

ALL FOR HIS COUNTRY'S SAKE

I DON'T like to shoot you, Franz, I'd like to take you alive."

"Perhaps it would be better. Wait a moment, Charley," replied the man addressed, trying to extricate his leg from beneath his fallen horse.

It was a tragic half-minute in the life of Franz Van Rhyne, and the fatal hour of Col. Charles Cooper of the West Province Mounted rifles.

A bullet from the colonel's revolver had slain the steed from under his former college chum, and the latter lay struggling with his rifle to defend himself from capture by the British. His arm and leg were torturing him with pain, caused by splinters from an artillery shell.

"I'll never be taken alive," said the Afrikaner to himself. "No amnesty for me, if I am captured. All is fair in love and war."

But he did not finish the thought. Why waste the word, when he had lived, moved and had his being in war, war, war—not love—for a whole league of months. His rifle was free by this time and he lifted it to his shoulder—his left shoulder, for he was born with this peculiarity.

Col. Cooper saw the movement and fired again, but the ball went wild. It was a perilous moment for him, for the chambers of his revolver were now empty, and he wheeled his horse about in the direction of retreat.

"Don't go," yelled Van Rhyne. "You have had three shots at me. Now give me a chance."

No response in words came back to



"NOW GIVE ME A CHANCE."

this bantering cry, but the clear air bore to the Boer marksman the sound of a fallen body's impact upon the earth. The Afrikaner had punctured his challenge with a leaden exclamation point!

As Cooper fell another Englishman galloped to the spot.

"Now, you Boer fool," he cried, "it is your turn." But the rifle of the crippled marksman answered him with a grin laugh in its own peculiar accent and another pool of Anglo-Saxon blood bathed the head of Capt. Wilson in a crevice of the donga. It was late in the afternoon and the declining sun shot long shadows across the veldt.

Col. Charles Cooper, the former college mate and friend of Franz Van Rhyne, was not dead. As the Boer moved toward the bridge on Wilson's riderless horse, the English trooper lifted himself, bleeding and fatigued, to level a freshly-loaded bullet.

No one will ever know what his thoughts were as he looked, for the last time, upon the enemy who had once been his special protegee in school, the former 14-year-old boy whose quarrels with the bullies of the Cape Town academy had always been his quarrels, the subject of many a fist fight in which he had made good his claim to the friendship of Franz Van Rhyne. Only the latter's thoughts are left to speak for the tragedy of this moment, when another Afrikaner bullet tore through the Englishman's vitals and left him still as the breath of nature among the sand dunes.

"I could not have done it," murmured the Boer as he led two English horses to the rear of a mound; "but I would not be taken alive. It was either his life or mine."

Behind the mound there lay in the worst tortures of fever his superior officer, Commandant Albert Maritz, holding up his head with difficulty to inquire after the issue of the battle. With tender care, even by the man who was himself in pain, the ranking soldier was assisted into the saddle of one horse and Van Rhyne climbed with the aid of his uninjured hand into the other. Once again he was compelled to dismount and meet face to face an English cavalryman who sought to capture the refugees. Another bullet and another death in the British ranks. Franz Van Rhyne and Albert Maritz were now safe on their way to Koegas, across the border of the German province in West Africa.

"I did it on your account as much as my own," said Van Rhyne, but his companion was too sick to ask an explanation.

It was on June 5, 1902, that the two wretched troopers engaged in this final battle of Gerles—several days after peace had been declared. It is true, but made necessary by the desperate attitude of the fugitives toward the British army. This is the explanation that Van Rhyne himself has made of his deed. He has made it with a personal view of value, when his thoughts turned to the death of Col. Cooper, and to the fact that he had been a prisoner of war for a year and more.

to the recollection of the cause for which he fought, the principle of the British and the overthrow of Kruger. Franz Van Rhyne is an exile from his native land and he has told his tale as an explanation of his presence in the United States. Maritz is dead, as he could not long survive the fever that beset him, and his body now lies in American soil.

