

IN SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD MINE



A rock drill in a mine in the Rand.

GAVE ROAD TO AFRICA

JAMES STEVENSON, SCOTCHMAN, DONATED \$25,000 FOR WORK.

Route Lies Between North End of Lake Nyassa and South End of Lake Tanganyika, Distance of 211 Miles.

London.—James Stevenson, a wealthy Scotchman, gave \$25,000 to build a road between the north end of Lake Nyassa and the south end of Lake Tanganyika in Central Africa about 25 years ago. He was convinced that nothing would help more to develop Africa than good highways.

It took two years to build the road, and it was well built. Its length is 211 miles. Apart from the great usefulness of the road the white men there have always said that it has been a powerful civilizing agency.

It has helped to accustom the natives of that densely populated region to work for the white, and to use calico and other European articles.

The work of construction was the first instance on a large scale of the utilization of native labor in Central Africa. Many trained laborers now live along the road and engage in transport service between the two great lakes.

This highway is known as the Stevenson road. Mr. Chapkovski, an official in the German service, who recently traveled over the road, has written an interesting account of it.

He says that though nothing has been done to maintain the road built 25 years ago, it is still, with the single exception of the road between Victoria Nyansa and Tanganyika, the best highway in Central Africa. As nothing has been done to maintain the road, it is now covered with grass, but travelers say this is really an advantage, as the vegetation has helped to keep the road from washing, and it is also better for the feet of the carriers, who dislike to walk on those stretches where there is no grass, for it is as hard as stone and hurts their feet.

The usefulness of the road is proved by the fact that porters carrying 60 pounds on their backs make an average of 20 miles a day, while the usual journey is only ten miles. The road passes entirely through British territory, and the government has erected a station every 20 miles where caravans may spend the night.

There is provision at each station to put all the freight under cover, comfortable brick and concrete houses afford excellent conditions for a good night's rest, and there are cookhouses where the meals of the caravan are prepared. One of the neighboring chiefs is held responsible for the cleanliness and good order of each station. He receives a monthly salary of a few shillings from the government, and a few yards of calico from each caravan passing over the route.

Strange Bird Is Shot. Knoxville, Tenn.—Inhabitants in the region of Zion's Mill, Lee county, Virginia, are greatly puzzled over the discovery of a strange bird in the mountains near by. J. F. Witt, a merchant of that place, the bird is of great size, measuring nine feet from tip to tip. The feathers are perfectly white, except the tips of the wings, which are black.

LEECHES AND LEMONS.

The Latter a Cure for the Former in Ceylon.

"Wherever you go, in Ceylon," said the sailor, "you always carry a lemon with you. For punch? No, sir; not for punch. For leeches.

"They ain't merely water leeches in Ceylon; they're land leeches, too. These blood suckers hang on to bushes and trees; they lurk in the grass, waitin' for you. The average size before dinner is only about half an inch long and no thicker than a hair—you might say invisible. They easily work their way through the thread of your stockings and underwear. After dinner they're as fat as your finger.

"Wherever you go the leeches prey on you. I was dressed in white one night, ridin' with a beautiful Ceylon girl, when I saw a red streak on my white pants below the knee. Excusin' myself hastily, I retired. It was a leech, of course, dinnin' with me uninvited.

"The only way to get them off without breakin' them and leavin' their heads inside you is to squeeze a few drops of lemon on them, the same as if they was raw oysters. That paralyzes them and they fall to the ground like ripe fruit. Every two or three minutes you see the Ceylonese stop, take out a lemon and anoint carefully the half dozen leeches stuck in a black mass to the calf of the leg.

"The average Ceylon leech was, I said, half an inch long. Yet there's some full three inches long that can jump, by crinns, that jump on you from the bushes as you pass by.

"Sounds doobious, don't it? But what can be doobious in a land where they have bird-catchin' spiders and centipedes a foot long?"

A BARREL OF APPLES.

But the Grocerman Would Not Hear the Tale.

"I wish to speak to you about that barrel of apples I bought day before yesterday," said the kind-looking old gentleman.

"You'll have to see the clerk who sold them to you," the grocer answered, very snappishly. "I don't know anything about them."

