

# SECRET SERVICE AMONG THE BOERS

The South African war has shown one thing in which the Boer is superior to the English and that thing is secret service. As a spy the Boer of the Transvaal has no equal, as the English have found to their cost.

Since the opening of hostilities there has scarcely been a move made on the part of the British that did not seem to be fully anticipated by the Boers. In fact, the different signal defeats which have befallen British arms during the South African campaign may be attributed to the efficiency of the Boer secret service.

Oom Paul and Joubert, it is well known, have spies everywhere, and owing to the peculiar conditions under which the war is being carried on, it is practically impossible for the Brit-

were operating in the town and that unless the same left Mafeking by noon of the following day they would be apprehended and punished according to the law governing all such cases.

The startling number of times the British forces have been led into ambushes or have marched unsuspecting against a Boer force thoroughly prepared to meet them has naturally given her majesty's officers a very disagreeable consciousness that their movements were only too well known by the enemy. In fact, it is known that Cape Town itself is full of Boer spies, yet no effective move can be made toward stopping their operations. The knowledge which the Boer possesses of the country, his well guarded means of secret com-

Transvaal." It is said, indeed, that some of the most influential continental newspapers have been subsidized by the Transvaal government through the wily Dr. Leyds, and it is known that he approached Lisbon over and over again on the matter of the purchase of Delagoa Bay, but could not succeed in shaking Portugal's friendship for Great Britain. It is a recognized fact that Leyds, by some means or other, has found it possible to obtain audiences with European rulers unwarranted by his own official importance or the importance of the government which he represents. But



DR. W. J. LEYDS

It is rumored that this same government instructs its European agent to scatter his gold lavishly when once he has ascertained where such gold will do the most good. It is worth while noting that the "special" expenditure, as such funds are termed, of the Transvaal government has amounted to \$11,435,000 during the last fourteen years.

This goes to show that the secret service of even such a small republic as the Transvaal is no insignificant affair.

## OVERINDULGED CHILDREN,

Truth Which is Worth the Attention of American Parents.

John Ruskin, at 75, had as keen a sense of taste as most men have at 20, and greatly enjoyed new flavors, says the Youth's Companion. My palate," he once said, "serves me now so well, because when I was a child I was given only the plainest food. When I was a boy, too, I had but one or two toys and no amusements. Hence the keen delight which I take now in every little pleasure." M. Renan explained to a friend his habitual cheerfulness in the same way. "When I was young," he said, "my life was simple and bare. I had few amusements. I kept all my illusions; hence little things, which an indulged child in a luxurious home would scarcely notice, now give me—an old man—real happiness." Here is the hint of a truth worth the attention of American parents. If they have wealth, or even a moderate income, their fond effort usually is to give to their boys and girls all the pleasures in miniature which belong to middle age. Children are early made familiar with the idea of fashionable clothes and jewelry. They have their formal luncheons and dinner parties, and even balls, in which there are the state and ceremony, and sometimes the dishes, which are to be found in the entertainments of adults. They are overladen with costly toys, for which they care little. The disappointed father and mother wonder why the child is bored by new pleasures. They do not see that they are robbing him in youth of the relish and keen sense of enjoyment which was meant to give zest and happiness to his whole life. Still more cruel kindness is that of parents of moderate means, who accustom their children to a life of luxury, living to the full limit of their incomes, and when they die leave them unprepared to struggle with the world.

## TOOTHACHE

Suggested as the Cause of the Sudden Frenzy of Elephants.

"I told you the other day about the Sultan of Zanzibar's clock," said Robert Crawford, "but there was another thing I heard of while in that country which is not without interest. The Sultan used to take me round to show me the place and of what its trade consisted. It is the greatest clove raising country in the world, and as such conveys comfort and courage to out between the acts theater goes the world over. Other spices and coconut rope are also important features of their export trade. But in addition to the sale of that which they raise within their own borders their revenues are largely increased by the trade in ivory. Zanzibar is the greatest market for South African ivory, which is brought there in large quantities from the interior. This ivory is placed in large warehouses, from which it is either sold at once or else held therein for a better market. The man in charge of these warehouses was a very interesting character—an expert in ivory. He told me many curious things about it, and among others propounded the following theory as an explanation of why elephants go mad and occasionally run amuck: In the warehouses were a pair of magnificent tusks, measuring 14 feet from tip to tip, which in life must have been carried by a veritable Goliath among elephants. The expert in showing me these tusks pointed out the fact that while one of the tusks was complete and flawless, the other was broken off at the point and showed deep scratches and abrasions throughout its length. 'Now,' said he, 'if you will look near the base you will find a hole made by decay that had struck into the nerves and given that elephant a toothache, and think what a toothache of toothaches a fourteen-foot tooth must have held. In his efforts to relieve this pain the elephant rubbed his tusk against rocks and trees and drove it into the earth, which mutilated it in the manner you see here. I have frequently come across places where an elephant has ripped up great spaces in a forest and torn down trees, and I am positive that toothache was the cause of this frenzy. An elephant in a circus going suddenly mad and killing his keeper is not an uncommon thing, but I'll wager that in nine cases out of ten if they would properly investigate the matter they would find that the brute's sudden frenzy sprang from so ordinary a cause as common, everyday toothache.'"—New York Tribune.