"The poor fellow was regarded by the Boers as their fourth commandant in the scale of importance," said the surviving soldier as he finished the account of the death of Col. "Charley" Cooper. "He and I together raised 11,000 men in Cape Colony to fight for the African republic."

"After we had made ourselves safe in German territory we took a vessel and went to Madeira. Thence we shipped to Southampton, remaining there several days in disguise. We called ourselves the brothers Wilson, and during our stay there my hand never left the butt of my revolver. It would have gone hard with the man who tried to take me. When the health of Commandant Maritz permitted we sailed for America. Maritz died at Chicago. Of the rest of the twenty-six men that made the ride from Lilyfontaine to the German border or were taken on the field at Gerles I know nothing."

The name of Van Rhyne was made famous in Denver recently by the report of his intention to start an ostrich farm in Colorado. The Boer fighter has determined to make this his home until the English see fit to issue him a pardon. This he does not expect, and hence he will engage in the endeavor with which he is familiar and import ostriches from his father's farm to start a flock of his own.

Van Rhyne is only 29 years old, according to his own statement, but he tells a remarkable story. One would be prone to doubt it if he did not carry papers that seem to establish his identity and lend credence to what he says. He wears on his vest a medal of the Matabeli war in 1893, when he says he fought with the Charter company of Cecil Rhodes; also a Mollobach medal which he says was presented to him by President Kruger.

TREE AS AN INQUISITOR

Bears Fruit Which Malagasy Think Poisonous, Fatal Only to Criminals.

There is a peculiar tree indigenous to Madagascar which is believed by the natives to possess the power of divination. They are firmly of the opinion that, while an ordinary person may eat its fruit with impunity, a criminal will die after partaking of the smallest morsel of it. The tree is known as the tangen. For centuries it was the custom to use the fruit of the tangen for the purpose of ascertaining whether criminals charged with grave offenses were guilty or not.

In each case the prisoner was brought into court and the judge thereupon solemnly handed him a fruit from a tangen tree and told him that if he ate it and it did him no harm he would be considered innocent, but that if it killed him he would be considered guilty. As there is a great deal of poison in the fruit it can readily be seen that very few, if indeed any, were able to pass through this ordeal unscathed.

It is said that some criminals who had great political influence or considerable wealth managed to escape through the connivance of the judges, but, on the other hand, the criminal records tell of many cases in which prisoners died a horrible death very soon after they had eaten the noxious fruit.

More civilized methods of adjudication now prevail in Madagascar, but though this barbarous custom is obsolete, the tangen tree is regarded with almost as much aversion as it ever was. A proof of this may be found in the fact that a French naturalist recently tried to obtain some branches and fruit of the trees, but, though he asked several natives to aid him in the search he was unable to obtain the slightest assistance from any of them.

The Jewelry Peddler

There is apparently about as much trust in the jewelry business as there is between brokers on the stock exchange. A large number of the big manufacturing jewelers permit the curbstone brokers in jewelry to have large stocks of goods on memorandum, and it is rare for one of these men to defraud the firm. They carry their stocks to down town offices, where Wall Street men congregate. It has been found that many men who would never go to a jewelry store are tempted to buy articles which are displayed to them by the jewelry peddler. From the standpoint of the wholesale dealer this business is conducted almost entirely on credit. The curbstone broker takes the articles on memorandum and pays only for the goods which he succeeds in selling.

No Dash About Him

—Jones—Hamilton is a pretty good example of what a business man ought to be.

—Brown—In some ways, yes, but then he's so terribly deliberate. Why, I've known him spend ten minutes over his noonday lunch.—Boston Transcript.

Here is a helpful hint to the girls: The man who carries his change in a pocket book may be rich some day, but he will grow every time his wife asks for a dime.

