

# THE BOERS DEFY THE BRITISH.

aborate Preparations For War Made by the Transvaal Republic.

## RESIDENT KRUGER'S STAND

General P. J. Joubert, an American, is the Commander of the Boer Army Consisting of 25,000 Well-Armed Warriors.



PRESIDENT KRUGER AND HIS ESCORT.

In a little whitewashed cottage in South Africa sits "Oom" Paul Kruger, defying the whole British nation. It is one of the strangest spectacles of the age to witness this seventy-year-old Boer, the head of one of earth's greatest nations, raising himself against the aggression of its strongest power, like a fawn pitting its strength against that of a lion.

The present differences between the British Colonial Secretary and the African Republic are but a continuation of the old troubles with the Boer of a new phase. For fifty years past he has asserted that the Transvaal is a mere dependency, with no laws for herself, unless they are sanctioned by the Imperial Government. The Boers have steadily maintained that the agreement between the two nations, as arranged at the London convention in 1881, gave to England only the power of supervising international treaties.



PRESIDENT KRUGER AND HIS WIFE.

Kruger, who was a member of the London commission, has asserted, with characteristic vehemence on several occasions, that England has no right to interfere in the Transvaal's private affairs, and that such interference will not be tolerated.

The British Colonial Secretary, spurred on by Cecil J. Rhodes, England's empire-maker in South Africa, has been persistently trying to extend his authority so that the entire law-making power of the Boer Volksraad should be under his jurisdiction and control. He has demanded that all laws and treaties, whether relating to the internal or external interests of the republic, shall be referred to him for his approval before operative, and he has asked that old laws which are not favorable to English interests in the Transvaal shall be repealed. This interference has naturally been provocative of much ill-feeling not only

devise is done to embarrass the Government.

The amazing part of the situation is that none of the American, German, Dutch and French residents of the Transvaal—and there are many thousands of these in business in the country—joins with the Englishmen in protesting against the laws of the Boers. Their sympathy with the Boers was shown at the time of the Raid, when all of them ranged themselves on the side of the Kruger cohorts.

The War Department Intelligence Bureau in Washington has collected a mass of valuable information regarding the armament and equipment of the Boer Government. According to the data at hand it is learned that the Transvaal authorities within the last four years have equipped the artillery branch of the army entirely with Krupp guns. The pieces embrace standard field guns of 2.95-inch calibre, and in addition, mountain guns of 2.36-inch calibre and bush guns of 1.46-inch calibre. The field guns are mostly of the lighter Krupp variety of twenty-eight calibre length. It is this type of weapon which the Chilean army used in the late war in Chile, and for rough country work the Krupps declare it to be the best piece of ordnance turned out in Europe.

The 2.36-inch mountain gun is capable of being transported on the backs of three mules; one mule carries the barrel, a second the carriage, and a third the wheels and shafts. The normal weight for each animal amounts to about 199 pounds. To this must be added the weight of the saddle and equipment, making a total of 287 pounds per animal. In the United States 300 pounds is deemed maximum pack-weight for a strong mule. The Krupp bush-gun in the possession of the Boers consists of a piece of very light weight, and one capable of being transported in all places, even over the most difficult ground. This type of gun has been used in a number of punitive African expeditions.

The Boer infantry is now armed with the latest type of Mauser rifle, the handwork of the Loewe works of Berlin. The cavalry carry German regulation revolvers and sabres. According to the military attaches' reports, the Transvaal forces are essentially German in equipment and drill, and the fact is also noted that many commissioned officers in the Boer service learned the art of warfare in the German army. There is good reason to believe that there are, even now, many German officers with the Boer troops, who are simply absent from their regiments in Germany, on leave. The fact that the German Government permitted,

square" in South Africa, and he is confident that he can do it again. As commander-in-chief of the Boers he is the man who may have the task of trying to whip the English forces in battle. General Joubert is an American, having been born in Uniontown, Penn., in 1841, and few men have had a more picturesque career or know as much about the relation of the Transvaal to the Swazis. When fourteen years of age he left this country and went to Holland. His taste for war was always keen, and when the rebellion broke out he came to this country and served in the navy under Admiral Dupont. Later he became captain of a colored company under General Weitzel. After the war he returned to Holland, and later went to South Africa. When the rule of the English became intolerant to the Dutch at Cape Colony and Cape of Good Hope,



GENERAL JOUBERT, COMMANDER OF OOM PAUL'S FORCES.

