

LOST ON THE... VELD

A STORY OF THE BOER CAMPAIGN IN NATAL

By H. B. Mackenzie

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"And to leave him behind? No, that I could never do!" cried Bluebell. She turned and looked straight into his face. "If that was what you wished to say to me, Mr. Moore, let me tell you at once you need say no more. As long as my father is in New Keldo I will stay with him. I am not in the least afraid. Why should a woman necessarily be a coward?"

"A coward? No! No one would accuse you of being that!" cried Moore. He turned his horse's head toward hers, so close that he was able to lay his hand on hers. Bluebell started and instantly withdrew her hand. Moore went on in a lower tone: "But you are one of those women to save whom from danger or hurt men would give up their lives. Bluebell, listen to me. I am going out of the country, and have only been waiting here until I should dare to ask you to accompany me. Your father is anxious you should consent."

She was still uncomprehending. "You may leave the country," she answered coldly. "You are not of it, I am. I have been brought up in it, and I love it. Am I going to run away because we are going to be invaded by the Boers from the Transvaal? Do you think I have so little confidence in our British relations, as that? Besides, where should I go? I have no relations in the world, so far as I know, but my father."

"You will not understand me," said Moore. His brow began to darken, but Bluebell did not notice that. "Miss Leslie—Bluebell, I love you with all my soul! I wish you to be my wife."

If the couple they were ascending had suddenly been cleft asunder, and swallowed up rider and horse before her eyes, Bluebell could not have been more astonished.

Bluebell looked at the man for a minute, to see if he were really in earnest; then, as once more he tried to lay his hand on hers, she shook it off and drew her horse aside.

"Mr. Moore, you have taken me by surprise. I never for a moment dreamt of such a thing. Why, you've only seen me two or three times! But though we had known each other for a lifetime it would be all the same. Thank you for the honor you have done me, but it is quite out of the question. I do not love you, and could never be your wife."

It was as well she did not see the expression of his face now. He did not speak for a few minutes. Perhaps he was trying to conquer himself. "I will not take that as my answer, Miss Leslie," he said at last, in the same tone as before. "I have spoken too suddenly; you were not prepared for it. I will wait until you have seen your father, until he has spoken to you. Perhaps your answer then will be different."

"It cannot be different!" the girl retorted. "What could my father say to change my feelings? You may as well take your answer now, Mr. Moore; and please don't think it is because I did not expect what you have just said that I have made such an answer. I am very sorry if I have hurt your feelings, but I can't help it. Now I am going to put Rover to a gallop; we are getting near home."

She put the words into action, and the next moment the gallant little veldt pony was flying over the level plain, the girl keeping her seat like one to the maner born, her slight figure erect, her reins held with the negligent yet firm hand of a thorough horsewoman. It was a pretty sight to see her and rider lit up by the red blaze of sunset, the girl's whole figure simply outlined in the crimson light, her ruddy hair touched with the gold of the setting sun.

Moore followed. There was a look on his face that would have given Bluebell a thrill of indefinite fear and vague foreboding had she seen it. Once his lips moved, as if he were muttering to himself, but no articulate sound came from them.

Bluebell did not pause until they were close to the avenue of blue-gum and nettle; then she half turned her head to say:

"Are you coming up, Mr. Moore?"

"If you have no objection, Miss Leslie," he answered in his usual tones. Bluebell made no response, and a few seconds brought them to the door of the house.

The gaunt figure of Miss Elizabeth appeared at the entrance, brought thither by the sound of horses' hoofs. Her thin, high-cheek-boned face was grey with anxious fear.

"Thank God, you're safe home, my child!" she exclaimed, using the familiar Scotch word, as she was apt to do in moments of excitement. "I have not been able to do a stroke of work for over-anxiety about you. They say the Boers have entered the country."

"I didn't see them, anyway, auntie; and I've turned up all safe and sound, you see," said the girl with a little laugh, as she laid an affectionate arm round Miss Elizabeth's scraggy shoulders. "Here, Sam!" to the Zulu boy who appeared from the stables—"take the horses, boy."

"Yab, missie," answered the Zulu, showing his teeth in a grin. He was an intelligent looking specimen of his race, with a frank and pleasant expression on his brown visage. As Bluebell and her aunt disappeared, Moore

dismounted, but somehow his foot caught awkwardly in the stirrup, and he fell. As he rose, he saw a broad grin on the face of Sam. His rage, long at the smoldering point, burst forth, and, lifting his riding whip, he struck the boy severely across the face with it.

