THE REBEL AND THE PSALMIST

Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony.—I have been to church—to a church in a little dorp on the Port Elizabeth-Graaff Reinet line, a white-washed, square-cut kirk, and ugly.

A village where a handful of khaki-clad militia-men play at guarding a bridge, and the stories of Transvaal atrocities are believed as the Gospel.

What I heard there can be heard in any Dutch Reformed church in South Africa—in Graaff Reinet, in Uitenhage, in Somerset East, even, it is whispered, in effect, in Capetown.

The dream of a United Afrikander nation is dying hard.

The Dutch colonists are only now grasping the significance of their shadowy ideal, and the vague, shapeless vision of a separate national life has, in the moment of the realization of its hopelessness, assumed a certain tangibility. Nothing is more patent to the most casual observer than the fact that it is only during the past two months that the leaders of the "New National" movement in the Cape Colony have seen the impossibility of the fulfilment of their dream.

At the beginning of the war a general rising throughout the colony would have put altogether a different complexion upon matters, but the malcontents were confident of the success of the Republican forces and, at the worst, of European intervention, and so they played that waiting game which so happily fits the back-veldt indolent.

IN THE HOUSE OF THE CHOSEN.

Now it is that, with all the impotent rage of strong men caught napping, platform, pulpit, and press thunder forth denunciation of the conqueror. Now it is that every method that human ingenuity can devise, every effort that leaders and interested organizers can put forth, every malignant lie calculated to fire the blood of the unlearned and intensify the already existing hatred, is being employed to the undoing of the English.

Curious to see for myself what manner of thing a political sermon is, I attended an evening service not far from here.

The church, grim and bleak, was half filled. There was not great display of color, no attempt at anything startling in shape of dress. Black was the hue, and home-made severity the cut. The worshippers sat bolt upright in their uncomfortable pews, and the boot-squeak of the late comer and the occasional sniff or apologetic cough were the only sounds that broke the silence. There were elderly men in irreproachable broadcloth, with sombre banded hats. There were young men greatly daring in fanciful suits, but lacking originality in cravats. Stout Boer women in brocaded silk, and plump Dutch girls with expressionless eyes. They came in, keeping step to the monotonous clang of the church bell, in twos, singly, in parties, and in families, recognizing with a glance such of their friends as were already seated.

The bell stopped, and a little harmonium droningly asserted itself. And then, accompanied by one of his deacons, the predikant himself entered and ascended the pulpit. The organ wailed itself to sleep, and the predikant adjusted his glasses.

NO NAMES.

There were spirit and life in the hymns, many of which were sung without as much as a glance at the book, for the congregation had beguiled many a long evening on lonely farms and isolated homesteads singing them over, not so much from any great religious zeal or piety as from that desire to kill time which moves the convict to master the contents of his prayer-book.

Then there were lessons and prayers, chapters from the Old Testament of people in bondage and their delivery, prayers that this Trouble which is in the Land may pass, that the heart of the Oppressor might be softened, that the Vengeance of the Lord might descend and smite the Destroyer, that Israel be delivered from the hands of its enemies, that the Philistines might be swept into the sea—yea, even as the wind sweeps the locust.

The predikant prayed with fervor—with head uplifted, with hands clasping and unclasping in agony of spirit. In his prayers he did not refer by name to the Boer republics; he simply asked for Divine intervention for the Lord's chosen. He did not speak of England; he said Philistines and Amalekites. He did not refer directly to Sir Alfred Milner nor to Mr. Chamberlain, but with all the passion he could command he called for vengeance on the false counsellors who had initiated the persecution of the people of the land. He prayed, and the congregation punctuated his prayers with deep sighs and "amens," and I, a Philistine in the House of the Chosen, sat and wondered why this fervour, this undoubted earnestness, had not been directed towards Paul Kruger in the days when a word from the Dutch churches in South Africa would have prevented the war.

THE PULPIT SLANDERER.

Then came the sermon. No particular verse of the Scriptures was taken—the text was a Psalm in the whole. There was no "secondly" and very little "lastly." Verse by verse the Psalmist's song was taken to illustrate the depravity of the British. Each injustice to Israel had a parallel today. Each passionate appeal of David had application to the case of Chamberlain's victims in the north. It was the fourteenth psalm that he took as a subject. The fool had said in his heart that the cause of the burgher was a lost cause; that the Lord was not behind His people; that the accursed tyranny of the oppressor should prevail.

