That Student Girl.

A crotchety and contrary old chap was Dick Shellen, a rich old farmer, as stubborne as a mule. He had made his way in the world by the doggedest obstinacy—seizing hold of whatever came his way, and retaining hold, as though life depended upon it.

Shellen had one son—a handsome, clear-headed young man—straight as a young larch, tall and as tenacious in his way, when he chose to have one, as old Dick himself. This son, as he grew up, had proved a great assistance to his father in working the farm, and his services had been made the most of.

The old man managed to keep him at home with him some time after he ought to have been doing for himself. Not an acre of his father's possessions was ever called his son's; he owned nothing, save a horse, which some neighbor had given him when it was a sickly colt, and some sheep obtained in much the same manner; and the old man grudged him the keeping of these.

Shellen and his son differed often, but there were two points in which the difference amounted to something serious. The first point concerned education, for which the old man had the most profound contempt, and the son had not. There was a college some dozen miles from the Shellen farm, and thither—having thoroughly prepared himself in spite of fatherly thwarting and opposition—Henry betook himself, and by one contrivance and another, and helped by his mother's small marketing, kept himself there for several months.

The second point was not likely to be so easy of arrangement.

At college Henry had found something besides scholastic honors. He had chanced upon a very charming combination of curls and azure eyes, a red-lipped, dimpled-cheeked fairy, daughter of one of the professors who, instead of curving her dainty lip at the home-spun suit which his poverty and his father's niggardliness compelled him to wear, never seemed to be conscious of anything or anybody else when he was near.

In short, Henry had found some one to love, some one that he wanted to marry, as he gravely informed his father. You should have seen the old man's eyes; it was a mercy they were fast in their sockets. "Marry a girl student—it was ridiculous!"

"And pray what harm is there in being a girl student?" questioned Bertha Halmstead, when Henry told her, half laughing, half vexed, and altogether rueful for without assistance from his father he could not marry her for a long time yet.

Henry laughed again, but with some embarrassment, saying, "My father is afraid that a daughter of Professor Halmstead would not make a very good farmer's wife."

"Does he think"—— Bertha hesitated, looking with smiling perplexity at her little white hands.

"That these pretty hands don't know much about baking, etc.? Exactly; I believe he thinks that."

"Then he thinks wrong," said Bertha, reddening and looking up at her lover with a comical little pout. "Didn't I hear you say you wanted a servant at home? I've a mind to go down and offer to take the place."

Henry laughed.

"We want one badly enough, but my father will not suffer one inside the house."

"Why, how do you live then? Who cooks for you now that your mother is ill?"

"We do our own cooking," Henry said, with a return of the half-smiling, half-embarrassed expression. "We cook for ourselves or do without."

The very day succeeding the one which witnessed this conversation Henry was at home busying himself over some culinary operations, when the outside door, which stood ajar, was noiselessly pushed wide open and a singularly attired form presented itself on the threshold. It wore a red and green plaid dress, the checks very large, a yellow shawl and a very tumbled white bonnet. A red feather, nearly as long as his arm, streamed from one side.

The face, what could be seen of it, was a very curious one to be inside such a bonnet. Just now, as she surveyed th ekitchen and Henry, herself unseen, the muscles about her mouth twitched nervously and her eyes twinkled with roguish brightness.

Presently Henry looked that way. Instantly the face took a lugubrious length, and, coming from the room, the girl said, hesitatingly, but without looking at him:

"An would ye be afther employing a servant the day?" and stood fidgeting with the fringe of her shawl.

"I believe not," said Henry, coloring with some annoyance, perhaps, at the nature of his employment.

"Shure, sir, and the lady, that sint me said you'd be shure to take me on her recommendation, which I has in my pocket, and here 'tis now."

She gave him a note which proved to be from Miss Halmstead. Henry read it with very lover-like carefulness, but shook his head.

"I'm very sorry, my good girl, but we do not wish to hire a servant."

"Belike your father mayn't object when he sees me," the girl persisted.

Henry looked at the soiled white hat and red feather and repressed a smile, wondering what his father would say. But he was of too kindly a nature to be willing to expose even this servant to his father's rough manner. He repeated what he had said before, assuring her that it would be of no use to see his father.

The girl stood for a moment.

"If you please, sir, I'll just see him a moment. Belike he may take a likin' to the look of me."

