

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1899.

Paul Kruger — At Home.

"First pray to God for guidance and inspiration, then fight," is the motto of President Paul Kruger of the Transvaal.

Imagine a man less than five feet seven inches in height, but in build like a giant, his hair white with years, his features homely and coarse, wearing an ill-fitting black double breasted frock coat reaching below the knees. That is Oom Paul. Void of book learning, apparently not gifted above the average man, armed only with his natural craftiness, he has been a thorn in the side of the greatest diplomatists and statesmen in England for years.

He was born on Oct. 10, 1825, near the present town of Graaff Reinet, Cape Colony. His parents were South African farmers who left their home in Holland a few years before Paul was born, hoping for good fortune in the new country. But it did not come. They remained mere squatters, and at the time Paul was born his parents owned only two or three slaves, which meant little. The future President of the Transvaal was christened S. J. Paul Kruger, but at an early age the first two initials were dropped. He uses them now when signing state papers. He was taught early to pray and to handle a gun. He was a fearless boy. When he was 9 his parents resented British regulations and moved to the northeastern part of Natal, not far from Ladysmith, the first important strategic point in this war. There were two other children in the family, a girl and a boy, both younger than Paul. The brother was killed in a native fight in the Natal colony and the sister lived to see her brother made President of the Transvaal.

When Kruger was about 15 years of age his father, sister and he went with the bullock team some distance into Orange Free State. The senior Kruger was forced to remain and told Paul to take the team home and to look after his sister.

"I'll take care of her, father," was the reply.

Everything went well until Paul and his sister were about five miles from home. Then a panther appeared in the road. The sixteen bullocks in the team took fright and ran away. The jolting of the wagon threw the sister from the seat into the road way, where she was at the mercy of the panther. Paul, though, unarmed ran to her rescue and tackled the panther. It was a fierce struggle, and Kruger believed once or twice that the panther was going to prove too much for him. But finally he managed to kill the animal with his knife.

It was in the latter part of 1879 that I first met Kruger. The Boers at that time were on the verge of a war with the British. When I was introduced to Kruger he was suspicious of me, and it was only when assured that I was an American that he became at all talkative. In those days Kruger would talk English, but since the visit of Sir Henry Lock to Pretoria in 1893 he has positively refused to utter one word of English. The Kruger of 1879 was a poor man. He had difficulty in supplying his family with the necessities of life, for besides his wife he had ten children to care for. He lived then in a farm house, but he left the farm to take care for itself, for he had a more important matter to attend to—the creation of a revolution against the English. Gen. P. J. Joubert, commander of the Boer forces and vice president of the Transvaal, young Pretorius, son of the republic's first President, and Kruger were planning the Boer uprising which came the following year resulting in the independence of the Boers in 1881. It was there three that managed the campaign against the English forces at Mafuba Hill.

The next time I met Kruger was in 1894. Although he was now the President of a nation and reputed to be worth \$5,000,000, I found him as simple and as democratic as he was in the days of 1879, when he was unknown to fame and had hard work to support his family. It was on this occasion that I realized the great qualities of this man. He cordially invited me to become his guest during the short time that I was to remain in Pretoria, an invitation which I readily accepted. He would not talk English to me on this

occasion, so I had to carry on conversation with him through other members of the family. The old President never tired of talking about the United States, designating this Republic as his big brother, and wishing that he were in a position to make a treaty with America in order that he might favor American merchants in trade. "I can trust Americans," he would say, "for I know that they do not want my country."

Before I left his residence he said to me through his secretary. "When you go home to the United States tell the people there for me that there is a small nation here, loving their country and their liberty and idolizing the American flag and the free institutions of your country. May the United States ever prosper and remain true to the principles established by her founders is my earnest wish." As he finished talking a tear ran down the old man's cheek.

He often talked of the days when he drove his father's old bullock team, and now prides himself on the fact that he is still able to crack a thirty foot whip over sixteen bullocks.

Kruger is devoted to his wife and children, grand and great grand children; while they in turn adore him. He lives in a modest house, which stands back from the sidewalk about 15 feet. There is a grass plot in front and a sentry box inside of the iron railing. This house was presented to him by a syndicate. When the Volksraad is in session, a soldier is stationed in front of the President's house and no one, excepting officials may enter the residence during the day without permission. After 7 o'clock in the evening, all are welcomed to the chief executive's home.