WINTER CAMPS IN THE LUMBER WOODS ARE THE TRUE ESSENCE OF LIBERTY

THERE is pleasure and independence in the winter life in the lumber woods that is more than recompense for its many disagreeable conditions," said one who has had personal experience in that life. "The wholesome exercise, the pure, brisk, spicy air, the very isolation of the woods, where, for weeks none in the camp sees anything of the outside world or even hears from it, conduce to good appetite and good digestion, hence to health and cheerfulness and content, so that even the tyro in the camp can join with a good heart in this lusty song of the woodsmen, with which generations of their robust forbears were wont to begin their labor or round out the evenings in the firelit cabin:

"The music of our burnished ax
Shall make the woods resound
And many a lofty, ancient pine
Shall tumble to the ground.
At night, around our good campfire,
We'll sing while rude winds blow;
Oh, we'll range the wild woods over
As we lumbering we go!"

"The companionship of the lumber camp is anything but tedious. The food is by no means dainty. One does not wrap the drapery of his couch about him and lie down to pleasant dreams on a spring mattress, for the couch may be a straw-tick on a board bed, on a pile of fragrant hemlock or spruce boughs, on the cabin floor, as he may choose. When he turns in for the night, if he were blind his nose would tell him that felt boots and woolen stockings, in use all day in the snow, were drying by the fire. But freedom is in the air. Sickness or poor appetite is unknown. The food, though coarse, is well cooked. A bad cook in a lumber camp would be run out of it without delay.

"A lumber camp is a true democracy. Every man is as good as his brother, but no better. A malcontent is shunned by his fellows until he either sees his folly and becomes congenial or the camp becomes unbearable to him and he leaves it.

"Nothing like a life in the woods gives such opportunity for the practical study of animals in the winter. Then the prowling bear hides away under the roots of some fallen tree, in the hollow log, or even beneath a coverlet of snow.

"The cunning coon snuggles in some hollow tree or crevice in the rocks and sleeps away the cold days and nights, his family huddled about him. The woodchuck curls himself up in dry knolls far beneath the reach of frost. The frisky squirrel tucks himself and his wife away in their leafy nest in the crotch of some old oak or chestnut tree, and lives like a king on the store of nuts he and she have worked all through the fall to gather. The hedgehog rolls himself up in some snug retreat and sleeps.

"And meantime those winged challengers of the cold, the hawks, the owls, the woodpeckers, the little chickadees, and others that scorn to seek the South because old Boreas blows, screech and hoot and hammer and twit, seeking food and pleasure.

"Whatever animal or bird does the woodsman knows it. He knows more about them than books or bookmakers. Daily he learns from the woods something new about animal and plant and tree, and knows well that although he continues daily and nightly of and among them, he has not years enough to live—even if his life be of the longest—wherein to learn it all."—New York Sun.

METHODS OF THE SERVANTS IN MANILA WOULD NOT SUIT THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE

FROM my friends here I learn that much of the patriarchal system of living still prevails even in Manila," says an American woman in The Outlook. "In some large houses there are from twenty to thirty dependents of all degrees, from poor relations to cooks and scullions. These persons live about the house, sleeping in corners, and are clothed and fed by the mistress. They marry, have children, and raise them in a harem-scram way that would drive an American woman to an insane asylum. Again and again I have seen in one of the finest houses here small naked children asleep behind the parlor door, while large eyed, placid women nursed babies, quite unabashed, as they crouched on the floor in the hallways. These servants have their home, their clothes, food and from three to five pesos a month. In a way, I suppose, they earn this money, as they unchalantly polish the hardwood floors or carelessly flap dust from the center of tables and chairs. They sit on the floor in kitchens in front of a pan of water and wash the dishes that are piled up around them, and stack them edgewise along the wall to dry. Surely their ways are not ours, and it is a shock to the nerves to see a kitchen in the heat of preparation for a banquet of which one is to partake later. It requires some skill to pass between the various dishes being prepared on the floor, where cats and dogs and babies, meats and fruits and vegetables, seem hopelessly jumbled up. I always forget about it later, for a delicious dinner will almost always come forth from the chaos. Many of these servants have lived all their lives in one family. They feel themselves dependent on their masters, and the idea of their going away or being dismissed never occurs to either master or servant. There is consequently a family feeling between them, and a freedom of intercourse that we, democrats though we are, would not tolerate. A friend told me that his head servant always remonstrates with him when he disapproves any course of action, and sometimes I have witnessed an altercation between a mistress and maid in which the maid prevailed. At one house, I remember, there was a difference of opinion at dinner as to the kind of wine to be served, and the servant had his way; yet they are not considered impertinent by their masters."