And before he could reply she had crossed the room and stood upon the threshold of the next. Henry followed presently, curious to see what kind of a reception she would get.

"Shure, an' I'll be worth a lot to yees," she was saying, with innocent emphasis, as Henry entered.

She talked rapidly, pouring out such a torrent of words that the old man could not by any possibility slip one in among them, and sat regarding her with an expression of the most ludicrous astonishment.

This remarkable volubility completely baffled th eold man's slowness.

He could not say a word now if he wished to, and she concluded with "I can bake bread that'd bring the very eyes out iv yer head and make ye swally yer tongue with delight."

He could only twirl his thumbs in a sort of ridiculous awe, and asked her, with a sudden smile, how much she expected "to get for doing all these things."

The end of it was that her services were accepted and she began work at once.

Henry deliberated and furtively watched her. For some time she seemed unconscious of his scrutiny; but presently she turned, and clasping both her little hands on top of the broom handle, said, with a mixture of bravado and archness too natural to be mistaken:

"Well, Henry, what do you think?"

The young man laughed and looked annoyed in the same breath.

"Then it is you, Bertha," he said; "I was suspecting something of the sort."

"Not till I looked at you," said the girl, roguishly retreating as he approached.

"Do you think it quite the thing, Bertha?"

"Shure, an' why ain't it the thing for a poor girl to be gettin' her living decently and honestly?"

And that was all he could get out of her. Having acknowledged her identity with Bertha, for an instant, she was the most unapproachable Biddy the next, and would have nothing to say except in that character.

"Does your father know of this, Bertha? What would he say?" persevered Henry.

"Shure, an' it's my own fadder would be inteferin', wid me, would he?" said Biddy.

In vain were all remonstrances with the roguish and willful girl. She persisted in being Biddy, even to him, and maintained a distance between them very different from that between him and Bertha in her own proper self. Annoyed, provoked, chagrined, almost angry, the advent of his father forced him to retire from the kitchen, for fear of betraying her secret, which he would not have done for a good deal.

It was several hours before he could return to the house, his father having, upon one pretext or another, dethined him.

When at last they entered together, kitchen and dining-room, both of which had been in a most untidy state when they left there, had undergone such a remarkable renovating process that old Shellen drew back, at first, thinking he had set foot in somebody else's house instead of his own.

Supper was smoking on the table—such a supper as old Shellen, at least, had not seen for months. To crown all, Mrs. Shellen was sitting propped up with pillows in a great easy chair and looking wonderously contented and with reason—the poor lady had not had a woman's hand about her before since her illness. They lived in such an isolated, inhospitable manner that very few of their neighbors even knew Mrs. Shellon was not as well as usual. Biddy, as she called herself, had tidied the poor lady up in a wonderful manner.

Shellen sat down to the daintily spread table and made a most hearty and keenly relished meal, glancing askance at Biddy meanwhile. Henry, strange to say, ate very little, and he watched Biddy askance, too.

This was only the beginning of reforms this darling girl instituted. First, however, for her own peace of mind as well as Henry's—knowing that mother and son were fast friends and always of one opinion—she told her secret to Mrs. Shellen and fairly wheedled the good lady into approval.

It is true that she shook her head at first and looked wondrously shocked. It was so charming to have those little soft hands fluttering about her and to see such brightness and comfort spring up around, that she could not, for her own sake, help countenancing, as much as silence could, Biddy's mysterious presence.

Having made a good beginning, Biddy established herself in a short time completely in the good graces of the old man.

He had a lurking fondness for neatness and good order, and Mrs. Shellen, poor woman, wasn't a very tidy housekeeper. Under the new reign order grew out of chaos; the house seemed in holiday garb all the time, and an atmosphere of social cheerfulness pervaded everywhere.

One morning, Biddy had said something the day before, the old man ended a grumbling complaint of Henry's with "I never see no good come of eddication yet. If it hadn't been for that college business you might have taken a liking to a sensible girl and she to you."

He glanced at Biddy as he spoke. She turned scarlet and came near dropping the dish she was holding. It was not the first time Henry had heard such insinuations, and he rather enjoyed Biddy's trepidation.

"Look here, father," said Henry, smiling maliciously, "just pick me out a wife, and see what will come of it."

