

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 unhurt. 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 bullfrogs in the vlei, 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 stiffly 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 bitlong 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 suppel 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 Betta was there among the ant hills. Then he would cheer her up and sit beside her while she ate some 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 Burgersdorp—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 Krei, and * * * He started to his feet as the pipe of a honeybird came faintly out of the distance. Betta 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 voerloper 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, "onsaddle 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 hillside.

It was now five days since they had left the last vlei, 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 voerloper. 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, sheiving 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 roofnecks!" 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 voerloper 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, crowing 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 belched again. Scarred 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 voerloper 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 suppel; 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 Betta. 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 Betta 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 a rag under a heap of stones in the middle of the road, so that the aasvogels could not get at them, and Betta might find them there in the morning.

But Betta 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 Basuto-land. 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 astro-labe, 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; and 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.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

PREACHES ON MAY CHANGES OF RESIDENCE.

Timely Discourse in Which the Need of Patience and Equipoise is Set Forth—Moving Into the Father's House.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopfch.] Text, Philippians iv., 12: "I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound."

Happy Paul! Could you really accommodate yourself to all circumstances in life? Could you go up without pride, and could you come down without exasperation?

We are at a season of the year when vast populations in all our cities are changing residence. Having been born in a house, and having all our lives lived in a house, we do not have full appreciation of what a house is. It is the growth of thousands of years. The human race first lived in clefts of rocks, beasts of the field moving out of the caverns to live in caverns of the earth. The troglodytes are a race which to this day prefer the caverns to a house. They are warm, they are large, they are very comfortable, they are less subject to violent changes of heat and cold. We come on along down in the history of the race, and we come to the lodge, which was a home built out of twisted tree branches. We come further on down in the history of the race, and we come to the tent, which was a home built with a round pole in the center, and skins of animals reaching out in all directions, mats on the floor for the people to sit on.

Time passed on, and the world, after much invention, came to build a house, which was a space surrounded by broad stones, against which the earth was heaped from the outside. The roof was made of chalk and gypsum, and coals and stones and ashes pounded together. After awhile the porch was born, after awhile the gate. Then hundreds of years passed on, and in the fourteenth century the modern chimney was constructed. The old Hebrews had openings in their houses from which the smoke might escape if it preferred, but there was no inducement offered for it to leave until the modern chimney. Wooden keys opened the door, or the keyhole was large enough to allow the finger to be inserted for the lifting of the latch or the sliding of it. There being no windows, the people were dependent for light upon latticework, over which a thin veil was drawn down in time of winter to keep out the elements. Window glass was, so late as two or three hundred years ago, in England and Scotland, so great a luxury that only the very wealthiest could afford it. A hand mill and an oven and a few leather bottles and some rude pitchers and plates made up the entire equipment of the culinary department. But the home planted in the old cave or at the foot of a tent pole has grown and enlarged and spread abroad until we have the modern house with its branches and roots and vast girth and height and depth of comfort and accommodation.

Good Houses to Live In.

Architecture in other days busied itself chiefly in planning and building triumphal arches and basilicas and hippodromes and mausoleums and columns, while they allowed the people for residences to burrow like muskrats in the earth. St. Sophia's of Constantinople, St. Mark's of Venice, St. Peter's of Rome are only the Raphaelled walls against which lean the squalor and the pauperism of many nations. I rejoice that, while our modern architects give us grand capitols in which to legislate and grand courthouses in which to administer justice and grand churches in which to worship God, they also give much of their time to the planning of comfortable abodes for our tired population. I have not so much interest in the arch of Trajan or a Beneventum as I have in the wish that all the people may have a comfortable shelter, nor have I so much interest in the temple of Jupiter Olympus at Athens as I have in the hope that every man may have an altar for the worship of the true God in his own house. And I have not so much interest in the science of ceramics, which goes crazy over a twisted vase, or a queer handled jug in use 3,000 years ago, or a pitcher out of which the ancient pharaohs poured their drunken debauch, as I have that every man have on his table a plate with plenty of healthful food and an appetite to attack it.

Thank God for your home—not merely the house you live in now, but the house you were born in and the many houses you have resided in since you began your earthly residence. When you go home today, count over the number of these houses in which you have resided, and you will be surprised. Once in awhile you will find a man who lives in the house where he was born and where his father was born and his grandfather was born and his great-grandfather was born, but that is not one out of a thousand cases. I have not been more perambulatory than most people, but I was amazed when I came to count up the number of residences I have occupied. The fact is, there is in this world no such thing as permanent residence.

