

SOME ZULU CUSTOMS.

The Barbaric Hospitality Practiced by the Natives of South Africa.

In regard to hospitality I will observe that in their heathen state probably no African race surpasses the Zulus. A stranger was always welcome to what they could afford. There is an afage among them to this effect: "A stranger's appetite never diminishes the store." I once heard Dr. Newton Adams, one of the pioneer missionaries to South Africa, observe that he traveled through a great part of Zululand, before European traders had gone there, and was treated in every kraal with genuine politeness. He could not persuade the people to take even a gift in return for his hospitality. Alas, the contrast between those days and the present! Now the Zulu maxim is "get as much from white men as you can." I should observe, however, that among themselves the old rules of hospitality are in vogue. But, curious to relate, a certain amount of apparent deception is practiced. The newly-arrived stranger asks: "Is the head man of the kraal at home?" The reply is: "No, he has gone to look after his cattle," or, "he has gone to the river to bathe." The interrogatory then comes from within the kraal: "What do you want of the head man?" Should the reply prove satisfactory a boy or girl will very likely emerge from one of the huts, saying: "Here he is, he has just returned." The reason for this deception very likely rises from the fact that the natives of Zululand have lived in a state of insecurity for many generations, and when a Kaffir decided to assassinate an individual he usually despatched one or two men for the deed, and to delay the presence of the man whose life was in danger was a measure of precaution and necessity.

In the giving of snuff to one another (for all Zulus are inveterate snuff-takers) or of food, a fib or two is generally resorted to: "Help me to a pinch of snuff," one says, "I have none; the snuff-ox was emptied long ago," is the reply. But after shaking up the box a little, enough is found to set a company sneezing at once. If asked for food, the reply is: "We have nothing to eat ourselves; famine has nearly finished us." But in less than ten minutes a pot of beer brewed from Indian corn, is placed before the hungry visitor. Some think that the Zulus resort to these deceptions thinking them safeguards for if he requests for food should be at once complied with, and the person partaking should become ill or die, suspicion would at once be roused against the donor. "Why was he so ready to give upon the asking?" would they be said. But this is bringing me into the realm of Zulu superstitions, which are legion, and would require much space for discussion.—Rev. Josiah Taylor, in N. Y. Observer.

THE CLINGMAN DUEL.

How Simon Madole Drove North Carolina's Governor Off the Field of Honor.

When I was on my fishing trip down in Southeast Missouri about five ago I met Simon Madole, the man who had the historic duel with Governor Clingman of North Carolina that there was so much lying about in the '50's. It is hopeless to try to give Madole's fine old Tennessee dialect, but as near as I can put it he tells the story thus: "You see, I went down there into that French broad Kentry, and this man Clingman, Governor Clingman he was then, kem along and made a perturbed speech which was all full of foolery and dodgins of nonsense, and along about the middle of it I up and pinterly gay him the lie. Well, he sent his challenge to me, and I passed the word back that I'd fight him with swords, mounted. Now, I had a ole ox brute that I had trained to the saddle, and he was viciouser than a trappers-leg full of rattlesnakes when I put the cinch to him; and he ud spoutin' object to any body toothin' a horn when ridin' him. I had bestles a kiverlet—a bed kiverlet, you know—in which was all obbers of the rainbow, although red and blue predominated.

"I put the kiverlet on the ox brute and cinched in the saddle so that his eyes butted out. I got me an old rusty saber that my granther it into the revolution with, tied on a cow-horn and started for the field of combat. Gubner Clingman was there on a fine thoroughbred mare, with a three-cornered French paper in his hand, evidently thirstin' for my blood. As me and he ox brute hove in sight there was what these here newspaper fellows call a sensation. Gubner Clingman declared he wouldn't fight me on a outfit, but I took one long foot on the cow-horn and charged.

Pitcher's Castoria.

Walt, sir, his thoroughbred kind of grand and shivered and stared as though she didn't know whether she was asleep or only dreamin', while the kiverlet was a-flutterin' in the wind and the ox brute was a-snootin' and a-pawin' and a-makin' for her, and on.