"The only girl I know of worth having wouldn't have you, I dare say—would you, Biddy?" Shellen said, grumblingly, but suddenly turning to the girl, Bridget O'Flynn, who had kept Bertha's lover at a tantalizing and unrelenting distance all that time.

He was taking his revenge now. Making a desperate effort, Biddy rallied her confused senses to say, with considerable self possession:

"Shure, sir, it isn't myself that'll be after having any man till I'm asked!"

"Biddy, will you marry me?" said Henry, gravely extending his hand.

"I will that, now," said Biddy, promptly putting her hand in his, while old Shellen came near choking himself with amazement.

It was too late to recede, however, whether he had really wished such a thing or not, as they soon made him understand. He went out of doors presently, privately pinching himself to ascertain if he were really in his senses or not. Seeing the two standing by the window in close conversation soon after, he crept with the same laudable intention toward them, under cover of the bushes that grew by the house.

"Now, Bertha," Henry was saying, laughingly, "what is to be done next? I must say you have managed wonderfully so far; but what do you suppose he'll say when he knows you're not Biddy at all?"

"Not Biddy at all!" screamed Shellen, struck with a sudden suspicion of he knew not what, as he started out of his covert.

There stood Biddy, the white frill of her close cap as immense as ever. She laughed though, when she saw him, and, deliberately taking off her cap, shook her bright curls all about her face, and, reaching toward him her little hand, said:

"Sure, sir, an' ye won't be afther hating a poor girl because her name's Bertha Halmstead instead of Bridget O'Flynn?"

"You—you Professor Halmstead's girl?"

"Professor Halmstead is my father," said Bertha in her natural voice.

"What's that?"

Bertha repeated it.

"And you're not Irish?"

"Niver a bit!"

The old man stood for a moment, clouds gathering in his face.

"Well, Henry," he said, rather sourly, "you have outwitted me again; much good may it do you. You had better get out the horses now and take Halmstead's girl home. He must want to see her by this time."

"Yes, sir." And Henry colored with mingled anger and amazement.

Bertha did not change countenance, however. Extending that pretty hand of hers, she said, sweetly:

"You'll shake hands with me, sir?"

Shellen turned back and gave his hand awkwardly. The girl took it in both hers, bending her bright, arch face toward him, saying:

"I shall come back some time, sir. Will you be glad to see me?"

Shellen hummed and hawed, and stammered out at last:

"Ye—es; come back, Biddy—I mean Miss O'Flynn—I mean Miss——'

"Bertha," suggested the girl, quietly.

"Yes, come back; and the sooner the better. There, Henry, make the most on't!"

Bertha did come back, in a very few weeks, too, and nobody was gladder to see her than old Shellen, though he was a little shy at first of Professor Halmstead's girl. She soon made him forget everything save that she was Henry's wife; and the way he humored the sly puss to sundry grants of money refurnishing and repairing, I couldn't begin to tell.

GEN. EVART R. GROBLER.

Commander of the Orange Free State Military Forces.

In the concerted plan of war agreed upon by the Boer Republic and the Orange Free State the forces of the latter will be under the command of General Evart R. Grobler, a notable figure in the commercial, legislative, and military affairs of South Africa.

General Grobler is decidedly versatile in his attainments. He is a grain grower, an ostrich farmer, a stock raiser and a diamond mine owner. Though only thirty-six years old he has been an influential member of the Volksraad, sitting for Philopolis. He is described as a man of intrepid and dogged temperament, able, shrewd, but withal conservative. He is descended from Dutch and Huguenot stock. He speaks and writes fluently Dutch, English, German and French. He is also accomplished in the vernacular of many of the native tribes around the Free State.

TALL AND SLENDER.

He is nearly six feet tall, of slight build, erect, and is a man of active physique and quick mental conception. While at all times genial and measurably unostentatious, he has a reserve which he does not readily throw off. He has a mild brown eye when enjoying recreation, but an earnest, severe look in a serious mood. His home in his native land, for he is Boer born—a native of the soil for which he is fighting—is one of open hospitality.

General Grobler was the Orange Free State's Commissioner to the World's Fair, at Chicago, in 1893. His government also designated him for the Antwerp Exposition and for the forthcoming Paris Exposition. These honors he declined because his South African interests demanded his time. He has had much to do with matters of transportation over the line of railway between Cape Town and the Free State and in arranging the customs troubles between the two countries.

He took a prominent part in the development of the Jagersfontein diamond mines. He has one of the largest ostrich farms in South Africa. He patriotically loves his native land, and he has been looking at a war cloud for several years.

General Grobler is now in the field in command of the Free State's available army of 21,000 men. He has a beautiful and patriotic young wife. She is of Huguenot extraction, and, like himself, is very refined, well bred and well educated. They have been married about twelve years, but have no children. Mrs. Grobler takes an active and intelligent interest in South African affairs, and is helping to get together food and clothes to be sent to the front.

ABOUT PAINTED FLOWERS.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the artist, loved children very dearly. When his small children were naughty, their mamma punished them by standing them for a few minutes in a corner, with their faces to the wall. This seemed to be quite severe punishment to their beauty loving papa. So he had painted in the corners where his children were punished sprays of flowers, saying, "If he has to go to the corner, I am determined he shall enjoy himself there." It is also said that the artist, when visiting, found a child of his host receiving the same punishment, and that he quietly sketched, with a pencil, flying birds in the corner where the small boy stood.

About the House.

FREESIA'S.

Freesias are not so well known as hyacinths and narcissus, but they are quite as easily grown and the bulbs are very inexpensive.

Freesias like a rich soil; a fibrous loam is said to be excellent for them; also a mixture composed of equal thirds of chip dirt, well rotted manure and good garden soil. Where leaf mould can be obtained it will give good results mixed with equal parts of rotted sod and sand. If a few teaspoonfuls of fine wood ashes are added to the compost it will be further improved. Clay should be avoided.

Freesias do quite as well when planted in tin cans as in pots. If cans are used of course there should be holes in the bottom. A layer of charcoal or gravel one-half inch in depth will do nicely for drainage. Pot is then filled within two inches of the top with the prepared soil. On this place the bulbs, from four to six, may be planted in a six-inch pot. Cover with the same soil so that the bulbs are about one inch below the surface. Press the soil around and over them firmly and water them.

Freesias do not need to be set away in the dark to form roots; growth begins at once.

Some place them as soon as potted in the shade of a tree outdoors, surrounding the pot with coal ashes or sand. When the green blades push through they are gradually exposed to the sun, and watered regularly, but lightly.

By protecting them at night they are sometimes left out until after slight frosts. They are not tender and when brought into the house a room whose temperature ranges from 50 to 60 degrees is best for them till the buds form, too much heat stimulates foliage growth at the expense of the blossoms. They do well in a sunny, well ventilated window.

After the bulbs are well started they need liquid manure once a week, and the foliage should be well-showered with luke-warm water three times a week.

As soon as the bulbs form they should be watered freely and the air of the room kept moist. Sometimes the aphis troubles Freesias. Washing the foliage thoroughly in strong soap suds, to which a little kerosene has been added, will destroy the aphis.

When well fed and watered freesias will bloom for two months in the middle of the winter if potted early in September. Three or four clusters of blossoms will fill a room with fragrance. As cut flowers they will keep in water more than a week.

After the bulbs cease to throw out blossoms the old flower stems should be cut off and the bulbs allowed to ripen by withholding water. When the foliage has dried down the pot should be set in a dry cellar and left there till the following August or September. Then the bulbs should be shaken out and repotted in fresh earth. Unlike hyacinths the bulbs do not deteriorate but will produce fine blossoms year after year.

PUDDINGS.

Bread Pudding—Three eggs, one-fourth cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of sweet milk, and flavor to taste with vanilla. Beat three eggs without separating and beat all together well. Butter your pudding dish with melted butter and fill it three-fourths full of stale bread crumbs. Pour the custard over it and let soak a few minutes. Bake in a pan of hot water about twenty minutes. Spread a layer of jam over the top and cover with meringue. Slip it into the oven until it is a fawn color and serve it with the following sauce:

Sauce—One cup of water, one-fourth cup of sugar and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Put in a saucepan, and when boiling skim it well. Add a small slice of candied pineapple and a few candied cherries. Simmer very gently ten minutes.

Boil one cup of raisins one hour, until plump and soft and add to the bread pudding if a plum pudding is desired.

Cottage Pudding—Two heaping cups of sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two eggs, one cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one cup of milk. Mix cream of tartar, soda and salt with the flour, beat the eggs, add sugar and melted butter and milk, and stir into the flour. Bake in a shallow dish. Dredge the top well with powdered sugar and serve with lemon or wine sauce.

Cocoanut Pudding—One cup of cold milk, one-fourth pound of grated cocoanut, four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, three tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, one cupful of stoned raisins, grated rind of one lemon and the whites of two eggs beaten dry. Mix all together well and beat thoroughly. Pour this mixture into a well buttered pudding dish and bake slowly one hour. The oven must not be too hot. Dust with powdered sugar and serve with cream.

Cornstarch Pudding—Mix one cup of cornstarch into enough cold water to make a batter, and add to it one cup of sugar, yolks of four eggs, and stir this mixture into one quart of boiling milk. Let it remain a few minutes, then pour it all into a baking dish and bake for ten minutes. Slip the pudding out and put over it a layer of jelly and cover with a meringue made by beating the whites of four eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Brown lightly and serve.

Boiled Suet Pudding—One cup of finely chopped suet or two-thirds cups of butter, one cup of molasses, one cup of milk, one cup of chopped raisins and currants, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda, and one salt-spoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. Mix well, tie up in a cloth, and boil four hours. Serve with wine or foamy sauce.

Mother R.'s Rice Pudding—One-half cup of well-washed rice and a little salt; cover with water and when soft add two quarts of sweet milk, a small lump of butter, nutmeg and sugar to taste. Bake two hours and keep stirring it every few minutes. Serve with cream.

Tapioca and Rice—Three tablespoonfuls of tapioca, two tablespoonfuls of boiled rice, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one quart of milk. Soak over night and bake one hour.

Caramel Pudding—Put one-half cup of granulated sugar in a skillet over the fire and stir constantly until it comes to boiling point, and is brown; add one teaspoonful of lemon juice and while hot pour into tin moulds. If you have an aluminum pan it is better than a skillet.

Custard—Beat without separating three eggs and four tablespoonfuls of sugar; beat together until light and then add one and one-half cups of milk and one teaspoonful of vanilla. As soon as the sugar is dissolved pour into the tin moulds on top of the caramel and stand them in a baking pan of hot water. Put them in the oven and bake until they are set in the centre, or until a straw comes out clean.

FOR WIVES TO REMEMBER.

Men soon forget what they have said themselves, but their memories are singularly retentive of what their wives have said to them.

Only a woman of ignoble nature fosters her husband's weaknesses; a true wife always "holds him up to his best;" without flattery she makes him feel that she is his fondest admirer.

Men are grateful for forbearance in their wives. For often, while asserting most loudly that they are right, they are frequently conscious that they are wrong. Given a little time and a little silence they will often show in actions—rarely in words—that they have been mistaken.

A man expects his wife to be better than he. No matter how little religion a man may have himself his ideal wife is always a woman with the purity of soul that only a Christian can have; and to a good man it is usually part of his religion to believe that his wife is morally higher and nobler than himself.

Altogether too few wives realize that novelty and variety are as attractive to a man after marriage as before. The same gown evening after evening perhaps, the same coiffure year in and year out, may not exactly pall upon the taste of a devoted husband, but he soon ceases to look at his wife with the same interest as theretofore. After awhile she will miss the fond little compliments that are so pleasant to receive, and one of the most potent of her womanly weapons grows rusty from disuse.

A wife's position in the estimation of her husband is always what she is—not what she claims to be.

ODORS TO HARMONIZE.

Arranging cut flowers with a view to their odors is a fancy of the moment, and those interested in the matter believe as much thought should be given to this blending of perfumes as is generally bestowed upon choosing colors and styles. A vase full of differently scented flowers can never emit a wholly satisfying result. It is truly a case of the survival of the fittest, and the stronger scent, while being affected by all the others present, and therefore losing its purity will, in the end, predominate. Imagine, on the other side, the sweet white violet, whose odor is so faint and elusive as to be almost imperceptible, being placed with flowers of stronger fragrance. As far as any gratification to the human sense is concerned, nature might as well not have endowed it with this charm. The only way to enjoy the little flower is to gather a large bunch and then to keep them separate from all others.

Heliotrope and lemon verbena form another delightful combination with an element of refreshment for darkened summer rooms. A few bouquets of these flowers, instead of making the atmosphere heavier, will seem to clear away some of its sultriness. The lemon verbena should be added judiciously; a little over the right amount and its odor soon destroys that of the heliotrope.

