

War in South Africa

From First to Last.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

1890.	July 29—General Prinsloo surrenders 3,248 men.
Oct. 10—Krugers ultimatum to British.	Sept. 1—Transvaal annexed.
Oct. 12—Boers invade Natal.	Sept. 12—Ex-President Kruger starts for Europe.
Oct. 13—British fall back on Ladysmith.	Nov. 12—Kitchener takes command.
Oct. 15—Butler dispatched to seat of war.	Nov. 15—Lord Roberts starts for England.
Oct. 20—Siege of Kimberley begun.	1900.
Oct. 25—Siege of Ladysmith begun.	Feb. 2—Middelfontein captured by Boers.
Oct. 30—Boers capture sortie party of 57 at Ladysmith.	Feb. 6—30,000 re-enforcements leave England.
Nov. 6—Boers shell Mafeking.	April 10—Negotiations for peace by Botha.
Nov. 25—Battle of Modder River.	May 2—Plummer's supply train captured by Boers.
Dec. 16—Gatereus lost 1,000 men at Stormberg.	May 29—Delarey destroys Seventh Yeomanry.
Dec. 31—General Wainhope killed at Spionkop.	June 12—300 Victorian Rifles captured.
1891.	June 20—Schalk-Burger and Steyn issue proclamation.
Feb. 15—French relieves Kimberley.	Aug. 7—Kitchener issues proclamation of banishment.
Feb. 27—Cronje surrenders 4,900 men and six guns.	Sept. 17—Gough's three companies captured.
Feb. 28—Butler relieves Ladysmith.	Oct. 3—Martial law in Cape Colony.
March 13—Bloemfontein surrenders to Roberts.	Nov. 1—Benson loses twenty-five of Boers and 24 men.
March 27—Joubert dies.	1902.
June 4—Pretoria surrenders.	March 8—Delarey captures Methuen and destroys his command.
	May 27—Peace terms reported accepted by Boers.

bombarded the 10,000 British troops within the circle.

At the same time Gen. Cronje was besieging Maj. Baden-Powell, who was shut up in Mafeking with a few British officers and a few hundred villagers whom he trained to defend themselves.

Another large force of Boers was besieging Kimberley, attracted thither by the fact that Cecil Rhodes with customary gallantry had shut himself up along with his people to bear the brunt of the attack on the diamond-mining company's property.

A British column sent out of Ladysmith to Lombard's kop was attacked by the Boers; its ammunition carried by mules lost in the stampede, its guns sharing the same fate. After a gallant defense the column surrendered.

Meanwhile Lord Methuen was advancing to the relief of Kimberley. He was opposed by the Boers at every step and after fighting three fierce battles, gaining a few miles each time, was repulsed at Magersfontein, where he sat down to await the coming of Lord Roberts.

Gen. Buller had by this time arrived in the country with strong reinforcements and determined to relieve Ladysmith. To do this he advanced through Natal and took up a position on the Tugela river. The Boers moved down to defend the crossing and the British moved forward almost without reconnaissance. The consequence was that this foolish frontal attack was repulsed with great loss, and worse than all the British battery of eleven guns taken by the Boers, the battery having advanced too close to the burghers' concealed trenches.

Another series of movements was then undertaken to drive the Boers out of the hills, but one attack after another failed. At last the vigor of the British attack made a way through Peter's hill and Lord Dundonald rode into Ladysmith February 28, 1900, after a siege of more than four months.

Lord Roberts meanwhile had been pushing through the heart of the country with a large body of troops. He took over Methuen's command and with the troops at his disposal began a series of flanking movements by means of which he sent Gen. French, the cavalry leader, into Kimberley, compelling Cronje to retire with what speed he might. Cronje, however, was too slow, and along with 4,600 men and six guns surrendered at Paardeberg on February 27, 1900. Lord Roberts, with his chief of staff, Lord Kitchener, pursued the retreating Boers through the Free State to Bloemfontein, which surrendered on March 13, the Boers retiring to Pretoria, which capital surrendered June 5, 1900. Gen. Brinsloo, with 3,348 men, surrendered to the British September 1, 1900; ex-President Kruger fled to Europe and Lord Roberts returned home to England.

Lord Kitchener, by building a series of blockhouses, connected with barbed wire fences, succeeded then in driving the Boers out of a large stretch of territory, but Dewet, Delarey, Botha and others continued the hopeless warfare and even as late as on March 8, 1902, captured Gen. Methuen and broke up his column of 1,300 men in a night surprise. The Boers were dressed in British uniforms.