"But I desire to say to you personally that—"

"Now, look here; I can't be bothered over every pound of sugar or pint of cider or barrel of apples that my clerks sell. Just see the young man who waited on you. He's around somewhere."

"Yes, I see him there at the back end of the store; but I really felt that it was my duty to tell you about it. You see—"

"If I stood around listening to everybody who comes into this store to complain that they've bought something they didn't want, or that they've been slighted, as they think by my clerks, I wouldn't have time for anything else. You'll please excuse me. The clerk will hear your complaint, and if there is anything we can do you may be sure it will be done. But we can't take back a barrel of apples after they have been out of the store two or three days. You can surely see that if we did business in such a way—"

"My dear sir, I don't want you to take back the apples, and I haven't any complaint to make. I merely wished to tell you that I found the apples at the bottom of the barrel to be just as big as the ones at the top. I believe in the principle of giving praise wherever it may be fairly given, and I stepped in to order another barrel, but I see you're too busy to bother with such a trifle this morning, so I will be going."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE ONE HE WANTED.

Advice From the Old Hand to the Aspirant for Honors.

The amateur author entered the sanctum of the old hand, his artistic fingers roaming through his hair, his eye in a fine frenzy rolling.

"Me soul chafes within me," he announced.

"Let her chafe," muttered the old hand; "I'm busy."

"Me father's business interests me no longer; the daily round, the common task, fills me with disgust! Me whole being shudders as I sift the sand into the sugar, and me hand trembles as I add the water to the milk. Me mind is made up—I will quit this base bartering for a nobler life. I will become a journalist. I will join the staff of a magazine. Which of them, think you, will raise me to the highest position in the shortest period?"

"You might try a powder magazine," suggested the old hand, laconically. "Seems just the thing you want!"—Stray Stories.

Feeding the Kaiser.

Feudin' the German emperor is no light task. Despite all that is said about the kaiser's Spartan habits there are few monarchs who keep more elaborate tables.

He has no less than four chefs—Schledensucker, a German; Harding, an Englishman; an Italian and a Frenchman—so that he can have his meals for the day served in the style of whatever nation he may happen to fancy.

Each of these chefs has his staff of assistants, while, in addition, there is an individual who may be described as "sausage maker to the kaiser."

His majesty is very fond of the huge white frankfurter sausage, and has a supply of them made fresh every day in his own kitchen. When engaged in maneuvering his army on a big field day these frankfurters and bread, washed down with lager beer, invariably form the kaiser's lunch.—Cleveland Leader.

Nature Study.

Moving pictures are to be used for scientific demonstration as well as for amusement. Photography has already been of great value in the study of anatomy, and it is now proposed to produce living pictures of surgical operations, so that students may acquire the technique without verbal description. Such representations might be of service in refreshing the memory, but some patients would not care to submit to an operation which had been rehearsed by means of a cinematograph. Mr. Charles Urban suggests that this method might be employed with advantage in the study of living wild animals. We should then be able to settle all these vexed yet momentous questions about caribou, wolves and grizzlies, to say nothing of the woodcock treating its own broken leg secundum artem.—New York Evening Post.

Interesting Circumstance.

Excavations in Rome, being conducted on the Palatine hill have shown a curious and interesting circumstance. The Necropolis has been found to contain remains of the ninth, eighth, sixth and fourth centuries before Christ. All fragments of the seventh and fifth centuries are lacking and archaeologists are engaged in a close study of the field in order to find the reason.

Her Master's Voice.

Elevator Boy—Elevator going up. Dear Old Lady—Which way is it going, bub? Elevator Boy (Impetuously)—Up! Up! Up! Dear Old Lady (Indignantly)—You talk to me, bub, as if you thought I was a trained dog.—Lippincott's.

RISES WITH A COMPLAINT.

Alkali Eye Displaced with Vaudeville Performance.

We went up to Houston ter met with the lumbermen, not that we air a lumberman at all, but we air more or less interested in th' plan of makin' booze 'em sawdust, an' it was up to us to be astin' these ducks what they air doin' at present with their output.

