

SALVATION BOOM IN MATABELELAND

By FRANK NORRIS

"They're close in!" shouted West in a few moments. Otto raised his head from his work and saw that it was so.

Then the last boards fell away, and the little American organ stood out under the African sun, shining bravely with veneer and scrollwork and celluloid.

"Play!" cried West again. "For God's sake play—play anything! They'll dance so long as you can keep it up."

And Marks flung himself at the instrument and dashed his hands upon the keys just as the rush came, and the green bush was shot from view by the scores of crowding brown bodies, glistening with sweat and all a-jingle with beads and wirework.

Otto was hunching with terror, but he stuck to his work, playing away at the only kind of music he knew, the Moody and Sankey gospel hymns that he had learned in Toledo and that he had found effective in the Salvation barracks at Cape Town and at Mafeking.

Then that strange procession began the eighteen bullocks headed by the little voo-looper, gray with terror. West, his face set rigidly to the front, walking by the wheel bullocks, the creaking wagon following, and upon it Otto Marks toiling at the melodeon playing gospel hymns for the life he loved, while close pressed about them all, hemming them in on every side, were the hundreds of naked Matabele, shaking their bulks' hide shields and tossing assegais and kirris high in the air.

Music mad, as only the Zulu race can be, their minds all excited and distorted by the self imposed tortures of the Malunda rite, dizzied and confused by the drunkenness of the Cape smoke, Otto's music caught them and held them, and they danced and danced as though they would never tire, dazed and bewildered, working themselves into a fury, leaping and shouting about, without knowing why.

Otto struck into a fresh hymn with a veritable frenzy. The excitement and the strangeness of the thing were beginning to tell upon them as well. No barracks gathering had ever aroused such enthusiasm as this. By now he had come to—

Put for the shore, sailor,
Heed not the raging waves,
Though loudly they roar.

And after this, without a moment's pause, he dashed into—

I am so glad that Jesus loves me.

When that was done, he dug his fingers into the celluloid keys again, kneeling them with all the strength of his two arms, swaying from side to side, and while his feet thrashed out the rhythm upon the pedals, played—

Hallelulah, 'tis done,
I believe on the Son.

Suddenly the Matabele began to sing, catching up the tunes with the quickness and facility of savages, singing to the air of these gospel hymns the words of the war song of Moselekane the chant of the Black Bull:

Yaling-g'labi
Leyo n'kama
Ya-bheka.

Then at last the tension broke. The thing was more than Mr. Otto Marks of Toledo was made to bear. All at once his nerves cringed and recoiled like the broken ends of the overstrained harp string, and he leaped in the air, suddenly seized with hysteria, shrieking and laughing and banging his fists upon the keys.

With the cessation of the music the spell was broken, the droning chant stopped in a medley of discords, and the dancing feet grew still.

"Go on! Go on!" screamed West. "Go on playing!" But Otto neither heeded nor heard, for he was out of his head with terror and excitement and was dancing upon the wagon, shrieking out snatches of gospel hymns. He was waving his fists above his head. His eyes were at the cross of a fish, and he was bleeding at the nose.

An assaigal struck him all at once full on the face, and he spun about twice, slipping on the keyboard of the organ, his blood splashing the dazzling white of the celluloid keys.

They ran in then and overwhelmed the wagon like an angry ocean bursting a dike, and the little voo-looper found his death amid the panic stricken oxen.

West tried to shoot himself underneath the wagon, but was dragged out by one arm and a leg with his chin shot away.

And what was done with Mr. West? "Maghwehena!" exclaimed Ingodusi as he finished the tale. "He was an Umtagati, a crawling snake. Him we crucified upon a telegraph pole—by the arms only."

The Savage's Forebodings.

The savage regarded the first white man thoughtfully.

"If I try to fight him," he said, "he will exterminate me, and if I try to live in peace with him he will cheat me out of everything, and I will starve to death. What chance have I got?"—Chicago Post.

His Clerical Robes.

"Pooh! My papa wears even's clothes every time he goes to parties."

"That ain't anything. Our minister wears his nightclothes every time he preaches."—Cleveland Daily Dealer.



Otto was playing gospel hymns for the life he loved.

ODD THINGS IN SIAM

CURIOUS CUSTOMS AND CEREMONIES THAT ARE STILL OBSERVED.

Cutting the Topknot of the Child For His Spiritual Welfare—The Wedding and Its Celebration—Ceremonies With Refreshments.

