all his strength upon the one eyed villain's unprotected skull. It was a thick skull, but

the knob prevailed against it and fractured it,

and down went the estimable witch doctor a

Next, taking a leaf out of his fallen enemy's

book, Jantje slipped over the wall, and, seiz-

ing the senseless man, dragged him by one arm into the kitchen and rolled him under the

table to keep company with the dead dog. Then, filled with a fearful joy, he slipped out,

shutting and locking the door behind him,

and crept round to a point of vantage in a

little plantation seventy or eighty yards to

the right of the house, whence he could watch

the conflagration that he knew must ensue,

for the fire had taken instant and irremedi-

able hold, and also see what the Boers were

Ten minutes or so afterward that amiable

anybody there to hear them. And that was

the very appropriate end of Hendrik and the

Down by the flagstaff the old man lay in

his fit, with Bessie tending him and a posse of

Boors standing round, smoking and laughing

"Will none of you help me to take him to

the house?" she cried. "Surely you have ill

Nobody stirred, not even Frank Muller.

who was gazing at her tear stained face with

a flerce smile playing round the corners of his

clean cut mouth, which his beard was

"It will pass, Miss Bessie," he said; "it will

pass. I have often seen such fits. They come

from too much excitement, or too much

Suddenly he broke off with an exclama-

tion, and pointed to the house, from the roof

of which pale curls of blue smoke were rising.

By Heaven! I will shoot the man."

"Who has fired the house?" he shouted

The Boers started round and stared in

astonishment, and as they did so the tinder

like roof burst into a broad sheet of flame

that grew and gathered breadth and height

with an almost marvelous rapidity. Just

then, too, a light breeze sprang up from over

the hill at the rear of the house, as it some-

times did at this time of the day, and bent

the flames over toward them in an immense

arch of fire, so that the fumes and heat and

"Oh, the house is burning down!" cried

"Here, you!" shouted Muller to the gaping

Boers, "go and see if anything can be saved.

Phew! we must get out of this," and, stoop-

ing down, he picked up Silas Croit in his

arms and walked off with him, followed by

Bessie, toward the plantation on their left,

which was the same where Jantje had taken

refuge. In the center of this plantation was

a little glade surrounded by young orange

and blue gum trees. Here he put the old man

down upon a bed of dead leaves and soft,

springy grass, and then hurried away, with

out a word, to the fire, only to find that the

house was utterly unapproachable. In fifteen

minutes, such was the rapidity with which

the flames did their work upon the mass of

dry straw and the wooden roof and floorings

beneath, the whole of the interior of the

house was a glowing, incandescent pile, and

in half an hour it was completely gutted,

nothing being left standing but the massive

outer wails of stone, over which a dense

column of smoke hung like a pall. Mooifon-

tein was a blackened ruin; only the stables

and outhouses, which were roofed with gat

Frank Muller had not been gone five

minutes when, to Bessie's joy, her uncle

opened his eyes and sat up.
"What is it! what is it!" he said. "Ah! I

recollect. What is all this smell of fire?

"Yes, uncle," sobbed B. ssie, "they have."

years to build, bit by bit, almost stone by

stone, and now they have destroyed it. Well

why not! God's will be done! Give me your

She did as he bade her, sobbing bitterly.

Within fifteen yards, on the edge of the plan-

tation, was a little spruit or runnel of water.

and of this he drank copiously and bathed his

quite myself again. I fear I made a fool of

myself. I haven't learned to bear misfortune

and dishenor as I should yet, and, like Job, I felt as though God had forsaken us. But, as

I said, his will be done. What is the next

move, I wonder? Ah! we shall soon know,

"I am glad to see that you have recovered,

uncle," said Muller, politely, "and I am sorry

to have to tell you that the house is beyond

help. Believe me, if I knew who fired it I

would shoot him. It was not my wish or in-

tention that the property should be de-

The old man merely bowed his head and

"What is it your pleasure that we should

do, sir?" said Bessie at last. "Perhaps, now

Natal, which, I suppose, is still an Laglish

"Yes, Miss Bessie, Natal is still English, for

the present; soon it will be Dutch; but I am

sorry that I cannot let you go there now. My

orders are to keep you both prisoners and to

try your uncle by court martial. The wagon

house," he went on, quickly, "with the two

little rooms on each side of it, has not been

touched by the fire. I will have them made

ready for you, and as soon as the heat is less

you can go there;" and, turning to the men

who had followed him, he gave some rapid

orders, which two of them departed to carry

not even seem indignant or surprised; but

poor Bessie was utterly prostrated and stood helpless, not knowing what to say to this ter-

rible, remorseless man, who stood so calm

Frank Muller paused a while to think.

