



The memory book seems to have entirely supplanted the autograph album of past years. It is quite a pretty idea, and some of the leaves bear inscriptions that make one long to read what is inside.

Thought of, and I want to quote a few words of his for the benefit of my readers, in the hope that they will fall on good ground, spring up and bear good fruit, like the fortunate mustard seed.

The new woman crops out continually in new phases. From time to time we hear of women earning their daily bread by means of the awl, the barber shop and the bootblack-stand.

London has a woman who claims the proud degree of Master of Surgery. Her name is Miss Louise Aldrich-Blake, and she has a brilliant record.

The Rev. G. A. Ottmann conducted his last service at St. Paul's on Sunday last. He has been rector of St. Paul's Parish for the last four or five years, being the successor of the Rev. Van Herck.

The McNeill Club sang to a large audience. The programme was not so pleasing in many respects as some rendered in former concerts, and it was noticeable that the work had deteriorated in a large degree from the standard it used to attain.

An instance has come to my notice which depicts womanly courage in most laudable and encouraging light. It is the account of a brave little San Francisco lady, left to the support of herself and five children by the sudden death of her husband, who was at the time of his demise owner and Captain of the tugboat Ethel and Marion in San Francisco Bay.

When a woman is not forced to assume a vocation for which nature never intended her, when she is free to choose her path in life, I think with Frederick Ward, "there is nothing more lovely than a womanly woman"; who is content to "do her duty in that state of life unto which it hath pleased God to call her."

To be a true wife and mother means more than women as a class realize, or indeed, in many cases, care to know. John Ruskin seemed to understand the question more than many people ever

Every Man is Either a Soldier or a Slave.

MATABELE NATION.

Strange Tribe of Men Who Devote Their Whole Lives to Fighting - A War Every Year.

Previous to the year 1870 few people out of Africa knew anything much concerning the Zulus. But in that year the commencement of hostilities against them by the British, closely followed by the terrible disaster of Isandhwana, where 1,300 British troops were annihilated by Cetwyo's (pronounced Ketch-yo) armies, drew the attention of all, and the world learned that in the heart of Africa a nation existed with a regularly organized military system capable of placing 100,000 warriors in the field.

Everyone knows the result of the war: the ultimate inevitable triumph of modern over savage custom, and the breaking up of the great Zulu despotism. But all do not know that a branch of the same nation, which separated from the parent stem and migrated into the unexplored north some fifty years ago, has recently been again brought into contact with the tide of white immigration, and been found to maintain in its entirety the military system that rendered the Zulus so formidable even to veteran British soldiery.

This nation, now known as the Matabele, occupies an extensive territory lying between the Zambezi and Limpopo Rivers. To the east of their country is Mashonaland, two years ago merely a place on the map, but now a British dependency occupied by some 1,500 white seekers for gold. Among the Matabele every man is a soldier in his own right, and every woman in time also becomes a soldier. The Matabele do not work. They live by murdering and plundering the less warlike tribes who do. So far there has been no serious quarrel between them and the whites, but the breaking out of a war, regarded as being merely a question of time.

Every December the Matabele hold a great dance known as the "mealie feast." Mealies are much the same as the American "pop corn," and are the staple food of South African natives. At the feast is held, the entire army, 10,000 strong, musters at the royal kraal, or village. The king is blindfolded by the witch doctors, placed in the center of his soldiers and given an assegai, a sort of javelin.

It is supposed that he knows what direction he is facing. Then he hurls the assegai from him. In whatever direction it falls in that direction the armies march to war. Last year it fell to the northeast, and the Matabele exterminated a native tribe 3,000 or 4,000 strong in that direction.

So far, chiefly by luck, because the King, Lobengula, had reasons against it, the assegai has not fallen to the southeast, where Fort Salisbury stands. But it may be so any year, and then war will follow.

The whites at Fort Salisbury could easily resist their forces, but they are in twos and threes over a large tract of country they would be cut off to the last man.

Strange as it may seem, these Matabele, now living for and by war alone, in numerous instances have been found around a country many miles south of their present habitat. The story of their transformation into warriors and their removal to the north forms a chapter of history as fascinating in its details as any intrigue as many in the annals of more recent times.

At the beginning of the present century the whole of Africa from the latitude of 6 degrees south down nearly to the Cape of Good Hope was occupied by hundreds of detached tribes, all belonging to the great Bantu race and all of them supposed to have come into Africa from the north, driving out the Hottentots, who had before driven out the Bushmen. Once the country had been conquered the Kafirs settled down into peaceful cultivators. Wars there were, but they were of a minor character.

