

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. These we reproduce.

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. In the opening sentence of his book he makes one of those sweeping generalizations, which are catching to the ear, but betray a carelessness in drawing conclusions which should put every thoughtful seeker after truth who reads the book on his guard. He says:

"The population of South Africa may be divided into three great classes of individuals: First, those who are only waiting for the time when they will be able to leave the country—the Outlanders; second those who hope that that time may speedily come—the native born whites and third, those who have no hope at all—the negroes."

OOM PAUL AND HIS NOSE.

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. For instance, if President Kruger is not one of the homeliest men one has ever seen, then the camera in an atrocious lur then is certainly no discredit to Oom Paul, but here is Mr. Hillegas's most interesting description of the great man's 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 from the nose grows wide as it extends outward from the point between the eyes, and before it reaches the tip it has a gentle upheaval. Then it spreads out on either side, and covers fully two inches of area above his upper lip. It is not attractive, but in that it follows the general condition of his facial landscape."

IF THAT IS NOT MAKING THE BEST OF A BAD JOB, WHAT IS?

KRUGER IS NO DUDE.

"President Kruger impresses one as being a king in the garb of a farmer, a genius in a dunce's cap. At first sight he would be mistaken for an awkward countryman, with store clothes and a silk hat intended for some one else. His frock coat is far too small to reach around his corpulent body, and his trousers seem to have a natural antipathy for his shoes. He wears no cuffs, and the presence of a collar and tie may be determined only by drawing aside the material curtain formed by his whiskers. He is courteous in his manner, but he has great natural attractiveness, gained by a long life among hunters in the wilds.

"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 eyes are surmounted by bushy white eyebrows, which extend half an inch beyond his forehead. When he is not sitting in a photograph his hair is not so neatly arranged as it appears in the well known pictures, but hangs loosely down over his wide forehead, except when, with a hasty swish of the hand, he brushes it aside. The hair is nearly white, and hangs over the sides of his head in long tresses, which cover both his ears. When he smiles the big fat circles above his cheeks are pushed upward and shut his small gray eyes from view.

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 Boer's habits and mode of life are similar to those of the American ranchman, and in reality there is not much 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 white neighbors. The Old Testament is the pattern which he strives to follow. His religious temperament is portrayed in almost every sentence he utters, and his reputation of Biblical parables and sayings is a custom which so impresses itself upon the mind of the stranger that it is but natural that those who are unacquainted with the Boer should declare it a sure sign of his hypocrisy. He does not quote Scripture merely to impress upon the mind of his hearer the fact that he is a devout Christian, but does it for a reason that a sailor speaks the language of the seafarer.

"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 tax were 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. The only taxes that the Outlanders are compelled to pay are the annual poll tax of less than \$4.50, mining taxes of \$1.25 a month for each claim for prospecting licenses and \$5 a claim for diggers' licenses. Boer and Outlander are compelled to pay these taxes without distinction."

MONOPOLIES EXCUSSED.

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 Transvaal tax itself in a quarry, and it solved the problem of finances as many a stronger and wealthier government has done. Concessions were granted to dynamite, railway, electric light, electric railway, water and many other companies, and those furnished to the government the nucleus upon which depended its financial existence. Few of the concessions were obtained by British subjects, and when monopolies took advantage of their opportunities and raised the price of dynamite and the rates for carrying freight, the Englishmen, who owned all the mines, naturally objected. The Boer government, having bound itself hand and foot when it had possessed for money, was unable to compel the concessionaires to reduce their rates."

In addition to the subjects here only glanced at, Mr. Hillegas's book contains readable chapters on the condition of the negroes, on the early history of the Boer race, on the interesting accounts of battles with blacks and the English; on the Johannesburg gold fields and their marvelous output, on the military strength of the Boers at present, on American interests in South Africa, and an interesting description of that remarkable man, Cecil John Rhodes.

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 unspoken, 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 hands, and stared into the darkness until their sensitive 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 effectiveness and fire. All night the insurgents had punched lead perforations into the darkness with a desultory, dribbling fire, but as usual, their lead flew wild and after a long, delicious fight through infinite space, fell past a long way into the wilderness.

