# Aemocratic Matchman

### Bellefonte, Pa., May 17, 1901.

THE CHILDREN AT THE GATE.

I say that the world is bitter-sweet, And its fortunes come too late; But twilight falls, with the battering feet Of the children at the gate. And I know, whatever my toil may be,

Their arms, in the evening, will necklace m I say that the world has stormy skies. And faintly the sad stars shine;

But night brings stars when the children's Look tenderly into mine.

And I know, whatever my toil may be Those eyes are welcoming lights to me!

And the world is green, and the world wide. But never the world is ill,

If after the stress of storm and tide, The children love us still ! And I know, whatever my grief may be, Voices of children sing rest to me -Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constituti

#### THE STRIKE OF A QUARTETTE.

A tall man, straight and spare, was coming up the walk from the white gate. His closely buttoned frock coat, his black tie, his serious face, all suggested the pulpit. The girl at the window of the sitting room knew the caller must be the Rev. Abner Grace. He had been described to her, his good points had been commented uponhis unselfishness, his patience, his zeal in his work. She knew that this plain feat-ured man, with his ill-fitting clothes and angular figure, was nurse and mother and teacher and all in all to a helpless daughter. She knew, too, that he had many difficulties to encounter in the care of a somewhat self-willed and wayward flock. There was a troublesome debt hanging over his church, and then there was the fresher annoyance of a dissension in the quartette No doubt he was coming up to talk over his troubles with good Mrs. Folsom, for Mrs. Folsom was a general receptacle for the woes of the neighborhood, as well as a prominent member of Rev. Abner's ers. The organist was in his place, but the congregation.

It was from Mrs. Folsom that Appa Brown had learned all these facts about the minister. Mrs. Folsom was her landlady, and there couldn't be a better or kinder one-and Anna felt that she was in a position to pass judgment on ideal landladies. She had come to Corona quite worn out by eight months of professional work, with its seven performances each week and many long jumps by rail. She wanted a complete rest, for she was tired in body and mind. She meant to give herself six weeks of sweet doing nothing before she started in to learn the opera that the famous compos-er and the famous liberettist had united in writing especially to bring out her widely acknowledged talents. She had come to Corona because it was a charming village, quiet and old fashioned, and yet within easy reaching distance of the great city.

She came to Corona as Anna Brown, which was her real name and as different as could be from the stage title that thousands had learned to know. And she kept her professional identity securely hidden

The Rev. Abner Grace was ushered into the Folsom parlor, and, as Anna expected, after answering the widow's inquiries con-

er at the village academy and an excellent musician." He stopped and his gaze wan-dered to the closed piano in a corner of the parlor. Anna Brown smiled and looked towards Mrs. Folsom with slightly raised "Certainly," said the good lady. "It's my daughter, Mary's piano, you know, and it hasn't been opened since she went away to school. But I think it's in pretty goo It was, as Anna Brown discovered a mo-

ment later when she ran her fingers along the yellowing keys. "One moment," she said. "While I have no fear about the result of this test—

sympathy with the seceders. He is a teach-

eyebrows.

tune."

singers have an inordinate admiration for their own talents, as you know-I want you to be perfectly frank and tell me exactwhat you think about my chance for proving acceptable in the quartette's place. At the same time I want you to know that I have

quite set my heart on securing the job." Then she opened the church hymn book that was lying on the piano and sang "Abide with Me." As she finished she looked around, but the pastor's eyes were turned away. Then she sang "Lead Kind-ly Light," and after a little pause put the book aside and sang "The Psalms."

A half hour later, as the pastor and the ladies moved down the path to the white gate, the former turned and said to Anna Brown : "Will you very kindly let me wheel my daughter here some afternoon to hear you sing? She has very few real treats.

And when the ladies were walking back to the house Anna murmured : "I am quite sure I never had a sweeter compliment than that.'

