

CAPE TO CAIRO TELEGRAPH

THREE-FOURTHS OF THE LARGEST LINE IN THE WORLD FINISHED.

Incredible Hardships Endured by the Construction Staff—Batling With Disease, Savages and Wild Beasts—Cecil Rhodes's Great Enterprise.

Lions, hyenas, savages, tropic fevers and extraordinary difficulties have combined forces to prevent one of the most significant enterprises of the nineteenth century from being completed at the beginning of the twentieth writes a London correspondent. The singular conflict began seven years ago and attracted the world's attention at the time, but was soon forgotten by almost every one except those personally interested.

It seems, however, that the struggle has gone on steadily and that the forces of darkness have been fighting a losing battle. The work is well along toward completion, and in two, or at most it three, years the residents of any American city, to say nothing of Europe, can send a message flying in a minute down the whole length of Africa, past the homes of the Pharaohs, through jungles which explorers in our own day were the first to penetrate, and on to the bloody battlefields of the south.

Progress on this wonderful telegraph line, spanning 5600 miles from Cairo to the Cape has been unnoticed of late, not only because the war in South Africa made so much noise, but also because the line has now reached a point about as far away from civilization as it is possible to get in these days.

An unbroken line of poles and wire now stretches 3900 miles up from the Cape to a point fifty miles north of the town of Kasanga, on the east shore of Lake Tanganyika, in German East Africa.

This means that the backbone of the long job is broken, for only 1200 miles intervene between Kasanga and the southern extremity of the Egyptian telegraph line, with which the system will connect, and the physical difficulties for this last stretch are trivial compared with those in some of the districts through which the line has already been carried. All but 500 miles of the remaining 1200 too, can be served with poles, apparatus and supplies by water instead of their being dragged overland on the backs of native porters.

The worst part of the long march is that which has just been put behind in the mountainous, heavily wooded and malarious tract lying between Lake Tanganyika and Salisbury, in Eastern Rhodesia Kasanga and its neighborhood, however, occupy a high plateau, sloping abruptly to the lake shore on the west, and on the east falling more gently to become a fertile, undulating country stretching to the sea coast, and through this region the course of the line will run until it mounts upward again to meet the Egyptian telegraph.

TERRIBLE RAVAGES OF DISEASE.
The braving of abysmal mountain chasms, felling of gigantic trees, in carrying the course of the line through seemingly impenetrable forests; bridging of endless swamps, which in the rainy season become roaring torrents, and the necessity of working in defiance of wild beasts and savages have not been the worst difficulties that the men who have built this line have had to face. Their task was delayed nearly a year by the combination of two forces, the terrible and far-spreading animal disease, "rinderpest," which exterminates horses and cattle, and the war with the Matabels. Oddly enough, the one mainly brought about the other, for the natives' chief reason for rising was their misunderstanding of the white man's object in killing cattle infested with rinderpest but not noticeably so. The natives believed the white man was trying to starve them, and in return they tore down his telegraph poles, cut his wire up and made bullets of it, and fired them back at him. In that struggle \$200,000 worth of the African Transcontinental Company's supplies were destroyed.

At each one of the long string of stations that have been opened—Goodzema, Geelong, Umehabaz, Figtree, Gwelo Que-Que and others as quaintly named—a white operator and two or three natives have been left, and other natives under English "bosses" are constantly patrolling the line, on the lookout for breaks or impediments, for even a spider's web will spoil the connection on the dewy morning.

Sixteen Englishmen compose the construction staff, the chief constructor and his assistants, who number two; a surveyor and an assistant surveyor; a transport officer with two assistants, an engineer and seven workmen. There are between 200 and 600 native porters, according to the state of the market. Of course, the nearer to completion the line becomes the farther must the supplies and poles be carried from the south. At first wooden poles were used, but now iron ones have superseded them altogether. They are made in sec-

tions, each of which can be carried separately, then fitted together and planted in iron shoes.

Except when the difficulties of the country prevent, the telegraph line is following the course of the Cape to Cairo Railway, one of the good points of this arrangement being that one series of repair stations will do for both.

