LOST ON THE... VELDT

A STORY OF THE BOER CAMPAIGN IN NATAL

By H. B. Mackenzie

CHAPTER VI—(Continued.)

[illegible]

"God, God, help me!" [illegible] she prayed again and again. Then there came to her mind the remembrance of Adair Rothes' quiet, brave, strong face, and her heart bounded. Oh, if he only knew what had happened, would he not try to save her from this awful fate?

About midday Moore called a halt. He came forward to help Bluebell off her horse, but she scornfully waved him aside and slipped off herself.

"You can easily catch me if I attempt to run away," she said. Even as the words passed her lips her heart beat high.

Run away! Why should she not make a bold attempt? They could not be very far distant from some town, when Moore had spoken of a day and a night's journey. And even if she lost herself on that terrible trackless plain, among those rocky mountains, better that fate than the one with which she was threatened.

Her chance was to come sooner than she expected.

CHAPTER VII.

"It is impossible! I cannot believe it!" exclaimed Adair Rothes. "Mr. Leslie's house burned to the ground, and he himself shot by the commando! It is too terrible for belief!"

The news had just been related to him by a messenger, who had managed to make his way into Ladysmith; for by this time the war had commenced, and the battle of Glencoe been fought and won.

Doctor Rothes had not as yet left the town, where he had been very busy, along with one or two others, in attending to the wounded and dying who had been brought into the town and conveyed to the house which had been converted into a hospital. No news of the outside world, save of the army that had ventured out to do battle with the enemy, had reached the little town until now.

The messenger, a young Dutch farmer, who had come to ask if he could be enrolled in the British army, was surprised and frightened when he saw the look of alarm and horror which overspread the young man's face.

"It is what I have been told, Herr Doctor," said the young Dutchman stolidly, "and I can tell you no more; but it is certain Herr Leslie is dead, for he is to be buried today."

Rothes was almost stupefied by the suddenness of the blow.

[illegible]

Bluebell was [illegible]. Sam told me he had seen Ross Moore carrying her off, with a cloth over her head, and when Sam had run after him Moore covered him with a pistol."

"You mean," said Rothes hoarsely, interrupting her, [illegible] "it is that villain in whose hands she is now?"

"I tell you all I know," said Miss Elizabeth, sobbing. "Doctor Rothes, do you know anything? [illegible] When the Boers saw the terrible conflagration they [illegible] hastily among themselves, and finally made off, leaving me with my dead and half crazed servants. Well, we carried my brother's body outside and without trying to save anything I sent Sam and Monti in search of Bluebell. They did not return till night, and then without having found any trace of her. That all happened three days ago. We had to bury my brother ourselves." Miss Elizabeth's voice choked. "The boys managed a kind of wooden shell to lay him in, and they buried him under the kopje nearest the river. What else could we do?" Miss Elizabeth wrung her hands. "Doctor Rothes, there was no minister to say a prayer. I had to do it myself. Oh, my poor brother!"

The tone of anguish in the poor lady's voice would have touched a far more callous heart than Adair Rothes'. His whole mind was taken up with Bluebell's fate, and he had far more reason than Miss Elizabeth to mistrust Moore. Yet he laid his hand for a moment consolingly on that of the poor woman.

"Miss Elizabeth, you are a Christian, and you know and believe that God's hand guides all the events of our lives. Your brother is in His hands, and we know that they are hands of infinite wisdom and mercy. We have the living to think of now. Tell me, have you done anything more to find your niece?"

"I have sent Sam again in search of her. He knew the country better than anyone else, and he has taken Kaiser, my brother's horse. He went away yesterday morning, and I gave him food and drink enough to last several days."

"Which direction did he take?" [illegible]

[illegible]

CATS THAT SAIL OCEAN.

All Passenger Steamers Carry a Goodly Number of Felines.

[illegible]

BURIAL OF SPANISH MONARCHS.

Weird Ceremonial Carried Out at the Escurial.

[illegible]

... the morning the lord high chamberlain stands at the side of the coffin and says in loud tones: "Is your majesty pleased to proceed on your journey?" After a short silence the procession moves on and winds up to the grand portal of the palace. These doors are never opened except to admit a royal personage, dead or alive. When the casket containing the remains is at last placed in the vault the chamberlain unlocks it and, kneeling down, calls with a loud voice: "Senor! Senor! Senor!" After a solemn pause he cries again: "His majesty does not reply. Then it is true the king is dead!" He then locks the coffin, gives the key to the prior (the palace of the Escurial contains also a large monastery and church), and, taking his staff of office, breaks it in pieces and flings them at the casket. The booming of the guns and the tolling of bells announce to the nation that the king has gone to his final resting place.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Half the misery in the world comes from want of courage to speak and hear the truth plainly and in a spirit of love.—Mrs. Stowe.