In Siam the cutting of the topknot is so important a ceremony for the future spiritual welfare of the child that it is most scrupulously carried out, with all the pomp and ceremony that the means of the parents will allow. That the poor people may not be deprived of the benefit of all that is necessary for it, a local dealer, who ships them to market, seizes his net, dashes it under the crab and flings it into the boat. The wary crab may loosen his hold and dive for the bottom, but such is the fisherman's dexterity that his net is swifter than the crab. One seldom gets away. Several hundreds of crabs are often taken at each overhauling of the rope. When he has caught all he wants, he packs them in barrels and sells them to a local dealer, who ships them to market.—Country Life in America.

"Doing" Europe in Your Mind.

According to a Cairo contemporary, persons who wish to let their friends know that they are "doing" Europe on a princely scale the while they are living in retirement for a time need only apply to an agency in Paris, which will undertake to send your letters to practically any place in Europe you may select and thence to have them posted for you on any date you may choose. The demand for such an institution arose out of the absolute horror the Parisian of "high life" has of being suspected of remaining in Paris or its environs in the bathing season. One feature of the joke is that you can not only get your letters posted from some distant spot, but you can get answers received for you and reposted to your temporary hiding place. There are great possibilities for American travelers in this. Why not stay in America and "do" Europe?—New York Tribune.

Insurance Has Its Humor.

An enterprising insurance agent induced an Irishman to take out an accident policy for his wife. A few days later while conversing with a friend in his office he was startled to see the Irishman rush in, brandishing fiercely a stout cane.

"Ye rascal!" he yelled, springing toward the agent. "Ye want'er cheat me?"

Fortunately the enraged man was disarmed and held fast by the agent's friend, who was a powerfully built man. The Irishman, struggling to get free, shouted:

"Let me git at the spalpeen! Think of it, eh, eh, eh, me folve dollars for an accident ticket for me ole woman, an' she jest broke her leg a fallin' down stairs! Wot's the good of the ticket anyhow?"

Male Blushers.

One of the most ill founded of all popular delusions is that blushing is the special characteristic of the female sex. As a matter of fact, except in the case of very young girls, men blush far more readily than women. The well bred woman never blushes at all, while it is a matter of everyday experience that in the excitement of business or political discussions men's cheeks redden with very little provocation. What ever may have been the case a hundred years ago, the modern woman shows her emotion not by blushing, but by turning pale.—London Tatler.

Mathematics of Love.

"Margaret," he began, "I have \$3,750 in the bank. I own half interest in a patent chum company that clears \$1,700 a year. My salary is \$20 a week, with prospects of a raise to \$22. I have an aunt who will leave me twenty-seven shares of a railway stock now quoted at 53. Tell me, Margaret, will you be mine?"

"Wait," she replied, "till I get a pencil."

For she never had been good at mental arithmetic.—Newark News.

The Baths of Caracalla.

The Romans appear to have been well off in the matter of bathing places in the first and second centuries. In the baths of Caracalla 1,000 bathers could be accommodated at one time. The enclosed area was 300 square yards, but it included a course for foot racing. The bathing establishment was 240 yards in length by 124 wide. The remains of the walls are 8 and 10 feet thick and in some places as much as 50 feet high.

The Wrong Suggestion.

A good planter's wife "befo' de wah" was teaching a jet black house girl, just fourteen and fresh from the plantation, the letters of the alphabet. Betsy had learned the first two, says Harper's Magazine, but always forgot the letter "c."

"Don't you see with your eyes? Can't you remember the word see?" said her mistress.

"Yassum," answered Betsy. But she could not. Five minutes later Betsy began again bravely, "A—B— and there she stopped.

"What do you do with your eyes, Betsy?"

"I sleeps wit' em' mie."

A Beautiful Ball.

An Irish editor being unable to obtain a sufficiency of news for his daily paper, made the following extraordinary announcement: "Owing to an unusual pressure of matter we are today obliged to leave several columns blank."

English as She Is Spoken.

Tourist—Say, my good fellow, am I on the right road to the town?

Native (after a pause)—Ya-as, stranger, I reckon you're goin' in the wrong direction.—Lippincott's.

CATCHING CRABS.

Choptank River Fishers Land Them by an Ingenious Method.

