

# 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 manners brusque and taciturn, but if you find you are harmless he can be very hospitable. He does not drink. 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

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.

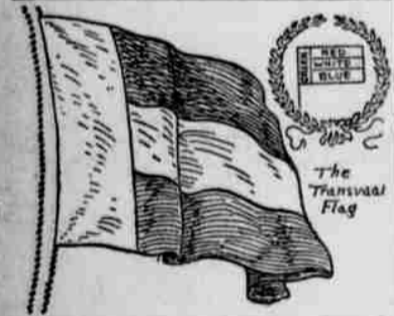
He has no amusements, according to European or American lights. Knowing nothing of theatres or picture galleries, he does not want them.



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 Nachtmal, which is equivalent to the Scotch Fast Day or Lord's Supper. In the little market square of the nearest little burg there will stand a modest 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 Nachtmal.

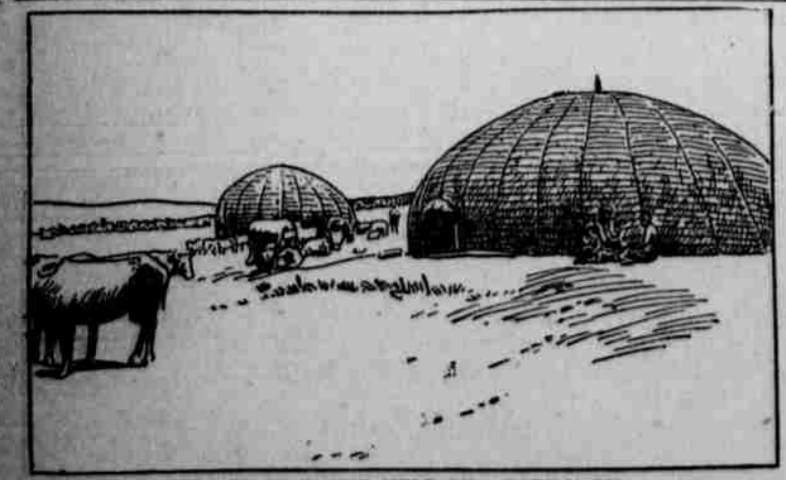


The Transvaal Flag.

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—



KRAALS OF KAPPIB 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, and, perhaps, he possesses a little hammock for his daughter to pick

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



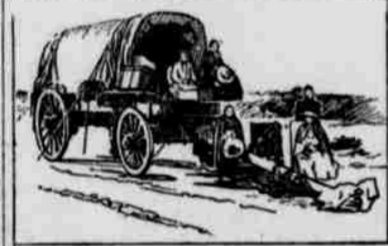
CHURCH AND PARSONAGE TYPICAL OF THE TRANSVAAL.

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.



BOERS GATHERED FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER, PIETERSBURG.

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.



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

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 gang 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 household bargains, you know. I thought it would be so lovely to go to the department stores and buy icepicks 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 her penitentiary contains 940 convicts. Illinois pays the warden of the Joliet penitentiary, with 1800 prisoners in his keeping, \$8500 and provides his living. Minnesota, with 629 convicts, gives the warden of the Stillwater prison a salary of \$5000.

# FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT.

Women to Be Recognized. Sixteen windows in the dome of the capitol at Denver, Col. are to have portraits of leading citizens of the state, and the women have demanded of the managers that their sex shall be represented in at least five of them. Among the women suggested are Mrs. Augusta Taber, Mrs. Albert G. Boone, wife of the scout, and Chippewa, wife Chief Ouray of the Utes. The Woman's Journal suggests as one of these portraits that of Margaret W. Campbell, a former resident of Colorado, through whose efforts in 1876 woman suffrage was authorized by the state constitution.

The Queen Trends to Her Household. Notwithstanding the great amount of business with which she has to deal, the Queen is to a large extent her own housekeeper. The first thing every morning a paper of suggestions from the clerk of the kitchen is placed before her, from which, in her own hand, she orders the menus of the day, both for herself and such of her grandchildren as may be with her. The Queen's chef receives a salary of \$2000 per annum, and has as satellites four master cooks, two yeomen of the kitchen, two assistant cooks, two roasting cooks, six apprentices and six kitchenmaids, besides pantries and other lesser lights.

A Bunch of Charms Now. The proper wrinkle for the wearer of charms and bar aric jingles is a bunch of amulets, and the smart bangle shops cater to this new fad by making thirteen diminutive and dainty toys of gold, silver and crystal, all attached to one short chain from which they can serve as watch fob ornament, chatelaine or bangle adornment, or as a play toy for the long neck chain. Each charm is a symbol of some blessing or virtue. The tiny amethyst heart in its rim of gold signifies happiness, the golden filbert long life, the bit of heather pressed within a flat crystal locket life-long happiness, the shamrock good luck, etc. A bean, a sprig of silver mistletoe, a tiny pig of bog oak, a violet and an anchor are among these charms.

