

AT CAPE COLONY.

AMONG THE MALAYS AND KAFIRS.

A Glimpse of the People and Customs Down in Brightest Africa.—Unattractive Cape Town.

Whilst famous explorers, Livingston, Stanley, De Brazza and others, have plunged into the heart of Darkest Africa and have returned with wondrous tales of endless forests, nations of pygmies, and other strange things, as yet no explorer has given an adequate report of what may justly be termed Brightest Africa.

We have heard much of cannibals and the fearful rites indulged in by savages, but strange to say, writers have been comparatively silent upon the country stretching from Cape Town north to the Zambezi River. It is true that trade papers and even magazines have published statistics concerning this land, but little or nothing has been said of its characteristics, its inhabitants and their idiosyncrasies. Yet that same Brightest Africa is richer in legend and far richer



In the gifts of nature than many a country better known to fame and history. It has diamonds, gold, sheep and cattle, iron, silver, coal, magnesite, seaports, great wheat growing districts, vineyards that grow under the weight of their fruit—everything almost that can be desired except civilization; and for that it has little use until its resources are further developed.

Just why the discoverer of the point of land lying between Cape Town and Simonstown christened it the Cape of Good Hope is somewhat a mystery, unless it be hope for the ultimate reformation of that part of the world. As for Cape Town itself, it looks truly beautiful at a distance, but a closer acquaintance dispels the illusion. It is rather picturesquely situated at the foot of Table Mountain—so called, perhaps, because it does not resemble a table—and at a distance looks like a self-respecting town containing proper, up-to-date people, with civilized instincts. The dominating feature in a long-distance view is the green effect, due to the number of trees. The town stretches over a distance of about three miles and ends in salt marshes toward the west.

The eastern end is lost somewhere in the direction of the Indian Ocean, but no one with any social aspirations lives there. In one corner is the bay, which affords good anchorage and is splendidly protected by a breakwater, built by convict labor. At a distance Cape Town resembles nothing so much as a Swiss town, with its many cottages built on the slope of Table Mountain. The whole effect gives rise to feelings of pleasant anticipation; the realization is doubly bitter.

The closer one gets to Cape Town the more completely is the illusion dispelled. Intimacy with Cape Town is only conducive to disgust, for a great part of the town is so filthy and vile as to be fit only for Malays and Kaffirs. There is one star in Cape Town, Adderly street, which is considered its Broadway—but this is an unpardonable insult to Broadway. Adderly street consists in dry weather of the finest grade of red dust. In wet weather its name is mud. On ordinary occasions the sand is a foot deep, but, when necessary water is supplied, the resultant mud attains three times that depth. By reason of this, dust and soot that has been worn an hour looks like a sunset painted by an impressionist artist. After that, history is silent, for no one has yet been found who wore a collar more than an hour in Cape Town.

Cape Town is subject to wind storms which blow in all directions at once and have an unpleasant habit of gathering up dust and depositing half a street full in your ears and nostrils. These wind storms are often accompanied by tremendous falls of rain, and give the place a very unpleasant climate. In fact, one gets half a dozen climates a day in Cape Town.

Lending in all directions from Adderly street are other streets, some big, some small, but all unpleasant. The houses resemble barns; but this is not the fault of the inhabitants, who deserve encouragement, for they are really trying hard to approach a level when civilization begins and the savage ceases to wear a nose-ring.

You can find any nationality in Cape Town, for it is the Mecca to which all sorts of adventurers, and the scum of the earth generally, are drifting from everywhere. You can find every walk of life represented, but, no matter where you go you will find the one predominating trait—the greed for gold.

Human beings would not go to Cape Town unless there were a strong magnet to attract them. Gold is that magnet, and as the gold is not to be obtained in Cape Town itself, there is a constant migration through the town northward; and thus while the arrivals number 100,000, and even more, a year, the population never goes above 40,000. The greater part of this population consists of whites, but many are darker than ours, complexioned, and many could not truthfully say that they are pure-blooded Caucasians. These are called "Afrikanders," and through some mistaken notion are proud to be known as such. They are physically a fine race, but mentally they are below par. Their brain is not developed, and they are still in the in-

termediate cabin of evolution. They are conceited, nevertheless, to an astounding degree, are bullies because of their size, are anything but virtuous, and are altogether an unpleasant race.

Next in point of numbers come the Malays. The men are undersized, billowing and insignificant. The women are superb. Their skin is of a velvety yellow, and their hair as black as night, and of a texture fine as unspun flax. Their features are of a Caucasian cast, their figures supple, graceful and well developed.

