

The Thorn in England's Flesh

Possibility of War With the Transvaal Republic.

The Transvaal, which bids fair to become one of the principal centers of the next war in which English-speaking people will be concerned is about the size of France. It is rich in natural resources, aside from its gold and diamond fields, and for nearly two centuries has been tilled by the thrifty Dutch emigrants and their descendants, or utilized for the pastures of their thousands of herds of cattle and horses. The country takes its name from the river Vaal, which forms its southern boundary. This may become a new Rubicon if war is declared, and it is probably the best known stream of the Dark Continent, although from a geographical standpoint it is insignificant compared with such water-courses as the Nile and the Niger. While largely composed of tablelands the country is well watered and fertile. On the tableland can be grown the usual crops of the temperate zone, such as cereals, tobacco, fruits and vegetables, while its ivory and wool markets are among the most extensive in the world. The ostrich is also a native of this country, and the trade in its feathers is considerable. An abundance of timber and other building material have given the inhabitants an opportunity to construct substantial and comfortable homes at a small cost, and the traveler is surprised at the advance in civilization which he finds in the towns located hundreds of miles from the nearest railroad.

But the Transvaal has been a thorn to the British government for over a century. Within the country and near its borders have occurred many conflicts, in which the English have not met the success which has attended their arms in East India and other parts of the world, for the reason that they have had to oppose men of Dutch blood, who have proved by many wars that they are a nation of fighters as well as of farmers. Since the first colony of Dutchmen landed at Cape Colony, in 1652, these people have been

sons. They are too well aware that government by the latter means cruelty and bloodshed, with the possible resumption of slavery, which was one of the chief causes of several of the wars which have occurred since 1850. The abolition of slavery in the South African republics greatly increased the bitter feeling of the Boers, who by this step lost millions of dollars in human property. It was an act which they will probably never forget nor forgive.

They are also opposed to the English on account of their enterprise in developing the mineral resources in this portion of the continent. The descendants of the pioneers who landed in 1652 and those who have come over from Holland since that time have been content to utilize merely the agricultural resources of the country. If the average Boer has a productive farm on which he can raise a fair proportion of wheat, corn and tobacco, with enough vegetables to supply the needs of his family and servants, he is satisfied, provided he can sell his grain, as well as the cattle from his pastures, and the wool of his flocks, at a fair profit. The proceeds of these sales are more liable to be turned into gold to be hoarded than to be placed in speculative ventures, where they will return a good rate of interest. He is miserly and believes in accumulating gradually, but surely. If in the business of the towns he confines his wares to goods which can be sold to the farmers. He seldom engages in mining and manufacturing. Up to 1850 South Africa was practically an agricultural and grazing country, and its cities depended almost entirely upon the Boer farmers and stock raisers for their business. By the discovery of gold and diamond mines, however, the influx of English and other nationalities was greatly increased. Foreign enterprise has aided in the progress of the country, which, up to this period, had been far behind other portions of the world in rail-

in the Transvaal at least five years before he is entitled to cast a vote for any official, and until recently only a resident of Dutch ancestry could be elected to the Volksraad. This law has been changed so that a foreigner could be selected by a ballot for a seat in the Second Raad, but as this body could enact no measures without the sanction of the principal body, the office was of but little importance, while in a district where the Boers were in the majority a foreigner stood very little chance of being nominated for this office. The Kruger administration has always been very careful to secure control of all public franchises, such as railway building and public improvements. The control of the Delagoa Bay railroad, which has been the subject of much controversy, and control the principal lighting and water works systems in the South African states, with the exceptions of a few in Cape Colony. They also have a monopoly on the sale of such articles as dynamite for explosive purposes and have secured an enormous royalty as well on special machinery and other necessities in mining operations. Consequently the states in which the Boers are in the majority are governed entirely in the interest of the Dutch.

White persons not of Boer extraction residing in the region of the Transvaal, for example, are termed Uitlanders, which really means Outlanders—from out of the land. The Uitlanders have been gradually crossing the Vaal, attracted by the mineral and other deposits, as well as the opportunities for agriculture, since 1850. They have increased to about 80,000 in the Transvaal alone, out of the total population of 250,000 white people. About 50,000 are of British descent, the balance being French, Spanish and a few thousand Americans. Owing to the laws of the country, it is estimated that fully four-fifths of them are only entitled to vote, although these are numbered among the wealthiest and most prominent citizens. In the Orange Free State they are not so numerous in proportion to the Dutch residents, but have obtained more privileges, as this republic has been more liberal in its attitude to foreigners on account of its president, who has a reputation as a broad-minded statesman. If war is declared it will be largely the outcome

MADE MILLIONS

In Three Years on a Lucky Investment of \$100 Dollars.

