

The Lost Diamonds of the Orange River.

Many are the stories told at the outspan fires of the South African transport riders, some weird, some romantic, some of the native wars, some of fierce encounters with the wild beasts of the land. Often as I travelled with my friends up-country we stopped to have a chat with these rugged people, and some strange and interesting information was obtained in this way.

The transport rider—the carrier of Africa—with his stout wagon and span of oxen travels year after year over the round, in all directions, and is constantly encountering all sorts and conditions of men, white, black, and off-colored; and in his wanderings or over his evening camp-fire he picks up great stores of legends and adventures from the passing hunters, explorers and traders.

One night, after a day's journey through the Bushveldt, we lay at a farmhouse near which was a public outspan. At this outspan two transport riders were sitting snugly over their evening meal. They seemed a couple of cheery good fellows, one an English Africaner, the other an Englishman, an old University man, and well read, as we afterwards discovered, and nothing would suit them but that we should join them and take pot-luck.

Supper finished, some good old Cango, the best home-manufactured brandy of the Cape, made in the Outshoorn district, was produced, pipes lighted, and then we began to "yarn." For an hour or more we talked upon a variety of topics—old days in England, the voyage to the Cape, the Colony, its prospects, and its sport.

"This strange," said one of our number, "this little is known of the Orange River—at all events west of the Falls. I don't think I ever met a man who had been down it. One would think the Colonists would know something of their northern boundary; as a matter of fact they don't."

"Ah! talking of the Orange River reminds me," said the younger of the transport riders, the ex-Oxonian and the more loquacious of the two, "of a most extraordinary yarn I heard from a man I met in with some years back, stranded in the 'thirst-land' north-west of Shoshong. Poor chap! he was in a sorry plight. He was an English gentleman, who for years had, from sheer love of sport and a wild life, been hunting big game in the interior. That season he had stayed too late on the Chobe River near where it runs into the Zambezi, and with most of his people had got fever badly. They had had a disastrous trek out, losing most of their oxen and all their horses; and when I came across them they were stuck fast in the doorn-land, thirst-struck, unable to move forward or back. For two and a half days they had been without water; and from being in bad health to begin with, hadn't half a chance; and if I had not stumbled upon them, they must all have been dead within fifteen hours. I had luckily some water in my vatjies, and managed to pull them round; and that night, leaving their wagon in the desert, in hope of being saved subsequently, and taking as much of the ivory and valuables as we could manage, and Mowbray's, the Englishman's guns and ammunition, we made a good trek, and reached water on the afternoon of the next day. I never saw a man so grateful as Mowbray. During the short time I knew him I found him one of the best fellows and most delightful companions I ever met. I dosed him with quinine, and pulled him together till we got to Shoshong; but before we had got half-way down to Griqualand, Mowbray grew suddenly worse, and died one evening in my wagon just at sunset. We buried him under a kameel-down tree, covering the grave with heavy stones, and fencing it strongly with thorns, to keep away the jackals and hyenas."

"Many and many a talk I had with poor Mowbray before he died. One evening in particular, as we sat before the camp-fire on the dewless ground, where I had propped him up, and made him comfortable, he told me a most strange story, a story so wonderful that most people would look upon it as wildly improbable. He began in this way:

"Fellon, you have been a kind friend to me—kind and tender as any woman, and I feel I owe you more than I am ever likely to repay. Yet, if you want wealth, I believe I can put it in your way. Do you know the northern bank of the Orange River between the Great Falls and the sea? No, I don't suppose you do, for very few people have ever trekked down it; still fewer have ever got down to the water from the great walls of desolate and precipitous mountain that environ its course; and except myself and two others, neither of whom can ever reveal its whereabouts, I believe no mortal soul upon this earth has ever set eyes upon the place I am going to tell you about. Listen!

In 1871, about the time the Diamond Fields were discovered and people began to flock to Griqualand West, I was rather bitten with the mania and for some months worked like a nigger on the Fields. During that time I got to know a good deal about stones. I soon tired of the life, however, and finally sold my claim and what diamonds I had acquired, fitted up a wagon, gathered together some native servants, and trekked again for those glorious hunting-grounds, of the interior, glad enough to resume my old and ever-charming life. Amongst my servants was a little Bushman, Klaas by name, whom I afterwards found a perfect treasure at sporting and hunting. Like all true Bushmen, he was sauntless as a wounded lion and determined as a rhinoceros, which is saying

