

"MASTER PINKEY."

The Way the Pig Came Back. By MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

"Either he goes or I will. I simply cannot live on the place with that pig another day." Beatrix Lawton said almost tearfully, running in to her mother. "Do come and look at him now—and then remember that he has rosted the churn over, opened the lot gate and let the calves all out, and eaten every speck of my chicken feed—all since breakfast," she went on. Mrs. Lawton laughed, then sighed faintly.

"I know he is aggravating," she said gently; "but there is Teddy. I believe Mister Pinkey has almost saved his life. Certainly the little man will be heart-broken if we take away his pig." "Come and see what his pig is up to," Beatrix persisted. Mrs. Lawton followed her out into the front yard. Beatrix had her flowers there. She had been particularly proud all summer of her round bed, filled with salvias and white and scarlet geraniums. Only that morning it had shown a mat of blossom. Now half the plants were uprooted, the other half torn and dragged. In the midst of them there was a big quaking hick. Mister Pinkey rested there from his labors of destruction.

"Look at him!" Beatrix repeated. "And look at me try to drive him away. That is the worst part of all. If I only had the strength I'd—" She stopped short and darted at the blotch. Mister Pinkey turned on his back, waving all four feet playfully in the air. Teddy had taught him that—Teddy, whose attack of scarlet fever the winter before was the reason for Mister Pinkey's being the Lawton pet. He had been an engaging creature, with pert pink ears and curly white hair, when the Lawtons adopted him six months before. They did not dream he could grow so—not even with Teddy's constant feeding. Now he weighed something less than 200, and was so fat he quivered when he walked as though molded in jelly. Beatrix kicked spitefully at the waving hoofs. Mister Pinkey understood that as a signal for some new play. He sat up on his haunches, grunting lazily and winking his little slant eyes. After a minute he stood up, caught a fold of Beatrix's frock in his mouth, grunted again and made as though he would lead her away.

"You see! There is no driving him—not even with switches. He takes everything as part of the play," Beatrix said despairingly. "I won't stand it. I simply can't put up with him a day longer. Mother, dear, Teddy is away with father—do let me call in McSweeney's wagon as it passes, and have it take that wretched pig to go!" "He really ought to go—but I don't know," Mrs. Lawton said undecidedly. Mister Pinkey cocked his eye knowingly at her, then waddled to the yard gate, stood upon his hind legs, and with the tip of his snout flipped up the latch. As the gate swung open he came down on four feet, turned and looked at Mrs. Lawton with an air of triumphant achievement. "He climbs the fence, too—whenever he's not too lazy," Beatrix added energetically. "Mother, here you don't let me get rid of him, in another month we will find him sleeping in the parlor, or at least in the spare room."

"Yes—we must somehow get rid of him. But poor little Teddy!" Mrs. Lawton said again, as she walked away.

Teddy, aged 7, was the only boy in a family of six. Naturally he was spoiled, but

Pinkey got lost—and I found him—and then I got lost, and he found me, and brought us both home." Instantly a great ringing sound went up, loud enough, happy enough to let Mrs. Lawton know her boy was safe. Somebody fired three shots from a revolver, the signal agreed upon, but they were perfectly needless. Teddy and Mister Pinkey came into the circle of glittering torchlights, very tired, but very happy. As Mr. Lawton hugged his boy hard, Mister Pinkey put his forehead up against him and nuzzled at his pocket. Farmer McSweeney, who was among the searchers, laughed loudly, saying, "Teddy, man, I didn't think you were so sharp—to train your pigs to climb out and come back to you before you sold 'em;" then to the assembled group, "I've heard tell often that a pig would go home, no matter how you thought him away from it—but he'd hang if I took him as far as that fellow'd ever have the spunk to climb a fence and walk five miles in the night, this way."

"Oh, he isn't just a pig!" He's Mister Pinkey," Teddy said, scratching Mister Pinkey's back, "and one of the family from



"MISTER PINKEY GOT LOST AND I FOUND HIM."