## Frightening the Lions.

M. Foa, the French explorer, says that lions have a wholesome fear of African wolves, which hunt in packs, and do not scruple to attack even the lion. There are terrible battles in which the lion succumbs to numbers, and dies fighting. In connection with the lion's fear of wolves, M. Foa tells a story from his own experience. It was a very dark night, so black that trees could not be distinguished until the travelers were close upon them. Lions prowled about the party, one of them roaring from a point so close as to have an alarming effect on the nerves. The animals could not be seen, but they could be heard on all sides. Reaching a tree, the men found one of their comrades with rifle cocked peering into the darkness, trying to discover the whereabouts of the animals, that could be plainly heard walking among the leaves. A second man was trying to relight a half-extinguished torch. Still the lions could be heard coming and going in the darkness. At this point the native servant whispered the advice to imitate the cry of wolves in the distance. The party at once began barking and shouting. "Hu! hu! hu!" in an undertone, as if the pack were still at a distance, while the man at the camp made the same well-imitated cry. The effect was instantaneous. There was the sound of a rapid stampede across the dry leaves. The lions decamped in a panic, driven off by the supposed approach of a pack of wolves. For the rest of the night the party was undisturbed.

## The Blood Red Banner.

Royal and national colors vary with nations and times, but since Cain slew Abel blood-red has been the sign of revolt. In the earliest revolt known to history, when the Persians rose against their king 4,000 years ago, they were led by a blood-red banner, and during the riots which took place in Paris the men in the blood-red caps were followed by the mob. A blood-red flag waved over Bunker hill when the Americans fought for liberty, and it was the emblem of the German peasants in their great uprisings in 1424, 1492 and 1525. Blood-red was the color of the trade union flags during the middle ages, and it formed the background of the emblem of the Swiss confederacy in 1315.

## A Blessing in Disguise.

"A big family," said the old colored inhabitant, "is sometimes a great blessing to a poor man. I got nine sons—of 'em young. One got run over by a railroad, en I got damages out er him; n'er one had a leg shot off er durin' de las' war, en de garm't come up han'some fer him; en all de res' er dem has had de good luck ter get hitted in some way, en ever time dat come I got de damages; so in my of age I feel'n mighty comfortable, en I rises up er calls dem chillun blessing!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Senator Wolcott's Fine Law Library. Senator Wolcott's famous law library in Denver is the envy of the Colorado bar. The senator recently refused an offer of \$50,000 for its 10,000 volumes.

## WHEN BABY TALKS.

IS MOVED BY PITY LIKE OTHER INFANTS.

Another Defeat for Papa—She Knows What She Means When She Sees Her Own Image in the Mirror—Interest in the Rabbit.

Although the new baby has lapsed into the old or ancient baby, it has retained with the name a few vanishing characteristics, which, even in their description, reveal the preponderating influence of the old. The new baby's father is still able to take comfort in the shreds and patches of his theory, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. His suppression of the little infant in the helpless days of her earliest youth, when for the sake of her nerves he kept her in a dark room and forbade her the pleasures derived normally from the pleased idleness of the grown people who like to dandle and chirp, has modified, even in these days of the baby's emancipation, her original and intrinsic character. With pride the vanquished father points to the fact that until recently the new baby could not talk. It is true that the baby's vocabulary is small for an infant of its age, but of late she has been stretching the few words at her control with accumulated intensity of meaning, and the obvious meaning of her utterances is that the old female, which the father sought to suppress, is strong within her. On Christmas eve the baby's uncle brought her a live rabbit only a few weeks old, an albino with pink eyes and nose, and a white soft body. The new baby said, "No, no," when the rabbit for the first time hopped into its gaze, thus showing the good old feminine conservatism toward strangers. But this stranger was pretty and young, and soon moved the instinctive love for the cunning in the new baby's soul. Her blue eyes bulged toward it many minutes in silence as it darted about frightening the new baby's mother, who thinks the movements of the rabbit most illogical. The new baby waved away with an anxious gesture any coarse adult who approached the object of her study.

