shock their hand in "What is the name of that forest, Na-"It is named Emagoodu, the Home of the shook their heads in wonder and doubt at Dead," the Zulu replied absently, for he was looking toward the kraal of Nanea, which was situated an hour's walk away over the the vagaries of their youthful champion. also, in the party of his adoption, though he has been faithful to its principles, he has frequently pursued a policy which those nur-tured on old whig traditions have regarded "Because the dead live there, those whom we name the Esemkofu, the Speechless Once, and the Amablesi, from whom the

others whose first principle is to stand in he old ways. Mr. Gladstone's policy has always been nintelligible to those who were so hide-ound by precedent and tradition that day parture from them savored, in their view, of revolution. To others who really know him, nothing could well be more ridiculous than the association of his name with the the cabinet today who has less sympathy with ideas and measures which has this cliff and the commencement of the forest, was a hut.

"Who lives those?" asked Hadden.

"The great Isinusi, she who is named Inyanga or Doctores, she who is named the Bee because she igniters wisdom from the dead who grow in the forest."

"Do you think that she could gather enough wisdom to tell me whether I am going to kill any suffalo. Nahoon?" behalf. But there it ends. There is no dis-position toward a too facile acceptance of case on the opposite side. It is true that when fully convinced he shows a resolution

are sure to be sometimes misunderstood by

going to kill any buffalo, Nahoon?"

"Mayhap, White Man, but," he added with a little smile, those who visit the Bee's hive hear nothing, or they may hear more hear nothing, or they may hear more through the Bee's hive Bee to the but faint like.

He has been compared with different emistatemen, but there is but faint like. nent statesmen, but there is but faint like-ness in him to any of them. Between him and his great rival the contrast is perfect predecessor as liberal leader, there is little resemblance, save in the high moral purpose and sincere attachment to liberty of both. He has always spoken of Sir Robert Peel with the respectful affection which a loyal disciple cherishes to his chief, but the dif-By this path they climbed till they came ference in temperament and character be-tween them was very marked. It would be folly to name a dilettantist like Melbourne or a believer in compromises like Lord Palmerston, in connection with him. The posttion he occupies among the queen's prime ministers is absolutely unique, and unique chiefly because of the marked originality

the man himself. The transcendent ability of Mr. Gladston will scarcely be questioned except by par-tisans so utterly blinded by bigotry that they have lost the capacity for seeing the grea qualities of opponents. All candid men wil admit the marvelous genius of the man, albei there may be those who would regret that it has not been employed to better purpose. On the last point they will probably be bet ter Judges when the heat of party conflict has passed away, and when experience has shown how great the loss which the coun-Nor did the witch doctress say anything; she only fixed her beady eyes upon his face. Hadden returned the compliment, staring at her with all his might, till suddenly he became aware that he was vanquished in this curious duel. His brain became confused, and to his fancy it seemed that the woman before him had shifted shape into the likeness of a colossal and horrid spider sitting and to his fancy it seemed that the woman before him had shifted shape into the likeness of a colossal and horrid spider sitting at the mouth of her trap, and that these at the relies of her victims.

| Color of the red-letter days of life. The life is the red-letter days of life. The life is the red-letter days of life. The life is the red-letter days of life.

favors, and every one should be made to feel at home. In the company there were sure to be men of eminence, whether as theologians or politicians, scientists or travelers, scholars or artists, and nothing was more interesting than to see Mr. Gladetone flitting from one to another, and plunging at once into the special subject of each, which he would discuss with him as though it were also a study in which he was himself an expert. I do not suggest that he was the equal of these experts in their own department. But what I do mean to say is, that whether he talked about some point of archaeology with an antiquarian, or some recent discovery with a scientist, or some moot point in biblical criticism or theology with a divine, he was always at home, and argued with as much subtlety and intelligence as though he had been expounding some doctrine of political economy, or going through some perplexing figures in a Budget speech. No doubt the experts would remain satisfied with themselves, and probably with the theories he may have questioned, but even they must have been surprised at the extent of his reading, the breadth of his information, the independence of his views. and, perhaps, more than them all, the extraor-dinary versatility of his powers.