As the Rev. Mr. Abner expected, the congregation showed a falling off in numbers the next Sunday morning. The de-fection of the quartette had been well advertised and the members had their friends and sympathizers. Nevertheless the Rev. Abner conducted the services with his usual earnestness, never once permitting his glance to turn to the empty space where the missing quartette would have stood. He prayed fervently for the happiness of our absent brothers and sisters, but there was nothing else in the services that could be construed into an illusion to the strik-

rest of the choir gallery looked woefully bare. When the first hymn was aunounce ed the congregation arose and looked at one another doubtfully. They had so long been dependent upon the choir to lead them that they felt quite helpless. Then the hymn began, and all at once the congrega-tion found that they were led, and by a single voice. A mezzo soprano, clear, rich, true and strong. The congregation looked at one another again. Those red curtains across the front of the choir gallery were hiding the singer. Who could she be? Was there any voice like that in the village? When they sat down it was with a feeling akin to regret.

The next hymn went even better. The voice behind the curtain was inspiring. The congregation sang its very best. The quartette was quite forgotten.

Then when the taking the collection was announced a slender figure appeared above

the curtains. The figure of a young woman in a quiet garb with a neat and tasteful hat of gray material surmounting her redbrown hair. And while the plates were beneath the plain name that was hers by right, and the plain garments that she felt were in harmony with her quiet sojourn. being passed the young woman sang. The air was noble, the words were sweet and reverent—and the voice glorified music and words.

Anna Brown was determined to make a good impression. Her pride was aroused, she put forth all the resources of her art.

In twenty four hours the town awoke to the knowledge that Miss Anna Brown, the wonderful soprano at Parson Grace's church was to give a benefit concert. Three days later it was known that Miss Brown would be assisted by a famous violinist, a still

more famous pianist, a rising tenor, a cele-brated contralto and by Pauline Tabor, the young American prima donna, whose triumphs abroad were household stories. It was evident that Corona was to have its money's worth. And nobly did Corona re-The seats were \$1 each, a somespond. what high price for Corona pocketbooks to meet, and yet there was a long line of buyers stretching out from the door of Sharp's

music store, and by 6 o'clock the next evening every one of the 1,100 seats in the Corona lecture hall was sold. "I am gratified to know that your ben-

efit promises to be such a success," said the Rev. Abner to Anna Brown the day before the concert.

"Yes," she responded, "my friends, both private and professional, have been very good to me." "By the way," Said the Rev. Abner, "the quartette has cheerfully signified its

willingness to return to duty next Sun-

day." "I'm glad of that," laughed Anna. they rebel again just threaten to send for

There never had been such a concert in Corona. There had never been such an aggregation of musical talent beneath any Corona roof. And when it was all over the wildly enthusiastic audience knew that modest Anna Brown was Pauline Tabor, the famous prima donna of English opera fame.

The Rev. Abner lingered to congratulate the lady. She saw him and smiled and beckoned him to wait. Presently she came to him.

"I am going away from Corona early in the morning," she said. "It is a call to New York from my manager. I am glad you waited. I have been able to convert most of the money received into a check on the local bank made payable to your order. You will find it all-an even thousand dollars-in this package. Take it with my best wishes," and she pressed the package into his trembling hands. "B-but I don't understand," he stam-

mered. "What is it for ?"

"It is the net receipts of my concert," replied the lady. "Everything save the hall rent and a few incidentals was donated. It is yours to use in paying the church share of that bothersome debt."

"And you offer this to us?" he murmured. "There it is," she laughed. Then she

quickly added, "You didn't really think I was giving this concert for my own selfish purposes, did you?" The Rev. Abner looked at her with

moistened eves. "There is one thing I really think," he

slowly said, "and that is that we have entertained a seraph unawares !"-W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

#### How to Treat a Man.

## From Copious Notes Made by His Friend the Horse.

When a man drops from sheer exhaustion or illness, promptly seize an end board or a carf stake and pound him on the head or on the ribs. If this does not recuperate him, kick him violently. This the commandant General of the Boer army, treatment will restore him, if persistently administered.