and many of them went north to the Transvaal, General Joubert went with them. After he had assisted them materially in driving out the wild beasts, conquering the savages, settling the country, discovering and developing the diamond fields, the English suddenly discovered that they had a claim to this far away country. He was only a plain Boer, or farmer, when his fellow subjects determined to resist the British. In 1881, at the head of a handful of Dutch farmers, he met the British army at Majuba Hill and put it to flight after great slaughter. This secured liberty for the Boers, and they accordingly look upon General Joubert, now Vice-President of the South African Republic, as the Washington of their country. General Joubert visited this country in the latter part of 1890 for the purpose of arranging an exhibit at the World's Fair for South



MAJUBA HILL AT THE PRESENT DAY.

between the heads of the two Governments, but between the individuals as well.

To understand the Transvaal situation thoroughly one must know that every British subject in the Transvaal considers that every inch of Transvaal soil is rightfully the property of the British nation, and that the Boers are merely interlopers, with no rights that are deserving the respect of an Englishman. They regard the Boers as so many ignorant, uncleanly savages, who do not know how to govern themselves, much less others. Every Englishman in the gold-fields, or in any other part of the republic, still smarting under the sting of the Jameson failure, and nothing will wipe out that score but the sight of the British flag flying over the whole of the Transvaal. Everything that indignantly can

openly, German officers to take service with the Turks in the war between Turkey and Greece lends additional confirmation to the report.

In the opinion of many well-posted American officers, the Boers are in far better shape, to-day, for war than is generally supposed. A war between the Boers and English will mean, it is said in official circles here, a much stouter affair than Great Britain has had to deal with in the last thirty-five years. The Boers, at the present time, are in much better shape, and are more ably officered than they were in the last struggle with the English. It is estimated by the various reports that the Boers are able to put into the field 25,000 well-equipped and well-officered men. General P. J. Joubert is one of the few men who ever "broke a British



[Showing the British troops fleeing before the deadly fire of the Boers at the battle of Majuba Hill, February 27, 1881, when Sir George Colley's defeat ended the war and resulted in the recognition of the independence of the South African Republic by Great Britain.]

African products. While in New York the Holland Society arranged many receptions and dinners in his honor.

### Cuba as a Future Winter Resort.

The entire island of Cuba is a great park that needs no artificial training to enhance its beauty, and it is destined to become the winter resort of all the Eastern States. But great administrative improvements in the ports, besides the police and material ones noted, will be necessary before this can happen. For instance, it would do much for the island if the port of Havana could be freed from the high pilot fees, anchorage fees, docking fees, and fees of all sorts that make it impossible for small craft to enter. Even the large steamers do not dock, but cargo has to be lightered out and passengers are compelled to use the small boats that swarm the harbor.—Scribner's.

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

**The Valley of Makebelleve.**  
There's an old covered wagon,  
Quite rusty and gray,  
That stands 'neath an elm tree  
Just over the way;  
And it goes on a journey,  
On each pleasant day,  
To the beautiful valley of Makebelleve.

They don't charge you fare  
On this wonderful trip;  
Each passenger goes with  
A smile on his lip,  
Like a bee buzzing round  
For honey to sip,  
To the beautiful valley of Makebelleve.

It's a queer, sweet land they  
Are fond for today;  
It's the home of the goblin,  
And land of the fay;  
And though you won't see them,  
You'll hear them they say,  
All about in the valley of Makebelleve.

Bright Fancy and Youth are  
The winged steeds that draw  
This magical coach to  
That fair land before.  
Now see how they're prancing,  
And see how they paw,  
And it's hot for the valley of Makebelleve!

The way is quite plain for  
The young and the gay,  
But you never will find it—  
You old ones, and gray—  
For the path leads back through  
The years to the day  
When you played in the valley of Makebelleve.

**A Bird's Nest in School.**  
A country school was surprised one morning by the announcement from a Jenny Wren that she meant to neighbor with them. One shutter chanced to be closed, and she hopped through a broken sash with a twig in her mouth. After turning her head from side to side, and eying the entire school through the glass, she decided that that window sill was the very place she wanted for her nest. For her to decide was to act, and within two weeks Jenny was sitting on a nest full of eggs. She became the pet of the happy school. Under the teacher's good guidance, they scattered crumbs upon the window ledge, so that her daily bread came without much toil. Of course, the shutter was never moved; but, as the pleasant acquaintance lengthened and the warmer days came on, the window was raised, and Jenny looked upon the bright faces with full content. When the little birds were all hatched—one, two, three, four—it was hard to tell which was the prouder, the mother wren or the school. When feeding time came, that nest full of months was the centre of interest. Teacher and pupils were helped in their work by the nearness of this happy family.—Primary Education.