"If they ain't drinkin' it up we'd like ter make them a proposition lookin' ter th' startin' of a distillery. If such a distillery is started we kin guarantee ter dispose of th' output. Whilst we was in Houston we was th' guessed, th' honored guessed, of th' Majestic theater, an' we have ben sufferin' 'em nervous prostration ever since; a duck who done a chair balance on and his feet was th' thrillin' one we ever seen; he was th' 'ble ter fall at any minute an' we'd like to ast what'd become of th' beer of he had fell? He'd busted them bottles as sure as shootin'; we was so nervous at th' bare thought of such a accident that we ain't got over shudderin' yet. Later, since writin' th' above we hev learned that them beer bottles was empty, an' that fact makes it even more agervatin'."—Alkali Eye, in the Houston Post.

FATHER HAD HOPES FOR HIM.

Sumptuous Youth Got Benefit of Little Plain Talk.

The following is related of a certain well-known New York business man and his son. The son had just left Harvard and was fired with ambitions which did not include going into his father's office. When he arrived home his parents began seriously to discuss his future. He stated what his ideas were and spoke of the professions as most likely to afford scope for his genius. The law, he thought, would be the likeliest career. His father, however, had not a very high opinion of his abilities, and said so without mincing words. "I think," he declared, "you had better make a beginning by adorning one of my office stools. We can think about your taking up the law afterward." The young man did not see it that way. Office life he loathed, and said it was an existence fit only for a dog. "Well, my son," returned the father, dryly, "you're not a dog yet, but you'll grow."

BIG STICKS IN LONDON.

Johnnie Carrying Canes of 46 Inches and Size is Growing.

The London "Johnny" has a new and this time it concerns his walking-stick, which has now reached the extraordinary length of 46 inches, and is still growing.

Of course it is impossible to make much use of such a stick as an aid to walking. The London duds carries his horizontalwise, much to the annoyance of other pedestrians before and behind, and especially at crowded crossings.

It is hardly reasonable to suppose that the New York "Willie Boy" is going to follow in the footsteps of London's "Johnny" in this matter of walking-sticks. Neither New York nor any other busy American city would stand for them.

Imagine one of these walking canes, carried horizontally, attempting to board a subway or Brooklyn bridge train or to turn a busy Broadway corner during rush hours. Everybody who has attempted to board a train carrying even a small package can imagine the fate of the walking-stick.—N. Y. World.

Dog Jealousy.

There is a strong trait of jealousy in a dog's nature. A story is told of a Birmingham dog that had been a great pet in the family until the baby came. There was suspicion that he was jealous, but he could not be detected in any disrespect to the newcomer. It always happened, however, that when the dog was left alone with the baby the baby began to cry. No signs of trouble were ever to be seen upon entering the room, and the dog was always found sleeping peacefully before the fire. Finally one day a peep through the keyhole disclosed the canine rubbing his cold wet nose up and down the baby's back.—Outing Magazine.

Coins Found in Old Wall.

A remarkable discovery of a hoard of gold and silver coins, amounting in value to about \$300, has been made in the townland of Annaloughy, near Aughelay, county Tyrone. The money was discovered hidden in an old wall beside the house which has been the property of the same family for generations.

The back of the wall at one time formed a portion of the original house. How or when the hoard was placed in position where it was discovered is a mystery, but from the dates on the coins it must have been at least half a century ago.—Westminster Gazette.

Hibernating Bats.

Nearly all bats have the faculty of hibernating. Their hibernation, however, is not perfect—that is to say, that when the warm days occur in the middle of winter they wake up, together with the insects which are their food. Still, theirs is a true hibernation trance, differing from sleep, with very low rate of pulse, heart action and respiration. Probably they would endure immersion in water for an hour or two without drowning, as other hibernators have been found to do.

Chance for Inventors.

Suppose that one could find an alloy that would bear the same relation to aluminum that steel does to carbon or bronze to tin, says the Engineering Record. The result would be a new structural material of immense importance in mechanical work. The builders of light machinery are looking for just this thing.

AFFECTION OF THE NERVES.

Stammering Not Always Due to Defect in Vocal Organs.

