

LOST ON THE... VELD

A STORY OF THE BOER CAMPAIGN IN NATAL

By H. B. Mackenzie

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)
"I remembered this was the day you spoke of riding over," said Dr. Adair. "You were for it was in a low voice; but I hardly expected you would come today, with these terrible rumors about."

Bluebell's eyes grew larger than their wont.

"Rumors? I haven't heard any," she said. "What are they, Doctor Rothes?" "You haven't heard?" He had not released her hand, and was holding it very closely now. "They say that the Boers are marching into Natal."

"Oh!" Bluebell uttered a little cry, and the rosy color faded out of her face. "Is it war, then?"

"I suppose so," Rothes answered gravely. "It seems Kruger has as good as declared war by sending a message to England demanding that our troops should be immediately recalled from South Africa."

Bluebell sat very still on her horse, her hands clasped; Rothes had at last withdrawn his.

"Will they come to Ladysmith?" she whispered at last.

Rothes nodded. "That is what is expected. We shall be besieged. The inhabitants are beginning to fly already, and I expect in a few days Ladysmith will be deserted except by the garrison."

"And you, what will you do?" Bluebell asked. There was a little quiver in her voice, which seemed to send a swift thrill of mingled joy and pain to Rothes' very soul.

"I shall remain here, of course," he answered, trying to speak in his usual tone. "Unless there is fighting outside. If there is I shall go with the army."

Bluebell was silent for a moment, and then she said:

"You will be on our side, of course?"

"I will be with the British army," Rothes answered quietly, "but, thank heaven, a doctor's business is not to fight on any particular side, or to slay his brother, but to do what he can for those who are wounded and dying on either side. But you are going into the town, Miss Leslie? I must not keep you."

"I have messages," said Bluebell; "but I will not wait long, as I am going back alone."

"May I go a bit of the way with you?" Rothes asked eagerly. "I do not like the idea of you riding those twelve miles alone with the country in this unsettled state."

Her soft eyes fell suddenly. Bluebell would hardly acknowledge to herself how her heart beat and her veins thrilled at the proposal.

"Thank you," she said the next moment. "It is kind of you, I shall leave the town about three, I think."

"Then I shall be here at that time," he answered. "Good-bye, just now." And he moved away.

Bluebell rode on into the town.

The terrible tidings had shocked and horrified her, but she was not frightened. There was little fear in Bluebell Leslie's nature, small and childish and fragile as she looked. "And she was a woman; and the look in Adair Rothes' eyes, the close, warm clasp of his hand, occupied her thoughts almost more than this terrible picture of war."

She found Ladysmith in a state of confusion. Many of the shops were shut. But Bluebell managed to get her business done, and then went to see one of her acquaintances.

She found her busy preparing for departure.

"I suppose it's safer to go," said Mrs. Lloyd, a pretty little English woman, whose husband was an engineer. "Ted insists on my going; but I don't feel as if I could leave him here alone."

"You are going and Mr. Lloyd is remaining?" exclaimed Bluebell, with startled eyes, and then: "Oh, Nellie, how can you?"

"I would not, of course, if I had only myself to consider," said Mrs. Lloyd, the tears springing to her eyes; "but there is my poor little baby, Bluebell."

"What of that?" said Bluebell. "A wife's place is beside her husband, surely? Better you should both die together, if the worst comes, than that you should be separated. Nellie, how would you feel if anything happened to your husband and you so far away?"

Nellie burst into tears. "Yes, you are quite right, Bluebell, I held out against Ted ever so long, and now that you speak like that, I feel that I have been very cowardly to give in to him. No, I won't go!"

Bluebell left her friend, whose mind was thoroughly made up, after a little, and the two friends kissed each other, with the feeling that they might never meet again on earth. Bluebell kept back her own tears, and answered the little woman as bravely as she could, but as she rode out of the town her path was all blurred by the blinding tears that came to her eyes now.

Doctor Rothes was waiting for her, mounted on a fine chestnut horse of his own, and together they rode on in silence until they were out of sight of the town.

"You saw one of your friends?"

Rothes said at last.

"Yes, I saw Mrs. Lloyd. She is going to stay at Ladysmith even if it is besieged."

"Brave little woman!" said Rothes, a tone of emotion in his voice. "I always thought her rather a butterfly, and I beg her pardon mentally for that."

"In fact, you thought she and I were very much alike?" said Bluebell, with a little tone of coquetry. "Confess now you think me that, too, don't you, Doctor Rothes?"

"I never thought you anything but— He was speaking with a sudden passion, but he suddenly checked himself and paused. "You know you are not justified in speaking like that," he said at last gravely. "Did I ever give you reason to do so?"

Bluebell laughed a little. "Do you remember the ball at Maritzburg last spring, Doctor Rothes? Ah, you didn't approve of me at all then!"

He remembered it quite well. It was the first time he had met the Leslies, for he had been practicing in Maritzburg himself then. Bluebell's wild, childishly high spirits had carried her away that night, and she had flirted indiscriminately with all the officers then stationed at Maritzburg. Bluebell remembered it, too.

"Who is that grave-looking young man gazing so strangely at me?" she asked her partner, a gay young lieutenant. "Do you think he wants an introduction, or is he only trying to wither me with a glance of his eye?"

"The latter, I think," the lieutenant had answered, more truthfully than gallantly. "He's Doctor Rothes, and they say he is one of the awfully serious kind, you know. Takes life like a funeral, and believes one should go to church twice on Sundays. That kind of thing, don't you know?"

Rothes' sunburned face had deepened just a little in tint.

"It is too bad to bring back those old foolishnesses to one's memory," he said. "I did not know you then, Miss Leslie. I had not seen you in your home. I did not know you earned the love and devotion of the poor natives on your father's place. I did not know you taught them, as far as was possible, not the mere profession of Christianity, but its practice."

Bluebell bent a little over her horse's head.

"I am afraid I ought to teach myself that first, Doctor Rothes. Charity begins at home. But let us not speak of this. We can't be anything but friends, can we, with this terrible danger facing us? Surely it will draw all European people out here closer together if anything could?"

"Yes," said Rothes quietly, "we can't be anything but friends."

Bluebell felt vaguely hurt at the cold words. They rode on, and the horses' necks quite close together, and Rothes talked of the coming ordeal. Bluebell felt somehow strangely disappointed.

The last time she had met Adair Rothes he had held her hand long, and looked into her eyes with a look that had made every vein in her body thrill; and now he was so cool and indifferent—a friend, as he had said, and nothing more.

It was not that Bluebell was in love with him. She told herself about a dozen times a day that she liked Adair Rothes very much, but could never imagine him as a lover; yet now, why this sinking of her heart?

It was drawing towards sunset—a glorious sunset. The whole of the sky died in crimson and gold, the very veldt reflected the crimson, so that it looked as if it were bathed in blood. Bluebell shuddered as she thought that very soon it might be.

A kopje was before them, one of those little hills rising steeply from the one side, sloping from the other, so common on the Natal veldt. Suddenly, as Bluebell looked towards it, a figure on horseback emerged from behind it, and came riding straight towards them.

Bluebell felt a thrill of annoyance and aversion run through her, for she recognized the rider at once. It was the millionaire, Gerald Moore.

CHAPTER III.
He rode forward and lifted his hat, putting his horse in Bluebell's way so that she could not pass. Bluebell fancied his face was paler than usual; but his deep, slowly-moving eyes did not move from her face.

"Your father has sent me to meet you, Miss Leslie," he said in his rich, deep tone. "We have heard that the Boer army has crossed into Natal, and is marching straight on Ladysmith. It is not safe for you to be alone on the veldt."

"I am not alone, thank you, Mr. Moore," said the girl, a touch of defiance in her tones. "Doctor Rothes"—she turned towards Adair—"has kindly been seeing me home. He had heard the news you refer to."

She was struck by the look on Gerald Moore's face as he turned to Rothes. There was an almost diabolical expression upon it; but it passed away so quickly that she could not have sworn to it.

"I presume that Dr. Rothes will not object to handing you over to my charge now that you are within three miles of New Kelso?" he said. It seemed to Bluebell there was an un-

dercurrent of either menace or defiance in his voice.

She glanced into Rothes' face. He sat very stiff and very erect on his horse, his face turned towards the other man. Bluebell had never—not even that night of the Maritzburg ball—seen so stern and cold a look upon his face as that which froze it at this moment.

The expression startled her still more now. Was it possible these two men knew each other?

"I leave the matter entirely in Miss Leslie's hands," he said gravely. "If she thinks I have come far enough, I am quite prepared to return to Ladysmith."

Moore looked at Bluebell. "You had better come with me, Miss Leslie, and allow Dr. Rothes to return home," he said; then added in a lower tone: "Your father is not quite himself today. Perhaps you would not care to have a stranger at New Kelso under the circumstances."

Not quite himself! That decided Bluebell. Not for worlds would she have Adair Rothes, whose good opinion she felt so strangely reluctant to lose, see her own father in a half-intoxicated condition, and that was evidently what Moore's words implied.

Adam Leslie had always been a little apt to exceed, but it was only of late—within the last six months—that his daughter had noticed it. And it seemed to her, since the coming of Gerald Moore that her father had yielded still more to his unfortunate weakness.

"Perhaps you had better not come any further, Doctor Rothes," she said. In a low voice. "If Mr. Moore is going to New Kelso, of course he may as well ride with me; but I would just as soon go by myself. I am not a bit afraid."

Rothes took off his hat and held out his hand. For one minute, only one of their horses were close together, an Moore's was so far apart as to render him out of earshot at least of a whisper.

"Good-bye," said Rothes, hurriedly and a little hoarsely. "I don't know when I may see you again. God only knows I pray that He may guard and keep you from danger!" He bent a little nearer, and added in a whisper: "As you value your safety and happiness, beware of that man. I entreat of you to do so. He is a dangerous man. I cannot say more. Good-bye—good-bye."

The clasp of his fingers on her hand was to remain there for many days. He rode off, raising his hat, and a strange sense of desolation and loneliness fell upon Bluebell.

She turned Rover's head and rode on, not glancing at Moore. Adair's words still rang in her ears.

"So that is Doctor Rothes?" said Moore, giving his horse a little cut of the whip that sent him pringling on beside Bluebell.

"Yes," she said, looking straight into his face. "Do you know him?"

"I had the pleasure of meeting him once in Maritzburg," said the millionaire dryly; "but, Miss Leslie, I wish to talk of something else just now. Your father has given me leave to do so. What do you think has kept me all this time lingering about this district?"

Bluebell shook her ruddy brown head. A feeling of vague discomfort and uneasiness shot through her at the question; but not in her wildest guesses could she have arrived within a mile of the truth.

Gerald Moore went on slowly: "The country will soon be in a ferment; existence in it will be dangerous, unsafe. For men this does not matter so much; for women, especially those"—he paused and added impressively—"whom we love, it is terrible not to be thought of. Your father wishes you to go out of the country while yet there is time."
(To be continued.)

CITY OF HONG KONG.

It is One of the Most Unhealthy Spots on the Globe.

In spite of all the precautions that have been taken, the perfect sanitation of the city, the fine natural drainage, the cleanliness of the streets, Hong Kong, says the Boston Transcript, is one of the most unhealthy spots on the globe. With its tropical heat, the lofty peaks that half encircle it catch the clouds that the rapid evaporation create, the floods of rain pouring down in streaming torrents. The houses lack light, although they are built as well as they could be, with perforated ceilings, through which the air circulates, admitted from openings pierced in the outer walls; the floors are brilliantly waxed, carpets, owing to the great dampness being dispensed with. The great difficulty is to secure light and proper ventilation; the streets are very narrow, and the towering walls of buildings opposite obstruct the light in front, while at the rear the courts or terraces crowded with foliage cast a heavy shade from that direction. In the gardens, while plants flourish luxuriantly, there is no grass, but the ground is green with moss, just as it grows in damp, shady places in cooler climates. The heat and the great humidity are destructive to health, and it is doubtful if there is a single normal liver in the whole of Hong Kong. English women who come out with complexions of cream and roses grow thin and sallow; the Hong Kong complexion is a startling grayish green, and the old resident has, with his pallor, dark bluish circles under the eyes. The least exertion includes exhausting perspiration, and people become gaunt and thin.

Shut not thy purse strings always against painted distress.—Lamb.

PORTO RICAN SUGAR.

SPANISH, ENGLISH AND GERMAN LAND OWNERS.

Department of Agriculture Official Says They Would Be the Only Gainers by An Absolute Free Trade Tariff With the United States.

Mr. C. F. Saylor, of the Department of Agriculture, has recently been on an official trip to Porto Rico. He shows clearly that those who would benefit by absolute free trade are the Spanish, English and other European owners of the plantations, and not the native islanders. He says:

"Let us look into the factories themselves, and I do not fear challenge in this respect because I have been in every factory in Porto Rico. Whatever capital is invested in those factories emanating at all from island sources is purely Spanish. It does not belong to Porto Rico. The peculiar system maintained by Spain through all of the business concerns, and so far as their own capital was employed, threw everything into the hands of the Spaniards, who were simply in Porto Rico doing business. They do not belong to that element of Porto Ricans that we feel so tender about, and would not become citizens of Porto Rico or this country, whatever becomes of the constitutional question. Other factories are owned and controlled by English capital; others by German, and the entire factory system by Spanish, English and German."

"These factories mainly through their cheap labor, can, with absolute free trade, put sugar on the market of New York, at cost to themselves, for 2 cents a pound. This would be \$40 for a short ton of sugar. Sugar has been selling this year for \$70 per ton. With free trade this would be a profit of \$30 on an outlay of \$40, which I figure is 75 per cent. Who gets this profit? There is only one way for handling imported sugar in this country and that is through the two or three sugar combinations, mainly through the sugar trust. They agree with the planters or manufacturers to take this sugar, refine it, and place it on the market, dividing the profit on a certain basis, as is now being done and as has been done between the Hawaiian planters and the sugar trust for years. How will they divide the profits? Even? Each getting 37 1/2 per cent? We do not know. Only the parties interested know. This point is clear, however, and that is that the Porto Ricans are not benefited. Simply the sugar combinations of this country and the foreign planters or manufacturers of Porto Rico."

"Isn't it a great deal that we should have freed the Porto Ricans from a condition as bad as slavery, making what concession we of right ought to make, in justice to the people of this country, assuring them that after they had attained the standard that one ought to have to enjoy the rights and privileges of the constitution of the country, that then they might be admitted with equal privileges with the rest? Do you think this ought to be before wages are paid in that country somewhere near in comparison with wages in this country, or before the average citizen of that country shall at least be able to understand the primary principles of our government and institutions? We say no. We should especially not bring in this great horde of cheap laborers who receive less per day than one person could live on in this country, and yet they are supposed to support families on this. We believe the laborers of this country will en masse resent this proposition."

"Of course we don't undertake to say that Porto Rico in itself is affording all this great hazard, but in the Porto Rican bill we have the principle at stake. Only 15 per cent of the present McKinley tariff is exacted, and this only to maintain the principle that we have the constitutional right to place a tariff against the Philippines and Cuba when the time arrives."

"Porto Rico has been able, at her maximum, to export about 60,000 tons of sugar. She would be able if all her resources were brought into play, to send us about 3 per cent of our consumption. But when the Philippines and Cuba ask for the same privilege, then it will be an entirely different question. And yet the same principles are involved that I have discussed in Porto Rico. Isn't it enough that we have expended so much blood and treasure in warring these islands from the condition they were in, at the same time offering every help in the future that is consistent with fair and honest dealing with our own interests and people?"

"I am a thorough believer in expansion. I believe that expansion is fraught with incalculable benefit both to the inhabitants of the island and to the people of this country, when congress shall have framed such fair, honest, just and equitable regulations as are consistent with the right of our own labor and industries."

SOME TRADE FAILURES.
Record of Years of Prosperity and Business Depression.

Business failures during the first three months of this year were even less in number and liabilities than in the early months of 1899, notwithstanding the fact that there are a larger number of business concerns in the country. Less than 900 business failures in each of the three months of this year is a fact that stands out prominently as a record of business prosperity. But the value of this year's record can be better appreciated

by the following tabulated comparison:

Year.	Number.	Liabilities.
1891	3,409	\$44,348,783. Harrison
1892	3,207	35,861,749. Harrison
1893	3,069	39,424,144. Harrison
Average 3.226		\$39,878,225. Harrison
1894	3,969	\$49,985,088. Cleveland
1895	3,812	46,910,443. Cleveland
1896	4,512	62,513,926. Cleveland
1897	4,042	51,994,482. Cleveland
Average 4.084		\$52,625,985. Cleveland
1898	3,515	\$36,198,566. McKinley
1899	2,779	31,221,638. McKinley
1900	2,697	29,157,101. McKinley
Average 2.997		\$32,192,442. McKinley

During the Republican administration of President Harrison, with the McKinley protective tariff in operation, there were on an average 3.226 failures in the United States in the first three months of 1891-92, with liabilities averaging less than \$40,000,000 a month.

