

THE BOERS FROM A NEW POINT OF VIEW

THE DUTCH REPUBLIC SEEN THROUGH YANKEE EYES.

Extracts from a New Book by an American Correspondent Who Pictures Things in the Transvaal Somewhat Differently from Accepted Beliefs—An Admirer of Oom Paul's People.

A New York newspaper man, Howard C. Hillegas, after personal study of the Transvaal has written and Dr. Appleton & Co., have published a timely and very interesting book called "Oom Paul's People," from which the New York Tribune has been permitted to make extracts.

The author's sympathies are with Oom Paul's little republic in its struggle with the British empire to preserve its identity, and that fact stands out plainly and unmistakably from beginning to end of the book. Mr. Hillegas sees in almost every Boer an unpolished diamond and in almost every Englishman in the Transvaal an interloper and a bully.

It is apparent, then, at the outset that what Mr. Hillegas has to say about the Boers must be taken with just a grain of salt, though it is none the less pleasant reading for all that, and one cannot but admire the author's determination to see the bright side of things.

"Oom Paul and his nose." "Mr. Kruger's nose and mouth are the chief features of his face. Both are more extensive than his large face demands, but they are such marvels in their own peculiar way as to be distinguished marks.

"President Kruger is not one of the homeliest men one meets on earth, then the camera in an atrocious lur. This is certainly no discredit to Oom Paul, but here is Mr. Hillegas's great under description of the great man's nose.

"President Kruger is short in stature, measuring less than five feet seven inches. His head and body are large and fat, but his legs are thin and short. His head is just a trifle longer than broad, and almost fits the English definition of 'square head'.

"The Boers' best side." From President Kruger to his people is an easy step, and Mr. Hillegas brings to the consideration of this topic the same resolve to bring out the best points. He says:

"The Boers' habits and mode of life are similar to those of the American ranchman, and in reality there is no such difference between the two except that the latter is not so far removed from civilization. Physically the Boers are the equals if not the superiors of their English neighbors.

"The Boer is hospitable to a degree that is astonishing and he will give in the Transvaal the poor have the power and compel the rich to pay the taxes. If the Transvaal were to be of such serious proportions as to be almost unbearable there might be a cause for interference by the Outlander capitalists who own the mines, but there is no injustice shown to any one.

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MONOPOLIES EXCUSED.

The vexed subject of dynamite monopoly is thus explained: "The opening of hundreds of mines and the consequent increase in expenditures made it necessary for the Transvaal government to increase its resources. The government itself is in a quandary, and it solved the problem of finances as many a stronger and wealthier government has done.

"Personal uncleanliness is one of the great failings that has been attributed to the Boer, but when it is taken into consideration that water is a priceless possession on the plains of South Africa no further explanation is needed. Here is the author's reason why the Boer nation has not advanced so far as it might: "The Boer of today is a creature of circumstances. He is outstripped because he has had no opportunities for development.

POLITICAL ASPECTS.

Turning next to the Boer system of government, under which the Outlanders were the author says: "The Constitution, or Grofent, of the South African republic is a modified counterpart of that of the United States. It differs in some salient features, but in its entirety it has the same general foundation as the government of the United States.

ONE DAY OF BATTLE.

Andrew Marker in "Freedom," a paper published in Manila. "There was a portentous flow along the firing line, the big bounding brown billows of men rolled steadily onward.

All night they had lain bivouacked under their arms, inanimate and quiet, but alert and argus-eyed, waiting and watching for the foe and the dawn. Oh! That unspeakable, obdurate slow dawn! It was a wonder that the eyes of some did not turn to glass balls, from the unblinking fixity of their gaze, as they lay out there in the hot night, with loaded guns and impatient faces, staring into the darkness until their nervous nerves were strained into vibrant strings.