That one was Gologwano, the eldest son and the leader of the plot. He was a stronger man than his neighbor, and his back, however, a barbed assegai. The next day he was found by his sister, who dressed his wounds and enabled him to escape. For a dozen years nothing was heard of him. The old King died and another ruled in his stead.

Then returned to the north, and had been in Cape Colony and had learned the customs of the white men. Especially had he been attracted by their military system and was resolved to introduce it among his people. He obtained the chieftainship without difficulty, and changed his name to Dingiswayo, the Wanderer.

genus. Dingiswayo adopted him as his son, and when Senzangakona died made him Chief of the Amazulu, although he was not the true heir.

Shortly after, while hunting, Dingiswayo was surprised by the Undwandwe and killed. Demoralized by the death of their chief the Undwandwe were immediately afterward utterly defeated by the same tribe, the survivors taking refuge with Chaka. By this accession the Amazulu became powerful enough to risk battle with the conquering Undwandwe. Chaka's skill won the victory against heavy odds. At once he inaugurated the policy ever afterward carried out by the Zulus. All women, female children and aged men were killed, and the young men spared only on condition that they would join the Zulu army. They did so willingly, and soon became more Zulu than the Zulus.

With scarcely a breathing spell Chaka burst like a storm on the neighboring tribes. On the first day he was "eaten up" and the survivors incorporated into the army of the victors. The Zulus' losses, although heavy, were more than compensated for by these means. The army was soon remodeled by Chaka. He took the six throwing assegais from his soldiers and gave them a standing assegai instead, thus forcing his troops to come to close quarters. A warrior who returned from battle without his own weapon or that of his enemy was put to death.

Chaka's career of conquest continued until 1828, when he was overthrown by his brother, Dingaan and Umhlangane. In his career of conquest he had utterly destroyed 300 tribes, and directly caused the death of over 1,000,000 persons. At his death his sway extended over a country as large as France, and his army was more than 100,000 strong.

Among his many sons one, Mosilikatze, who in military talent was inferior only to his mighty leader, burning to form a nation for himself, he took advantage of Chaka's murder to stir up a great revolt. At the head of an army that deserted with him he crossed the Zulu border and entered the Transvaal. Resisted furiously by the natives dwelling there, he turned toward the north, crossed the Limpopo River, crushed the Mashona and Makalaka tribes living beyond it and founded the Matabele Empire.

It was many years before any white man penetrated into the district. In the meantime the remaining Zulus fought war after war with the whites. At last in 1879 they were beaten by the British and their empire destroyed. Hidden in the interior, their very existence would have been unknown except for the reports of a few faithful missionaries. In 1880, Mosilikatze died, and his son, Lobengula, the present chief, ascended the throne.

Four years ago the prevailing rush of European nations to obtain footholds on the African coast drew serious attention to the Matabele, and a province lying to the east of the Matabele, and ruled by them, and which was reported to be very rich in gold. Negotiations were begun with Lobengula, resulting in his ceding Mashonaland to what is now the British South African Company, known as the "chartered company."

It seems probable that the Matabele chief supposed that he was merely permitting the ingress of a few miners, whom he could easily dominate. But instead of this the company sent a large force of police and soldiers to take possession, built forts and prepared for defense. If the necessity should arise, the Matabele may now be customs of the Matabele may now be customs of the Matabele without any great difficulty. A visit to the royal kraal is easy and very interesting. The King himself lives in an ox wagon. Before coming to the throne he had traveled much in these vehicles, and has retained his liking for them. Around the wagon are the huts of his wives, circular in shape, built of mud and roofed with reeds. Lobengula has nearly a hundred wives at the royal kraal. Others are scattered over the country and await him when he chooses to travel. He has 300 sons. The eldest of these is supposed to be his heir, but only the witch doctors know which is the eldest. This really enables them to place on the throne any one of half a dozen of the King's sons, and naturally gives them great influence among the possible heirs.

Close by the King's wagon is a small inclosure known as the King's cattle pen. It serves as a yard for the King's cattle at night and a private royal drawing-room by day. The huts of the wives are surrounded at a distance of some 400 yards by a village, in which live about 4,000 warriors with their families. Surrounding all this is a stockade several miles in length.

The King spends nearly the entire day sitting in front of his wagon, administering justice. He is probably the hardest worked man in all Matabeleland. Everything that occurs in his dominions must be reported to him. The Matabele are very obedient to the King, and he is the price he pays for the despotic power he exercises.

The King is assisted by six indunas or counselors, who might more accurately be called lawyers. They act as counsel to the disputing parties and argue technical points with skill. When they have finished the King renders a sentence, from which there is no appeal. If death should be decreed it is executed at once. As there is no imprisonment among the Matabele the death sentence is more common than in more civilized countries. Otherwise the King's decisions are usually in close accordance with our own ideas of what is just and merciful.