Then it was that she began to show the tender solicitude for what is young, pink and cute, that is so characteristic of what has come to us all along the line of female history that it must have carried a pang to the new baby's father. He connected it, no doubt, with the new baby's pity for the severed tiger's head in the rug. It harked back to the existence of a soul in the new baby, the development of which soul we have narrated in a former chapter, and which the father regarded as a sign of emotional weakness, much in the same way that the German philosopher, Nietzsche, regards the capacity for pity in the modern soul. Pity, thinks Nietzsche, introduced by the Christian religion, and fostered by Wagner, is a disintegrating factor in civilization, and with all old and useless people, ought to be eliminated. That the new baby is afflicted with the modern disease and has a soul, the essence of which, perhaps, is pity, was manifested again, to the father's reiterated pain, apropos of the rabbit. For soon the delicate new baby, her conservatism overcome, beamed interest and protection. The father then said, with a ghost of hope in his voice: "Do you want the rabbit?"

"Sure!" shouted the infant, with all the inherited emphasis of a long line of babies in her voice, and with the concentrated unctious poured into one word on account of her small vocabulary. Most words the new baby pronounces with hesitation, feeling that the rich meaning overlaps and she is conservative about agreeing with what she is not quite certain of, but when she has a vivid word which fits a vivid feeling she thunders it forth with a tremendous joy in mere expression which makes the father tremble at the idea of a literary decadent. So, with perfect confidence that she had hit the right word, the new baby shouted: "Sure!" A large portion of the remainder of the new baby's vocabulary is most fittingly used apropos of other young and pretty things. She knows what she means when she sees her own image in the mirror. She caresses a lock of fine hair, and commends with that peculiar emphasis with which she welcomed the rabbit, the baby in the mirror for possessing something so excellent. She states with great distinctness, too, that she has a slipper, which is light blue in color, and very dimly, and she unmistakably points out the fact that her hood and her stockings are not so bad; indeed, quite the reverse. She does not feel the limits of her vocabulary when she comes in contact with the radiating reality of something as young and pretty as herself. It is as if she recognized that such things represented her pliant self or the disinterested embodiment into a particular erschelning here and now of what has pleasingly existed for all eternity and of the beauty and desirability of which she may unhesitatingly feel confident and say "Sure!" with all the strength of her lungs. The new baby, however, is doomed to a very trying ordeal. When she begins to pity her father and finds that pity for what he so idealistically, if mistakenly, represents goes against the eternal laws of her type, there will give temporary pause to the sureness of her "Sure!" and she will have to feel about for a subtler and sadder vocabulary.

## Shoe Trade with Mexico.

According to the best statistics available, over \$300,000 worth of American shoes were sold in Mexico during 1899.—Mexican Herald.

## TOLD BY THE OLD CIRCUS MAN.

The Greatest of All Ghosts Bears a Hand at Delectating.

"One of the things that somehow used to please the old man very much," said the old circus man, "was to see the greatest of all giants laying brick; and when he was looking over a town in advance, as he always did, to see what opportunities there were for presenting the giant most strikingly to the mind and eye of the people by comparison, he always kept an eye out for buildings under construction; and if he found a brick building going up anywhere, that was up, say, two or three stories, and that had bricklayers at work on it, on a scaffolding, laying brick, why, the old man never failed to take that street into the route of the morning parade even if we had to leave out some more important street nearer the center of the town. When we'd come to that building on the line of march the giant would, apparently, discover it in passing; and the minute he saw it he'd stop. He'd look at the men on the scaffolding with every indication of interest; and then the first thing you know he'd step right out of his place in the line and pick up two or three bricks from the ground and then straighten up his head and shoulders up there above where the men were at work, and then he'd take a trowel right out of the hand of one of the bricklayers—they'd all stopped work to look at him—and go to work laying brick. Of course the old man had halted the parade long before this, and you'd see it strung along the road looking on, with half the town looking on, too, at the greatest of all giants laying brick on a wall that had already been carried up three stories, he standing on the ground as he worked. His arms were long enough so that he could reach across over the platform of the scaffold to the wall easily. He might have taken bricks and mortar from there, but he didn't, he would bend down and take 'em from the ground every time. As a matter of fact, he was a very good bricklayer, and I think the giant always enjoyed this work himself; and he'd lay a course or two, between, say, two windows, in good shipshape manner and in good time, and then he'd hand the trowel back to the man on the scaffold that he'd borrowed it from and step back into the line. Then the old man would give the signal, and the band would strike up, and the whole procession would face forward again, including the branches, these being the men that marched immediately ahead of the giant, carrying long poles with crochets at the upper end, wherewith they lifted out of the way and held up while he passed under them, tree branches that might otherwise have impeded, him or compelled him to bend like an ordinary mortal in passing under them, which we never permitted him to do; and then away they'd all go, the elephants and the great giraffe, and the knights in armor on horseback, and the animals in cages, and all the glittering attractions of a circus, but with the great bricklayer towering high, easily the greatest of them all."