Now, at a resonant bugle blast, as from the touch of Aaron's wand, the lifeless line of men leaped into sudden, enthusiastic, buoyant life, thrilling with suppressed effervescency and fire. All night the insurgents had punched lead perforations into the darkness with a desultory, dribbling fire, but as usual, they had led few shells and, after a long, delicious fight through infinite space, fell spent a long way into the wilderness.

But now, as the regiment swept out into the solitude of a more debatable ground, like the rush of water through an open lock, a seething, swirling, swirling salvo of infantry fire began to sweep down upon them from the crest of a long, low declivity. Vengefully, like the red fangs of serpents, innumerable jets of flame could be seen darting from the crest of the ridge, overhead was a continual drumming, the whirring wings of myriad stinging, steel-coated insects of death.

As yet the insurgents could not be seen, only the long gray embankments indicated the presence of the enemy. There was no smoke, smokeless powder rendered the scene additionally mysterious. It was like a battle with a bit of charming scenery, enigmatically potent for the moment. To every rifle shot was lent the ominous quality which belongs to secret assassinations; men were falling and only the sharp sibilant snap of the Mauser and the sickening, shuddering "spat" of lead marking a delo upon its victim, indicated the mode of exit. They were running in any direction but the way of the enemy, and a dozen or more were falling and only the sharp sibilant snap of the Mauser and the sickening, shuddering "spat" of lead marking a delo upon its victim, indicated the mode of exit.

The line now sounded like a great machine set to running frantically in the open air. To the measured "pratt" of the volleys was added the under-chorus of the rickety mechanism as the men unloaded and re-loaded. Pieces, as steady and swift as if the hand of one operator was controlling it all, it reminded one of a great steel loom, clinking, clanking, plinking, planking, weaving the red cloth of death.

To the left of the line, a red knoll pushed itself up out of the trees as prominently as a policeman's club in a public riot. It was afterwards distinguished by the descriptive adjective "bloody." It was heaved and heaped, battered, besmoked, besmeared, literally baptised in blood; cluttered with the carcasses of dead insurgents, mangled, lacerated and shot up as fine as a Scotch haggis; an absence of nose and terrible mortalities. The air now it was pregnant with a host of very fine insurgents, and nasty and obstinate opposition.

Manifestly, the insurgents had an impregnable position, and their output of bullets was to the right of them, and had Mausers to the right of them, and Mausers to the left of them, and Mausers in front of them, while the two Krupp guns of the enemy "volleyed and thundered." Without heeding the incessant maddening hissing of bullets on the walls of the wounded, even as the pilgrim falls to meet the world he raises his illumined face toward his purpose, these dazlingly courageous men in the brown habiliments "charged for the guns" in terrible earnest.

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to the charge, men! We must take their trenches. A mighty cheer, like the long roll of drums beating to the battle at break of day, runs down the line, and echoes above the roar and crash of battle. Then dashed from its covering a brilliant, glimmering, colling, sinuous line a phalanx of death potential, a steel cable of radiant destruction, a scintillant chattering, thundering epitome of racial hatred, which swept toward the enemy, voicing its message, dealing out death and receiving it.

CAUSED BY TRIFLES.

Great Tragedies That Have Come from Insignificant Happenings.

In a Lancashire coal mine, a few years ago, a callous youth viciously pricked a pony with his penknife. The wounded animal kicked out furiously, overturning and breaking several safety lamps. The naked flames fed the foul gases in the air, and created an appalling explosion, which wrought the death of over a hundred miners.

Not the Wisest Way.

It is not always best to wait until it is needed before buying a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Quite frequently the remedy is required in the very busiest season or in the night and much inconvenience and suffering must be borne before it can be obtained.

CATARH FOR TWENTY YEARS AND CURED IN A FEW DAYS.—Nothing so simple, nothing so hard for Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder to give relief in an instant. Hon. George James, of Scranton, Pa., says: "I have been a sufferer for twenty years, constant haematuria, dropping in the throat and in the head, very offensive breath. I tried Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder. The first application gave instant relief. After using a few bottles all these symptoms of Catarrh left me." Sold by Matthews Bros. and W. F. Clark.