In a private vehicle and not in a rail car, from which you can see but little, I rode from New York to Yonkers and Tarrytown, on the banks of the Hudson—the finest ride on the planet for a man who wants to see palatial residences in fascinating scenery. It was in the early spring and before the gentlemen of New York had gone out to their country resi-

dences. I rode into the grounds to admire the gardens, and the overseer of the place told me—and they all told me that all the houses had been sold or that they wanted to sell them, and there was literally no exception, although I called at many places, just admiring the gardens and the grounds and the palatial residences. Some wanted to sell or had sold because their wives did not want to reside in the summer time in those places while their husbands tarried in town in the night, always having some business on hand keeping them away.

Change of Residence.

From some houses the people had been shaken out by chills and fever, from some houses they had gone because death or misfortune had occurred, and all those palaces and mansions had either changed occupants or wanted to change. Take up the directory of any city of England or America and see how few people live where they lived 15 years ago. There is no such thing as permanent residence. I saw Monticello, in Virginia, President Jefferson's residence, and I saw on the same day Montpelier, which was either Madison's or Monroe's residence, and I saw also the white house, which was President Taylor's residence, and President Lincoln's residence, and President Garfield's residence. Was it a permanent residence in any case? I tell you that the race is nomadic and no sooner gets in one place than it wants to change for another place or is compelled to change for another place, and so the race invented the railroad and the steamboat in order more rapidly to get into some other place than that in which it was then. Aye, instead of being nomadic, it is immortal, moving on and moving on. We whip up our horses and hasten on until the hub of the front wheel shivers on the tombstone and tips us headlong into the grave, the only permanent earthly residence. But, bless God, even that stay is limited, for we shall have a resurrection.

A day this spring the streets will be filled with the furniture carts and the drays and the trucks. It will be a hard day for horses, because they will be overloaded. It will be a hard day for laborers, for they will overlift before they get the family furniture from one house to another. It will be a hard day for housekeepers to see their furniture scratched, and the crockery broken, and their carpets misfit, and their furniture dashed of the sudden showers. It will be a hard day for landlords. It will be a hard day for tenants. Especial grace is needed for moving day. Many a man's religion has suffered a fearful strain between the hour on the morning of the first of May, when he took his immature breakfast, and the hour at night when he rolled into his extemporized couch. The furniture broken sometimes will result in the breaking of the Ten Commandments. There is no more fearful pass than the hall of a house where two families meet, one moving out and the other moving in. The salutation is apt to be more vehement than complimentary. The grace that will be sufficient for the first of January and the first of February and the first of March and the first of April will not be sufficient for the first of May. Say your prayers that morning if you find nothing better to kneel down by than a coal scuttle, and say your prayers at night though your knee comes down on a paper of carpet tacks. You will want supernatural help if any of you move. Help in the morning to start out right on the day's work. Help at night to repent. There will be enough of annoyance to make a Xantippe out of a Frances Ridley Havergal. I have again and again been in crises of moving day, and I have stood appalled and amazed and helpless in the shipwreck, taking as well as I could those things that floated ashore from the breakers, and I know how to comfort and how to warn, and how to encourage the people, so I preach this practical May day sermon. All these troubles will soon be gone, and the bruises will heal, and the stiffened joints will become supple, and your ruffled temper will be smoothed out of its wrinkles, and order will take the place of disorder, and you will sit down in your new home seriously to contemplate.

Reverses of Fortune.

But there are others who will move out of large residences into smaller through the reversal of fortune. The property must be sold or the bailiff will sell it, or the income is less and you cannot pay the house rent. First of all, such persons should understand that our happiness is not dependent on the size of the house we live in. I have known people enjoy a small heaven in two rooms and other suffer a pandemonium in twenty. There is as much happiness in a small house as in a large house. There is as much satisfaction under the light of a tallow candle as under the glare of a chandelier, all the burners at full blaze. Who was the happier, John Bunyan in Bedford jail or Belshazzar in the satrapia? Contentment is something you can neither rent nor purchase. It is not extrinsic; it is intrinsic. Are there fewer rooms in the house to which you move? You will have less to take care of. Is it to be stove instead of furnace? All the doctors say the modern modes of warming buildings are unhealthy. Is it less pier mirrors? Less temptation to your vanity. Is it old-fashioned toilet instead of water pipes all through the house? Less to freeze and burst when you cannot get a plumber. Is it less carriage? More room for robust exercise. Is it less social position? Fewer people who want to drag you down by their jealousies. Is it less fortune to leave in your last will and testament? Less to spoil your children. Is

it less money for marketing? Less temptation to ruin the health of your family with pineapples and indigestible salads. Is it a little dear? Not hearing so many disagreeables.

