AT HIS SOUTH AFRICAN HOME.

Life Story of Cecil Rhodes, One of the Most Remarkable Men of the Time—The Son of an English Clergyman now the Mightiest Millionaire of the Age—He Has re-made the Map of a Continent, and Goes to Emperors and Kings in His Own Right, Enforcing Treaties.

Cecil Rhodes is without question the richest millionaire of the age.

How much he controls even dollars fail to express a fraction of his power for he is a man of big ability to shape the world's destiny, his imagination is great and already schemes of world-wide import.

Unlike so official position, he goes to emperors and kings in his own right, making treaties and planning campaigns, taxes by scene, bound by none, sometimes by medium through, he settles over Europe and Africa a verbal tide of rock. He stretching pale the million the vanguard of expansion and of commercial conquest, shaking the world at his nod.

Such is Cecil Rhodes in repose. But when he takes up a task he is an another man. When he rises to move a great people the dull eyes of stage fright is kindled, the stalking figure becomes erect, the air of stagnation passes and he stands discovered a prince of strong energy, of splendid will, one who can be followed with a most enthusiastic devotion, who delights in his power upon a rapacious, virile and intense life.

Twenty-seven years ago Cecil Rhodes left his native home in Bishops Stortford, Africa would have been different. But with the dust and heat of the veldt calls the young man home and back his health. There were a rough ride to the veldt, and he made the journey on one of the most friendly mustangs among them. Hitch themselves every was the most friendly mustang among those who are so widely known as outlaws and the hardy creature of Texas. Nothing seems to dismount from the black. But the rubber had worked loose in his black horse and he was easy of his seat.

Cecil Rhodes was not content in which cases his horse bolted, or on his own dismount patch. He invented ways of his feet, and he of his saddle, and regular and mean pounding two miles.

The days were hot, and the fingers were willing to pay liberally for cooling drinks. Traders brought in bad whisky and worse brandy but Rhodes thought he knew a sample case of that. He set to re-making machines and had to fill up a thousand of all the low bad mixtures.

The black boys then began to look on him as a master who bribed, and they wanted to see another. "The white man (the) is a great medicine man. He has bought the black boys."

After two or three years on the veldt Rhodes began to pay his way home to England to complete his college. He was now a man of 19 years, big, bony, with a face that "big" he seemed, and he was a man of the essential phases (features) of an artist, unfortunate such in his life. Long years afterward, when he was so tack and forward in Africa, he he had a great transformation in his mind, and discovered that it is a no-chance of greatness.

Then he left the repository of his love, to win clearly two things. The first was that the man who is to do a great critical work must make himself the second. That the country which hard to hold its own in the world needs only a man to hold it.

When Cecil Rhodes, who became 18 years of age, had his father, he inherit a rounded of gold offered him in the Oxford government. Rhodes

CECIL RHODES.

got to the layer of solid rock beneath stone after stone was thrown on the surface. Little money was left, and Rhodes began to pay as he threw rubbish. He believed that the rock would yield double wealth, if he worked from out the surface and down.

The enterprise was too great for any man to undertake to support. He needed all that possessed of almost endless money. He went to Europe and took his plans before the Rothschilds. They were impressed, but yet were not in the mind of a boy to make large sums on this ambitious young man. They had had long enough to consider the matter, but still wanted to delay "Come in a few days," they said, "and we will give you an answer then."

"Why," the young diamond digger replied, "I will call again or you in half an hour. If you have not then decided why to do I shall go elsewhere."

They saw he was not a man to be trifled with, and he returned to South Africa with their financial backing.

Meanwhile another party of rich men, headed by Barney Barnato, was seeking to acquire the centre of the diamond fields. Barnato Barnato was an extraordinary character. As East London Jim, he had gone to the diamond fields with empty pockets, but empty pouch. By cunning ways he soon acquired enormous wealth. In many ways he represented the cover-shoulder of commerce. Without a shade of cultivation of making a bargain, sometimes fearful, fearful, sometimes with barbarous magnificence, quite sketch, he was the complete opposite to Rhodes. But he was a formidable opponent in a business struggle, and for a time it seemed doubtful if he or Rhodes would prevail.

Rhodes friends have to tell stories of that time—of his quickness in doing an act, his boldness of purpose, and his unending energy. At last, amicable terms, he drafted Barnato's supporters into the ranks (for they he had violently. At some period of them chief to make terms with Rhodes, and he was glad to have to buy for peace. A great company was created, which now controls the diamond output of the world, and Mr. Rhodes was appointed managing director for life at a salary of $10,000 a year.

Rhodes has already entered Cape politics. In the Cape Colony the voters are equally divided into two classes of English, and those of Dutch descent. The Dutchmen, who are still strong enough to be the controlling factor in politics, are largely agricultural, very are mostly intensely prejudiced against the English. Rhodes he belongs to the English, and yet he is popular with the Dutchmen. Their great ideas in politics are that the European industry should be conducted by the native people, and that the negroes should be made to work and be kept under by strict legislation.

Rhodes says that he was not strong enough to fight the Cape Dutch, so he tried to work with them. They elected him to power as prime minister, and he gave them the laws they wanted.

But his heart was far away from Cape Colony. He had seen the immense resources up north, reserves by the impression (opinion) of the mighty Lobengula, and he longed to have it. He believed, as did many men, that this was the fabulous home of rich gold, whose wealth had caused persons exploring the world had seen. The 12,000 miles of fertile land were living proof that made under the yoke of the savage king. Yet Lobengula was so strong with his mighty armies and his land so distant, that any power might well pause before attacking him.

Rhodes first sent his agents to Lobengula, to live with him, and win his confidence, and secure a concession from him giving them the right to search his country for minerals. Lobengula was crafty and suspicious, but yet was persuaded to sign away an extensive concession for minerals. Rhodes is reported to have paid a payment of $50 a month and Martini rifles and ammunition, and a gunboat on the Zambesi.

At the same time the crafty maker sent himself to England with numbers of the great chiefs favorite and by their influence secured the government a charter giving them the right to make treaties, and to govern people in the north.

The world knows how Rhodes and his followers went on and on, how the British sent was forced into having diplomatic relations with the Boers, and how the Chartered company became the uncertain power in Matabele, Mashonaland and Zambesia. Cecil Rhodes was power, apparently, at the zenith of his power.

But even then his fate was foreshadowed in prophetic utterances. Years before these were a noticeable, Rhodes said, "I have a feeling that I shall live much longer than the British Empire, the greatest thing in the world. I am a member of the Empire, and in my other capacities, the last great thing I do will be for the Empire. Imperialism is the second religion I feel more strongly."

But you never know the real character of a man until he has been tested by fire. For realize the power of the African Napoleon days after his apotheosis.

The majestic mistake of his Jameson raid stunned him. He was not expected and forgotten; the people were only recent those who, months before, pleaded for his life, and sent to Pretoria when he was condemned to be hanged, and who, in the end, had only a fine and a year's imprisonment. Rhodes was not, and he was not, the man who had been, and yet, he was not, the man who had been, and yet, he was not, the man who had been, and yet,