THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

GOLD AND DIAMONDS.

Plenty in the Country Controlled by the British South Africa Company

A GEM FOUNDED KIMBERLY.

The Early Settlement of Mashonaland One of the Certainties.

CRUELTIES OF KING LOBENGULA.

A Dispatch Correspondent's Trip of 1,200 Miles Behind Oxen.

THE DEADLY ASSEGNAL OF THE NATIVE

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH MAFERING, BECHUANALAND, SOUTH AFRICA, May 15. HE British South



Africa situated between 150 and 190 south latitude and 290 and 330 east longitude. Mashopaland is the name of this country. The company has a royal charter and a capital of £4,000,000 (\$20,000,-000). The organization of this company is due

to the energy and enterprise of a prominent Englishman, Hon. Cecil Rhodes by name, Mr. Rhodes was among the foremost to secure control of the diamond mines at Kimperley some 15 years ago.

For a number of years past all travelers who have visited Mashonaland have reported who have visited Mashonaland nave reported that the country was not only extremely rich in gold, but was also an excellent agricultural land. The climate and numerous rivers which are found scattered all over Mashonaland were said to be all that could be desired. Such reports, so many and so unanimous in praise of a country hitherto I tell you. Go to Kimberley and kill as men, a would sometimes add, "I see you wish to kill white men, I will let you kill white men, but you must go and kill them where unknown to white men, were certain to attract the attention of so enterprising a man as Mr. Rhodes, and such was the case, for about two years ago that gentleman took steps which will undoubtedly soon result in the settlement of Mashonaland and the development of its mineral and agricultural

A BLACK TYRANT.

Mashonaland is ruled by the King of Matabeleland, the country immediately west. This King is Lobengula, one of the most despotic and cruel rulers of Africa. He has never permitted any white men to touch the gold of Mashonaland, or of his own country, which is also known to contain much of the precious metal. Many whites have again and again endeavored to obtain a concession from Lobengula, but, so far as I can learn, only two were successful. One of these was the traveler, Baines, who died shortly after receiving his concession. The other man was Mr. Rhodes, who induced Lobengula to grant him the right to develop the mineral resources of Mashonaland. For a certain consideration the King willingly attached his mark to the proper

Lobengula has always used Mashonaland and the Mashonas, a peaceful and industrious people, to increase his herds of oxen. and his vast number of slaves. he chooses he has only to say the word, and one or more of his chiefs or "indunas" will head an "lmpi" or company of raiders and make for Mashonaland to plunder oxen from the Mashonas, kill all people not fit for slaves and carry others back to Mata-beleland to live horrible lives as Lobengula's slaves. From all this the reader will see that the granting of the Rhodes concession and the successful South African com pany can only result in a great benefit to the unfortunate Mashonas A GREAT SLAUGHTEEFR

The Matabele tribe is a branch of the Zulus which went northward some 70 or 80 years ago. They have all the warlike spirit and bravery of the Zulus, and have gradually extendeds their territory by plundering neighboring tribes. Some 20 years ago Mosilkatze, the King of the Matbeles, died and Lobengula, the present ruler, was chosen by the Chiels as King. LobenLobengula when told about the Mashona boy, said: "Bring me the boy." The boy was brought before him and was asked by the King: "Did you drink my

The boy being too frightened to deny the The boy being too frightened to deny the charge, which was wholly false, replied: "Yes, King, I drank some of your beer."

At this the King took up a knife and with his own hands, cut off the boy's lips and then ordered his men to cut off his ears. The poor boy was killed in the night. The usual way of killing a person is to knock him on the head with a "bongusa" or club.

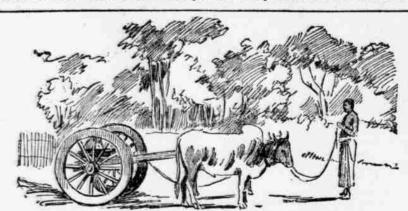
THE WHOLE RACE CRUEL. But Lobengula is not more cruel and despotic than his people wish him to be. In fact, it is said that he is continually restraining his people from taking the lives of many whites who have of late years visited their country. Lobengula's predecessor is said to have advised him as a councilor to always be friendly with the white man. This advice Lobengula seems to have heeded, for he has never been known to take the life of a white man.

The Matabeles are very jealous of the presence of white men in their country. Wellington, in which place is located one of the best female schools in South Africa. This school is a thoroughly American one, for it is modeled after one of the well known seminaries of Massachusetts, and all the faculty are Americans. Its name is the Huguenot Seminary. It has had an exceedingly prosperous existence and is to-day do ing excellent work, with as many pupils as can be accommodated.

Our train reached Wellington some time before midnight. Early morning saw us crossing a country almost tree-less. Many meuntains and hills are to

preference to the American coach except that they are English.; They do very well for suburban use, but for long journeys they are certainly unfit, and are void of any comforts and conveniences whatever. AN AMERICAN SEMINARY. Kimberley is 642 miles from Cape Town, but if you were to take the trip, not knowing the distance, you would think it to be three

the distance, you would think it to be three times as many miles. The schedule time for this distance is 40 hours. For as many as 70 miles from Cape Town there are numerous small towns and villages. One of the largest and best known of the towns is Wellington, in which place is located one of the best female schools in South Africa. This are the street of the school is the school in South Africa.



