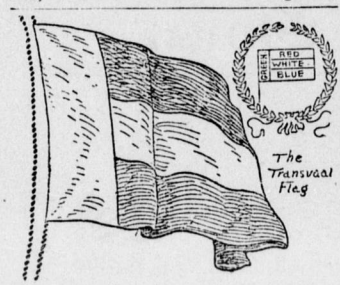


# THE REAL BOERS AT HOME

Simple, Primitive Ways of the People of the Transvaal.

You will hear divers answers as to what kind of people the Boers are. The more short-sighted and intolerant travelers may say that the Boers are a dirty lot who don't use table napkins, an illiterate set of brutes who never heard of Kipling, an utterly unrefined people whose knowledge of art is nil; in short, a backward, stupid, unprogressive, half civilized set who are too thick-headed to know they are standing in the path of that juggernaut car, civilization, and must in the end be crushed beneath its wheels.

It is a mistake to take Paul Kruger and his surrounding politicians as types of the Boer. Also it is a mistake to take the dweller in the towns as typical. To unearth the real Boer one must seek the wide and solitary veldt, the hidden valleys, the distant hills, and there, on his farm, draw him out and study him. Your true Boer despises the town. He is essentially an agriculturist and a hunter. He is extremely conservative, and with strangers brusque and taciturn, but if he finds you are harmless he can be very hospitable. He does not drink deep. He is religious, with a gloomy, stern religion which makes him believe, as did the Covenanters, as much in the Old Testament as in the New. He is moral. He does not believe in divorce laws. He marries early in life, and is convinced the highest blessing is an abundance of children. He is sturdily built, as a rule, thanks to his way of life, which is the same as that of his father and his ancestors for many generations—an open-air life, with lots of beef and cabbage and



The Transvaal Flag.

milk. He is a good horseman, and a remarkable marksman. He understands that the man who can shoot straight and without excitement makes, nowadays, the best soldier. He fears God and loves his country, but cannot understand the need of a taxgatherer. He is, in fact, the backwoodsman of last century in the United States, come to life again in Africa.

At the first hint of gray in the Eastern sky, at the first crow of the cock, the farm household is up and stirring, and breakfast, with the usual strong coffee the Boer loves, is over by the time the sun rises. The men are out and about at once, looking after just the same chores as on an American farm in the West, save those who are off to replenish the larder by shooting a springbok, a hartbeest or some such species of deer. The women have plenty of work about the house. The genuine old Boer farm furnishes itself every necessary to its occupants. The furniture is often made by the farmer, or he has great, unwieldy, carved chests and bureaus which have come to him from his ancestors. He can make his own shoes. His women dress and weave his own sheep's wool and make their and his clothes from it. There is almost nothing he needs to buy. He does not care a rap for neckties or collars or store clothes, and a full beard is fashionable. All he really has to buy is farming implements, and of these he prefers the primitive sort, though enterprising agents have introduced such things as mowing and other machinery.

During the day he works leisurely, content to make a living out of the ground. He dines heartily at noon and sups heartily at evening. His day hardly differs from that of any farmer in any country, only, if he sings at his work, it is likely to be a psalm that he sings. He smokes a great deal while he goes about—a habit derived from his forebears in Holland. He is fortunate in having no winter—

out hymn tunes on of a Sunday. Just before the sun goes down, at a time which varies very little all the year round, the Boer calls his family together, and they have household prayers and pious singing. No lights are needed, or if one is, it is an old-fashioned lantern, or, more likely, a rush dip, floating in a cup of homemade tallow. Ere the daylight has fairly gone the farmer has bolted the door and everybody is in bed.

He has no amusements, according to European or American lights. Knowing nothing of theatres or picture galleries, he does not want them.



CHURCH AND PARSONAGE TYPICAL OF THE TRANSVAAL.

He hardly ever reads anything save the Bible, and that is a sacred duty, and with stammering and difficulty. The hunt is his chief sport, for big or little game, and there is keen rivalry in the display of trophies. Also he has one favorite sport of much the same kind—the shooting matches.