Hardly less remarkable is the rapidity with which he passes from one subject to another. I remember a very striking illustration which also, in another respect, throws light on Mr Gladstone's mental habits. On June 18, 1892 ha did me the honor to pay me a visit, and meet a large number of Nonconformist friends. The occasion was one of extreme interest to himself. A day or two before the great Orange convention had been held in Belfast, and the address was to be a reply to the challenge which had then been given. He had, in fact, made the meeting the opening of the great campaign of the general elec-tion. His address was singularly elequen and exhaustive—as exhaustive of the subject as it must have been of himself. The sight of that noble veteran at 83 years of age unfurling his standard and in clear, trumpet like notes summoning his forces was a spectacle never to be forgotten. When the meeting closed I was anxious to secure him refreshment and rest, and so got him into my study for a cup of tea. I soon found, however, that he was not too weary for conversation. "Didn't I see Dr. Reynolds in the meeting?" he asked. "Certainly," I said. "Would you like to see him?" In compliance with his request, my dear friend Reynolds was brought and in a few minutes they were in the midst of an interesting the logical conversation about the back which can be a properly of the properl a book which one of Dr. Reynolds' students had published, and in which Mr. Gladstone was deeply interested. It was a striking example of his power to detach himself in a moment even from a subject which seemed

he all-absorbing and pursue another of an atticly different character. It showed also his strong tendency toward theological inquiry. It could not be repressed even in presence of the exacting issues of a general election on which so much depended Since he retired from office it has become

more conspicious than ever. It has some-times been said that he ought to have been in the church, and in that ease would have become archbishop of Canterbury. That is, to say the least, doubtful. It would be rash, indeed, to assert that the abirat man among the clergy is always selected as primate. It is easy to see how Mr. Gladstone must have attributed to high or rather pre-eminent distinction; but it by no means follows that he would therefore have occupied the chair of Augustine. His independence of spirit, his scorn of mere conventionalism, his lofty conscientiousness, would hardly have helped him into high office. In the state he has been emphatically the elect of the people. In memotres, which have been already nubmemotrs which have been already pubboth parties regarded him with doubt. But there was an appeal from Tapers and Tadpoles and party managers and party chiefs to the people, and the people instinctively recognized a true and noble leader. In the church, however, there is no such corrective of mistaken official judgment, and so Mr. Gladstone might never have reached the

thighest position. But without wasting time on profiless speculation as to what might have been, it may be safely said that his influence on the Anglican church would have been very great, and perhaps not all in the direction which some would desire and expect.

It is only necessary to look at the different phases of his ecclesiastical activity to per-ceive this. He is a pronounced high churchand gives the result in a paper in the New York Independent.

Mr. Rogers introduces the subject with a man and Pusey, and to this day shows a reference to the evils of party strife, the profound deference to church authority. But virulent attacks of his political opponents, at the time of the ultramontane developat the time of the ultramontane develop-ment and the vations decree there was no one who assalled the papal claim to infalli-bility with more thorough determination and more trenchant vigor. How, while his celebrated pamphlets remain, any one can sugguise puzzles my comprehension; but so it is, and some of these who propagate it take credit for being good Christians—nay, eminent saints. They do not seem to realize the gravity of an accusation which means that a man's life has become a lie; still less do

certain smartness, but in reality it howed that the speaker had not a standard by which to measure so many-sided an in-tellect. For, so far as moral qualities are concerned, Mr. Gladstone has a remarkable implicity and singlen ss of eye. He is utwith extreme distrust. All this was inevita-ble. Men who think and act for themselves duplicity is an impossibility. For beyond everything else he is distinctively a good It would be superfluous to speak of his loy