Every morning at 6 o'clock a negro servant takes a cup of black coffee and a big pipe filled with tobacco to the President's room. As soon as he has drunk the coffee Kruger rises and smokes the pipe while he is dressing. He is downstairs by 6:30 o'clock and is ready to lead the family prayers at 7 o'clock. Breakfast is served about 7:30 a. m. His morning hours are taken up with matters of state and the dictating of letters. The dinner hour is one o'clock. At all the meals Kruger says grace before bread is broken. He takes a shot nap after the noon meal and is ready promptly at 3 o'clock in the afternoon to receive callers. The supper is served at 6 o'clock and the conclusion of this repast ends all the wrangling of the day for Kruger. Many writers have told how hot cups of thick black coffee are served at frequent intervals. Every person received is served with coffee. Besides his salary of \$40,000 a year, Kruger gets \$10,000 annually for coffee money. There is a two-gallon kettle of coffee always hot in the kitchen.

Since Kruger was elected President in 1881 he has been confronted with some trying times. In 1883 his country was in a bankrupt condition. It looked as if a famine were going to overtake the land, but then gold was found in the Barberton district. A messenger from the new gold fields took a sack of gold, containing twenty ounces, to the president presenting it to him as the first yield of gold from the Transvaal. Kruger was astounded when he saw the gold. He asked where it came from, and was informed that it was from the Barberton district.

"Is there any more left?" asked Kruger. He was told that the country was rich in gold ore, and that millions of pounds could be secured where that came from.

"Thank God! My country is saved!" was his reply.

Kruger often expressed his regrets that he was not able to receive an early education. His only book for years was a Bible. On the occasion of laying the last bolt in the Pretoria-Delagoa Bay railroad, November, 1894, the president went out in his private train to perform the act. At Bronkhor Spruit a delegation of Boers met the presidential party. Kruger had to speak. Out from the railroad station, about a mile distant, could be seen the three grouped graves of the rear guard of a British regiment, which had been annihilated by the Boers. The present trouble was beginning to make itself manifest at least Kruger was far-sighted enough to realize the

storm would burst here very long. Looking significantly toward the graves of the British soldiers, Kruger said to the two hundred old Boers that had gathered round him.

"This is our country. Never give it up. Remember that we fought for it and made it what it is. I will never! never!! never permit a foreign foe to take the Transvaal from you so long as I shall live."—John E. Owens.

KRUGER'S EPIGRAMS.

Some of the Peer President's Bright and Witty sayings.

The grim old President of the Transvaal P. ulus Kruger, is a master of quaint, homely epigrams. The most famous of them was his reference to Cecil Rhodes after the lawless Jameson raid. "Somebody should also punish the big dog," he exclaimed. The conspirators and reform leaders of Johannesburg had been punished. The premier of Cape Colony, whom he believed to be responsible for the plot, had escaped unharmed.

Equally forcible was his comment upon the folly of the raiders in delivering themselves into his power. "If you want to kill a tortoise," he said, "you must wait until he puts his head out of the shell." This was a perfect parable of Boer policy during that lawless expedition.

His contempt for the adventurers of the mining camp, who had settled in his dominions, was shown when he opened an address with this grim salutation; "Friends, burglars, thieves, murderers, newcomers and others."

Equally grim was his method of reproaching the reformers of Johannesburg for their ingratitude for what he chose to consider benefits received from him. "They remind me," he said, "of the old baboon that is chained up in my yard. When he burnt his tail in the Kaffir's fire the other day, he jumped at out and bit me, and that just after I had been feeding him."

"I have reckoned with the British army before!" he exclaimed proudly, when he was reminded that the course which he was taking might lead to war with a powerful empire. "Their rights! Yes, they'll get them—over my dead body!" was his petulant reply to a petition from the English speaking community. One saying reveals his courage in defying the resources of an empire and the other his narrowness and blindness in obstructing political progress. His great rival in South Africa once went to Pretoria and sent word to him that he would call the next day. "Rhodes can wait or go! I do no business on Sunday!" was the reply. He is a devout man, who reads his Bible and unhesitatingly proclaims his religious beliefs.