New York Tribune: At the Hotel Imperial is a man who has become rich in mining speculations in Washington within the last three years. His name is James Clark. He told the story of how he did it. "A little more than three years ago," said Mr. Clark, "I was the manager of the War Eagle mine, near Rollin, British Columbia. I had always had an idea that there was plenty of gold in the Comavill reservation, in Washington state, and one day I decided to make an investigation. I gave two of my workmen \$50 each and started them out prospecting. A hundred dollars was a large sum with me then, but it made me a rich man, and it made the prospectors rich men, too. They discovered gold in large quantities, and I immediately organized the Republic Gold Mine Milling company. There were 1,000,000 shares of stock. The two prospectors and I had a fourth interest each. The remainder of the shares we disposed of at 10 cents a share, although we had a hard time doing it. When operations were finally begun we had splendid success. Three months ago we sold 600,000 shares of the stock to a Montreal syndicate for \$3,500,000. We now have a cyanide plant, and all the modern improvements, and the stock is worth \$4.50 a share. In addition to the Republic, that \$100 investment gave me a fourth interest in the Lone Pine, Surprise and Peril mines, in the same district, all of which pay very well and have glorious futures. That \$100 was the best investment I ever made, or ever expect to make. Mining is a fine thing when you have luck. It is literally 'finding money,' and you usually find it in large hunks, too, when you find it at all. There are mighty few businesses nowadays which will enable a man to make a fortune in three years. Beyond all doubt Washington state is fabulously rich in mineral deposits. Mining has become the mainstay of the state, and agriculture has been compelled to take a back seat."

CHINESE WALL

Chicago Tribune: If Frank G. Lewis of Chicago is going to tear down the great wall of China and use the material for paving stones he has a big contract on hand. The main or outer wall was built 200 years before Christ, and runs from the sea along the northern boundary of China for a distance of 1,500 miles. The inner wall branches off from the outer and forms the arc of a circle 500 miles in circumference. The outer wall is built of huge pieces of uncut stone, faced through the most of its length with huge bricks. It is from 15 to 30 feet in height and from 15 to 25 feet in width. The inner wall is almost twice the height and is almost the same width. Along the top of the inner wall runs for its entire length a promenade 15 feet wide. The engineering difficulties overcome and the great amount of labor spent in building the walls may be gathered from the fact that they run up the side of mountains, across rivers and everywhere follow the boundary of the ancient empire. Even to this day the savage Mogul tribes regard the great wall as the limit of their pastures. The two walls together if stretched out in a straight line, would reach from New York to Las Vegas, so that if they had been in place Governor Roosevelt might have ridden his broncho all the distance from home to the Rough Riders' reunion without dismounting. Broken up into paving stones the two walls would cover a roadbed 100 feet wide and reaching from New York to San Francisco.

LAWN PLAYHOUSES

Large Enough for Three or Four Little Girls and Their Dolls.

The latest novelties in the smart toy shops are large playhouses, to be set upon the lawn for the use of the little girls of the family. These come in very pretty designs, counterparts of the Queen Anne cottages in which the little mothers really live. They are large enough to accommodate three or four little girls and their dolly families. The interiors consist of one large room, which is furnished with small chairs, tables, couches, beds, bureaus, bookcases and so on, all of which articles of furniture come in very attractive forms and can be purchased at any of the large shops dealing in children's toys and games. These houses will be welcomed gladly by the little misses, for they open out a vista of afternoon teas, parties and receptions at which the hostess can play at being a real live mamma and social leader. Placed in a shaded corner of the lawn, or out in the orchard, the girls of the family will pass many a happy hour when the sun is too hot for outdoor exercise.

Fresh Tips Always Ready.

