

A NOTED AFRICAN KING.

HE IS KHAMA OF BAMANGWATO AN ESTIMABLE MONARCH.

The Unwavering Friend of the British in South Africa—Ruler of a Christian and Progressive People—He Has Lately Been Visiting England.

An interesting visitor in England at the present time is Khama, the King of Bamangwato, South Africa, who has long been well known by repute to the British public and to the world. Every traveller and hunter who has journeyed towards the Zambesi, Matabeleland, or Mashonaland, or the far Lake Ngami country, has experienced the unwearied courtesy and kindness of this excellent ruler, and has had nothing but praise to speak concerning him and his country. His name appears constantly in the blue books and works of travel. For 40 years and more Khama has been the constant and unwavering friend to the British and their progress in South Africa. The wish has long lain near his heart to come over to England and see with his own eyes the country and the people whose cause he has, through evil and good reports, so stoutly upheld in the far interior. That wish is now being gratified. The King has a host of friends, and it cannot be doubted that his stay in England will be made a pleasant one. In truth, no native King has ever deserved a warmer welcome than this progressive and high-minded Bechuana gentleman. One may say "gentleman" advisedly, for no man, black or white, has by his scrupulous honour, integrity, and devotion to the highest ideals ever supported the title more faithfully than Khama of Bamangwato. This is no excessive praise. Every Englishman who has come in contact with Khama from the far-off days of Livingstone to the present time, has had reason to speak of him in terms of

UNMEASURED ESTEEM.

Khama has had a remarkable career, which it may be worth while here to glance at. He is now 65 years of age, but, says a writer in the London Globe, as with many black men, his appearance would denote that he is much younger. Tall, slim, and well-dressed in European clothing, the quiet, refined-looking Bechuana might very well be taken for at least ten years younger than his real age. His activity is remarkable. He is now 65 years of age, but from earliest dawn till nightfall he may be met with in the saddle, riding about his great spreading capital of Palachwe, busied incessantly in the welfare of his people and the affairs of his country. No matter is too small or too minute for his marvellous memory and kindly nature. From the humblest of his tribes-people to the passing Englishman—for whom Khama never seems to be able to do enough—every person in his town seems to receive some share of his care and attention.

Palachwe, the capital of Bamangwato, has a native population of some 20,000 souls, every one of whom is ruled by the direct personal influence of the King. Besides Palachwe, Khama has a huge territory, extending from the Limpopo to the Victoria Falls, and from the Matabele border to far-off Ngamiland, to look after. He holds daily court in the "kotia," or inclosure, adjoining his residence, receives reports from the far-off parts of his country, administers justice and listens to appeals. A fairer-minded or more just ruler it would be difficult to find in all Europe. Years ago in the hunting field and in native wars Khama proved himself a man of rare courage and resource. For twenty years, as paramount chief of his tribe, he has shown himself also a natural-born administrator, reformer, and

RULER OF MEN.

From an unruly tribe, deeply sunk in barbarous and often cruel customs and superstitions, Khama has led his people step by step into Christianity and progress. From this wretched chaos and turmoil left by his father and uncle, Siomey and Machen, who for years were struggling for the chieftainship, Khama has evolved throughout his wide domains peace, prosperity, and order. When the wretched Bamangwato people, worried and harassed by Matabele raids and internal strife, were, thirty years ago, scratching a miserable subsistence from the soil, you may now see, thanks to Khama's foresight and enterprise, immense fields of grain furrowed by hundreds of light American or European ploughs of moderate make. Drink, that curse of the African, has been completely banished from the country, to the immense comfort and material welfare of the tribes-people. Great herds of fine cattle and numerous flocks of sheep and goats are to be met with throughout large portions of Khama's kingdom. The European traveller or sportsman traversing the country finds everywhere a people who greet him with pleasant cordiality, and, thanks to Khama's far-reaching influence, do everything they can to assist him. Briefly, it may be said that Khama has transformed a harassed and unruly native State into the most progressive and orderly community in all South Africa.