THE COMMON TIMBER CART AND OXEN.

They only wish to have a few traders, so they can obtain things which they use, and missionaries, so they can have medicine!

Lobengula allows traders and missionaries to settle in his country, but no one is permitted to accept Christianity. Death is the penalty for so doing. Missionaries have been at work for perhaps 50 years in Matabele-land, but they have done absolutely nothing because of the attitude of the rules of the country. I was told by a man who has just spent 10 months at Lobengula's "Court" as interpreter for the British South A frican Company, that upon several occasions when he sat by the side of the King a number of many as you like.

The King said this simply to appease the

warriors for the time being, knowing well that Kimberley or the other places mentioned were a thousand or more miles away, and that it would be impossible for them to do as he was "perfectly willing" they should do.

A BIG MAN PHYSICALLY. In concluding this subject a quotation from a letter written by an English Major,



who was one of the bearers of a letter sent by Queen Victoria to Lobengula some

onths since, may be of interest. He says: 'The King, whose only clothing consisted of a rug thrown over his lap, weighs over 20 stone (280 pounds). Never have I seen such a brutal, sensual and cruel expression as he has. However, he received us very well, and after our royal letter had been read and translated, some excellent beef was produced, and we were soon busy tearing it up our teeth and fingers. The King retired to his capital owing to gout. He is now being attended by witch doctors. Last September and October he killed 400 people,

but has never touched a European."

I mentioned the assegnai as the weapon of the Matabeles. The assegnai is a spear or javelin of different form, size and weight, according to the tribe to which it be for all South African natives used, or did use until recently, the assegaal as a weapon of defense. It is made of iron, sometimes with a straight and sometimes with a barbed point, so that it cannot be drawn out of flesh which it has pierced. Some tribes poison the tips of their assegaais with an unknown poison so deadly as to cause the man or beast which it penetrates. It is said that doctors find it impossible to



HEADQUARTERS OF ONE OF THE AFRICAN COMPANIES.

gula is a man about 50 years old, and his reign has been characterized as a most bloody and cruel one. Lobengula has no regard whatever for life. The King kills anyone he wishes at any time he cho He has simply to say to some of his followers, "Kill so and so," and the order is at

I was talking with a man who, with sev eral others, visited Lobengula's capital a few years since. These men had a number of Lobengula's men and boys working for them. One day they missed one of the best boys and asked the others where the missing servant was,
"The King killed him this morning,"

Later when the matter was mentioned to the King, he said that the boy was too smart and was learning the ways of the white man too rapidly. This is but one of the many instances which could be given of what occurs almost daily in Matabeleland.

AWFUL DEATH OF A BOY. ther case which illustrates the cruelts of the King was reported to me by a missionary who lived some years in Matabele-land. The Matabeles have a great hatred for the Mashonas, but some months ago there was a Mashona boy, one of Loben-guin's slaves, at the King's capital, who was especially disliked by some of the was especially disliked by some of the Matabeles, so in order to get rid of him they took the usual means of preferring some charge against him. They went to the King and told him that the Mashona boy drank some of his beer. Anyone who touches the some of his beer. Anyone who touches the been utterly unable to learn or imagine For the Tired B King's beer without his permission is killed. why such "things" should be used here in

save the life of anyone who has been vounded with the poisoned asseguais of the

HURLING THE ASSEGNAL

As may be expected the natives attain wonderful skill in throwing their asseganis, It is said that the average native can throw his assegnai with almost perfect accuracy a distance of over 50 yards and with a force sufficient to cause the weapon to pierce through the body of a man. It was the assegnal that proved so deadly to the English troops during the Zulu war. The assegnais are much more to be feared than rifles in the hands of natives. It is the custom of natives to creep up on an enemy and suddenly rush forth in great numbers and hurl thousands of asseganis, preserving one for hand to hand combat. This was the case in a horrible masacre of the English in the Zulu war.

To return to the British South African Company, the pioneer force of this company is now en route to Bechuanaland; it is from its camp near Mafeking, 900 miles north of Cape Town, that this letter is written. The last detatchment of this force left April 15 for Kimberley, the present terminus of the railroad. The train consisted of about a dozen cars or carriages, as they are called in this country. The carriages are made after the manner of those in England, each one containing three or four apartments which extend the entire width of the cur risge, having doors on both sides. I have

be seen from the railroad, and every one presents the same characteristic, that of having flat and level tops which look exactly as though they had been cut off by some artificial means. The tops of mountains of the same height appear to be cut off at about the same distance from the base. The geology of this part of Africa as well as that of other parts which I have visited seems to be very interesting. The same may

seems to be very interesting. The same may be said of the zoology, botany and anthro-nology of Africa. It is ignorance of these branches of science as well as of the history of Africa that makes it the Dark Continent. STORY OF A DIAMOND.

