

# The Possibility of War With the Transvaal Republic.

## CHAPTER XV.

It was midway by the time she reached the village; and being very faint she ventured into the nearest little inn, and asked for a glass of milk. To her surprise she found that the mistress of the inn, noticing the frail form and evidences of weakness, brought home-made bread and butter, and suggested that she had better keep up her strength. Little as she felt inclined for it, the food did her good, and when she had finished, the people directed her to Mr. Brandon's.

"Could you tell me," she asked timidly, "if Mr. Brandon is at home just now?"

The woman giggled, and looked at her daughter, who also giggled.

"No, he ain't," she said.

"He's got married," giggled the daughter.

"And he's gone for his wedding-trifles," added the mother, as if to comfort her.

"Dar' me!" said Marguerite, in astonishment.

"Yes, he's married the doctor's daughter. She was a deal too young and pretty for him, but he loved her, they do say, he made her. The old man's pretty well rolling in money."

"Yes—rolling in my money," inwardly thought Marguerite, as she inquired with fresh resolution, she paid her modest reckoning, and started on towards her home.

Full of thought, she walked rapidly forward, and hardly noticed when she was going, till suddenly she stopped with a start, for she was in a place which she remembered.

It was a large, level meadow, through which ran a stream, shaded by alders, and fringed with river weeds.

She sat down in the perch seat, and she leaned against the pillar and bent over her.

"Oh, Marguerite! you are here!" he said, with a groan. "And you are not content that I am fallen so low! Listen—listen! The other day you urged me to come—now you are here, and you are not too late for some poor sort of atonement. I can set you free; and meanwhile—meanwhile!" faltering—"there is something I would tell you. Will you hear me?"

"Yes," she answered, weeping. "I will hear you. I do not want to be unmerciful."

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The Transvaal, which bids fair to become one of the principal centers of the next war, in which English-speaking people will be concerned, is about the size of France. It is rich in natural resources, and for nearly two centuries has been tilled by the thrifty Dutch emigrants and their descendants, who have accumulated the pastures of their thousands of herds of cattle and horses. The country takes its name from the river Vaal, which forms its southern boundary. This may become a new Rubicon if war is declared, and it is probably the best known stream of the Dark Continent, although from a geographical standpoint it is insignificant compared with such waters as the Nile and the Niger.

White largely composed of labelands the country is well watered and fertile. On the tableland can be grown the usual crops of the temperate zone, such as cereals, tobacco, fruits and vegetables, while its ivory and wool markets are among the most extensive in the world. The ostrich is also a native of this country, and the trade for its feathers is considerable. An abundance of timber and other building material have given the inhabitants an opportunity to construct substantial and comfortable homes at a small cost, and the traveler is surprised if he advances in civilization which he finds in the towns located hundreds of miles from the nearest railroad.

But the Transvaal has been a thorn to the British government for over a century. Within the country and near its borders have occurred many conflicts, in which the English have not met the success which they anticipated. Their arms in East India, and other parts of the world, for the reason that they have had to oppose men of Dutch blood, who have proved by many wars that they are a nation of fighters as well as of farmers. Since the first colony of Dutchmen landed at Cape Colony in 1652, these people have been

White persons not of Boer extraction residing in the region of the Transvaal, and who are termed Uitlanders, which really means Outlanders, have been gradually crossing the Vaal, at first for mineral and other purposes, as well as the opportunities for agriculture, since 1850. They have increased to about 80,000 in the Transvaal alone, out of the total population of 230,000 white people. About 50,000 are of British descent, the balance being French, German and a few thousand Americans. Owing to the law of the country, it is estimated that fully four-fifths of them are only entitled to vote, although there are many prominent among the wealthiest and most prominent citizens. In the Orange Free State they are not so numerous in proportion to the Dutch residents, but have obtained more privileges, as this republic has been more liberal in its attitude to foreigners on account of its president, who has a reputation as a broad-minded statesman. If war is declared it will be largely the outcome of the attitude of the Boers toward the Uitlanders of the Transvaal because Kruger is as bitter now as when he fought the British in the 60s and captured Pretoria, which is his present seat of government.

**PRESIDENT KRUGER AT HOME:**

At the present time President Kruger of the Transvaal, by his astuteness in dealing with the British colonial agents, Cecil Rhodes, James H. Hannock, Kettle Run, Malassan, Bull Run, Fairfax and a score of others, has secured a prominent position in public notice that anything that relates to him personally is read with interest. Last week we gave a view of his life in his relations to statecraft. Today we present him in his domestic relations in a rather amusing incident, told by a lady who called at the presidential residence with several friends, under the escort of a rising young diplomat.

The party was shown into the drawing room, where they had to wait a short time, and the diplomat was unwise enough to make himself comfortable in it, what was obviously the wide embrace of the room—wider cushioned and inviting.

