

## AN ANXIOUS TIME.

"No, I was not through the last Zulu war," a bearded man said, as he sat chatting with half a dozen others in the smoking-room of one of the Castle Line steamers homeward bound. "I was managing a big farm for a man who had gone home for a few months, and so could not get away. If it had not been for that I should certainly have joined one of the corps of volunteer horse, for I owed the Zulus a grudge; they once gave me a very bad time of it—about as bad a time as I ever went through, and when it was over I left that part of the country altogether and went down south."

"Would you mind telling us about it?"

"No, I don't mind now, though for some time I was rather shy of telling that story, for it was not a pleasant business to recall; however, of course that feeling passed off long ago."

"I was up staying with a Boer some seven or eight miles from the Zulu frontier. As a rule, it is not very often that Englishmen stay with Boers now, but there was a better feeling in those days, and though I freely admit that Boers as a race are the least like, able set of men in the world, there are some good fellows among them—men who have little of the narrow-mindedness of the race, and who are as hearty and genial companions when they once take a liking to a man as you may want to find. Piet Uet was just such a fellow. He had been down to Pietermaritzburg, and I had met him there and had been able to be of some service to him. In return he asked me if I ever came near his place to pay him a visit. He stopped there long enough for me to come to the conclusion that the visit would be a pleasant one should I be able to make it. Well, a year and a half afterward I did go into that part of the country. There was a large tract of land there for sale, and I was asked by a firm at Durban to go up and inspect it, as they had been written to from England asking them to find a place of about that size for a man who was coming out with some capital from home."

"After I had gone over the farm I made inquiries and found that it was only fifteen miles' ride to Uet's house, so I rode over and had a most hearty welcome. Well, it seemed that one of his neighbors had been having a row with the Zulus. Some of their cattle had gone across the frontier; they said they had been driven over by Zulus; anyhow, they had gone. A party had gone after them, and had traced them to a place where there were lots of native cattle. The Zulus came up, there was a quarrel and a fight, and several Zulus were killed and one of the Boers. However, they beat the Zulus back, and drove off a whole lot of cattle. Piet had not been there. He was telling me about it, and saying that it was sure to lead to a lot of trouble. The Boers no longer regarded the Zulus with contempt, for the natives had of late turned the tables upon them, and had taken to lifting the Boers' cattle. I asked Uet if he was not afraid. He laughed at the idea."

"I have nothing to do with the affair," he said. "Why should they attack me?" I pointed out to him that the Zulus might not know who are the men that had driven off their cattle, and that even if they did natives were never very particular in this respect. If they suffer at the hands of the white man or through the native of another tribe, they would kill him if they could, but if they could not, they would kill any other white man or men of the offending tribe in his stead. "I have always been on good terms with them," Piet said, "and have no fear."

"Four nights afterwards I was awakened just as daylight was breaking by a terrific yelling and a thundering noise at the lower doors and windows. I guessed at once that it was the Zulus."

"There were four of Uet's men sleeping in the house, and for half an hour we kept them at bay. At the end of that time they burst in through several windows, after shattering the shutters to pieces, and in a minute we were all knocked down and tied hand and foot."

"The farm animals were collected and driven along, fire was applied to the house buildings, and we started for the frontier. We were thrown across horses until we crossed the river that forms the boundary, then our feet were unfastened, and we were made to walk in their midst, and after a tramp of two hours had mounted to a lofty plateau surrounded by almost perpendicular precipices. Four other bands of about the same strength as those who had attacked us came up one after the other, each with animals and prisoners, and we found that ten farms had been destroyed. The other bands had slaughtered all the inhabitants except the Boer masters, and even of them two or three had fallen in the fight, so that in all there were but eleven prisoners, including the six taken at Uet's place. I learned afterward the order was, 'Fetch in the Boers from those farms,' and it had been differently understood by the different leaders."

