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ATLANTIC HOTEL, MOREHEAD CITY, N. C.

WOMEN OF ZULULAND.

How Their Taunts and Ridicule Inspire Men to Fight.

Although the native has a high contempt for his women he is very susceptible to the ridicule of the females among the tribe, particularly if it is excited on account of his unwillingness to fight when the women think he should. If there is ever any trouble among the Kaffirs you may be sure that the women are at the bottom of it. It is not so much the married women as the intemperate girls of a marriageable age without husbands—who belittle the young men's ardor.

They have their own methods—very effective ones—in rousing the half-civilized instincts to which they appeal, writes a correspondent of the London Daily Mail.

When Inspector Hunt was murdered last February the women turned out of the kraal before the men and taunted the males in the huts by chanting a song with a refrain which means "The coward shall not look upon the comely maiden." Hunt stood there ordering the women back to their huts, for he knew what it meant, but, in the words of one of his troopers, "The men wouldn't stand it, and they picked up their assegais and came at us like fun." It is the women who always come out after a fight and inflict the

mutilation upon the dead, which is so revolting a feature of the Kaffir customs.

Apart from the cruelty sometimes practiced upon the fallen foe, the mutilation of the dead seldom springs from mere savage bloodthirstiness. The phrase "washing the assegais" is often used by the Zulus when they talk of war. In an encounter with a number of the enemy, it is not only the man who kills his adversary who "washes" his weapon, but also the natives who follow him in the rush, for as he passes each warrior takes the first opportunity of staining his blade with blood by plunging it into the body of the prostrate foe.

The native superstition is that, should the corpse of the man he has killed follow the ordinary course of dissolution intact, he himself will swell and burst, and the Kaffirs also believe that if they do not perform the vicarious killing which has been described their right hands and arms will wither away.

They carry a special pattern of assegai for the purpose of ripping open the bodies of the slain, and thus follows that if a white man is disabled in a fight with the natives it is a hundred chances to one against his getting out of it alive unless he is rescued. Anyone who has had experience of warfare against the South African blacks knows that if the native is not

killed when he is overcome he has no respect for the conqueror, and he carries out the same principle to the letter against his own enemies.

When his blood is fairly up the native—the Zulu especially—is no coward, and he is frequently known to act with conspicuous bravery. The "caribbeers" in Col. Mackay's column a few days ago were attacking a rebel stronghold on the banks of the River Buffalo. In this part of Natal the country is extremely broken and mountainous, and the natives, instead of living in kraals, inhabit natural caves in rocky precipices which overlook as wild a landscape as Gustave Dore and S. H. Sime could probably imagine between them. In order to reach the vulnerable points of this fastness the colonial soldiers had to toil under cover of the darkness to the base of the cliff in which most of the rebels were secreted, and opened action at daybreak by shelling several large caves known from the reports of spies to contain the enemy.

It was evident that the shrapnel did a good deal of execution, for the natives could be seen running out in scores bearing their wounded in their arms, while those who were still unhurt commenced casting great boulders over the ledges which our men were striving to gain by climbing, and they would have very likely preserved their safety by this means had not a venturesome lieutenant, with a handful of volunteers, made his way to a narrow platform overlooking the rebels' main retreat, and with his men's rifles cleared the ledge of all who showed themselves.

One native alone remained by the pile of stones which formed the rebels' rude armor, but he made no movement, and the little knot of volunteers on the platform above thought he was dead. The shower of flying projectiles had ceased, and our men recommenced the climb. Suddenly the motionless rebel leaped up, and running to a cavity a little distance further on in the rock face disappeared, emerging a moment later with two small figures clinging about his neck.

He waited not a second, but, holding an assegai between his teeth, commenced to clamber hand over fist up the nearly vertical side of the cliff toward a recess fifty feet overhead, that would afford him a safe refuge could he gain it. The man was wounded, and badly, for a stream of blood flowed down his broad back, trickling from his heels as he stepped from one projection to another. The daring of the thing amazed our men, anyone of whom could have easily picked the fugitive off by a shot at 400 yards, but the word went round, "Don't shoot."