The tip of a billiard cue is subjected to a great deal of hard wear, and when the least battered the entire stick is unfit for service and must be laid away and thrown out of use until it can be retipped. While this is a comparatively simple operation, it must be performed by one more or less expert in this line or they will not pass the fastidious eye of the billiard player. A scheme by which a tip may be quickly removed and as quickly replaced by another has been devised by William G. Hertz, of Huntsville, Ala. By his scheme a ferrule is fastened around the end of the stick and a split collar made to receive the leather tip in one end and to fit over the ferrule completes the affair. A firm bearing is given to the tip and at the same time it is easily removed and replaced.

FROM THE GALLERY.

In the "third floor back" of a dismal-looking lodging house in a street near Waterloo bridge, a man was standing, singing. In a dilapidated armchair by the window, his audience—one wee, pretty lassie—was curled up, wrapped about with an overcoat, for it was the afternoon of Christmas day, and there was no fire in the cheerless grate.

"Shall I light the lamp, daddy?" she asked, as he ceased to sing and began to execute a grotesque dance, still whistling the refrain of his song. "It has grown so dark that I can't see to give you your cues," and she held up some tattered manuscript as she spoke.

"No, Babsie; that will do for tonight. Don't try your eyes. Shall we have our usual chat in the dark, pet? There is no rehearsal tonight. Ugh! how cold it is. Have we no coal or wood, dearie?"

"No, dad; but it isn't very much colder without fire, because the silly smoke won't go up the chimney, somehow, so I have to keep the window open when we do have a fire."

"My poor little frozen baby," he said sadly, taking her in his arms. "We will find lodgings where the smoke does exit the proper way—after Boxing night."

"Dad," she said, as she nestled close up to him in the armchair, "shall we have a Christmas pudding some day?"

"Shall I sing to you, Babsie?" he interposed hastily. And, gently stroking her soft curls, he broke into a lively music hall ditty.

Babsie was soon fast asleep. He lifted her up and placed her on the bed.

"Heaven help her!" he murmured sadly, as he gazed upon the sweet white face. "If I had only been a laborer you would not have gone hungry on Christmas day, my pet. I wonder how many poor mummies are waiting eagerly for Boxing night? I have looked for work without ceasing. I wonder if the noble army of bogus managers with whom I've been so closely acquainted of late are dining well tonight while she is starving. I'll spend every penny I earn this pantomime upon her comfort. Oh, if I can only make a hit, now my chance has come! Oh, my Babsie, my brave little Babsie!"

"Daddy, it's the glorious Boxing day at last!" cried Babsie, dancing round him in her excitement, as he was preparing to go to the theater.

"Everything wasn't quite smooth at dress rehearsal," he had explained to her; "so I shall be at the theater all day."

The latter part of this statement was not true; but he saw that there was barely food for one in the cupboard, and his pocket was quite empty.

As he ran down the stairs a little



WAS BEING CLASPED IN HER FATHER'S ARMS.

shoe came clattering after him, and a saucy, smiling face peeped over the balusters.

"That's for luck, dad!" she called out.

He noticed the little shoe had a hole right through the sole, and he sighed.

When he reached the theater he found only a few shivering nobodies assembled on the stage. They all waited for about two hours for the stars, who had never intended to appear, and then the stage manager dismissed them. Halliday met his manager as he turned out of the stage door with the intention of strolling about the streets until evening.

"Hallo!" said that individual, generally. "Hope all the plum pudding you had yesterday won't affect your top notes. I think your song will fetch 'em upstairs. There's money in it—"

Halliday uttered an exclamation, and, stooping down, picked up a quarter.

"There, what did I tell you?" laughed the manager, as he slapped him on the back and went on his way.

Halliday hugged the little coin in his palm. It meant so very much. It meant a little Christmas for Babsie, and it had entirely changed his plans for the day. He hurried homeward with a lighter heart than he had carried for months, only stopping at a coster's barrow on his way to invest some of his treasure in rosy-cheeked apples.

He sprang lightly up the stairs to his home, calling "Babsie!" as he ran, so anxious was he to see her astonishment and delight. But no answer came; no patter of little feet. The dreary room was empty. He sat down chilled and uneasy, and the apples rolled unheeded to the floor.

But one hour—two hours—three hours passed, and still no Babsie. The fog was growing denser and denser. The anxious father paced up and down the little room. At every footfall on the stairs he rushed out and called her name.

The callboy at the Regal theater was calling out "overture and beginners" as he made his way along the passages when a man rushed past him and dis-

appeared into one of the dressing-rooms. It was Nigel Halliday, white and trembling, and with huge beads of perspiration on his brow.