Mrs. Labori and the Cat. Mrs. Marguerite Labori, before her first marriage, was a professional pianist. On a tour in England she was for a week the tenant of a handsome apartment belonging to another musician. During this time the latter called on the fair pianist said: "I have fallen in love with your cat. It is a musical prodigy. I never practice but it comes and sits down near me and looks at me with an expression that is almost human. As long as I play it keeps quiet, as if its soul were lost in the pleasure of the performance. The moment I stop it wails as if to beg for an encore." "I dislike to destroy a romance," replied her friend, "but for the last five years I have made it a rule to feed the cat at the moment my practicing was over."

Mrs. Labori spent many years in Boston, Mass., and became a social favorite at the Hub. She met her present husband after her return to the Continent, where she was engaged in professional music work. In appearance she is a typical Anglo-Saxon, with a well-knit frame, showing a love of outdoor sports. Her complexion is pink and white, and her bright dark eyes show an inheritance of health and vigor.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Wave the Hair Naturally. Most important in waving the hair in the great undulations which are so popular for the pompadour effect just at present is to make it look as natural as possible. The point of difference between naturally wavy hair and waves created by the curling iron is that the former undulate evenly and match all over the head, no matter from what part the hair is combed. The waves fit into each other. The artificial wavelets are all sizes, and jag at every inch or so, showing an unevenness of heat in the iron and no regard for making ends fit together.

While it is not possible to perfectly counterfeit nature, still, having decided upon the sort of coiffure desired, the waves can be manufactured surprisingly even. The first lock having been waved, all others must match it in size and direction as if the whole head were waved in one impression of the hot iron. This can be done accurately by taking a few hairs from the first lock and combing it with the second to measure the waves. This must be continued all around the first lock, and extend all around the head. Only in this way can a waved coiffure be made effective. The iron must also be of even temperature throughout the whole process, otherwise one wave will be tighter than another. When properly done the most simple arrangement is beautiful.

Latest Fancies in Lingerie. The fastidious that women have for dainty lingerie not infrequently leads them into grave mistakes in purchasing it. The cheap garments, with their fluffy lace, while so attractive on the bargain table, lamentably fail to keep their character after one laundering.

The caubric umbrella skirt, four and a half yards wide, with four insertions of Valenciennes and a wide lace ruffle is fashionable. Another favorite is a skirt of the same style with a two-inch Point de Paris insertion and a full lace ruffle, protected by a dust ruffle.

The most desirable nightgowns are

made of fine French cambric, in plain white or with pink or blue dots. Colored batistes in delicate tints are much used for all undergarments, and are trimmed with fine thread laces. These materials launder well and are very durable.

Nightgowns are trimmed with Point de Paris lace, and have large revers trimmed with fine tucks and insertion. Gowns with the square yoke effect are elaborately ornamented with dainty satin bows of white, pink, lavender or blue. The empie gown does not lose its popularity, and it is most effective when trimmed with fluffy lace and dainty satin bows.

Some of the best shops are showing petticoats made to fit snugly over the hips and flaring full at the knee. These are designed to be worn with the new box-plaited skirts.

The finest corset covers are no longer fitted to the figure, but are drawn into place at the neck and waist by tiny strings. Some exquisite creations in this line are fashioned of white silk and trimmed with creamy silk lace and insertion. Others are elaborately trimmed with white lace and baby ribbon. These special confections, however, command as high a price as the average woman pays for a silk shirt waist, and consequently are within the reach of only a favored few.

Creations in the line of silk petticoats are becoming more elaborate daily. As much labor is frequently expended in making one of them as would be required to turn out a complete costume. Accordion or knife plaited ruffles adorn all of the latest petticoats and where insertions of silk lace are added an appearance of extreme airiness is produced. The upper parts of many of the skirts are trimmed with lovers' knots of lace.—New York Tribune.

Womanly Exercise Not New With Us. Susan, Countess of Malmesbury, seeks to rid the mind of the fallacy that outdoor exercise is a special attribute of the women of the present day. Our mothers and grandmothers, she reminds us, could sit a horse, wield a salmon rod or use an oar. We know, too, that Mary Queen of Scots never could keep her health unless she rode twenty or thirty miles a day, and that the ladies of her court accompanied her when she went out hawking.

