

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1898.

SOME PEOPLE WE MEET.

HOW TRAVELLERS MAY MAKE THEMSELVES OBNOXIOUS.

An Amusing Description of Some Persons met lately by a Correspondent of PROGRESS—An Englishman who Lost his Bearings—A Choleric German Traveller.

I suppose it really is true that it takes all sorts of people to make up a world, and I am quite certain that one meets some of the oddest specimens in the great conglomeration during the course of even the shortest journey. It lowers one's self-esteem wonderfully and tends to keep the most conceited of the human race in reasonably humble frame of mind, just to see how ridiculous and how obnoxious other people manage to make themselves when travelling, and then to wonder how we ourselves appear to strangers. The very fact of travelling seems to change some people's natures and turn the quiet, unassuming man into an objectionable bully, and the shrewd clear headed man of affairs into a sort of incapable, who never appears to know what his next move is to be; whether he is on the right train or not, or even when he happens to be quite sure of the train itself, when it is due to reach its destination.

We had a most instructive instance of this the other day when we travelled from Halifax to Lewis with a gentleman who had actually managed to go the distance between those two cities, and back again out of his way, just because he had not taken the precaution to assure himself that he was travelling in the right direction.

To be sure he was an Englishman, but still he looked like a man of intelligence and at least ordinary business capacity. He had been engaged in some business in Vancouver and feeling in a position to treat himself to a trip home to England he engaged his passage on a steamer sailing from Rimouski, packed up his rifle and fishing rods, and set out on his journey with a light heart. It may be that the trustful voyager had landed at Halifax when he first arrived in this country, and therefore he was looking for familiar landmarks, but it is certain that he rested peacefully in his pullman car without asking a question, or displaying the least anxiety about his destination, straight from Vancouver to Halifax, and only awakened to the fact that he was slightly out of his reckoning when he reached that sleepy city by the sea, and found that there was no vessel of the name his ticket bore, sailing from that port. Then his mistake dawned upon him and he did the only thing possible under the circumstances—took the first train back, and retraced his steps with the same stolid calm he had displayed in coming down.

Why he was permitted to go so much further than his ticket extended, without being charged more fare, and why he came so far, knowing his own ignorance of the country, without providing himself with a map, are questions I cannot answer, but I believe he succeeded in reaching Rimouski safely, and secured his passage on the next outgoing steamer; and I hope he will be more careful next time he starts out on a pleasure trip, or else take his valet with him.

We have another instructive instance of the variety of human nature at the next table to ours in the hotel dining room. He is a delightful old man—to view from a safe distance, and make a sort of philosophical study of, but as a daily companion I should consider him a person to avoid. He is evidently of German extraction and possesses the light, prominent eyes, scanty sandy hair, and florid complexion common to elderly Germans; but it is his expression which attracts the student of human nature even before he opens his lips. It is compounded of extreme disgust for his entire surroundings evidenced by a downward curve of the mouth which would put an ill tempered mule to shame, and a peculiar elevation of the nostrils, as if he were being forced to inhale a disagreeable atmosphere much against his will. This charming old person is accompanied by his wife, a bright and clever American much younger than himself, who, though she does not seem to pay much attention to her lord's tempers, has evidently become a little cynical and world-worn herself from constant association with him.

Nothing in the shape of food that is placed before this amiable specimen of humanity seems to suit him even by accident, and the comments he makes upon

the different dishes, together with his remarks to the waiters are positive studies in the art of advanced hoggishness. Why the girl do not rebel, and insist on his being turned out of the hotel on pain of a general strike, is a mystery to me. But strange to say none of them seem to mind him in the least. They bring him what he asks for, are quite civil and perfectly indifferent to his outbursts that he sometimes shows symptoms of apoplexy, so greatly does their indifference enrage him.

He makes it almost a point to be late for all his meals, invariably arriving when nearly all the other boarders are finishing, and then he pours out the vials of his wrath because everything is not in perfection. He seizes the menu card, reads it aloud and makes sarcastic comments on it at the top of his voice, and to the general edification of his hearers.

sweet old man, "and I want canned peas." "I tell you Marie," he snorts when he can get his breath, "that if we could just see what those servants have to eat we should find they have everything of the best, and hot too, though anything is good enough for us."

"Marie," who is pursuing the even tenor of her way, and eating her dinner with bland unconcern, assents briefly, and her choleric lord snarls his way through the meal much as a wolf who was not particularly hungry, might do.

He is not an attractive person by any means as I said before, but still he serves a purpose of his own, and quite unconsciously furnishes the rest of the boarders with a healthful distraction during their meals which is almost as good as a band of music, and much less expensive.

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thirty-four Englishmen against overwhelming hordes of an infuriated savage enemy.

"When the white incos Wilson came across the big River Shangani," said the native, "we watched him, and although he knew it not, he was surrounded on all sides by the remnants of regiments which had fought at the Bembezi, the Imbezu the Insugameri, the Nyama Indhlovo and others. At nightfall we missed the white majakas, but toward the rising of the sun Upjaan, the great chief, came to us and said: 'I have heard the white warriors in the bush; come let us go and kill them.' We were about 1,000 in number, and without noise we went and surrounded the place where the white men had made their fire. Two of them were standing up looking into the bush. Some of us made a little noise. One of the white men standing awake went and awoke another

as we were well protected by the trees and bushes. As the sun rose we noticed several of the white warriors lying dead. Umjaan gave orders to rush up to the enemy. We issued from behind the protecting trees and tried to run up to kill all I'Wilson and his party, but they killed many of us with the little guns in their hands and I wounded more."

"How many were killed and wounded in that first rush, M'Kotchwana?"