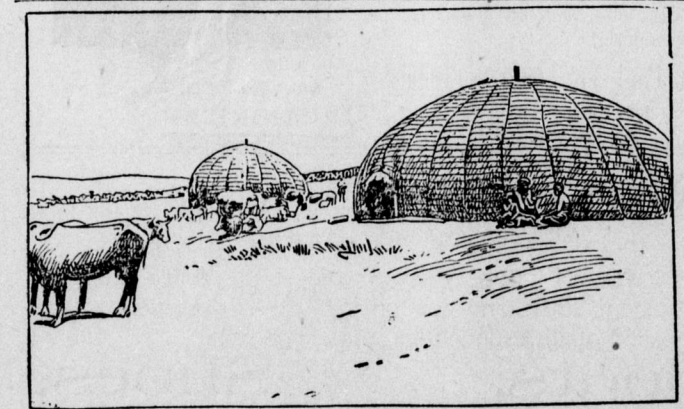
Three or four times a day he goes to Nachtsmaal, which is equivalent to the Scotch Fast Day or Lord's Supper. In the little market square of the nearest whitewashed building like a barn. This is the church for the district, and here at stated periods the farmers gather from all about. They don't take their families to hotels, though some may stay with friends, but drive the two or three days' journey in the big white-canvassed wagon, drawn by from twelve to sixteen fat, white-horned oxen. They make camp near the town in a meadow probably by the stream, and live in and under the wagon during the Nachtsmaal.



"OUTSPANNING." A BOER FAMILY RESTING AT THE CLOSE OF A DAY'S TREK.

cooking for themselves the food they have brought along. The congregation gathers, during this time, day and evening. Their neighbors meet between whiles and gossip and perhaps transact a little business. They would not belong to the human family if, of course, the ladies and lasses did not walk and talk and court and exchange vows. These are the great outings, the picnics, of the year, and small tradesmen and peddlars are on hand with knickknacks and trumpery to sell to the young folks, so that, outside the services, the meeting is a kind of fair. Sometimes also there may be a wrestling match or jumping match between young men, in which all, old and young, will take a deep interest.

So the Boer farmer and hunter pursues his even way, as his people have ever done, and if what he considers the accursed gold had never been found in his land, he might so pursue it to the end of the chapter. It is to be feared, however, that foreign capital and railroads and telegraphs and lightning-rod agents have broken up his idyllic life forever, or, rather,



KRAALS OF KAFFIR HELP ON A BOER FARM.

no frost, no snow, only the dry season, when his cattle suffer, and the rainy season, when the rivers and ponds are flooded.

His house and barns are low and roomy—simply furnished as to the house rooms. The great featherbed is usually the most noticeable feature, unless, perhaps, he glories in a little harmonium for his daughter, to tick

will soon do so. It was not, however, all peace. As the American backwoodsman was continually on his guard against Indians, so the Boer is ever ready to take the field against a kaffir tribe or the British.

Then the plough and the hoe are laid aside, and the rifle is cleaned carefully, but not now for a pleasant hunt after game. The call to arms is

simple; mobilization is primitive. There is no squabbling about volunteering, or enlisting, or drafting. Except the women, the very old and the



CHURCH AND PARSONAGE TYPICAL OF THE TRANSVAAL.

very young, everybody responds, even boys of thirteen and fourteen—but the average Boer boy is a pretty stout and healthy lad, and has been taught to shoot since he was ten or eleven. Each man takes his horse and his rifle and proceeds to the rendezvous of his district. The pastors are with them, and with prayer and psalms the farmer-soldiers march out to defend their country.



Testing the Faith of Man.

George Mantelli, said to be a diamond merchant from Auckland, New Zealand, was in Cincinnati, O., a few days ago. He has been on a trip around the world, having visited the South African diamond fields on his journey. He says that a new process is being invented in Auckland by which the Australian diamond can be cut. It is customary to cut diamonds with diamond dust, as everybody knows, but the Australian white diamond has proved itself impervious to ordinary diamond dust, and as it is so hard it cannot be cut, its immense beauty as a precious stone remains dormant. The Auckland inventor has found a rock that is harder than the Australian diamond, and is succeeding in crushing the hard stone by means of the still harder one. With the dust of the Australian diamond he is to polish and cut the stone itself. This story will be believed by those who believe such stories.—The Jeweler's Circular.

A Bushranger's Armor.

The accompanying illustration is a photograph of the armor used by Ned Kelly, the notorious Australian bushranger. Kelly, having been in his more peaceful days a blacksmith, says the London Strand, manufactured armor for himself and comrades from old boiler-plates, and to such good purpose did these protective coverings serve them that for two years the police defied all the efforts of the police of Victoria to capture them. They were at last surprised, and many of them shot whilst drinking at a hotel; not however, until \$400,000 had been



AUSTRALIAN BUSHRANGER'S ARMOR.

spent by the Government in its endeavors to stamp out the gang. Ned Kelly was tried and executed in Melbourne jail, and his armor, which shows many marks of police bullets, is at present in possession of the Victorian Government.