"Take that, you black nigger!" he said, with an oath, "and learn not to laugh at your betters!"

A great weal rose on the boy's brown face, as he uttered an involuntary exclamation. He reached Bluebell's ears, and she ran out quickly. A glance at the two revealed everything, and she turned on Moore white with scorn and anger.

"You struck my boy? How dared you, coward?" she cried, her voice full of ringing scorn and indignation. "And you dared to say to me what you did a few minutes ago! If I were my father, I would never let you cross New Keldo again! Don't touch the boy again! I dare you!"

She turned from him with inexorable contempt, and walked with Sam to the stables.

Gerald Moore looked after her, an ugly line of anger along his lips.

"Dared?" he repeated to himself. "You shall pay for this yet, my lady! Oh, you shall pay for it with your very heart blood!"

He smiled a smile that had something fiendish in it.

Moore remained to supper. It was rather a gloomy meal. Mr. Leslie looked downcast, perhaps sulky. Miss Elizabeth was agitated and anxious. Only Moore talked and joked rather more than usual. As for Bluebell, she never once looked at or spoke to him.

She went to her own room after supper and did not know when Moore left. About nine o'clock Miss Elizabeth knocked at her door.

"Your father wants to speak to you downstairs, Bluebell."

"Now for it," thought the girl. She opened the door. "Well, auntie, I'll go down. I suppose Mr. Moore is away?"

"Yes," said Miss Elizabeth. "I wonder why he comes so much to New Keldo, Bluebell? I don't like him, lassie."

"Nor I," Bluebell answered; "but he's a millionaire, auntie, and that goes a long way with some. Well, I'll go down anyway, and see what dad has to say."

CHAPTER IV.

Adam Leslie was standing by the fireplace when Bluebell entered, a heavy frown on his forehead, his face looking dark and determined. Bluebell did not like this mood in her father; but she had inherited her father's determination, and was quite ready to oppose her will to his.

"Take a seat, Bluebell," he said in a tone of hoarseness in his voice. She did so, and he went on: "Mr. Moore has been speaking about you to me."

"Indeed," said the girl coldly.

"Yes. He asks for you as his wife, and I have given him his answer."

"Indeed!" said Bluebell again. "I suppose you didn't think, then, that I had a say in the matter, dad?"

"A say in it?" retorted her father, breaking suddenly into a fury. "What say could you have but that you would do as I wanted? You shall marry Gerald Moore this day week, and be safely out of the country before the trouble begins. The man is a millionaire, rolling in money! You will go to England, where money is able to do anything, and be introduced into the highest society in the land, where you have a better right than many that are there. If all had their rights I should be Lord of Thlaverstock, as you know. You will wear a diamond tiara, and drive in your carriage, and be presented to her Majesty. What more should a girl want?"

His fury had blazed up and gone out the next moment, like a Lucifer match, and his tone now was that of one who summons all the persuasion and argument he is master of to bring about a desire he is previously anxious for yet tries to conceal.

"And leave you and Aunt Elizabeth at New Keldo, to be attacked perhaps by the Boers?" said the girl indignantly. "No, indeed, dad, I shall do no such thing. Do you think the things you speak of are any temptation to me? What can a girl like me, who has been brought up among buffaloes and ostriches, with all the freedom of the veldt and the mountains about her, care for a gilded cage in an English city, even with a diamond tiara and a carriage? But, at any rate, even if that were a temptation, I wouldn't marry Mr. Moore, not for anything he could give. I don't like him, nor trust him."

"But I tell you you shall marry him, girl! You must!" exclaimed her father again furiously. He started from his position and faced her, his face almost purple with passion and excitement, his veins standing out like knotted cords, his lips unsteady.

"There's no choice in the matter—you've got to do it! I have sworn to Moore you will be his wife this day week, and you shall!"

"You had no right to promise such a thing!" retorted the girl indignantly. Bluebell Leslie was no milk-and-water, weak-willed girl, to be bullied into such a course by her father or any one else. She had been brought up in

too hardy and independent a life for that.

"I shall not marry him, father, that is certain. You don't need to try to urge me. You are my father, and I owe you affection and obedience; but not in such a matter as that of selling myself to a man I despise and distrust. Yes, that is what I do, I didn't think why you brought him to New Keldo. If you had seen him strike Sam today—But there, what is the use of speaking?" she added quickly. "I have given you my answer, dad, as I gave it to Mr. Moore himself today. Did he not tell you?"

Instead of answering directly, her father straddled to her side, seized her arm and, holding it in such a grasp of iron that it almost wrung a cry from her lips, whispered in her ear:

"You'll have to marry him, or see you, father ruined and disgraced! Bluebell, I tell you I'm in Gerald Moore's power. At any moment he can sell me up, take every stick I've got, and turn us out on the veldt homeless and penniless."

Bluebell turned her face toward him. It had grown very pale, and her eyes glowed. Words of Adair Rothes kept ringing in her ears: "Beware of that man, he is dangerous!"

"You mean," she said, slowly, in a changed voice, all the girlish defiance and brightness gone out of it, "that you are in that man's power?"

"I—I've been foolish lately. Bluebell, I confess it. I've been speculating and lost. I got into Moore's power up at Maritzburg. There's worse than I've told you. Moore holds a bill—a bill that would disgrace me forever, would—his voice sank—"put me in prison."

Bluebell gave a low cry, shrinking from her father's touch, and covered her face with her hands.

"It was I was not quite accountable for it," said Mr. Leslie in a hoarse whisper. "I—I had been taking too much. But it's done, Bluebell, and can't be undone. You must save me. On the day that you marry him Gerald Moore will give that paper over into my hands to be destroyed."

Bluebell's hands dropped from her face and she looked up at him.

"So, to save you from the consequences of your crime," she said slowly, "you would make me give myself up to this unscrupulous villain—a villain even according to your own showing! You will be saved, but what of me? I am to be sacrificed to a life worse than death, life with a man I fear and despise and dishonor, who—yes, I am sure of it—does not love me, but wishes for some purpose to get me, as well as you, into his clutches. Did it never strike you as being rather a cowardly thing to do, dad?"

There was a strange bitterness in her voice—a bitterness that had never been heard in Bluebell Leslie's blithe, clear young voice in all her life before. The wretched man felt it and winced; but the next moment he seized her arm again.

"I am your father, and I have a right to demand this of you!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "Will you see your father dragged to prison and your aunt and yourself turned out on the veldt, ruined and disgraced, to be shot by the Boers, or to die of starvation? Answer me that!"

"I cannot answer you now. Let me go to my room," said Bluebell in a low voice. "I beg your pardon, dad, for having spoken to you as I did just now. I should not have done it. But I do not think anything would justify me in marrying him."

Before he could stop her she had slipped from the room and gone up to her own. Miss Elizabeth had been waiting for her, and now came to the door.

(To be Continued.)

A Frank Advertiser.

The advertiser was man was telling about queer breaks made by his fellow-men, and he remarked: "Philadelphia merchants are mighty candid advertisers. I've always known that fact, but I never saw it so strikingly illustrated as I did in the Philadelphia papers Tuesday. I picked up one of the leading papers there and read over the bargains the big stores had to offer, and in the middle of one advertisement, under the head of hats, I found this: 'What do you get when you buy a \$4 hat at other stores?—Stuck. Same here, \$3.50.' Of course, I thought it was a break, but I got the other papers and I found the same thing in every one of them. Just suppose a New Yorker was as frank as that in his advertising announcements, wouldn't he do a trade, though?"—New York Sun.

Jack Had Escaped.

A gaunt, muscular woman of fierce mien entered a city hall in a Utah county seat and asked the county clerk to find out if one Jack Peters was married. Search developed the name of John Peters, for whose marriage a license had been issued two years before. "I thought so," said the woman. "Married 'Lize Waters, didn't he?" "The marriage license is issued for a marriage with Miss Eliza Waters." "Yep. Well, I'm 'Lize. I thought I'd ought to come in and tell you that Jack Peters has escaped."—San Francisco Wave.

Room for Such Work.

"New York theatrical agents are securing foreign markets for new dramatic attractions." "They are? Well, they would better stay at home and scour some of the plays they have already secured."—Puck.

A woman who is too near sighted to see when the buttons are off her husband's macintosh can often read mighty fine print bargain advertisements.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION

Philadelphia June 19 1900



POWELL CLAYTON
Arkansas



JOHN M. THURSTON
Nebraska



JOHN D. SPRECKELS
California



MATTHEW S. QUAY
Pennsylvania



HENRY C. PAYNE
Wisconsin



SENATOR MARK HANNA
Chairman



SEN. SHOUP
Utah



CHAS. H. GROSVENOR
Ohio



WINFIELD T. DURBIN
Indiana

REPUBLICAN PARTY.