Kimberley was reached at 3 o'clock, April 17. On one summer's day of 1867 a white man going along the road noticed a native boy playing with a brilliant stone which he took from him. This stone was afterward found to be a diamond. To-day the spot where that occurred is covered with a city of ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, all the result of the brilliant stone which the native boy found. A large number of diamonds were found and there are to-day some half-dozen mines, all doing a large business. the mines are very rich and turn out more diamonds than any others in the world; in fact, so many diamonds have been found that the market is over-stocked, and the

supply is now being limited.

The total value of the diamends taken rom the Kimberley mines has been estimated at the enormous sum of £3,000,000 per year for fifteen years. So the total value is fully \$135,000,000. The weight of the diamonds representing this value is about nine tons. The largest diamond ever found weighed 400 carats, but it was not a first-class stone. Two stones weighing 150 carats each were found, and one of these was valued at \$500,000. The men employed in the diamond mines number between 5,000

TRAVELING BEHIND OXEN.

Our party left Kimberly for a 250 miles trip in an ox wagon. All traveling in the interior of South Africa is done in large wagons drawn by oxen. The wagons are very high, heavy and about 20 feet long; three or four tons would be considered an average load where the roads are not too rough. oxen constitute an ordinary span for such a load, but often more are required. The journey to Mafeking occupied 19 teen days, but without delay it should be done in 15. An average of 18 or 20 miles per day is considered good traveling, or "trek-king," to use the Dutch term. Two and a halt miles an hour is as fast time as can beimade with a heavy load, and a "trek" should not last longer than four hours at a time. The proper time for "trekking" is in the night.

Up to this date we have traveled 250 miles. After a few days' rest we shall move again for a camp 400 miles north of here. After another short stop for recruits, arms and provisions, we begin the final journey to Mashonaland. Our destination is less than 100 miles south of the Zambesi riverabout 1,000 miles from this place. This makes a distance of 1,200 miles to be traveled in an ox wagon. Nothing can be said with accuracy concerning the time which will be required for this journey. The fact that there is no road for 600 miles, and the probability of our being compelled to con-tend with hostile natives, have to be considered. CLARIE A. ORR.

A LESSON IN OPTICS.

Separating a Ray of Light Into its Elements With a Tumbler.

Take a sheet of thick paper, cut a narrow slit through it, and hold it in the sunlight so that the image of the slit shall be thrown upon a sheet of white paper placed on a table beneath. At first only a bright image of the slit will appear; but if a tumbler with a plain bottom, one-third full of water, held inclined at an angle—as shown in the illustration—is placed in the path of the beam of light, not only will the course of the beam as a whole be refracted or bent out of a straight line, but the light itself will be more or less perfeetly decomposed into its constituent colors, orming a miniature solar spectrum. The effect is rendered more striking by utting two slits in the paper alongside of



An Improvised Liquid Prism.

ach other, so that the light passing through one goes direct to the paper screen below,

Although a dark room with an apertur for the light to enter is unnecessary in this experiment, Popular Science News explains that such an arrangement, where available would be an improvement. By filling the air with a little smoke or dust the entire ourse of the beams may be easily traced.

HORSFORD'S ACID PROSPHATE For the Tired Brain

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1890.

BOLIVIAN WARRIORS. As Many Officers as Men, and All

Arrayed in Motley Colors. TALES OF A BIBULOUS GENERAL.

How He Started Out One Night to Swim His Army Over to France.

A POPULAR FOOD MADE PROM CORN

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] La Paz, Bolivia, August 3.-In a land whose institutions are upheld by force of arms alone, soldiers are necessarily a prominent feature and in La Paz, since the laterevolutionary troubles, they seem more numerous than ever. The rebel army, by the way, discouraged by the lack of funds and the refusal of the bank to cash General Camacho's worthless check for \$60,000, has temporarily disbanded and for some weeks past a sort of armed peace has prevailed. The rebels, however, are only biding their time, waiting the opportunity to spring upon the Government in some unguarded noment, like a very small kitten upon a very large mouse, in which event there is no telling what the result muy be.

Military parades are always frequent here, doubtless with a view to impressing the people with their prowess, but now hardly a day goes by without a grand dis-play of cavalry and infantry, rank and file, evoluting round and round the plaza. Martial music is continually in the air. At stated intervals during every day a company of soldiers comes sweeping down the hill from one barrack, or up the hill from another, marching behind a brass band in full toot and halting before the President's casa, where they render a selection or two for the delectation of the people. It is only the ceremony of guard-mounting, and al-though it occurs every few hours, year in and year out, it is invariably attended by he same flourish of music and musketry. SOLDIERS IN CHURCH.

All the soldiers are obliged to attend mass on Sunday mornings, "clean shirt day," as it is irreverently called, and an interesting sight it is to see them come marching in with sight it is to see them come marching in with shining bayonets over their shoulders, each division headed by its officers. They completely fill the the body of the church, and the sound of the organ is drowned by the blare of trumpets. At a signal arms are presented, down goes every musket upon the stone floor with a thud which shakes the building and then the men stand motionless of the standard of the standar tionless as statues until the proper time comes to fall upon their knees.