"He'll never be on!" said the performers in chorus. But he was at the side, dressed and made up, fully five minutes before his first entrance. The other performers were looking at him curiously, for his face was twitching and he spoke to no one. "Nervousness or drunkenness," they all agreed.

There was a ripple of laughter as he made his first entrance. It acted like an electric shock upon him. He knew what was expected of him, and he worked desperately. "He'll do!" said the anxious manager, sagely, as he watched his grotesque exit and listened to the applause that followed it.

As soon as Halliday was off the stage after the fourth scene he caught the assistant manager by the arm.

"I'm not on until the palace scene," he said eagerly. "How long is my wait?"

"Oh, about an hour tonight," was the reply.

Halliday rushed down the passage to his dressing-room, removing his kingly robes as he ran.

"What the deuce are you doing?" cried one of the men, as he watched him struggle into his overcoat. "Are you drunk tonight, or what?"

"Don't stop me!" panted Halliday. "Hands off, I say! It's my long wait. I'll be back in time. My child is lost—missing since morning. I'm crazy with anxiety; she's my only one."

Through the streets he ran, threading in and out the traffic, heedless of the drivers. The fog had cleared away, and the night was starry.

"Babsie! Babsie!" he panted, as he tore along. "Babsie! Babsie!" as he vaulted up the dark staircase to his home. All was silent in the desolate room. He stood there one moment and threw up his hands in voiceless prayer, and then he hastened back to the theater.

Just before his entrance in the palace scene the doorkeeper made his way through the crowd and said something in a low tone to the stage manager. He saw them glance toward him and in a moment he was beside them.

"In heaven's name tell me, Grahame! Is it news for me? Don't lie; I know it is!"

"When you come off, Halliday—after your song. There's your music playing now. Go on, old man!"

"Tell me first," Halliday replied hoarsely, "and I give you my word I'll go on!"

"A little girl—run over—taken to Faith hospital. Don't know who she belongs to. Died unconscious," Grahame replied hastily.

"Thank you," was all the wretched man said as he staggered past them onto the stage.

A child in the gallery laughed gleefully at his grotesque entrance. It sounded just like Babsie's laugh. Babsie now, perhaps, lying a little mangled corpse in the Faith hospital. Why was he there? he asked himself, if his darling lay dead. What did he care for money now?

But Babsie had been so fond of his "drinking song." She had looked forward to hearing him sing it. He would sing it for her sake.

Then his voice began to falter—he swayed slightly. "He's breaking down," was the terrified whisper. "Won't some one step in to fill the gap?"

And some one did. Right from the very back of the gallery it came—a child's voice that caught up the refrain just as the wretched singer was about to rush from the stage, and the astonished artist, looking up to the "gods," beheld the singer, a little girl perched upon the shoulders of a stalwart coster. It was Babsie—Babsie alive and well.

By the time the little girl had got through the chorus and the gallery had shown their appreciation by applause and whistling, Halliday had regained his self-possession, and he sang the remainder of his ditty with such joyous vigor that he carried his audience along, and the infection of gaiety from all the smiling faces on the stage made itself felt all over the house.

"That kid in the gallery is an old music-hall dodge," said one petite to another.

"Yes, but this was jolly well worked. I thought the chap had really broken down," replied his friend.

Behind the scenes the "kid in the gallery" was being clasped in her father's arms amid a group of sympathetic people in motley attire.

Babsie's story was soon told. She had been offered a quarter by a neighbor to mind her babies while she went out. The temptation to see her "dad" perform had been too strong, and the little girl, with her precious coin in her hand, had patiently waited outside the gallery door for many hours. As she had not expected her father home all day she had not been in the least uneasy.

Then Manager Vaughan and Stage Manager Grahame claimed her attention, and the performer slipped a brand new dollar bill into her hand.

"It's what I owe you for that unheard effect," he said, laughing. "Forget-Me-Not."

No One Could Do It.

Horace Greeley once was discussing in a general company the faults and needs of his own nation. "What this country needs," said he, "in his piping voice and Yankee accent, 'is a real good licking!' An Englishman present promptly said with unmistakable English accent: 'Quite right, Mr. Greeley, quite right. The country needs a 'licking.' But Mr. Greeley, without glancing in the Englishman's direction or seeming to pay any attention to the interruption, went on in the same squeaky tone: 'But the trouble is there's no nation that can give it to us.'—Argonaut.