a good deal. I suppose Klaas had had more varied experience of South African life than any native I ever met. Originally, he had come as a child from the borders of the Orange River, where he had been taken prisoner in a Boer foray, in which nearly all his relations were shot down. He had then been "apprenticed" in the family of one of his captors, where he had acquired a certain knowledge of semi-civilized life. From the Boer family of the back country he had subsequently drifted farther down into the Colony, and thence into an elephant-hunter's retinue. The western Orange River and its mysteries—for it is a mysterious region—he knew, as I afterwards discovered, better than any man in the world. Well, we trekked up to Matabieland, and after some trouble got permission to hunt there; and a fine time we had, getting a quantity of ivory, and magnificent sport among lions, elephants, buffalo, rhinoceros, and all manner of smaller game.

Klaas, who was sometimes a bit too venturesome, got caught one day in the open by a black rhinoceros, a savage old bull. The old brute charged and slightly tossed him once, making a nasty gash in his thigh, but not fairly getting his horn under him; and was just turning to finish the poor little beggar, when I luckily nicked in. I had seen the business, and had had time to rush out on to the plain, and just as Borele charged at poor Klaas, to finish him off as he lay, I got up within forty yards, let drive, and, as luck would have it, dropped him with a .500 express bullet between the shoulder. Even then, the fierce brute recovered himself, and tried to charge me in turn; but he was now disabled, and I soon settled his game. After that episode, Klaas proved himself about the only grateful native I ever heard of, and seemed as if he couldn't do enough for me.

Sometime after he had got over his wound, he came to me and said: "Sieur! you said one day that you would like to know whether there are diamonds anywhere else than at New Rush, as Kimberley was then called. Well, sieur, I have been working at New Rush, and I know what diamonds are like, and I can tell you where you can find as many of them in a week's search as you may like to pick up."

"What do you mean, Klaas?" said I, turning sharply round to see if the Bushman was joking. But, on the contrary, Klaas's little weazened monkey-face wore an expression perfectly serious and apparently truthful.

"Ja, sieur, it is truth. If ye will os trek with me to the Groot, Orange, Rivier, three or four days beyond the Falls, I will show you a place where there are hundreds and hundreds of diamonds, bit ones, too, many of them to be found lying about in the gravel. I have played with them and with other moonsteins, too, often and often as a boy, when I used to poke about here and there up and down the Groot Rivier. My father and grandfather lived near the place I speak of; and I know the way to the valley where these diamonds are, well, though no one but myself knows them: for I found them by chance, and, selfish-like, never told of my child's secret. I will take you to the place, if you like."

"Are you really speaking truth, Klaas?" said I severely.

"Ja, ja! sieur! I am, I am!" he earnestly and vehemently reiterated.

"Well, Klaas," said I at last, "I believe you; and we'll trek down to the Orange River, and see this wonderful diamond valley of yours."

(Continued.)

NOVEL WAY TO SAVE MONEY.

The New Method Adopted by the German Savings Bank.

German banks have a novel way of inducing persons to save money. Instead of waiting for the working men and women to come to the bank and make payments, one of the saving banks introduced a few years ago the scheme of collecting from its depositors certain fixed sums each week.

When a depositor desires to open an account he notifies the bank, giving his address and the sum he intends to deposit each week. As soon as he makes his first deposit he is furnished with a pass book giving the amount and the date of the initial payment. After that the collections are recorded by means of coupons, but the pass book is necessary when payments are withdrawn. The depositor is given one of these coupons whenever he makes a deposit, and on it is printed the amount collected, the date and the number of his pass book.

In order to insure regular payments, if a coupon is returned by the collector as unpaid after eight days, then the bank has the privilege of closing the depositor's account. The rate of interest is the same as in other savings banks, and it is said the banks which have adopted this novel method have done so from entirely philanthropic methods, with no idea of making profits, but rather as an incentive to the laboring classes. In one of these banks last year there were registered nearly six thousand depositors.

MEAN MAN.

Mrs. Loveydovey—O Mortimer, you haven't eaten half of my biscuits! I declare, we have to throw away so many scraps we ought to keep chickens!

Mr. Loveydovey, thoughtlessly—Chickens? You mean ostriches!

SCARED PLAGUE DEVILS.

Pandemonium of Noise and Magic Checks Plague in Hongkong.

Noisy magic as a cure for disease has always been the favorite Chinese application of the "mind over matter" theories of the Christian Scientists. Now the residents of Hongkong are using magic to drive away a plague. According to Chinese belief, any manifestation of disease is the work of a devil. Obviously, the driving away of the devil is the important thing. So, in view of the horrible condition of the city, the Sanitary Board of Hongkong recently lent its sanction to a remarkable proceeding.