In the Bolivian army a great variety of uniform is noticeable, each officer having apparently been allowed to exercise his own taste in the eduipment of his company and amazingly have their individual fancies and amazingly have their individual fancies swung out in the matter of personal adornments. There are suits in gray and gold, in black and gold, in blue and gold, in blue and red, in black and blue, in gray and black; others all red, all gray, all blue; and caps of various shapes and colors in the same regiment. Some of the officers wear long double-caped overcoats of scarlet cloth, others gray cloaks not unlike those of Franciscan friers, and others the graceful Franciscan friars, and others the graceful satin-lined circulars of black broadcloth characteristic of Spanish Hidalgoes. THEIR LOOKS ENOUGH.

Without disparaging the valor of Bolivian soldiers their general get-up reminds one of an historic incident which may perhaps illustrate their character. It was many years ago, in some fracas between Peru and Bolivia, when the armies of the banners flying. So splendidly arrayed were they and so stunning an appearance did they make, that when one beheld the other, both sides turned tail and fled in confusion. Gathering courage at length the rival generals, with such men as could rally, returned to face one another, keeping at respectful distance and talking through trumpets; when, after considerable parleying, the war was declared "off," both armies marching home in triumph with flags unfurled, and to this day the local historians of each country chronicles his side as victorious. In connection with the difficulty of placing Bolivia's soldiers according to their uniform, it may be men tioned that her amies are composed of about as many officers as men. Thus we see corporals flourishing about in toggery of colonels, with pay to correspond; and the leader of one of the bands wears the full uniform of a general and receives the honors and emoluments pertaining to the latter position.

A FAMOUS SOLDIER.

One of the most distinguished warriors Bolivia has produced was General Melgar ejo, who appears to have been as original in character as he was fearless and determined. Evidently he was designed for those feudal times that have long gone by, and his methods would not be tolerated to-day in any civilized land. At one time he lived in the big house at the northeast corner of the cen-tral plaza of La Paz, which is now the residence of the Bishop. He was extremely fond of "the rosy," which in his case not only cheered but inebriated. One day when he had been entertaining a foreign minister and had imbibed considerably more tha was prudent, he boosted that his troops were the best drilled in the world and abse infallible in the accuracy of their move-

The statement being received by the guest with polite incredulity, Melgarejo ordered ordered up a company to drill in the patio of his house. After many curious and be-fore unheard-of evolutions, he formed them single file and marched them up into the second story front room where the Minister and himself had lately break asted, opened a window, directly in front of the line and gave the orde "March!" Having no order to halt, every man, accounted as he was, stalked straight through the window and off the balcony, a drop of 15 feet or more, to the curbing below. A lot of broken bone was the consequence, but the General's "discipline" was proved beyond cavil, the unfortunate soldiers knowing that to falter or disobey meant instant death. .

LOYAL TO FRANCE. Melgarejo had some French blood in his veins and was very fond of the land of his accestors. On the night that news was re-ceived in Bolivia of war having been declared by France against Germany, in 1871, he was, as usual at that hour, more than 'half seas over," and at midnight assembled all the troops in arms in the plaza with orders to march, but with no hint as to their destination. Great alarm possessed the people, who naturally imagined that some dire peril threatened them from foreign loes. At length Melgarejo himself halted in front of his brave men and addressed them, with voice of thunder, with these memorable

"Soldiers, the integrity of France threatened by Prussia. Whoever threatens France threatens civilization and liberty. I am going to protect the French who are our countrymen. You are going across the ocean with me. If there is not a vessel in readiness we will swim to meet one; but let every nan take care not to wet his ammunition Neither officers, men nor citizens dare venture a word of protest and with Melgar-ejo at the head of the column, they filed out of the city. Meanwhile, a pouring rain came on, and thouder and lightning added terror to the scene. Near the cemetery the troops were obliged to hait to recover breath. Here the Cabinet Minister, who had been sent out to make one more effort to dissuade Melgarejo from the mad enterprise, came up with him; and the General, his ardor having been somewhat dampened, and his in-

toxication subdued by a thorough wetting, consented to return; and cheerfully ordered the soldiers back to their barracks. A HISTORIC PROCLAMATION.

A thousand tales are told of this singular A thousand tales are told of this singular man. That he was not altogether cruel is proved by his conduct after the battle of Tetanias, in January of 1866, on which occasion his army routed the constitutional forces under General Castro Arguedas. In the midst of the field, with the dead and dying around him, the victorious Melgarejo, using a drumhead for a table, wrote that historic proclamation beginning, "Men of Bolivia! The smoke of gunpowder has purified the political atmosphere."

A great many prisoners had been taken; among them a number of prominent officers. They were confined to the prison of Loreto, that place of somber memories where, a few

They were confined to the prison of Loreto, that place of somber memories where, a few years before, the ex-President of the Republic, Jorje Cordova, and his political associates were sacrificed by the ferocity of the commander of the department, Colonel Placido Yanes, whose name, meaning "tranquil," does not seem to have been very well applied. On the day after the battle, Melgarejo, mounted on horseback, made his way to the plaza of Loreto and ordered all the prisoners to be brought before him and placed in a row. Knowing the character of the man, this order was received by ter of the man, this order was received by the prisoners as their death sentence, and the people of the place, overcome with ter-ror, expected to witness a horrible scene of bloodshed and vengeance.

