

# SCENES FROM THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

## British Prisoners in Pretoria—The Queen With the Wives of Soldiers at the Front—A Trooper Sounding the Alarm.

While it is not exactly a disgrace to be taken prisoner, especially when it becomes a choice between captivity and death, still it is discouraging to a soldier who hopes for a chance to win



THE ALARM.

glory and promotion to find himself a prisoner at the very opening of hostilities. Such was the fortune of war for a large portion of two of England's "crack regiments," which were sent out on a sortie from Ladysmith in the

so serious that the Reservists have been called out, and a part of the Life Guards are no longer directly guarding the Queen's person, but have been hurried to the scene of hostilities. As a mark of honor to the brave men in these divisions of the army, the Queen, who feels that she is mother to her soldiers, visited the Victoria Barracks in Windsor, and there received the wives and children—perhaps in some cases the widows and orphans—of the Life Guards and Reservists who are at the front.

The first illustration on this page portrays vividly the life on the Transvaal frontier. A young Englishman and his wife have settled in South Africa and built for themselves a little home. The Boer farmers in the neighborhood have been jealous of the "Outlander," whose ways were not their ways. Quarrels have arisen.

But the Boer army is far away, he thinks. He does not know that the British troops in Natal have concentrated in a few towns and left the rest of the country to the invading Transvaal army, who have been reinforced by his neighbors of Boer blood.

Little Paul Revere, a trooper, rides through the country giving the alarm of the invaders' approach, and what the news means to the young English

late, wondering how he was going to get awake in the morning, when he happened to pass a telegraph office. A happy thought struck him. Entering



THE QUEEN AT THE VICTORIA BARRACKS IN WINDSOR.

the office, he wrote out a telegram addressed to himself and signed with an initial. It read: "Mother is dying. Come at once." Leaving instructions that it was to be delivered at 5 o'clock

and contains two cannons, named Hancock and Adams respectively, which were used in the war. The monument was completed and dedicated June 17, 1843.

### HOW TO CLEAR WINDOW PANES

Electric Fan Keeps the Frost From Accumulating on the Glass.

It is enough to give one chilly shivers up and down his spinal column and back again to see an electric fan in the window of a store on Euclid avenue, whirling away as though the thermometer indicated a degree of heat approaching that of Kentucky politics. The fan is in the big window of the store and it is kept there all the time, whirling away as though it were summer. It is an ordinary fan and there is nothing about it to attract attention save the fact that it is going and that it is pointed toward the plate glass window—that is, it blows the air against the inside of the glass. The reason for this odd use of an electric fan in the dead of winter is the solution of one of the problems that has bothered storekeepers for years, ever since there were stores and winters probably. There have been inventions without number to solve the problem of how to keep the frost from forming on the inside of show windows and obscuring them so that the things in the windows cannot be seen from the street. There have been innumerable inventions to keep the windows clear in cold weather, and some of the expensive ones are fairly successful. This merchant has found the easiest and cheapest. He puts an electric fan in

### DIED IN THEIR BOOTS

A TERRIBLE DAY IN MEDICINE LODGE, KANS.

Four Men Rob a Bank, Shooting the President and Cashier and Are Themselves Captured and Lynched—It Occurred Back in '84.

The biggest day we ever had in Medicine Lodge, says a cattleman, was in 1884, when we had six dead men on our hands, all killed with their boots on. Medicine Lodge was then an old town, as towns go in Kansas, and had a bank of deposits for cattlemen and the usual number of dance halls and saloons, though the latter had degenerated into "joints" under the prohibition reform. Well, on May 1, Wiley Payne, president of the bank, and a man named Gebhart, cashier, opened the bank that morning a little earlier than usual. I was on the way to the bank myself and was about a block away when I saw four men ride up and tie their horses. Three went into the bank. There was an old woman crossing the street, and all of a sudden she yelled "bank robbers" at the top of her voice and began to run. With that the shooting began in the bank. Both the president and cashier were shot to death by the robbers. Every man in town who had a gun, and we all carried 'em, got ready to shoot. There was a lot of cowboys at the hotel and in the joints. They had ridden their horses into town and had left them at the livery stable with saddles on. When the shooting began to get hot the robbers ran for their horses, climbed on and started up Medicine creek. The cowboys were right behind them, riding and shooting. They couldn't get in range so it would be convenient to drop, so they quit shooting and made the bronchos climb. They never once lost sight of them robbers. I don't know whether they'd have caught them very soon if the robbers hadn't made a blunder.