The colonials watched in silence as the brave rebel toiled in face of almost certain death, step by step and foot by foot, upward to find safety for his children. He had won three-quarters of the way to his goal when he showed signs of weakness. Another three yards up and the man was spent. He remained clinging to a little tuft of bush with one hand, while with the other he released the clutching arms around his neck, and holding one of the infants out at arm's length, sustained it in the air until it gained a foothold on a small spur which he was just able to reach. Doing the same with the

other, the devoted father painfully made his way to the side of his offspring and there laid himself gasping, his assegai ready for his defence and theirs.

The attack went on, the rebels were dislodged, chased and routed, and when the fight was over some one thought of the two children left on the lonely aerie with their stricken father. Two troopers and a loyal native climbed up to them by the same path that the rebel had followed and, gaining the spur shouted to the father, "We have not come to kill you." "Isaba, Indoko" (I am not afraid of that, chief), groaned the rebel, showing two gaping bullet holes underneath his shoulder blade, and then, seeing that his children were to be spared, he staggered to his feet, and before he could be prevented placed the haft of his assegai against the rock, the blade to his breast, and deliberately drove himself forward on the point. His body was lowered by the same rope with which the little ones were sent down to safety.

Byerley Wins Promotion.

A clerk who had worked 15 years behind a desk on the top floor of the American Express Company's office and was stoop-shouldered from driving a pen all day long has set all Wall Street talking. He is Samuel Byerley, who on Saturday received notice from Secretary Shaw that he had been awarded \$500,000 of the new Panama canal bonds.

The express clerk has disposed of his bonds at a price which nets a profit for him of a little over \$10,000. Bache & Co. of 42 Broadway took the bonds from him. They were acting for Fluke & Robertson, the representatives of the syndicate that got \$150,000,000. They evidently did not want their market to be destroyed by the bonds which the express clerk had, and he did not have any difficulty in getting them off his hands.

After disposing of the little bond deal yesterday Byerley went back to the express office, put on his coat, shook hands with his fellow-clerks and started off on a two-month leave of absence. He is going to take his whole family to Europe on what he has made on the investment of a postage stamp. More than that, when he comes back it was learned today, he is to step into a bigger job and get a raise.

The executive officers of the express company didn't know they had such a clerk three days ago. Today they decided that a clerk with such financial acumen might be of more aid to the company than simply chasing up figures on a set of books, so it was determined to shift him from the accounting department to the office of the treasurer. Just what salary he will get they wouldn't say, but it will be a good deal more than he has been getting.

Byerley, who has suddenly become a Wall-street figure and the talk of every one concerned in making money, from the humblest office boy to the haughtiest millionaire, is a small man, just about 50 years of age, and with hair just turning gray. He was once a clerk in a bank in California. When he came to this city he could get nothing better than clerking for an express company. For seven years Byerley

has been arriving at 8 o'clock in the morning and quitting his desk at 5 o'clock at night, with an hour off for lunch. He has a large family, including a daughter nearly 20 years of age. They live in a very small flat in Central Park West.

Byerley's job has been figuring out balance sheets. He was accustomed to figure millions, but none of them belonged to him. What Wall Street is pondering is how he acquired a knowledge for the bond business sufficient for him to take such a chance. They do not handle any such things as bonds in Byerley's department.

The chance that Byerley took was open to anyone who could afford a 2-cent postage stamp to carry a bid to Washington. For the first time since 1896 the government withdrew the usual order requiring a deposit when bids are filed. The reason, it has been stated, was because there was some fear felt over the results of the issue owing to the stagnation of the investment market and money stringency, and Secretary Shaw did not want to put any obstacles in the way.

When the announcement of the sale was made the clerk who had been heading over figures in an office with scores of clerks on the same footing as himself saw his opportunity. Then he did some remarkable figuring. It was remarkable in that his average bid figured out a little bit better than the big concerns. His average was 102.55. He was shrewd enough to see that the bonds would almost certainly go up, that the banks need money for crops soon, and that government bonds will be in demand. But he only had until August 1 to do business. On August 1 he would have had to put up the money to actually get the bonds, and that would have meant millions.

Byerley got word on Saturday the bonds had been awarded to him. On Monday morning he walked into the office of Bache & Co. He had to get special permission from the Express Company to go out for the few minutes. Nobody knew him in the office of the bond house.