So far the line has cost £1,000,000, and it is thought that to complete it will cost another million. In speaking of the prospects of the telegraph a high official connected with the British South African Company said to the writer a few days ago:

WILL TRANSFORM AFRICA.

"I believe this is the biggest enterprise of the kind ever carried out, for I think that neither in Australia nor America did a line so far precede civilization. The advantages of the Cape to Cairo telegraph, it seems to me, lie in the facility with which it will enable principal and agent to communicate with each other, and the saving it will bring about in cable rates. Commerce in South Africa will benefit greatly by the time. Heretofore comparatively few exploration parties have been sent out, because it was impossible to keep in communication with them, and a report from such a party once in six months is hardly sufficient. Companies doing business in South and Central Africa will be able to carry on trade with a smaller force than heretofore.

"I am not prepared to say that our customers will save largely in their telegraph bills as compared with what they are now paying for cable rates. The maintenance of the line will cost less than a cable, and to offset it we shall have a large amount of local business. This has been so long the line, as far as opened, and to a surprising extent. Just what our rate will be I can not say yet, for it will depend upon the negotiations with the European powers between England and Egypt, but I can state positively that it will be much less than the 87 odd cents a word now charged by the cable companies."

Perhaps the most interesting thing about this wonderful line of light thrown on the dark continent is that it is a one-man affair. Cecil Rhodes dreamed it, planned it, raised the money for it and got the most important right of way for it outside of British territory by a personal interview with that other big man, Emperor William of Germany. Incidentally, that reminds me of what was once said to me by a famous Englishman who had met personally all of the men mentioned;

"According to present indications," he observed, "there are only four really great men in the world—the Czar of Russia, Emperor William of Germany, Cecil Rhodes and J. Pierpont Morgan." The speaker happened to be a particular admirer of the Czar but he did not at all approve of the Rhodes Colossus.

Mr. Rhodes raised all the money for the line among a few of his personal friends and at the same time laid the foundations for his Cape to Cairo Railway, now built as far north as Bulawayo, and soon to stretch as far as Victoria Falls. When both enterprises are completed the man whose brain gave birth to them will come nearer than ever to being Africa's anointed king.

POWERFUL LOADSTONE.

An Extraordinary One Found in a River Bed Which Has Caused the Drowning of Many Cattle.

A streak of extraordinary powerful loadstone has been discovered in a deep hole in the river bed about ten miles south of Hegdenville, Ky. For some time the place has attracted attention because of a very strong "suction," which was responsible for the loss of many cattle and hogs. The hole is about ten feet deep and fifty yards long. The water is very clear and the bottom is of solid rock, though the center of which running lengthwise is a black streak. It is about five inches in width and runs the length of the hole. The streak was examined with a common fish gill and was found to be very hard. The gill adhered to the stone and it took no little pulling to extricate it. Further investigation was made, and it is said the streak following the bottom of the river is undoubtedly powerful loadstone.

A dog thrown into the water never comes out, but is quickly drawn to the bottom. When a trout line is stretched across the hole the unseen energy attracts the hooks to the black streak and there holds them securely until they are drawn out. At times there is a strong undercurrent in the bayou, which is unaccounted for, and which often sweeps the bottom clean, relieving the loadstone of its collection.

EGOTISM.

Isn't there a great deal of egotism among actors? asked the young woman.
I am sorry to say there is, answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. Why, I have met no less than three actors who thought they could play Hamlet as well as I do!

DE WET AND HIS SUPPORTERS.

A Hint on Coffee-Making in South Africa.

