

PAUL KRUGER AT HOME.

THE INTERESTING PRESIDENT OF THE TRANSVAAL REPUBLIC.

His Personal Bravery and Religious Fervor—His Story of the Boers' Development of the Transvaal—His Feeling Toward Cecil Rhodes—The Republic's Defences.

Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, President of the Transvaal, is an interesting public character. Upon being introduced you first conclude that he has been greatly overestimated. He seems nothing more than a shrewd old hunter, who, by constant contact with wild animals and savage Kaffirs, has developed a wariness that makes him suspicious of everything and everybody.

His legs are so short, and slender that you wonder how they bear the weight of a heavy thick and solid body. His head is big and his neck is concealed by beard, hair and coat collar, so that you cannot determine whether or not he indulges in neckwear. At home he is usually puffing a short briar pipe, and as he handles this you notice that the thumb of his left hand is missing. There is a story connected with this that Kruger will tell you between puffs if he is in the mood. It gives an idea of the grit which is a characteristic of the old Boers.

When Kruger was a young man, he was out hunting one day with a rifle which had not been used for a long time. While he was tinkering with a charge the gun exploded, tearing his left thumb to shreds. Kruger's companions wanted to give up the hunt and hurry to the nearest surgeon, but the intrepid young Boer refused. Taking out his hunting knife, he placed the lacerated thumb on the stock of the rifle, and amputated it himself. By tying about the stump a piece of rawhide he stopped the flow of blood, and winding around it his red handkerchief he continued the sport. Physical robustness and courage have contributed greatly to Kruger's success as the leader of a nation. He is absolutely fearless, though not reckless, and since boyhood has known how to act quickly in an emergency.

When only 14 years old, he and a little sister strayed away from the Jaager town in Cape Colony, where the elder Kruger had settled on emigrating from Germany, and while playing were suddenly attacked by a leopard. Young Kruger's only weapon was a jackknife, but shielding his sister with one arm, he met the vicious spring of the leopard with the other, and after a struggle succeeded in stabbing it to death.

One is hardly warranted either in speaking slightly of 'Oom' Paul's legs, for they once ran a race that made him famous all through the native tribes in South Africa. A Kaffir chief had become celebrated for his running ability, and had never been beaten until challenged by a number of young Boers who chose Kruger to represent them. It was decided that the two would run for twelve hours, and the man leading at the end of that time was to have some sort of a prize. At the end of eleven hours the Kaffir dropped in his tracks unconscious, while Kruger kept on to the finish, and, according to one of his companions, was so fresh then that he took part in a hunting trip.

It is the appearance of rough hardihood and the unkempt personal attire that first impresses one on meeting 'Oom' Paul, but when the man begins to talk you forget all else but Kruger the diplomat and careful statesman. He gave the writer a short interview recently for publication with the understanding that the Boer side should be represented from his own view point, first inquiring if I were a spy from Cecil Rhodes. On being assured to the contrary by a number of Volksraad members, who were present, he followed it up by another customary question, asking: 'What is your religion?'

These two inquiries give an insight into Kruger's life. His first duty, he believes, is to God, and his second to guard against Rhodes, whom he detests like a poisonous reptile. But for Rhodes, Mr Kruger says, all would be peace and quietness in the Transvaal. So long as this man is in South Africa there is no rest for the Boers, and their secret service agents may be found on every street in Johannesburg, on the lookout for Uitlander conspiracies.

From all outward appearances, Oom Paul is intensely pious, and though some insist that it is all hypocrisy, there is no proof that Kruger does not live in strict accordance to his preaching. He was confirmed in 1842 by the Rev. Daniel Lindlay, an

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American missionary, and from that day to this has led a severely Christian life after the precepts laid down by John Calvin. He can quote nearly the whole Bible, and this has served him well in a secular way, for he has learned from it to speak in parables, terse epigrams that are readily interpreted by his followers, and have more force than the most brilliant rhetorical flights.

Kruger, in addition to his other accomplishments, is by far the best preacher in the Transvaal, and the Dutch Reformed Church boasts of some capable men there. He occupied the pulpit in a modern brick edifice across the street from his home at about once a month, and always takes to standing room only. He uses no notes, but speaks offhand from a text, and does not hesitate to sprinkle a little humor in the discourse. In his speeches before the Raad he quoted Scripture generously, and even more so in conversation.