And what of these oppressors? These people who tried to hide themselves from the rifles of the burghers by arraying their bodies in mud-colored cloth? The congregation murmured a sympathetic appreciation of this sarcasm. What of these men? Truly, the Psalmist said, they were corrupt, they had done abominable things, there was not one who had done good; no, not one. What of the wasted lands in the north? What of the dishonored homes and the blackened walls of the once prosperous farmhouse? What of—?—again that awful story—that Horror, made doubly authentic by reason of the place of delivery.

He told the story, the bald, crude tale, carrying, to a white Englishman, its own refutation in every syllable, and the congregation held its breath.

He told the story, so that a man seated in the next pew to myself half rose from his seat and, like a man who tries to shout in a dream and finds that he can but whisper, muttered: "There is time yet, there is time."

So that a girl rose from her seat, tittering and whimpering, and was led out.

"FRIENDS."

And the sermon went on. The Lord had looked down upon the oppressor, and had visited him with affliction—with disaster on disaster. Colenso, Stormberg, Magersfontein had come like a thunderbolt upon the world. It was the divine warning to turn from the path of oppression, to open the eyes of a blind nation.

And how had the warning been taken?

Had the nation heeded the voice? No. It had prosecuted its unrighteous designs, its unholy object. It had gone from worse to worse; it had become filthy.

Had they no knowledge, these iniquitous people, who had brought war and desolation to the country, whose path had been marked by much blood and burning? These people, who are dead to all dictates of conscience, to all honor and pity? Did they not realize that at the eleventh hour the Lord would save His people?

Oh, that the salvation of Israel would come out of Zion! Did his brethren understand what that passage meant?

The predikant paused and leant forward over the pulpit, and there was a silence. Did they understand that the people of the captivity looked to their own kindred for deliverance from their bondage?

Another pause, and the congregation shifted uneasily in their seats.

Thus abruptly the sermon ended, and the people dispersed, some walking, some driving. Group by group they scattered, parting with limp shakes of great horny hands—the elder men in gloomy silence, the younger men with mutterings of threats and hints of startling things to be.

I passed down towards the little village that staggers from the church at one end to the naked veldt at the other, passed by the little camp, answering the sentry's challenge. There was a rattle of wheels behind me. It was the predikant driving back with one of his flock. I stood on one side to allow them to pass. As the trap neared the little roadside camp a bayonet glittered in the moonlight, and the horses were pulled up sharp.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

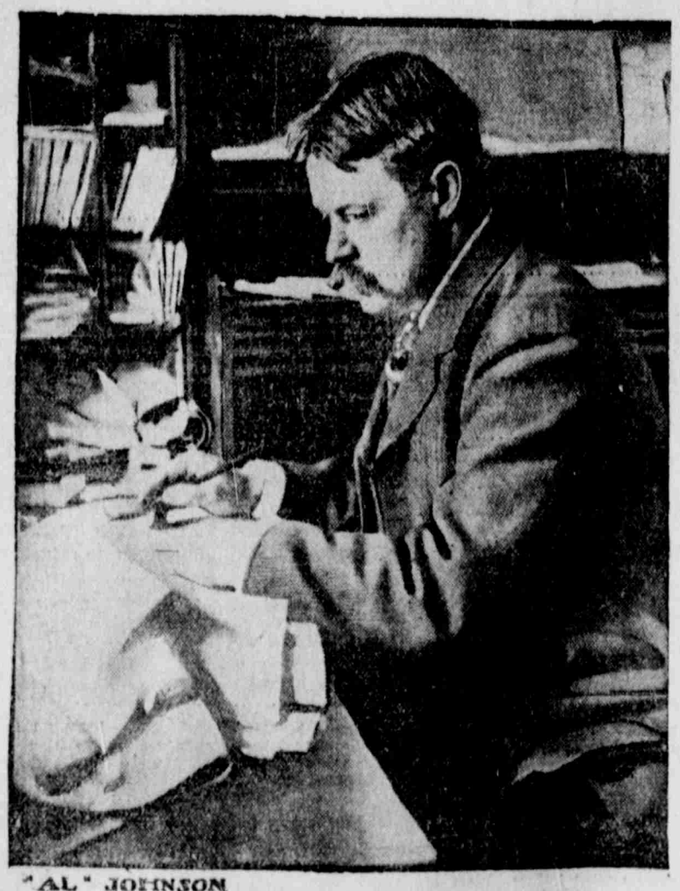
Back came the answer, prompt, and clear, and glib—

"Friends!"—Edgar Wallace in London Daily Mail.

PRESIDENT WILL KEEP IN TOUCH WITH WHITE HOUSE.

In making his big trip President McKinley will convert his Pullman car into a temporary executive mansion. This will be effected by keeping in constant communication with the White House. The above exclusive picture shows the telegraph and cipher bureau at the executive mansion, Washington, which makes this extraordinary feat possible.