If a man find his load too heavy and feels that it will seriously strain him to proceed, from their native country by Unbandine, kick off a fence board, knock him down

## Majaje, the White Queen Mysterious Woman of Caucasian Type Who Ruled

African Tribe

For more than half a century the rainmaker for all the native tribes south of the Zambesi river in South Africa, was Majaje, the White Queen of the Makatese tribe, which lived in woodbush in the northern part of the Tranvaals. The Zulus, the Hottentots, Kaffirs, the Basutos and scores of other tribes recognized her as the great rainmaker, and whenever there was drought in their provinces they sent their emissaries to her with requests for rain.

The tales which white men heard concerning her led them to believe that Majaje was a myth, and Rider Haggard elabo-rated the report in his novel "She," which had for its leading character a mysterious white woman who ruled over a race of blacks somewhere in Central Africa, Haggard wrote his novel in the eighties, whil he was in South Africa, and long before it was established that the White Queen was not a myth. The fact that such a woman really lived was proved by three white men who talked with her and one of these men, the late Piet Joubert, commandant general of the Boer army, was authority for this account of the woman.

Henning Pretorius, one of the Transvaal's first commandant generals, and probably the most fearless Boer that ever lived, returned from one of his frequent journeys into unknown regions of the Transvaal in the latter part of 1889 and reported to his government that he had succeeded in seeing Majaje. In a voluminous report which he made of his journey he stated that the woman was queen of a section of the Makatese tribe, and that her capital was surrounded by an almost impenetrable forest of small thorn trees. On the outskirts of this forest he was met by a large number of well-armed tribesmen, who asked him and bis companions to depart from the neighborhood immediately. Pretorius refused to leave, and insisted up-

on seeing the queen. After a long discussion, during which many messengers were sent to the queen's kraal, Pretorius was granted permission to visit the monarch. He was disarmed, and his companions were left behind under guard of a large number of tribesmen, He was led along a narrow, winding path through the bush, and after a journey of about thirty miles he came to the queen's | ing. royal kraal. In his report he described the woman minutely and at great length. He said that she was the absolute monarch over her people, that she undoubtedly had the power of life and death over them, and that she had established a government that was far in advance of any negro govern ment he had ever seen. The most astounding part of his report

was that the woman was not a negress. He described her as having straight soft hair of a light-brown color, thin lips and light-blue eyes. The color of her skin was not black, but as white as that of a Portutell her age, or anything concerning her antecedents, and added that she appeared to be more than 100 years old-perhaps 115.

In 1894 the Makatese tribe formed an alliance with Magoeba, the king of the into it return to it district, and Majaje's people were dragged into rebellion against the Boers. Joubert, was sent against the rebellious natives and he took with him a small number of Swazthe father of the late King Bunu, who ac-

## Spiders.

"There are very many kinds of spiders

besides those that annoy the housewife with their webs stuck up in the corners of appetite on eight legs and thoroughly con-vinced that nobody can be strong and hearty that lives on vegetables. They all spin more or less, whence their name, which is a contraction of spider or spinner. Also, they bite, and if you listen to all the fool stories that are told, when a spider bites you will save time by sending for the lawyer to make your will and telegraph for the boys to come home at once if they

want to see you alive. But I will tell you as between educated people that know a thing or two and do not get scared over every little trifle, that a spider's bite is no worse than a mosquito's—not so bad, in fact. A big spider can kill a small bird with its poison, but it only makes a man's arm swell up and hurt for a day or less and not hurt very much at that. Bertkau could not feel the ordinary domestic spider on the thick skin of his hand, and only between the fingers could the spider make a puncture like that of a dull pin. The worst result was that it itched a little.

Blackwall had them draw blood, but that was all. Though one spider bit another so hard that its liver ran out it lived for more in exhaustion in order to escape death and madness were tremendous whoppers or tartantulas don't bite as bad as they used It is true that in those days the Italto. ian violinists had to work overtime com-posing tarantelles to play for the bitten. but still there was sneering skeptics that said it was all a scheme got up to pass the hat for the wife and family of the suffering man whom a malignant spider had bitten while he was out looking for a job. Dufour had a tarantula that was quite famed and gentle. She took flies from his fingers

like a dear thing. Almost any spider can be taught to take food from forceps and water from a camel's hair brush. They are great water-drinkers, spiders are. I'll say that for 'em. Like the little temperance bird we used to read about. cold water, is all of their songs. Rum and tobacco they can turn from with loath-

## Boiled to Death in Hot Beer. Samuel Bolton Jr., the Millionaire Brewer of Troy,

Falls into a Vat in His Brewery.