But not only has Khama taught his people peaceful methods; he has taught them, also, to arm and defend themselves from the attacks of the cruel Matabele. Numbers of good rifles are possessed by the Bamangwato. They are born hunters; many of them are excellent shots; and under Khama's leadership they found themselves able, long ago, to repel successfully

THE BLOODTHIRSTY RAIDS

of their Matabele neighbours. In one of these skirmishes, years since, Khama wounded his great rival, Lobengula, then younger and more active, in the neck. It is a fact that Lobengula bore the scar of Khama's bullet until that day when, defeated and discredited by the Mashonaland settlers, he died miserably, a worn-out fugitive.

The first impressions of Europeans received by Khama were excellent ones. When quite a youth he encountered Mofat and Livingstone, who, in the course of

their mission work, penetrated to the then unknown Bamangwato country. Close upon the heels of the missionaries came a number of bold and enterprising British hunters, men of high character, from whom, as well as from their predecessors, the young chieftain formed his opinion of British characteristics. Oswald, Murray, Vardon, Gordon Coming were the earliest of these great hunters. As a lad Khama accompanied Gordon Cumming in those wonderful hunting expeditions of his in search of elephants and the great game with which all Bechuana land then teemed. Gordon Cumming slew nearly all his elephants in the Bamangwato hill country, and Khama and a few others of his tribesmen can yet remember and testify to the prowess of that most enthusiastic and fearless Nimrod. This was between 1847 and 1856. Ivory and elephants were then inordinately plentiful in the interior. Nowadays Khama has but one, or at most, two troops of elephants left between Palachwe and the Victoria Falls—a woe-fall falling away. The chief himself is a most daring and

SUCCESSFUL HUNTER.

From his early youth, when guns were unknown and heavy and dangerous game swarmed throughout the country, on foot or on horseback, Khama has in hundreds of encounters proved himself a worthy emulator of those great English hunters, whose feats he had followed with so much keenness. Even now the old chief's heart often yearns for a gallop after the tall giraffe or the koodoo, or gemsbok, or others of the numerous game animals still frequenting his more desert country. Of late years, unfortunately, what with the fear of Matabele troubles and the increasing volume of European traffic through his territory, Khama has had little time to escape from affairs of State.

Khama became Christianized many years since, and it may be said without fear of contradiction, he has remained ever since the most entirely satisfactory model of the Christianized African. There are thousands of nations professing Christianity in Africa; there are, unfortunately, very few whose standard of ethics has been so consistently pure and elevated as Khama's. Khama's early Christianity brought him into great trouble with his father and uncle, both thorough-paced old heathens. For a long time Khama's life was in danger from the machinations of these ill-conditioned relatives. But the chief's high character steadily secured him a strong following in the tribe. In 1870 Siomey and Machen, who had by turns been chiefs of the tribe, were deposed, and Khama was brought into power. A little later Macher became once more too strong for his nephew, and Khama went into exile in the desert country toward Lake Ngami. In 1875 he was once more elected

PARAMOUNT CHIEF

of the Bamangwato. Since that time Khama has firmly held the reins of power, to the ever-increasing benefit of his people. Large numbers of the Bamangwato are now Christianized. Khama allows complete toleration, and there is no forcing into religion. It speaks well for the Bamangwato, nevertheless, that two or three years ago the sum of \$15,000 was subscribed and paid by the tribe for the purpose of building a new church in Palachwe. Ten years ago Khama offered the whole of his country, under certain conditions, to the British Government. That offer was, strangely enough, declined. A Protectorate was declared over the lower part of the country; the remainder has been included in the British sphere of influence. There, with characteristic Colonial Office "drift," the matter has been allowed to remain. The British South Africa Company has, since its inception, received the greatest possible assistance from Khama. The traffic through the Bamangwato country has for the last five years been immensely augmented, and the railway from Mafeking is now at once to be pushed forward to Palachwe.

Khama now feels that he is getting on in years and would like to see the future of his country definitely settled, if possible, under direct Imperial control. The future of his son and successor, Siomey, a promising young man of four or five and twenty, has also to be provided for.

