LOST ON THE... VELDT

A STORY OF THE BOER CAMPAIGN IN NATAL

By H. B. Mackenzie

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"Was it anything, dearie?" She uttered an exclamation as she saw Bluebell's white face. "The Boers—they're going to attack us, Bluebell? Is that it?"

"No, no, auntie, not so far as I know," said the girl, with an attempt at a wan smile. "At least that wasn't what dad wanted. But don't ask me tonight, auntie. I'm tired. Good night." Miss Elizabeth was all of mother she had ever known.

"Good night. God keep you, dearie," the elder woman whispered. Her words remained with Bluebell after she had shut herself into her room.

God keep her! There was One to whom she should turn now for help in this most terrible crisis of her young life. Bluebell threw herself on her knees, burying her face in her hands.

Oh, God, show her what was the right thing to do. Help her, for there was no one else who could tell her what she must do.

...

"News, Leslie—great news!" he exclaimed, as he came close to the other man, and flung himself off his horse. "Listen, man; but first"—he dropped his voice—"what of my love affair. How have you succeeded with the little bride-elect?"

Leslie's rubicund face blanched, but he endeavored to put on an air of assurance.

"My dear Moore, she will come round; I am not afraid of that. Of course you must allow for a little reluctance at first; but there isn't the slightest fear but she will give in. But you'll give us a day or two more of grace, will you not?"

His tone of abject entreaty told more than his words did to the keen ear of Gerald Moore, who turned aside for a moment, and passed his hand over his lips as if to conceal their expression.

"Yes, I will give you a day or two more," he said presently, "for there's some work before you, Mr. Leslie, as I think, you feel inclined to do—something which the Boers would give at Ladysmith would give to know. In a few days some of the biggest men on the Boer side may be made prisoners, and it is that tidings worth having. I could have the information myself, but I wish you to have the chance of a little glory, and also of a pecuniary reward. You do not need to sell this information under several hundred pounds."

The eyes of Adam Leslie glistened. Avarice was one of the man's besetting sins. It was the haste to be rich which had landed him in the net of the billionaire Gerald Moore.

He grasped Moore's arm.

"And you can give me this information—I? For pity's sake, let me know all, Moore."

The other man bent his head, and for a few minutes spoke in a low but deliberate and distinct voice. Leslie drank in every word. His hatred of the Boers was only equaled by his lust for gold, and the two passions seeing a way to be satisfied here, rendered his rubicund face agitated and convulsed with emotion.

"You are willing to inform? Then go, and at once!" exclaimed Moore. "Not a moment is to be lost! It is utterly impossible that the information can be carried to Ladysmith in any other way. I solemnly assure you that no one else knows it but myself. You can reach Ladysmith by 9 o'clock. Go then without more ado, go!"

As Adam Leslie, full of the desire that was to deliver the very leaders of the Boer army into the hands of the enemy, hurried within his stead, the other man looked after him with a smile.

...

"You must go down to Durban and get to England. Aunt Elizabeth and I shall stay on here, and we can send you the money we make. The only thing we have to do is to throw Mr. Moore off the scent."

He had been staring at her with a look that vaguely terrified Bluebell up to this moment. Now he interrupted her in a hoarse, sullen tone.

"You are mad, child! You don't know what you are talking about."

...

years of childhood in far-off Scotland, when a sweet-faced, brown-haired woman ruled the house, and Adam Leslie had been a different man from what he was now as day is from night.

Then the sweet mother had died and Leslie had been turned out of the inheritance he had thought would be his, by a cousin, long supposed to be dead, turning up, and in a sullen, defiant mood, the man had set off for South Africa, taking his sister with him. The passion for making money had entered his heart, which seemed to have no longer any sweet home affection to soften it since his wife died; and he had become harder and more sullen and more immersed in money making until this fearful end had come.

A day or two passed. Gerald Moore seemed to have disappeared, and Bluebell began to breathe more freely. Perhaps, after all, he was not so bad as she had thought, perhaps her evident aversion to the idea of marrying him had offended him, and decided him to act a more merciful part than he had at first intended.

Meantime, too, they had heard no further news of the invading Boers.

One night Bluebell had gone to her own room rather earlier than usual. She had had a headache—an uncommon ailment with her—and, saying to her aunt that she felt sure that there was a thunderstorm coming, she had said good-night and went to bed; but for a long time she could not sleep.