McSweeney said were "jest \$3 mor'n that p'ken pig was worth." Beatrix was calling Teddy, but her mother said: "Let him run himself dead tired hunting—then he will go to sleep at once—and maybe partly forget before morning." So Teddy ran unchecked until he came to the fence between the orchard and the big woods, and clambered sorrowfully over it. "I wouldn't do you this way, old Pinkey," he said with a catch in his throat; "not even if you had gone and left me a little bit of a whine. I wouldn't go get myself lost out in the woods and 'most kill little boy to find me. But I will find you—so there, now. If I had thought you'd be so badly I never would have taught you to climb the fence."

He dropped down himself and ran a little way out in the woods. Tracks and fresh-rooted ground convinced him that he was following Mister Pinkey. The tracks ran deeper in the woods. He ran along them, expecting every minute to come upon his fat and lazy stray. Once or twice he called, but after a little while it would be better fun to surprise his voracious. "By and by it began to be dark. Teddy looked about him in sudden fright. He was out of sight of home—out of sight of everything. It seemed to him, except tall black trees trunks with heavy boughs at the top and little patches of pale sky in between. He turned bewilderedly about and tried to go home. The first tree welled from his eye. "I ain't so real 'fraid," he said, starting at the sound of his own voice, "but oh, to think Mister Pinkey is gone lost!"

Darkness brought him to Barnstead. As quickly as possible Mr. Lawton gathered his neighbors and began a systematic search for his boy. Instinctively it was felt he was in the big woods. Catamounts were there also, and potential bears. More than that, it was blowing up very cold. There would certainly be frost and perhaps snow before morning. So it might be a matter of life and death to find him, and find him quickly. The big woods divided into two wine-like parts. In three, each with a lighted torch, the searchers beat through the nearer one, seeking, seeking and never finding. It was near midnight when they turned into the second wing, which ran above the edge of the valley farms. All felt the quest hopeless, but were none the less bent on making it. They had lads of their own and knew what threat of such loss meant. When they had gone perhaps a hundred yards they came to a clearing. A light shone ahead a low, unctuous grunting, followed by a weak, hoarse cry, "Pappy, Pappy!" Teddy tried to shout, though it was not much more than a whisper. "Mister

this time forth," Mr. Lawton added. Beatrix even agreed to that, when she came to know the whole story.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Mamie," said the father to his 4-year-old daughter the other evening at dinner, "will you have a little of the chicken?" "No, thank you," replied the little miss. "What? No chicken?" exclaimed the father in surprise. "Oh, yes, I'll have some chicken," answered Mamie, "but I don't want a little piece."

"Mamma," said little Willie, "I'm afraid I was awful naughty today." "Why do you think so?" asked his mother. "Cause I've got an awful stomach ache," answered the little fellow. "Perhaps it was the pie you ate," said his mother. "Oh, no," replied Willie, "the pie was too good to behave in that manner. It must be me."

Johnny, aged 6, is a wise son who not only knows his own father, but his uncle as well. "Now, Johnny," said the teacher, "if your father can do a piece of work in one hour and your Uncle Tom can do it in one hour, how long would it take both of them to do it?" "Two hours," answered Johnny, "including the time they wasted in arguing about how it should be done."

Mrs. Ada Brown Talbot of New York, editor of the Clubwoman, says that the most extraordinary club she ever ran across is conducted by a demure and dignified little woman of 7, the daughter of a club president. The editor called one day and was received by her little friend with open arms. "At last I've got a chair," she said. "I am very glad, my dear," said the editor. "I hope it is comfortable and pretty." "Oh, it is not for me; it's for my club." "I didn't know you had a club." "Of course I have—just like mamma. My dolly is president, and I got the chair for her. You see," she explained in a whisper, "there's only dolly in it, and the dolly that makes the most noise is president, just like mamma's club. That's my dolly. She talks when you push her back. I broked the spring, and now she talks till she is runned down. So she's president. Don't you think that's nice?" And Mrs. Talbot said she did.