CLAMS AS RAT-CATCHERS.

Careless Rodents Get Too Close to Stock of Bivalves.

The clam in his time has played many parts, ranging from a table delicacy to the symbol of contentment, but the clam as a rat-trap, says the New York Mail and Express, is the brand-new role successfully essayed by two large round bivalves recently in the New York aquarium feed room, formerly the magazine room when the building was Fort Clinton.

A barrel or more of hard clams are kept constantly in the feedroom, as this is the chief food of a number of varieties of the fishes and the invertebrates in the collection.

On the occasion in question the keepers and attendants in the building were startled by prolonged squeaks and scamperings, coming apparently from among the clams. The surprise was made complete when, on opening the door, they found two rats held prisoners, one with a clam on his tail and the other with a blind foot hard and fast between the shell of another clam. The one with his foot fast was unable to move, but the other scampered about, the clam bumping up and down after the manner of the tin can tied to the caudal appendage of a dog.

So ludicrous was the situation that the keepers were unable to do anything but laugh. Examination showed that the rodents, doubtless in search of food, had been reckless of the partially opened shells of the clams and the latter had closed, entrapping the animals. A clam will stay closed just as long as any movement near his shell is evident, and the frantic efforts of the rats to escape only served to make the odd traps firmer.

The rats were dispatched after every one within call had had a look and a laugh.

GATE TO MATRIMONY.

Uncovering Demand for Women Stenographers Due to Capital's Competition. For workers in one occupation the demand is said to be swelling. That is said to be because it is the gate to matrimony.

rimony, and the ranks are constantly being depleted to recruit wedding processions. For this reason the demand for women stenographers continues despite the constant turning out of new material from the business colleges.

From the colleges and schools of Chicago the stenographers come in the hundreds. They have little difficulty in entering the offices of business houses, corporations, and firms. Their predecessors have left to marry the business man, one of his clerks, one of the customers with whom she has dealt, or some one she has met by reason of being in the office.

In no other line of business, it is said, are the matrimonial chances so good. The stenographer has more opportunity than any other of her sisters in other work to come in contact with eligible men.

Qualities which help to brighten an office may do the same for a home, and many men whose business requires their strictest application, not leaving them the time for extended observation, discover that the young women working in their offices possess the attributes they would desire in wives.

The school teacher, it is argued, may be just as pretty and just as sweet-tempered as the woman engaged in any other work, but she devoted her working hours to children whose affection may be pleasant to have, but not effective so far as the future is concerned. The stenographer, on the other hand, is likely to produce affection in men who have the ability, if they have the inclination, to offer her a home.—Chicago Tribune.

Authority on Chinese. The Jesuit Peter Zottoli, 76, who died at Shanghai recently, was a leading authority on the Chinese language and literature. For many years he had been at work on a dictionary, which, completed, will comprise ten or twelve volumes.

We wish we lived under a hedge, and that some pretty girl would go wild with delight at finding us in bloom so early.

BITS FOR BOOKWORMS

A new and revised edition of Stephen Paget's "Experiments on Animals," with an introduction by Lord Lister, is published by the Messrs. Putnam.

J. A. Hammerton, of London, is about to publish a volume of Stevensoniana, to consist of extracts from magazines and other periodicals relating to Stevenson.

It has become known that Andrew C. Wheeler (Nym Crinkle), who recently died on his farm in Rockland County, was the "J. P. M." whose striking essays and books have had a large popularity in these later years.