As for his private life, that seems to be exemplary. After rising, he prays for a long time in his room, and talks over with the Lord the questions of the day. When he develops a conviction in this way he proceeds to act on it. Kruger's piety once nearly cost him his life, according to a current story. A good many years ago he suddenly disappeared, and when he failed to show up, a searching party was made up to hunt for him. At the end of three days they found the future President, who was then a field cornet, lying face down on the open veldt. He had been praying three days and nights steadily, without food or water, and was nearly dead. When carried back and revived, he explained that he had done it as a chastisement for his sins.

Two stories the Uitlanders relate to offset Kruger's reputation for piety. One was recently printed in a Natal paper. It accused Oom Paul of punishing one of his Kaffir boys once by tying him under his wagon, spreading out legs and arms and making them fast to the axles. The boy was hauled for two days in this position, declared the writer. On another occasion Kruger, when he was trekking, lost an ox and could not find another to take its place so he hitched up a Kaffir in the team and completed the journey. This Kaffir is still living near Dreikopjes, in the Orange Free State, at a ripe old age, so the experience does not seem to have injured him. In fact, he seems rather proud of the distinction.

The first question put to Oom Paul was why he did not give the Uitlanders the right to vote, which the English put forth as the chief cause for complaint. Kruger smoked hard for a moment, then laid down his pipe, and placing his hands on his knees, said:

'A man cannot serve two masters. Either he will hate the one and cling to the other, or despise the one and love the other. Now, the Englishman wants to do this. He demands the franchise from me, desires to become a burgher, and yet when it comes to trouble, he would forsake us in a moment and claim the protection of the Queen. How can I give such men the chance? They do not take any interest in our country. They have not come here to settle. They wish us no good. I want to be fair with every one who comes here to live and when he has proved that he is a good citizen and has come to help us, I want him to vote. But we have a law for bigamy in the Transvaal, and it is necessary for a man to put off his old love before taking on a new.'

Kruger related graphically and briefly the history of the Boers from the time they settled in Cape Colony, from which they driven by the English, until they settled in the Transvaal. Of this great trek they killed 6,000 lions, out of which number Kruger himself killed 250. They fought their way step by step until they finally reached the long ridge known as the Witwaters and where they settled, all unconscious of the hidden wealth.

'It seemed so poor,' said Kruger, 'that even the English did not begrudge it. So we established a government, developed a constitution, and laid the foundation for a nation. We built towns, cultivated the soil, and were making a great progress and living peacefully when gold was discovered. Then new and perplexing questions arose, and England immediately became avaricious, but we were not willing to give up the country which we had

developed by the sweat of our brow, and so there was Majuba Hill. You know about that? Here Kruger blinked slyly and a laugh went around among the Boers. 'So, now,' continued Oom Paul, taking up his pipe and dropping into parables, 'the gold fields are like a beautiful rich young woman. Everybody wants her, and when they cannot get her they do not want any one else to possess her.'

'Can the English starve you out?' 'If the Lord wills it, yes,' he replied. 'If not, the English can build a wall around us as high as Jericho and we will live and prosper.'

Kruger has provided against a siege by building storehouses and granaries, where meat and grain are kept in great quantities. The great drawback to the Transvaal is that it lacks a seaport. The most convenient one is Delagoa Bay, owned by the Portuguese. As Portugal is mortgaged to England, the latter country controls it.

Towering over Johannesburg is a big fort, and working in subterranean passages the Boers, it is said, that undermined the whole town, even to Commissioner street, where the pride of Johannesburg's buildings are located. The Boers can muster 30,000 men, all well armed and good marksmen. They have warehouses full of ammunition, and there present defenses and power to wreck Johannesburg and the mines are a sufficient menace to Great Britain to make her hesitate.

Kruger is now 70 years old, and has been elected to the Presidency four times. His salary is \$35,000 a year, with \$1,500 for coffee. His life has certainly been a remarkably one, and at different stages he has been a farmer, herdsman, hunter, soldier, clergyman, ambassador, financier, head of the army. In recent years he has bought and sold land a good deal, and is reputed to be wealthy. His habits and method of living are so simple, however, that he could have saved nearly all his salary in these years which would give him a tidy fortune.

As he closed the interview Kruger went across the hall into a low ceilinged, white-washed room and spoke to a motherly little woman, who was seated in a rocking chair, darned stockings. This was Mrs. Kruger. She got Mr. Kruger's hat, escorted him to the door and then went back to her knitting. It was difficult to think of her as the first lady of the land. Yet she has been Mr. Kruger's constant helpmate through all the years of his public life, and their affection for each other seems to have grown with each succeeding year. She is Mr. Kruger's second wife, and was a Miss Du Plessis, a name of prominence in South Africa. Kruger's first wife was an aunt of Miss Du Plessis, and bore him one son who died. Sixteen children were the fruit of his second marriage, and of those seven are living. The girls are comfortably married to burghers in and about Pretoria, and the boys take an active interest in the army. One son-in-law Capt. Eloff, made himself famous by building the most expensive mansion in South Africa. He has made a fortune in real estate operations and is supposed to be worth \$2,000,000. One of Kruger's sons acts as his secretary, and another is Captain of an infantry company. Mr. and Mrs. Kruger live in a little two story cottage painted white and covered in front with morning glory vines. Their mutual ambition is to see their nation independent of Great Britain, and then spend their last days peacefully and quietly in this little home.