The pursuit of the Boers still continued with considerable vigor and after the Dutch government had sought fruitlessly to offer to negotiate between the parties the Boers under acting President Schalk-Burger, perhaps moved by the British foreign minister's courteous reference to themselves and the fact that they realized that overtures for peace must come from the Boers in the field, as well as pressed hard by the British troops, sought permission to communicate with the other leaders with a view to arranging terms of surrender and peace.

An Alarming Thought.

If great cold turned our atmosphere to liquid air it would make a sea 25 feet deeper over the surface of the whole globe.

A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

Author of "Little Miss Millions," "The Spider's Web," "Dr. Jack's Widow," "Miss Caprice," etc.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Of course it was very annoying. His cigar had gone, and that source of consolation lost, Charlie had to turn to something else in order to interest himself.

A companion in misery was along side. Up to the present Charlie had not known whether he were young or old—all he saw was that a man had been shoved in ahead of him.

So he leaned his head toward that of his fellow-passenger and exclaimed in French:

"Monsieur, it seems that we are companions in misery. Might I ask your name?" giving his own at the same time.

The other did not appear downcast—indeed, he answered, quite cheerfully:

"I am Henri, the Marquis de Montpensier, a blood relative of Don Carlos of Spain."

Further conversation was prevented by a gruff demand from one of the guards for silence.

At length they drew up to the prison.

Without ceremony the two prisoners were hustled into the jail.

Charlie silently walked into the dark cell which yawned before him. To have refused would have been folly, since by force he would doubtless have been thrown over the threshold.

Ah! he might be worse off. His cigar case still held a few choice weeds, such as appeal most strongly to the heart of the confirmed smoker.

So he hastened to secure a cigar.

Next came a match.

As he struck this latter and a light sprang into existence he heard an exclamation, and remembered he had a comrade in misery.

He saw a young chap with a resolute face. There was more of an American look about him than European, and yet Charlie remembered having heard him give the name of Giuseppe Brignoli, as though he were an Italian.

"Pardon, comrade," Charlie said in French. "Allow me to light my weed, since matches are scarce and then I shall offer you a cigar," with which he proceeded to put his words into execution.

"Thanks awfully, but I don't smoke," said the other laconically in the best of English.

The match expired before Charlie could get another look at his comrade.

But he knew his first suspicion was true—the young fellow came of Anglo-Saxon stock, and had assumed an Italian name in order to keep his own from disgrace or from some other reason.

They might exchange confidences while trying to pass away the long hours, or at least engage in social discourse.

"Pardon me again, sir, but can you spare a couple of matches?" asked the other.

"Half-a-dozen, at your service."

"Thanks. They may serve my end well and yours in the bargain."

Charlie's courtesy flashed up.

What did the other mean to do? Was he desperate enough to think of setting the prison on fire? Nonsense! There was not one chance in a million of accomplishing such a thing to men shut up here in this grimy dungeon.

Nevertheless, he knew that nothing was ever accomplished without effort, and that often a capricious fortune aids those who help themselves.

A cursory examination of their dungeon revealed a startling, yet cheering, fact.

Under the boards the youngsters discovered a tunnel.

When the flat stone was lifted up, behold! an opening yawned below.

The youth gave thanks in his peculiar way, and without much more ado jumped into the breach.

"I shall return, comrade," he said. And Charlie believed him.

He sat there smoking his cigar and feeding the flames with bits of the splintered plank.

Minutes passed.

Evidently his companion was making quite a tour under the prison flooring.

At last there was a movement, and a head appeared above the stone flagging.

"Give me a hand, please."

Charlie knew from the look of triumph upon his face that the other was decidedly pleased with what he had discovered.

"In luck, eh?" he hazarded.

"The best in the world. Some good chap in the past has made a tunnel all but breaking through. I did that part while I was gone. In fact, to tell you the truth, I've been under the starlight."

to beg my pardon and personally conduct me to freedom."

The youngster looked at him with kindling eyes.

"Bravo! I like your spirit," he said. "Would you mind shaking hands with me, sir?"

"It will be a pleasure on my part." And they exchanged a warm grip.

"I hope we may meet again. Let me give you my card. Who knows what strange chance may drift us together again. Who can say under what conditions we may come together again?"

Who indeed? Both of them would have been chilled with horror could they have even guessed the truth, but the veil of the future mercifully hid that from mortal ken.

Another hearty Anglo-Saxon handshake, then the youngster dropped into the hole.

Charlie made as comfortable a seat as was possible from some of the old planks and kept the fire going with fragments.

By degrees his thoughts came around again to his late companion.

Then he remembered that as yet he did not even know the other's true name.

Where was the card? Ah, just where he had thrust it, and, bending down, he read the name by the flickering light of his fire.