"I've got a few bonds I'd like to sell," he said, pulling something out of his pocket. The bond expert thought it would turn out that he had some old scrip or some mining company paper. When Byerley showed him the official notification from Washington the bond man almost fell in a fit. He offered Bache & Co. an option on his bonds, and the firm took it then and there. But even then Byerley wasn't sure that the concern would take the bonds, and every day brought him nearer August 1 and failure. He left Bache & Co. and the next day got two more hours' special leave he went around to some other big bond houses. None of them would buy his bonds. Had he sold them, he would have had to give Bache & Co. their commission, but he was willing to do that, as the days were getting short. He couldn't get anybody to take the bonds from him.

Yesterday morning at 11 o'clock he went to Bache & Co.'s office. He didn't know whether he had won or lost.

"We'll take your bonds," said the bond expert, and his face was wreath-

ed in smiles. "Gosh!" he said, as it dawned on him what it meant. "You're a lucky man, and you've got more nerve than most of them around here," said Mr. Woolman, the bond man.

Byerley did not get his money yesterday. It will take a day or two to figure it out, and then he will receive a check. But Byerley decided to start his vacation right away. He had won, and he didn't lose any time in getting home to tell his wife and the children what he had made with a 2-cent stamp and a head for figures.

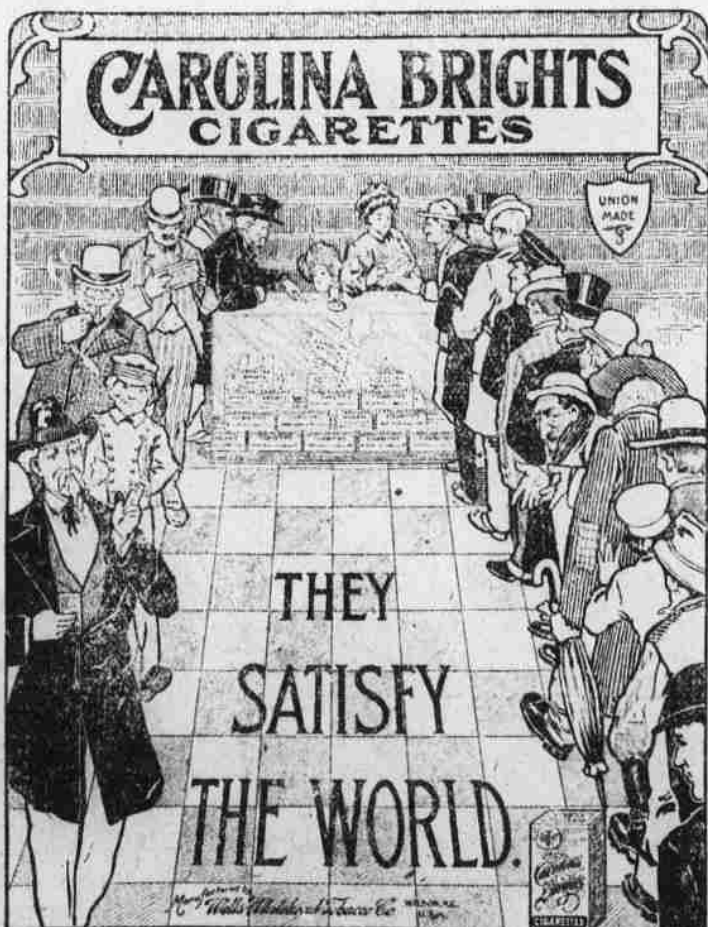
Byerley has never had more than two weeks' vacation, and only in late years has he had this. He has saved a little on his small salary, but the \$10,000—it may even be a trifle more than that—its clean velvet, and he and

his family are going to have a good time with a large part of it.

"Byerley certainly showed wonderful acumen," said one of the members of Bache & Co. "It took careful figuring to do what he has done, and any amount of nerve. But he has won out on an investment of 2 cents, and we're glad we had something to do with his fortune. He was the happiest man I ever saw in my life."

The bond men figured out today that if he has made \$10,000 on the deal, the actual profit on his investment was 1,499,999 per cent. It's the record, so far as Wall Street knows.—New York Dispatch in Washington Post.

The prettiest hands in the world, it is said, belong to Mlle. Marie de Castellane, member of the famous French family of that name and one of the reigning beauties of Paris.



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