Hardly anything more lovely can be imagined for a bouquet than the opening bud of the blush rose and a few tender shoots of honeysuckle. The delicate fragrance of the rose seems to temper and render even more luscious the honeysuckle's stronger scent.

Large, heavily scented flowers should be used in moderation. Little can be done in the way of combinations, to render their odor less oppressive. It is always best to keep them separate and in a place through which a current of air passes.

It seems to be the mission of geranium leaves to lend their pungent spicy odor to flowers that are themselves without fragrance; and therefore they cannot be prized too highly. At this season of the year they go especially well as a border around the brilliantly colored but unfortunately scented phloxes.

WOMEN LITTLE ESTEEMED.

The Korean woman is so little esteemed that she has not even a name. In childhood she has a nickname bestowed upon her, by which she is known to her family and intimate friends, but after she arrives at maturity she is called thus only by her parents. To the rest of the world she is simply "the daughter" or "the sister" of So-and-So.

FINE PRIVATE ZOO.

An English Gentleman and He Has Some Rare Birds and Animals.

The distinction probably the most comprehensive belongs to Mr. C. in England, of Haggerston Castle. Among birds are the rhea, the ostrich, domestic and Nubian crane, Australian crane, Liberian crane, Zealand black swan, fowl from all parts of the Fine, however, as the collection is, that of the is more interesting. kangaroos, of which has bred and reared considering the bleakness number land coast, this proves that the marsh hardy than one would park there is also a deer, from one of which has had a pair of calves pounds. Here, herd has 22 magnificent herd seen a bison; indeed, American the finest and to be for the animals world, extinct in their own country fully extinct herd is worth another white-tailed gnu, one of this community is a animal, a bull that has species, one of them old than himself. In confinance he was perhaps horns; but even now he grass-eating thing that comes tries in a fight, and would count of himself in a

FANCY TRICK.

A young woman who herself in need of extra exercise, a new school—a sanatorium. The idea is not to make them tricksters of them, but to amuse them at home, tresses at home, requiring more than simply eating, running and sitting in comfort on the hour, and the little dogs, which the little "stunts" orders, so used through their lives become second nature voluntarily go through their own play for attention to their mistresses want anything to eat.

She has always been fond of pets; she was never content without each pet little dog; her rooms were full of them; there were two cages, one two little marmosets, one can monkeys; a robin, a fox terrier and a Brazilian dog, tame common house dogs their way through the doors in the cage of when the dogs were hungry fed on the crumbs that if their mistress was up to her and ran and running up her shoulder.

She had taught a few show tricks to her pets included, and also of her friends, so why not dogs?

The younger the dogs according to the standard not teach old dogs new though they is not true many an old dog proves all the sprightliest puppies, but the puppies. They are more quick of tricks are simply a guided lot of gums, and the patience of the few persons have the nerve or patience to spare on.

The first thing the teacher make firm friends of the pupils, the next to make them her authority, and for obedience. Rewards for extraordinary just like people: that is necessary, each in quick succession the reward at the easy to teach several sights is to see two little soldiers across one at a time.

Her own two little white poodle and terrier, of a size. Every day the same performance: the rier comes and leaves a rush to the door there are not enough the terrier, Nuremberg, poodle, Midget, to her mouth, and the of the mistress' room erect, the letter get's mouth, and then right on their hind room to their mistress on their haunches letter.

If she pretends to wave both front rapidly to attract she still remains gives a little bark cock their eyes at on one side, looking in a very comical takes the letter. seated until she gives candy. If she refuses think of it they sit till she remembers, energetically every catch her eye.

ALWAYS FOR SUNSHINE.

What a subtle kind of we give others by our best and highest to make allowance dark side is uppermost and we take their sunshine away by our thoughts, our ness! O, to stand ly for sunlight and

GOLD PROVES BOERS' RUIN.

THE MAIN CAUSE OF THE PRESENT WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Marvellous Richness in the Witwatersrand, Realized Too Late by the Burghers, Overwhelmed Their Territory With a Rush of Outlanders, Among Whom the English Predominated.