But now, as the regiment swept out into the solvage 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 fans 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 toward the front, and the volley did not sound too ragged.

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 clicking mechanism as the men unloaded and re-loaded in 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, plunking, 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 bathed and bespattered, besmirched, 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 mortality. It was now in a way pregnant with a nest of very live 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 as well whistler to Niagara as they were falling, or counsel the resistless advance in its gyrating and turbid advance to have a cure of rose bubbles, as to attempt to stop an advance of American soldiers. When the Americans decide to advance, they advance, and a sound goes over the ground next day and buries the many dead of the opposition.

Running along the lines, an officer yells at the top of his voice: "Fix bayonets!" A moment of ominous, metallic clinking, and the gleaming bars are fixed. The officer springs out upon the bank, waving his sword. "Come on, boys!

regiments cease firing. Dying at their post, half the enemy lie strewn on the ground—the other half has retreated. The fight is fought and won. But oh! The after-scene of human waste! No life is long enough to outgrow the sadness of that scene! Upon "bloody knoll" the brown billows had risen to the high-water mark of destruction. It was the Aeropolis of Mt. Ararat after a deluge of water. Upon it were the refugees of a lost cause, "in one red burial field," swallowed up in the red smoke of battle, as a falling star in the darkness of infinite space; slain by the sword their ignorance had smothered.

The slaughter was inconceivably awful, inexpressibly ghastly, shuddering, sickening. It was as if a legion of the white horse cavalry of death had swept over the ground, leaving a trail of pure, ghastliness and terrible mortality. The ground everywhere was cluttered with "dusky corpses slain" covered, lacerated and shot up into shapeless masses of flesh; limbs dangling, brains oozing from ghastly apertures, and jagged bones protruding like toothpicks.

It had been more than a battle with a bit of charming scenery after all! CAUSED BY TRIFLES. Great Tragedies That Have Come from Insignificant Happenings. From Tid-Bits. 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. Sun rays, shining through a decenter of water on to the cartridge of a loaded rifle, slew a sleeping man on a lounge near by. The innocent owner of the vessel was arraigned for the supposed crime, and was sentenced to death, when the testimony of a shrewd detective solved the mystery and secured his reprieve. A spark from a transient fire ball, in the neighborhood of New York, one celebration day, drifted through the open door of a gunpowder factory, and

created in a moment a miniature earthquake, slaying six men and woefully wounding several others. An Italian countess, entering her chamber one evening, with a stout seltzer bottle in her hand, stumbled over a pet dog and fell prostrate upon the floor, the perilous pin piercing her heart and causing instant death. The heartbroken count, suspecting a jealous noble of the supposed murder, shot him down on the street next day. The following night the brother of the murdered man fatally stabbed the count. After this triple tragedy the true cause of the trouble was revealed. A young bachelor in London, sanguine of participating in the wealth of a certain country uncle, invited his relative to spend a week with him in town. During dinner one evening the nephew—quite unaware of the perilous character of the combination—passed Chartreuse wine and bananas to his uncle, who partook freely of both, thus producing a peculiarly potent poison, which caused his death. The nephew's deep concern turned to dismay when he learned later that the absence of any will shattered his hopes of fortune, and his chariot prompted him to prematurely end his existence. A German family, seven in number, lost their lives by a somewhat unique accident. They slept in one large apartment, lighted by gas. Before retiring, the father hung his overcoat above the gas burner. During the night this garment slipped and fell on the tap, turning the gas full on, and so suffocating the slumbering inmates. A defect in an axle, so small as to escape the scrutiny of the vigilant plate layers, led to the most melancholy disaster ever known in the United States. The fated train first caught fire, then left the rails and descended a steep declivity. In this appalling accident more than two hundred lives were lost. CATARRH FOR TWENTY YEARS AND CURED IN A FEW DAYS.—Nothing too simple, nothing too hard for Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder to give relief in an instant. Hon. George Dams, of Scranton, Pa., says: "I have been a sufferer for twenty years, constant hacking, drooping in the throat and pain in the head, very offensive breath. I tried Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal 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.—

THE MILLINERY.

