

# ON THE VELDT

A South African Love Story

(Conclusion.)

The day broke at last, and the guards entered the tent and cut the bonds that bound the prisoner's legs. The upper part of his face was enveloped in a thick woolen muffler, and thus blindfolded he was led out to die.

His grave was already dug, and they stood him beside it. The firing party consisted of four men; three of the rifles held blank cartridges and the fourth was to deal the death blow, but none of them knew who held the deadly weapon.

The firing party were in charge of an officer who held a revolver in his hand. Should the prisoner be alive after the party had fired, it was the officer's duty to execute the sentence himself.

"Present! Fire!"  
The rifles rang out, and Hendrick stood by his grave unharmed. Without a word the officer advanced to within three paces of the doomed man, raised his revolver, and a bullet crashed through Hendrick's brain. He fell forward, and then rolled on his back, the bandage slipped from his eyes, and

the face of the dead man lay upturned to heaven. His executioner took a step forward, and then a cry of agony startled the morning air.  
"Hendrick! Hendrick! My God! My God! Hendrick! My brother! And I have killed him. Oh, God, forgive, forgive!"

Paul Hoopstad placed his revolver to his forehead, and fell across the corpse of his brother. They loved each other in life, and together they joined the great unknown.

That morning the English army stormed the heights of Glencoe, and the Boers were defeated with heavy slaughter, and side by side with Captain Dick Harvey rode John Martin.

In the engagement Captain Harvey was wounded, and sent to Durban, where Nancy nursed her soldier lover back to health. He told her the story of Hendrick's death as he had heard it from one of the Boer prisoners.

"He loved me," she said, as the tears ran down her cheeks. "He said he would serve me to the death, and in rescuing my father he lost his life!"  
(The End.)

# The Mercy of the Boer

A Wartime Story of the Transvaal

Night had just fallen upon the veldt. The short dusk had suddenly deepened into a heavy, thick obscurity, impenetrable for a space until there rose the rim of a full moon over the edge of the plain which showed hard and clear against the great disk. The ant hills, that alone broke the monotonous flatness, flung interminable inky shadows as the cold, white glare, electric in its fierce intensity, shone out level across the plains.

By the edge of the marsh a transport wagon had outspanned for the night, and within the circle of firelight, where moon and flame struggled for the mastery, loomed the wavering outlines of the trek oxen tethered to the disselboom, and now and again the figure of a man.

The only sounds were the crackling chirps of the buffrogs in the veld, and the voices of two men who sat leaning back against the kaross of meerkat skins flung over one of the wagon wheels.

"No!" repeated the elder man, the transport rider and owner of the wagon—raising his voice. "With us they shall not come—either she or the brat."

"But look, Jakob," persisted the other; "it is now three weeks, four weeks, that we are on the trek, and she has followed all the time, and carried the child, too. How the poor girl lives I do not know. Take only the child, Jakob."

"How are we to eat? How is the vrouw to eat?" demanded the Boer querulously. "Are there not enough mouths to fill already? And God knows how much further the span can go without water in this accursed country; they have enough to pull, as it is. And why should I feed the wife and child of every black scoundrel that is fool enough to want them? Verdomte swartzkop!" And he spat angrily into the fire.

"But the child," persisted Piet; "that is small and eats but little, not a quarter as much as a dog. Besides, Klaus may run away if the girl falls sick, and he alone knows the road and the drifts across the river."

There was a moment's pause. "Well, then, the brat, in God's name," snapped the other. The girl can walk, as she has walked these three weeks," he added, and rolled himself into his rug to avoid further surrender.

Piet rose slowly to his feet; the night breeze was growing chill. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, kicked some fuel into the embers of the fire and went around to the other side of the wagon, where the three Basuto boys were lying.

"Klaus!" he called. "Here a moment!"

A grunt from one of the blankets answered him.

"Baas Jakob says a baby may ride with the vrouw in the wagon, but the girl must still walk."

There was a sudden movement at his feet and a dark figure rolled out of the blanket.