"We were placed in a large hut, with our arms still tied behind us, and half a dozen Zulus on guard. The next day we were brought out; there was a big chief surrounded by a dozen other chiefs, and some five hundred of their soldiers. The chief made them a speech, and as I did not understand the language, I cannot tell you what it was about, but by his gestures, and a few Kaffir words that I knew, I could tell that he was giving it to them very hot. "You are dogs; you exist only at the pleasure of our king. He has but to give the word, and we could sweep the land clear of you, and yet you venture to come into my country to steal our cattle, and to slay our young men." He then called up some men, who had I suppose, been engaged in the fight with the Boers. These pointed out five of the prisoners, all of whom had, it seemed, been engaged in the affair, and they were at once dragged off and hurled over a precipice some fifty yards away. I will do them justice to say that they died like men, not one of them begging for mercy. The chief then turned to us. "You were not of the party, but you are all alike, all dogs, who ill treat the natives of your land. Not content with having stolen their country, you make

slaves of them. You shoot them for the slightest offense, you value their lives below those of cattle; you have killed many of my young men, and your lives are mine; but I will send to the king to ask what he would wish done."

"Uet then told him that I was an Englishman, and was only staying with him as a guest, and could not be held in any way responsible for the doings of his countrymen. 'One is as bad as another,' the chief said. 'We shall finish with you all some day, when the king gives the word.' Four days later Uet and I were taken out of the hut, our bonds cut, and we were marched away under a guard of twenty men. It was very hard work, for the Zulus march at an amazing pace. Uet, like most Boers, never walked a step when he could ride, and was soon completely knocked up. For a while they kept him going by prodding him with their assegais, but at last he fell, utterly incapable of going any further. Then they lashed his body to a pole and four of them took him on. I had thought at first that we were being taken to Ulundi, but we turned much more to the north, and I saw we were not being taken to the king. Up to then I had hoped that when we got there he would order us to be released, as he had one or two white men with him in whom he placed some confidence."

"We halted at a kraal for the night. Next morning they again started Uet on his feet, but as before he broke down before the march was half over. The men looked angry; a few words passed between them and the man who was their leader; he nodded, and one of them walked up to where Uet was lying almost insensible, and with one blow with his heavy wady broke in his skull. We were traversing a very hilly country, and toward evening ascended to a kraal perched upon the top of an almost inaccessible hill, and I guessed that this was my destination for the present. The king did not want to have me at Ulundi, in order that if there were any complaints from Natal he could deny that I was there, but I was to be kept a prisoner, so that there should be no witness of the massacre of the others. Probably the first time he was out of temper with the English he would send orders for me to be killed. I remained there two months. I was allowed to walk where I liked about the kraal, but was not permitted to pass the gate in the rough wall surrounding it."

"The Zulus told me frankly that I should never go out again, and that it would not be long before they had orders for my execution. The men did not trouble to guard me, but two or three lads of fifteen or sixteen, armed with spears, always kept near me. It was a horrible existence, and its uncertainty made it all the more unbearable. In most stories I have read some native woman or other takes pity on the captive and assists him to escape. Nothing of the kind happened to me. I was not long before I made up my mind to try, and the difficulty did not seem so much in getting away to begin with, as in making my way across the country afterward. Four men always slept in the hut with me, and a boy always kept guard at the door. I might possibly have stabbed them in their sleep one by one, but I could not bring myself to do this, and decided that the only plan was to silence the boy."

"For a day or two before I made the attempt I gathered pieces of charred wood from the fire and stowed them away, and also kept some fat from a calabash that served as a lamp. I waited for a windy night, and then crawled to the entrance. The boy was outside and was leaning against it. The doors of these huts, you know, are only about four feet high, so there was no getting a drive at his head. I had taken a wady, an assegai, and a shield from the side of one of the Zulus who was sleeping heavily, for there had been a feast of some sort or other that afternoon. I crouched for a time at the entrance, looking through the skin that hung across, in hopes my guard would move, but he did not do so, but stood so long immovable that I came to the conclusion that he had gone to sleep leaning against the hut. There was nothing for it, for I knew that I must be miles away before morning. Suddenly I grasped both his ankles, jerked his legs from under him, and he fell head foremost."