The London Times publishes a long letter from an officer who was captured at Dewetsdorp by De Wet, and made to trek with him 17 days before he found an opportunity of escaping. The officer says:—"Every responsible Boer I talked to confessed there was only one end now possible, and yet they insist on going on, being influenced to a large extent by De Wet the curious thing is, too, that they do not like De Wet; they seem to fear him and like the way he is prolonging the war; but not a single Boer spoke well of him, one commanding going so far as to describe him as a 'heartless brute.' Again, his influence over his men is remarkable. They work very hard, get very little food, and trek night and day, and I heard little or no complaining, seemingly

PERFECTLY HAPPY.

and contented, the only thing I think the Boer would miss would be his coffee. It had always been a puzzle to me where all the coffee came from that is used out here; any time of the day going to a farmhouse you will find coffee going; well, during my stay with the Boer laager I found out where the coffee came from. One day we officers were desperately in want of something besides water, and the driver of our wagon said, 'Why don't you make coffee?' I said, 'We haven't got any.' 'Oh,' he said, 'I will give you some corn.' We then roasted the corn on a tin plate and ground it and made a hot 'drink'; it was, in a word, a wonderful imitation of coffee, and I have not the slightest doubt that much of the coffee you get in farmhouses is made in this way from roasted wheat.

"I have only referred incidentally to ex-President Steyn, who was with us the whole time. I was under the impression that he had lost touch with his burghers, but I can assert that this is not so; always when driving through the laager all the Boers raised their hats and treated him respectfully. The next most influential man I take to be

PHILIP BOTHA.

a brother of the Botha in the Transvaal. I rode one day on a wagon with a great friend of his, who, in conversation, gave me, as I thought very excellent reason for emptying farms and bringing away women and children. He said he had just rejoined the commando after a month's 'leave'; he said he found it very hard coming back after going home to his wife and family for a month! Gen. Fourie, with his son, a doctor, and Haasbroek are men of influence, and each has a large commando; Commandant Truter has the Harrismith lot. From what I heard and saw myself, this is about the best fighting force the Boers have, the large majority being genuine Free State burghers.

In our journey north again De Wet did not keep to main roads at all, and chose many mountain roads, going straight across country; some of the drifts we went through were most formidable and looked quite impassable, but the Boers in their trekking go slap-bang at everything, taking the chance of waggons coming in half, and they seldom do.

VERY PARTICULAR.

Mrs. Morse had never used a telephone until her husband had one put into the house, so that he might talk with her from his office whenever he wished.

I do just love to talk through the telephone, Mrs. Morse declared, after three days' experience. The time doesn't seem half as long from morning till night as it used to when I never heard from you.

I'm glad that, my dear, said her husband pleasantly. I've thought once or twice, from the number of times I had to ring before getting any answer, that you didn't enjoy it.

Oh, no, George, said little Mrs. Morse, earnestly, but you know some times when you ring me up I'm busy about my housework with my old apron on, and of course, knowing how particular you are, I always like to unpin my skirt and put on a clean apron before I begin to talk to you; don't you see?

TOBACCO CULTURE IN GREECE.

Encouraged by the success with which Kavala tobacco has been grown in Greece the Hellenic government has decided to devote special attention to the extension of tobacco culture in that country. Large quantities of seed will be procured from Trebizond Havana and Maryland and experts will be engaged to teach Greek agriculturists the best methods of cultivation.

GUESS AGAIN.

When does a man become a somnolent?
When he hems and haws.
No.
When he threads his waf.
No.
When he rips and tears!
No.
Give it up.
Never, if he can help it.

He Stunned the Porter.

On one occasion Sims Reeves, the famous tenor, was stranded at a country junction waiting for a train. It was cold and miserable, and the singer was naturally not in the best of tempers. While chewing the cud of disappointment an old railway porter who recognized him from the published portraits entered the waiting room.

"Good evening, Mr. Sims Reeves," he said.
"Good evening, my man," replied the vocalist, getting ready the necessary tip. But the man sought for information rather than tips.

"They tell me you earn a heap of money," he remarked.

"Oh!" murmured Mr. Reeves.
"And yet," pursued the porter, "you don't work hard. Not so hard as I do, for instance. But I dessey you earn—praps ten times what I do—eh?"

"What do you earn?" asked the singer.
"Eighteen shillings a week all the year round," said the porter.

Sims Reeves opened his chest. "Do, me, mi—do," he sang, the last note being a ringing top one. "There, my man; there's your year's salary gone."