"Stammering is often more the result of habit than from any defect of the vocal organs," says Prof. B. L. Faylor. "It is generally, if not always, caused by a spasm of the larynx, resulting from nervous contraction of the organs, thus refusing to permit a proper flow of the air current producing tone. People rarely or never stammer when singing, for then the attention is divided between the words and music, the nervousness is momentarily forgotten and the passage of the air current through the larynx is continuous and unobstructed. Stammering very often is the result of imitation, sometimes intentional, sometimes unconscious, and the affliction is much more general than might be supposed. In one comparatively small section of the city there are 35 stammerers, and every one of them is able to demonstrate to his own satisfaction not only that he does not stammer very badly, but that some other person he knows stammers a great deal worse than himself. Every stammerer is intensely sensitive about his infirmity, rarely forgives and never does forget any allusion to it which in his mind savors of ridicule."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HAD TO GO ON IN AUTO.

Machine Wouldn't Stop and Owner Tried to Wear It Out.

John P. Jeffus, a prominent piano dealer of York, Pa., and an enthusiastic automobilist, engaged with his electric auto in an endurance run, which he will not soon forget. While driving along through the city streets something went wrong with the mechanism of his car and he found that he was unable to stop it. Though moving at a lively clip the car's pace was within the speed limit, and Mr. Jeffus, with great presence of mind, steered it on, meanwhile giving his spare attention to a search for the trouble. This search he finally abandoned, and then began the endurance run, which continued up hill and down through the streets and near country roads for several hours. The machine continued to howl merrily on, and Mr. Jeffus was in despair, when he passed a garage and managed to attract the attention of a mechanic, who jumped aboard and by removing a few plugs brought up the runaway.

Not Equal to Luxuries.

A dapper young man took a seat on a bench in Madison Square Park, says the New York Press. Sunning himself at the other end of the bench was as fat a specimen of the genus homo as ever disgraced a landscape. After seating himself the dapper young man drew a handsome silver case from his pocket and extracted therefrom a cigarette. With the cigarette between his teeth, he drew out a silver matchbox, to find it empty. Snapping down the lid, he turned to the tramp, besetted; then said: "I beg pardon, my friend, but do you happen to have a match?" Hands plunged into his trousers pockets and legs sprawled out before him, the tramp surveyed his neighbor with an air of deep melancholy. "Sry," he muttered hoarsely, "whe do you think I am?—J. Pierpont Morgan?"

False Signal.

"You don't believe in romance, do you?" said the old boarder. "You bet your tinfoy I don't," sighed the young man with the bandage around his head. "I had my share." "How was that?" "Well, you see I was forbidden to call on my best girl and every night she would sit out on the balcony and at a certain hour strike a match. That would be the signal for me to stick my head through the vines and kiss her." "Ab, very poetic." "Yes, but the other night I saw the match flare up, stick my head through the vines and got the worst thrashing I ever received. You see, the old man happened to be out there lighting his pipe."

Apples Preserved in Ice.

X. C. Braunbeck, of Wallis Run, Lycoming county, Pennsylvania, adopted a unique method of preserving his apples last fall. He built a bin in the orchard seven feet wide, 14 feet long and three feet high. In the bottom of this he put straw, then filled it with apples, putting straw on the sides and ends. Then he placed straw and corn-stalks on top. He dug a ditch around it to keep the water from standing there. Some water, however, found its way through the top and formed ice about each of the apples, but they were not disturbed until the ice had all melted. The apples were sound, crisp and without a wrinkle.

A Substitute.

Being very close-lipped Mason had never allowed himself the costly habit of smoking. He always felt himself a loser when anyone treated to cigars. But on one occasion, when the party he was with entered a stationery and cigar store, he made up his mind to have his share of the treat. "Won't you smoke this time?" asked the leader. "No, thank you," replied Mason; "but if you don't mind, I believe I'll take a peccit."—Harper's Weekly.

It's the Brag.

"Why do we call a handcut a brag?" asked the commissioner of an Irish recruit at a recent police examination. "Faith, because it is intended for brag," replied the applicant. And he got the position at once.

The Old Question.

"Say, if you put all your money into building a house?" "Yes?" "And an earthquake came along and shook the house down?" "Yes?" "Wouldn't that jar you?"