## An Interesting Discovery.

Reuter's correspondent at Philippopolis says that an interesting discovery has lately been made by M. Georges Seure, member of the French Archaeological School at Athens, in the shape of a Thracian triumphal car of the later Roman period, or about the fourth century A. D. It was excavated in the tumulus called Douhova (ghost's mound), at the foot of the Rhodopes, near the village of Pastoussa, situated to the southwest of Philippopolis. All the metallic fittings of the chariot, with small bronze figures as decorations, and the harness for one horse, were found, together with five human skulls and several semi-decayed swords and lances. The discovery has so pleased Prince Ferdinand that he has offered to give from his private purse the sum of 10,000 francs, to which the Bulgarian government will add 5,000 francs, and the French another 5,000 francs, for the purpose of continuing these archaeological researches in the country.

## What Joseph Was.

The Sabbath-school teacher had been telling the class about Joseph, particularly with reference to his coat of many colors, and how his father rewarded him for being a good boy, for Joseph, she said, told his father whenever he caught any of his brothers in the act of doing wrong. "Can any little boy or girl tell me what Joseph was?" the teacher asked, hoping that some of them had caught the idea that he was Jacob's favorite. "I know," one of the little girls said, holding up her hand. "What was he?" "A tattle-tale!" was the reply.—Baltimore News.

## A Gigantic Omelet.

A company of the 11th African French battalion stationed at Ker (Tunis) has just enjoyed the most gigantic omelet ever made. At the request of the farmers in the neighborhood, the soldiers were sent on an expedition to annihilate the swarms of sparrows which were playing havoc with the crops. Their work finished, they brought back as spoils of war 5,000 eggs, which the regimental cook mixed with many pounds of other ingredients and made into an omelet nearly seven feet in circumference.

## What Money Would Do.

Perry Patetic—Say, w'at'de de meanin' of 'dolce far niente?' It's in de paper here. Harvard Hasben—Dat's w'at de world would call dis perfusion of ours if we only had money.—Philadelphia Press.

Love isn't blind; it usually sees double.



NOTICE.  
SPIES.  
THERE are to be taken today one hour apart. They are being moved to here before 11 o'clock tomorrow or they will be arrested.  
By order  
E. B. CECIL, Major,  
C. S. G.  
Mafeking.

THE ARREST OF A SPY

ish authorities to put a stop to the leaking out of information. The present situation in South Africa is something like that in the Philippines. Officers find it difficult to determine just who are friendlies and just who are to be counted among the enemy. How many spies, for instance, there may be among the supposedly disaffected burghers of the cape it is impossible to tell. This peculiar position of affairs forced General Gatacre not long ago to issue a proclamation that any Cape Colony burgher traveling from town to town would be arrested on suspicion. He forbade them to go to market towns oftener than once a week. This was obviously to prevent the dissemination of information regarding the movement and disposition of the British forces.

In the town of Mafeking, too, early in the war, Major Cecil was forced to post up notices to the effect that information had reached him that spies

## AN IDIOTIC JOKE

By Which E. A. Sothern Kept a Stage Empty For One Trip.

"The late Edward A. Sothern," said C. H. Talcott of Buffalo, at the Fifth Avenue hotel, "was known far and wide as a practical joker, and many of those he perpetrated found their way into print. He would go to any amount of personal inconvenience and trouble to carry out one of his jokes, and I remember his telling me once with great glee how he had got into an empty stage in the lower part of Fifth avenue and succeeded in riding the length of the route and return without any one getting aboard or the company receiving any fare except his own. The manner in which he accomplished this he explained to be as follows: The stage had proceeded some three blocks, when it stopped to pick up a couple of women who had signaled it, whereupon Sothern, who could not of course, be seen by the driver, began to dance up and down the interior of the stage, wave his arms about and grin and chatter in idiotic and expansive manner. The women decided that they would have none of that particular stage, as they did not consider riding with a lunatic as conducive to either health or quiet of nerves. With every subsequent would-be passenger this maneuver was successfully repeated until the stage had returned to the original point where Sothern had boarded it, when, luckily for the receipts of the company, an important engagement compelled him reluctantly to leave it."—New York Tribune.