A STREET IN PRETORIA.

the enemies of England, and have shown it in a variety of ways. The present difficulty is based, apparently, on technical grounds, but Kruger, who may be called the Dutch George Washington, has taken every opportunity to arouse the feeling of his countrymen, and of the native African as far as possible, to incite another war. None know this better than the British foreign office, and it is endeavoring in every way possible to avoid an open rupture. Should Kruger and his allies come out victorious there is a possibility that the entire southern portion of Africa, from the Limpopo river, which bounds the Transvaal on the north, to Cape Colony, will again be under the administration of the Holland emigrants. On the other hand, should they be defeated, it will be a long step toward the complete subjugation of Africa to British interests. Hence the importance of the outcome of the present difficulty.

The southern peninsula of Africa is practically divided into several republics of greater or less size under the suzerainty of Great Britain. The proceedings of the parliament in Cape Colony and the Volksraad in the Transvaal are seldom or never interfered with by the British foreign office. The majority of the Cape Colonists are grateful for the garrisons or regiments which are stationed at various towns, not only at Capetown, but in Natal and on the Gold Coast, for they are maintained by the home government and are valuable as a protection, for which no taxation is necessary. This is owing to the fact that the English population has rapidly increased within the last few years, and their sympathy is with their own nationality. The Kafirs and most of the other black tribes also have a friendly feeling for the English and are opposed to their original Dutch conquerors for several rea-

road building, manufacturing and the application of science and arts. The Dutch settlers were content to let well enough alone, and with good reason, for they had found it an easy matter to conquer the natives and to utilize them as laborers, while their governors exacted heavy tribute for the white settlers, from which they received little benefit. It is unnecessary to detail the extortions which were practiced and the manner in which tribute was imposed upon slaves by the soldiers of the colonies, in many instances with great loss of life. Slave markets were established in most of the principal cities, and the blacks regarded merely as chattels. The first reverse which the Boers received at the hands of the English was when they abandoned control of the country around Cape Colony and moved across the Vaal. This "trek," or exodus, was in 1835 and 1836, and constituted the founding of the Transvaal. For nearly forty years after they dominated the territory north of the Vaal to the Limpopo river, although but a few thousand in number. In fact, the white population in 1877 of the Transvaal was but 8,000 people, while the blacks numbered near 1,000,000. This was to give an idea of the ability of the Dutch to govern the native tribes and the success which they attained, for nearly all of the latter were subject to them. Several thousand remained in Cape Colony and these and their descendants have always remained Boer sympathizers.

The Boers have enacted laws almost entirely for their own race, the foreigners being greatly restricted by the legislation adopted. Under the supervision of Kruger, who has been in every respect a dictator of the Boers, the voting has been almost entirely limited to his countrymen. A resigner, for example, is obliged to reside

of the attitude of the Boers toward the Uitlanders of the Transvaal because Kruger is as bitter now as when he fought the British in the 60s and captured Pretoria, which is his present seat of government.

Use of Voice Recovered by the Dumb.

One Mrs. Patten of Elmstead, in Essex, England, in 1876, as the result of a serious illness, lost the use of her voice and remained dumb for twenty-three years. In 1899, on the occasion of her daughter's illness, causing mental derangement, during which the daughter set fire to herself in her bedroom and died in a few hours owing to the terrible injuries received, the shock thereby caused to the mother resulted in her suddenly regaining the use of her voice, and she can now speak clearly and fluently. Wiedmeister tells a story of a bride who, as she was taking leave after the wedding breakfast, suddenly lost her speech and remained dumb for many years, until overcome with fear at the sight of a fire, she cried out, "Fire! fire!" and from that time continued to speak. Two years ago an Italian, 41 years of age, who had been a deaf-mute for five years in consequence of a serious disease, was startled by the sudden appearance of a runaway horse. As he jumped aside to avoid the animal he uttered a loud scream, and after it had gone by he found that he was able to talk and hear.

The Costliest Parliament in Europe.

The most costly parliament of Europe is that of France. The senate and chamber of deputies eat up annually 300,000 pounds. The same item for the other chief European nations is as follows: Spain, 89,200 pounds; Italy, 86,000 pounds; Austria, 52,000 pounds; Great Britain, 51,920 pounds.