"In a moment I was on his back and brought the wady down on his head with a force which I hoped would stun but not kill him. Then I tied his hands tightly behind him, and bound his feet, shoved a piece of stick into his mouth, and fastened it there with some cord, or rather twisted hide, going round the back of his neck. Then I lifted him and carried him a few yards away from the door and laid him down again, took off his belt with the short petticoat of skin attached to it, and made off."

"There was no difficulty in climbing the wall, and, once over, I made my way down the path by which I had been brought up. I walked on for hours and when it began to get light went down into a ravine, and then set to work to disguise myself. I powdered the charcoal between two stones, and mixed it with the fat, then, stripping, I rubbed myself all over. I put on the native petticoat, retaining nothing of my own attire but my shoes, and then, taking the shield, assegai, and club, continued my way. My disguise could not for a moment deceive anyone near at hand; the object simply was to give myself the appearance of a native at a distant view. I went most of the time at a trot, for that is the usual Zulu gait. I kept a vigilant lookout, as you may suppose, avoiding a few villages I saw, and keeping clear of any men I caught sight of."

"It was of no use trying to hide anywhere, for I knew it was a mere question of speed. I had calculated on eight hours' start, and keeping due west I did not think it was more than fifty or sixty miles at the outside to the frontier from the point at which I had started. It is a good many years ago now, and I was active and young, and just at sunset I crossed a river, that was, I fancied, the boundary. I was utterly done up, but I kept on until it was quite dark, and the Zulus would be no longer able to follow me. Then I turned aside into a clump of bushes and slept till the morning. I peered out very cautiously, but as no natives were in sight, I continued my journey, and two hours later came in sight of a farmhouse. I throw away the shield and weapons, and rubbed myself fairly white. If I had gone up as I was, a Boer, if he happened to be in a sulky humor, would have greeted me with a rifle ball."

"The men of the family were already out on the veldt when I got there, but the women received me kindly when they learned who I was, and what had befallen

me, gave me a meal, a flannel shirt, and a pair of trousers. When the men came in, I found that the farmer had known Uet, and he furnished me with a horse and necessities, and one of his sons rode with me to Standerton, where I had some acquaintances, and my troubles were over. But it was a long time before I recovered from the strain of that two months of waiting for the order for my execution."

## A HUMAN SKELETON FOUND.

The Coat Buttons Would Indicate That the Man Belonged to a British Regiment of the Line, Probably the "King's 8th."

A gruesome discovery was made on Saturday afternoon by the laborers who are digging a foundation for a building near the corner of Berkeley and Duke streets Toronto. They had dug 11 feet when one of them shovelled up several human bones. On going down further they uncovered the complete skeleton of a man, every part being in a state of almost perfect preservation. The skull was lying face downward, and resting on a piece of wood, adhering to which was a quantity of hair. Several pieces of wood, evidently parts of the box in which the body had been buried, were also turned up, and, most important of all, fragments of what had been a red tunic and a blue overcoat, with eight buttons belonging to the former and four to the latter, were also found, while among the bones a small portion of some steel weapon,

PROBABLY A SWORD,

was discovered. The relics were removed to the Berkeley street fire hall, and there a careful examination was made of everything likely to furnish a clue to the mystery. An examination of the tunic buttons set at rest any suspicion of crime. They were in almost perfect condition. On the upper side were the letter "K" and the figure "8," while an indistinct coat-of-arms was represented in the centre. On the reverse side was the name of the maker, "T. Nothing & Sons, King street, Convent Garden." The buttons of the overcoat also contained some inscription, but they were so corroded that it was quite illegible. It was evident, however, that the tunic had belonged to some regular regiment, and, as a great many years have elapsed since any regiment of regulars has been stationed in Toronto, the man must have been buried in the early part of the century. This, however, did not dissipate interest in the find, and the fire hall was besieged all day by an eager crowd, who were anxious to see the remains."