Both the women and the men of past days led, forcibly, lives which were in the main quieter than ours, locomotion being so much more expensive, fatiguing and difficult.

Many things which formerly were done at home by the mistress of the house and her maid servants now are accomplished best elsewhere.

The doctor and the chemist of today are more reliable than those of the past, therefore the mother of the family does not find it necessary or even advisable to concoct medicines for those about her.

Certainly the principles and practice of today appear to have created a race of fine upstanding young women, many of whom leave their homes, where they have been loved and delicately nurtured, to follow their husbands, enduring all manner of hardships without complaint.

Many of these women, who have never done a hard day's work in their lives, go to the colonies, and what their hands find to do that they bravely undertake. Their mental training would be of the wrong sort indeed had it not taught them the dignity of the necessary labor of a woman for those she loves.

Careful diet, continues the countess, and exercise specially adapted to the needs of each individual are the most powerful—indeed the only lasting—remedies we possess against the enervating effect of luxury or high pressure, and the sedentary existence which the stern necessity of earning a living has imposed on too many of our sex, and they are remedies which cannot be replaced by medical treatment.

Almost every woman might, if she had the time at her disposal, derive benefit from the bringing into active use of some one set of muscles, supposing that her efforts were directed rightly. The Swedish system of gymnastics fully recognizes this fact, and it is well known that there are special movements which improve the action of the heart or of the digestive faculties, as the case may be.

The whole secret lies in knowing what to do, but in not overdoing it, and in developing side by side the mental and physical qualities of our young girls as they are growing up.

Gleanings from the Shops. Separate skirts of corduroy in staple colors, to be worn with flannel shirt waists.

Separate skirts in various plaid combinations to be worn with black velvet jackets.

Whip belts made of Mexican cinch leather fastened with a trace buckle and strap.

Many mottled green and brown woolen materials for golf suits and separate skirts.

Many chemisettes and detachable guimpes of lace and some tissue material combined.

Practical needlework cases of leather handsomely appointed with sterling silver accessories.

Imperial ties of rich faille française with silk-embroidered ends in patriotic emblems.

Sheath petticoats of taffeta finished around the lower edge with a mass of points, flutes or frills, below which is a deep flounce of crepe de chine.

Black taffeta jackets in Eton form finished with revers and high Medici collar, decorated with white silk guimp threaded with narrow black ribbon.—Dry Goods Economist.

# KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

## MURDER AND SUICIDE.

### Allentown Hotel Keeper Murders His Wife in the View of Hundreds of Men—Then Takes His Own Life.

George W. Kern, proprietor of the Hotel Mecca, at Allentown, Pa., Sunday morning killed his wife and himself. The pair had not been living together for three months, owing to Kerr's ill-treatment. Mrs. Kern was employed in a laundry, and when she boarded a trolley car at 6:30 o'clock to go to her work her husband stood on the rear platform displaying a revolver. When Mrs. Kern observed him she ran screaming out of the front door of the car and sought the protection of about 200 wire mill employees. Kern hastened after her, and twice pulled the trigger, but the weapon failed to discharge. The husband dragged his wife into his hotel and, barricading the door with a chair, in full view of the crowd, slit her head. He then killed himself. Kern was 35 years old and his wife 25.

The following pensions were granted last week: Matthew Templeton, Beck's Mills, \$12; Barton Howe, Mitchell Creek, \$5 to \$14; Samuel Swank, Stauffer, \$12 to \$17; Garret B. Shragner, Phoenix, \$19 to \$17; John King, Kittanning, \$19 to \$12; George Orris, Joint, \$5 to \$3; Jefferson S. Carey, Towanda, \$4 to \$17; Rose Adwyre, Altoona, \$5; Mary L. Jackson, Allegheny, \$3; Miles Terry, father, North East, \$12; Susan Ferguson, Deep Water, \$12; Elizabeth McKeena, Youngstown, \$5; Elizabeth J. Overcash, Altoona, \$5; minors of Samuel J. Stewart, Pittsburg, \$16; Michael Brown, Meyersdale, \$5; Charles M. Moon, Tionesta, \$5; Charles Reddick, Saxenburg, \$5; David Garloch, Swanville, \$5; John Moore (deed), Sewickley, \$29; Chauncey F. Ackerman, Greensburg, \$5 to \$10; Michael Wilhelm, Cambridge Springs, \$5 to \$12; James G. Lemmingwell, Conneautville, \$17 to \$24; William Sloan, Finleyville, \$12 to \$17; George W. Conlan, Horntons, \$5 to \$10; James H. Hark, New Brighton, \$10 to \$14; William G. Williams, Lindsey, \$4 to \$6; Hettie Moore, Sewickley, \$12; Mary Claycomb, Fishertown, \$5; Lewis H. Swiger, Edenhill, \$5; William Pentecost, Pittsburg, \$12; John S. Harsh, Washington, \$5; Eli A. Proper, Bradford, \$5; James P. Wolff, Waynesboro, \$25 to \$27; Elias Stutzman, Lull, \$12 to \$14; Christopher Pawcett, Pittsburg, \$5 to \$10; John Hughes, New Castle, \$12 to \$17; Chauncey S. Pittsburg, Cambridge Springs, \$12 to \$14; Henry B. Clark, Ellsburg, \$5 to \$12; Elizabeth A. Luce, Meadville, \$5; Eleanor E. Rawles, Beas Landing, \$5.