Marriage Inducements.

"Whatever induced you to marry me, anyway, if I am so distasteful to you?" he asked fiercely.

"I think it was the advertisements," she said.

"The what?"  
"The advertisements. The house hold bargains, you know. I thought it would be so lovely to go to the department stores and buy icecreams for nine cents, real eight-cent dippers for only one cent, and all that sort of thing. Of course I had no use for that sort of stuff when single."—Furniture Worker.

Pay of a Prison Warden.

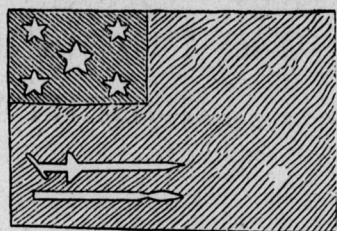
Kansas pays the warden of her penitentiary \$2500 per annum, out of which comes his living expenses, and he penitentiary contains 940 convicts. Illinois pays the warden of the Jolie penitentiary, with 1300 prisoners in his keeping, \$3500 and provides him living. Minnesota, with 529 convicts gives the warden of the Stillwater prison a salary of \$5000.

## A SULU SULTANA'S WORK.

The Ruler's Mother Has Made a Flag With Her Own Hands.

The Sultana Dowager, as we might call the mother of the reigning Sultan of the Sulu Archipelago of the Philippine group, writes the Manila correspondent of the New York Times, has shown an unexpected practical side of her character lately by actually making with her own hands a copy of the royal standard of Sulu.

The flag is red and the field carrying the five stars is blue. These two colors appear in very many different shades. The four small stars in the blue field are the four principal tribes of Sulu, while the central and largest star is for the Sultan himself.



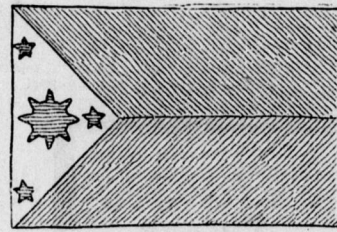
OUR SULU SULTAN'S FLAG.

The wisecracks say he would do well to be somewhat more modest and take a less conspicuous place in the galaxy, as there are two tribes not more than fifteen miles from the capital whose Dattos, or chiefs, are very powerful and who are not on very friendly terms with the Sultan.

The Dattos wield the most absolute power imaginable among their followers, who seem more like slaves than independent members of the community. The Datto is always accompanied by a sword-bearer, who has two or more large swords or huge knives thrust in his girdle. Another, and generally one of the younger followers, carries the silver box containing the beetle root and lime. These substances they roll up in a wad and chew continually, much to the harm of their teeth, which get coal black, and their gums, which turn a bright red.

A third follower in the retinue carries the umbrella. A fourth, and the most powerful and long-haired man of the lot, takes the part of the beast of burden and carries the Datto himself about on his shoulders.

In the lower left-hand section of the Sultan's flag are two implements of warfare. The upper one, white in color on the red body of the flag, represents one of the borongs, or huge knives almost universally carried in peace as well as in war, while the lower, also white in color in the flag, is a section of a spearhead, which implement is only used in fighting and in the chase.



FLAG OF THE PHILIPPINE INSURGENTS.

I presume there have from time to time been exhibited specimens of the Manila insurgents' flag by returned soldiers who captured them in battle. These have golden-colored stars on the white field, representing the chief tribes engaged in the uprising against our forces, while the rising sun in the center stands for the rising of the young republic as presaged by Aguinaldo.

There are two stripes forming the rest of the flag, the upper blue and the lower red.

Transports For Horses and Mules.

One of the most serious matters in the transportation of an army is the carrying of the animals. The question of water and food on the voyage across the Pacific is an important one, and the transport division has now eleven ships which are fitted up as cattle transports. These ships sail from San Francisco, Seattle and Tacoma for the Philippines. They have already transported thousands of cavalry. They are especially fitted up for the purpose with ventilators, so that the horses away down in the bowels of the ship have plenty of air. They have hospitals for the sick, in which the animals have beds of straw and places where they can be taken about for moderate exercise. Each ship has condensers, which make six gallons of water a day for each animal carried, so as to not disturb the tanks kept full for emergencies. Each ship carries 2200 tons of hay, 1700 tons of oats, or in all 3900 tons of forage, and also 400,000 feet of lumber. It carries a veterinary surgeon and stablemen.—Washington Star.

Indiana's Rabbit Farms.