"The Gubner was yellin' for me to stop, but I jus' tooted away on the horn and let the ox brute go. The mare w-od twall we got about ten year's off and then she put out duvast as fast as she could hick, and you can both see me or not, but she never even switched her tail twel she crossed the Carolina line. There's been lots of lying about the Clingman duel, but that's the truth of it, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—A turning baggage-car, which was wrecked on the railroad near Walker, Mo., the other day, was saved by pouring milk on the flames.

Typhoid Mortality in Chicago.

M. Chamberland, chief of M. Pasteur's laboratory, has been writing an important report demonstrating the unsatisfactory character of hygiene in France. He finds that the deaths from typhoid fever per 100,000 of population are 63 in Paris, 10 in Brussels, and 17 in Berlin and London. A critique on this report, published in a Lyons medical journal, points out that, in addition to faulty hygiene, antiquated methods of treatment usual in France may have something to answer for. Results would be interested in an explanation of the cause of the typhoid mortality in Chicago. Even in such a phenomenally healthy year as 1885 there were reported 406 deaths from typhoid fever to this city. On the basis of 620,000 population—assumed by the health department—this gives a mortality of 78.7 per 100,000, or nearly one-fourth greater than the rate in Paris, and more than four times that of Berlin and London. Is this excessive mortality from a typical typhoid disease, due to the "unsatisfactory character of hygiene" in Chicago, to "antiquated methods of treatment," or to the inexcusable ignorance of physicians who report all their fatal cases of continued fever as "typhoid"?—Chicago News.

Story of "Puss in Boots."

Puss is a moral story in Russia, Sicily, among the Avars and at Zanzibar. In these countries the cat helps the man from a motive of gratitude. In France, Italy, India and elsewhere, "Puss in Boots" is an immortal story; the cat is a swindler, the Marquis de Carabas is his accomplice. Is the moral the primitive part and essence of the story, or is the moral a later idea tacked on? M. Gaston de Paris thinks the Zanzibar version is the original. There the man is ungrateful to the kind beast, and is punished by awaking to find his prosperity a dream. Mr. Trail thinks the story is the original thing and the moral an afterthought. Who is to decide?

It is odd, in any case, that when Cambridge illustrated and rewrote "Puss in Boots" for a moral purpose he introduced the moral motive of gratitude in the cat. Now he probably invented this, for he was no folklorist, and his invention thus jumped with the tale as told by Avars and Bushulis. Human fancy has these narrow limits, which cause literary coincidences.—Andrew Lang in Longman's Magazine.

The Sultan and His Wives.

Double tears, clamors, howling, work the same result in Constantinople that they do in Washington, and the luxurious harem may have some dull corner where the discarded favorite may weep, neglected, while her victorious rival exults in triumph. The Turks are tender in the extreme to animals and children, and we must believe they are also gentle toward women. Sometimes the caprices of wives have been as costly as the sultan to the empire. Sultan Ibrahim allowed his to take what they pleased from shops and bazars without payment. One hotel complained; she did not like shopping by daylight, and at once the sovereign issued an order requiring merchants to keep their shops open all night and to have enough torches burning to exhibit goods to advantage. Another, whose name means Little Bit of Sugar, whispered to Ibrahim that she wanted to see him with his beard fringed with gems. The lord of beads was adorned accordingly, and made a spectacle of himself, thus tricked out.—Susan E. Wallace in New York Sun.

Novel Method of Feeding.

A prominent market gardener and milkman of South Hadley, Mass., feeds his peddling horses by clock power. The cracked corn and oats are put into a hopper over night, and the alarm clock is set for a morning feed. The contrivance works to a charm, the horses thrive by it, it saves labor in the last part of the day and the machine costs about \$6.—Boston Budget.

A Boy's Idea.

My little nephew, 5 years old, was talking about the Garden of Eden, and Clingman was telling him about God's punishing Adam and Eve to eat the apples. The little boy said: "God must have been saving the apples to sell."—Boston Globe.

Children Cry for

Working on Simple Diet.