A short time before the death of Morris Gaut of Wilkesharre, formerly of the mail service in Pittsburg, he invested \$500 in a Western gold mine at 10 cents a share. After his death the certificate of the stock was found among his papers, but they were not regarded with much consideration. The unexpected happened and the investment has just turned out to be one of real value. The mine operators have just notified Mrs. Gaut here that the shares of stock are worth \$25 each, and that the \$500 invested by her late husband has rounded out to \$5,000.

Fire broke out on the third floor of the Altoona Mirror building Tuesday night, and before it was got under control had done \$20,000 worth of damage. The heaviest losers are: H. & N. H. Slep, proprietors of the Mirror, whose loss on plant, including linotype machines, presses, stock and building, will foot up to \$27,000; W. H. Mulholand's feed store, next door to the damaged by water \$2,000, and his whole stock is ruined; Thomas Wier, wholesale confectioner, is damaged \$1,000 by smoke and water.

Hattie Fritz and Anna Eslich, of Wilkesbarre, aged 17 and 15 years respectively, were arrested at their homes in Luzerne borough last week charged with tampering with the United States mails. The prosecutrix Miss Alice Arey says that she alleges that the two defendants got hold of a letter addressed to her, and opened it by the steaming process. The girls were held in \$500 bail each for trial in the United States court.

Among the hundreds of tons of copper and brass junk received from foreign countries by the Kelly & Jones Company at their manufacturing plant at Greensburg the other day were a couple of tons of old coins from China, Japan, Jerusalem and other countries. Many of the coins bore dates showing them to be centuries old. There was also received a lot of Cuban church bells.

A man, believed to be John Wilhelm of Hermine, was ground to pieces on the Hempfield railroad near Carbon a few days ago. The man fell from a freight train, and the body was so badly mangled, the head and face being ground to a pulp, that it is not recognizable. The man was well dressed, and a book in a pocket contained the name of John Wilhelm.

Benny Watkins, of New Castle, waited for an hour the other morning at East Brook for a train that came out of a hole into which he saw it run. When the animal suddenly made its appearance the young man was so startled that he let his gun drop and it was discharged. His right arm was blown completely off at the elbow and his condition is serious.

Isaac Seiker, aged 71, of Philadelphia committed suicide at the store of his wife in Milton Thursday evening. He had been parted from her for fifteen years. He arrived from Philadelphia and went directly to the store, where he pulled out a revolver and sent a bullet through his head just above the ears. He leaves a wife and two daughters.

The body of a Russian coal miner named Severi Makosky was found along the Pittsburg, Virginia & Charleston railroad at Washington a few days ago, and from an investigation indications go to show that he was murdered by two fellow-Russian miners, Peter Robopus and George Seiwsky, both of whom have left the country.

Mrs. Thomas Reese of Wyland was killed by a freight train on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad at Washington while crossing the track near her home. She sustained serious injuries to the skull, and was brought to the Washington hospital, where she died Saturday afternoon. She leaves a husband and three small children.

One hundred and forty employees of the cigar factory of S. R. Moss & Co. at Lancaster struck last week, because a new order increased their work and cut the pay. They marched in a body to another factory, where nearly every one was given employment at once and the rest will be given work as soon as benches can be erected.

Walter Grant was killed and Ben Clee so seriously injured that he may die by a fall of rock in the Bloomington mine at Glen Richey, eight miles south of Clearfield. Clee had an arm amputated and Grant was crushed to death. Both were young men.

Wallington Lavelle, a Honolulua photographer, and John Ganzell of Muncy Valley, were held for court at Scranton in \$1,000 bail, on a charge of counterfeiting.

Leonard Faubie, a farmer, aged 35 years, of Chambersburg, committed suicide by hanging himself a few days ago. Domestic trouble is said to be the cause. He leaves a wife and six children.