"No, boy, no! Not that!" His hand was being covered with kisses. Piet drew it sharply away, and, taking a strip of biltong from his pocket, thrust it into the Basuto's grasp. "Here, this may help for the girl; it was all I could get," he answered roughly, and turning on his heel he went back to where his brother lay sleeping. Baas Piet was as averse to being generous as the transport rider, though for other reasons.

For a while Klaus lay still.

Presently, carrying the piece of hard sundried meat and his own supper of boiled mealies, he crept shivering from his blanket and went slowly out to the silent veldt, in the direction from which the wagon had come, as he had gone every night to listen for the signal that told him Beta was there among the ant hills. Then he would cheer her up and sit beside her while the scene of his poor rations,

though they were not enough for her and the child.

Klaus grasped the kerrie dangling from his belt at the recollection of the cut across the mouth that the drunken transport rider had given him with his sjambok when he had asked his permission. Besides, there was the baby, and he could not have left both of them behind, so far from the kraal and her own people. But Baas Jakob was a hard man, and he did not understand such things.

Ever since they had left Burghersdorp—many weeks ago—she had walked after them, the baby slung on her back; and there were yet three weeks more and the desert strip to cross before they reached the Great Belt and the river. But the baby was to ride in the wagon now with the vrouw, and the girl would not be so tired.

Ah! Baas Piet was a good man—better than Baas Jakob. He would help; and later on he might even be rich enough to buy a few head of cattle and some ponies and they would all go back to the old place on the Krel, and . . . He started to his feet as the pipe of a honeybird came faintly out of the distance. Beta was there at last.

The wagon was creaking along under the burning noonday sun; the oxen stumbled lazily with lolling tongues; crawling at snail's pace without fear of the flick of the lash, for every one was asleep except the little vooerloper trudging in front of the two leaders, crooning an endless native song to himself.

Suddenly there was a stir under the tilt. The curtain was flung aside, and Baas Piet stepped out on to the fore part of the wagon, yawning sleepily. "Boy!" he shouted, "on saddle the mare. I shall ride on to the water hole beyond the drift. It cannot be far off now."

Klaus appeared from underneath the wagon, where his blanket was slung hammock fashion in the day time.

"No, Baas Piet, the spruit should not be more than one hour's ride now, and the hole is only two, three miles further."

Presently he brought the mare around from the back of the wagon, where she had been tied up, tightened the girths and rolled up the riem of the neck halter. Baas Piet swung himself off the edge of the wagon into the saddle.

"Tell the Baas when he wakes up," he said; and with a shake of the reins cantered off through the dust.

"It cannot be far now," repeated Klaus to himself, as he watched him until he became invisible in the midst of the vast brown expanse of sun scorched hillsides.

It was now five days since they had left the last veld, and he had given nearly all his share of the hot muddy water that the vrouw served out to the girl for the last few days, but that was very, very little, and she was sick, too.

The baby was certainly the most contented of all, lying in an empty sugar box under the shade of the tilt, engaged in coiling the soft end of the eighteen-foot lash round and round its chubby arms. It grew fatter and merrier every day. The vrouw rather liked it, black as it was, for she had no children of her own.

All at once came a warning shout from the vooerloper. They were right on the edge of the drift, and the leaders began to pick their way slowly down the steep bank over the loose rocks and sand. Klaus was busy putting the heavy iron shoe drag under one of the hind wheels, while Baas Jakob, in a bad temper at having his sleep disturbed, sat upon the front of the wagon, swearing at him and the other boys for being lazy.

Now sliding sideways over a smooth, shelving rock, now plunging down

over a ledge with a jar that wrenched every bolt and wheel spoke, the heavy wagon crashed down the bank only to come to a dead stop at the bottom, imbedded in sand up to the axles. The span were knotted in a tangled mob of clashing horns and twisted yoke reins, snuffing and pawing up the sand with impatient hoofs; instinct told them that water was there—but it was far, far below, for the rains had fallen many months back.

"Verdomte rooinecks!" raged the angry Baas, beside himself. "Twist their tails; get that iron spike here, Hendrik—that will make the devils move."

But it was of no use; the span only became more hopelessly entangled. In vain Klaus dashed in among them, sjambok in hand, kicking here and slashing there, while Hendrik and the vooerloper called upon the beasts by name and urged them forward. Water they knew was there, and water they would have.