A FINISHED COUNTRY.

What An American Thinks of Rural England.

A staff correspondent of the New York Tribune, recording his first impressions of England says: "Whoever enters England at Southampton seems to be journeying all the way through a continuous park planned by a landscape gardener who has known the poetry of his art. What is most remarkable in this series of entrancing rustic pictures is the absence of blemishes and flaws. There is nothing unsightly at any turn. There is no blackened stump bleaching in the fields; no ugly fences falling out of repair; no depressions in the slopes of well drained meadows; no signs of disorder and lack of tidiness in the villages.

Nowhere are flowers lovelier and more delicate; nowhere are the trees more shapely or the fields greener. Everywhere there is a sense of symmetry and repose that comes from perfection of detail.

The English country is finished. Nothing remains to be done in order to perfect these pictures of rural loveliness. The same impressions are produced by the magnificent pleasure grounds of London and its environs. * * * the old parks, Hyde, Regent's, Kew Gardens, Richmond and Hampton Court. These, too, like the English country, are finished. The English love their trees and flowers, and know how to group and mass them. In their parks they study the broadest and most restful effects, and avoid fussiness and pettiness in details. There is an artistic sense of tranquility and repose in their landscape art that is lacking in American rural and suburban scenery."

High License in Boston.

It is proposed in Boston to raise more money for the public schools by selling liquor licenses at auction. The uniform license fee in that city is \$1,500, but as some saloons are much more valuable than others it is contended that they should pay more. The Boston Advertiser claims that if all licenses were put up at public auction the city would get from \$150,000 to \$200,000 a year more than it does now.

FAMOUS TREASURE SHIP.

MORE THAN \$1,000,000 AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

The Loss of the King's Ship Lutine With Her Vast Treasure and All on Board—Recovery of \$500,000—Still Groping for the Rest.

There is an oaken chair in the office of Lloyd's, in London, the great maritime firm, which has a strange and romantic history. It was made from the rudder of the King's ship Lutine, which, in 1799, was wrecked in the North Sea, with the largest amount of gold on board that ever went to the bottom. The Secretary of Lloyd's recently gave to the public an interesting account of this wreck, and of the numerous attempts to find her lost treasure. The Lutine was a thirty-six-gun frigate, captured from the French in 1793.

"In the autumn of 1799 it was necessary to send a large amount of specie across the North Sea, and, as usual, application was made to the Admiralty for a King's ship. This method of conveyance was thought the best guarantee for honesty, the best assurance against capture by foreign foes. Although some money is supposed to have been transmitted by the Lutine to pay British troops then serving in Holland the bulk of the treasure was forwarded for purely commercial reasons.

"London merchants trading with North Germany in those days were in the habit of sending their goods and then drawing bills for their value upon Hamburg and other houses at so many months ahead. By the time the bills fell due the goods had been sold for cash, which was paid into the banks to meet engagements. But a protracted frost in the early part of 1799 had so long sealed the Elbe that the merchandise had been detained ice-bound, and could not be landed or disposed of in time.

"The London traders, to save their credit and escape the expense of protest, providing new bills and other probable commercial disasters, resolved to send cash across to cover their drafts as they came to maturity. So grave was the crisis, so great the sum to be embarked, that a King's ship was asked, and nearly every banking firm in Lombard street dispatched a member in charge of its own cash contribution.

"Moreover, as many legal questions might arise, an experienced notary—his name is preserved, Mr. Schabracch—was secured to accompany the party and advise in any difficulty. The precious cargo was insured principally at Lloyd's.

"Various ideas, and nothing quite authoritative, prevail as to the exact amount on board the Lutine. Some say the specie, which was in coins of all sorts, gold and silver guineas, golden piastres, double Louis d'Or, Sicilian gold pieces, silver piastres and dollars, also in gold and silver bars, reached a total value of upward of a million. The only contemporary report is that in the Annual Register and in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1799, which fixes the amount lost at merely £140,000; but Lloyd's underwriters are said to have paid insurance to the extent of £100,000; another sum of £100,000 was insured in Hamburg, and there was £127,000 in public money for pay to the troops."