alty to the Christian faith. That has been abundantly demonstrated by his writings. It is rather of his religious spirit and life that I speak. No one can be with him and converse with him with any degree of free-dom without feeling how thoroughly he than the association of his name with the seeks to live ever "as in the great Task-idea of revolution. There is not a man in master's eye." There is nothing ostentaticus, nothing unctious, nothing ascetic about his plety; but this very quietness makes it brind upon them. He is singularly hospitable to new ideas, ev n to afford to open
his mind for their consideration, even to
afford them kindly entertainment, and to give full weight to all that can be urged on their single out one virtue by which, more than behalf. But there it ends. There is no dis-position toward a too facile acceptance of them; still less is there a forg tfulness of the case on the opposite side. It is true that of a political opponent. The resentment which some of us have often felt at the un-generous and truculent, at times almost brutal, attacks directed against him, was not shared by himself. One of the keenest things I ever heard him say was in relation to one who absolutely r fused to forgive some political assailants who had been unjust to him. "And yet," said Mr. Gladstone, "I have no doubt that every day he prays 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." The remark, which, let me say, had no reference to any one now living, shows where his own guid-ing principle was found. It is a great thing to have seen, known and talked with such a man. He has done a noble work, and yet it is only beginning. He could not live in public without exerting a mighty influence. But it is only when the inner story of his life comes to be told, when the "true inwardness" of the man is revealed, and men can look at him in a light which is not clouded by the mists of party feeling, that his real worth will be understood.

Two Lives saved.

Mrs, Phoebe Thomas of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had consumption and that there was no bope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 139 Florida St., San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching consumption, tried without result everything else, then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in coughs and colds. Free trial bottle at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store. Regular size, 50

STHE GREAT HUDYAN. juvenator is
the most
wonderful
discovery of
the age.
thas been indorsed by the
leading-scientific men of
Europe and
America.
Hudyan is
purely vegetable.
Hudyan steps
Premaluratess
of the disof the eyes and other parts. dudyan cures Debility. Emissions, and developes and restores

quickly. Over 2,000 private endorsements.

Prematureness means innotency in the first stage. It is a symptom of seminal weakness and barrenness. It can be stopped in 20 days by the use of Hudyan.

The new discovery was made by the Specialists of the old famous Hudson Medical institute. It is the strongest vitalizer made. It is very powerful, but hamless. Sold for \$1.00 a psekage or 5 packages for \$5.00 (plain scaled boxes). Written guarantee given for a cure. If you buy six boxes and are not entirely cured, six more will be sent to you free of all charges.

Send for circulars and testimonials. Address HUDSON MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

Junction Stockton, Market & Ellis Sta.

San Francisco, Cals

MANHOOD



Perfect Manhood TO A RIPE OLD AGE

The sins of youthful Ignorance, the dissipation, the weakness that proves a barrier to marriage—these are the things that are daily plunging thousands of men into a condition of utter ruin.

The wasted parts, emiscions, pervousness and physical debility all resulting from abuses and excesses, continue to sap the life away simply because the sufferer in his ignorance is too bashful, too far gone in a shrinking fear of discovery to make known his condition or to seek out a friend. It is this lack of courage, this blighting backward fear that has prompted me to make known to every man, weak and worn out from dissipation or secret sins, that there is a chance for you, an opportunity whereby you may be lifted out of that state of dread and despair to a happy condition of self respectant i manly courage. I, too, had secretly suffered for years, but through the agency of a remarkble remedy I am now a happy, vigorous man enjoying to the fullest measure the blessings and privileges that only complete manhood can bestow. I will send (scaled) the recipe of this wonderful remedy FREE to any sufferer who will write to mo. It cured me after everything else and failed, and it will cure you. Address, C. H. Muller, Box 1325 ,Kalamazoo, Mich.



suffer nervousness, mental worry, attacks of "the blues," are but paying the penalty of early excesses. Victims, reclaim your manhood, regain your

vigor. Don't despair. Send for book with explanation and proofs. Mailed (sealed) free. ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

To Keep Young

needs no magic elixir. It only requires a little daily care of the health. Ripans Tabules reduce the wear and tear of life to the lowest point,

The Tobacco used in this Cigar is the best we can buy in Cuba.

MERCANTLE

The Mercantile is equal to any that are imported. See that the word MERCANTILE F. R. Rice Mercantile Cigar Co., St. Louis.