Samuel Bolton Jr., of Troy, head of the firm of S. Bolton's Sons, one of the most extensive brewing concerns in Northern New York, was boiled to death shortly be fore noon Friday by falling into a kettle of hot beer. Mr. Bolton at the time of the accident was inspecting a portion of the brewery in which was a large kettle of boilgese. Pretorius stated that she refused to tell her age, or anything concerning her the kettle required attention and sent an employee named Wager in search of the carpenter. During the absence of Wager it is believed that Mr. Bolton slipped while looking into the vessel and fell headlong boiling contents. Upon Wager's return the body of Mr. Bolton was discovered in the vessel. When removed the flesh was boiled and the body presented a

horrible appearance. Mr. Bolton was a prominent figure in local finance. He was one of the heaviest is, who had been driven into the Transvaal real estate holders in the city and had extensive interests in many corporations. He was a director of the People's Bank and of kick off a fence board, knock him down and hammer him thoroughly with it. This quired the fatal habit of drinking five will give renewed energy and he will make unarts of champagne a day. When Joubert and his forces reached the "betovert" (bewitched) bush the warriors of Majaje and Magoeba attacked them and Power Company, near Amsterdam. He fought valiantly for several weeks. The natives were defeated finally and fled into the bush and mountains. The Swazis then aaked Jonbert for permission to follow the company, mear Amsterdam. He was President of the Beacon Electric Light Company. His holdings in real estate in Troy, Upper Troy, Waterford, Cohoes, Green Island and Watervliet were numer-In politics Mr. Bolton was a Republican and he exerted a powerful influence in the Magoeba and several of his indunas, or political affairs of the country. He gave extensively to charity and was lavish in his donations to churches and philanthropic institutions.

One Cure for Hiccoughs.

A Binghamton man began to hiccough last Saturday. He hiccoughed all day and all night, and was hard at it Sunday with their webs stuck up in the content of the rooms and in the windows when she has been too busy with the sewing to look the honce much that he sewing to look the honce much that every kind is an the honce much that every kind is an recommending sure cures. And he steadily grew worse.

Then a wise neighbor had a bright idea. He thought it all out by himself. He went over to the hiccougher's home, and was ushered into the room where the afflicted one was fast hiccoughing his life away. "Hullo !" said the neighbor, in a light

and cheerful tone; "how's the old soal this morning?" The sufferer rolled his eyes at the neigh-

bor in a painful surprise.

"Don't give me any of your crocodile glances," snorted the friend. "If you'd quit drinking when I told you to you wouldn't be in this shameful condition." "Wha-hic-did you-hic-call me?" he stuttered.

"Called you a sponge, you lobster !" bel-wed the neighbor. "You're a pretty oblowed the neighbor. "You're a pretty ob-ject lesson for your unfortunate children, ain't you you gulping old hypocrite?" "Get out of my-hic-house," roared roared the sick man.

"Go to blazes !" yelled the neighbor. "I'm going to stay right here and see the last of you. The people on the street sent than a year afterward. As for these terri-ble tarantulas, either the stories told about they said, 'and then wave a flag out o' the victims having to dance till they fell do.vn window.' They're going to have a jollification supper and fire works to-night-and

don't you dare to disappoint 'em !'' This was too much for the hiccougher. He said several very bad words as he made a dash at the neighbor, and they raced around the room half a dozen times, the hiccougher getting madder at every jump, and then the neighbor darted through th door and escaped.

The sick man flung a flower pot at him as he raced down the yard, and then he suddenly realized that his hiccoughs had gone.

For that was a part of the neighbor's theory, you see. He believed that if he could get the dying man real excited and angry the affliction would leave him. And he proved he was right.-Cleveland Plain Dealer,

# Strangled His Mother.

Drowned His Father and then Killed Himself when Arrested.