LOADING THE TREASURE SHIP.

In October of that year the Lutine was ordered round to Yarmouth to take treasure on board and proceed to the Elbe. Her captain was one Lancelot Skynner, R. N., an officer of distinction, and no doubt his mission was much to his taste. The short voyage was likely to bring him considerable profit, for it was the rule to pay naval captains a commission of 1 per cent. on the total value embarked.

"On the evening of the 5th of October the Lutine lay in Yarmouth roads with a merry party on board. The captain, no doubt in excellent spirits, had given a grand ball to the leading people in and about Yarmouth. The last of the guests had hardly gone ashore when peremptory orders came from the Admiralty that the Lutine should forthwith go to sea. She sailed in the early morning of the 6th, and from that time very little was heard of her.

"It is, however, known that she steered a straight course for Cuxhaven, at the mouth of the Elbe, wind strong from N. N. W., and greatly in favor. After landing passengers and treasure the Lutine was to convey a fleet of mercantile to the Baltic.

STRUCK ON THE ROCKS.

"Soon after midnight, going free and under full press of sail, she struck on the outer bank of the Island of Vlieland (Flyland), the next to the Texel, and one of the ring of islands that hem the mouth of the Zuyder Zee. She must have been slightly out of the course, and it is said that there was a strong lee-tide running. During the night she went down with all on board. Another King's ship, the Arrow, Capt. Portlock, was in company, but she could give no help, nor the 'schools,' or fishing boats of the coast, and when day broke there was no Lutine, only two survivors were picked up by a Dutch lugger at daylight clinging to the wreckage, one of whom died almost immediately, and the other, Mr. Schabracch, the notary, very soon afterwards died, but not until he had told the little he knew.

"Repeated efforts have been made to recover the money. In the year immediately following, when the whole thing was fresh, and before the sand had silted or drifted over the wreck, the Dutchmen fished up some £55,000. Then more systematic, and some really costly efforts were made, and by 1857-9 another £50,000 was recovered.

The present operations were begun in 1892 by an English engineer, Mr. Fletcher, who had been engaged on the Dutch coast in raising a sunken dredger. He became interested in the Lutine, and associating himself with another eminent engineer, Mr. Ripples, they have approached the business in a novel way. Their idea is to clear the ship of sand, but to inclose her in a central area or dock faced by sandbags, which will prevent further siltation, while they ransack the interior of the wreck by

divers. This area is 200 feet in diameter, from which the sand will be removed by powerful suction dredgers.

"It is calculated that a lesser area of some 50 feet in diameter incloses the ship and its bullion chamber, possibly a much less area; but it is supposed that the chamber has been broken up and its contents dispersed some distance around. No doubt the heavy bars of bullion will have worked deep down into the sand—as the guns must have done, for only two have been recovered; but they will be found as the sand is removed. Loose coins—many of them will be probably sucked up through the dredging pumps—when deposited on the perforated tables on top the sand will pass freely away, but the coins will be retained. But the bars of gold are what will be looked for most eagerly."

THE GOTHENBURG SYSTEM.

What It Has Done and Is Doing for the Cities and Towns of Sweden.

Mr. Gladstone has recently written a letter in which he has expressed his views as to temperance reform, and has said that while he has a poor opinion of some restrictive measures, he would like to see the Gothenburg system have a fair trial in Great Britain. The objection to that system by many professed temperance reformers is that it simply restrains and does not abolish the sale of liquor, and they argue that they can have nothing to do with a plan into which the legalized sale of stimulants enters. The history of the Gothenburg system, however, may well be attractive to those who take a more utilitarian view of the subject. It originated in Sweden in 1865. The object aimed at by its founders was the decrease of the widespread poverty of the working classes, in so far as it was caused by the abuse of intoxicating liquors. The means by which it was proposed to bring about this result were: (1) A radical reform of the manner in which the liquor traffic was conducted, and (2) an artificial heightening of the price of spirituous liquors, to be secured by the suspension of the

PRINCIPLE OF COMPETITION.