Ralph Fitcher Seymour is the publisher of "Ceres and Persephone," a child play by Miss Maud Menefee. The Demeter myth is retold for children in simple lyrical dialogue and Mr. Lang's translation of the "Hymn to Demeter" is appended.

Of middle height, white-haired and ruddy-faced, Jules Verne looks like a sea captain who is spending the autumn of a well-filled life on shore. Although 74 years old, suffering from cut-arrest and lame in one leg, the old gentleman is hearty of manner and brightly interested in all the world's doings.

Prof. John Ward Stimson's long expected work on art and the philosophy of beauty, "The Gate Beautiful," is at last announced for early publication by Albert Brandt, of Trenton, N. J. It will be a quarto of 420 pages and is to contain several thousand illustrations and two color charts, one being printed in twenty-four colors.

Paul Laurence Dunbar, author of "Lyrics of Lowly Life," "Poems of Cabin and Field," etc., has just read the proofs of a new volume of poems which will be a companion to his "Lyrics of Lowly Life" and "Lyrics of the Heartside." For the most part it is made up of dialect pieces and will bear the title "Lyrics of Love and Laughter."

It is said that the novel by John D. Barry entitled "A Daughter of Thespis," which L. C. Page & Co. have in press, is one of the few accurate stories of American stage conditions that has ever been written. Mr. Barry's stories of theatrical life have already been highly praised by the reviewers, among others by William Archer, the leading dramatic critic of England.

Miss Mary Johnston's new romantic love story, "Sir Mortimer," will follow Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter" in Harper's Magazine. The scenes of the story are laid in England at the court of Queen Elizabeth and on the sea. The heroine is a celebrated beauty who is lady-in-waiting to Queen Elizabeth, while the hero is a gallant officer in her Majesty's miniature navy.

"David Harum" has passed into its one hundred and first edition, which Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. issued immediately after the holidays. In the matter of popularity expressed in numbers it now takes first rank in American fiction, "Ben-Hur" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" being its only rivals. The book's first century of editions was celebrated in October last with an issue of 10,000 copies, printed on a special paper in a special binding. It was entirely disposed of by Dec. 1, completing a total sale of 995,000 copies. The new edition will appear in the family yellow cover, with full-page illustrations by Clinehurst.

He Needed Clothes.

A Western Senator brought to the Capitol a good story about Minister Bowen, which the minister himself recently told at a dinner.

"I was asked some days after I arrived here in Washington," said Mr. Bowen, "why I had stuck so closely to my rooms at the hotel and not showed myself around town.

"The only reply was a rather painful one, but, nevertheless, fully truthful. It was because I hadn't the clothes."

Thereupon Mr. Bowen told how he had been commissioned to hasten North suddenly and without opportunity to provide himself with the heavier wearing apparel necessary for residence in a cold climate. As soon as he reached town he put a local tailor to work upon an outfit.

The hardship of the situation was that Mr. Bowen had ordered some rainment from London, and this was coming across the Atlantic in a British bottom, which was one of the very first ships to be held up by the blockading fleet of the allies. There was no help for it, and Mr. Bowen's London clothes, such as are necessary for proper appearance in polite society, are still somewhere in South America. He had reason, therefore, for being personally grateful when the blockade was raised and his clothes had an opportunity to go forward to Caracas.—Washington Post.

London Sunday Newspapers.

They have started a Sunday newspaper in London. It is of the strictly religious order, however, and it offers a bottle of water from the River Jordan to every person who subscribes for six copies. The water is guaranteed genuine, having been dipped out and bottled under the direct supervision of the leading citizens of Jericho and Bethlehem.

The people do not give any man the right to buy a second horse if he has lost his who are still walking.

Science AND Invention

Carborundum melts only at a temperature far above that ordinarily generated for smelting ores and metals. It is therefore proposed as a coating for fire bricks, to be applied as a paste with sodium silicate, and tests have shown that a twentieth-inch coating protects the bricks from the greatest heat of ordinary work with metals.

