

## MAY MAKE OVERTURE

BOER JUNTA NOT SO FIEM FOR "NO SURRENDER."

Interview With Boer Leader in Close Touch With Kruger Shows Signs of Compromise.

Amsterdam letter: There has been more activity here in Boer circles since Lord Rosebery's enigmatic speech at Chesterfield than for some months past. His assertion that any overtures for peace from the exiled Boer government should be given respectful heed, remembering that Britain and Boer must live together in South Africa, has caused considerable comment here.

The truth is there has long been growing a spirit of dissatisfaction on the part of more liberal minded Boers at the bigoted and immovable attitude of that element which has hitherto stood for absolute independence.

Of course these advisers of Kruger who foresee the inevitable to be final compulsory submission of the Boers are called traitors by their more uncompromising countrymen.

The leader of this party believes that the time has come for the Boer leaders to take a middle course and that the party at the Hague should take the initiative by sounding the British government.

This policy is, of course, most strenuously opposed by the ultra-conservatives and by those who believe that an appeal to the present government would prove a futile undertaking. He has managed nevertheless, thus far, to hold Mr. Kruger's confidence, although it has been in the face of some stormy experiences. "Pride" said this man to me, a day or two ago, "has had more to do with the promulgation of this war than anything else. There has been a misapprehension on both sides to the effect that no arrangement leading to a permanent peace could be brought about without a sacrifice of prestige on either side. They have persistently ignored the fact that there was a middle way out of this carnival of carnage which we, who are laying down our lives at the front, are engaged in."

Before Lord Rosebery spoke no one believed that an Englishman could be brought to consider the desirability of a compromise. The Englishman who suggested it was called a pro-Boer whilst the Boer, who, like myself, was born a Boer and has been fighting at the front since the war began, is called a traitor because he suggests or accepts any idea of compromise.

"As one who speaks impartially, I maintain that the Boers do not even now distrust the British nation, their prejudice being merely against a few men. I would not go so far as to say that they even mistrust Mr. Chamberlain, although in the case of Lord Milner it is different. They regard him as the man who organized the war."

"Neither of these two could be accepted as mediators by the Boers, because they do not feel that these gentlemen can entertain an impartial point of view. Moreover, both have again and again refused to acknowledge the Boer authorities in Holland. Yet it is only by recognizing them that any peace overtures can be possibly made, for who else is there to make them to who possess the requisite authority?"

The Boers have unhesitating confidence in two British leaders, they are Lord Rosebery and Lord Cromer. It seems that Lord Rosebery must have some secret source of information as to the feelings of the Boers at the Hague or he would not have committed himself as he did in his speech by assuming that a middle course would be accepted by them.

Lord Rosebery, having made common ground by his speech for the Briton and Boer to approach upon, let us review the conditions now existing in South Africa which practically make unconditional surrender impossible.

Lord Rosebery has said that, for his part, he would make the settlement between the two combatants a generous one.

To begin with, the Boers now fighting are mainly the Free Staters, the element which was most progressive and favorable to the English before the war commenced, and who had a hearty estimation of Dr. Leyd's brand of Krugerism. What, in the name of humanity, have those men to gain if they lay down their arms and march into the arms of Kitchener's waiting battalions? Nothing whatever, as the situation stands today; they would, in fact, lose what little is left to them. Death presents no worse features to them than surrender. Their farms have long ago been burned; their property

## WANTS CONSCRIPTION.



The junior from Maine, who has distinguished himself by asserting that the National Guard will not answer our purpose if we have determined to become a great war-power.

## MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH.



Mrs. Booth is never discouraged in her mission of winning souls. The other day one of the women for whom she had interceded and succeeded in saving from the island broke loose again and had to be sentenced, but the beautiful Salvationist keeps on at her noble task undaunted just the same.

is confiscated; their wives and children are placed beyond their reach, if they are not already dead. There is, in fact, every inducement for this desperate fighting and none whatever to suggest the alternative of surrender.

Consider the position of these men, who have been overthrown and are no more considered even as legitimate foes. All things considered can it be wondered that the men in the field are determined to struggle on to the end? Were the English reduced to the condition of broken desperadoes, would they be exterminated?

This may be taken as the extreme Boer view. I know that those of us who are not speaking without knowledge, I know that those of us who have more power to deal with the matter, now that they are prepared to put their pride in their pockets, provided that Englishmen will do the same, and they even have sufficient faith in it to believe that a British statesman could contrive a just peace concession to make to the Boer dignity, but a powerful nation suffers the shock of that a small, almost do. "Generous" was a good word for Lord Rosebery to use. Let us hope that he will have the opportunity to prove his generosity.

BREMER MURRAY.

## DOCTOR AND PATIENT.

It Is Not Always Profitable to Tell the Plain Truth.

Louisville Times: As a rule you can never take a woman at her word. A Louisville woman went East for her operation. It was her intention to have a leading physician before her in order to get his opinion of the wife's health. She had been far from well, and finally concluded to satisfy her but the verdict of this medical celebrity.

Accordingly, husband and wife called on this specialist. "Now, doctor," said the woman, "I want your honest opinion. I like candor, and don't wish to make the trip here to be told any falsehood about myself."

This sounded very open and courageous, so the expert asked questions, looked at her well-made minute examination of the case, and finally required, "Did any doctor ever tell you you had so and so?"

"Only one—the horrid brute!" was the reply. "I have been to ten or twelve, and he was the only one who was so ignorant as such a thing, and discharged him at once."

"Discharged him?" exclaimed the expert. "Why, madam, he was the only one of the lot who told you the truth."

Edward North, who had been Greek professor of Hampton college for 57 years, but resigned a month ago, received 700 letters appropriate to the day on Christmas morning from the alumni of the institution. The idea was suggested to the alumni by a St. Louis "grad," among the letters were one from Secretary of War Root, one from the 64, and one from ex-Attorney General W. H. H. Miller, of the class of '62.

The free delivery postal system is only 38 years old, having been inaugurated in 1863 under Postmaster General Montgomery Blair of Maryland, with 685 letter carriers, distributed among 45 of the principal cities, and 66 offices. There are now 866 offices and 16,389 carriers.

One-fourth of the 5,000,000 coffee shrubs of the variety planted in German East Africa are already bearing.

## AN ILLINOIS CENTENARIAN.

Monmouth Woman Who is a Hundred and Ten Years of Age.

Monmouth (Ill.) Review: One of the most remarkable cases of longevity in this country is that of Mrs. Elizabeth Shoemaker of Monmouth, Ill., who celebrated her 110th birthday on the 10th day of last December, having been born Dec. 10, 1791. She has lived in one century, through another, and is well started on the third.

This remarkable long-lived woman was born in Shenandoah county, Virginia, and her husband died 52 years ago. She is the mother of six children; the oldest living child, being the third of the family, is upward of 70 years old; the second is 68, and the third is 66. She has 41 grandchildren living, 28 great-grandchildren, and four great-great-grandchildren. She has lived in Monmouth about 20 years, and until a few days ago, when she took up her residence with her oldest living child, Mrs. Custer, and the latter's son, Mrs. Shoemaker has been for many years a member of the Christian church.

August Gissler, governor of the island of Cocos, a Costa Rican possession, is visiting Chicago. The island is famous in connection with the operations of the buccanniers of the Spanish main, and the reputed hiding place for millions of their ill-gotten treasure. Mr. Gissler has held his office since 1897.

The system of free delivery of mail by letter carriers has recently been established at Honolulu. Hitherto citizens have had to go to the postoffice for their mail.

## BEFORE THE GALE



by COLINS COLLINS.

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In his fury Bert Moore called the wrath of heaven down upon the Beaconsville Dramatic society, which alone seemed responsible for the misery which had exhausted his supply of anethemas he buried his face in his hands and reviewed the whole wretched business.

Bess Ainsworth and he had been engaged for a year when the Dramatic society was formed, and the pretty little cottage which was to be their home was almost paid for when "Lorna; or Alone in New York," was produced at the Beaconsville opera house before "a large, cultured and appreciative audience," as The Weekly Clarion described it. Bess' vivacity and melodious voice, together with a faint trace of natural dramatic ability, had fairly captured the house. Again quoting the Weekly Clarion: "The role of Lorna could not be improved upon. Its interpretation by Beaconsville's Bernhardt was a surprise, even to her most ardent admirers."

The sensation produced by his sweet-heart filled Bert's mind with uneasiness and stifled his pride in her accomplishments. It filled the mind of Hawthorn Burnside with new schemes and ambitions.

T. Hawthorn Burnside's card in the dramatic papers announced that he was "at liberty." They did not add that the company with which he had opened the season had stranded at Morgan, the county seat, 20 miles from Beaconsville. Those of its members who had the fare to Chicago counted themselves blessed and started at once for the midwest haven. Those who lacked the price, Burnside among them, fell back upon their wits and wrote to their nearest friends for assistance.

It was just at this time that the Beaconsville Dramatic society had determined to produce "Lorna." Burnside, with well feigned reluctance, agreed to postpone his engagement with a Chicago stock company to coach amateur Theatricals of Beaconsville. This would pay his board a few weeks, and then perhaps something better might turn up.