With these ends in view, the authorities agreed to transform the saloon licenses then existing in Gothenburg to a company, who consented to undertake the business on the understanding that neither the shareholders nor the persons engaged as managers should derive any profits from the sales beyond a fixed percentage on the capital invested. This principle of "no profit to the sellers" is the keystone of the system wherever it has been established in Sweden. In 1866, the first year of the operation of the new system, the convictions for drunkenness in Gothenburg dropped to 1,424 from 2,070 the previous year. There were, at the time of the first formation of the company, 60 licenses in existence, giving one saloon to every 785 of the inhabitants. The first step taken by the company was to reduce this number to 43, or one to every 1,093 inhabitants. Taking the first ten years' experience of the system as applied in Gothenburg, the results on the whole were not very encouraging, and many were disposed to pronounce it a failure. In 1876, however, a change set in, and the last fourteen years have been marked by

A STEADY DIMINUTION

in the consumption of spirits per head of the population, in the convictions for drunkenness and in the cases of delirium tremens. The experience of Gothenburg has led to the introduction of the system in Stockholm and in many Swedish towns. The effort of the companies has been to select good, open situations for their saloons, and to make them light, well-ordered, and respectably-frequented places. A short time ago the various British consular officials in Sweden were requested to report on the subject. Replies were received from 22 Consuls, and, without exception, they were favourable to the system. Mr. Gladstone has no doubt made himself acquainted with the Gothenburg plan from independent sources, and his declaration on the subject will probably have considerable weight with many of the friends of temperance in Great Britain.

Ancient Fire Engines.

The oldest fire engine in England is at Dunstable, bearing the date 1670. At Hereford is one of the Vaude Heide's fire engines that was presented to that city A. D. 1670, by P. Foley, Esq., M. P. References to fire engines are found in very early times. In an illustrated sixth century Latin manuscript of the "Spiritalia" of Hero of Alexandria, who lived 200 years before the Christian era, is delineated the Egyptian fire engine of the author's time, with its double force pump, valves, lever arms, goose neck, and probably, too, its "air chamber." In 1666 an act of Parliament was passed requiring a "large-sized brass syringe" to be kept in each ward of the City of London, and to be worked by the respective Aldermen. The London Gazette of August 14, 1676 refers to "letters patent granted to Mr. Wharton and Mr. Stroud," for a new invention for quenching fire with a machine with leather pipes, to carry a large quantity of water in a continuous stream to the top of the fire, which was proved in the great fire at Southwark.

Rather Hopeless.

Gun—Did you make an impression on that pretty girl you got so wild about? George—I'm afraid not. When I called, she summoned her chaperon, and then the two spent the evening arguing the points of a new costume, with me as umpire.

Afraid of Internal Ruction.

Smith is walking around to-day as if he were stepping on eggs. He needs to. What ails him? Why, last night after he had gone to bed he remembered that he should have taken some quinine capsules. He got up in the dark and took 'em. This morning he discovered that he had swallowed three 22-caliber revolver cartridges!

WOMEN BULL-FIGHTERS.

BRUTAL SCENES STIR ONLOOKERS TO FRANTIC APPLAUSE.

Spain's Amazonian Picadors With Lances—Bloody Butchery of a Bull by the Favorite Female Matador Rewarded With Jewels and Flowers—Decadence of the "Art."

In the land of Moorish ruins, Don Quixote and Philip II., probably the most live thing in its troop of women bull-fighters. These strapping Barcelona girls were formerly mill hands, hardly earning a pittance. They became bull-fighters, and now they make \$20 apiece for every fight in which they engage.

Poor old Spain! Her bull-fights and her Moorish ruins are all that are left to her. The Moorish ruins are hateful in her eyes, but the bull-fight remains the chosen "sport" of her 20,000,000 of people.