Then it dawned upon him why he had felt such a singular interest in the young fellow, and why he had deemed his features familiar, yet could not grasp the tangible substance for the name, written boldly, was:

ALEXANDER BRAND.

Here then was the most remarkable coincidence in the whole course of his varied experiences.

There could be no mistake. This young fellow bore some relationship—that of brother or cousin, perhaps—to Arline.

He had her name, and there was a strong family resemblance in their faces.

There must be a sense of awe in the realization that one is a mere puppet in the hands of destiny—that the power which sends unnumbered worlds whirling through space in their exact orbits, without danger of collision, or of the slightest change in their course, can condescend to superintend such a small thing as the welfare of one puny human life.

Charlie pondered upon the matter a long time.

Then, before he knew it, he fell asleep, despite his hard seat and his determination to remain on guard.

When he awoke he was stiff and sore.

A light gleamed in his eyes—it was the warder making the rounds with bread and water.

When the gruff man held up the light in order to view the confines of the dungeon, and beheld only Charlie seated there and blinking like an owl, he was much amazed.

He demanded to know where the other prisoner had hidden himself.

Charlie calmly pointed to the hole still uncovered by the slab of stone.

"Oh! he's gone out for a walk," he said, coolly.

The man began to grasp the situation, and when he could move, he sprang to the door of the dungeon to bawl for assistance.

Several other wardens came tumbling into the cell.

Then ensued a great powwow of Dutch phrases, while Charlie yawned and stretched himself.

Then came the commandant.

"How did this happen?" he demanded.

"Well, you see, he had an appointment, and did not wish to break his engagement."

"But you, mein herr; how is it you remain? Do you like this residence so well?" grimly.

"I told you last night, or attempted to, that I was an innocent party—that Baron Peterhoff was my friend—that my arrest, under the circumstances, was an outrage; and hence I utterly refused to leave this place until you and the baron had humbly begged my pardon. Indeed, I am not sure but that I will insist on remaining here until the English consul comes to see me and takes action against your miserable government for treating me, a British subject, in this disgraceful way."

Just as he had expected, his manner awoke the fiery commandant, who feared trouble.

He began to whine at once, and expressed his regret that any mistake should have occurred. Surely mein herr must hold him blameless, since he had only done his duty in the premises. It was not given to him to investigate when the all-powerful Baron Peterhoff brought in political prisoners with orders to hold them securely.

Would mein herr be pleased to go with him to his office, where he could be more comfortable, and there await the coming of the baron, who would with a word set him free?

But mein herr was obstinate.

The baron must come to him. As Paul and Silas, in days of yore, made the governor unbend his dignity and come to plead with them to go away, so Charlie meant to keep hold of his advantage.

So the commandant went away. Charlie was still smoking, with one of the keepers for company, and the door of his cell wide open, when voices were heard in the corridor.

Then entered the baron.

The great man looked both disturbed and amused. He had heard the amazing story of the commandant, and sifted the wheat from the chaff, so that he had a pretty fair idea as to the truth.

He marched straight up to Charlie and stretched out his hand.

"My most abject apologies, my dear boy, for what has happened. It was a

miserable mistake, on my part. I trust you will forgive me," he said.

Charlie saw he was sincere, and as his indignation passed away he unbent his dignity.

"Then you know it was Miss Arline Brand, and not the Countess Iselde, whom I assisted into a carriage at the Steen?" he asked, eagerly, determined to put his fears to the test.

"Yes, she has assured me she never saw you, save at a distance," returned the baron.

Then it is all right. Now I am ready to leave here and go out with you, baron," he said, smiling.

"To breakfast with me, I hope," Charlie hesitated.

True, he anticipated more or less pleasure in his coming interview with Arline. There would be much to hear, and some surprising things to tell on his part.

But these would keep a little longer; besides, it is sometimes exceedingly pleasant to anticipate a feast.

He had something which he wished to relate to the baron, seeking in return his advice and material aid.

Whenever men went to the desperate length of contemplating crime, in order to secure wealth, as the so-called Capt. Brand and his confederates had certainly done when they purposely abandoned the young girl among those awful passages amid the Steen dungeons, it was time the stern arm of the law was invoked in order to bring them up with a round turn.

And to whom could he go with a better show of results than to the baron?

So, arm in arm, Charlie and Baron Demetrius Peterhoff sauntered out of the prison.

It was about eight in the morning. Charlie could imagine the young fellow standing on the deck of the vessel bound for London, and snapping his fingers at the baron's dragnet.

He was determined not to give the slightest clew to his companion concerning Alexander Brand, his plans or present whereabouts.

A vehicle stood near.

Into this Charlie was shown; the baron followed, and presently they drew up before a palatial abode, where the widower baron resided in great style, as became a man of his immense means.