"FIRST PRAY, THEN FIGHT"

Characteristic Motto of the Patriarchal President of the Transvaal.

HOW HE LOOKS, ACTS AND TALKS

Thought at an Early Age to Pray and Handle a Gun—Instructive Sketch of the Famous Rules of the Boers.

The writer has been much with Oom Paul Kruger. What is here written is gathered wholly from personal experiences, or the president of the Transvaal has told me. "First pray to God for guidance and inspiration, then fight." This is his motto. Imagine yourself standing in the presence of a man about six feet three inches in height, with a broad forehead, eyes like a hawk, a nose like a lance, his hair white with years; his features homely and coarse, wearing an ill-fitting black double-breasted Prince Albert coat reaching below the knees; such a man in Oom Paul. Void of book learning, apparently not talented above the average man, armed only with his natural craftiness, he has been a thorn in the side of the greatest diplomats and statesmen in England for twenty years.

He was born on October 10, 1825, near the present town of Graff Reinet, Cape Colony. His parents were South African farmers, who had left their home in Holland a few years before Paul was born, hoping for good fortune in the new country. But he did not come. They remained more quiet, and at the time Paul was born his parents owned only two or three slaves, which meant little. The future president of the Transvaal was christened S. J. Paul Kruger, but at an early age the first name initials were dropped. He uses them now when signing state papers.

Paul was taught at an early age to pray and handle a gun. At 7 years of age he was the best shot in that section. He was a fearless boy. When he was 9 years old his parents resented British regulations and moved to the northeastern part of Natal colony, not far from Ladysmith, the first important strategic point in this war.

There were two other children in the family, a girl and a boy, younger than Paul. The brother was killed in a native fight in the Natal colony and the sister lived to see her brother made president of the Transvaal.

When Kruger was about 17 years of age his father the water carrier, with the bullock team some distance into the Orange Free State. The senior Kruger was forced to remain and told Paul to take the team home and to look after his sister.

"I'll take care of her, father," was the reply. "Everything went well until Paul and his sister were about five miles from home. Then a panther appeared in the road. The sixteen bullocks in the team took fright and ran away. The jolting of the crude wagon threw the sister from the seat into the roadway, where she was completely at the mercy of the panther. Paul at once realized her danger, and though he was unarmed ran to her rescue. The panther by this time stood with gleaming eyes over the girl. He did not come to a hand-to-hand battle. It was a fierce struggle, and as Kruger himself told me he believed once or twice that the panther was going to prove too much for him. But finally he got a hold on the animal's throat and literally choked the creature to death. With the grating of a bulldog Kruger held his grasp on the panther's throat, and only released it when the animal gave up its struggles in death.

First Meeting with Kruger. It was in the latter part of 1879 that I first had the pleasure of meeting Paul Kruger. He was then a man over 50 years of age, but as strong, erect and robust as the average man of 35. He seemed to possess the strength of a giant. The Boers at that time were on the verge of a war with the British. When I was introduced to Kruger he was suspicious of me, and said that he became an American that was an American that he became at all talkative. In those days Kruger would talk English, but since the visit of Sir Henry Lock to Pretoria in 1893 the Transvaal president has positively refused to utter one word of English. The following year, however, he had had Kruger in supplying his family with the necessities of life, for besides his wife he had ten children to care for. He lived then in a humble farm house, but he had a more important matter to attend to—the general plan of a revolution against the English. General P. J. Joubert, the now commander of the Boer forces and vice president of the Transvaal, young Pretorius, son of the country's first president, and Kruger were planning for the Boer uprising which came to be known as the war of independence of the Boers in 1881. It was these three that managed the campaign against the English forces under General Colley at Majuba Hill.

The next time that I met Kruger was in 1882, following year, when he was president of a nation and reputed to be worth \$5,000,000. I found him as simple and as democratic as he was in the days of 1879, when he was unknown to fame and had hard work to support his family. It was on this occasion that I saw the great qualities of his mind. He cordially invited me to become his guest during the short time that I was to remain in Pretoria, an invitation which I readily accepted. He would not talk English to me on this occasion, so I had to carry on my conversation with him through the members of the family.