The men wear European clothes, with turbans on their heads. The women wear loose flowing gowns, consisting of bright colored silks wound tightly around their bodies and reaching to the ankles. Their shoes, if they can be termed such, consist of wooden boards, with pegs which fit between the big and second toes, by which the shoes are held in place. At the front and rear end of this board are little blocks which raise it about two inches from the ground, and which make it impossible to wear for anybody but a native or a man used to stilts.

The Malays are a picturesque race. They are magnificent liars, and are free from the smallest taints of morality or modesty. As far as Cape Town is concerned, they appear to best advantage on Saturday evenings, when they turn out in full force in all their gaudy trapping, and walk up and down the various streets. It is a sight really worth seeing, and takes one at a bound from Africa into the Arabian Nights. One can almost imagine Haroun al Raschid come to life again, and his grand vizier and his slaves.

Next to the Malays come the native tribes. There are some twelve hundred of them, and they are known by the generic name of Kaffir. Strictly speaking, the Kaffir is not a negro, though his skin is black; he is the aristocrat of his race. Place an American negro side by side with a full-blooded Zulu, and you will at once see the difference.

The Zulu is a gentleman by birth; his skin is brown, but beneath it can be seen coursing the red blood of a pure and noble race. In his eyes shines the intelligence of the child of nature—he is a child in more ways than one. The Zulu is one of the noblest animals that nature created. He is honest, virtuous, courageous, self-respecting, obedient, when necessary arise, faithful unto death, and always knows his place.

How different is the Hottentot. The Hottentot is to the Zulu what the Turk is to the American—the same of all that civilization loathes and despises. His nature is low and his morals lower, if that is possible—thieving, lying, treacherous and unclean. While the Zulu woman bathes herself twice a day, the Hottentot woman does not do so twice a century. The latter is not a beauty; one who called her attractive would be subject to a suit for criminal libel. They rarely exceed four feet six inches. In height, are bow-legged and have deformities that make them naturally disgusting.

The smallest part of the population of Cape Town is made up of foreigners, many of whom have come for the good of their respective countries. They usually engage in the stock brokerage business, seeking for lambs to fleece. Some few, and they are the decent ones, are in the employ of the Government or of the larger mercantile houses. Much of the retail business is in the hands of the Malays, who are veritable Shylocks. The Kaffirs are the servants, and their masters treat them a little better, than slaves, paying them about \$3 a month, and furnishing food and a piece of bar board for a bed.

Cape Town is the seat of the Government of the Cape Colony, and contains the houses of parliament and the Governor's residence. The Governor is appointed by the Queen of England, and is answerable to the Foreign Office in London, and the less he knows about South African affairs the more likely he is to get the appointment. The present incumbent, however, Sir Hercules Robinson, is an exception to the rule; for he has served in this capacity before, and has done well. The parliament consists of an upper and lower house, antagonistic to each other and to everything else. Their purpose in life appears to be to fight the advance of civilization; their main desire to antagonize what they call the "verdantines" (the d—d foreigners). They have, however, found a master of late in the person of Cecil Rhodes. The houses of parliament, where he rules, are situated in the Botanical Gardens in the upper part of the city, and are the finest buildings in Cape Town. They are three story red brick, and are still large enough to contain Mr. Rhodes.

The one interesting thing about Cape Town is Table Mountain. It rises abruptly and perpendicular behind the town, towering up into the clouds, 1,600 feet above the level of the sea. From its summit, which can be reached by an easy incline through the Lion's Kloof (gulch), or by a perilous ascent up its almost perpendicular front facing the sea, a magnificent view rewards the climber. To the south and west stretch the Southern Atlantic green, and forbidding in aspect; to the east lies the Indian Ocean, with its legions of Flying Dutchmen and its pirates; to the north are seen the undulating hills that lead to the land of diamonds and oil—South Africa, to which every traveler is drawn, upon which all hopes are centered, where marvelous fortunes have been made and lost, where the greatest comedies and tragedies have been played—the region upon which the entire future of Brightest Africa depends.

FAMILIAR HYMNS.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

Phoebe Cary.

In a rustic rural home in the Miami Valley, about eight miles north of Cincinnati, there lived a happy couple and their two daughters, Phoebe and Alice. They were poor but contented and very happy. Their worldly possessions always limited, gradually grew less, till the girls said, "they wept through the streets because of their poverty."

Alice early attracted attention by her literary contributions to various magazines and periodicals. While Phoebe, with her poetry, was destined to drive the wolf of want from the door of the old home where she had laid undisturbed for many years.

They moved to New York city when Phoebe was about twenty-five years of age, and soon became known as women of more than ordinary talents. They joined the Church of the Pilgrims, and two years afterwards the Church of the Strangers. Here they found a good friend in Dr. Deems, to whom they both return thanks for help and encouragement and kind words for and to them.