"The whip! Why don't you take the whip, you scoundrel? Where is it?" roared the infuriated Boer, rising and glaring about the wagon.

As he went forward he stumbled over the baby and its box, upsetting it and sending the child rolling across the floor of the wagon, where it lay in a ball on a heap of skins, cowering with delight. People so seldom played games with it.

The Boer thrust the empty box back against the side with his foot, and snatched up the bamboo whip handle. Poising it carefully above his head in both hands, he gave a preliminary flourish, but the end was caught in something—the brat again, curse it!

It opened wide eyes of pleasure at him, holding up its dimpled wrists, wound round with the end of the lash.

With a savage oath he kicked it off the end of the wagon into the midst of the struggling cattle and brought the great whip down upon them with all his force. Again and again it uncoiled and whizzed down with a crack like a rifle shot, cutting into the steaming flanks of the plunging mob until they bellowed again. Scared and bleeding, deafened by the report of the whip and the hoarse yells of the men, the maddened beasts straightened out, and with Klaus and the vooerloper tugging at the leaders' heads, strained, panting up the further bank of the drift.

It was late that evening before Klaus crawled stealthily away from the wagon, taking a full beaker of fresh water from the pool, and his supper; the Baas was very angry with him because the wagon had stuck in the drift—though how could he help it if the oxen would not be driven?—and had forbidden him to leave the wagon to see Beta. But no Baas could keep him from doing that, no matter how many hidings he got for it.

Klaus walked for many hours, but the girl did not come. Of course, having the baby to carry again would make her take longer; for Baas Jakob had told him how he had seen it roll off the wagon that morning trying to reach a big tortoise on the road and crawl after it unhurt, and how he had watched it there until Beta had picked it up when she came along. Still, she would catch them up next evening, and he left the water beaker and the food tied up in a piece of rag under a heap of stones in the middle of the road, so that the aasvogels could not get at them, and Beta might find them there in the morning.

But Beta did not catch the wagon up next evening, or the next.

Four days afterward they had passed the edge of the desert and outspanned among the shady tamarisks and the willows by the banks of the Great River.

"Never mind, Klaus," said Baas Piet kindly, patting him on the shoulder; "hunger is a bad death, but it is God's will. Besides," he added, with a smile, "there are yet many good girls in Basutoland. But you will stay with Baas Jakob and me yet a bit?"

"I stay with you—and Baas Jakob," answered Klaus simply. "He treats me as well as any other Baas."  
(The End.)

## Strasburg's Astronomical Clock.

The celebrated astronomical clock of Strasburg is in the minster, or cathedral, and was originally designed by an astronomer named Isaac Habrecht, in the early part of the sixteenth century. Previous to this time, in fact as early as 1354, Strasburg had an astronomical clock. It was in three parts. The lower part had a universal calendar, the central part an astrolobe, and in the upper division were figures of the three Magi and the Virgin. At every hour the Magi came forward and bowed to the Virgin; at the same time a chime was played, and a mechanical cock crew. This clock of the Magi, as it was called, stopped in the early part of the sixteenth century, and was replaced by a clock made by Habrecht, which ran until 1789, when it stopped, and all attempts to put its works in order failed. In 1838 a clockmaker named Schwilgue undertook to remodel the internal machinery, and finished it in 1842.

## Miss Kate Reed.

Thomas B. Reed's daughter, Miss Katherine Reed, was among the forty-eight young women who received the Chancellor's certificate of the woman's law class of the University of New York the other evening. The Hall of Madison Square Garden. The young women have completed the five months' work which teaches them the elementary principles of jurisprudence and gives them a working knowledge of commercial and business law. The University prize scholarship was awarded to Miss Louise Brewer, and an essay prize of \$50 to Mrs. Frank Northrop.

## FOR WOMEN AND HOME

### ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

The Most Approved Up-to-Date Parasols—The Novelty of the Season Is a Square One—Styles in Footwear—Our Cooking School.

#### Driving Home the Cows.

[Kate Putnam Osgoode, who is a native of Freysburg, Me., contributed this poem to Harper's Magazine for March, 1886.]