## Wished He Was Jones.

One of the applicants for a consulate in Japan while James G. Blaine was secretary of state was the late Samuel Kimberley of Baltimore, who died in the service in Central America, says the Chicago News. After he had presented his credentials, Mr. Blaine said: "I should like to appoint you, Mr. Kimberley, but I have made it a rule to recommend no one who does not speak the language of the country to which he is sent. Do you speak Japanese?" "Certainly, Mr. Blaine," said Mr. Kimberley. "Ask me something in Japanese, and I'll answer you." Mr. Blaine had not a word to say, but the Japanese post went to another man, all the same, and Kimberley went to Central America. One day Kimberley met a young woman, who threw her

munication, and the mobility of his forces all unite to neutralize the advantage which his enemies possess in their more perfect organization, in discipline and in superiority in numbers. It explains to a great degree just why the little republics of South Africa have been able to make such an excellent showing when facing the most powerful and the most aggressive empire in existence at the present day.

While the Boer is by no means a diplomat, he is in state and in municipal affairs always a wily and foxy schemer. This perhaps explains just why the secret service system of the Transvaal is the most extensive and the most effective affair of its kind in existence. When it is remembered that the "simple minded veldt burgher" has such an adroit and experienced secret service agent on the continent as Dr. Leyds and it is borne in mind that this official receives a salary of \$80,000 a year for his services, some idea of the faith which Oom Paul places in his spy system may be secured. Dr. Leyds goes about under the official but delightfully ambiguous title of "European representative of the

arms impulsively around his neck and kissed him. Seeing her mistake, she drew back and angrily asked: "Aren't you Mr. Jones?" "No, madam," replied Kimberley, bowing, "I'm not, but I wish to thunder I was."

## Slate Pencil Industry.

Pencils from slate dust molded by hydraulic pressure are now made in large quantities. They are much more popular than the solid-cut slate pencils. One factory last year made 25,000,000 molded pencils.

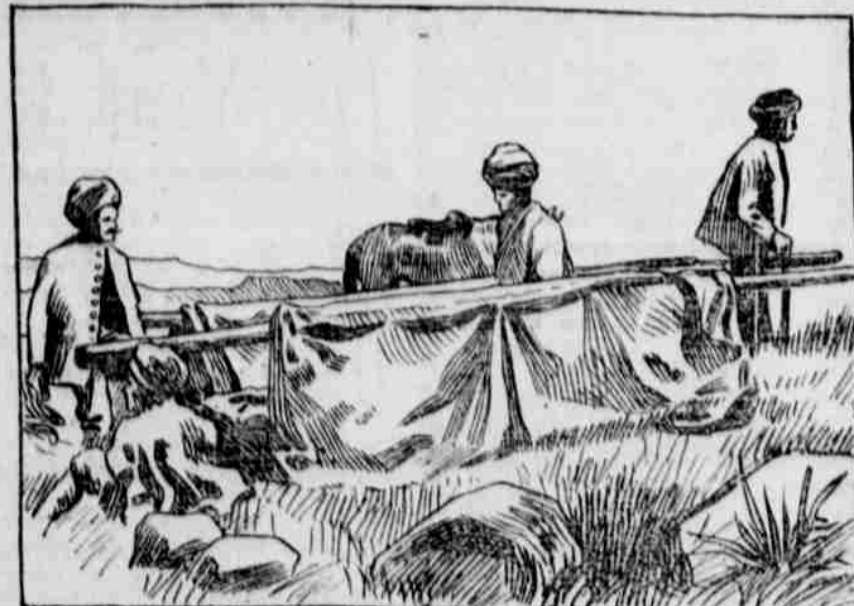
## Legal New Year's Day.

Up to 1752 the 25th of March was the beginning of the legal year, though the 1st of January was universally recognized as New Year's day.

## A Pound to the Yard.

One pound of sheep's wool is capable of producing one yard of cloth.

## INDIAN BEARERS IN SOUTH AFRICA



When the British empire is at war, as might be said of that empire during the present time, the war office is able to call upon subjects from all corners of the earth. Canadians, Australians, Irishmen, East Indians—all are ready to respond to the call of the homeland, and curious indeed are some of the forces which go to the front under the union jack. Perhaps the most outlandish element in this motley army

are the Indian bearers who did such good work at and after the battle of Rellfontein. Although acting only in the capacity of nurses and camp followers, these experienced and intrepid gatherers of the wounded were the means of saving many a Britisher's life by the dispatch and thoroughness with which they went over the battlefield and carried the wounded to places of safety, where surgeons and stimulants were awaiting them.