Supremely first in everything it does, the Big Store announces its Second Grand Autumn Exposition of Millinery. So far as the public, who know this store are concerned, we might stop right here with this announcement. Our Millinery exhibits are monuments of enterprise and energy. They represent the full measure of science, of art and of study, as typified in the creation of women's headgear. There is nothing new under the sun that does not come here. We search the hat shops of the world to pick the choicest from the trees of fame. The Old World sets the pace in extravagance of adornment and across the mighty ocean come boat loads of artistic conceits, bundled into boxes bearing aristocratic names. But American elegance is up to them. Exquisite detail, perfect blending of colors, harmony of arrangement and genteel, cost more than balance the high flown names of French artists.

The choosing, however, lies with you. For variety's sake, every designer of renown the world over is presented here. Vieing with them in elegance and importance are the confections from our own corps of artists under the supervision of Mr. Edward Long—truly a show worthy this biggest and best of all stores.

THE COATS AND SUITS. With due consideration of past exhibits here, we bow to the inevitable and acknowledge this to be the grandest, the most complete, the most thoroughly beautiful display we have ever made. Ordinary English—common—phrase expressions which find usage everywhere—cannot do justice to an assortment and variety that has no peer in any store—no matter where. We have given to the selection of the assortment patient time and study. We have culled conceptions of beauty and style from the fashion charts of the world. We have brought to Scranton an exhibition that would do credit to any city. We devote Wednesday, Thursday and Friday to exposition purposes, that every one may have an equal chance to admire the display whilst it is at its best. Come expecting to be pleased. You'll not be disappointed. Courteous attention will be given you by a staff of experienced salespeople who have devoted years of study to what looks best and is best. You'll not be asked or urged to buy. It will be a sort of merry pleasure party that you may see the newest designs in wearables for Fall and Winter, as adapted, to your particular needs.

JONAS LONG'S SONS. GRAND AUTUMN EXHIBITION. JONAS LONG'S SONS.

First Magnificent View of Autumn Millinery Coats, Suits, Skirts Grand Display Fall Styles Both Imported and Domestic.

A Jonas Long's Sons Triumph. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 28, 29, 30

Grand Concert Wednesday Thursday Friday. By Bauer's Orchestra, Oppenheim Orchestra, Lawrence Orchestra. Personally Conducted by Prof. Bauer, Prof. Oppenheim, Wilkes-Barre, Prof. Lawrence, of Scranton.

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JONAS LONG'S SONS.

WE ISSUE NO CARDS. CONSIDER THIS YOUR PERSONAL INVITATION. FROM JONAS LONG'S SONS. TO BY PRESENT EVERY DAY. To the charge, men! We must take their intrenchments. 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 flashed from its covering a brilliant, glimmering, cooling, sinuous line a platoon of death potential, a steel cable of radiant destruction, a scintillating, chattering, thundering epitome of racial hatred, which swept toward the enemy, voicing its message, dealing out death and receiving it. The charge is like some terrible scene of the stage, a scene of intense gloom, blinding lightning with a blacked devil or assassin or other appropriate character, muttering deeply and the awful roll of the thunder drums. It was theatrical beyond words; one felt like a leaf in the booming chaos, this prolonged tragedy of war. The brigade commander, General Charles King, said of the charge afterwards: "I have seen the hounds loosed from their leash, and the rancor of the Idaho regiment follow me closely, as I rode into the attack." The situation of the Americans was now not entirely dissimilar to the position of the Light brigade, made famous by Lord Tennyson. But this party 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 as he raises his illumined face toward his purpose, these dazlingly courageous men in the brown habiliments "charged for the guns" in terrible earnest. There is another pair of murderous fire and a dash of a dozen yards back to the soldiers over the insurgent breast-works. The jauntless line of brown never wavers until the enemy begins to turn and flee in confusion. Like a flood long dammed up, the mass breaks loose, full of foam and terror, and flows in every direction. Then comes that wondrous cheer of victory! Exhausted and breathless, the