KLOOFMAN'S FORT —— By Charles Lee Taylor Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson ______

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"Aye, it is good--it is good," said old Kloofman, the burgher, when the Transvaal declared war against the English. "The English have ever made us trouble, and now we shall drive them beyond the borders and never let one of them set foot on our land again. Ah, but I like this declaration of war!" "But the English are many, father, and they know much of war," replied his daughter Mary.

"What of that?" he almost shouted as he walked to and fro. "We are thousands and tens of thousands, and we also know something of war. Besides, we are at home, and they must come from over the sea. They stand up shoulder to shoulder to shoot, while we take cover and make every bullet tell. They will get lost on the yeldt and among the kopjes, while we know every rod of ground. I say we shall kill them off like flies and be rid of them forever, and it is good -good-good."

Kloofman had passed his eightieth birthday, and, though able to oversee things, there was no more actual farm work for him on the broad acres. Mary, his only child and motherless for several years, was now a girl of twenty. The farmhouse of stone sat in the shadow of a rugged mountain, and the Klosofman lands stretched across the yeldt for two miles

Within two days after the declara tion of war burghers were passing the house on foot and on horseback as they made haste to report to the nearest town. There were boys of sixteen and men of sixty, and when they halt ed for water and to exchange words men and exclaimed :

"Wait for me! I will get my rifle and horse and go with you! