frica From First to Last.
A the same time Gen. Cronje was within the circle. At the same time Gen. Cronje was besieging Maj. Baden-Powell, who was shut up in Mafeking with a few Bri ish officers and a few hundred villag ers whom he trained to defend then selves. Another large force of Boers was 's sieging Kimberley, attracted thithe by the fact that Cecil Rhodes with customary gallantry had shut himse up along with his people to bear the brunt of the attack on the diamon- mining company's property. A British column sent out of Lad smith to Lombard's kop was attacked by the Boers; its ammunition carri- by mules lost in the stampede, it gualant defense the column surre destroys Seventh with first captured. Burger and Steyn is

Dec. 15- Lord Roberts ordered to Afsue proclamation. Aug. 7-Kitchener issues proclamation Dec. 31-Lord Roberts falles command of banishment. of 250,000 men. Sept. 17- Gough's three companies cap-

tured.

1200 Feb. 15-French relieves Kimberley. Feb. 27 -Cronje surrenders 4,600 men and six cuns. Feb. 28-Buller relieves Ladysmith, March 13-Illoemfontein surrenders to Roberts March 27-Joubert dies.

June 5- Pretoria surrenders.

rica.

The war in South Africa was to the bargain. If he wanted a vote brought about directly by the refusal, he had to reside in the country fourof the Transvaal government to al- teen years and then he might make low the foreign element of the population to have a voice in public affairs, and a like refusal to continue in force, his district and receive the assent of certain railway and other public utility franchises, controlled mostly by British subjects. But the indirect cause was a culmination of unsatisfactory conditions extending over a period of almost a century.

From the first the Boers, Dutch farmers of the Cape, were always in trouble. Their uncompromising spirit led them still farther afield and into strife with the natives. The relations of the white men to the black caused the first friction between the British administration and the old settlers.

In 1834 the British government resolved to emancipate the slaves and parliament voted £20,000,000 (\$100,-000.000) for compensation. Abolition ruined the West Indies and started. disaffection in South Africa. The \$15,000,000 set aside for South Africa's share of the compensation was made payable in London and the unfortunate slaveholders were compelled 'o sell their claims at reduced prices to middlemen. This caused rebellion and arbitrament of the sword. The atmosanother trek farther north. Among phere had to be cleared. The Boers the trekkers was Paul Kruger, then a boy of 10.

with the Matabeles and had many a nations of the world." fierce encounter with them. After ing in a chronic state of turbulence The Orange River Colony, then the off by Great Britain, greatly to the mdignation of its inhabitants, who demanded compensation for the withdrawal of imperial protection, which was granted. The Transvaal meanwhile was threatened by the Zulus and Kaffirs; the farmers' houses were unprotected and at the mercy of the savages, and though it is probable that the Boers would have been a match for the combined forces of the natives it is certain that at the time they did not think so, but welcomed the war began Oct. 11, 1899. British protection. Sir Theophilas Shepstone, with twenty-five men, at the request of the Boers themselves annexed the country, and even Paul Kruger accepted a paid office under

Oct. 9-Martial law in Cape Colony. Nov. 1-Benson loses twenty-five offoors and 214 men. 1002. March 8-Delarey captures Methuen and destroys his command. May 27-Peace terms reported accepted by Boers.

application, which had to be signed by three-fourths of the inhabitants of the raad. Even then he was not admitted to first-class citizen privileges. Other grievances too numerous to mention were rankling the uitlander bosom.

In 1895 the "Jameson raid" occurred a foolish undertaking to help the Johannesburg uitlanders in their struggle. The uitlanders did not rise; Jameson and his handful of followers were captured by the Boers and after much parley released.

The Free State had been established as a republic by Great Britain much against the will of its burghers, who had even sought and obtained compensation for the withdrawal of the protecting power of the British. They were not threatened in any way. Even their alliance with the Transvaal should not have led them into the aggressive. The truth is that the old standing quarrel between Briton and Boer was bound to be settled by the felt that and were determined, as President Kruger himself said in 1887, The irreconcilable Boers fell in "to take their place among the great

After long parley, the Boers still renumerous vicissitudes the Transvaal | fusing British terms for the uitlanders became a chaos of lawless Dutch, Ba- and President Kruger and his burghsutos. Hottentots and half-breeds liv- ers showing every sign of impatience, President Steyn of the Free State called out his burghers in arms. Brit-Orange Free State had been throwa ish re-enforcements kept pouring into the country and the British army reserves were called out. On Oct. 9, 1899, the Transvaal sent the British government an ultimatum for the withdrawal of the British troops from the horders of the republie and the withdrawal of the re-enforcements. Within forty-eight hours after this message, the British answer not suiting the burghers, the Boer troops invaded British territory and The Boers rode to war on Oct. 12. It was estimated by themselves that between the two republics, the foreigners and the Cape Colony rebels there were 75,000 burghers in the field. The British had chosen to defend Natal and its coal mines from sentimental reasons. They found out the folly of their undertaking. Talana hill was the first battle between the enemies. The British vent at the hill in frontal charge and took it with considerable loss. The Boers were again defeated British hold up these Boer raids, in at Elandslaagte, but with increasing numbers they won a strategic victory, the British being forced into Ladysmith, a village in the plain surrounded by hills, from which the Boers whole globe.