"As many as six times the fingers on my two hands—so many," and the old warrior waved his hands six times.

"But how many were killed outright?"

"So many," and M'Kotchwana signified forty. "Then we went back behind the trees and fired often, till many of the amakiwa fell and few remained. Again Umjaan said: 'Let us kill all that are left,' but some of them said: 'No; they are brave warriors; let us leave the life in those who are not yet dead.' But the men of the Imbeza said: 'No; let us kill all the white men.'"

Again we rushed against the few who remained standing. When they saw us coming they made a big singing noise and then shouted three times. They killed more of us. I was struck near the temple and remembered no more. My brother told me afterward that all the white men fell fighting till the end. They were brave men, my father. The next day at sunrise we took all their clothes and skinned the face of the biggest white majaka and took it to Lobengula, who was away one day's journey. The great chief said that was not the skin of the leader. We returned and took yet another skin off the face of a white chief. When Lobengula saw it he was satisfied. He asked whether his Imbezu regiment had done all the killing. When he heard that they had not done more than others, he said: 'Have I then all this time put my trust in a lump of dirt? I had two sons killed that day, my father,' said M'Kotchwana, "and my brother was shot in the stomach. The amakiwa were brave men; they were warriors."

Asked how he had obtained possession of the cape, M'Kotchwana said it was on a white soldier who was killed before the first rush. He fell outside the ring of dead horses; they thought he was not dead and kept on shooting at his body. When the natives ran up M'Kotchwana seized this cape off the white man's body.

Costly Wedding Outfit.

One of New York's Easter bridegrooms could boast of wedding finery which cost him over £10,000. It was declared by some to be the costliest trousseau ever owned by a bridegroom, but that is a point open to dispute. This vain young Benedict spent some six weeks in shopping and visiting his tailors before the happy day, and a few brief particulars of his expensive nuptial outfit are interesting.

Probably the most expensive item were two dozen pairs of pajamas at £15 a pair. They were made to order of the best quality Indian silk, all hand-embroidered in delicate contrasting colors of white, pink, blue, heliotrope, and red. The cuffs were adorned with beautiful pearl links, and on each pocket flap appeared a most elaborate monogram. Three dressing gowns, made of the softest silk, were procured for £50, while three pairs of slippers, contrasting in color, amounted to £15.

Then we have six crimson silk shaving suits, three serge lounge suits, and five bath robes, made to order, and fit for a king. Indeed, the tubbing finery swallowed another £50. In underwear he chose the most delicate shades in cream, pale blue, heliotrope, and pink. Three smoking jackets of Persian silk cost £20, while six silk night-shirts ran into £30. In fact, for house garments alone the young bridegroom spent over £1,200.

Miss Duer's wedding outfit, though not so extensive, was probably equally expensive. She was recently wedded to Mr. Clarence Mackay, a well-known American millionaire. For the satin and making of the wedding-gown Miss Duer has paid £140. In addition, the lace which adorned it is valued at another £150, while the silk underwear which was ordered from Paris runs into three figures. She wore white satin slippers, with tiny buckles of solid gold, while pearls, distributed lavishly, adorned both waist and skirt.

When she appeared before the altar in all her bridal array the outfit was valued at £5,000. Some of the diamonds she wore, which have been given to her by two or three of her wealthy friends, are very rare and costly. There was much talk in New York society of this wedding, which equalled, it is not eclipsed, that of the Duke of Marlborough and Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt for splendour—a wedding which cost over £10,000.



The Royal Visitor at Bisley—His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught.

"Soup a la Maitre de hotel" he snorted furiously. "Beef tea, or boiled essence of mutton bones I suppose. Bring me some and I'll see if it's fit to eat. 'Green peas'—canned peas that means. 'Roast goose'—been kept on ice all winter I suppose. 'Spring lamb' what spring I wonder? 'new potatoes'—old ones with their jackets half peeled off. 'Tomatoes,' canned again, of course. 'Cottage pudding, mince pie, ice cream,'—steamed cake scraps, resurrection pie, and frozen skim milk. Here! take away this soup, its colder than the ice cream will be, and bring me some lamb and canned peas."

"Green peas, sir?" asked the waitress respectfully.

"No! I said canned peas, canned peas."

"They are not canned, sir," says the waitress with perfect serenity, "they are fresh."

"I said C-A-N-N-E-D peas," yells the

THIRTY AGAINST A THOUSAND.

The Heroic Stand of Col. Wilson and His Men Against the Matabeles.

The heroic deeds of brave Englishmen will always linger in the minds of their countrymen, and any additional particulars that can be obtained in connection with such deeds are always welcome. A representative of the Matabele Times, a paper published in Bulawayo, recently succeeded in obtaining a narrative from M'Kotchwana, one of the warriors of the Inguba regiment which attacked and annihilated Wilson's force. It took some time getting M'Kotchwana to speak of the affair. He was quite ready to talk about the crops, locusts, &c., but it was not until he was twitted as to whether he had ever done anything but till the land like a woman that he spoke.

"Yes, my father," he answered. "I have fought in battle," and then he related the following account of that grand stand of

man. I think it was their incos. He came and looked all around the bush, and then aroused all the other amakiwa. They got up, and I saw they were busy getting their ammunition ready and saddling their horses. As it drew near the time for the sun to peep over the edge of the world, we started firing at the white men. They mounted their horses and tried to proceed in the direction of the great Shangani. But our men shot well and their horses dropped dead. It was a cloudy morning, and the rain fell fine and swiftly. There was as many amakawi as three times the fingers on my two hands. Most of them had on black covers over their shoulder [capes].

"When the white warriors found they could not go on they shot the living horses and stood behind them waiting for us. We fired our guns at the white men, but at first they did not do us much harm,