What Sunday School scholar, fond of reading, will not pay a tribute to the memory of the authors of such stories as "Hester, a Story of Today," "Cloverook Children," "Pictures of Country Life," "The Bishop's Son," "Snow Berries," and many others from the pen of these gifted sisters.

The sisters, soon after their arrival in New York, had as their companions and friends the best society in the city, and were courted and made very much of by both the literary and musical celebrities of the day, but they found their most congenial work among the poor of the city; as Phoebe used to say, she never could get her earlier days, and moreover the poor seemed nearer to her than the rich.

The following incident respecting one of her hymns has its truthfulness vouched for by an eye-witness of great veracity—Col. Russell H. Conwell, of Boston: While visiting China he was intensely anxious to have an insight into the heart of its social life, and for this purpose visited, among other places, the gambling dens. In one of these he found two of his American countrymen, one a young man and the other in middle life. While the older one was shuffling the cards the younger one, in a low tone, was humming a hymn. The older one threw the cards down saying:

"Harry, where did you learn that hymn?"
"What hymn?"
"Why, the one you have just been singing."

The young man answered that he was not aware that he had been singing a hymn. The older one then repeated some of the lines which were familiarized to him by being the evening hymn often sung in the Christian home of his boyhood days.

"Oh," said the younger one, "I learned that hymn at Sunday School years ago."

"Come, Harry," said the elder one, "here is what I have stolen from you. As for me, as God sees me, and gives me strength, I have shuffled my last card, playing my last game, and drank my last glass of liquor."

I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before."

And what a home it will be if I continue the life that I have been living. Nearer home, nearer home, nearer home to-day than I ever have been before. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that for your mother's sake, and for the sake of your old Sunday School teacher who taught you that hymn, you will quit this infernal business."

This hymn has done more to immortalize her name than any or all of her other productions. It was composed when the author was but eighteen years old, while on a visit to a friend. Having attended the church in the morning and hearing a sermon on "Heaven a home," from the text, "In my Father's house are many mansions," on her return she went directly to her room and put into rhyme the sentiment of the sermon.

There is nothing artificial about South American Nervine. A stimulant will help the system for the time being, but Nervine cures permanently in all cases.

A Pardonable Defect.

Little Ethel—Our goat can pull me and Willie and Annie at one load.

Visitor—He must be very strong!

Little Ethel—Oh, yes; but we don't mind that—Chicago Record.

An Investment, Not an Expense.

A gentleman who about a year ago obtained a cure for liquor addiction at Lakehurst Institute, Oakville, has just written in an encouraging strain:

"I am not, as you know, blessed with too much of this world's goods, but I am richer and happier to-day than if some one had given me a South African diamond mine and left me with that whiskey appetite I once had." Here is the testimony echoed by hundreds who have been to Oakville, that should convince every drinking man who is looking for a paying investment. There is money for you in Oakville, and what is still better, the esteem and respect of your friends and what is best of all—health and happiness. Our former patients say—many of them—that the trip to Lakehurst Institute is still paying them so well that the original investment looks beggarly, and they feel almost ashamed to tell how little they paid for so much. No branch institutes, and no remedies sent out for home treatment. Toronto office, 28 Bank of Commerce Building.

A Mist Situation.

Two men are walking along a path. One is a tall, thin man, the other is shorter and thicker. They are talking about something.

"Well, I don't know," David reflected. "I saw a woman to-day—she wasn't more than five feet high, and slight as that—I saw her just lift a finger—it was right in the street crowd of people around her—she raised her finger and—"

"Well, for pity's sake, what?" exclaimed Dora, impatiently. "Don't be so long about it."

"I don't go so far as to say she had electrical powers," David pursued, calmly.

"I won't undertake to explain what it was, but this much I can vouch for, for I saw it with my own eyes—the moment she raised that little finger—it had a dainty pink nail on it—a heavily loaded street car that was passing came to an instant stop."

But Dora, with heightened color, declared that if another woman lived who was married to so mean a man, all she had got to say was that she pitied her.

New-York Recorder.

The Enclosure by a Snake.

The other day a bicyclist was coasting down a hill at Put-in-Bay in the western part of Pennsylvania. He saw a big snake lying directly in his path. The motion of the snake confused the bicyclist, and he was compelled to run over it. As the front wheel struck the serpent his fangs shot out, and the bicyclist had not gone far when he says, "when the front tire collapsed." An examination disclosed the fact that the snake's fangs had punctured the tire. A Middlesex physician examined the snake, which the young man considered "a trophus and lute," corroborating the story, by discovering minute particles of vulcanized rubber in the teeth.