Harry Brown, the city marshal of Caldwell, and Ben Wheeler, his deputy, were the head robbers. Ben was a big



WILEY PAYNE.

fellow, more than six feet high, and weighed 225. He was too heavy for his horse, and the horse was losing his wind. So what do they do but turn up into one of the deep canyons, thinking they could ride somewhere. I reckon. Anyhow, they started up the canyon, with the cowboys after them. It was a deep one without any outlet at the upper end. First thing they knew we had 'em penned in by the steep banks of the canyon on three sides and the cowboys on the other. It was a tight place, and it did not take them long to agree to surrender and go back to jail. I guess we did promise 'em protection, leastwise we said if they would go back with us we wouldn't hang them on the way to jail. But we declined to be responsible for accidents. That's natural enough. How could we help it if something did happen to them after they got back to jail?

Course, something did happen. They knoed and we knoed that it was goin' to. They had been caught in the act of killing bankers and in them days bankers were held in great respect, so they had nothing else to expect. We put 'em in jail safe enough and put handcuffs on them. Along toward evening the boys began to ride in from all over the county. They had heard about the killing, and after mature deliberation it was decided that the jail was no safe place now, and the state had expenses enough of its own. So, for the good of the community, it was thought best to make a short, sure job of them and relieve ourselves from further anxiety.

Along in the evening some of the boys went up to the jail to see how the prisoners were. As I told you, they were all in irons when we left 'em in the morning, but when we got up there that night they had got the irons off.

How they done it I never did know, and they didn't have time to explain. When the door was opened they broke to get away. Brown got such a start that it was necessary to perforate him then and there. He died without a kick. His deputy, Ben Wheeler, had to be winged. They shot him so he couldn't run and held him for the final ceremonies. The other two robbers, Billy Smith and John Wesley, were cowboys, but, being poor runners, and having been previously relieved of their Winchesters and side arms, they was easy to handle. Besides, the boys knoed 'em and did not want to disgrace them. They rounded up the prisoners and took 'em to a lone tree handy to town and near the river. Then the three were strung up on the one tree. Of course, as Brown had already departed this life, there wasn't no need of stringin' him up. It was a big funeral we had the next day, six men dead, and all died with their boots on. It was the biggest day we ever had in Medicine Lodge.

### ROYAL SUPERSTITIONS.

Years of Wilhelm, Franz Joseph and Other Monarchs.

No sovereign is more superstitious or more careful not to infringe on any of the old mythical aetages than William II. First, there is the white lady. Then the fear of a seventh son, for when the present kaiser was quite a lad a sorceress predicted that three emperors would occupy the throne of their ancestors in the course of one year; that one of these three, who should have seven sons, would bring bad luck to the German empire and allow it to slip forever from the Hohenzollern grasp. The kaiser always assures himself before going on horseback that he has a pierced 5-pfenning piece in his pocket, supposing it will ward off danger. He inherits these scruples from his father, the late Emperor Frederick, who rather shocked the strong-minded Princess Royal of England by bringing a sprig of white heather, emblem of good luck, when he proposed to her.

Remembering all the senseless forms connected with the Russian court and custom, it is not surprising that Nicolas is superstitious, and very much so. A ring which good Muscovites zealously affirm contains a portion of the true cross is handed down from one autocrat to the other, and nothing in the world would induce the czar to perform the most trivial act without it.

Empress Alex has no patience with her husband's whims of this stamp. The phantom of the Hapsburg dynasty, like that of the Hohenzollerns, is a lady, and her appearance presages death or other misfortune. "Every tragic event—and goodness knows there have been enough of them—which has yet happened at the Austrian court," a well-known archduchess declares, "has been announced by a woman of rare beauty who wanders in the corridors of Schonbrunn castle." Different Austrian notables avow they saw this inauspicious creature short before Archduke Rudolph's death, and again before his mother's assassination.

The "white lady" of the Tuilleries was an ugly dwarf, whose appearance predicted an unnatural death to some member of the royalty. Though the Italian court has no such visitor, King Humbert is just a trifle superstitious, and no matter where he is, or under what circumstances, he makes it a point to change his linen three times a day.