stroking his beard as he did so, then turned

again and addressed the two remaining men

"You will keep guard over the prisoner,"

indicating Silas Croft, "and suffer none to communicate with him by word or sign. As soon as it is ready you will place him in the

little room to the left of the wagon house,

and see that he is supplied with all he wants

If he escapes, or converses, or is ill treated, I will hold you responsible. Do you under-

"Yah, meinheer," was the enswer.

"Very good; be careful you do not forget.
And now, Miss Bessie, I shall be giad if you can give me a word slone"—

"No," said Bessie; "no, I will not leave my uncle."

"I fear you will have to do that," he said,

with his cold smile. "I bug you to think again. It will be very much to your advan-

ure to speak to me, and to your uncle's ad-

stand?"
"Yah, meinheer," was the answer.

and unmoved there before them.

that we are ruined. you will allow a

made no answer. His flery spirit seemed to

for here comes our friend Frank Muller."

"There, love," he said. "don't fret: I feel

arm, love; I want to get to the water. I

feel faint and sick."

stroved."

be crushed out of him.

wounded head and face.

The old man grouned "It took me ten

Surely they have not burned the place!"

vanized from Loing left uninjured.

Bessie, utterly bewildered by this new mis

smoke began to beat upon their faces.

or lounging about with an air of lordly

superfority well worthy of victors in posse

treated an old man enough."

rimmed to leave clear.

drink"-

though he were dead.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

About 11 o'clock in the forenoon Beesle was employed upon her household duties as usual, or rather she had just finished them. Her sucle had returned from making his after breakfast round upon the farm and was standing in the sitting room, his broad felt has in one hand and a red pocket handkerchief in the other, with which he was polishing his bald head, while he chatted to Bessie through the open door.

"No news of the advance, Bessie dear?" "No, unele," she replied, with a sigh, and her blue eyes filling with tears, for she was thinking of one of whom there was also no

"Well, never mind. These things take a little time, especially with our soldiers, who move so slowly. I dare say that there was some delay waiting for guns of ammunition or something. I expect that we shall hear

Re got as far as this, when suddenly the figare of Jantje appeared, flying up the passage is the extremity of terror and haste.

"De Rooren, bass, de Booren!" (The Boers, Easter, the Boers) he shouted. "The Boers more, with Frank Muller at their head on his black horse, and Hans Coetzee, and the wiserd with one eye with him. I was hiding behind a tree at the end of the avenue, and I saw them coming over the rise. They are going to take the place," and, without waiting to give any further explanations, he slipped through the house and hid himself up somewhere at the back out of the way, for Jantje, like most Hottentots, was a sad coward. The old man stopped rubbing his head and

stared at Bessie, who was standing pale and trembling in the doorway. Just then he heard the patter of running feet on the drive outside, and looked out of the window. It was caused by the passing of some half dozen Kaffirs who were working on the place, and who, on catching sight of the Boers, had promptly thrown down their tools and were flying to the hills. Even as they passed a hot was fired somewhere from the direction of the avenue, and the last of the Kuffirs, a lad of about twelve, suddenly threw up his hands and pitched forward on his face, with a bullet betweenthis shoulderblades.

Beesie heard the shout of "Good shot, good shot!" and the brutal laughter that greeted his fall, and the tramping of the horses m they came up the drive. "()h, uncle!" she said, "what shall we do!"

The old man made no answer at the moment, but going to a rack upon the wall, reached down a Westley-Richards falling block rifls that hung there. Then he sat down in a wooden arm chair that fured the French window opening on the veranda, and beckened to her to come to him.