A great number of Kashmiri cultivators occupy themselves in spring and autumn in taking goods from the plains to Kashmir by contract, and on that bargain will exert themselves manfully. I once arranged my loads for the ordinary coolies, but afterward met with some Kashmiris who were ready to take them by weight. They loaded themselves each with three of the loads that had been made up; one man carried four dozen of beer packed in cases; another load weighed 100 pounds, and I have a well authenticated case of a young man carrying 240 pounds. This was not for a short journey but for more than 100 miles of uneven road, with many long rises and several passes, one of them over 9,000 feet. In doing such feats as this the Kashmiris take their own time; the ten days' march they spend eighteen or nineteen days upon; but they do it all on a diet of unwhitened bread or of rice.—Traveler's Letter.

A PHYSIOLOGICAL QUESTION.

With More Knowledge of Physical Law, Life May Be Extended Indefinitely.

The food that man takes into his stomach ought to be of such quantity and quality as would exactly repair the losses which, through the action of the several organs, his body is to undergo. If it is excessive in either of these directions, or if it is deficient, disease of some kind will certainly be the result. If he knew enough to be able to adjust his daily food to the expected daily requirements of his system disease could never ensue through the exhaustion of any one of his vital organs.

Suppose, for instance, that a man rising in the morning should say to himself: "Today I have to read ten pages of 'Blackstone's Commentaries,' twenty pages of 'Don Quixote,' to walk three miles and a half, to pay a visit of half an hour's duration to my grandmother and to take my sweetheart to the theatre, where I shall spend two hours; to do this I require (taking out his pencil and memorandum book as he speaks) so much carbon, so much nitrogen (giving, of course, the exact weight of these several elementary substances). I can get those precise quantities from eight ounces of bread, four ounces of eggs, eight ounces of beef, six ounces of potatoes, four ounces of fish, a half pint of beef soup, eight ounces of water and eight ounces of strong coffee to make them go a little further than they otherwise would.

Now suppose that he is exactly right in his calculations, and that the food taken is neither too great nor too little, but exactly compensates the anticipated losses, the death of each cell in the brain or the heart or the muscles, etc., will be followed by the birth of a new cell which will take its place and assume its functions. Gout, rheumatism, liver and kidney diseases, heart affections, softening and other destructive disorders of the brain, the various morbid conditions to which the digestive organs are subject, would be impossible except through the action of some external force, such as the swallowing of sulphuric acid or a blow on the head or a stab with a knife, which would come clearly within the class of accidents, and of course many of these would be avoidable.

Again, let us imagine that man knew just to what extent his animal appetites should be gratified, that he had ascertained definitely to what extent, if at all, alcohol and tobacco and other stimulants and sedatives should be used, that his knowledge in regard to clothing were perfect, that he had acquired complete information of the manner in which his house should be built and heated and ventilated and otherwise be made suitably perfect, that every day had become one of the exact sciences, that he was able to avoid the effects of extreme heat and cold and moisture, that, in a word, he had nothing to learn in regard to the best way of living so as to preserve himself from all morbid causes—supposing all this (and I admit that it is not very likely that he will for ages upon ages acquire the almost God-like omniscience necessary), death would be impossible and the eternal life to which we are told he was born would again be his.—Dr. William A. Hammond in Philadelphia Times.

Practical Socialism in Switzerland.

There is much more government in Switzerland than with us, and much less play of individuality. In small communities, for example, like Villeneuve, there are features of practical socialism, which have existed apparently from the earliest times. Certain things are held in common, as mountain pasturage and the forests, from which each family has a provision of fuel. These and other possessions of the commune are "consigned to the public faith," and trespass is punished with signal severity.

The trees are felled under government inspection, and the woods are never cut off wholesale. When a tree is chopped down a tree is planted, and the floods that ravage Italy from the mountains denuded of their forests are unknown to the wiser Swiss. Throughout Switzerland the state insures against fire and inflicts penalties for neglect and carelessness from which fires may result. Education is compulsory, and there is a rigid military service, and a show of public force everywhere which is quite unknown to our unneighbored, easy going republic.—W. D. Howells in Harper's.

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