### A PERILOUS CALLING.

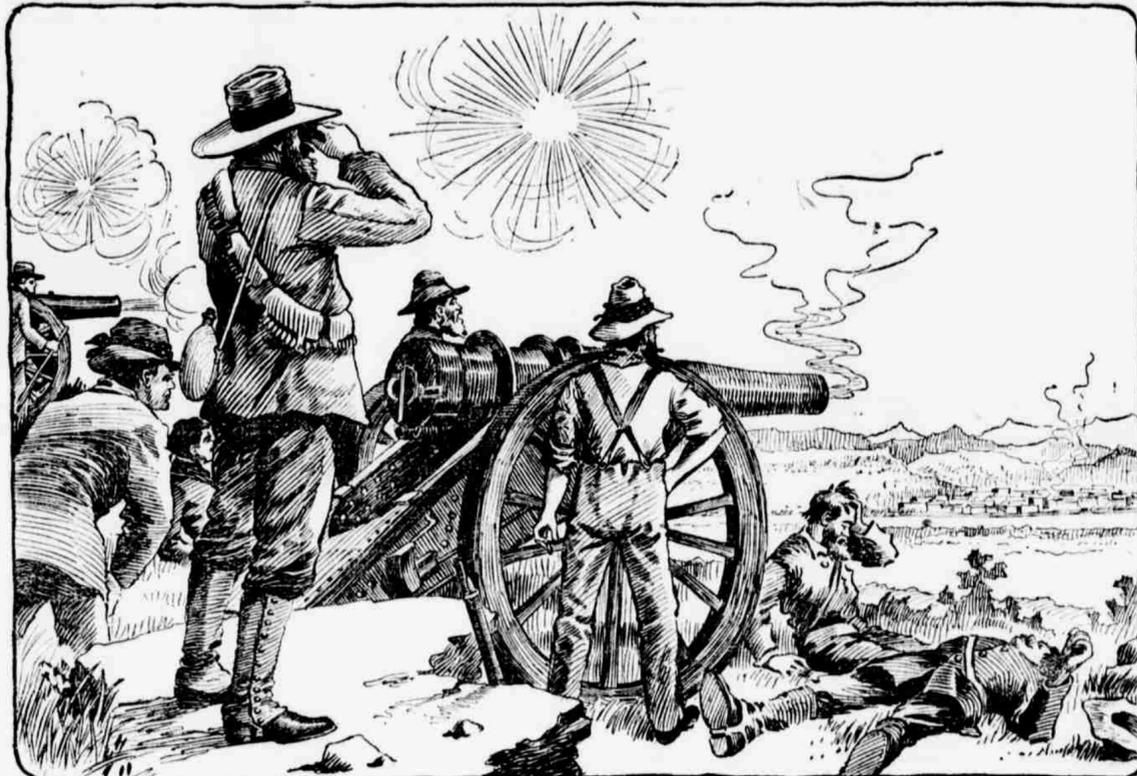
Grave Danger Always Attends the Trainers of Wild Beasts.

When you see an animal trainer performing with ferocious beasts you may be quite right if you imagine the man as a fearless master of them; but if you think for an instant that there is no danger, you are wholly wrong. A trainer never confronts the beasts and compels them to do his bidding without literally taking his life in his hands. He is so used to the danger that he does not think of it each time, and he holds his mastery of them by a sort of power that becomes habit, second nature, as it were, just as he eats his meals or performs any other common employment. Or, to make the case more plain, he forgets the dangers that surround him, just as men in any other dangerous calling do—a painter, for instance, who stands upon a narrow platform hundreds of feet above the ground. Nevertheless, the danger is ever present, and all the more terrible because of the uncertainty of it. A trainer must inspire constant fear in the brutes. What a power for harm there is in the elephant, for instance! One swing of that powerful trunk, and he could crush out the life of the man; but he is possessed of an ungovernable fear. Some animal trainers live to a good age and never have an accident. They are absolutely fearless in their work, and yet they may be no braver than you or I when other animals are in question.

There was one trainer who gave a wonderful performance with a number of animals in one cage. He would take all manner of liberties with the ferocious brutes, compelling them to do his bidding, making them form pyramids and lying down on them. When you consider how a cat or dog will sometimes turn on you if not handled just so, you must realize what a tremendous power the trainer must exert over such huge, savage beasts. There were always a dozen other keepers about when this performance was being enacted, and they were armed with pistols, hot irons and rawhide whips. One of the lions turned upon his trainer once, and his arm was badly lacerated before he could be rescued. Of all animals, keepers say the tiger is the worst, and the most treacherous. It is necessary to keep an eye fixed pretty constantly upon it, or it may revolt at any moment.

### Wants an Entire Husband.

A wooden leg and a glass eye played havoc with cupid's arrangements at Alto, Ill., recently. A young woman became engaged to a man in Iowa whom she had never seen. The correspondence had lasted long enough to convince both that they were "fated to be mated." The date for the wedding was set and the prospective bride was at the depot to meet the train which was to bring her fiancé. When the train rolled in the Iowa man stepped down on the platform. His wooden leg thumped, his glass eye wobbled. That settled it. The young woman threw up her hands and emitted a scream that would have shamed an Apache and ran like a deer. She reached her home, locked herself in her room, and refused to see her lover, who, after a night's rest, disconsolately turned his face homeward.



BOER ARTILLERY "SHELLING" LADYSMITH.

hope of driving back the Boers who were threatening the town.

The illustration shows the prisoners as they were being marched through Pretoria to the race course of the town, which has been made a military prison.