"We will meet them so," he said. "They shall see that we are not afraid of them, Don't be frightened, dear, they will not dare to harm us; they will be afraid of the consequences of harming English people. The words were scarcely out of his month

when the cavaleade began to appear in front of the window, led, as Jantie had said, by Frank Muller on his black horse, accompanied by Hans Coetzee on the fat pony and the vilsinous looking Hendrik mounted on a nondeseript sort of animal, and carrying a gun and an assegul in his hand. Behind these were a body of about fifteen or sixteen armed men, among whom Silas Croft recognized most of his neighbors, by whose side he had lived for years in peace and amity.

Opposite the house they stopped and began looking about. They could not see into the foom at once on account of the bright light outside and the shadow within-

of fancy you will find the birds flown, nephew," said the fat voice of Hans Coetzes. They have got warning of your little visit." "They cannot be far," answered Muller. "I have had them watched, and know that they have not left the place. Get down, uncle, said look in the house, and you too, Hendrik." The Kullir obeyed with alacrity, tumbling out of his saddle with all the grace of a sack

of coals, but the Boer hesitated "Uncle Silas is an angry man," he ventured: "he might shoot if he found me poking about

"Don't answer me!" thundered Muller; "get down and do as I bid you!"

"Ah, what a devil of a man!" murmured the unfortunate Hans as he hurried to obey. Meanwhile Hendrik the one eyed had jumped upon the veranda and was peoring through the windows.

"Here they are, base; here they are!" be ming onf; "the old cock and the pullet, too!" and he gave a kick to the window, which, being unlatched, swung wide open, revealing the old man sitting there in his wooden armchair with Bessie standing at his side, his riffe on his kness, and holding his fair haired niece by the hand. Frank Muller dismounted and come on to the veranda, and behind him crowded up a dozen or more of his followers. What is it that you want, Frank Muller, that you come to my house with all these armed men?" seked Silas Croft from his

"I call upon you, Silas Croft, to surrer the your trial as a land betruper and a relief gainst the republic," was the answer. "I am try." he added, with a low tensors? off whom his eyes not come find all the time, "to be obliged to take you prisoner in the presence of a lady, but my duty gives me as

choice."

"I do not know what you mean," mid-the old man. "I am a subject of Queen Victoria and an Englishman. How then, can I rebel against any republic? I can an Englishman, I say," he went on with rising angar, speaking so high that his powerful voice rang until every Boer there could hear it, "and I acknowledge the authority of so republics. This is my house, and I order you to leave it. I claim my rights as an Englishman"—

"Here," interrupted Muller, coldly, "Eng-lishmen have no rights, except such as we choose to allow them."

"Shoot him!" cried a voice.
"Treat him as Buskes treated Van der Linden at Potchefstroom!" eried another. "Yes, make him swallow the same pill that We gave to Dr. Barber," put is a this

"Silas Croft, are you going to surrender," saked Muller, in the same cold voice.
"No!" thundered the old man is his English pride. "I surrender to so rebels in arms against the queen. I will shoot the first man who tries to lay a finger on mel" and he rese to his feet and lifted his rife.

"Shall I shoot bim, beast shall I shoot him!" asked the one eyed Hendrik, smacking his lips at the thought, and fiddling with the rusty lock of the old fewling piece he carried Muller, by way of answer, struck him across the face with the back of his hand. "Hann Coetnee," he said, "go and arrest that

Poor Hans hesitated, as well he might. Nature had not endowed him with any great amount of natural courage, and the sight of his old neighbor's rifle barrel made him feel positively sick. He hesitated and began to "Are you going, uncle, or must I denounce

you to the general as a sympathiser with Englishmen!" asked Muller, in malice, for he knew the old fellow's weaknesses and cow ardice, and was playing on them.
"I am going. Of course I am going, nephew. Excuse me; a little faintness took

me—the heat of the sun," he habbled. "Oh, yes, I am going to seize the rebel. Perhaps one of those young men would not mind engaging his attention on the other side. He is an angry man-I know him of old-and an angry man with a gun, you know, dear

"Are you going!" said his terrible master

"Oh, yes! certainly yes. Dear Uncle Silas, pray put down that gun, it is so dangerous. Don't stand there looking like a wild ox, but come up to the yoke. You are old, Uncle Silas, and I don't want to have to hurt you. Come now, come, come," and he held out his hand toward him as though he were a shy horse that he was endeavoring to beguile. "Hans Coctzee, traitor and liar that you

are," said the old man, "If you come a step nearer, by God! I will put a bullet through "Go on, flans; chuck a reim over his head; get him by the tail; knock him down with a yokeskel; turn the old bull on his back!" shouted the crowd of scoffers from the win-

dow, taking very good care, however, to clear off to the right and left in order to leave room. for the expected bullet. Hans positively burst into tears, and Muller, who was the only one who held his ground, caught him by the arm, and, put-

For reasons of his own he was anxious that the latter should shoot one of them, and he chose Hans Coetzee, whom he disliked and

ting out all his strength, swung him toward

despised, for the sacrifica. Up went the rifle, and at that moment Bessie, who had been standing bewildered, made only make matters worse. As she did so is exploded, but not before she had shaken her uncle's arm, for instead of killing Hans, as it undoubtedly would otherwise have done, the bullet only cut his ear and then passed out through the open window place. In an instant the room was filled with smoke. Hans Coctzee clapped his hand to his head, and commenced to yell with pain and terror, and in the confusion that ensued three or four men, headed by the Kaffir Hendrik, rushed into the room and sprang upon Silas Croft. who had retreated to the wall and was standing with his back against it, his rifle, which he had clubbed in both his hands, raised

When his assailants got close to him they hesitated, for, aged and bent as he was, the old man looked like mischief. He stood there like a lion and swung the rifle stock about

Presently one of the men struck at him and misse! him, but before he could retreat Silas brought down the stock of his rifle on his head and down he went like an ox beneath a poleax. Then they closed on him, but for a while he kept them off, knocking down another man in his efforts. As he did so the witch doctor, Hendrik, who had been watching for his opportunity, brought down the barrel of his old fowling piece upon Silas' bald head and felled him. Fortunately the blow was not a very heavy one or it would have caved his skull in. As it was it only cut his head open and knocked him down



AS SHE DID SO IT EXPLODED. Thereon the whole mass of Boers with the exception of Muller, who was standing Watching, seeing that he was now defenseless. fell upon him and would have kicked him to death had not Bessie precipitated herself upon him with a cry and thrown her arms about him to protect him.

Then Frank Muller interfored, fearing lest she should be hurt. Plunging into the fray with a curse, he exercised his great strength, throwing the men this way and that like ninepins and finally dragging Siles to his feet

"Come!" he shouted, "take him out of this;" and accordingly, with taunts and obloquy, the poor old man, whose frings of white locks was red with bood, was kicked and dragged and pushed on to the verands, then off it on and pushed on to the veranda, then off it on to the drive, where he fell over the body of the murdered Kaffir boy, and finally hauled up to the open space by the flagstaff, on which the Union Jack, that he had plemted there some two months before, still wavef bravely in the breeze. Here he said down upon the grass, his back against the flagstaff, and saided faintly for some water. Bessle, who was weeping bitterly, and whose heart felt as though it were bursting with angulas and in-dignation, pushed her way through the men, and, running to the house, got some in a gine and, running to the house, got some in a gine and brought it to him. One of the frutes fried to knock it out of her hand, but the evolded him and gave it to her under who drank it or said.

"Thank you, love, thank you," he said;
"den't be frightened, I sin't much hart. Ah!
if only John had been here, and we had had
an hour's notice, we would have held the
place quainst them all."
Meanwhile one of the Boers, getting on the

shoulders of another, had succeeded in un-tring the cord on which the Union Jack was bent and hauling it down. Then they re-versed it and hoisted it half must high, and began to cheer for the republic.
"Perhaps Uncle Silas does not know that we

are a republic again now," said one of the men, a near neighbor of his own, in mockery.
"What do you mean by a republic?" asked
the old man. "The Transvaal is a British There was a hoot of derision at this. "The

English government has surrendered," said the same man. "The country is given up, and the British are to evacuate it in six months." "It is a lie!" said Silas, springing to his feet, a cowardly lie! Whoever says that the English have given up the country to a few thousand blackguards like you, and deserted its subjects and the loyals and the natives, is

liar-a liar from bell!" There was another howl of morkery at this onthurst, and when it had subsided Frank

Muller stopped forward.
"It is no lie, Silas Croft," he said; "and the cowards are not we Boers, who have beaten you again and again, but your soldiers, who have done nothing but run away, and your government, that follows the example of your soldiers. Look here"-and he took a paper out of his pocket-"you know that signature, I suppose; it is one of the trium-virate. Listen to what he says," and he read virate.

"WELL BELOVED HEER MULLER-This is to inform you that, by the strength of our arms fighting for the right and freedom, and also by the cowardico of the British government, generals and soldiers, we have by the will of the Almighty concluded this day a glorious peace with the enemy. The British government surrenders nearly everything except in the name. The republic is to be renlished, and the soldiers who are left will leave the land within six months. Make this known to every one, and forget not to thank God for our glorious victories,"

The Boers shouted aloud, as well they might, and Bessie wrung her hands. As for the old man, he leaned against the flagstaff, and his gory head sank upon his breast as though he were about to faint. Then suddenly be lifted it, and, with clinched and quivering fists held high in the air, broke out nto such a torrent of blasphemy and cursing that even the Boers fell back for a moment. dismayed into silence by the force of the fury wrung from his utter humiliation.

It was an appalling sight to see this good and God fearing old man, his face bruised, his gray hairs dabbled with blood and his clothes nearly rent from his body, stamp and reel to and fro, blaspheming his Maker and the day that he was born; hurling execrations at his beloved country and the name of Englishman and the government that had deserted him, till at last nature gave out, and he fell in a fit, there, in the very shadow of his dishonored

CHAPTER XXVIII BESSIE IS PUT TO THE QUESTION. Meanwhile another little tragedy was being enacted at the back of the house. After the one eyed witch doctor Hendrik had knocked Silas Croft down and assisted in the pleasing operation of dragging him to the flagstaff, it had occurred to his villainous heart that the present would be a good opportunity to profit personally by the confusion, and possibly to add to the Englishman's misfortunes by doing him some injury on his own account. Accordingly, just before Frank Muller began to read the dispatch announcing the English surrender, he slipped away into the house, which was now totally deserted, to see what he could steal. Passing into the sitting room, which was lying on the mantelpiece, a present that her uncle had made her on the Christmas day before the last. Having pocketed this he proceeded to the kitchen, where there was a goodly store of alver forks and spoons that Bessle had been engaged in cleaning that morning, lying on the dresser ready to be put away. These he also transferred, to the extent of several dozens, to the capacious pockets of the tattered military great coat that he

wore. While doing so he was much dis-turbed by the barking of the dog Stomp, the same animal that had mauled him so severely a few weeks before, and who was now, as it happened, tied up in his kennel-an old wine barrel-just datside the kitchen door. Hendrik peeped out of the window, and haring ascertained that the dor was secured, proceeded, with a diabelical chuckle, to settle his account with the poor animal. He had left his gun behind on the grass, but he still held his assegal in his hand, and, going out of the kitchen door with it, he showed himself within a few feet of the kennel. The dog recognized him instantly, and went nearly mad with fury, making the most desperate efforts to break its chain and get at him. For some moments he stood exciting the animal by derisive gestures and pelting it with stones, till at last, fearing that the clamor would attract atten tion, he suddenly transfixed it with his spear. and then, thinking that he was quite unobserved, sat down and snuffed and enjoyed the luxury of watching the poor beast's last ago-

for, creeping along in the grass and rubbish that grew on the further side of the wall, his brown body squeezed tightly against the brown stones—so tightly that an unpracticed eye would certainly have failed to observe it at a distance of a clozen paces—was the Hottentot Jantje. Occasionally, too, he would lift his head above the level of the wall and observe the proceedings of the one eyed man. Apparently he was undecided what to do, for he hesitated a little, and while he did so Hendrik killed the dog