The amazed railway man gazed wonderingly at the singer for a full minute. Then, as though his thoughts were "far too deep for words," he silently resumed his prosaic occupation.

Not Strong Enough.

At one of the clubs the other day two members were arguing about will power.

The conciliated man, who was in the habit of boring all present with his pointless tales, said that his will was stronger than his friend's.

"You are wrong there," said the quiet man, "and I will prove it in this way: You go and stand in that corner, and I will will you to come out of it. You will have to come from that corner before I have commanded you a second time."

The smart one took the bet and put himself in the corner. The quiet man said in a commanding voice:

"Come out of that corner!"
The other grinned and shook his head. The quiet man sat down and looked at him steadily. Five minutes passed, and the man of will said, with a sneer: "Hadn't you better give it up? I don't feel any influence at all, and I can't stand here all the evening."

"There is no hurry," said the quiet man, "and I have a very comfortable seat. There is no time limit except that you are to come out before I ask you twice, and as I don't intend to ask you again until this day week I think you will feel the influence before then."

The smart one came out looking very foolish.—London King.

She Waited.

Even a Scotchman cannot always be humorous, if he would. Like other people, however, he is sometimes funny without meaning to be. The Scottish-American thinks that the message sent by a young bride, with Peebleshire to his waiting bride may have kept her from worrying over his nonappearance, but that she must after all have received it with mixed feelings.

The bride elect lived in a village some distance from the home of William, the bridegroom. The wedding was to be at her home. On the eventful day the young man started for the station, but on the way met the village greener, who talked so anxiously that William missed his train.

Naturally he was in what is known as a "state of mind." Something must be done and done at once. So he sent the following telegram:

Don't marry till I come. WILLIAM.
If the bride elect knew her William, she probably knew how he felt when he sent the message and forgave the mental confusion which resulted in what she must have looked upon as a needless request.

When She Laughed.

In his volume on Ellen Terry Clement Scott tells of a somewhat self-satisfied, vainglorious and grumpy actor who complained that the noted English actress continually laughed in objection to his most important scenes. He had the courage to tell her his objections, so he wrote her a letter of heart-broken complaint, in which he said: "I am extremely sorry to tell you that it is impossible for me to make any effect in such and such a scene if you persist in laughing at me on the stage and so spoiling the situation. May I ask you to change your attitude, as the scene is a most trying one?"

Miss Terry's answer was very direct and to the point, for she wrote: "You are quite mistaken. I never laugh at you on the stage. I wait till I get home."

The Point of His Warning.

"You ain't acquainted around here much, be you?" asked the mountaineer of the man on horseback.

"No."
"I reckoned not. I don't believe I'd go down the trail that runs past Abe Gore's shack if I wab you. Abe had his hoss stole last week."

"But this isn't his horse."
"You don't seem to understand. I ain't accusin you of stealin his hoss. I'm simply intimatin to you that at present Abe happens to be in need of a hoss purty bad. I wouldn't go down that road if I was you."

Doubts Salt's Efficacy.

"I notice," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "a couple of our learned professors have found the secret of prolonging life. It is simply to have plenty of salt in the system. If that's true, and I'm not saying it isn't, Lot's wife ought to be alive today, which," continued Uncle Allen reflectively, "I be-

L'ART NOUVEAU.

The "New Art" Movement in Furniture, Jewelry and Silverware.

"L'art nouveau" represents an unknown territory for the majority of people. Indeed it may be said that only the industrial designers whose spheres lie in all the furnishings that go to make homes beautiful as well as comfortable are conversant with it, or possibly also those connoisseurs who are always on the alert and susceptible to all new influences. At the Paris exposition the "new art," which is a product of the vivacious and strenuous French artists, was very thoroughly exploited in furniture, jewelry and silverware, and it remains only a matter



SIDEBOARD INLAID WITH MARQUETRY. Of time when it will strongly influence American styles so far as the more costly and elegant lines in all these articles are concerned.