**Game of Town Whoop.**  
The good old game of town whoop seems to have fallen into disfavor, or to have been forgotten. We have all played here and hoards. But have you ever played town whoop? This is the way we did it: In the first place we all met at some special point—say the old town hall, and our route was carefully mapped out—from the town hall to a certain lane, up the lane to the dead elm, from the elm to a brook (probably a mile away), and so on, but our last point had to be the place from which we started; also each stopping point was carefully noted.

After the chased and chasers were selected we set off, giving the former to the first stopping place before the chasers started after them. When they reached this point they were compelled to whoop, and thereafter at each of the stopping places along the route determined upon before the start. They could hide within one yard each side of the route, but no more, and they were compelled to keep within bounds.

If any fell by the wayside or were caught they were made captives, and were made to go under the paddle, that well known form of boy punishment. Those who escaped could each choose one of the pursuers, who on his part was then compelled to undergo the same punishment. Sometimes we would run for miles and miles, and great would be the rejoicing of the paddlers when the race was over and they who had lost were compelled to submit to the caresses of their conquerors.—New York Herald.

**Sir John Lubbock's Pet.**  
No mortal man ever had stranger pets than Sir John Lubbock, and every reader who knows what it is to have a wasp's sting on the nape of the neck will be astonished to hear that the well known banker once kept a wasp as a household pet—a wasp, too, which became so tame that when it reached its allotted span, it laid down and died in its owner's arms, so to speak. Sir John caught this remarkable wasp in the Pyrenees, and immediately made up his mind to tame it. He began by teaching it to take its meals on his hand and although the tiny creature was at first shy of going through its table d'hôte on such an unusual festive board, in a very short space of time it grew to expect to be fed in that way. Sir John pressed this pet with the greatest care. True, it stung him once, but then, it had every excuse for doing so. Sir John was examining it while on a railway journey and the door being opened by a ticket collector, he unceremoniously stuffed it into a bottle, and the outraged Spaniard, not feeling quite at home during the process, gave him a gentle reminder as to the proper way to treat a guest. The wasp was a pet in every sense of the word, and became so fond of the owner that it allowed itself to be stroked. It enjoyed civilization for just nine months, when it fell ill, and although Sir John did all he could to prolong its life, it died. Many wasps have been under Sir John's ob-

servation, but he has never had such a genuine pet as this one. The others he has taken in hand for the purposes of experiment and to show that many of these insects which the thoughtless are apt to kill and maltreat provided a most entertaining study. Sir John's world is really made up of a lot of little worlds. When he is tired of the banking world, he turns to the political world; then, when he wants a change, he busies himself in either the wasp world, the bee world, the spider world, or the ant world—the last four of which are just as curious as our own world. Sir John's private sanctum at his country seat is a receptacle for bees and wasps, and small wonder, seeing that a store of honey is always provided for their delectation. As the winged creatures come and go the master of the house studies their habits; and, as he has been studying them for more than a generation, it is not surprising that he knows almost as much about the insect world as the insects do themselves. The experiments which he has made with his pets may be numbered by the thousand, but how he has acquired all his knowledge one does not pretend to understand. It is not everybody who would care to trifle with a wasp. Some time ago Sir John found a wasp whose wings were so smeared with honey that it couldn't fly. He watched it and presently saw a lot of other wasps—chums of the sticky one—come up and lick the honey off the back of their distressed companion. The operation, however, was not conducted in as praiseworthy a fashion as it might have been, so Sir John went to the rescue and, after giving the invalid a bath, put it out to dry in a bottle. When it was nice and clean and respectable looking he let it loose; but, to his intense surprise, after flying home, it came back, perhaps not exactly to express its gratitude, but at all events to fetch some more honey.—Chums.

**A Live Doll Show.**  
I saw a live doll show last winter—fourteen live dolls, and a nurse all dressed up with white apron and cap. At least, she called them dolls, and they behaved very much like dolls, moving only at her touch. They had evidently been taught that "children should be seen and not heard," all but the "squeaking" doll and the "proverb grandma," which will be described in their turn. The exhibition was gotten up by a girls' club that was organized for "sweet charity's" sake. The C. W. B. M. ladies were giving a social, and one room had been converted into a nursery for the dolls. They charged five cents admission, and they intended to spend the money in making somebody happier at Christmas.