He Loves Americans. The old president never tired of talking about the United States, designating this republic as his big brother, and wishing that he were in a position to make a treaty with America in order that he might favor our merchants in trade. "I can trust Americans," he would say, "for I know that they do not want my country."

Before I left his residence he said to me through his secretary: "When you go home to the United States tell the people there for me that there is a small nation here, loving their country and their liberty, and holding the American flag and the iron institutions of your country. May the United States ever prosper and remain true to the principles established by her founders is my earnest wish." As he finished talking a tear was seen running down the old man's cheek.

He often talked of the days when he drove his father's old bullock team, and now prides himself on the fact that he is still able to crack a thirty-foot whip over six tall bullocks. It would be impossible to find a man who is a better judge of human nature than Kruger. His likes or dislikes are spontaneous with him and it generally turns out that his first impression is the correct one. I was so scrutinized when I was a stranger to a degree that was embarrassing as he does all Britishers. If there is anything about a person which meets with the old president's disapproval his secretary is told to close the door.

His Home Life. The home life of Kruger is the most charming imaginable. What is here written of it is from my own experience. Kruger is devoted to his wife, children, grand and great-grandchildren while they in turn adore him. He lives in a modest house which sets back from the sidewalk about fifteen feet. There is a grass plot in front and a sentry box inside of the iron railing. This house was presented to him by a syndicate. When the Volksraad is in session a

soldier is stationed in front of the president's house, and no one excepting officials is permitted to enter the residence during the day unless the secretary authorizes the entry to pass some special person. After 7 o'clock in the evening, however, all are welcome to the chief executive's home.

Every morning at 6 o'clock a negro servant takes a cup of black coffee and a big pipe filled with tobacco to the president's room. As soon as he has drank the coffee Kruger rises and smokes the pipe while he is dressing. He is down stairs by 6:30 o'clock and is ready to lead the family prayers at 7 o'clock. Breakfast is served about 7:30 a. m. His morning hours are taken up with matters of state and the dictating of letters. The dinner hour is 1 o'clock. At all the meals Kruger says grace before bread is broken. He takes a short nap after the noon meal and is ready promptly at 3 o'clock in the afternoon to receive callers. The supper is served at 6 o'clock and the conclusion of this repast ends all the work of the day for Kruger. Many writers have told how hot cups of thick black coffee are served at frequent intervals. Every person received is served with coffee. Besides his salary of \$40,000 a year Kruger is also allowed \$10,000 annually for coffee money. There is a two-gallon kettle of coffee always hot in the kitchen. Mrs. Kruger informed me that she has known the servants to serve over thirty gallons of coffee in one day. Kruger drinks large quantities of it. Most of his day is spent in the front parlor. He always has a big cuspidor at his feet and a pouch of Transvaal tobacco and a pipe by his side.

His Country Saved by Gold. Since Oom Paul was elected president in 1881 he has been confronted with some trying times. In 1883 his country was in a bankrupt condition. There was but one English shilling in the treasury and the salary of all officers, from the president down, was one year in arrears. At this time Kruger found it extremely hard to get along. There was no credit to be had for the country, and Kruger did not know what to do. It looked as if a famine was going to overtake the land, but at the most crucial period gold was found in the Barberton district. A messenger from the new gold fields took a sack of gold, containing twenty ounces, to the president, presenting it to him as the first yield of gold from the Transvaal. Kruger was astounded when he saw the gold. It is said by those present that his eyes doubled in size. He asked where it came from and was informed that it was from the Barberton district. "Is there any more left?" asked Kruger. He was told that the country was rich in gold ore and that millions of pounds could be secured where that came from.