L'art nouveau—in one of its phases, at any rate—goes straight to nature for inspiration, though not always, perhaps, with the almost severe directness of the instance here given—a sideboard inlaid with marquetry of natural woods. The artist has conceived the very novel and somewhat curious notion of carving on the panel a flock of geese. These birds are finely cut and grouped in natural attitudes and shown in bright, gay colors against a ground of yellowish brown with a slight rose tint. The purpose of this piece of furniture is not lost to sight, and its form, though light, is pleasing as well as eminently useful. There is a big drawer over the panel and three etagères, with glass fronts, to hold knickknacks or plate. Pretty carved designs ornament the sides, while all the back is inlaid in many colors and gives a very happy effect to this quaint rustic but refined article.

Homemade Cures For Colds.

For bronchial trouble put 10 teaspoons spirits of camphor to 40 times their bulk in boiling water. Place in a pitcher and incline the open mouth over the top, so that the steam enters the throat freely. Care must be taken in the perspiration which ensues not to contract further cold; but this is a royal remedy for heavy chest colds.

For threatened pneumonia put the patient to bed with hot water bottles applied to the soles of the feet, palms of the hands, armpits and under the knees. Of course no one with so serious an illness as this should go long without medical advice.

For threatened influenza put 20 drops spirits of camphor with 20 teaspoonfuls water. Take one teaspoonful every half hour. This is excellent in incipient grip.

For threatened colds in head wring a cloth from ice cold water, lay over the bridges of nose and eyes and dry clothes over it.

For hoarseness take frequent sips of glycerin and lemon juice in equal parts and shaken until they are incorporated. For neuralgia place a wet cloth over a hot water bottle, a soapstone heated or a hot brick and apply the steam to the afflicted part.—Good Housekeeping.

Silver Purses and Bags.

Chatelaine purses and bags were among the most popular of articles sold by jewelers the past holiday season.



SILVER MESH PURSE. The cut shows the newest form of chain mesh bag, though not the one most worn, as that still continues to be the familiar flat framed chatelaine affair.

Sour Milk Griddlecakes.

There are no griddlecakes quite so good to many people as those made with sour milk in the old fashioned way before prepared flours were thought of, says a Good Housekeeping writer. Take one cup of thick sour milk with the cream left in, a level teaspoonful of soda and a generous pinch of salt. Stir together until thoroughly dissolved, then thicken with flour. Fry on a hot griddle with plenty of good sweet lard, and they will be light, tender and delicious. The batter should be so thick that it will not froth and boll when dropped on the griddle, but not too thick to spread out of itself into thin cakes. When mixed, try a little; if too thick, thin with sweet milk.

SELECTIONS

PHYSICAL PAIN.

How a Little of It in Vaccination Affects Men.

In one of the health board's free vaccination offices the other day a tall, strong looking man lay stretched on a table helpless, while the policeman who was on special post in the office stood over him with a bottle of ammonia. The ammonia was extraordinarily strong, but the policeman held it close to the man's nostrils without drawing from him any more forcible sign of discomfort than a slight sniffing and turning of the head.

"That's a pretty example," said one of the men who was watching, bare armed, to have himself scratched, "of the comparative inability of a man to stand physical pain. I mean the inability as compared with a woman's endurance. Whether it is because a woman is more used to enduring pain or whether she's so constructed, with a less sensitive physical organism, that she is better able to stand it is a striking fact that a woman can endure without a murmur what would often not only draw a cry from a man, but would actually cause him to lose consciousness."

"Now that man has only had his arm scratched with a needle, and yet he keeled over like a stuck sheep. I dare say that in a bruising fight with a pair of seven ounce gloves he would stand up with the best of them, but the more subtle sorts of pains, such as that which, in vaccination, is caused by scratching through the outer cuticle directly down to the small blood vessels and the surface of the nerves, is of out of him." The man had, indeed, fainted away.

Many persons, particularly those of high strung organisms, are thus affected by pain in a way altogether incommensurate with the actual "hurt." A bump on the head, a squeezing of a finger in a door, causes a nervous reaction which makes them faint or even takes away consciousness for a moment.