Those who crab for market on the Choptank river, Maryland, have an ingenious method of catching crabs in quantity. A rope about the thickness of a clothesline several hundred feet long is kept coiled in a keg. At intervals of two feet along the entire length of the rope the fisherman has untwisted it and inserted between the strands short pieces of salted eels. The torsion of the rope holds them tightly in place. Each end of the rope has a keg buoy attached, together with a heavy lead about the line. When a crab, clinging to its refreshment, comes in sight, he seizes his net, dashes it under the crab and flings it into the boat. The wary crab may loosen his hold and dive for the bottom, but such is the fisherman's dexterity that his net is swifter than the crab. One seldom gets away. Several hundreds of crabs are often taken at each overhauling of the rope. When he has caught all he wants, he packs them in barrels and sells them to a local dealer, who ships them to market.—Country Life in America.

The Emperor's Early Call.

Good humor is the dominant note of the German emperor's intercourse with the diplomatic corps in Berlin. He had occasion recently when staying for a few days in his capital to see an ambassador on pressing business. On the way back from his early morning ride

NEW SHORT STORIES

An Uncomfortable Seat.

Representative Sibley of Pennsylvania has a big summer home on the shores of Lake Champlain, near Plattsburgh, N. Y. He took Representative John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, the poet of the Yazoo, up there with him once, says a Washington correspondent of the New York World.

The other day Williams went over to Sibley's desk and said, "Joe, do you remember that fine park look of your house up there on Lake Champlain?"

"Indeed I do," replied Sibley. "Why?"

"Well, I'm writing a beautiful poem about a lovely girl and a handsome young man sitting on the fence there in the gloaming making love."

"That's impossible," protested Sibley. "Why?"

"Why?" inquired Williams indignantly. "Are the young men and women of northern New York so cold blooded that they do not make love in the gloaming?"

"No," snickered Sibley, "but the fence you're putting in the poem is made of barbed wire."

Eastly Explained.

Dr. Edward Brooks, superintendent of the public schools, was asked by one of his little friends in Overbrook to listen to the latter's rehearsal of a lesson in which there was a reference to Atlas, says the Philadelphia Ledger.

"Do you know who Atlas was?" asked Dr. Brooks.

"Yes, sir. He was a giant who supported the world."

"Ah! Supported the world, did he?" went on the superintendent. "Well, tell me the superintendent." "Well, he had not given the subject any particular attention, but showed immediate willingness to think it over. The doctor stood looking on, trying hard to keep back a smile, but the youngster finally brightened up and answered:

"Well, I guess he must have married a rich wife."

The Diplomat Opened His Eyes.

When Chaplain Hubbard, United States army, retired, was stationed at Fort Buford, N. D. (numbered with the abandoned posts in 1885), his little son, then six years old, chose as his career the role of second lieutenant, as one of his favorites among the officers was of that rank.

One day, when talking over his ambition, his mother said, "Whatever you do for my son I trust you may be a Christian gentleman."

"Can't I be a Christian gentleman and a second lieutenant, too, mamma?"—New York Times.

Victoria's One Joke.

The late Queen Victoria, though she had literary ambitions, was not known as a wit. Her one recorded joke, however, is a good one and should be preserved. The aged Duke of Wellington having paid his sovereign a visit on a very wet day, she anxiously inquired what boots he was wearing.

"The people call them 'Wellingtons,'" said the duke.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed the queen. "Where, I should like to know, could you find a pair of Wellingtons?"

If all the petroleum produced last year in the United States was put in standard barrels and the barrels placed in a row touching each other, the line would completely belt the earth. Enough coal was produced to give three and a half tons to every one of the 70,000,000 persons in the United States and enough gold to give every American a gold dollar.

Two of the largest Rhenish iron workers are negotiating with the Japanese government for the supply of 70,000 tons of rails.

THE BRAVE WOLVERENE.

Not a Little Wolf, but a Dignified Forest Monarch.

Not "little wolf," as the ignorant think, is the significance of wolverene, but something of greater dignity—an embodiment of the terrible spirit of the wild fire of the prehistoric forests. Wonderful in its strength and courage, a tree climber on occasion, not immense of size, but with limbs and claws great, a muzzle almost hoglike, but with great white fangs, the beast had still an element of the grotesque in its make-up, with its sweeping, bushy tail and the broad bands of yellow white upon its back and shoulders. Woe to the smallest beast or the deer upon which it dropped from some great low hanging branch or before which it suddenly appeared in the dense windfalls!