Now Jantje had all a Hottentot's natural love for animals, which is generally speaking, as marked as is the Kaffir's callous toward them, and he was particularly fond of the dog Stomp, which always went out walking with him on those rare occasions when he thought it safe or desirable to walk like an ordinary man, instead of creeping from bush to bush like a panther, or wrig-gling through the grass like a snake. The sight of the animal's death, therefore, raised in his black breast a very keen desire for vengeance on the murderer, if vengeance could be safely accomplished; and he paused to reflect if this could be done. As he did so Hendrik got up, gave the dead dog a kick, withdraw his assegal from the carcass, and then, as though struck by a sudden desire to conceal the murder, undid the collar, and, lifting the dog in his arms, carried him with diffi-culty into the house and laid him under the kitchen table. This done he came out again to the wall, which was built of loose, unmortared stones, pulled one out without trouble deposited the watch and the silver he had deposited the watch and the silver he had stolen in the cavity, and replaced the stone. Next, before Jantje could guess what he meant to do, he proceeded to make it practically impossible for his robbery to be discovered, or, at any rate, very improbable, by lighting a match, and, having first glanced round to see that nobody was looking, reaching up and applying it to the thick thatch with which the house itself was roofed, and of which the fringe just here was not more than sine feet from the ground. No rain had fallen at Mosifontein for several days, and there had been a hot sun and dry wind, and, as a result, the thatch was as dry as timier. as a result, the thatch was as dry as tinder. The light enught in account, and in two more attin line of fire was running up

J. W. Wallace.

Hendrik paused, stepped a few paces back, resting his shoulders against the wall, immediately the other side of which was Jantje, and proceeded to chuckle aloud and rub his hands as he admired the results of his handiwork. This was too much for the Hottenton on the farther side. The provocation was too great, and so was the opportunity. In his hand was the thick stick on which he was so fond of cutting notches. Raising it in both hands he brought the heavy knob down with

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age are inevitable; they cannot be prevented any more than death itself. To refuse to take advanfect Spectacles that can be had. those changes in the eyes glasses, whether you use them r Eyes that require glasses at all you can never see satisfactoring

only when they are required and will prove beneficial, and in all other cases we so advise.

Our Special

Is more perfectly dust proof than | have our name, B. BROS., in every any other. The balance wheel is ring. They cannot be surpassed Detter protected from injury than either in quality or finish. Diaany other. It runs from 8 to 10 mond Rings, Engagement Rings hours longer with one winding than If you want anything extra in palany other, giving more uniform ity and value in these goods cane

power and rate. It has a lighter and see what we can do for you. main-spring than any other, and Rings of all descriptions chased. this adds to the durability of the engraved or plain. Cem Rings in watch. It has other advantages great variety. We make a specialwhich we will be happy to explain ty of fine Gem Rings and Diato customers. It costs no more mond Rings.

than any other of equal finish and WATCH AND JEWELRY REPAIR-ING AND ENGRAVING, -Our facil-JEWELRY.—We are daily re- ities in this part of our business are ceiving new goods for the fall trade. unequalled in town. We are both Novelties in ladies' Jewelry; the practical workmen, having acquired newest American styles just to our trade under some of the best hand. As usual our stock in this instructors in Canada, and having department is well assorted and ex- had in addition nine years expertensive. Our Wedding Rings are lience in our own business. We guaranteed to be fully up to the guarantee good work and at reason-

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Iron Founder and Machinist. MANUF CTURER OF Save and Shingle Mill Machinery, Flour and Mill,

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Have a large assortment of General Patterns for the above description of works. Lindsey, Ang. 17th, 1882 -- 117

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Again this grand Old English Powder 18 placed before the farmers and horse-owners of this vicinity. It has proved itself to be one of the most honest preparations of its kind in use and at the some time one of the GREATIST BEOOD PURIFIERS in the country. It is perfectly harmless, in fact Rain of Shine it wont hurt any animal, and has been used with grand success by such reliable men as Joseph Staples, John Cairns, Geo. Wherr, Geo. Skuce, Happy Jack, Henry Gain, Jack, Dunsford and thousands of others.

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