MELGAREJO'S REVENGE.

The prisoners were filed out, among them many of Melgarejo's army, who had fled from his stern rule and joined the enemy on the pay of battle. When the row was formed, every wretch expecting instant death, General Melgarejo approached and contamplated them with a serve that force contemplated them, with a gaze that froze the blood in their veins. He said: "So these are my opponents; these are the curs who thought to conquer Melgarejo! Away with you, ye vermin, ye offscouring! Slink back to your homes and return not to seek quarrels with me. Dedicate your miserable lives in the future to the service of your families. Away with you, ye carajo demagogues!" (Corajo is the worst swear word in the Spanish language.)

It is needless to add that the prisoners

skedaddled, fleeing through the streets in all directions, like so many frightened deer, fearing that the great General might change his mind before they were out of reach. Melgarejo then took up his position in the village of Viache, where in the public square he signed, upon a cannon, the cele-parted decree of convection which exercises brated decree of convocation which assem-bled a National Convention in the following August. He then and there announce his intention to make a triumphal entry into the city of La Paz mounted, not on his stately Holofernes, but astride the same cannon on which he had written the decree, and he actually carried out the programme to the astonishment and terror of the inhab-

A NATIONAL FAILING. As further illustrative of a phase of life in Bolivia, it may be delicately hinted that while the poor Indians are notorious for stealing small things—never under any stress of temptation or opportunity taking articles of value—the Cholos, and even some members of the so-called "best society," are thieves. At public balls and private parties the ton must be secretly watched; and in spite of all precautions it frequently happens that spoons, napkins, and costly bricabras are surrentitioning n-brac are surreptitiously appropriated. Not long ago a young man, who is prominent in the highest circle of society here, had a valuable diamond pin stolen. He was certain who the thief was, but said nothing about his loss. At the very next ball ne beheld his diamond blazing on the shirt front of the gentleman whom he had suspected; when he walked up to him, partner on arm, and without any attempt at privacy said to him, "You have my diamond pin, senor: I will thank you for it."

senor; I will thank you for it."
"Oh, well," nonchalautly replied the thief, "it's all right; I'll return it to-morrow." And he did.

A PICTURESOUE PEOPLE. Our party has been much interested of late in accounts of the Yuracares, a tribe of wild Indians who inhabit the eastern frontier of Bolivia. They wear but one gar-ment, a sort of a shirt made from the bark of a tree, the bark being beaten thin until it resembles cloth. They paint these shirts in all kinds of grotesque figures, using bright colors extracted from the various dye plants. On state occasions the cacique also wears a pig tail made from the shells of nuts, the backs of green beetles and gay eathers from parrots and macaws; beside which he and his people further enhance their beauty by painting black rings around their arms and legs. One would think that nature had made them dark enough, but they evidently entertain a different opinion. and make use of a kind of fruit like an apple, which, when rubbed on the skin, turns it black as ink. Then they redden their cheeks with the juice of a berry and paint scarlet rings around the eyes and mouth. From each ear a silver coin is sus pended; around the neck is a string of beads and berries, with a bird's wing or claw or some wild animal for a pendant.

As a proof that they are rather proud of heir appearance, each carries a bag containing a few articles for use in adorning him self, a comb made from thongs of the palm tree; a quantity of the fruit and berries for painting the skin black and red; a pair of pincers (which are nothing but two musse for pulling out any superfluous hair that makes its appearance; a snuffbox made from a snail shell, and the musical instrument of which he is most fond-the polished one from a stork's leg or that of a monkey, which, being round and hollow, answer very well for a flute or whistle, especially as it is noise he desires, and not a tune. THEIR CHIEF FOOD.

The chief sustenance of these Indians i chicha made of the cassava root, (yucca) boiled and then partly chewed by the women, after which it is mashed between stones and left to ferment. On the third day it becomes a little sharp in taste, which quality increases as the fermentation proceeds. Its consistency and appearance are much like mashed potatoes, and to prepare it for drinking, a lump the size of your fist is taken in a dirty hand and kneaded in a gourd of water until well mixed. Then all the coarser fiber which floats on the surface is removed with the fingers, and the bev-erage is considered "fit for the gods." Those who have so far overcome their natural prejudice against the bangs and fingers of the squaws as to taste it, report that it is both palatable and wholesome.

I can testify from experience that the civi-lized chicha of Peru and Bolivia, the universal beverage of the lower classes, is good enough for anybody. There are many ways of making it in different parts of South America. The most common method is to put the shelled corn, uncooked, into large, square holes dug in the ground not deeper than six or eight inches, the top and botton being well covered with a layer of clean straw. Water is then poured on several times every day, and in the course of a week or two the corn begins to sprout. When these shoots have grown about an inch long, the corn is taken out, crushed between stones, put into barrels and fermented with water and honey. Chicha is not intoxica-ting unless taken in inordinate quantities, but is mildly exhibarating, and among the poorer classes, in a measure, takes the place FANNIE B. WARD.