One of the poorer districts of the city had been so infested with the plague that scores died every day. Every inhabitant who found it possible to escape rushed into the country. Shops and dwelling houses were closed. The streets reeked with filth and the drains were choked with rubbish. No hygienic measures were taken and the virulent malady spread unchecked.

So it was agreed upon to form a procession to frighten the devils who were responsible for the horrors. Men, women and children worked themselves into a frenzy and met at dusk for the procession. Half the city was gone over by these half-crazed creatures, who to their own yells and groans added the toots of horns and the beating upon gongs and the firing of crackers.

Further precautions were taken after the pandemonium of noise had subsided to prevent death from entering the houses which had so far escaped. Before the doors of these houses were hung branches of cactus or some other thorny shrub, a piece of fine netting and a bag of small cockle shells. A devil it was believed, who might be successful in passing through the mass of thorns would be baffled by the finer netting.

It is claimed by the Chinese that the plague devils were so seriously frightened by these performances that the horrors of the "City of Death" have already abated.

LIGHTNING HOLES.

How the Diameter of a Lightning Flash Is Ascertained.

"Did you ever see the diameter of a lightning flash measured?" said a geologist. "Well, here is the case which once inclosed a flash of lightning, fitting it exactly, so that you can see just how big it was. This is called a 'fulgurite,' or 'lightning hole,' and the material it is made of is glass. I will tell you how it was manufactured, though it only took a fraction of a second to turn it out."

"When a bolt of lightning strikes a bed of sand it plunges downward into the sand for a distance less or greater, transforming simultaneously into glass the silica in the material through which it passes. Thus by its great heat it forms a glass tube of precisely its own size. Now and then such a tube known as 'fulgurite' is found and dug up. Fulgurites have been followed into the sand by excavation for nearly thirty feet. They vary in interior diameter from the size of a quill to three inches or more according to the 'bore of the flash.'"

"But fulgurites are not alone produced in sand; they are found also in solid rock, though very naturally of slight depth, and frequently existing merely as a thin, glassy coating of the surface. Such fulgurites occur in astonishing abundance on the summit of Little Ararat in Armenia. The rock is soft and so porous that blocks a foot long can be obtained and perforated in all directions by little tubes filled with bottle-green glass formed from the fuse rock. There is a small specimen in the national museum which has the appearance of having been bored by the teredo, and the bore is filled with glass."

"Some wonderful fulgurites were found by Humboldt on the high Nevada de Toluca, in Mexico. Masses of the rock were covered with a thin layer of green glass. Its peculiar shimmer in the sun led Humboldt to ascend the precipitous peak at the risk of his life."

SHARKS ARE GREAT COWARDS.

They Scurry Away Hurdledly on Hearing Noise or Splashing.

The cowardliness of sharks is well known among men who have been much at sea in southern waters infested by man-eaters. The fiercest shark will get out of the seaway in a very great hurry if the swimmer, noticing its approach sets up a noisy splashing. A shark is in deadly fear of any sort of living thing that splashes in the water. Among the South Sea islands the natives never go sea bathing alone, but always in parties of half a dozen or so, in order that they may make a great hubbub in the water and thus scare the sharks away. Once in a while a too venturesome swimmer himself from his swimming party and momentarily forgets to keep up his splashing. Then there is a swish and the man-eater comes up under him like a flash and gobbles him.

KNOWLEDGE.

He—I knew you would make a fuss if I tried to kiss you.

She—How did you know?

He—I had been warned.

The Pilot's Clock

At another time, Dolly would have enjoyed the rapid drive; but now her only sensation was one of terror at the ordeal before her. At the end of a two hours drive they began to approach the city. Country seats changed into villa residences; these, again, gave place to terraces, which in their turn merged into streets. At length they reached the heart of the city, and pulled up at the door of the court-house. Making their way into the close crowded court, Martin, after a good deal of argument with a policeman, succeeded in sending a message to the prisoner's solicitor which brought that gentleman to them without delay. After a few hurried questions, he desired Dolly to follow him; and in a few minutes she found herself upon the witness table, her limbs trembling so that she could scarcely stand, judge, jury, and barristers being visible only through a mist.