Prof. Nocard, of Paris, has discovered an anti-tetanic serum. If this remedy proves effective in combating the horrors of lockjaw, as it is claimed to be, Prof. Nocard will have immortalized himself by effecting one of the most terrible afflictions which may befall man.

THE McCORD CASE.

TWENTY-SEVEN MONTHS' AILING, NINE MONTHS HELPLESS.

His Disease Pronounced Diabetes and Incurable—Given Up by Himself and Friends—Cured by Nine Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Richmond, Jan. 30.—(Special)—This has been a day of unusual crowds and excitement here. The talk of the farmers and others in town for holiday trading is mostly all about the recently published cure of Wm. McCord, a farmer living not far out and one of our oldest inhabitants.

The presence of Mr. McCord made as surance visible for very many who heard of his cure thought recovery impossible.

Among other things in praise of Dodd's Kidney Pills he said: "After the doctor pronounced my trouble diabetes, no one thought I should ever be cured."

"I was partly paralyzed and to get out of bed had to roll out."

"Was nine months unable to do even a chore about the place; could barely trill myself along."

"I ran down in weight and there was little left of me but the shell."

"But when I commenced taking Dodd's Kidney Pills I stuck close to directions and I could see great improvement before the first box was finished."

"In all I took nine boxes and am as well as ever I was in my life, though past sixty years of age."

"I always say that Dodd's Kidney Pills should be bought the same as groceries and kept in the house for colds and such like."

Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, price 50c or by mail, Address The Dodd's Medicinal Co., Toronto, Ont.

Didn't Like Rice.

Mrs. Slimidge—You don't seem to like rice very well, Mr. Peck.

Henry Peck—It is associated with one of the most distressing mistakes I ever was guilty of.

A BERLIN LADY CURED LIKE MAGIC

By the Use of South American Nervine
A Miraculous Case Told by Mrs. J. Hallam, of Berlin, Ont.—Stubborn Facts That Cannot be Controverted.

REAT risks do not always come most closely with great calamities. Hairbreadth escapes and miraculous freedom from disaster are not uncommon. It is in the common ways of life that serious consequences most often follow. Men and women will battle

with some of the worst forms of disease, and come out conquerors. But the outcome of some slight indiscretion will lead to an undermining of the system, and there will follow general debility and break-up.

It is in cases like this that that great discovery and wonderful 19th century remedy, South American Nervine, gets in some of its greatest work. Mrs. J. Hallam, wife of a well-known produce merchant of Berlin, Ont., found herself a short time since completely run down in health. Since this, she could not gain strength. Medicines were taken in generous quantity, but terrible weakness remained. She secured a bottle of South American Nervine, and in her own words: "The result was like magic." It is the same as the use of the medicine in this case.

Prescher Gordele, an eccentric itinerant minister, who was famous all over Scotland at the beginning of the present century, for his pawky, homely sermons. He was also noted for his original prayers. On one occasion he ostentatiously ascended the pulpit of a country church with his fiddle his inseparable companion under his arm. He then very devoutly set about aiding the presbyter by means of the instrument in raising the tune. Observing some little tittering among the congregation, for the vigilance of his suspicion was extreme—he took occasion in his prayer, where, as he often said, he found himself least strained, to express himself in these or like terms: "Good Lord, Thy people—Thine own peculiar chosen people of old—were wont to praise Thee with tabernacles and with harp with sackbut and psaltery; and Thy dove and loyal servants were seen dancing and skipping and snapping their fingers to Thy praise, and were they were rewarded for it. But nowadays nothing will serve but sighing and groaning and squealing and howling out dismal psalm tunes, wi' feeble malediction on all, and muckle disloyalty in our hearts afterna'ns! Gif Thy blessing reach us, it maun surely be mair by Thy favor than guid gold guid gold, i' trow!"

Gordele's prayer for the magistrate of Lochinvar was formerly far-famed. "Lord," said he, "we pray Thee to remember the magistrates of Lochinvar, such as they are!"

An eccentric Argyleshire minister, noted for the same propensity, as the Reverend Gordele, began service one Sunday morning, after a spate, the night before, with the following pitiful original prayer: "O Lord, what are we this morning but a parcel of easies off Grant us a big meat house, and a wasp-wrought house, and mountains o' bread, and cheese, and whisky like Loch Lomond, and pull a muckle dyke between us and the tevil."

Whatever may have been his other delusions, a former minister of the Cumbrays (two more specks of islands in the Firth of Clyde), seems not to have been wanting in local patriotism, as he was wont to conclude his weekly Sunday prayer with the following petition: "O Lord, have mercy on Thy servants, the denizens of Great and Little Cumbray, as also the inhabitants of the