Three weeks ago Mrs. Donald McLeod was found dead on the kitchen floor in a farm house near Charlottetown, Prince Edward island, and the coroner's jury found evidence that she had been strangled to death. A year before her husband

was found dead in a well. With Mrs. McLeod lived a son Archibald, the only heir to the property now in this country. On Saturday Archibald was arrested on a charge of having murdered his mother and there is a strong suspicion that it was he who drowned his father.

McLeod was to have appeared for trial in Charlottetown on Monday, but on Mon-day morning he was found dead in jail, having hanged himself with a towel. On Sunday night he was reading a Bible in prison, and apparently was not greatly alarmed about the future. Mrs. McLeod, his mother, had a life in-

terest in the old homestead, and it is believed that the son was impatient to obtain the property. R. D. McLeod, vice president of the

Whitney glass works, New York; Angus-McLeod, one of Kansas City's leading merchants, and Malcolm McLeod, ex-mayor of

cerning his own and his daughter's health at once proceeded to relate the story of his difficulties with the quartette.

"It places me in a very awkward position,' said Rev. Abner, wearily. "They positively refuse—at least Miss Van Win-kle says they do—to return unless I am willing to make an ample apology to them for the alleged harshness of my remarks last Sunday. Yet those remarks were ad-dressed to them privately, and I feel quite sure they were couched in very moderate language, I simply told them that I had been requested by several persons in the congregation to ask them to behave with a little more decorum during the services."

"You were quite justified in doing so," said the Widow Folsom. "Every soul in the congregation knows they are becoming more and more careless in their behavior.

"And yet they seem to fancy that they will have the sympathy of the congregation back of them," said the Rev. Abner with a sigh. "At least Miss Van Winkle does. She is the only one of the four who has come near me. The others seem to be quite under her thumb. I may be wronging her, but it seems to me-this is strictly between ourselves-that she is suffering with an inordinate admiration for her own talents, and somehow she seems to have influenced the others to acknowledge her leadership in this unpleasantness. You can see that it puts me in a predicament that is really disquieting. We have prided our-selves on our choir, and there is no doubt it has largely increased our attendance. Without the choir I'm afraid our friends down the road would benefit in the same ratio that we would lose. You know our financial condition, and that we can't stand any serious drawbacks. I wish I could see my way clear out of the dilemma without sacrificing my self respect and my sense of

justice.' "Oh, but you musn't think of giving in," cried Mrs. Folsom.

"Is there any other alternative ?" said the troubled pastor.

There was a rustle in the doorway. The Rev. Abner looked up suddenly and saw a trim figure in close fitting gray, a fair com-plexion with dusky eyes, and a glorious head of reddish brown hair. The owner of all the attractions was looking at Mrs. Folsom.

"Introduce me, please," she said, "and let me explain my intrusion." And so Miss Brown and Mr. Grace were made acquainted, and the former hastened to give her promised explanation. "You must pardon me, but I could not help hearing part of your conversation. More especially about the defection of the quartette. May I ask if you could make a place for m while the regular singers are away ?"

Before the startled pastor could reply Mrs. Folson cut in ahead of him with her high pitched voice: "'Why, Miss Brown," she cried "you

never said you could sing !"

"I didn't expect to sing when I came here." said Anna with a smile: "so you see there was no necessity for advertising my small accomplishments. But I will admit that I have a voice and some knowledge of the vocal art-and both are at the service of Mr. Grace if he will accept them. Please understand that I offer my services gratuitously, and that my engagement is to ter-minate as soon as the quartette yields and comes back on your terms. By the way, is your organist a striker, too?"

The Rev. Abner was a little startled by her abrupt, business like way. "No." he answered. "Helmlich has no generally and continuously useful.

Perhaps she was helped by the fact that the invalid girl in her pillowed chair in the pastor's retiring room was watching her through the open doorway with worshiping

eyes. As she sat down and the organ strains died away, the old organist turned to her with shining eyes, and, catching up her hand, pressed his lips to it in an oldfashioned homage. It is to be feared that the congregation wending its way home, talked a good dea more of the new singer than they did of the Rev. Abner's sermon. But the Rev. Abner was happy. His face wore a look of relief as he pushed the invalid's chair homeward with Anna Brown demurely walking beside

> That evening the church was filled. The fame of the new singer had swiftly spread about the little town. "Oh' it's all be cause I happen to be the reigning novelty,"

> laughed Anna to the pastor as he walked home with Mrs. Folson and the singer. "No, I think not," said the pastor gravely. "Yours is a gift t ennial charm and freshness." "Yours is a gift that has a per

And he was right, at least as far as he Corona experience was concerned. The church was crowded at every service and people came from all the country round-about to hear the wonderful voice. And not only was the church crowded, but its income steadily grew. The Rev. Abner noted with pleasure that the collection were fully double what they had been be fore Anna Brown came.

It was on the fourth Sunday of her stay that Anna spoke to the pastor concerning the church debt.

'What is the amount ?" she asked. "It isn't large," the pastor answered "Three thousand dollars shouldn't bothe us, and yet it does. You see we have so

many calls for our money, and our congre-gation is not at all a wealthy one, although your singing seems to have drawn

a number of moneyed people to our doors If we had \$1,000 cash we could pay the debt. A wealthy friend of the church, an eccentric old gentleman, has agreed to give us \$2,000 if we raise \$1,000, and the two amounts together would just settle the debt. With the church entirely free from this incubus I know we would get along famously and do no end of good."

Anna looked up at the pastor. "Mr. Grace," she said, "I want to have

benefit." "I don't understand," murmured th

Rev. Mr. Abner. "I want a benefit," repeated Anna. "A concert, you know, where I can appear, and some of my friends can appear, and the house will be full and the receipts large."

"I know nothing about that sort of thing," said the Rev. Mr. Abner in a help-

less way. "But I am sure you are entitled to it, and I'm sure that Corona would be glad to testify to its esteem in the way you suggest."

'Very well," said Anna Brown. "All I wanted was your approval. Now I can go ahead and make the arrangements. And pleace don't think me a mercenary person

Anna Brown suddenly became a very busy woman. She wrote letters here and there and she sent telegrams. And one of her first responses came in the shape of a dark skinned young man, with keen black eyes, who at once set to work in vigorous fashion. He wrote newspaper notices, he arranged for the hall, he put a number of Anna Brown's portraits in the prominent windows of the town, and he made himself

shoes.

no more fuss. But do not on any account reduce the load. That would look too much like common sense, or humanity, and he will be likely to "balk" again when

overloaded. Ply the whip frequently on a man who is at work. No matter if he is doing his best, hit him often, on general principles, lest he take some comfort. If his load is not heavy, oblige him to go faster to make up for it. Work, starve and abuse him enough to reduce man's average life onehalf, as is done with horses.

Fasten your man's head in an unnatural position, with his eyes up toward the sun. This will give him a "fine appearance" This will give him a and "prevent stumbling." Of course h will not be able to do as much work in this fix, but it makes him wretched and "it's stylish.'

Make your man "mind or kill him," whether he understands what you want or not. If he don't understand, clubbing will one to go to her kraal, the war would be improve his intellect. Don't manifest any patience or sense, for that ruins your au thority. The more wretched you can make your man the better. If a man refuses to drink when you offer

him water don't give him any water for two days. That will "teach" him to be thirsty at any time you choose to water him. He should learn to do without water. In winter remove his clothing to "pre-quicker" when you overdrive him. Hang a blanket on his back, with his head and limbs exposed, same as with clipped horses. Men thus treated are much healthier, be-cause "it's the style."

When your man is frightened do not speak to him, lest it soothe and assure him, but saw his mouth violently and lash him severely. Nothing allays fright or nervousness like abuse.

If not convenient to feed your man at noon, let him go hungry; and by active use of the whip secure as much work as food would do. Of course, this wears men out fast, but men are cheap now, and "feed costs money.