When you get right down to facts, this war in the Transvaal is for gold. It is not, to be sure, of loot on Great Britain's part, as Britain is fighting for civil rights. The burghers are fighting for their supremacy. But there never would have been any war if gold had not been discovered in the range of known as the Witwatersrand, fifteen years ago.

The Transvaal was nothing but a rolling inland tract of mountain. It was fit for farming and ranching, with occasional good shot at game. The Dutch settlers had won their savages by blood and grit; they held it against the Britons at their lives' forfeit. The British scarcely worth the quarrel; did not even possess a [illegible].

It was in 1880 the British Boers their barren [illegible] sources were few, exports [illegible] the treasury was empty, little communication with the world, for there were no railways; forty days by ox wagon to Town.

In 1881 a man named Arnot, a farmer named Geldenhuis [illegible] was gold on his land. Geldenhuis not believe it, but [illegible] sip and sold his farm to [illegible] brothers named Struben. The brothers named Struben [illegible] up a mill and began to work ish powdery dirt, that [illegible] the richest gold ore the ever shown. The Boer proclaimed nine farms [illegible] fields.

When the rush began it always slow where [illegible] our, were unbelieving. [illegible] not make up their minds [illegible] the certainty of cow [illegible] uncertainty of mining, even claims crying for [illegible] ed on the Witwatersrand work.

Meanwhile the news of spread over the [illegible] territory. The work [illegible] in Cape Town and [illegible] turers at once set out [illegible] reached Kimberley [illegible] turous there. Within every working [illegible] spade and nearly a [illegible] hands. The Boers, on [illegible] made up their minds [illegible]

DISCOVERY OF [illegible]

The workings of the [illegible] rand—White Water Range—were thirty miles in [illegible] were developed. The gold [illegible] in a formation seen [illegible] the world. Regular [illegible] of dry, powdery [illegible] thickness from two to [illegible] found throughout this [illegible] black veld as the [illegible] on earth is gold mined [illegible] easily or so cheaply.

In 1887, midway in [illegible] on the site of a hamlet [illegible] come the centre of the [illegible] hustling, bustling town [illegible] the city of Johannesburg named after the surveyor [illegible] cuds is 5,664 feet above the [illegible] twelve years the [illegible] city in South Africa [illegible] the pave mountain side, [illegible] have been much with the [illegible] neys, the reservoirs, the city [illegible] the stamping houses and [illegible] of great works that [illegible] tive miners and [illegible]

Fifteen years ago [illegible] side would have [illegible] chers that [illegible] is now valued [illegible] gold finds of the Witwatersrand [illegible] followed by others [illegible] vaal's borders—at De [illegible] pansberg, in the [illegible] at Lydenburg, in the [illegible] at Malmani, on the [illegible] der; at Klerksdorp and [illegible] All of these develop [illegible] ing quantities.

ENORMOUS DIVIDENDS.

The capital of the [illegible] working at the end of [illegible] 864,750. Of these twenty [illegible] with a capitalization of [illegible] 000, paid $17,750,000 in [illegible] nearly thirty per cent. [illegible] other mines were [illegible] paying no dividends [illegible] der was in course of [illegible] total value of the gold [illegible] was $58,550,000, an increase [illegible] millions over the year [illegible]

Nevertheless, there were [illegible] during 1897, due [illegible] specialties, more than [illegible] companies having been [illegible] stock jobbing purposes [illegible] where no gold existed [illegible] companies went to the wall [illegible]

In 1898 the 138 companies [illegible] creased to 137, but these [illegible] dends had increased from [illegible] in 1897, to forty-four. [illegible] five companies paid dividends [illegible] 148,925 on a capital of [illegible] something more than [illegible] cent.

"It is a curious anomaly," Major Ricarde-Seaver, in [illegible] at the end of the nineteenth [illegible] a minority of fifteen thousand [illegible] ers, all told, taking [illegible] ty thousand enlightened [illegible] prosperous aliens, who [illegible] possess the riches and [illegible] tion of the country, have [illegible] in its management. The franchise must be extended to all [illegible] citizenship, and when this [illegible] Outlanders, as a class, will [illegible] exist. They will become [illegible] the control of the State will [illegible] the hands of the majority [illegible] words, the Anglo-Saxon [illegible]

The marriage is announced [illegible] Earl of Rothes, who is only [illegible] two, and comes of a famous [illegible] family, the Leslies.