"People of this sort," said the doctor in the vaccination office, "are made faint oftentimes purely through their imagination. They can't control it. Involuntarily, even though they have the will to go through an ordeal, they faint away. A patient, for instance, may faint the first time a bit of cotton soaked in an antiseptic wash is thrust up his nose. The operation doesn't really 'hurt' at all, but the feeling is a very unpleasant and curious one. Without shrinking from it at all, the patient finds himself suddenly growing faint. His high strung nervous system has involuntarily reacted."

"In these vaccination faintings, however, a slow circulation or a tendency to vertigo that in ordinary conditions would not be noticed may be the cause. I have had big policemen, apparently in the tip of good health and without a nerve in their bodies, so to speak, topple over at the first scratch of the needle."

Remarkable Apache Marksmanship.

Every one who goes to the Arizona penitentiary is interested in the Gatling guns which are placed on the guard stands arranged at intervals along the top of the walls. The largest and principal gun is in charge of his Apache blood. He is rated as the best marksman with a Gatling gun in the United States. General McCook of the United States army says that his manipulation of the complicated weapon and his accuracy of aim are simply marvelous.

The young Mexican has an excellent field for target practice over the Gila mud flats just above the prison. A tin can six inches in diameter placed at a distance of 700 yards will hit four times out of five with the Gatling gun. When it is remembered that he can fire 500 shots a minute, the possibility of a convict's escape is too small to calculate.

A recent test of the marksmanship of this young Apache gunman was made. From behind a stone wall 100 feet from the edge of a common fruit cans were thrown one at a time haphazard in the air, just as clay pigeons are automatically thrown at shooting matches. The Apache had his gun ready and had to aim as quick as a flash at each can at a distance of 250 yards. He pierced 37 out of the 100 before they fell behind the stone inclosure.

World's Most Beautiful City.

Washington is unquestionably the most beautiful city in the world. Its public buildings are upon a scale of magnificence never attempted in any European capital. Its park system is of the most sumptuous character. No other city in the world has so many splendid monuments. Its streets are the most perfect ever known in ancient or modern times. Though Washington undoubtedly had a mental forecast of what was in store for the capital which he laid out it is probable that even the Father of His Country builded better than he knew.

Left All to His Valet.

An English nobleman recently bequeathed his entire estate, the taxable valuation of which was more than \$50,000 in the equivalent of American money, to a valet who had served him long and well. And he made this legatee the most perfect ever known in ancient or modern times. Though Washington undoubtedly had a mental forecast of what was in store for the capital which he laid out it is probable that even the Father of His Country builded better than he knew.

A Nur

She Imparts P

Miss L. Shear al nurse, pub to-day contend as she has over Miss Shear M "I desire to vol untation: My du ing, and rom greatly run dow with palpitation exertion. My ery and I wu my duties. My friends b physician was all his dire should try Dr. I did, and I ca am thankful to self again, and for many a day This is a fra ment. I never but consider I you this. I ca friends, who b will be glad to my relative to my

Dr. Arnold's cure made that germs that caus at 75c a box. s paid on receipt sent Co., Limbu King St. West,

Mr. Elliott ering from th Mr. Wm. John Blacken Mr. Freeman the woods to leg on the sa for a short ti Mr. Laur. Errett's and When he wa and he had to Miss Eva W Williams we money on We for Toronto a Mr. Hagg!

CHILD CASES

There was and oyster st Walt Mitchell seemed to en Mrs. C. Sn for two we mother retur next day she Mr. Smith's stay on and t here. Mr. Abbot the sick list. There will of the readin cunier will Saturday eve the next.

The cotta Friday night Mitchell's. The Maple B. Boves a s of Feb.

Mr. G. Ort constable on Prouncit, J Miss Frem la grippé, again. Mrs. Nell Thomas two The ladies tea at Mrs evening.

Mrs. J. Pr bank are at illness. Kev. Mr. is holding sp Grove for a t

FOR A

"Should de The answer of Britisher. No forgot. Remer of South Af were on the British subje the mide of d formed, and y your power t Green tea of you from set not only aid get absolutely who drink G ation in store Ribbon, Sala be had from y