The most of the dolls were jointed, and when the nurse pressed a spring in the back of their necks, they would bob their heads in a little courtesy. A lady standing by one said that she thought people made courtesies with their bodies.

"Oh, but dolls do not, you know," answered the nurse.

And, sure enough, they don't. The biggest doll of all was a rag baby, which was thrown carelessly in a rocking chair. She behaved beautifully, though every one who passed her took hold of her head to see if she was jointed, and they would ask if she was filled with sawdust. She never once smiled, till a little boy, in passing out, said, "Good night, Miss Rag." All the dolls laughed at that.

But they all did splendidly, and I know the nurse was proud of them. There were three paper dolls, Tina, Tess and Tot, dressed in plaited wall paper dresses and quaint paper hats. Their arms only were jointed. The china doll wore a dark dress and a white apron.

The little Esquimaux, when wound up, would stomp across the floor. Then the nurse would turn her round, and she would turn her round, and she would trot back. She was dressed in white frothy-looking stuff.

The young-lady doll wore her big sister's dress, and looked quite stylish. The Scotch lassie was equipped for sport, dressed in plaid, with her skates slung over her shoulder.

A man offered the nurse ten cents for the "squeaking" doll. When pressed in the chest, she would say "Papa" or "Mamma" in a squeaky voice, very much like a doll. Poor thing! Every one wanted to hear her "say it over and over again." She, the nurse said, was a present from Mrs. McKinley.

"Pocahontas" was like a veritable Indian, with her red (candy-painted) cheeks and long straight black hair. She set on the floor beside a Japanese lady, who wore a gay-flowered dress and carried a Japanese umbrella.

A sweet-faced nun, "sister Marguerite," stood guard by a high-chair in which sat a curly-haired baby doll. The "baby" was jointed, and could make her little curtsy, like the others. They were all remarkably polite dolls, owing, perhaps, to the presence of the "proverb grandma." When wound up, she would jerk out, in slow succession, these three proverbs: "Peeny wise, pound-foolish," "Spare-rod, spoil-child," and "All's-well-t's-end-well."

The "proverb grandma" is the minister's daughter, and when the nurse, in describing her, said she was very energetic, her papa said: "What's that you say? Active is she?" Then everybody laughed.

Quite a jolly lot of dolls they were, who were transformed in a trice into fourteen hungry girls as they were invited to the dining room. Their tongues were soon loosened, and in a few minutes they went home, happy that they had given others pleasure.—Sunday School Times.

## KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

### SEIZED BY A SNAKE.

Huge Rattler Surprises a Williamsport Lady While Wheeling a Baby Carriage.—Saved By a Parasol.

While wheeling a baby carriage along the principal street, South Williamsport recently, Mrs. H. Johnson was attacked by a large rattlesnake. Feeling something tightening around her ankle she glanced down and was horrified to see the reptile coiling itself about her and apparently ready to bury its poisonous fangs in the flesh. Hastily thrusting a parasol through the squirming coils of the snake she tore the rattler loose and with a scream ran down the street. Several boys killed the snake, which measured five feet.

The following pensions were issued last week: Michael Kriner, Waynesboro, \$8; Charles Henry Viles, Waynesboro, \$8; Samuel Trevena, Feeburg, Snyder, \$8; Isaac Z. Burgal, Henrietta, Blair, \$8; Robert A. Confer, Hughesville, Lycoming, \$8; George W. Turner, Old Frame, Fayette, \$10; James Allison, New Brighton, Beaver, \$10; Charles D. Tingley, Alfred, Susquehanna, \$12; Levi Leaso, Berlin, Somerset, \$20; Martin Pfohl, Pittsburg, \$8; James Welsh, Grove Summit, Jefferson, \$16; Joseph T. Guthrie, Jeffersville, Jefferson, \$10; James Mosgrove, Smithburg, Wayne, \$12; Amos Focht, Mahantango Junction, \$14; John Albert, Campbelltown, Lebanon, \$16; William Scantling, Wrightsville, York, \$8; Peter Moore, York, \$12; Anon O. Colgate, Emporium, \$12; James D. Colgate, Haverly, Wayne, \$12; Joseph H. Hess, Table Rock, Adams, \$12; Lafayette Massey, Allegheny, \$8; Joseph F. Barnett, West Elizabeth, Allegheny, \$12; Simon P. Townsend, Olivet, Armstrong, \$12; Conrad J. Eckenrode, Greensville, Franklin, \$12; Stephen Raymond, Burnside, Clearfield, \$5; William Packer, Ligonier, \$8; Philip Merkel, Shamokin, \$8; Samuel B. Haupt, Watsonstown, \$8; John Mellinger, Soldiers and Sailors Home, Erie, \$6; William Myers, Hopewood, Fayette, \$6; John Buchanan, Pittsburg, \$6; Joseph W. Rice, West Alexander, Washington, \$7; Abraham H. Barron, Champion, Fayette, \$7; Wm. J. Graham, Allegheny, \$6; Charles A. Murdock, Columbia, \$6.