Disinfecting Candles.

Of late, owing to its germicidic power, the vapor of bromine has come into use as a disinfectant. One of its compounds can be dissolved in any desired quantity in the fat or wax of candles, before they are run into light which in shape and appearance re-sembles an ordinary candle, but differs from it in that when burnt it produces free bro mine vapor, at the same time emitting the usual amount of light. Hyglenic iodine night lights are also made, which, on burning, liberate iodine vapor in any quantity, in the same way as the bromine

SPORT IN AUSTRALIA.

Exciting Chase After the Timid and Fleet-Footed Kangaroo.

THEY OUTRUN THE BEST HORSES.

The Swift Emu Which Rips Open Dog

and Men With Its Claw.

KILLING THE IGUANA WITH SPEARS

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) "With horn and hound we'll hunt the deer." It's a cheery chorus, this old song of stout-lunged, big-limbed hunters; its accompaniment is the rich bay of distant packs in chase and the expectant whimper of the hounds in leash; it echoes the sharp twang of twisted brass; it calls for breezy

uplands, for soft grass and open woods.

Anyone can picture to himself the English

hunting scene which the chorus illustrates. It is not American, of course, but it is tamiliar. More English than the English themselves, the Australian colonists hunt to the very last man of them. Their topsy-turvey land has neither deer nor fox; neither grouse nor partridge. They have neither baying hounds nor sonorous blare of horns, but they do have the old English traditions handed down through hunting generations. The characteristic animal of Australia is the kangaroo. He is like the fox in all that makes him worth hunting. He is vermin when allowed to live, he has no use when dead, no more than Reynard; he is swift on the hoof, he is full of strategy, he puts to

men which is growing up beneath Southern A SIMPLE BUTCHERY.

the test the endurance of men and dogs and

horses. Therefore, is the kangaroo in high-est favor with the Centaur race of English-

They have a phrase which one will never hear elsewhere. "Roll up" is colonial idiom for an invitation to all neighbors within a radius of several hundred sparsely settled miles to come together for a few days pleasant meeting. Men and boys and blackfellows ride out in the afternoon a blackfellows ride out in the afternoon a score of miles away and form a line of beaters as far as they can extend in open order. During the night their dogs, well trained to the sport, drive the wandering kangaroo within the beaters' line.

At daybreak the horsemen begin to drive the great hoppers before them toward the wide opening of the fences, the dogs operating between the riders and the hest trained.

sting between the riders and the best trained of all covering the bare flanks. At first one sees here and there a blue or black animal hopping out of sight among the trees or outlined upon the edge of the plain. But as the chase continues the kangaroos are more numerous, the horses take the hunting fever as they see before them a mad stampede. The fences are reached, the stampede becomes a living stream of terrified animals crowded closer and closer on the ever narrowing way; at last they pour into the inlosure panting and worn, they look about them from their gentle eyes and see nothing but the shouting mob of men who stand upon the fences and club the beasts to death. The drive is sport if only there were not that trap at its further goal; the end is AN OPEN CHASE.

The kangaroo can give better sport than in the drive, a chase in which it has an even chance for its lise, a chase venturesome enough to satisfy the most danger loving. The timid animal sniffs danger, takes alarm and starts across country in long graceful leaps which seem almost tireless. Horse and hounds follow on his track, no slight that the cause the little leaper to swerve barrier will cause the little leaper to swerve aid the voung man, with tender sympathy, from his path, few leaps can the chase make in which the pursuer will not rival him. Miles fly backward under hopping legs and running legs alike until after a burst of 15 or 20 miles one begins to fail or the other. It is a fair chance.

None but Australian dogs and Australian horses can enter the chase. There is no another strain of horseslesh trained to jump an almost invisible wire fence without kill ing the rider. Brought to bay with its back against a tree the kangaroo has no longer fear of dogs or men and often does deadly work with the single steely claw which arms ripped opened from breast to haunch and fatal accidents to men and horses are by no means of rare occurrence. KICKS LIKE A MAN.

Equal sport and equal danger are afforded by the emu, great wingless birds a little smaller than the ostrich and covered with feathers like tags of twine. In speed there is little difference between emu and kangaroo and they are each armed with a single sharp claw on each foot. There is this dif-ference, however: The kangaroo kicks like a horse, the emu like a man. The bird is not such a coward; he will run until he thinks that he has run far enough and then he will boldly attack his pursuer. When a hunter is chased by a kicking emu he needs a good horse and good management to come victorious out of the encounter. Dogs are worse than useless, because an emeu will seldom run from them, but shows fight at

Upon the plains roam packs of dogs which are neither dogs nor wolves, but something of both. They have not courage enough to attack a man nor cowardice enough to shur him. They are as wary as antelopes and it calls for skill in stalking to get within range, but after the first shot the furious pack will snarl about the hunter without ever once attempting to tear him, and thus he can kill