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

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

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

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

home to England. Lord Kitchener, by building a series



By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

Auther of "Little Miss Millions," "The Spider's Web," " Dr. Jack's Widou ... " Mirs Caprice," etc.

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

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

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

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

-indeed, he answered, guite cheerful ly

pensier, a blood relative of Don Carlos of Spain." Further conversation was prevented by a gruff demand from one of the

guards for silence. At length they drew up to the pris

Without ceremony the two prison ers were hustled into the jail.

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

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

So he hastened to secure a cigar. Next came a match. As he struck this latter and a light

sprang into existence he heard an exclamation, and remembered he had a comrade in misery.

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

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

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

The match expired before Charlie could get another look at his comrade. But he knew his first suspicion was true-the young fellow came of Anglo-Saxon stock, and had assumed an Italian name in order to keep his own from disgrace or from some other reason.

They might exchange confidences while trying to pass away the long

to beg my pardon and personally conduct me to freedom." The youngster looked at him with

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

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

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

Who indeed?

Both of them would have been hilled with norror could they have even guessed the truth, but the veil of the future mercifully hid that from mortal ken.

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

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

By degrees his thoughts came around again to his late companion. Then he remembered that as yet he

did not even know the other's true name.

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

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

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

There could be no mistake.

This young fellow bore some relationship-that of brother or cousin, perhaps-to Arline.

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

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

Charlie pondered upon the matter a long time.

Then, before he knew it, he fell asleep, despite his hard seat and his

determination to remain on guard. When he awoke he was stiff and sore.

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

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

He demanded to know where the other prisoner had hidden himself. Charlie calmly pointed to the hole still uncovered by the slab of stone. "Oh! he's gone out for a walk," he

said, coolly. The man began to grasp the situa-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

So, arm in arm. Charlte and Baron Demetruis Peterhoff sauntered out of the prison.

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

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

A vehicle stood near.

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

DREW THE LINE ON JACK POTS

Conscience of Theological Student Has Sudden Awakening.

At a certain university in this state the game of hearts has been exceedingly popular among the students the last winter. A group of them, accustomed to meet in one of the fraternity houses to play, included a theological student, who, although a member of one of the stricter denominations, did not find it against his conscience to be an ardent devotee of the game, which, however-at least when he made one of the party-was never played for moncy. Even when chips were introduced for counters, as being an easier method of keeping score than the tiresome tally with pencil and paper, the theologue did not balk. But there came an evening when his sense of the fitness of things received a rude shock. The pile of chips in the middle of the table had reached rather large proportions, and one of the players, inspired by a desire to make the prospective winnings still more worth while, remarked: "Let's have the next a jackpot." The effect of these words on the theological student was electrical. He knew of their being associated with only one game, and that scarcely to be mentioned in highly moral circles. "A jackpot!" he exclaimed mechanically. "Then I guess I'm through with this game," and he rose and walked out. No amount of explanations or apologies was sufficient either to reinstate hearts in his approval .- New York Tribune.

The other did not appear downcast "I am Henri, the Marquis of Mont

Charlie silently walked into the

the government. With Kruger in office the Boers began, in defiance of treaty obligations, a series of movements that necessitated a British expedition to drive them out of Bechuanaland. Goshen and Stellaland, at a cost of a million or so to the British taxpayer. Naturally the defiance of treaty obligations, as an offset to the Jameson raid.

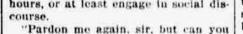
From this time the new "Transvaal Republic" set out on the path of independence that ultimately led to the war. Gold was discovered in the Transvaal in 1886. It was a field for elaborate machinery and for immense capital. These were furnished by the uitlanders, drawn from every race under the sun, but with the Anglo-Celtie vastly predominant. The mining centers like Johannesburg became full of varied life and afforded a strong contrast to the Datch headquarters. These uitlanders largely outnumbered the original inhabitants of the Transvaal. They were heavily taxed and badly used and they deafened Great Britain with their cries. There was not a wrong which had driven the Boer from Cape Colony that he did not now practice on others. A wrong in 1885 might have been excusable; in 1895 it was monstrous.