Put tight shoes on your man and keep them there until he is lame from corns This will make him thoroughly miserable. When you hire a man get all you can out of him, and don't be hampered by humane sentiment. Nobility consists not in wisdom or kindness, but in manfully over-riding the rights and feelings of all other beings. I am sure these rules are correct, for I learned them when a colt from my master, and don't he know what's what's And does not man "do as he would be done

by ?"-Humane Leaflet.

All Ablaze Ran Nearly A Mile. errible Experience of Woman in Search of Ald After Clothing Caught Fire.

While Mrs. Louis Null. of Winterest

Cambria county, was working at a fire under a kettle, her apron caught fire. In her efforts to extinguish the flames her hands were burned to a crisp and she was unable

to remove her clothing. In her terror she ran a quarter of a mile to a neighbor working in a field nearby, but as her clothing had nearly all burned off her she retreated, going back to the house. She there tried to get into the spring house' but found the door locked. In terrible pain and fright she ran halt a mile away to where her husband was working. When she reached him everything had been burned from her body except her

quarts of champagne a day.

rebels and it was granted. When they returned, several days afterward, the In politics Mr. Bolton was a Republic Swazis brought with them the heads of headmen, in order to prove to the Boers that they had really been victorious.

The day after the return of the victorious Swazis several messengers came from Majaje, bringing peace offerings in the shape of two ivory tusks and a beautiful white ox. The emmissaries declared that she had no desire to be an enemy of the Boers, Joubert told the messengers to tell their queen that if she would surrender her arms unconditionally and permit some

ended. In her reply she accepted the first condition, but declined to allow any one to visit her kraal adding, however, that she would come out and grant an audience to the Boer leader.

Forerunners emerged from the bush and

announced the coming of the queen. When the head of the procession reached General Joubert the priests deposited the palanquin on the ground and drew aside the curtains that concealed the queen. She reclined on a beautiful quagga skin and was clothed in a variegated costume of skins, furs and bead-work. Joubert observed her closely and found that Henning Pretorius' description of her was accurate in every detail. The woman had light, soft hair, thin lips, blue eves and a com-plexion as light as that of the majority of white persons who have lived in the trop-

ics for many years. Many persons have attemped to explain the mystery of the queen's ancestry and the result has been that many strange tales are current in the country, each being heralded as the only true solution. The being most plausible theory is the one that Commandant General Jonbert advanced. From some old chieftains he learned that there was a tradition among the Makatese that many generations ago a large number of white men had come into the Zambesi region to dig gold. These men incurred the enmity of the blacks, who massacred all except one or two. General Joubert believed, as did the chieftains, that Majaje

was the descendant of these survivors, but the native tradition does not explain the but process by which she rose to the position of ruler of the tribe. Proof of the fact that old was dug in that neighborhood has been found in scores of places along the old Zambesi, where in recent years many York

Nut Orchard Planted.

This is One of the Latest Enterprises in Westmore land County.

A nut orchard is among the latest enterprises established in Derry township. Last August Rev. J. H. Pershing, of Alexander street, Greensburg, purchased a part of the McGuire farm, one-half mile east of Bradenville, from Dr. W. M. Barron. Mrs. Pershing inherited a portion of the old McGuire homestead, adjoining that purchased by her husband, and the entire tract contains forty-two acres of choice The following morning the bush re-sounded with the beating of drums and the shrill noises of crude wind instruments. with coal.

Rev. Mr. Pershing at once began to im-prove the property. He has erected a new two-story frame house and a substantial barn and is inclosing the land with the latest improved wire fence.

Among the important additions is an orchard of over seven acres in extent, in which he planted probably the greatest variety to be found in Western Pennsylvania. There are over 100 trees of sum mer, autumn and winter apples, about 350 pears, plums, peaches, cherries, mulberries, June berries, hundreds of blackberry and raspberry vines and a vineyard which promises in five years a yield of fifty bushels of grapes.