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass  
He turned them into the river lane;  
One after another he let them pass,  
And fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows and over the hill,  
He patiently followed their sober pace;  
The merry whistle for cows was still,  
And something shadowed his sunny face.

Only a boy and his father had said  
He never could let his youngsters go,  
Two already were being led,  
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,  
And the frogs were loud in the meadow swamp,  
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,  
And stealthily followed the footpath damp.

Across the clover and through the wheat,  
With resolute heart and purpose grim,  
Though cold was the dew to the hurrying feet,  
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lane been white  
And the orchards sweet with apple bloom,  
And now, when the cows came back at night,  
The feeble father drove them home.

#### Styles in Stockings.

Seldom have fashionable feet been so ornately clad as this season. The new hosiery is marvelous in its glory, and a small fortune could readily be expended just in this one department of the shops. The most expensive stockings, of course, are those of silk of the cobwebbiest texture, fine enough almost to be passed through a ring. Some of these are exquisitely embroidered. There are black silk stockings daintily powdered with tiny flowers, like the forget-me-not, worked in delicate hues. Other black stockings have a diamond pattern, bright in color, woven up the front. Upon this lighter background of pale pink, blue, green, violet or purple is embroidered a delicate tracery of vines. A pair of bright, yellow silk stockings has a diamond pattern in black, producing an essentially stylish effect, in stockings of pale tint, the diamond design is always of the black, and vice versa. Some of the new black silk stockings are cut out in the front, to display long, narrow appliques of lace. Others have the holes worked around with buttonhole stitch, and underneath are set pieces of gayly colored taffeta. The old style stocking known as "opera" top, that is, tinted in some delicate color, the lower half dyed black, reappears in a modified form. Instead of an abrupt line between the say, lavender top and black lower portion, the colors are blended by a graceful line of black embroidery.

In openwork stockings the effects are indescribably delicate. In some the ornamental stripes extend the entire length of the stocking; in others the openwork is carried only part way. Some of these openwork stockings look like fairy lace work.

#### Up-to-date Parasols.

The parasol is an important adjunct to a summer gown. It must be becoming, for it is a movable background, and the clever woman realizes that it should be of a color and design that will harmonize with her complexion and her general style. The new parasol is a thing of beauty, showing almost endless variation in the coloring and kind of fabric, in design and in the shape and style of handles. The exhibits in the shops of these useful and at the same time highly decorative accessories of feminine dress run the entire gamut of parasol invention, from the frivolous and fluffy chiffon that looks as if fabricated from a fleeting summer cloud, to the serviceable but stylish sunshade of plain silk. A conspicuous novelty this spring is the square parasol, covered with one of the popular Persian pattern handkerchiefs. These have a bizarre effect, but they are extremely stylish, and may be carried with almost any costume. Silk parasols scalloped around the edge and trimmed with white silk braid are another novelty, and still others are made of bands of silk joined together with open hemstitching. Satin parasols, with velvet polka dots, are very stylish. These have quite short, thick natural wood handles. The spangled parasol is another novelty, but it is a little too pronounced and dazzling to be popular, except with the woman who has such a large assortment of sunshades that she can lay it aside as soon as she wears of the glitter.

The parasols of transparent materials, like chiffon, and those of lace, appeal persuasively to the woman of essentially feminine taste. They are very dainty, elegant and extravagant, but are well fitted to give the crowning touch of distinction to an elaborate summer toilette. There is an endless number of variations carried out in the transparent materials. Chiffon is tucked, shirred and ruffled into shape, and finished with ruffles, and there are frills and falls of lace. Insertion and applications of passementerie. One of these airy, fairy novelties is of white satin, covered from the edge to the tip with knife-plaited chiffon, the platings growing narrower as they approach the ferrule, ruchings of the chiffon appearing here and there along the edge of them. A plain white satin parasol, decorated with designs of applique lace, is a desirable purchase, and another white parasol is of satin, covered with point d'esprit, over which che-