JOHNSON PLANS BIG TROLLEY ROAD.



"AL" JOHNSON

Albert L. Johnson, the millionaire railway magnate, is contemplating building a colossal trolley road from New York to Philadelphia. The fare will not be more than fifty cents for the entire trip whereas the cheapest excursion trains now charge two dollars for the single fare.

LADIES OF PRESIDENTAIL TOUR.

Here are the ladies who will accompany the Presidental party on its tour through twenty-three states. Reading from left to right, they are, (top row) Mrs. Charles Emory Smith, Mrs. John Hay, Miss Flora Wilson, (lower row) Mrs. John G. Long, Mrs. William McKinley, Mrs. Ethan Allen Hitchcock.

FIGPRUNE CEREAL.

The Average Length of Human Life

might be prolonged if people in general would exercise more judgment regarding their diet.

Medical science demonstrates that the presence of alkaloids, or tannic acid, in food is the direct cause of indigestion and dyspepsia, the knowledge of which led to the widespread substitution of cereal products for both coffee and tea.

California produces the best and most palatable coffee and tea substitute now on the market—Figprune Cereal. This perfect food beverage consists of 54 per cent fruits and 46 per cent grains. It is a rich, nourishing drink. When poured into the cup it has the rare amber color of the purest coffee. Those suffering from dyspepsia or nervousness will appreciate Figprune. It is a boon to the invalid and healthy people enjoy it. None but coffee experts can tell the difference between Figprune and the best Mocha and Java. Ask your grocer for Figprune Cereal—the perfect table beverage.

What's Your Face Worth?

Sometimes a fortune, but never, if you have a sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin, all signs of Liver Trouble. But Dr. King's New Life Pills give Clear Skin, Rosy Cheeks, Rich Complexion. Only 25 cents at Z. C. M. I. Drug Department.

Perfect digestion is the only foundation for perfect health. The food we eat makes all the blood we have, which in turn feeds every nerve, muscle and tissue in the body. HERBINE quickens the appetite, aids digestion, gives tone and vigor to all the functions and ensures good health. Price, 50 cents at Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

A "BETTER THAN EVER"

BARGAIN WEEK!

WITH MORE AND "BETTER THAN EVER" BARGAINS!

PRICES TUMBLE WITH A CRASH!

CHEAP

Is not the right word for the wonderful Bargains offered here this week. Let us call them

GIVE AWAY PRICES.

PRICES TUMBLE WITH A CRASH!

It's a better definition. The Broken Stocks—The Broken Sizes. Everything in the House must be cleared out—therefore values have been vastly bettered to intensify the interest and hurry along the clean-up. The magic word "PRICE" Never Before Touched Such Almost Bottomless Depths. Be quick and diligent if you wish to participate in the benefits of this

GREAT TIDAL WAVE OF GREAT OFFERINGS.

LADIES' WHITE GLOVE BARGAINS.

At 69c a Pair,
Ladies' White Kid Gloves of the best $1.00 grade, every pair warranted and fitted, AT 69c A PAIR

At 90c a Pair,
Ladies' fine White Kid Gloves, the best $1.25 grade, perfect in fit, an excellent wearing glove, sold this week, AT 90c A PAIR

At $1.25 a Pair,
Ladies' extra quality pique sewed, fine Kid Gloves, "The Star," unsurpassed for fit and wear, equal to the best $2.00 glove sold, now in all sizes, AT $1.25 A PAIR

At 49c a Pair,
Ladies' 2-clasp White or Cream Silk Gloves, with double finger tips, all sizes, the 75c grade, to close out, AT 49c A PAIR

At 65c a Pair,
Ladies' 2-clasp White or Cream, best quality Silk Gloves with double woven finger tips in all sizes, the standard $1.00 Gloves, AT 65c A PAIR

Extra Special for This Week.

12 dozen Ladies' REINDEER GLOVES, there's nothing better for driving, cycling or general wear, in all sizes, assorted Mode shades, the regular $1.50 grade, to close out at a pair..... 85c

In Our Gents' Furnishing Goods Department.

Bargains! Bargains!

A fine line of Men's Suspenders, regular 40c and 50c grades. Choice this week at— 20 Cents.

Boys' Hats Fedora shape in Black, Brown and Pearl. Sold regularly for 90c, on sale at— 50 Cents.

Boys' White Blouse Waists, made up of Lawn Neatly trimmed in Embroidery. The regular 90c value on sale at— 50 Cents.