So far as known Rev. Pershing is th first man in the country to plant a nut orchard. On a knoll back of the buildings he has set out about 300 trees-chestnuts, almonds, pecans, shellbarks, filberts, hazel-nut and Japan walnuts. Some of the chestnut trees cost \$2.50 each, and the total cost was nearly \$500. To prepare the ground and plant the fruit and nut crchards required the services of ten men almost four weeks.

The farm lies along the Pennsylvania railroad and is admirably located for mark-et and railroad facilities.—*Greensburg* 

#### Prick of a Pin Caused Death.

When Mrs. Elizabeth Steele pricked the orefinger of her left hand with a safety pin she was assisting in nursing the baby of her daughter, Mrs. Royce Beebee, of Plantsville, Conn.

Several days passed, when the finger be-gan to swell. Blood poisoning was so ap-parent when Dr. Hamlin was called that he said there was no chance for recovery. She died Monday night, after suffering horribly for a week. Dr. Hamlin thinks that the poisoning

was due to the fact that the pin had been used on a bandage for a wounded arm be-

fore being used on the baby's clothing. He says that every mother should dis-infect safety pins in boiling water before using them. Mrs. Steele was seventy-eight years old.

Prince Albert, are brothers of the said

## G. Q. Cannon's Bequests

The will of the late George Q. Cannonhas been filed at Salt Lake City. The will disposes of an estate approximating \$18,-000,000. The estate is divided into two parts, the first part consisting of gilt edgesecurities worth \$200,000. This is to remain in trust until Geo. Q. Cannon's youngest child. now nine years of age, at-tains his majority. All of the 33 children of President Cannon are given an acre of land from the Cannon farm and \$2,000 in cash on attaining majority or at marriage, the balance of the \$200,000 to be divided among the children when the youngest child becomes of age. While polygamy was recognized by the Mormon church, Mr. Cannon had four wives. To these arewilled their homes, provision also being made for their maintenance during life. The remainder of President Cannon's estate, valued at \$800,000 and consisting of 35,000 acres of farm land, interests in flour mills, irrigation companies and stock. in banks, etc., passes into possession of the Geo. Q. Cannon association of which Presi-dent Cannon's children and his nephew, John M. Cannon are stockholders, to be held in trust until the youngest child is forty years of age.

#### His Amazed Daughter.

The wife of a Gordon Highlander received some time ago an invitation to visit him at the barracks in Scotland. She did so, taking with her their little 6-year-old girl. When they arrived, as it happened, the husband was engaged on sentry duty,.

and so they could not approach him. The child eyed her "daddy" with a rather sorrowful but amazed expression, as he paced up and down the square shouldering his rifle and wearing a kilt. She had never his rifle and wearing a kilt. She had never before beheld him thus arrayed, and for a few minutes the spectacle seemed to be quite beyond her; but for no longer could

she keep silent. "Mamma," she said, in a voice that be-trayed a trace of childish covetousness, "if daddy finds the man who stole 'ees trous-ers, will he gimme dat little frock ?''-Boston Globe.

Boer War Cost 15,000 Lives.

Official Figures :-Killed at the Front, 714 Officers, 11,264 Men; Died at Home, 4 Officers, 314 Men.

The British war office on Monday officially gave out the total number of deaths in the South African war. as 714 officers and 14,264 men. Four officers and 314 men have been invalided home and subsequently died.

Two thousand, four hundred and ninetythree non-commissioned officers and men have left the service unfit for duty.

In the House of Commons Mr. Brodrick, the war secretary, said that among the prisoners captured in South Africa were wenty-six Americans, besides thirteen claiming to be burghers. There was no intention of releasing any of the prisoners. until the war is over.

#### How She Proves It.

"Maggie says she is a daughter of the revolution."

"Can she prove it ?" "Sure. Her father runs a merry-go-round."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Press. shafts have been uncovered.-New You've got to keep on walking:

You've got to keep on talking. You've got to keep on growing; One little ad won't do it all-You've got to keep them going.

Joliet (Ill.) Republic - Subcribe for the WATCHMAN.

Evening Sun. HAVE GOT TO KEEP IT UP. One step won't take you very far-One word won't tell folks who you are-

One inch won't make you very tall-