Rev. Dr. Scadding, whose knowledge of Toronto is more complete and stretches farther into the past than that of any other citizen, was very much interested in the discovery but was unable to identify the button as belonging to any particular regiment. He was of the opinion, however, that the letters stood for King's 8th. Dr. Scadding was puzzled at the fact of the body being buried

FACE DOWNWARDS,

and when asked whether it might not have been that of a criminal, who was buried in this way, he said that he had never heard of such a custom. There never had been a military station near this place, the doctor went on to say, and the nearest approach to one had been a blockhouse, built for the defence of the old House of Parliament, which stood some 500 yards south-east of the corner of Berkeley and Duke streets, on the spot formerly occupied by the old jail. The blockhouse was still further south-east of the Parliament buildings, but he saw no connection between it and the burial on Duke street. The presence of the pieces of the sword blade, Dr. Scadding said, indicated that the man had been an officer. The place where the skeleton was exhumed had formerly, said the doctor, been the bed of a creek, called Goodman's creek, and the adjoining property was owned by the Small family."

Some seven or eight years ago another skeleton was found on the same plot of ground, and in view of this the theory has been advanced that both had fallen in a duel, and that in the haste to cover up the facts the body of one was placed with the face down."

## METHODS OF A RUSSIAN EMPEROR

How He Exploited and Maintained the Imperial Treasury.

Among other expedients to raise money, Ivan resigned the crown in favor of a Tartar khan, who was baptized under the name of Simeon. Ivan feigned to withdraw himself from public affairs, but in reality he held on to them, and made the new czar call in all the charters formerly granted to the monasteries and bishoprics and all the charters were cancelled. This curious interregnum, or by whatever name it should be designated, lasted nearly a year, and then Ivan declared he did not like the new regime, and dismissing the baptized heathen, again took up the sceptre which, as a matter of fact, he had never really discarded. He issued fresh charters to the monasteries, but was careful to keep back several fine slices of the revenues, extorting from some of them 50,000 and from some others 100,000 rubles annually. We shall see, as Ivan's character is unfolded, that this spoliation of the monasteries was not the only thing in which he resembled our own merry monarch, Henry VIII. He would send his agents into the various provinces, there to buy up at low prices the whole of some particular commodity for which the province was noted.

After retaining the monopoly for awhile he would sell for a high rate and even compel merchants to buy at the prices he named. He followed a similar course with foreign imports, creating a monopoly and forbidding others to sell their stock until he had disposed of his own. By these means he cleared 200,000 rubles in a year.

## Where He Was Trained.

Mrs. De Style—"Have you noticed the quiet dignity and repose of our new footman?"

Bachelor Brother (a traveler)—"Yes, I think he must have been a waiter in a railroad restaurant."

## A SAILOR'S LOVE STORY.

Makes the Skipper Gasp When He Thinks of His Sweetheart and How He Lost Her.

"Ever go to St. John, New Brunswick?" asked the Captain of the tramp steamer "No? Then go just as soon as you can. I've been in every port on the western ocean and a good many on the other oceans, but the rosiest cheeks and the bluest eyes and the sweetest dispositions that ever I fell foul of are right there on the banks of the Bay of Fundy. It gives me the queers every time I think of that town—two queers, I may say, for I have to catch my breath when I think of the sweetheart I had there up in Califia, on the hill toward the bay, and then I have to catch it again and catch hard when I think of how I lost her."

"You see, I was mate of the bark Croesus, carrying deals from St. John to Greenock. I made the acquaintance of this lassie the first time in port, and was clean gone daft, I may say, over her; and for that matter she had a soft spot in her heart for me, as I have reason to believe. And so every night I used to take leave and go ashore for two or three hours, and maybe more, to see her, till one night the Captain, who had been ashore to see his sweetheart, happened to come on board before I did and found no one on deck but the watchman, and no one in the cabin at all. So, being a fair-minded man, as well as one who wanted to keep the ship in order, he agreed to stay on board one night and me the next, turn about, only I was to have the first night on board, because he had a very particular engagement with his sweetheart the next night."