LITTLE INDIAN and BIG PAPOOSE

Then the good spirit again called on Little Injin and said to him:

[illegible]

[illegible]

But Little Injin must go back to his people," said the good spirit. "You must speak to them and tell the chief and his braves that you are going far away to live in big valley, where you will find pretty squaw. Then some years more papoose will come, and he will grow big and strong. Then he will go back to your people, and make big chief and his braves all afraid of him. You go now, Little Injin, back to your people in the mountain."

Some days later Little Injin reached his old home, and following the directions of the good spirit he talked to Singing Water and the braves, and he told them what he proposed to do. They laughed him to scorn and declared that in all the land Little Injin could find no squaw. But, determined to follow the advice of the good spirit, Little Injin now left his people, and he journeyed to a valley far in the east, where he met an Indian girl who became his squaw. Then came a papoose to Little Injin, and he grew and he grew, until he was over six feet tall, and had the strength of a bear and the fleetness of the deer. All the other Indians in the valley became afraid of him, and he was soon known far and wide as a great hunter and a mighty man when at war.

EASY STYLE TO CATCH

[illegible]

[illegible]

India's Idols.

The number of India's idols is said to exceed 330,000,000. Every village has its special idol, and frequently more than one. Brahma is the supreme god, and appears in three forms: Brahma, the creator; Vishnu, the preserver, and Siva, the destroyer. Each of the three is supposed to be married, and thus there are six deities which are supreme in India. Vishnu, the preserver, the most worshipped, is shown black, and with four arms. His wife, Lakshmi, is the goddess of prosperity and good luck. Very different are Siva and his wife. He is the destroyer, and is represented as a man powdered over with ashes and wearing a tiger-skin. A necklace of human skulls decorates his throat, while he carries a club or trident, surmounted by human heads and bones. China and Japan have immense numbers of idols, many of their temples being full of them. One Japanese temple at Sanjusangendo has so many that, if placed in line, they would extend for not less than half a mile. Many of the Chinese are said to spend from 20 to 25 per cent of their income on idol worship.

Why Do a Some Sorghum Kill?

The Nebraska Experiment Station has been unable so far to discover the reason for the occasional fatal effects of sorghum when fed green. A recent report says:

In view of the common practice of cutting the first crop of sorghum for hay and pasturing the second crop, it is not difficult to understand the reason for the prevailing impression regarding the injurious effect of the second growth. It is very likely that if all the unmatured first growth were fed as freely as is the second, the number of cattle affected would be more nearly the same in each case.

[illegible]

Where Whips Are Not Used.

[illegible] there is a notable law in effect in most of the large Russian towns concerning them that deserves special mention. Among the curious things that attract the attention on arriving in Moscow is the entire absence of whips among the drivers of cabs, carriages and all sorts of vehicles. On inquiry I was informed that there was a law prohibiting their use. I don't believe there is a single whip in use in Moscow. The excellent condition of the horses attests the benefit of this humane law. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the sleek and well groomed horses used in the carriages of Moscow.

A Chicago paper complains that $100,000,000 worth of real estate in that city is held by absentee landlords.

Scabby apples decay quicker than perfect apples, unless kept in a very low temperature.

Apple scab fungus on the twigs in winter has the appearance of a greenish mildew.

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Rumor says bubonic plague has reappeared in Honolulu. Alex. Chrisholm, a native of Nova Scotia, died May 25. An autopsy revealed swollen glands and his funeral was interrupted by the health authorities, who cremated his body.

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[illegible]

The latest hiding place for microbes is in mustaches.

Love is defined as measles of the heart.

LIKE MANY OTHERS

Clara Kopp Wrote for Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Tells what it did for Her.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have seen so many letters from ladies who were cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies that I thought I would ask your advice in regard to my condition. I have been doctoring for four years and have taken different patent medicines, but received very little benefit. I am troubled with backache, in fact my whole body aches, stomach feels sore, by spells get short of breath and am very nervous. Menstruation is very irregular with severe bearing down pains, cramps and backache. I hope to hear from you at once."—CLARA KOPP, Rockport, Ind., Sept. 27, 189[illegible].

"I think it is my duty to write a letter to you in regard to what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did [illegible]

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