Of all the continent, the Michigan peninsula was the chosen habitat of the wolverene, and he struggled long before backwoodsmen drove him from his haunts. So enduringly dignified, so desperately courageous, that his name became a synonym for pluck and prowess, and proudly the people of Michigan accept the nickname which has been given to him.—Outing.

BACON AND SHAKESPEARE.

The Two Men Separately and the Two in One Being.

Aristotle was an extraordinary man. Plato was an extraordinary man. That two men each severally so extraordinary should have been living at the same time in the same place was a very extraordinary thing. But would it diminish the wonder to suppose the two to be one? So I say of Bacon and Shakespeare. That a human being possessed of the faculties necessary to make a Shakespeare should exist is extraordinary. That a human being possessed of the necessary faculties to make Bacon should exist is extraordinary. That two such human beings should have been living in London at the same time was more extraordinary still. But that one man should have existed possessing the faculties and opportunities necessary to make both would have been the most extraordinary thing of all.

Great writers, especially being contemporary, have many features in common, but if they are really great writers they write naturally, and nature is always individual. I doubt whether there are five lines together to be found in Bacon which could be mistaken for Shakespeare or five lines in Shakespeare which could be mistaken for Bacon by one who was familiar with their several styles and practiced in such observations.—James Spedding's "Essays."

Physiological Autographs.

Every human being carries with him from his cradle to his grave certain physical marks which do not change their character and by which he can always be identified, and that without shade of doubt or question. These marks are his signature, his physiological autograph, so to speak, and this autograph cannot be counterfeited, nor can it be disguised or hid away, nor can it become illegible by the wear and the mutations of time.

This autograph consists of the delicate lines or corrugations with which nature marks the insides of the hands and the soles of the feet. If you will look at the balls of your fingers, you will observe that these dainty curving lines delineate the borders of oceans in maps, and that they form various clearly defined patterns, such as arches, circles, long curves, whorls and so forth, and that these patterns differ on the different fingers.—"Pudd'head Wilson."

Strange Uses For Mirrors.

The celebrated Beau Brummel during the first years of his exile, while yet his fame as a dandy was pre-eminent, had the ceiling of his bedroom covered with mirrors so that even while at rest he could study elegance and assume a graceful pose. For such a purpose a glass ceiling is, however, not unique, and the notorious Duchess of Cleveland had such another constructed to gratify her vanity.

For a far different reason a certain Yorkshire gentleman of the last century had his ceiling paneled with mirrors. Ardently devoted to the sport of cockfighting, he continued to the last to enjoy his favorite pastime and even when on his deathbed his room was the scene of many an exciting fight, which, lying on his back, he saw reflected in the glass overhead.

A Tender Husband.

In connection with a slight affection of Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant's eyes a very pretty story is told indicative of General Grant's tender devotion to her. When he was president, she became somewhat sensitive about her eyes—she suffered from strabismus—and consulted a specialist to see what could be done for her. The specialist told her he thought he could improve her eyes, but the operation would be painful, she consulted her husband to learn whether he would advise the operation. "Don't have it done, dear," said the general, pressing her cheeks with his two hands. "Let those dear eyes stay just as they are. If they were changed, I might not recognize my sweetheart."

Distance Traveled by Odors.

As an illustration of the distance odors are carried it is noteworthy that the fumes and exhalations from the sulphur springs of Colorado can be distinguished at a distance of fully twenty miles. The delicious perfume of the forests of Ceylon is carried by the wind twenty-five miles out to sea, while in foggy weather travelers 100 miles from the land have recognized their proximity to the coast of Colombia by the sweet smell brought them on a breeze from the shore.

Tonsillitis.

An attack of tonsillitis can usually be ward off by painting the inflamed tonsil with tincture of iodine. If you are unsuccessful in the attempt and the tonsils ulcerate, swab them at once with guaiacum and repeat in five or six hours. This I learned from a well known throat specialist of St. Louis, and I find I can almost always recover without the services of my physician.—Good Housekeeping.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE
...Straw and Binders' Board...
Tel. Main 100. SAN FRANCISCO.

Six Physicians Said Diabetes.

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

John A. Phelps, of the Hotel Repplier, 781 Sutter street, an old-time San Francisco business man, interviewed December 31, 1901:

Q.—It is hard for people to believe Bright's Disease and Diabetes are curable. Will you let us mention your case?

A.—You may. I've told many about it.