"Thank God! My country is saved," was his reply. Kruger often expressed his regrets that he was not able to receive an early education. His only book for years was a bible. On the occasion of laying the last bolt in the Pretoria-Deburg railway, November, 1894, the president went out in his private train to perform the act. At Bronkhorst Spruit a delegation of Boers met the presidential party. Kruger had to speak from the railroad station, about a mile out from the Barberton district. A grand cavalcade of the rear guard of a British regiment, which had been annihilated by the Boers. The present trouble was beginning to make itself manifest; at least Kruger was far-sighted enough to realize that the situation would burst before very long. Looking significantly toward the graves of the British soldiers, Kruger said to the 200 old Boers that had gathered round him: "This is our country. Never give it up. Remember that we fought for it and made it what it is. I will never! Never! Never permit a foreign foe to take the Transvaal from you so long as I shall live."

JOHN E. OWENS.

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OUT OF THE ORDINARY. Indiana has four rabbit farms. Iowa has a 6,000-acre corn farm. Vienna has women grave diggers. Great Britain possesses 7,300,000 dwellings. Sixteen ounces of gold are sufficient to gild a wire that would encircle the earth. It is said as much as \$20,000 per annum is expended by various transatlantic steamers to overcome friction caused by fouling. Every telephone in Boston, Mass., may talk a whole year over the telephone now for \$25, which is a reduction of about 50 per cent. The new rates are \$25 for six-city residence instruments, within the two-mile circuit, with unlimited service. A firm of fish dealers in Mobile, Ala., is experimenting with a railroad tank car in which, if successful, they will transport codfish and other fishes alive to northern cities. They believe that necessary aeration and regulation of temperature in any sufficient quantity of sea water will be feasible. A young man in San Quentin, Cal., is going to start a victim of insomniacs and something like nervous prostration, but it is doubtful if it will do him any good. Lunt is the hangman of San Quentin prison, with a record of twenty executions in five years, and his present condition is induced by halitosis. Every time he pulls in a rope he sees the spirit of some of the murderers whom he has hanged. Alfred Krupp, the German gunmaker, has just had the pleasure of seeing the town of Essen, with 100,000 inhabitants, admitted into the ranks of German cities. The town was made by the Krupp gun works, which were founded by the great-grandfather, in 1810. There are 4,000 employees and there has never yet been a strike. Little Mary Francis Rowland of Mexico, Mo., now 11 months old, is pitted and bedeviled by the new disease. They are: William P. Rowland, grandfather on the father's side, and his wife; William Kent, grandfather on the mother's side, and his wife; C. N. Bryan and wife, and Isaac Kent and wife, great-grandparents on the mother's side, and James S. Osborn, great-grandfather on the father's side.

The executive committee of the central conference of American rabbis selected Brooklyn as the place of the next meeting of the general conference.

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Perhaps you have not given it a thought, but there has never been but one way of making soap; the base of all, from the commonest washing to the finest toilet, has always been the same, fats, grease or oil combined with an alkali. To be sure, different grades of these materials are used, delicate perfumes and medicaments of some kind often added, but nine-tenths of every cake of soap made is composed of the above ingredients. In fact, it has always been thought that soap could not be made in any other way, and for this reason no physicians have ever recommended the use of any soap for the skin. As a general thing, they are made from cheap fats and grease collected by street scavengers, and thrown out from houses in which all kinds of diseases are prevalent; however, of late most of the oils used come from incinerating plants now erected near all large cities, where is hurried the refuse collected from private houses, hotels and restaurants. Thousands of gallons are produced in this way every year, and being too cheap for other uses is purchased almost exclusively by soap makers. It is claimed that the best used destroys all the germs of disease; but the medical profession assert the contrary, and state that the use of cheap soap accounts for most of the blotched and pimply faces we see daily. One thing, at least, has been proven conclusively: that the dry and scaly skin with which so many persons are troubled is due to the use of alkali. However true this may be, the thought of using such products daily is not a pleasant one, and the discovery of a method by which soap can be made without these dangerous ingredients will be hailed with delight by all.

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