The inspiration came with Bess Ainsworth's success. He again postponed his start for Chicago and cultivated the acquaintance of his "star" and her unsophisticated aunt. He fascinated them with his experiences on the road and his acquaintance with great men and women of his profession and kept Bess well supplied with dramatic publications. He coached her so assiduously that she had no time for walks through the autumn woods with Bert or for long talks in the front room, with its embroidered tides and wax fruit. She lost interest in the pile of household linen which had been slowly gathering for a year, and when Bert talked about the little cottage she replied with quotations from Shakespeare.

In the meantime Burnside had written to the manager of a repertory company headed toward Morgan as follows: "If you can make room in your company for a good light comedian and in-

genue, I can fill the bill for you. You know me. The girl is a darned pretty amateur, a bit gawky, but is improving under coaching, and she's got a tidy bit of money, which would come in handy if we struck hard lines up in Wisconsin. Let me hear from you."

And from the manager came this: "Never mind if she is a bit gawky if she has the dough. Grey has been playing light comedies for me, but as he's been hitting the pipe again I'll give him two weeks' notice, and you and the girl join us at Morgan. We play there one night, the 17th."

Burnside naturally did not read the letter to Bess. He told her that he had an opening in view for her, holding off the truth until the 16th, when he laid the proposition before her. Of course, if she were going on the stage she must do it in the most romantic fashion. She should run away, and the papers would ring with her story. It was the only way.

They left the next morning, Bess sobbing and laughing together at the last moment on her aunt's shoulder and leaving a hysterical message for Bert. When she was famous, he should come to her in New York—Paris perhaps—and they would be married and live happy ever after. Bert listened to the message grimly, said some bitter things to the now thoroughly frightened aunt and stormed back to his stuffy shop.

Of one thing he was convinced—Bess cared nothing for the crafty Burnside. And with Burnside it was Bess and her money as bait for the manager. His knew this somehow, though he had never a line of the correspondence between Burnside and the manager. His little sweetheart's head was turned, but her heart was loyal to him.

And, having thus settled the question in his own mind, Bert was quick to act. Trains to Morgan? Just one day, and the runaways had boarded that. Livestock? A fierce storm had arisen, the first of the year, and the plegmatic proprietor of the Palace stables refused to rent a team. Good horseflesh was not to be risked in the face of such a storm.

Bert was desperate. He rushed up the street, and the keen wind from the east struck him full in the face. With it came an idea—he would skate up the river to Morgan. The furious eastern gale would fairly carry him to his beloved.

Three hours later a strange figure, swathed in a fur coat edged with small icicles and hung with sleet, staggered into the Ashland hotel at Morgan.

"Is Miss Bess Ainsworth stopping here?" came to the clerk in gasping tones. The astonished man nodded.

"I want to see her right away."

He strode up to the parlor, and when Bess entered he stood shivering and haggard in the dim light.

"Bert"—she exclaimed, then stopped awkwardly.

He seized her hands. "I had to come, Bess, to save you from a life you would hate. I've—I've risked my life to do it, Bess, and you won't refuse to go back with me?"

She hesitated, then stretched out both hands.

"Bert, dear, I'm—glad—you came."

But it was not until they had been hurriedly married by the nearest justice and had taken apartments at a hotel farther removed from the stopping place of the Empire Comedy company that Bess opened her heart to her husband.

"Oh, Bert, it wasn't at all what I expected! We had a rehearsal the first thing. The girls whispered and made fun of the way I read my lines. That horrid manager—h—bugged me—Oh, Bert, don't look like that! I pulled right away from him, and I heard one of the men say that Burnside had found another easy mark. Now, what did he mean by that?"

"I'm sure I can't imagine," answered Bert, with well assumed innocence, but a few minutes later he asked in the most casual way whether she had given Burnside her money to take care of.

"Oh, No!" she replied. "Aunt told me to be sure to sew it in my undershirt pocket. I just lent him enough for our fare and to get his wardrobe out of the express office."

"Express office is good," murmured Bert under his breath, then aloud: "Never mind, little woman. We can afford to lose that ten times over. The gale saved my railroad fare, too, you know."

The Rev. Robert Howie of Glasgow, who has been nominated by the standing committees of the United Free church of Scotland as moderator of the next general assembly, was born at Kilwinning in Ayrshire, in 1836. He was a distinguished student at Glasgow university, standing equal in the middle division of the logic class with Prof. Munro.

Representative Littlefield of Maine, is the fastest talker in the house. He is a terror to the official stenographers, Henry U. Johnson of Indiana who served several terms in congress, was probably the fastest speaker ever in the house. He talked more than 300 words a minute. Mr. Littlefield sometimes gets very close to the 300 mark.

## COUNTESS VON WALDERSEE.



COUNTESS WALDERSEE.

The German Field Marshal, Count Von Walderssee, who was commander of the European forces in China, will visit America next April with his wife. The countess was formerly Miss Mary Esther Lee, the daughter of a wealthy New York grocer. When she married the count she was the widow of Prince Frederick of Schleswig Holstein.