Q.—Did physicians declare it Diabetes?

A.—A half dozen. For three years I declined steadily till finally I had to sell my business. The last doctor thought I'd live only about six weeks and advised me to straighten out my affairs.

Q.—How soon did you begin to mend under the Fulton Compound?

A.—The specialist's name soon began to drop, but it was nearly a year before I was perfectly sound.

Q.—Did any whom you told of it take it?

A.—Several cases of Diabetes and Bright's Disease, upon hearing under the Fulton Compound, were cured.

Q.—Can you recall the names?

A.—I can. I will mention them without their permission. One was a friend in Collingwood, this he was cured by his company as incurable. He recovered. Another was that of a well-known lady in this city, who was also given up by her physicians. She is now perfectly well.

Q.—What do you think now of the curability of chronic Bright's Disease and Diabetes?

A.—I have known for several years that they are curable.

Q.—But the books say that they are not?

A.—Certainly they do, and I think reason may not at first believe it, but they will gradually.

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 87 per cent are positively cured under the Fulton Compound. (Common forms of kidney complaint and rheumatism after short resistance.) The Fulton Compound, J. A. Phelps Co., 20 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Free tests made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

Save the Baby.

The mortality among babies during the three first years is something frightful. The cause of 100 deaths that about one in every seven succumb.

The cause is apparent. With baby's bones hardening, the fontanel covering the skull closing up and its teeth forming, all these coming at once create a demand for bone material. The infant's bones are soft, its systems are deficient. The result is restlessness, weakness, sweating, fever, diarrhoea, brain trouble, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The deaths in 1900 under three years were 268,000. In scores of cases this diet, given with their regular food, has not failed to check the infantile distresses. Several of the more serious cases would, I feel sure, have been fatal without it. It cannot be too quickly brought to the attention of the mothers of the country. It is an absolute necessity.

L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Petaluma, Cal., September 1, 1902.

Dear Sir—Last June I tried the Just Bred Food in two cases and in both it was a success. The one was a more serious case, so critical that it was brought to me from another city for treatment. Partial results were feared. In three days the baby was eating and commenced eating and is now well. Its action in this case was remarkable. I would advise you to put it in every drug store in this city. Yours,

I. M. PROCTOR, M. D.

Sweetman's Teething Food will carry baby safely and comfortably through the most dangerous period of child life. It renders latching on to the gum easier, soothes the infant's pain and a blessing to the baby to wait for symptoms but to commence giving it their regular diet as early taken. Price 50 cents (enough for six weeks), sent postpaid on receipt of price. Write for a score of cases this diet, given with their regular food, has not failed to check the infantile distresses. Several of the more serious cases would, I feel sure, have been fatal without it. It cannot be too quickly brought to the attention of the mothers of the country. It is an absolute necessity.

L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

The Spanish Schoolteacher.

The teacher of my language was over-worked. He may suffer from the parsimonious policy of the powers and be underpaid even in our own enlightened country, but in few countries, certainly not in the United States, could such a story as the one which follows be truthfully told:

In the streets of a Spanish city, says the author of "The Land of the Dons," a police officer stumbled on the corpse of a ragged and emaciated pauper. In making out his report he asked what he should enter as the dead man's profession.

"What did he die of?" asked the magistrate.

"Starvation," replied the policeman.

"Put him down as a schoolmaster," replied the magistrate.

Love Plants.

Plants used in love divinations are common. In many parts of England and Scotland the familiar southern wood is known as "lad's love," "lad's loveless" or "lad's love and lass's delight." Another British name for the plant is "old man's love" or simply "old man," from its use recommended by Pliny. In Woburn, Mass., this herb is called "boys' love," and it is said that if a girl tucks a bit in her shoe she will marry the first boy she meets.

He Understood.

"And after I get off the cars," said young Markley, who had asked and received permission to call, "which way do I turn to get to your house?"

"Why," said she, "right in front of you, on the corner, you'll see a candy store—a very nice candy store—and—when you come out you walk two blocks east."

The Gravedigger.

A gravedigger, walking in the streets the other day, chanced to turn and noticed two doctors walking behind him. He stopped till they passed and then followed on behind them. "And why this?" said they. "I know my place in the procession," returned he.

The Bride's Retort.

Mrs. Prissins—Oh, but I got taken when I married you, I wretch!

Mr. Prissins—Yes—out of the cold.—Newark News.