President Kruger does not deserve the title of "Grand Old Man of South Africa," for he has no sympathy with progress and civilization, but he is the quaintest and most picturesque figure in recent history.

TRAPS FOR GHOSTS.

How the One Legged Gunsmiths Ghost Was Laid for All Time.

New Orleans is an old city and has a considerable Old World and negro population which is very superstitious. As a natural result the city has—or did have—many "haunted" houses. A few years ago a Louisiana branch of the Society for Psychical Research was founded there, largely for the purpose of investigating those haunted houses, and persons who were inclined to accept certain "occult phenomena" as true looked for a rich harvest of knowledge. What sort of harvest was really reaped is disclosed by a member of the society, in the New Orleans Times Democrat.

It occurred to this gentleman and a few of his associates that the first thing to be done was to find out the best-authenticated cases of "haunts." They did this, and finally located three houses, in the old quarter, which had been full of 'spirits' for generations.

They went to the houses, placed themselves there in the darkness, and listened. They had scarcely begun to do so when strange things began to happen—stealthy footsteps were heard on the stairs, with the rustle of dress, the creaking of doors, strange cries, the pattering of children's feet, and all manner of other unaccountable noises.

The next thing to be done was to eliminate the possibility of error. So the gentlemen who were conducting this branch of the inquiry procured several rat-traps, and set them in the first haunted house. During the very first night nine monstrous rats were captured. The next night the investigators came again to listen for ghosts, but no ghost walked. Not a mysterious

sound was heard in the house, either that night or afterward.

The next house was said to be haunted by the ghost of a one-legged gunsmith, who according to tradition had been murdered there by a negro. He was heard by the investigators stumping around the rooms, in the darkness of the night. It was so strange and unlike a sound that the investigators did not believe that rats could have made it. Nevertheless, they set traps, and that night caught eleven enormous rats.

The ghost of the "one-legged gunsmith" was never heard again in that house, nor any other ghost. It was haunted no more.

The third and last experiment was made in a house where "groans" and the sound of someone walking to and fro were heard. Then investigators lay in wait and heard the groans and the walking. They set their traps, and the rats were found to be so numerous that it took three nights to clear them out. But after that no more groans and no more walking were heard.

How the sounds were produced they do not profess to know; but they do know that all became quiet as soon as the premises were cleared of rats. After this excellent work the Louisiana branch of the Society for Psychical Research disbanded.

PENCIL LEADS.

Costly Varieties Made for the use of Artists—Many Kinds of Pencils.

Pencil leads are made of graphite—also called black-lead, though it contains no lead—mixed with other substances, such as clay. The leads are formed by forcing the material of which they are composed, ground up and moistened so as to give it a suitable consistency, through forms or moulds. From these forms the material comes out, like a string or cord. Left to itself it would coil up like a string. This is cut into the lengths required for the pencils in which it is to be used.

The finest of artist's pencil leads are made of a remarkably fine and pure Siberian graphite that is worth perhaps half its weight in silver. This is ground and re-ground to give it a perfect uniformity of texture, and it is then subjected to a process called sluicing, in which the powdered graphite is floated upon the surface of water. Grit or other impurities separate themselves from it here and sink, the graphite being then skimmed off. There is mixed with this, for the making of the pencil leads, some proportion of a German clay that is itself of a texture so fine that a finished surface of it has to the touch the smoothness of silk. This admixture of clay is requisite to hold the lead together; the degree of the lead's softness being governed largely by the proportion of clay used.

Leads of this sort, not enclosed in wood but made to be used in hollow pencils, are very soft and easily broken. Such leads are put up for sale in trim, long, flat boxes containing half a dozen leads ranged side by side, each lead in a deep little chamber of its own. The finest and softest leads of this sort sell at retail for 35 cents a box, some for as much as 65 cents or say, 10 cents each. This price might seem high to one unaccustomed to buy that sort of pencil or pencil leads, but he can buy a cedar pencil of the conventional size and form, containing a lead of the same kind and quality, for 10 cents, a pencil that years ago was sold for 15 cents. Ten cents for a whole pencil seems like a lower price; but while the lead in the wooden pencil is somewhat longer it is of only about half the diameter of the leads of this kind sold separately, and the separate lead are actually cheaper.