In short, the Boers could not stand the lust for gold. Their primitive virtue vanished. The farmers were still untouched by the new greed, but the corrupt oligarchy at Pretoria, with its nepotism, its accepting of bribes for valuable franchises, its dynamite monopoly, its crowd of greedy Hollanders who handled the stream of gold extorted by way of taxation from the miners, gave an exhibition of venality and correction in the last degree ab-horrent to all right-minded and impartial observers.

The uitlander was compelled to pay nine-tenths of the taxation; was fleeced at every turn and laughed at of blockhouses, connected with barbed wire fences, succeeded then in driving the Boers out of a large stretch of territory, but Dewet, Delarey, Botha and others continued the hopeless warfare and even as late as on March S. 1902, captured Gen. Methuen and broke up his column of 1,300 men in a night surprise. The Boers were dressed in British uniforms.

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

If great cold turned our atmosphere to liquid air it would make a sea 35 feet deep over the surface of the



spare a couple of matches?" asked the other. "Half-a-dozen, at your service."

"Thanks. They may serve my end well and yours in the bargain." Charlie's curosity flashed up.

What did the other mean to do? Was he desperate enough to think of setting the prison on fire? Nonsense! There was not one chance in a million of accomplishing such a thing to men shut up here in this grimy dungeon. Nevertheless, he knew that nothing was ever accomplished without effort,

and that often a capricious fortune aids those who help themselves. A cursory examination of their dun-

geon revealed a startling, yet cheering, fact. Under the boards the youngsters discovered a tunnel.

When the flat stone was lifted up, behold! an opening yawned below. The youth gave thanks in his pe

culiar way, and without much more ado jumped into the breach. "I shall return, comrade," he said.

And Charlie believed him. He sat there smoking his eigar and feeding the flames with bits of the

splintered planking. Minutes passed.

Evidently his companion was making quite a tour under the prison flooring. At last there was a movement, and a head appeared above the stone flag-

ging. "Give me a hand, please." Charlie knew from the look of triumph upon his face that the other was decidedly pleased with what he had discovered.

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

starlight." "Outside the prison walls?" incredulously.

"Yes. When I tapped the end of the tunnel I found it came up in an old wagon yard some ten feet or more beyond the outer walls. But I suppose we might as well go."

"Then good-by, my dear fellow." "But-you will share my escape. We don't separate yet. you know." "I'm not going."

"Not going? You prefer to remain in this accursed hole, when freedom offers? Come, you are joking, sir."

"Oh, no. You see if I crawled out ofhere I would, by implication, admit my connection with those whom Baron Peterhoff has hauled in. Being innocont, I shall sit here until he comes

tion, and when he could move, he sprang to the door of the dungeon to bawl for assistance.

Several other wardens came tumbling into the cell.

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

Then came the commandant. "How did this happen?" he de-

manded.

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

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

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

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

He began to whine at once, and expressed his rgret that any mistake should have occurred. Surely mein herr must hold him blameless, since he had only done his duty in the premises. It was not given to him to investigate when the all-powerful Baron Peterhoff brought in political prisoners with orders to hold them securely. Would mein herr be pleased to go with him to his office, where he could be more comfortable, and there await the coming of the baron, who would with a word set him free? But mein herr was obstinate.

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

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

Then entered the baron.

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

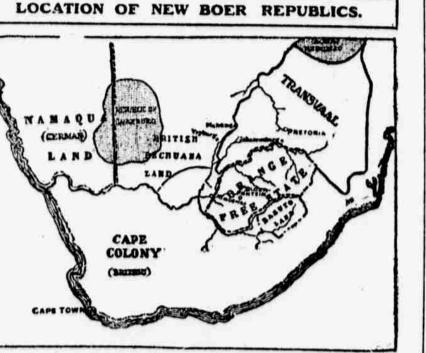
He marched straight up to Charlie and stretched out his hand.

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

We sometimes hear that the French language has less vitality than some others, and it is in particular pointed out to what an extent it is giving way to English and German, says the London News. Some figures just published do not, however, bear out this, in the case, at any rate, of Switzerland, where French, German and Italianare all spoken. In 1888 the number of persons speaking German in the Helvetian republic was 2.083,097; those speaking French 634,613, and those speaking Italian, 155,130. At the recent census it was found that the position had changed considerably. There are now, according to the official figures, 2.319,105 persons whose language is German, 733.220 who speak French, and 222,247 who use the language of Dante. Certain cantons appear in particular to be giving up the use of German. In Neufchatel, where formerly 22,000 persons spoke that tongue, there are now only 17,000.

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

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



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

An Alarming Thought.