A few skillfully put questions from the prisoner's counsel elicited the whole story. This comparatively easy business was, however, followed by a searching cross-examination from the counsel for the Crown, who insisted on sifting her motives for tampering with the clock, and her reasons for concealing the fact until now. The terrible truth concerning the clock once known, however, she had nothing to hide, and so came successfully through the ordeal, the fact that she had never even seen the prisoner telling in her favour as a disinterested witness. When at length she was allowed to go down, her uncle, who was waiting for her, took her out of court; and Mrs. Lynch, whom nothing short of the judge's presence could have restrained hitherto, began to give Dolly what she called a piece of her mind.

"Well, Dolly, I wouldn't have believed in such wickedness even from you." "Don't scold her now, Mrs. Lynch," said Martin authoritatively. "She's very tired, and she has eaten nothing since morning—where are you going to dine, sir?" "In going to old Lynch."

"With the Missus's cousin, Mrs. Burke—her that keeps a grocer's shop in the New Street?" "Then you had better take Dolly there at once, sir. I'll wait and bring you word how the trial ends—not that there's much doubt of it now."

Mrs. Burke was a stout, kind-hearted old woman, some what higher in the social scale than her cousin, the pilot's wife. Knowing nothing of Dolly's iniquities, and perceiving that she was tired and upset, she made a great fuss about her, and insisted on her resting on the sofa in the parlour behind the shop. As Dolly lay there sipping tea, and watching the elaborate manner in which Mrs. Burke's servant, under the supervision of her mistress, was laying the cloth for dinner, a confused sound of cheering was heard in the street outside, and old Lynch went to see what it was about.

"It's the foreign chap," he said, coming back in a few minutes. "They've acquitted him, and the people are following him down the street. I'm glad he's not to be hanged, anyway."

Martin came in soon after, bringing particulars of the verdict. "The judge charged in his favour," he told the jury that if they believed Dolly's evidence, they had no choice but to acquit the man; and they brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty" without leaving the box.—"He may thank Dolly for that," "He may thank Dolly for being six weeks in jail. If she had not meddled with the clock that day, me and her uncle would have known that he didn't leave the house till after two, and we'd have said so in the inquest; and he'd have been let off then and there."

"I hardly think he would, Mrs. Lynch. The coroner's jury would have sent him for trial all the same." "Anyhow, Dolly's had a lesson that she won't forget in a hurry," said her uncle. "She'll never tell a lie again."

"I didn't tell a lie, uncle," exclaimed Dolly.

"You made the clock tell one for you, my lass, and that was just the same, according to my reckoning."

Dolly turned scarlet.

"She didn't think of it in that light, sir," said Martin kindly.

"No; I don't think she did. What ever her faults may be—and I'm not people—she always tells the truth.—What became of the poor foreign chap, his liberty all of a sudden?"

"He's all right, sir; the Italian consul was in court, and he's looking after him."

On the way home that evening, Dolly made an effort to express her gratitude to Martin for the kindness he had shown her.

"Don't think of it, Dolly," was the answer. "Any one would have done the same under the circumstances; and you know well that I'll do ten times as much any day only to give you a moment's pleasure."

"I never knew till to-day how good you were," said Dolly; and Martin went home that night feeling happier than he had done for months.

A fortnight later, Dolly came to her uncle to tell him that she had promised to marry Martin.

"I'm right glad to hear it, my girl," said Lynch; "you couldn't have a better or a kinder husband. Al I'm afraid of is, that you don't rightly know how to value him."

"I think I do, uncle," answered Dolly.

The End.

BRICKS MADE OF COAL DUST.

A Russian inventor utilizes coal dust by mixing it with a coarse molasses and a little resin and working the mixture into bricks. These artificial bricks burn well and are being made in increased quantities. The briquette industry carried on to some extent in Western Europe also.

Cured of Epilepsy.

THE STORY OF A ST. CATHARINES LADY WHO IS RESTORED TO HEALTH.

She Suffered Severely, Sometimes Laying as Many as Four Spasms in a Week—Several Doctors Consulted Without Benefit.

From the Star, St. Catharines.