SOME SAMOAN CUSTOMS.

Observed by Former Chief Justice of the Islands.

Asked for some characteristics of the Samoans Chief Justice Chambers of the United States said recently 'I found the language an easy one to learn. There but fourteen letters in the alphabet, and of the natives a majority have learned to read and write in their own language. You see, you can hardly look upon the natives as savages, or uncultured people, because the missionaries have been at work among them for the last fifty or sixty years, and have made excellent progress teaching them Christianity and the social customs and usages of civilized nations. When I first went to the islands, I found them improved by the influences of the missionaries to an extent



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which had removed many of the vagaries and peculiarities which are usually to be expected among uncivilized islanders. There is one thing, though, that no amount of civilization will destroy in the islanders, and that is an excess of politeness. They are the most polite people in all the world. They are oppressively polite. One of the novelties I had to become accustomed to as the Chief Justice of the islands, was that of having a prisoner give a most elaborate salutation after I had sentenced him to five or ten years at hard labor and have him say in his own tongue, 'I thank you, sir.'

'The people are not only polite but they are most affectionate and once you attach one of them to your love, he or she is forever your friend. This was most forcibly exemplified after hostilities broke out and the fighting was going on in the island. We had three native girls and three native boys in our household who were very much attached to our family. This was particularly true of one of the girls who was passionately fond of Mrs. Chambers. Every night there were skirmishes on the island and very frequently firing was heard near our home. The girl in question would not leave our apartments but would rest on a rug at the foot of our bed. When the skirmishing fire approached our home the girl would go out and reconnoitre. The natives never fire on their women, no matter what their connections are and often women walked down between the firing lines, from one side to the other, carrying water or caring for the injured. Our young girl took us under her protection and seemed confident that she could ward off harm from us. When we got ready to leave the islands, all of the chiefs began to bring presents to our home. At first I felt very much complimented and some of the old clubs and war implements and decorated mats and other bric-a-brac made by the natives was really quite interesting and of value. However, I soon had to refuse to receive anything more, because I had no way of carrying the stuff away from the island. At the rate things were coming from all parts of the island, I would soon have had a shipload. As it is, I have several large cases of the most valuable presents I received with me.

'I know of no people in the world who are as ceremonious as are these people, and who have more rigid ideas of the advantages which rank conferred upon one of their number gives. Fortunately, I had my rank all fixed up before I realized the importance it would prove to me afterward. The Chief Justiceship was a new thing to them and their more intelligent class, who were sufficiently versed in English to understand the terms of the treaty under which my appointment was made, explained as best they could what were my duties. One thing that worried the natives was the fact that they had no name to apply to my position. They had chiefs of their own and leaders of various kinds, but nothing that came exactly in my line. Finally they thought the matter all over and named me 'Faamasino silli.' This was a combination of words, which meant in the native tongue, 'man of one word,' which was their way of expressing the fact that decisions made by the Chief Justice were final.

'I do not think that the people of Samoa are greater eaters than the people of other nations, in spite of the reputation which they have established because of their extensive feasts. Perhaps they do eat more at the feasts than the people do who attend banquets in civilized countries, but at the same time there is always an abundance left. It was decreed when the Chief Justice first came to the island that he should be second in rank to the King. Mrs. Chambers was honored as the first lady of the island in consequence. I was given many fetes by the great chiefs in consequence of my position, upon my arrival. It was a bit embarrassing to me, too, when I wished to return the excessively polite attentions that were shown me. The people are most jealous of their rank, and I made some blunders that kept the interpreters busy for hours explaining the satisfaction of the natives. The first bit of meat at the feast was given to the king, if he were present; the next came to me, and then on down the line until the person of least rank was fed. It was the same way when it came to serving the drinks and the cigarettes. People arose and sat in the order of their rank.