The diving apparatus of Signor Pino, an Italian engineer, consists of a kind of globular boat provided with delicately jointed mechanical arms, and with this it is practicable to reach the sea bed at a depth of 100 yards, and to perform any kind of work. In a test near Genoa, the inventor descended to the bottom and returned with the greatest ease.

Alloys are usually more fusible than the least fusible metal contained, and they are almost always heavier or denser than the average of their uncombined constituents. A remarkable exception to both rules is an alloy of 18.87 per cent of aluminum and 81.13 per cent of antimony. Both metals melt at about 650 deg. C., while the alloy requires a heat of 1080 deg. C., and the specific gravity of the latter is only 4.218—instead of 5.225, which it would be if there were no change of volume. In other words, 7.07 cubic inches of aluminum and 12.07 of antimony produce 23.71 cubic inches of alloy.

It is suggested in the October, 1902, Bulletin of the Trinidad Botanical Department that pitcher plants, which possess the property of capturing and killing insects that venture into their flowers, could be profitably employed in preventing the ravages of cockroaches among orchids. By interspersing the pitcher plants among the orchids it is believed that the orchids would be, to a great degree, protected, because the pitcher plants have an attraction for such injurious insects as cockroaches, and seldom let them get away. The pitcher plant flourishes under conditions of heat and moisture quite similar to those that are most favorable to orchids.

It has been found that the bactericidal effect of the arc-light is much superior to that of sunlight, because the very rapid ultraviolet radiation from the sun is absorbed by the atmosphere. A rapid oscillation high-tension arc, particularly when formed between iron points, gives off an abundance of ultraviolet rays of extremely short-wave length. Quartz is transparent to this light, of which it transmits 90 per cent, but gelatine and an oxide of iron, even a thin film of it, are entirely opaque. Ice is as transparent as air to these rays, but blood is opaque, and accordingly, in applying them to the human body, they are passed through ice pressed upon the region affected so as to make it bloodless.

There is a "platinum problem" as well as a coal problem, and a writer in Science says it has become a very serious one, because while the demand for this metal has rapidly increased during the past few years, the supply has been diminishing. Mines contained in two small districts in the Ural Mountains have long been the world's chief source of platinum. Two Russian families, the Demidoffs and the Shouvaloffs, are the principal owners of these mines. Recently a rich find of platinum has been reported in the more northerly of the two districts, at Goroblagodatsk, along the River Iss and its tributaries. Formerly some of the sands produced as much as one ounce of platinum to the ton, but lately this has been reduced to one or two pennyweights. The new diggings are said to rival the richness of the older sands.

Cool and Impassive.

Judge Johnson was hearing a case in criminal court. The prosecution was being represented by the assistant district attorney, who thundered his arguments at the head of the prisoner and sent the circumambient air in surging waves against the four walls of the courtroom. At one of his most startling stages of oratory he discharged a volley of accusations with such force that the plastering fell from one corner of the ceiling. Judge Johnson remained cool and impassive as he sent out for the janitor to whom he pointed out the pile of debris.

"Mr. Janitor," he said, "please take that court plaster over to the jail hospital, where they may need it. Now, Mr. Prescott."

Between Rich and Poor.

In English law courts too much distinction is made between poor and wealthy parties. This state of affairs is partly attributable to the want of a code of criminal law and procedure. The mysteries of the law of the English jurists of to-day are what the mysteries of theologic dogma were for priestcraft of mediæval times.—Die Zeit, Vienna.

A Butterfly Farm.

Near Scarborough, England, a farm exists for rearing moths and butterflies. Half an acre of land has been planted with trees and shrubs for the purpose. In their season the stock of caterpillars is twenty thousand. From thirty to forty thousand preserved insects are kept in reserve, so that butterflies and moths can be supplied irrespective of the time of year.

So many women are killing men of late that the newspapers must be interesting reading to the equal suffragists.

We never won a cent on a tip or a coin.