I meet you this springtime at the door of your new home, and while I help you lift the clothesbasket over the banisters and the carman is getting red in the face in trying to transport that article of furniture to some new destination I congratulate you. You are going to have a better time this year, some of you, than you ever had. You take God and the Christian religion in your home, and you will be grandly happy. God in the parlor—that will sanctify your sociabilities. God in the nursery—that will protect your children. God in the dining hall—that will make the plainest meal an imperial banquet. God in the morning—that will launch the day brightly from the drydocks. God in the evening—that will sail the day sweetly into the harbor.

And get joy, one and all of you, whether you move or do not move. Get joy out of the thought that we are soon all going to have a grand moving day. Do you want a picture of the new house into which you will move? Here it is, wrought with the hand of a master. "We know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." How much rent will we have to pay for it? We are going to own it. How much must we pay for it? How much cash down, and how much left on mortgage? Our Father is going to give it as a free gift. When are we going to move into it? We are moving now. On moving day heads of families are very apt to stay in the old house until they have seen everything off. They send ahead the children, and they send ahead the treasures and the valuables. Then, after awhile, they will come themselves. I remember very well in the country that in boyhood moving day was a jubilation.

Going to the Father's House.

On almost the first load we, the children, were sent on ahead to the new house, and we arrived with shout and laughter, and in an hour we had ranged through every room in the house, the barn and the granary. Toward night, and perhaps in the last wagon, father and mother would come, looking very tired, and we would come down to the foot of the lane to meet them and tell them of all the wonders we discovered in the new place, and then, the last wagon unloaded, the candles lighted, our neighbors who had helped us to move—for in those times neighbors helped each other—sat down with us at a table on which there was every luxury they could think of. Well, my dear Lord knows that some of us have been moving a good while. We have sent our children ahead, we have sent many of our valuables ahead, sent many treasures ahead. We cannot go yet. There is work for us to do, but after awhile it will be toward night, and we will be very tired, and then we will start for our new home, and those who have gone ahead of us they will see our approach, and they will come down the lane to meet us, and they will have much to tell us of what they have discovered in the "house of many mansions," and of how large the rooms are and of how bright the fountains. And then, the last load unloaded, the table will be spread and our celestial neighbors will come in to sit down with our reunited families, and the chalices will be full, not with the wine that sweats in the vat of earthly intoxication, but with "the new wine of the kingdom." And there for the first time we will realize what fools we were on earth when we feared to die, since death has turned out only to be the moving from a smaller house into a larger one, and the exchange of a pauper's hut for a prince's castle, and the going up stairs from a miserable kitchen to a glorious parlor. O house of God not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!

CITY OF SAULT STE. MARIE.

Destined to Be Metropolis of Upper Michigan.

Sault Ste. Marie is destined to become in no distant day the metropolis of the upper peninsula of Michigan. This will be the result of the development of its immense waterpower, which is second only to that of Niagara. Here at the natural gateway between the east and the west, the United States and Canadian governments have built ship canals and locks for the benefit of the vast commerce to and from Lake Superior. The waters of this great inland sea go tumbling down St. Mary's rapids, forming one of the finest water powers in the world. A portion of the vast water power has already been harnessed and put to commercial use on both sides of St. Mary's river. On the American side \$3,500,000 is being expended on a mammoth water power canal that will develop 40,000 actual horse power, all of which has already been leased for use in establishments to be erected for the manufacture of calcium carbide, chemicals and other products that will use to the best advantage the raw materials existing in this neighborhood and such as can utilize most profitably the remarkable advantages enjoyed by Sault Ste. Marie for the assembling of raw materials and the distribution of finished products. When all the projected industries are completed and in operation it will result in the up-building of Sault Ste. Marie from its present population of about 10,000 to a city of great importance as a manufacturing center.—N. L. Martin in Milwaukee Journal.

The less people know about each other the more polite they are when they happen to meet.