'People walked along the highway in the same way. Unless a man was of a superior rank he was not allowed to pass another man going in the same direction on the highway. That is the reason that I was led to the discovery shortly after I reached the island that I was keeping every one on the highway at a slow walk and behind me, because I outranked everyone and they would not pass me. After the feast is over, the fingers began to chant songs which mention the people at the feast and tell of their virtues. In the songs the people are

mentioned in the order of their rank, and I as a foreigner, found it a bit tiresome to a song recital of the good people around me and find myself included in the eulogy of the singer. Failure to observe the preference which rank gives one man over another, is met at once by open hostility, and I have seen some very hard-fought battles because some man of inferior rank was asked to eat or drink in advance of another man of superior rank. The favorite method of preparation for the big feasts is to roast a number of whole pigs of good size and fatness. I have attended feasts where there were as many as 400 pigs roasted. At these, there were hardly more than that number of guests present, but after the feast what is left is sent to the homes of the invited guests. In consequence of the rank the natives gave me, it was not uncommon for me to find great baskets of fruit and two or three whole roast pigs at my house.

'Many of the people are skilled in oratory. They are specially trained, and have a peculiar adaption to the business. The people are divided into tribes, and over each tribe there is a chief. He seldom if ever, has anything to say, but his 'tulafali' does his talking, he being the skilled orator of the tribe. It is not at all remarkable that these skilled orators often acquire importance and weigh with the people, such as not possessed by their chiefs. One of the most influential and powerful of the men in the rebel party was a tulafali.'

THE GRIM MONSTER.

'All that tread the globe are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom.' Of the multitudes that yearly join the multitudes already gone, one-seventh are the victims of that dread destroyer—consumption. There is cer-



certainly a lesson in this for every man and woman who will stop and heed the warning of death. At the first approach of the

grim monster—consumption—the threatened victim should take refuge in the use of the only known cure for that disease. Many doctors say that consumption is incurable. They are mistaken and thousands who have been rescued from the brink of death, after they were given up by the doctors, and all hope was gone, have testified to the fact over their written signatures. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It cures bronchitis, asthma, weak lungs, spitting of blood, throat troubles, chronic nasal catarrh, and all diseases of the air passages. It acts directly through the blood, on the affected membranes and tissues, destroying all disease germs, allaying inflammation and building healthy tissues. It makes the appetite keen and the digestion perfect. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder.

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'I have been troubled with bronchitis for several years,' writes Mrs. Ord in O'Hara, Box 114, Ferguson Falls, Ottetill Co., Minn. 'In the first place I had sore throat; doctored with different doctors and took various medicines, but got no lasting relief. We had had Dr. Pierce's book, the "Common Sense Medical Adviser," for a long time but had got careless about reading it up. One day we saw a new advertisement in the paper in regard to this medicine, and as I was suffering and had been raising a good deal from my throat, a sticky substance like the white of an egg, and could not sleep, and had about made up my mind that I would hardly live through the winter, we made up our minds to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and "Pellets." After I had taken one bottle we thought we could see a little change. We sent and got another bottle of the "Golden Medical Discovery" and also one of "Favorite Prescription." I took them alternately, and in a few days I began to see that I was better for certain. I took eight bottles of "Golden Medical Discovery" and two of "Favorite Prescription," and, really, I have not felt as well in years. I sleep better than I have in twenty years, am confident that if others have any such troubles, they will be more than pleased if they try Dr. Pierce's medicines. I am not in favor of patent medicines as a rule. Have tried too many of them and found them a failure, but I do know that Dr. Pierce's medicines will do what is claimed for them if taken as directed and continued long enough.'

'I took a severe cold with sore throat,' writes Mrs. S. A. Everhart, of Oard Street, Scott Co., Ind. 'Soon I began to cough; my right side was so sore that when I coughed it seemed as though my side would burst. I summoned the physician and he said that I had pleurisy. I took his medicine for some time and got some better, but it seemed I could get so far and no farther. All the spring and summer I used mustard plasters and fly blisters on my side and lungs. Finally my right shoulder and between my shoulders began to ache so badly that I could hardly endure it and at times I would feel almost smothered. My breath would be so short that I could scarcely talk. It was a miserable feeling indeed. I read of ———'s Sarsaparilla being such a great medicine, so I concluded to try it. I got two bottles of it and when I had taken the medicine I was no better. I was becoming discouraged; several of my near relatives had died with consumption and I thought I was about to go the same way. I thought I would try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took two bottles of the "Discovery" and two bottles of the "Pleasant Pellets." By the time I had taken half a bottle I began to improve, and when I had finished the two bottles of the "Discovery" and two of the "Pellets" I felt like a new person. That weak smothered feeling was all gone. I thought I ought to take more of the medicine but I felt so well I did not take any more. I would not take fifty dollars for the benefit I received from taking your medicine.'

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