There is a great and distressingly ugly ooking lizard to be found on the bar plains, the iguana or, as it is commonly called, the "gowanna." Though large, it is, like all lizards, devoid of venom and in no way has a disposition corresponding its unpleasant exterior; furthermore, possesses the advantage of being excellent eating, which is more than can be said of most Australian game. It lives under-ground in burrows which are a trap to a norse's legs and a rider's integrity of limb. Perhaps because of this manifest danger i is considered great sport to hunt the gowanns on horseback and with spears much as one goes pig sticking. In the hot sunlight the great lizard crawls from its ourrow and wanders often far from its hole in search of the insects and small animals on which it feeds. When chased it wil enter no hole but its own home, and as it runs very swiftly the attempt to spear it is short and very exciting one. The story runs that it was a keen desire or true English sport that led some early

colonists to introduce the rabbit in Australia. In the papers of Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide will be found scores of advertisements, each headed in black letters: "Gentlemen and sportsmen, attention." The announcement runs that the under signed, and he is multitude, has accommo dation for anywhere from half a dezen to score of sporting gents, will supply them with the best of food, will place at their dis-posal guns of the best make and standard unition, and will give them the amount of the bounty on every scalp in cash, thus saving them the bother of collection, if they only will come out to his run in the country and kill some of his rabbits. WILLIAM CHURCHILL.

off of you and getting fat?



STAND FAST, CRAIG-ROYSTON.

A NOVEL DEALING WITH COTEMPORARY LIFE. WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH,

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of "A Princess of Thule," "Sunrise," and Many Other Stories of the Highest Reputation on Two Continents.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens at Piccadilly with aged George Bethune and his granddaughter, Maisrle, on their way to the residence of Lord Musselburgh. The old gentleman is of a nobie Scotch house and claims to have been defrauded of his property rights. Now he is energed in preparing for the publication of a volume of Scotch-American poetry, and his errand to Lord Musselburg is to procure assistance from him. Maisrie is just budding into womanhood and feels humiliated when her grandfather accepts £59 from Lord Musselburg. On the way home she asks her grandfather when he will begin the work. She receives an evasive answer which evidently convinces her that her grandfather is not in carnest. At last she begs her grandfather to allow her to earn a living for the two. He refuses in his proudest vein, intimating that people should feel highly honored to have the opportunity to assist the family of Bethune of Balloray. Young Vin. Harris overheard the conversation at Lord Musselburg's residence and became strangely interested in the young girl. He had been trained for a brilliant political career; his father is very rich and given to Socialistic ideas. Vin. is still studying and finds an excuse in the interruptions at his father's house to secure a suite of rooms just across the street from Maisrie's home. He has an aunt, Mrs. Ellison, who is just new busy impressing him with the importance of securing an American wife for himself, intimating that the bride will not be without a liberal dowry if Vin. marries a girl of her choice. At his rooms Vin. is greatly touched by Maisrie's tunes on the violun, and straightway he secures a piano on which he answers her plaintive notes. This at last leads to a formal introduction of the young people. Vin. invites the pair to visit Henley Regratta. At the regard Mrs. Ellison is prevailed upon by Vin. to meet the Bethunes. She studies them intentity, and intimates on parting that she has been compromised by the visit. Maisrie makes no effort to conceal from Mrs. E

CHAPTER X.

BY NORTHERN SEAS. Here, in front of the great, square, oldashioned Scotch mansion, which was pleasantly lit up by the morning sun, stood the family wagonette which had just been filled by those of the house-party who were bound for church; and here, too, in the spacious porch was Mrs. Ellison, smiling her adieux with rather a sad air.

"Goodby, dear," said her kindly hostess. "I hope you will have got rid of your headsche by the time we get back." And therewith the carriage was driven away along the pebbled pathway, through an avenue of magnificent wide-spreading elms.

Then the tall and graceful young widow, who carried a book in her hand, glanced around her. There was no living thing near except a white peacock that was solemnly stalking across the lawn. Mrs. Ellison strolled toward a hammock slung between two maples, and stood there for a moment, and considered. Should she attempt it? There was no onlooker, supposing some slight accident befell. Finally, however, slight accident betell. Finally, however, her courage gave way; she returned to the front of the house; and took possession of a long, low lounging chair, where she could sit in the sun, and yet have the pages of her book in shadow.