But the Democratic president, the Democratic administration, the Democratic congress and the Democratic free trade tariff of "perfidy and dishonor," changed this moderate record. They made a new record for the country, a Democratic record of failures, and brought the monthly average number up to 4,084—an increase of 858 a month—and the average liabilities up to \$52,625,985 a month, an increase of \$12,747,760. This was a great Democratic record of failures. It was unparalleled. Nearly everything went smash.

But a Republican president, William McKinley, a Republican administration, a Republican congress and a Republican protective tariff began to build up the country again, and the three months' records of 1898-1900 show only an average of 2,997 failures—1,087 a month less than the Democratic average, and only \$32,192,442 of liabilities, or AN AVERAGE OF \$20,500,000 LESS OF LIABILITIES EACH MONTH THAN THE DEMOCRATIC RECORD OF BUSINESS BREAKING. The figures are from Bradstreets.

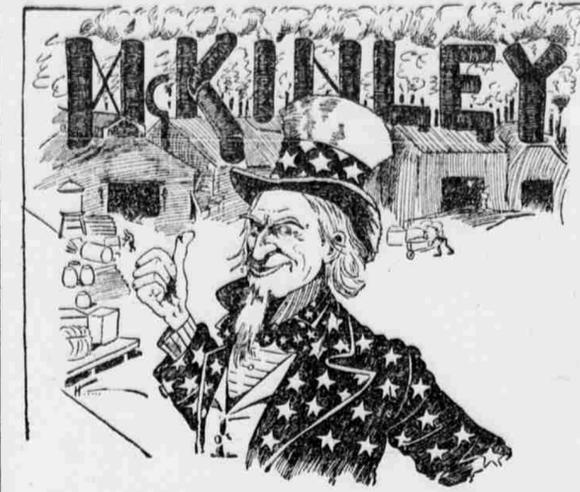
MILITARY NOT GUILTY.
Idaho's State Officials Alone Responsible in Mining Riot Acts.

Bartlett Sinclair, who was the active representative of Governor Steunenberg in the Idaho mining riots, has been giving his testimony before the committee on military affairs of the house of representatives. He declared that the military authorities, who had been called into that district by the labor troubles, never went beyond their bounds in a single instance. As it is the acts of the military which are made the subject of this investigation it matters not, so far as congress is concerned, what may have been done by the state authorities of Idaho in suppressing the riots and maintaining order. If there was any misconduct on the part of those officials they must answer to the people, or the authorities of the state.

In reply to the questions of Mr. Robertson as to why the sheriff and county commissioners of Shoshone county had been suspended from office and martial law declared witness Sinclair said that his actions were in accordance with the instructions of Governor Steunenberg, and were in the interest of law and order. He suspended the county commissioners because he believed they were in collusion with the lawless element, and because he feared they might wrongfully expend the county's money and do other things antagonistic to the state. He assumed from the attitude of these county officials, who, instead of assisting in the apprehension and prosecution of those who had been guilty of conspiracy resulting in the destruction of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mills and the murder of two men, that they favored the miners, and obstructed the process of justice. He believed that the interest of the community demanded that they should be prevented from interfering with the execution of the law, and from comforting the lawless element, and he accordingly placed them under arrest. For that, he said, he was answerable to the people of Idaho, and that the military officers were not to be held responsible in any degree.

Western Prosperity.
One of the oldest transportation officials in Indianapolis said the other day that during the last six months every car and locomotive had been kept in constant service there. "Usually," he added, "there is, in

A CONSPICUOUS SIGN OF THE TIMES.



by the following tabulated comparison:

FAILURES—JANUARY TO MARCH.
(From Bradstreets.)

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Record of Years of Prosperity and Business Depression.

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winter months especially, a week and sometimes a month when there are empty cars in considerable numbers standing on sidetracks and dead engines in the houses, but in the last six months—yes, twelve months—our business has been limited to cars and the power to haul them, and there is as yet no sign of a decrease."

Shipments of grain and provisions for export have considerably increased, and the east-bound movement of live stock and dressed meats was the heaviest ever known in April. West-bound tonnage of both high and low-class freights continued heavy. Agricultural and harvest implements are being carried by train loads,