nille cords are sewed in a network design, and is finished with two frills of point d'esprit, edged with several rows of white chenille. Black Chantilly lace and white chiffon combined together, the chiffon being accordion-plaited between bands of insertion. The center of the parasol is sometimes of cream lace, and the band below of tucked chiffon, edged with plaited ruffles finished with a narrow cream lace edge. Black and white is a very fashionable combination in parasols. Sometimes flowers of black lace are applied upon the chiffon, and beneath the airy lace flowers a color—pink or green—is inserted, giving a very rich and airy effect. A full black lace over a ruffle of chiffon hangs from the edge of the frame to flutter gracefully about the dainty head that it will shadow. There are parasols for every occasion—the drive, the morning walk, the afternoon promenade and the links. The automobile parasols this season are of plain silk, in different shades, red or purple being the most fashionable. They are equipped with a wooden handle of medium length, not very thick, and are of medium size, finished with a ruching of white liberty silk. The coaching parasol is made of plain or shaded silk, and appears as heretofore, with a thick, short handle, which may be either in light or ebonized wood.

Very beautiful are the new parasol handles from Paris. The wood is in pastel tints and the handles are decorated in cut steel. Sometimes the handle is covered with black velvet, upon which the ornamentation in cut steel appears in effective contrast. Another fashionable parasol handle is a ball entirely studded with rhinestones.

#### A Smart American Girl.

An American girl, Miss Burdett by name, hopes to make a good thing out of the coming Paris exposition. She has bought the Pompeian house, built about forty years ago by Prince Jerome Napoleon. The house is on the Cours la Reine, and Miss Burdett proposes to transform it into tea and refreshment rooms for weary sightseers. Meals will be served in the atrium, where musicians will play, just as when "Plon Plon" gave Italian fetes there. The waitresses will wear Pompeian costumes, and, aside from the refreshment feature, the place will be well worth seeing simply as a curiosity. Miss Burdett expects to make enough money during the exposition to pay for the house.

#### Cooking School.

A new method of preserving food has

been devised by a German, Herr F. W. Graeff. It is effected by exhausting the air from the receptacle containing the food, then impregnating it with an inert gas—such as hydrogen, nitrogen or carbonic acid—at any desired pressure, and finally sealing up hermetically. Liquids may be treated as well as solids, but they need restoring to their original condition by heating or boiling before consumption.

Custard Eggs—Put six eggs in boiling water, remove from fire and let them stand, closely covered, for five minutes. Allow one cup of boiling water for each egg.

Cheese Fondue—Melt one-half cup rich cheese (crumbled) and one-half tablespoon butter in one cup hot milk. Add a well-beaten egg, one saltspoon salt, one-half saltspoon cayenne and one cup soft breadcrumbs. Bake in buttered scallop shells until brown.

Wheat Crisps—Mix one cup cream (sweet or sour), one-fourth cup sugar, one saltspoon salt and one cup whole-wheat flour. Knead in flour till stiff, roll out very thin and cut out. Bake on ungreased tins in hot oven.

Macaroon Souffle—Scald one dozen macarons in a cup of milk. Pour gradually upon the beaten yolks of three eggs and cook over hot water, stirring constantly till slightly thickened. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs and bake in buttered mold set in hot water for twenty minutes. Turn from mold and serve with whipped cream.

Mock Oyster Bisque—One cup codfish soaked in cold water and picked into bits. Boil it twenty minutes, putting it to cook with one pint cold water and one pint strained tomato. Add one saltspoon soda, one pint of milk, one tablespoon of butter melted and mixed with one tablespoon of cornstarch, one saltspoon of white pepper. Boil up once and serve. (Mrs. Lincoln.)

Italian Chicken—Boil a chicken till tender in lightly salted water. While it is cooking dip out a pint of the broth and put with it one small onion sliced and a tablespoon of butter, half a teaspoon of salt and a quarter of a pound of macaroni broken into inch pieces. Cook till water has nearly boiled away, then add one cup of milk and cook slowly till the macaroni has absorbed the milk. Sprinkle grated cheese over it. Boil the chicken liquor till reduced to one pint, remove the fat and thicken slightly. Pour macaroni over the chicken and the sauce over the whole. (Mrs. Lincoln.)

The supreme excellence in all things is simplicity.