The picture offers an excellent chance to study the character of "Tommy Atkins" in adversity. He has no greatly dejected air about him, but with British complacency has evidently decided to make the best of his luck. As long as he has his pipe and a little tobacco he can stand his forced residence in the enemy's capital. And "Oom Paul," who, it is said, "occasionally" smokes a pipe himself, will not let his hatred for the British carry him so far as to forbid his English guests this symbol of peace and contentment.

It is an exceptional honor to be a member of the Life Guards, with duty to protect the life of the sovereign. It



BRITISH PRISONERS IN PRETORIA.

is also an honor to be a Reservist, because having that title shows that one has served faithfully ten years in the army, and now stands ready to be called upon in time of danger to the empire. The war in South Africa has become

couple can be judged by a study of the expression on their faces.

### Feed the Birds.

Thoughtless people have not the slightest idea of the suffering of wild birds during frosty weather, or when the ground is covered with snow. The little ones of the household should be encouraged to remember the poor birds, so dependent at this time of year upon such assistance. Remains of cold boiled potatoes, broken small, will be picked up eagerly; a handful of rolled oats will be a perfect feast, and cooked rice, barley, peas, etc., left from a meal, and all much appreciated by them. The pleasure of watching the birds is very great—especially to children, whose natural love towards all dumb creatures is intensified by the knowledge that they are befriending them, and perhaps, saving them from a cruel death. Those living in a city flat have, perhaps, not the same opportunity of studying the wonderful variety of birds, but even a town sparrow would be glad of a few crumbs and tit-bits put out on the window sill. Water, too, is a thing which few people think of, although I have seen a sardine tin filled with water and placed on the window sill of a flat; and when I noticed the avidity with which several "dickies" came and drank, I knew that the kindness which promoted the action was not thrown away.

### To Insure Early Rising.

Early risers resort to all sorts of methods to make sure that they will be up betimes for business or pleasure, as the necessity may be. Perhaps the most unique and novel method ever employed is that of a young revenue clerk, whose duties once or twice a week require that he shall be at a certain pier at 7 o'clock, which is about an hour earlier than he usually gets up. He tried an alarm clock, but as often as not he failed to hear it. He asked one of the servants to arouse him, but the servant frequently overslept. He was in despair. One night he was wending his way home rather

in the morning, he went home and went to bed. Promptly at 5 a messenger boy was energetically ringing the bell, having been informed that the message was an urgent one and that he was not to come back without delivering it. So well did the scheme work that the young man now resorts to it as a matter of habit.

### The Bunker Hill Monument.

The corner stone of the Bunker Hill monument was laid on the 50th anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1825, by Lafayette, and the oration was pronounced by Daniel Webster. It is a square shaft of Quincy granite, 221 feet high, 31 feet square at the base and 15 feet at the top. Inside the shaft is a round hollow cone, seven feet wide at the bottom and four feet two inches at the top, encircled by a winding staircase containing 224 stone steps, which leads to a chamber 11 feet in diameter, immediately under the apex. The chamber has four windows,

the window space. The fan blows the air against the inside of the glass hard enough so that there is always a more or less lively circulation of air over the face of the glass and this prevents the formation of moisture. The importance of having the windows clear can be understood when it is realized that the show window represents a large percentage of the value of a store for business purposes in the shopping district. A store that rents for \$5,000 a month would not bring anything like that sum without the show windows.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

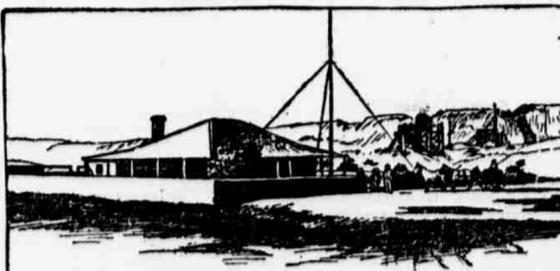
### Her Dearest Love.

Grace—"I am going to see Clara today. Have you any message?" Dora—"I wonder how you can visit that dreadful dowdy! Give her my love."

### Every Other Man Killed.

At the battle of Hastings (A. D. 1066), the weapons being swords and battle axes, 500 fell fatally wounded out of every 1,000 soldiers.

### DIAMOND DEBRIS FOR FORTS.



Probably the Boer-British war in South Africa is the first on record in which diamond debris has been used for fortifications. While it is just as deadly to be killed behind diamonds as behind common earthworks, there is a distinction attached to the former which is lacking in the case of the

same unpleasant contingency when it comes in a muddy trench that is filled with only common dirt. The heaps in this picture are the hills of diamond-bearing earth around Kimberley. These hills have been armed with guns and have served their purposes as forts excellently.