

BARNEY BARNATO THE KAFFIR KING.

What Some Environs People Say of Him

NAMES
OF
PRESIDENCY AND BISHOPS

Barney Napoleon, there has been no man during the nineteenth century who has received so much public attention and has had his name blazoned from pole to pole through the medium of the press and otherwise, more than has Barney Barnato the king of the Kaffers, as he is nicknamed throughout the world.

the English-speaking world.

His life, such of it as is known to the public, reads like a romance in this "his son's name." Born in the Whitechapel district of the East end of London, the child of a Jewess (a certain London paper has given birth to that he is of mixed race), he was dragged up in the regular Whitechapel style where the survival of the fittest is the rule and not the exception. Barney finally at the age of eighteen or twenty decided to have more remunerative fields of action than the London streets afforded, and so started "steering" for Cape Town, South Africa, and drifted into the Kimberley diamond fields, with the proverbial half a crown in his pocket. Here he was successively a drainer in addition, a croupier, and incidentally,

amongst Kafir, Herero, Cuoivier and vermin. To be an I. D. B. (diamond buyer) in Cape Colony is now considered a most despicable offence, though some of the cases mentioned in our paper may make them think again such day. The diamond buyers in the colony had no detectives employed by the government, and paid by the great De Beers' Diamond Mine Company, to run down all dealers in stones, whether they were Kaffirs or not, and traps are laid for the master on all sides. A law was passed some few years ago making illicit trading in diamonds a felony. This was rendered useless by a late decision of the court, making it a peremptory offence for any person to have in his possession an uncut stone unless he had a license from the government officials to deal in cut stones or was entitled with like authority to do so. The Transvaal and Orange Free State also passed the same laws. But the colony of Natal, which is opposed to anything that the Cape desires, overcomes the I. D. B., and provides him with a market for his diamonds. The natives are not, notwithstanding the great precautions taken by the company, (details too lengthy to enumerate) it is estimated that at present time there is a value of £100,000 worth of stolen diamonds, although the odd days when a nigger would abstract a diamond from a tumor on his person, and sell it to you for a bottle of Cape Smack (viz brandy) are

HE JUST STANDS STILL

That Is His Business, and He Makes His Own Case.

the Crown.

Any man who has lots of fun in this world, if he only knows how to start earning it. No hand work is necessary. It is proved by the fact that the man who probably furnishes more fun for himself and others than any single individual on or off the stage doesn't do a single thing but stand still.

Probably every man, woman and child in Chicago has seen standing in front of a big business house at the corner of Clark and Madison streets a tall, well-built colored man, wearing a bath-green combinator's frock, white helmet and white gloves. He uses a Alphonse Caster. He was formerly a member of the city police force and here he has a post as decorative article and sideshow. Right now he is easily to attract a crowd to the house where he is employed and to act as sales to patrons who come in carriages.

Some rows would get mighty tired and lonesome with nothing to do but stand in front of a big store all day, but this man has a way to pass the time.

The attitude never fails to attract the attention of passersby. As soon as one person stops to satisfy himself whether "it" is a statue or a real live man the fun begins. Everybody else stops to look on. The comments of the crowd make an impression on the artist.

"no impression on the figure remaining before him. He, then, the more inquisitive—such that doesn't let the gentle sex—begin poking with parasite or their fingers "to see if the thing will move."

Eighteen years a physical wreck, laid upon his back, with the principal joint of the body as rigid as iron, and yet with a family as bright and happy as any in the country, as many of the most active men of Clatsop, describe the condition of one whom we often see as we pass his office window. "He is a lawyer and has quite a good paying business, although to say so you would wonder how he could hold it up. He is the editor of the paper, the Clatsop Citizen, friend to all the bright and popular. He is a man of energy for the pulse of the noisy, busy, especially prompt, by raising funds to meet and getting suitable employment and places of usefulness suited to each case. He is also attorney for some society that seeks the enforcement of law and the protection of innocent people from imposition, and is ready to advise the chamber in their work and do

This man is an example of what a Christian can do under difficulties to please the grace of God. Many would say that they could do nothing, but depend upon others to be fed and cured for as long as possible. But not so with this man. He not only maintains himself, but makes himself blessing all around. With no hope ever resting from his soul, except as affected by other hands, he patiently works and waits for the coming of his Lord. How many there are who, with strong bodily bodies, lose their powers early and drown their souls in destruction and dissolution! Let Christian Intercessors

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Now and then a soldier has been found kneeling on the battlefield as if to take aim at the enemy, but was shot dead. A bullet in the brain had converted him into a statue of himself. Captain Finsy, in his "Highland and Central India," tells of a similar effect produced by an explosive shell on a tiger.

The captain, while in the borstal of his trained elephant, hunting a tiger, saw the beast crushing under a hub of iron on the bank of a stream. Hasty action shot and fired a three times shall as the tiger's broad forehead.

To his surprise, for the distance was but 30 yards, there was no result. Not a scratch on the tiger acknowledged the blow.

He rode round a quarter of the circle, but still the tiger remained motionless, his looking intently in the same direction. Grousing more and more shrilly, the captain rode nearer, with his rifle on full cock, but the tiger did not move. Then he caused the elephant to kick the beast. The tiger fell over. He was stone dead. The scull had struck him full in the center of the forehead, burst in his skull.

and many were the wild stories used to blare around the colony and add to his early entry. "Go back to which house each and such a man made his home," he said, "in several years out of a hundred, he made his money at the roulette wheel." "But you query here the roulette wheel?" "Yes, sir, and whether I do it by chance or skill, how many lives have been lost, and many a bright life ruined."

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