Senator William J. Scott, of Luzerne, a member of the joint legislative committee to welcome the Tenth Pennsylvania regiment on its return from the Philippines to be mustered out, had a conference with Adjutant Stewart, in which he suggested that a provisional brigade of the National Guard be ordered to Pittsburg to receive the regiment. General Stewart said it would cost upward of \$12,000 to ship three regiments to Pittsburg, and that there are no funds available to meet this expense, so that the scheme will probably be abandoned.

Little Minnie Mack, 7 years old, of Fern, is a real hero. She saved the life of Mary Cook, aged 8 years, at the risk of her own. The little girl was kindling a fire in the kitchen stove the other morning. To hurry matters the kerosene oil can was pressed into use, and the usual result followed, enveloping the child in flames. The Mack girl came to the rescue, threw a quilt over the burning girl and succeeded, after hard work, in saving her life, although she is badly burned.

Undertaker Mooney was called to prepare the body of 4-months' old Victor Jackson, son of Daniel B. Jackson, of Wilkesbarre, and found the little one alive, although it had been reported dead five hours. A physician was sent for and he worked over the child with such success that the parents hoped for its recovery. It remained alive 10 hours before death finally came. The child was sick two months of spinal meningitis.

Private A. J. Shepperd of Company H, Nineteenth infantry, in camp at Camp Meade, was found dead in the Columbus hotel the other morning, having been suffocated by gas. Shepherd retired late and the strong odor of gas was perceptible early next morning. He was dead when found. Shepherd was from Barnesville, O., and was 52 years old. He had been in the service 27 years.

Postoffice Inspector Hugh Garman caused the arrest of George M. Bostwick, whom he had dismissed from the position of assistant postmaster at Montreat just Monday when whole-sale riding of letters in transit were disclosed. He was brought to Scranton and arraigned before Commissioner Taylor, who held him in \$1,000 bail for his appearance at a future hearing.

William Epps, George St. Clair and George Weeks, three colored men recently convicted of murder in the first degree, were sentenced to death at Philadelphia a few days ago. Epps strangled Ann Layler, an aged woman, while robbing her house last January. St. Clair and Weeks shot and killed Bertha White, a negro, last Christmas night during a quarrel.

While one-legged Ambrose Kelley of Manayunk was seated on the Reading trestle at Williamsport a passenger train bore down upon him and he was compelled to lie at full length at one side of the trestle. The step of the last car knocked him into the water, where he would have been drowned but for the fact that his cork leg buoyed him up.

Richard Parker, aged 16 years, son of Mrs. Mary Parker of Carlisle, was drowned at Dugans Dam, Perry county, last week. He was with a camping party of the Carlisle Young Men's Christian association. He went out on the creek in a boat, and becoming ill fell into the stream and was drowned in water only four feet deep.

Leads Gordon, aged 68 years, of Pittston, was drowned last week in the Susquehanna river at Falling Springs while fishing for bass. He and Robert Green were in a boat when a storm came up and capsized the craft. Green managed to reach shore. The drowned man was in the publishing business some time ago, but retired.

Maggie Jacobs, 17 years old, of Wilkesbarre, died of lockjaw Monday morning as a result of injuries received July 4.

Michael Roman, who was shot through the head in the clash of deputies and striking miners at Latimer September 10, 1897, was discharged from the Miners' Hospital the other day as cured. He underwent several operations and lingered for months between life and death. While Willie Frankfield, 15 years of age, of Allentown, was shooting at a mark with a revolver he shot himself in the leg. With a pocketknife he proceeded successfully to cut out the bullet, but the wound bled so much that he became alarmed and sought a doctor.

While waiting for service to begin in the Mennonite Church at Weissport the other night Miss Florence Oswald, aged 15 years, was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

The annual tribute of the United States to consumption is over 100,000 of its inhabitants.