These bull fights by women are conducted in the same manner as when the toradors are men. They wear the same costumes, and the scenes are characterized by the same brutality. In fact, were it not for their smaller stature, no one would think they were women. Certainly not from any shrinking from their brutal task for they seem to riot in the blood of these ignoble shambles and take a diabolical delight in the suffering of the doomed animal. Their horses are the same, broken down, that in the late years have been reserved for the national sport of Spain.

The Amazonian picadors come into the arena astride these poor, broken-down brutes, dressed in the costume of Spanish knights of old.

THEY CARRY LANCES.

and take their position in the middle of the arena, opposite the bull stalls. Then come the chulos on foot, who distribute themselves in the spaces between the barriers. The chulos are attired in splendid cloaks, and wear a great deal of gay ribbon, altogether making a gorgeous flash of color.

Lastly comes the woman matador, Providencia Almada. She is handsomely dressed. She holds in her right hand a naked sword, in her left the muleta, a stick with a bit of scarlet silk attached.

The chief magistrate gives a sign, the bull is brought out of the stalls and the fight begins. The women picadors await the development of the bull's character. If he is a brave beast it takes all their skill to act on the defensive and evade him; if he is a coward they goad him to fury with stabs, noises and waving a scarlet cloth.

In a fight witnessed by the writer the first bull, a magnificent Spaniard, was taken in hand by a female Hercules, Maria Alvarado. The beast at once attacked several horses. One of these becoming completely disembowelled, galloped about the arena with his entrails dragging after him. No one thought of despatching the poor beast; he was dragged off, perhaps, to have his entrails thrust back, his belly sewn up and be sent back into the ring again. Such things are done continually. Maria Alvarado despatched the bull all too quickly to suit the blood-thirsty instincts of her audience.

Two other fights, in which women toradors participated, took place the same afternoon. In one of these Providencia Almada, the favorite woman matador, almost drove her audience frantic with delight by her butcheries. She killed a French bull after a series of horrors too hideous to describe. The people shouted till they were hoarse, clapped their hands and threw to her

JEWELS AND FLOWERS.

The high-bred Spanish ladies, in their lace mantillas, would have liked to smother her in embraces.

The enthusiasm of a London audience the final night of a grand opera season is cold and tame compared to the frenzied ecstasy of these people over this olive skinned sinewy amazon. There is, at least, one country in Western Europe, where Dr. Nordau's gospel is not needed, Spain has written this to her "degenerator."

Among the Spaniards the decadence of the "art," as they are pleased to term this disgusting brutality, is bewailed by connoisseurs of the Plaza. La Nenuca Sidia, the Madrid organ of the bullfight, insists that steps should be taken to restore the "art" to its original splendor. Thornberry, who years ago saw such bull-fighting as it would be impossible to find to-day, says that even then the judges were shaking their heads from the upper boxes of the Plaza.

"Alas!" sighed Monoculous, "this chivalrous but cruel amusement has sadly fallen off and degenerated since the days of the Abencerrages. The picadors then were gentlemen, who displayed their courage and dextrous riding, not for hire, but to win smiles from their ladies, who sat looking on. The mere death thrust was then a secondary thing, and instead of those carrion knacker's horses, they wheeled and circled on fiery Arabs, each worth a kingdom and at whose death queens might have wept. Those turbaned men fought with simple javelins four feet long, and slew the bull unaided with their own hands. The bulls of Geryon, that Hercules stole, are still certainly strong and fierce; but they are, after all, lean and small, and not to be compared with the bulls of England for power and muscle.

But though no longer the amusement of high-born men, bull-fighting is more popular to-day in Spain than ever. The Spanish ladies attend the bull fights with as much pleasure as the English fair attend an opera. To the respectable middle class it is the chief recreation. They bring their children, and the little things clasp their hands with delight at the goring of some broken down horse.

Had Capital to Start With.

How is business, John? asked Uncle Allen Sparks, as the Chinese laundryman handed him his washing.

Not velly good, answered the Chinaman.

By the way, John, mused Uncle Allen, feeling in his pocket for the change wherewith to pay the Celestial, what is your other name?

Name Chin Chin. Drop laundrying and try the auctioneer business, John.