The night was very hot—an unusual thing at that season, when, though the days are swelteringly warm, the nights are correspondingly cold—and there was the strange stillness in the air which precedes a thunderstorm. Bluebell lay waiting for the first sudden clap of thunder, the first dazzling blaze of lightning, all her nerves unstrung, not by fear, but by the overcharged electricity in the air, and her own throbbing temples.

At last Bluebell's ears, strained to catch any noise, detected a strange throbbing sound, but it seemed to be very far away. It was certainly not the rumbling of thunder. Was it a real sound, or did it exist only in her fancy in the throbbing tympanum of her ear? Bluebell lay still and listened.

No, it was no fancy! She heard it again, and this time more distinctly. It was the sound of horses' hoofs—of many horses' hoofs. Bluebell well knew...

...

THE MAGIC QUILT

A JUVENILE STORY

BY MARY CAROLINE HYDE

In a little house on the edge of a wood there lived Rosalie and her baby sister Elsie. The house was built of logs and had but one room, one window, one door and a big chimney passing its way through a miserable roof of thatch. Rosalie shivered whenever the little sister awoke, for she knew that each meal brought them so much nearer the end of the food. There were but two potatoes left and only a crust of bread. Elsie awoke crying hard for something to eat. Rosalie gave her the crust and set the potatoes to roast in the ashes of the big fireplace.

Against the panes of the one window there had been a feeble drizzle all the morning and now it began to pour in torrents, and Rosalie and Elsie were forced to the chimney place to keep dry. Even here the raindrops sometimes managed to find the way and sputtered and hissed as they fell on the fire. Rosalie went to a large woodbox and flung handful after handful of dry sticks on the flame.

...

reached their lonely home. Elsie was heartily fed and tucked into her cradle with a plum-jumble to munch upon, while Rosalie put away her new stock of eatables and tried to decide what next to wish for.

"I think I had better wait till morning and take all night to choose what it shall be," she said to her sister, who was already asleep. "How nice it would be to wish for a new house made of stone with a tight shingle roof and a vine growing over the front porch."

Rosalie, by the light of the still crackling fire, drew the quilt from the chest, pressed her fingers upon the second block and wished for a new home supplied with every comfort inside and out, to say nothing of the vine over the front porch. Like the first, the second block ripped itself free from the rest of the quilt and flew up the chimney. Even as Rosalie refolded the quilt and put it in the chest, there seemed something unusual going on about her, but she went to bed without trying to see what it was and strange to say, was at once asleep, not to...

...

One, two three
I bid thee
Be good
To Rosalie,
As she
To me.

... with a shimmer and flash that lighted the dull room like a burst of sunshine, she floated toward the fireplace and vanished up the chimney. At this instant the rain ceased. Rosalie gasped with astonishment at all these phenomena, while little Elsie clapped her hands with glee at the pretty transformation.

"Oh, Elsie, isn't it wonderful?" cried Rosalie at last.

...

In a moment she had ... several ... the scissors ... open, when ... dozen gold pieces, while the block itself became detached from the rest of the quilt and flew up the chimney. Elsie laughed and clapped her hands again at this queer sight and Rosalie, her face flushed with delight, gathered up the coins and tried to count their value. This was impossible, for she had never seen so much money before...

"... your father," said the baker of whom they bought some bread and cakes. "When is he coming home?"

"I don't know," said Rosalie, and the coin went into his till without his having any idea of its origin.

The basket filled with food was heavy, and Elsie walked very slowly, so that it was nearly dark when they reached their lonely home.

...

During the day no one came, but toward nightfall there was a heavy step upon the new front porch. Rosalie, watching, knew it was her father and hurriedly opened the door to find him standing there, his hand covering his eyes.

"Oh, father!" she cried, "I knew you would come; the quilt never fails. Why do you cover your eyes?"

"I am just off the battlefield, Rosalie," he said, "where a shot destroyed my sight. The rest I cannot tell you about, only that I am here. If I could only see you and Elsie, we would never complain."

"You shall see us, father," said Rosalie, taking his hand and leading him across the room to the chest. "Feel this, father, it is all that is left of the quilt. Now I shall wish that you get back your sight," and she pressed her hand upon the fifth block.

...

Rosalie took it from him.

"I wish for nothing more now that you are home, but that we shall live long and be happy."