There are other artist's pencil leads, put up in flat boxes like those described, which are further protected by placing each lead first in a slender, delicate glass tube; these tubes, each with a lead enclosed, being dropped into the several chambers of the box. Leads thus put up are in various colors, and cost less than those above mentioned, but with less diameter of lead, and still more fragile and liable to be broken.

Pencil leads and complete pencils for various artistic purposes are produced in great variety and at various prices. In a single line of cedar pencils with colored leads there are to be found forty-eight different colors and shades. These various pencils are put to many uses by many persons; by artists, architects, draughtsmen, map makers, photographers and others.

As to lead pencils in general, there are few articles of more world-wide common use, and a few things that are made in greater variety. Lead pencils are made, as to shape, round, square triangular, hex-

agonal octagonal, oblong and oval, and in many shapes and of many sizes, as well as being produced in many colors. There are many styles, as to color and shade of wood and the manner of lettering; many kinds of pencil tips; and there are many kinds of the hollow pencils, with which separate leads are used. Pencils are produced not only for many special uses, but for special markets and countries, and pencils that were in demand in one country might not be wanted in another. In one country the pencil user likes to have a pencil with the familiar lettering on it stamped in gold; in another country he may prefer to have that mark stamped in silver. Some people like one sort of top on a pencil, and some like another; and some people prefer one kind of pencil to another or some particular sort of that kind, and all these preferences, whatever they may be, are taken into account. There is one pencil manufacturer who produces for the American market alone between 700 and 800 varieties of lead pencils, and as many more varieties specially for the markets of Europe.

Lead pencils of all grades from the first to the cheapest cost less now than they used to and some are sold nowadays at prices that seem miserably low, these including school pencils, some of which are sold at retail a low as 5 cents a dozen.

TURNUED OUT OF THEIR CAVERNS.

The French Declared That the Inhabited Caverns Were Dens of Thieves.

Oran, one of the chief ports of Algeria, is most picturesquely situated on a curving shore of the Mediterranean, at the foot of a frowning height to the west, on whose slope the torts, one above another, grimly guard the town, and are a standing menace to any nation who should conceive the idea of wresting this African city from France. A number of ravines diverging from the city gates on the land side are the convenient caravan and wagon routes into the interior. Along the steep side of a ravine that leads inland from the Santon gate, some distance from the city, are a number of artificial caverns that were dug, no one knows when in the igneous or volcanic rock known as tufa, which not being very hard lends itself readily to excavation. The entrances to these caverns are low and narrow, but within, the rock has been hollowed out into quite spacious apartments and in some cases has been partitioned into two or more rooms. Twelve of these caverns are known and, strange as it may seem, the authorities of Oran assert that there are others whose entrances have not yet been discovered. The largest cavern has four rooms and there are twenty nine apartments in the twelve caves to which the City Fathers have recently been giving very serious attention.

All these caves have been used as human habitations and their occupants were ostensibly innocent Spanish settlers and families of Gypsies. The real fact however, is said to be that the subterranean dwellings have become the homes of thieves the dark recesses being used by brigands as a hiding place for their booty. It is more than suspected that they were originally excavated to serve the purposes of outlaws, and the fact seems to be established that of late years they have been restored to their early phrase of utility.

So the Government has recently undertaken a work of eviction. All these modern troglodytes were turned into the outer air and some of them, who were proved guilty of lawless doings, were provided with other secluded quarters in the city jail. The one thing that can be said in their favor is that they have made their underground homes quite habitable. They are really far more comfortable than many of the apartments occupied by the poor in large cities of the most civilized lands.

Nearly all the rooms are found to be neatly whitewashed. The air is pure because from each apartment a ventilating shaft leads through the rock above to the open air. There are doors and chimney and the largest cavern is a two story affair with a staircase dug out of the rock leading to the upper story. The drainage is perfect and every cavern is absolutely dry.

These homes in the earth are really ingenious and excellent in their way and it will be a pity if the people of Oran do not find some use for them. Their temperature is invariably cool, and if they might be transferred to Germany they would probably be used as beer vaults. If we might plant them in the Palisades, some Yankee showman might turn many an honest penny by collecting in them a few mummies and other prehistoric relics and exhibiting the caves as the home of the 'only original' troglodytes.

If your dealer has ever tried them himself he will certainly recommend Magnetic Dyes for home use.