When the president arrived he

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The softer the bed, the easier it is to snore in it.

Peter's fervor but leads to his faithfulness.

"But it was I," he said, to my everlasting degradation."

A little rustic bridge crossed the stream; and in the distance was behind a clump of dark trees, a thin line of blue smoke went up, showing where the house lay.

Marguerite let herself into the meadow, and wandered across it like one in a dream. She went and stood on the bridge, and stared down at the clear water. Little incidents came crowding upon her memory. It was here she had sat so late, absorbed in her book, on the evening of her attempted escape. She remembered how she had watched the sun behind that very clump of trees; she recalled the gleam of the sky; she heard again the low of the rocks as they rolled in long graceful lines, looking so densely black against the glowing sky; she almost felt the dampness of the dew on the pasture as her small feet threaded the misty meadow and went homeward.

"Yielding to the impulse of the moment, she left the bridge, and went wandering on, making for a small whiteicket, which appeared in the dark private hedge. Step by step she traversed the very way which she had taken when she saw her uncle and guest leaning against the porch. She almost felt the dampness of the dew on the pasture as her small feet threaded the misty meadow and went homeward.

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She started again, and raised his face, gazing at her with a look of dumb, staring amazement.

"I wanted to see," she said, huskily, "if you were real, or whether you were a nightmare. You are real—you are a man—oh, most unmanly! Oh, coward!"

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CLIPPED FROM NEWSPAPERS.

In casting about for a suitable gift by which to acknowledge Miss Helen Gifford's kindness to the soldiers during the late war, the editor of this paper hit upon a novel plan. He had prepared for her a scrap-book containing clippings from all the newspapers and other publications which mentioned her work. These clippings were tastefully arranged and handsomely mounted. The volume, now in Miss Gifford's hands, shows that she is a person who can think of her praiseworthy work.

For persons in public life, few things are more interesting, and perhaps as possibly instructive, than such a set of clippings. It is true that, coming as they sometimes do from biased newspapers, and from publications representing the most irreconcilable opinions, they frequently present the same fact in very different lights, but taken altogether, they give a person a chance to see himself as others see him.

So desirable is this that it has become quite a business to clip from the newspapers every reference to certain men, books, ventures, etc. so forth, and to sell these clippings to newspaper subscribers. Many senators and other public men in Washington and elsewhere are subscribers to one of these clipping bureaus, and they are constantly informed of everything that is said of them in printer's ink.

Speaker Reed's little office at the hotel in Washington, where he used to live, was decorated with newspaper clippings, and his secretary, Mrs. McKim's clerks kept a scrap-book of newspaper references to the administration, and they were constantly consulting its policies, and the president frequently peruses it.

**CURED BY JEALOUSY.**

How One Woman Was Made Well and Happy.

It would never do to give any clue to the identity of the physician who conducts a private hospital and who has just successfully accomplished a new departure in medicine, says the San Francisco News-Letter. One of the patients is a wealthy but aged woman, who has been for many years a confirmed hypochondriac and who has succeeded in driving her family into meopathy, hydrophobia, osteopathy, and short everything pathic. The patience of her husband was finally exhausted, and he consulted a doctor in a conspiracy with the doctor to plant the seeds of jealousy in the mind of his wife's jealousy. It was arranged that he should seem deeply smitten with a young widow, a very pretty and jolly, who is secretly engaged, and married to a Los Angeles. There was no question about the unhappy wife's jealousy, and her symptoms were in hysterical declaration that the pretty widow was waiting for her old husband to come back, and she would better just to spite her she would get out and be avenged upon her fatherless husband. She has kept her word and is now content and at ease and forty. But her doctor says she is an example of the jealousy cure.

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ard? What am I to do? Oh, what am I to do?"

"You urged me to confess," said a hollow voice, "but I had not sufficient courage. I dared not tell you what a thing I was; I could not bear to think that your eyes turned upon me with contempt for a deed so vile. Confession would have been terrible, but not so terrible as this, Marguerite—"

"Hold!" she said, shrinking from him with an air of disgust which made him wince. "Is this true? Is it really so, or are you and I both mad? Tell me—tell me—oh, don't say it!"

"I liked you so—trusting you so—don't say you are the wretch for whom I have been searching all this time!"

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CHAPTER XVI.

She had walked a few paces away from the old house, and she had stood looking into his face.

"Oh, say you did not do it!" she cried.

"It would be useless to say so; you know I did it," he returned mournfully. "You remember me? I saw in the 'Val' as I taught you to do in those old days. I stand convicted. I ask for my mercy."

"Mercy! Did you show me mercy when I was helpless, and in my power?" she cried, a burning blush creeping into her face. "Oh, to think of deceiving me! To think of deceiving me!"

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