There are four large rabbit farms in Indiana. The largest one is located at Wabash and covers sixty acres. The bunnies are fed on hay, and they consume about 280 pounds of green grass a day. Their pelts are in great demand and the meat is edible. Moreover, they sell as pets. From their hair the finest crush hats are made. Hares are easily handled and are preferable to skunks, and there is no danger of an "off" year. About 1,000,000 hares are raised in a year.

Why He Was Not Beloved.

A practical, matter-of-fact young woman was trying to describe a certain unpopular man that she knew. "He is the sort of person," she said, after careful thought, "who goes to Paris twice a year, but never asks you what size glove you wear."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Sore Points.

The pencil heaved a weary sigh,  
And murmured to the pen,  
"I haven't felt so out of sorts  
Since—oh, I don't know when!"  
"The penknife treats me very ill,  
It cuts me in the street,  
And really is extremely sharp  
Where'er we chance to meet."

"And when I broke the other day  
Beneath its bitter stroke,  
It said it didn't see the point,  
Neither did I the joke!"

"With many troubles I'm depressed,  
My heart just feels like lead."  
The pen mopped up an inky tear,  
"I weep for you," it said.  
—Cassell's Little Folks.

A Famous Hospital Dog.

Although Leo, the dog belonging to the Women and Children's hospital, Cork, was Irish, his fame was almost as great in England as in his own country, and his death will be regretted by those of both nations who are interested in benevolent movements. His history will bear comparison with that of any dog of public fame. Of dignified demeanor, he was always to be seen on the streets with his Alpine barrel slung round his neck, bent on errands of mercy as important as those of the great monastery dogs. He gathered over \$5000 for the hospital. Leo won the proud distinction of carrying off the cup offered by the Prince of Wales to the dog who collected the largest amount for a hospital, and he was also known to the Princess of Wales, who frequently petted him. He is succeeded in his benevolent exertions by his eldest son, Leo.—London Telegraph.

A Hero of the Revolution.

General William Moultrie was one of the heroes of the Revolution. He was born in England in 1731 and died in Charleston, S. C., Sept. 27, 1806. His father, who was a Scotch physician, decided to emigrate to this country when the future general was but two years old. He passed his early life in South Carolina, which was then infested by Indians and wild beasts. He always had a love of military life, and when in 1761 the Cherokee Indians threatened South Carolina he was appointed captain of a militia regiment. In this war he gained a knowledge of military affairs that was of the greatest use to him in the struggle of the colonies against England. One of the earliest patriots to boldly come out for the independence of the colonies, he was at the beginning of the war appointed to command one of the militia regiments and was a member of the Continental Congress of 1775. When early in June, 1776, the British naval and land forces hurried to Charleston, Moultrie hastily finished the fort on Sullivan island at the entrance to Charleston harbor and gave the English commanders, Sir Henry Clinton and Admiral Sir Peter Parker, so much trouble that they abandoned the siege. During the Revolution General Moultrie was usually in command of the military operations in the south, and so able was he that once when he was captured the British vainly made every possible offer of money and land to induce him to join their side. When the war was over, he was elected governor of South Carolina and wrote a valuable book of memoirs.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

Hans Christian Andersen.

Have you ever read the story of the "Ugly Duckling?" I am sure you have, for every boy or girl who has read Andersen's fairy tales must have come across the one of the ungainly duckling that finally proved to be a white swan and went sailing away with its own kind after the common barnyard ducks had made fun of it in all manner of ways because it was such a big and ugly duckling. Hans Christian Andersen is said to have found the story in his own experience for he was an "ugly duckling" in his youth. He was born at Odessa, in Denmark, April 2, 1805. His father was a poor shoemaker and died when Hans was nine years old, leaving the family destitute. Hans was taken to a home by a kindly lady, but soon found work in a factory. Instead of learning a trade he tried to amuse his fellow-workmen by reciting dramatic pieces. This was not pleasing to the other workmen or their employer, so young Hans went home and began to write tragedies that nobody cared to read. At 14 years of age he determined to become an actor. The manager of the Copenhagen theatre would not engage him, so Hans went to work with a carpenter. He wasn't a good carpenter and was soon out of work again. Then he went to the Royal conservatory and was instructed as a singer for the stage. Soon his voice failed him and he was advised to learn a trade in his native town. But Hans wasn't good at learning trades and determined to become a scholar instead. Through a friend who had faith in his talents he secured free admission into the Royal college. Already he had written a poem, "The Dying Infant," which had attracted attention, and soon after entering the college he wrote his first book, "A Journey on Foot to Amack." This gained him great fame, and he wrote book after book, each of which was successful. In spite of his literary success, Hans Andersen seemed not to save money. He traveled much and was generous—two ways of disposing of money. When, in 1874, it was reported that Hans, "the old story-teller," as he was called, was without means, the children of America raised a large sum of money and sent it to him as a Christmas present, together with a copy of "Picturesque

America." This pleased the old gentleman very much, especially as it reached him on his 70th birthday, August 4, 1875, the venerable man died in Copenhagen, and all the world mourned his loss. The day of his funeral was made one of national mourning, and the king and other members of the royal family of Denmark, with the ministers and chief officers of the kingdom, attended his funeral. Thus the "ugly duckling" died, loved and venerated by all.—Chicago Record.

The Rooster and the Chicken.

On a farm in South Carolina there was—or did live until a short time ago—a remarkable rooster. He was a most philanthropic and kindly old bird, who devoted his days to the bringing up of young chickens.

As soon as a brood of tiny downy chickens were old enough to stand on their little legs and might venture abroad under the watchful eye of a guardian, they were put in a coop with the old rooster for a few days, so that they might all get well acquainted. Then the fatherly rooster, with his young friends in tow, would start out in search of nice fat worms, which the old fellow would scratch up for the hungry chicks. And woe betide the tempted cat or prowling dog which ventured too near to Mr. Rooster's proteges! There would be an angry bristling of his neck feathers, and the intruder would be nicely spurred.

And let me tell you it is no fun to be spurred by a rooster.

This particular rooster was very broad in his philanthropy. He did not confine his kindly acts to those of his own species. Sometimes a lot of little ducklings would be put in his charge in addition to a brood of chicks.

And they all got along together like one big happy family during the daytime, but at night the paternal heart of the rooster was often sorely disturbed. The young chickens, of course, roosted high, and with them the rooster. But the ducks, being built on a different plan, were obliged to stick to Mother Earth.

Mr. Rooster would get nicely settled for the night—half dozing off perhaps—when the young ducks, very much like human babies, would set up a dismal quacking.

Then poor old papa rooster would come hopping to the ground and rustle in among the lonely ducklings as much as to say, "I am right here, my dears, so that no harm can come to you. Please go to sleep like nice good duckies." And then, having soothed them back to quietude, their guardian would hop up to his roost again. For by that time the chicks had missed him and were calling him.

Some nights the old fellow would be kept hopping back and forth between his divided family for over an hour—until, in fact, it became too dark for him to see his way.

Like human parents, he had a good deal to worry him at times. One poor little chick of his wandered too far away from his sheltering wing one day, and found itself in the stable. It began to explore, being of a venturesome disposition, and presently sauntered into a stall occupied by a mule. This fellow, dictated either by hunger or a bad temper, put down his head and bit off the poor little chick's two wings!

Strange to relate, but true, nevertheless, this chicken lived to grow up. Of course it was never as other chickens, and it had to be very careful about running too fast. It could tread along in a straight line without trouble, but if it turned a corner on the run, over it went.

In losing its wings it had lost its equilibrium.

The poor thing came to a premature end! One night it fell off the roost and landed exactly on its back. Without its wings it could not right itself, and the next morning it was dead.—Harper's Bazar.

Wash Your Hands.

It has recently been claimed that cases of infection that could be accounted for in no other way have been explained by the fingers as a vehicle. In handling money, especially of paper, doo knobs, banisters, car straps and a hundred things that everyone must frequently touch there are chances innumerable of picking up germs of typhoid, scarlatina, diphtheria, smallpox, etc. Yet some persons actually put such things in their mouths, if not too large. Before eating or touching that which is eaten, the hands should be immediately and scrupulously washed. We hear much about general cleanliness as "next to godliness." It may be added that here in particular it is also ahead of health and safety. The Jews made no mistake in that "except they washed they ate not." It is a sanitary ordinance as well as an ordinance of good manners.

Proved a Horse's Friend.

A very ordinary looking farm horse harnessed to an old wagon stood by the curb, and on the board that served for a seat lay a small dog of such mixed blood that no guess can be made as to his breed, says the Burlington Free Press.

As a delivery wagon passed on the opposite side of the street a large red apple fell off. Before it stopped rolling the dog bounded across the street, picked it up with his teeth, and with tail wagging, rushed back to the horse, in front of which he stood on his hind legs while the apple was taken from his mouth.

As the horse snatched the apple he made the peculiar little noise that horses make when petted, and doggie replied with thirty little barks which plainly told what a pleasure it had been to go after that apple. Then he went back to his nap on the wagon seat.