Lobengula is now about 63 years of age and is a man of commanding presence. Very tall and very stout, he moves slowly and heavily. He is not a very great lover of warfare himself, and if he should make war on the whites it will be because he is unable to resist the pressure of the younger men.

It is impossible for the present conditions to remain half a century later. The Matabele themselves appear to know that their time has nearly run out. They know they can no longer resist the onward march of the white men. They know he covets the gold which lies rich and idle in their ground, and they are accordingly turning their attention to the country still farther to the north, with the idea of a possible second flight far into its recesses. They will either fight or fly very soon; of that there can be no doubt.

seven years ago an impi surprised the people living at Lake Ugamu and laid waste their country. The soldiers brought back 15,000 head of cattle and many captives. Boats have been built for ferriage on the Zambezi River, and at any time the Matabele may again disappear into the unknown interior of the continent.

Living under the sway of the Umsetwa was a small tribe of less than 2,000 persons, known as the Amazulu. They were strictly peaceful and were contemptuously known as "tobacco-sellers" by their neighbors, Chaka was the son of their chief, Senzangakona.

While still young he quarreled with his father and fled to Dingiswayo, where he soon showed signs of unusual military genius.

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simply another chapter in the sombre history of the extermination of an intelligent and heroic race, which would not assimilate with our own.

Under their great leader, Chaka, they became the most formidable nation upon the dark continent, but since then they have been going steadily down. The present revolt promises to be the last. Thirty thousand, fifty thousand, a hundred thousand stalwart and fearless warriors are a mere nothing against a battery of Maxim and Hotchkiss guns. It seems pitiful, but apparently there is no other course. Two other races so much like them as to suggest the closest relationship, the Maori of New Zealand and the Kamaka of the Sandwich Islands, are undergoing the same fate.

The Kamaka has dwindled in three centuries from a race of half a million to about thirty-seven thousand. The Maori, in less than two centuries, has sunk from two hundred thousand to about fifty thousand. The Zulus, including the Matabeles, are going through the same ordeal with more rapidity. The women in all three instances have long been praised as the finest types of physical womanhood upon the earth. Physiologically they are perfect models of what the sex might be and ought to be. They possess much of the heroism of their husbands and admirable mothers, uninfluenced by civilization, they lead good lives and are free from any vices, unless the practices of superstition be included under this head. But with the introduction of civilization something goes wrong.

Many become drunken, many become murderers and many acquire the worst tendencies of our own race. It is a very eloquent commentary upon our methods and upon our ideas of humanity and right doing.—New York Dispatch.

The Late General Tcheravin.

I extract from a letter from a St. Petersburg friend the following interesting passage on the recent death of General Tcheravin, the head of the Okhrana, or Czar's body-guard: "It was Tcheravin who, full of grief at the attack on the Czar Alexander II. and enraged at the incapacity of the Russian police, founded the Okhrana, or volunteer guard, a body which was to be composed only of men of high birth or great wealth, its sole mission being to watch over the life of the sovereign. Tcheravin himself furnished an example of this absolute devotion. It happened one night as he lay at full length in front of the door of Alexander III's bedroom that the sov-

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MRS. A. ROSS.

Mrs. A. Ross, who is proprietor of the Ross Hotel, 705 Broadway, Cal., has this to say: "About five years ago I was taken with a severe case of rheumatoid fever. This continued for some time and I was wrecked my constitution, which finally resulted in a state of nervous prostration. I had great distress and oppression in the region of my heart, with difficulty breathing, and I was unable to walk or walked very fast my breath would almost leave me, and I felt weak and tired all the time. I had most distressing and frequent attacks of sickness, at which times I suffered a great deal. I had my head and throat gave me great trouble. I suffered severely with nervousness. My appetite became poor. I lost flesh very decidedly. My feet and limbs would swell until the swelling extended up into my body, this produced such oppression that my condition became alarming. I was treated by some doctors and took their medicines, but continued to grow worse. I was finally taken to the NEAGLE MEDICAL INSTITUTE. I went to Sacramento and put myself under the care of the doctors of that INSTITUTE. They examined me carefully and told me that I had BRIGGS' DISEASE and was in a very dangerous condition. The medicines they gave me soon began to relieve me. I am entirely well and strong. The treatment has been so successful that I am thankful to God that I went to the doctors of the Neagle Medical Institute. I am content to continue to take the medicine I am given. I advise every one who is sick from any disease to go to them, and I believe they will be cured."

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