HISTORY OF ORGANIZATION UNDER VARIOUS NAMES.

The Conservatives of 1776, the Federalists of 1790 and the Whigs were the Predecessors of the Present Party—its Many National Conventions.

It should not be inferred, however, that that was the beginning of the Republican party. The lineage of it may be easily traced back to the beginning of the republic. The Conservatives in the continental congress were the founders of the principles which even today find more or less expression in Republican platforms. Later the Conservatives were known as Federalists and rallied around the leadership of Alexander Hamilton at the same time that the Anti-Federalists flocked to the leadership of Thomas Jefferson. Inasmuch as President Washington recognized the Federalists by making Hamilton his secretary of the treasury (then the most important cabinet office), Republicans claim that he was their first president. And if Washington was the first Republican president, Adams must be adjudged the second, for he was the recognized candidate of the Federalists.

In those early days nominations for

that would more fully conform with the ideas of popular sovereignty.

Then state legislatures began, each on its own account, to make presidential nominations, but holding their action subordinate to final selection at Washington.

The Whigs or Federalists held a national convention in 1839 in Philadelphia and nominated William Henry Harrison and John Tyler. This was the first convention of the party based on the system that now obtains. The Federal party was now wholly known as the Whig party. The next Whig convention met in Baltimore and nominated Henry Clay and Theodore Frelinghuysen. Each party adopted a platform, the Whigs declaring for a well-regulated currency and a tariff for revenue, with incidental protection. This was the first year of national platforms.

In 1847 the whigs met in national convention in Philadelphia June 9 and nominated Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore. No platform was adopted, but in a brief address to the whigs of the country was quoted Gen. Taylor's alleged utterance that had he voted in 1843 his vote would have been for Gen. Harrison—which, it was contended, was evidence enough that he was a trustworthy whig. In 1852 the whigs held their convention in Philadelphia and nominated Winfield Scott and William A. Graham of North Carolina, or, as Daniel Webster read those names, "Fus'n feathers and tar."

The year 1856 brought in new issues and, on one side, new men. It was the year of the know-nothing manifestation, when a secret political society threatened to destroy both the old parties and to change the foundation principles of the republic. The Republican party—made by a union of the free soil party and the northern portion of the whigs—held their national convention that year in Philadelphia and nominated John C. Fremont and William A. Dayton. The main plank in their platform was in opposition to the extension of slavery.

The republicans held their 1860 convention in Chicago. It nominated Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin. Its platform was in the main a declaration in favor of restricting slavery to the states where it then existed, and by way of emphasis it re-embodyed the declaration of independence. George Ashmun of Massachusetts was permanent chairman of the convention. Horace Greeley had been ruled out of the New York delegation, but he appeared in the convention as a delegate from Oregon.

In 1868 the republicans held their convention in Philadelphia and nominated Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson.

In 1868, at Chicago, Gen. U. S. Grant

was nominated for president and Schuyler Colfax for vice president. The convention was held in the Exposition building on the lake front. Gen. Joseph R. Hawley was permanent chairman.

For the second term Gen. Grant was nominated at Philadelphia, in 1872, and Henry Wilson was nominated for vice president on the same ticket. Thomas Settle of North Carolina was the presiding officer. The liberal republicans, all republicans who were opposed to Grant, held a convention in Cincinnati and nominated Horace Greeley and B. Gratz Brown. The democrats held their convention in Baltimore and endorsed the nomination of Greeley and Brown. But some democrats were dissatisfied, and the straight-outs, as they called themselves, held a convention in Louisville, Ky., and nominated Charles O'Connor and John Quincy Adams.

The republican convention held in 1876 was at Cincinnati, and nominated Rutherford B. Hayes and William A. Wheeler of New York. Edward McPherson of New York was presiding officer.

In 1880 James A. Garfield was nominated at Chicago for president and Chester A. Arthur for vice president, and both became president. Senator Hoar was permanent chairman.

In 1884, at Chicago, James G. Blaine and John A. Logan were nominated respectively for president and vice president. John B. Henderson was the presiding officer.

In 1888 the republicans nominated in



ALEXANDER HAMILTON.



SENATOR CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Chicago Benjamin Harrison and Levi P. Morton. M. M. Estee of California presided.

In 1892 the republicans held their convention in Minneapolis and nominated Benjamin Harrison and Whitelaw Reid. William McKinley presided.

The last republican national convention (1896) was held in St. Louis, and nominated William McKinley and Garret A. Hobart.