This was enough. The block fluttered from his fingers, drifted across the room, up the chimney, leaving the gift of long life and happiness in the pretty home on the edge of the wood.—Detroit Free Press.

An Indian Child's Prayer.

...

COULDN'T MAKE THE CHANGE

...

she owed no one anything. Then, with a gasp, she remembered that she had not paid the additional fare, although she had accepted the additional money. Hurriedly she looked at her change to discover an interesting collection of dimes without a single break in the silver monotony. She looked up and found the passengers smiling at her predicament, and though the color rose in her face she laughed herself when the driver in return for her timid knock requesting change for a single dime ... ventured ...

...

Uses of Birds and Bees.

... the ... of its objects, fostering and protecting birds, bees and trees. Mr. Brown contended that poor crops of farmers and gardeners are in a great measure due to the destruction of the birds and bees, which, if allowed to live unmolested and with proper protection, would make their entire living off the worms and insects that do so great damage to growing crops. He cited instances where there had been great increase in crops on account of the protection thus afforded, and said that a farmer was endangering his personal ... to attempt to ... of quail and other ... the ... of ... for the accommodation of the bumblebees, which he claimed would greatly increase the yield of clover.—Indianapolis Journal.

A lazy man's burdens are heaviest on his mind; put your interest in your work and your work will soon be to your interest.

CARTER MEDICINE CO. WINS

Obtains Injunction in Case Involving Simulation of Labels.

Brent Good, president of the Carter Medicine Company, yesterday received a telegram from his lawyers in Chicago, Messrs. Dowden, Estabrook & Davis, informing him that a final injunction, with costs, had been granted against the Chicago Label and Box Company. This company makes a specialty of manufacturing labels, boxes, etc., for druggists. The Carter Company has been following them through the courts for two years on the complaint that the label company was making imitations of the labels of Carter's Little Liver Pills. They have now obtained a final injunction with costs, and the costs are very large, as the case has been submitted to a Master in Chancery for final accounting.

The Carter Medicine Company has been first and only one to prosecute printers and engravers who have prepared such labels and wrappers. It marks a new departure in infringement cases, and their victory is of great importance to the whole proprietary trade, and is also of interest to retail druggists.—New York Press, May 7, 1900.

A man's friends usually cause him more trouble than his enemies.

IN THE LAKE COUNTRY

Of Northern Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan there are hundreds of the most charming Summer Resorts awaiting the arrival of thousands of tourists from the South and East.

Among the list of ... places ... Fox Lake, Delavan, Lauderdale, Waukesha, Oconomowoc, Palmyra, ... Kilbourn, ... and ... Minocqua, ... Lake ...

...

WESTFIELD, Mass., Nov. 27, 1899.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—Having used your GRAIN-O for the past three months, I thought I would write and let you know how much good it has done me. When I was away on my vacation last summer, the people I visited asked me to try some GRAIN-O, and I drank some, but I didn't like it at all, but the more I drank it the better I liked it, and now I wouldn't drink anything else. I never weighed over 105 pounds, and last winter I was down to 103 pounds; now I weigh just 120, and I never felt better in my life. It gives me an awful appetite, and makes me strong. It is doing me more good than anything I ever took, and I would recommend it to everybody. Very truly, MRS. GEO. B. BROWN.

A pretty girl finds nothing but pleasant reflections in her mirror.

Binder Twine at Low Prices.

If you want a special inside price on binder twine, either Sisal, Standard or Manila, cut this notice out and mail to SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Binder Twine Department), Chicago, stating about how much twine you will require and how soon you will want it, and they will save you money by quoting you a price that will either secure your order or compel the party who supplies you to sell to you at a lower price than he otherwise would.

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Friendship gives no license to dispose of courtesy.

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If all ailing or suffering women could be made to understand how absolutely true are the statements about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, their sufferings would end.

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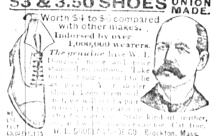

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W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

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Kalamazoo, Mich.
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Clerk in Pension Office nearly Six Years.
The "G. A. R. Bill" amending act of June 27, 1890, became a law May 9, 1900. It provides that "each and every infirmity shall be duly considered and the aggregate of all disabilities shown rated." Soldiers of War of Rebellion receiving less than $12 per month under either law may now be **Entitled to $12.**
Widows of Soldiers, whose actual net income is less than $250 per year, are Entitled to PENSION. NO FEE unless successful. Write me. Information cheerfully given.
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