And over the elaborate breakfast Charlie found a chance to spin his little story, the baron proving greatly interested, as the sparkle in his eye attested.

He could read Charlie's secret as easily as though the other carried the story on his brow.

"You have done excellently, Charlie, my boy," he said, finally; "but it is just as well you ask my assistance in unmasking this unholly fraud. He and his unprincipled accomplices might be too much for you. Depend upon it, I shall tear the mask from his face, and that right speedily."

(To be continued.)

DREW THE LINE ON JACK POTS

Conscience of Theological Student Has Sudden Awakening.

At a certain university in this state the game of hearts has been exceedingly popular among the students the last winter. A group of them, accustomed to meet in one of the fraternity houses to play, included a theological student, who, although a member of one of the stricter denominations, did not find it against his conscience to be an ardent devotee of the game, which, however—at least when he made one of the party—was never played for money. Even when chips were introduced for counters, as being an easier method of keeping score than the tiresome tally with pencil and paper, the theologian did not balk.

But there came an evening when his sense of the fitness of things received a rude shock. The pile of chips in the middle of the table had reached rather large proportions, and one of the players, inspired by a desire to make the prospective winnings still more worth while, remarked:

"Let's have the next a jackpot!"

The effect of these words on the theological student was electrical. He knew of their being associated with only one game, and that scarcely to be mentioned in highly moral circles.

"A jackpot!" he exclaimed mechanically. "Then I guess I'm through with this game," and he rose and walked out. No amount of explanations or apologies was sufficient either to re-instate hearts in his approval.—New York Tribune.

The Swiss Language.

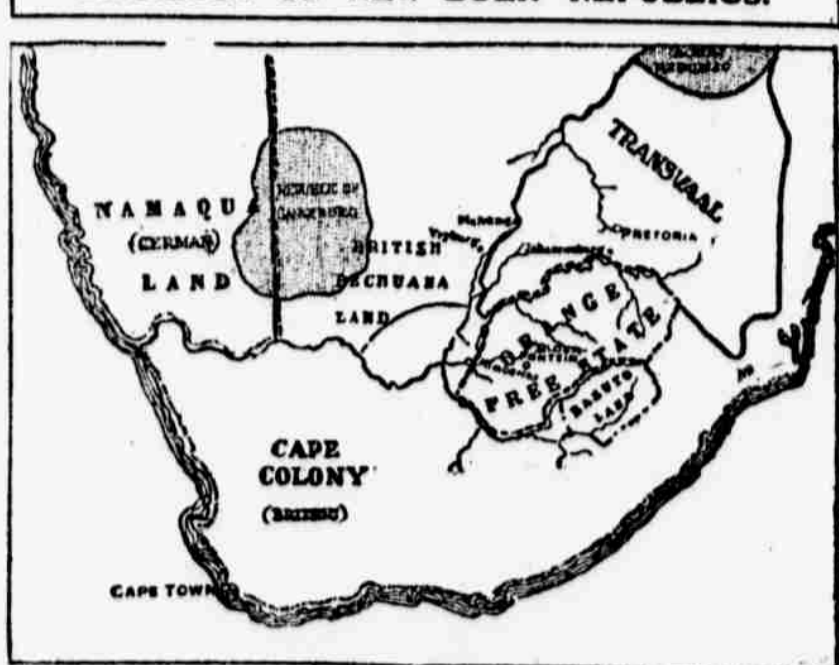
We sometimes hear that the French language has less vitality than some others, and it is in particular pointed out to what an extent it is giving way to English and German, says the London News. Some figures just published do not, however, bear out this, in the case, at any rate, of Switzerland, where French, German and Italian are all spoken. In 1888 the number of persons speaking German in the Helvetic republic was 2,083,997; those speaking French 634,613, and those speaking Italian, 155,130. At the recent census it was found that the position had changed considerably.

There are now, according to the official figures, 2,319,105 persons whose language is German, 732,220 who speak French, and 222,247 who use the language of Dante. Certain cantons appear in particular to be giving up the use of German. In Neuchâtel, where formerly 22,000 persons spoke that tongue, there are now only 17,000.

Isn't it funny that in many parlor windows the best marble bust turns its face to the strangers outside and its back on the family within?

Your inferiors are of real help to you only when they know you are indelible.

LOCATION OF NEW BOER REPUBLICS.



The map shows the approximate position of the two republics which have been organized by the Boers in districts remote from Pretoria and British interference. The new governments, one of which takes in a piece of German territory, have organized, Piet de Villars being president of the republic of Sangeberg and Commandant Beyers of the government established in the northern end of the Transvaal, the name of which is not contained in the dispatch from London which told of the formation of the republics.