"It seemed like hard luck to stay at all, but I managed to send word to my girl that I couldn't come, and turned in early to make the time pass quickly. I was soon asleep, but about 10 o'clock came the watchman and knocked on my door."

"There's two runners in the fore-castle trying to steal the crew," he said. Meantime he had called his son, who was watching on a bark at the wharf just astern of us named the Lolie, and the son and I hid behind the long boat just abaft the foremast, while the old man went to warn the runners to leave the ship."

"They were willing enough to leave by that time, for they had one of our best men all coaxed up to go, and up they came, one of them carrying the sailor's bag, while Jack himself had his arms full of dunnage, and away the three went along the deck toward the rail."

"With that the son who was with me slips around the foremast and up behind them and wallops the sailor over the head. Down goes Jack in a heap, and the father and son climb on one of the runners and down they hit."

"At that the other runner has a mind to help his mate, but he sees me coming with a big iron belaying pin in hand. That was enough for him, and away he ran aft, but that belaying pin caught him fair in the back and bowled him over across the main hatch as neat as a pin in a bowling alley."

"Then I mounted him and began hammering in his countenance with my fists. He made bold to fight back for a minute, and I was about to reach for the belaying pin to soothe him with it, when up went his legs in the air, and he squawked like a woman. The ship's dog, a savage brute, had heard the commotion, and, coming up the companionway, had nipped him in the thigh till the blood flew."

"Well, now, for a few minutes we all had a lot of fun with these two runners, and then I took them aft and locked them in a cabin closet till the Captain came. The Captain brought them into the saloon and stood them under the lamp. One had his nose all over to one side and a piece of scalp hanging down over his forehead so the hair and blood hid his eyes altogether. The other—that was my man—had both eyes swelled shut and his lips both split in front, while he walked with a terrible limp in the left leg where the dog had been chewing him."

"You've got enough this time," said the Captain. "You'd better hunt a doctor."

"Next night it was my turn to go ashore. I found my sweet waiting for me, and a more affectionate little darling than she was that time no one ever saw. I think we must have spooned and held hands for an hour or so, and then she said to me: "Bill, what ship do you belong to?"

"Somehow that question sent a shiver along my backbone, because it made me remember all about the licking the two runners had got the night before, and I was now in Califia, where the runners and everybody stand together. However, I made bold to lie about it promptly and say: "I'm mate of the Lolie. Why do you ask?"

"And do you really and truly love me Bill?" she said, so that I couldn't help saying I did, and I did, too."

"I knew it, Bill," she says, "and you'll do what I want you to. You're the bluest sailor that comes into this port and you can lick anything. Last night my brother, what's a runner for Spud Murphy, and another one was down on the Croesus looking for a couple of sailors to go on a deep-sea voyage, with two months' advance. They got one man and the promise of another, when as they were leaving her the mate and two more jumped on them and beat them shameful, and then that mate set his big dog on my brother, and it bit a whole mouthful out of his leg. Oh, it was shameful. He can't walk a step. But the other one can, and he'll be here in half an hour. He'll go down to the Croesus with you and pick a fight with the mate, and I want you to go along and take a hand in. Will you do it, Bill? I'll just go with you first to show you my brother, and then you won't need any more coaxing."

"She was reaching for her hat on the bed post when I stopped her. "Wait a bit," said I. "That mate's on shore. He told me where he was going, and if you want to see some fun that's worth while, you get your friends and that other runner here, and I'll be back with the sucker in fifteen minutes."

"Then I kissed her and took a sneak. Ah, she had the rosiest cheeks and bluest eyes and the sweetest disposition I ever saw, but, mate, I never went back to see her. She lived in Califia, up on the hill, toward the bay, and they all stand together up there."

## Large as a Dollar

Were the scrofula sores on my poor little boy, sickening and disgusting. They were especially severe on his legs, back of his ears and on his head. His hair was so matted that combing was sometimes impossible. His legs were so bad that sometimes he could not sit down, and when he tried to walk his legs would crack open and the blood start. Physicians did not effect a cure. I decided to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two weeks the sores commenced to heal up; the scales came off and all over his body new and healthy flesh and skin formed. When he had taken two bottles of



Jos. Ruby.