Mrs. S. B. Wright, of St. Catharines, has for a number of years been a severe sufferer from epilepsy, from which she has suffered for many years. To a reporter who recently called upon her to ascertain the manner of her cure, she said:—"It is to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I owe my release. It is at the time I did not know what the called in to attend me at once said it was epilepsy, and that the disease was incurable. After this I had the spasms as often as two, three and four times a week. I had no premonitory symptoms, but would fall no matter where I was. I always slept heavily after an attack. Finding that the local treatment was not helping me, my husband took me to a doctor in not cure me, but that he could give me medicine that would prolong the period between the spasms. This he accomplished, but I longed for a cure rather than for relief, and I finally consulted a specialist, who told me that he could cure me, but that I must have patience. I asked him how long he thought it would require to effect a cure, and he replied at least six months. He gave me medicine and I took it faithfully, but instead of getting better I was surely growing worse. After following this treatment for some months without avail, I felt that I could not hope for a cure and was about resigning myself to my fate. My sister, however, urged me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a trial and reluctantly I decided to take her advice. For a time after beginning to use the pills I continued to have the spasms, but I felt that gradually they were less severe and my strength to bear them greater, and I persisted in the treatment until the time came when the spasms ceased and I was as well and strong as ever I had been. I took in all twelve or fourteen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although several years have elapsed since I discontinued their use, I have not in that time had any return of the malady. I owe this happy release to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will always have a good word to say for them."

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of the extra profit to himself, may say "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

INDIAN LAW COURTS.

In medicine women are well represented, there being about 55,000 of them practising as doctors and surgeons. There are in Great Britain two kinds of diplomas for the medical profession, one granted by the College of Physicians and Surgeons and the other a medical degree granted by the universities. Every student, before beginning her medical study must pass a preliminary examination in arts. Those who wish for a university degree must take a degree in arts or the matriculation examination of the university. Appointment of women in England to medical posts is becoming more common every day. They frequently are chosen for asylums and infirmaries. The staff of the Hospital for Women is entirely made up of women.

A woman doctor is supplied as certifying surgeon in the general post-offices in London, Liverpool, and Manchester and as overseer of health of post-office women. Another woman is medical examiner in the Government insurance annuities department, G.P.O. London. A chief gets from \$1,500 to \$2,250 a year and an assistant from \$1,200 to \$1,600.

The Secretary of State for India also appoints a woman to the position of first physician of the Kame hospital. Among other Government posts to which women have been appointed are Membership in various educational, industrial and reformatory commission and asylum boards, inspectors of schools and factories, superintendent and matrons of prisons, etc., assistant in libraries and observatories, besides numerous positions obtained by competition in the clerical and telegraph service of the general post-office.

Almost 800 agents, brokers and factors are reported, and under "training and qualifications," it is set forth that "for this class of work a vigorous personality, robust constitution, and nature not easily daunted by rebuffs are the necessary qualifications, and that for election, canvassers, sub-agents and organizers of political associations, political knowledge and experience are required. To act as an advertising agent an apprenticeship must be served under someone already established, as there are many complications and cross-interests connected with the business." Women are warned not to go into politics unless they have real political knowledge and deep convictions, as well as the power of impressing them upon others.

WOMAN BICYCLE CLEANER.

To an English woman the credit is due for starting a new line of remunerative business. This is neither more nor less than the cleaning of bicycles. It is told that she "has her regular customers," to whose houses she goes for her work at regular and stated intervals. This she does for what amounts to 12 cents a visit, and her services seem to be welcome, even by those who keep several servants, for this new duty does not belong to the housemaid, nor, in fact, to any of the other employes of the household.

A PESSIMISTIC VIEW.

The Maid. Do you think the microbes said to be in kisses ever develop into anything dangerous?

The Bachelor. I'm afraid they do. At least I've been told that marriage is often a result.

DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED.

The Belle. Miss Leftover writes that she is charmed with the summer resort to which she has gone.

The Beast. No wonder. An arm of the sea runs right up to the hotel.

EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.

DIFFERENT POSITIONS WHICH THEY OCCUPY IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Some interesting facts have been made public by the Women's Institute of London in a compilation which they have made of the employment open to women, details of wages, hours of work and other information. This is designed primarily to aid the women of Great Britain in trying to decide upon an occupation or profession or in looking for employment.

Under the heading "Lawyer" it is stated that, although women cannot now obtain the qualifications needed for practising as a solicitor or barrister, one woman for many years has practised as a conveyancer. A few women have practised law and gone in for university examinations in that subject. There are two women who hold the London LL.B. and others who have passed the intermediate examination in laws, and at least two Girton students have passed the law tripos, but none of these examinations would qualify for practice. The benches at one of the Inns of Court would have to be referred to for the admission of women as barristers. An Act of Parliament would be necessary before they could be admitted as solicitors. In 1897 a woman was admitted as a barrister and solicitor of the Supreme Court of New Zealand, and an Indian woman has lately defended successfully a case in the

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