There was a footfall behind her. Lord

said the young man, with tender sympathy, Then she professed to be vexed and im-

"Oh, do go away to church!" she said. "You can be in plenty of time, if you walk fast enough. If you stop here you know what will go on at lunch. Those Drexel

his nature; for he believes everybody to be as straightforward and sincere as himself; and he has a very fine notion of loyalty to-ward his friends. And vindictive, too, the young villain was; I can tell you I was made to feel the enormity of my transgres-sion; I was left to wallow in that quagmire of unworthy doubt in which I had voluntarily plunged myself. So things went on; and I could only hope for one of two things

and I could only hope for one of two things—either that he might find out something about those people that would sever his connection with them, or that his pasting fancy for the girl would gradually fade away. I made sure he would tire of that oracular old humbug; or else he would discover there was nothing at all behind the mysterious eyes and the tragic solemnity of that artful young madam. Oh, mind you," she continued, as they walked along under the tinued, as they walked along under the over-branching maples, amid a rustle of withered October leaves, "mind you, I don't suspect her quite as much as I suspect the venerable Druid; and I don't recall anything that I said about her. I admit that she beglamoured me with her singing of a French-Canadian song; but what is that?—what can you tell of anyone's moral or mental nature from a trick of singing—the thrill of a note—some peculiar quality of voice? Why, the greatest wretch of a man I ever knew had the most beautiful, inno-cent, houest brown eyes—they could make you believe anything—all the women said he was so good, and so different from other men—well, I will tell you that story some other time-I found out what the honesty of

the clear brown eyes was worth. Here she was interrupted by his having to open an iron gate for her. When they passed through, they came in sight of a touched here and there with russet weed, and ending in a series of projecting rocky knolls covered with golden bracken; while before them lay the wide plain of the sea, ruffled into the intensest blue by a brisk breeze from the north. Still further away rose the great mountains of Mull, and the long stretch of the Morven hills, all of a faint, etherial



THEY SAT ON THE EDGE OF THE ROCKS.

girls can look more mischief than any other | crimson brown in the sunlight, with every 20 girls could say or do."
"Oh, no," said he plaintively, "don't send me away! Let us go for a walk, rather. You know, a woman's headache is like her hat-she can put it on or off when she likes.

"I consider you are very impertinent,"

said she, with something of offended dignity. "Do you think I shammed a headache in order to stay behind?" "I don't think anything," said he, discreetly.
"You will be saying next that it was to have this meeting with von?"

"Why, who could dare to imagine such thing? "Oh, very well, very well," said she, with a sudden change to good nature, as she rose from the chair. "I forgive you. And I will be with you in a second."

She was hardly gone a couple of minutes, but in that brief space of time she had man-aged to make herself sufficiently picturesque; for to the simple and neat gray costume which clad her tall and slim and ele-gant figure she had added a bold sweeping hat of black velvet and black feathers, while round her neck she had wound : black boa; its two long tails depending in front. Thus there was no color about her save what shone in her perfect complexion, and in the light and expression of her

shrewd, and dangerous, and yet grave and

demure Llue eves.

"And really and frankly," said she, as when you don't act up to his lofty agines all kinds of wonderful things about standard; and when I ventured her, and has made a saint of her, to be to hint that he might keep worshiped. A merry has, with a sauev

glen and water course traced in lines of purest ultramarine. They had all this shining world to themselves; and there was an absolute silence save for the continuous whisper of the ripples that broke along the sand and the rocks at their feet; while the indescribable murmur—the strange inarticu-

seemed to fill all the listening air.

"And I might have known I was mistaken in Vin's case," she went on, absently.

"He was never the one to be caught by a pretty face, and be charmed with it for a time, and rows. time, and pass on and forget. He always kept aloof from that kind of thing-perhaps with a touch of impatient scorn. No; I might have known it was something more serious; so serious, indeed is it that he has at last condescended to appeal to me—fancy that!—ancy Vin coming down from his high horse, and appealing to me to be reasonable to be considerate, and to stand his friend And the pages he writes to persuade mel Really, if you were to believe him, you would think this old man one of the most striking and interesting figures the world has ever seen—so fearless in his pride, so patient in his poverty, so stout-hearted in his old age. Then his spletdid enthusiasm about fine things in literature; his magnanimity over the wrongs he has suffered; his pathetic affection for his granddaughter and his tender care of her-why, you would take him to be one of the grandest human creatures that ever breathed the breath of life! Then about the girl; "And really and frankly," said she, as they left the house together, "I am not sorry to have a chance of a quiet talk with you; for I want to tell you about my nephew; I am sure you are almost as much interested in him as I am; and you would be as sorry as I could be if anything were to happen to him. And I am arraid something is going to happen to him. His letters to me have entirely changed of late. You know how proud Vin is by nature—and scornful, too, when you don't act up to his lofty agines all kinds of wonderful things about her, and has made a saint of her, to be WILLIAM CHURCHILL.

He Teld the Trath.

New York World.]

Wife (who had money)—Yes, before I married you you said I was all you cared for in the world and you could fairly eat me.

Husband (tenderly)—And since that tragic event, my denr, have I not been living off of you and getting fat?

standard; and when I ventured to might keep his eyes open in dealing with that old mountebank and his pretty granddaughter, old the tempestuous indignation of my young gentleman! He seemed to think that a creature such as I—filled with such base susplicions—was not fit to live. Well, tragic event, my denr, have I not been living off of you and getting fat?

standard; and when I ventured to nint that he might keep worshiped. A merry lass, with a sate venture of the character of the content of the same of the worshiped. A merry lass, with a sate venture of the character of the character of the content of the same of the perhaps only half disguising his contempt; and then, if you asked him what he thought of her he would probably say, with a curl base susplicions—was not fit to live. Well, if it is not the content of the same of of the same