Hood's Sarsaparilla he was entirely free from sores." HARRY K. RUBY, Box 356, Columbia, Pennsylvania.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Sarsaparilla is a mild, gentle, painless, safe and efficient cathartic. Always reliable. No.

## AN UNGRATEFUL PEOPLE.

The Unfriendly Feeling Entertained by the United States Towards Great Britain.

The newspapers and the politicians of the United States that so often refer to Great Britain in spiteful and hostile language, and those American protectionists who would level a high tariff particularly at British goods, ought to consider the facts presented in the leading article of the New York Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin on Thursday last. These facts are, first, that one-half of the total exports of the United States go to Great Britain; second, that the United States does not take from Great Britain more than one-fourth to one-third as much merchandise as it sends to her; third, that the sentiment towards Great Britain that finds commonest expression in the United States is one of extreme unfriendliness. Of last year's total exports from the United States, amounting to \$892,143,547, \$431,063,687 went directly to British ports, and besides this a considerable amount went there indirectly through Canada. In the last six years Britain took above

TWO BILLION AND A HALF DOLLARS

worth of United States goods, which was more than all the other nations together took. Also, British capitalists have supplied the greater part of the money for the development of industry in the United States. To no other country in the world is the United States so much beholden as to Great Britain, and no other country in the world is so much beholden to her. Britain has been treated most shabbily in return. If she has a difference upon any question with another power, the United States is ready to make her out in the wrong. Some time ago, when an amiable but absurd proposal for the union of the naval power of Britain and the States was broached by a visionary Englishman, the New York Sun, with equal folly, declared that Britain must be destroyed. Its oft-ventured malignity to Britain, like that of the politicians who profess Anglophobia, is addressed to the very lowest elements of the populace, whom it is intended to gratify. But it is not always to tickle the rabble this envy and malice is shown towards the greatest customer of the United States. Henry Cabot Lodge might be supposed to be above that small business, yet he wanted the tariff to be charged with special and prohibitory duties against British merchandise to punish her for rejecting proposals for bimetallism. In regard to the enforcement of the Behring Sea regulations, in connection with the Brazilian war, the troubles at Bluefields, at Samoa, at Hawaii and in those between China and Japan, the enemies of Britain in the United States

SEIZED EVERY OPPORTUNITY

to misrepresent her. Yet they owe her for no small part of their bread and butter. In the face of all this antagonism and abuse, the Mother Country has treated the United States with the utmost magnanimity. With a tenth part of such grounds of provocation any other European power would have retaliated. There was a time when the United States had almost a monopoly in the production of surplus food-stuffs. Then Britain had to buy her wheat and flour from the States if she would get them at the lowest price. It is otherwise now. If Britain did not, take a single cargo of United States wheat, she could get all she wants at the lowest price ruling in the world's markets. Russia, Austria, India, Argentine, Chili, and Canada could supply all her wants. The United States crop would still be on the market to keep prices at their level, but the sale of it would be scattered. The feeling that it would seem most reasonable and most natural for the United States to entertain towards so great a customer is that of the warmest friendship. Such a feeling would seem to be prompted by business considerations, were there no blood or language in the question.

## A CARRIAGE FOR THE BABY.

The German Emperor's Present to the New Heir to Britain's Throne.

A Berlin despatch says:—It transpires that the Emperor took with him to England on board the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern, a gift for the newly born nephew, the son of the Duke of York. The gift was in the shape of an exquisite little carriage, in which the royal infant is to take its airings. The vehicle is in the form of a shell, colored with prismatic shades matching the cushions, and contrasting with the pale blue velvet used to line the shell. The latter is finished with a beautiful coverlet of crimson velvet, worked with the arms of Guelph and Hohenzollern families. The baby carriage was sent to the White Lodge, at Richmond, from which place the delighted mother sent her hearty thanks to the Emperor.