Men's Negligee Shirts, Scotch Flannel in Summer weights, formerly sold at $1.25, on sale at— 65 Cents.

Men's Night Shirts made of fine muslin and Drill, value $1.00. To be closed out at— 50 Cents.

Wright's celebrated wool Health Underwear, for men. Regular $2.00 per garment, go at— $1.15 Per Garment.

SHOE BARGAINS!

OUR SHOE STOCK MUST BE REDUCED, OUR PRICES WILL SELL THEM.

COMPLETE LINES OF LADIES' OXFORDS AND MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S SLIPPERS.

LADIES' CANVAS OXFORDS.
Ladies' Canvas Oxfords, Common Sense Heel, this season's goods, $1.50 values, Bargain Price— 95c

Ladies' Fine Canvas Oxfords.
Ladies' Canvas Oxfords, pearl gray and tan colored, very stylish for street wear, French Heel, worth fully $2.00. Bargain Price— $1.45

$2.25 & $2.50 Values at $1.45
Splendid assortment of Ladies' low shoes, in all kid and vesting top, Lace and Southern Button. Bargain Price— $1.45

OUR CHILDREN'S SLIPPERS, IN RED AND BLACK AT 79c, 89c and 98c, are GREAT BARGAINS.

Ribbon Bargains!

ALL OUR RIBBONS AT STILL GREATER REDUCTION.

At 3c a Yard
No. 4 and 5 Satin Ribbon, worth 6¼ and 7½c per yd.

At 5c a Yard
No. 7 Satin Ribbon, worth 10c per yard.

At 8½c a Yard
Nos. 9 and 12 Satin Ribbon, worth 15c and 20c per yd.

At 12½c a Yard
Nos. 9, 12 and 16 Fine Quality Satin Moire and Taffeta Ribbons, worth 20c, 25c and 30c per yd.

At 20c a Yard
Nos. 16 and 22 Extra fine quality Satin Ribbon, worth 30c and 40c per yd.

At 30c a Yard
5 in. Satin Ribbon, the very best quality, worth 60c and 75c per yd.

All our flowers mercilessly cut in prices.

Flowers worth 20c and 25c a bunch, for..... 10c

Flowers worth 30c and 35c a bunch, for..... 15c

Flowers worth 40c and 50c a bunch, for..... 25c

Curtain Bargains!

50 pairs to go at almost half price. Ruffled Scrim Curtains—manufactured to sell at $1.75, go this week per pair— 90c

Lace Ruffled Leno Scrim Curtains—full size, manufactured to sell at $2.00, go this week per pair— $1.15

THE GREATEST

Flannel Bargains

IN TOWN AND THEY'LL GO LIKE WILDFIRE.

8 1-3c Cream Outing Flannel—reduced to per yard— 5 3-4c

10c Cream Shaker Flannel—full width—goes per yard— 7c

Nonshrinkable Flannel—worth 50c reduced to per yard— 29c

A few odd pieces of white India Flannel, and yard-wide all wool Ballard Vale Flannels—worth fully 70c a yard—go this week per yard— 45c

T. Arerback & Bro.

Expectant Motherhood

McDonald, Ga., July 18, 1900.

I advise every suffering woman to take Wine of Cardui. While I was going with my other children I was compelled to stay in bed for days at a time but this time I have taken Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black-Draught and have been able to do all my housework without any trouble. I am expecting every day to be confined. My husband thinks Wine of Cardui is the best medicine in the world. He takes a dose of Thedford's Black-Draught every night and gives some to the children. He has not lost a day from work this year. He tells his friends about your wonderful medicines and I tell my lady friends to use your Wine of Cardui. Mrs. GEORGIA LEE.

There are thousands of women who shrink in terror at the thought of the baby's coming. But child-birth is one of the workings of Nature and it was not intended to imply torture and agony to the heroic mothers of the race. The woman who suffers torture during pregnancy and at child-birth has usually, by some indiscretion, injured the organs which make her a woman. Neglect of menstrual irregularities leads to ovarian pains, falling of the womb and leucorrhoea, and the period of pregnancy is necessarily distressing under these conditions.

WINE OF CARDUI

will regulate the menstrual function perfectly and eventually make the generative organs strong and healthy. Pregnancy and childbirth have no terrors for the woman who takes this pure Wine. A strong healthy womb will bring its precious burden to maturity with little or no pain. A healthy woman need not fear childbirth. Wine of Cardui completely cures all these troubles familiarly known as "female diseases" and equips the sensitive generative organs for pregnancy and childbirth. It will save any mother much pain and suffering. All druggists sell $1.00 bottles.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.

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15c Per Bolt.

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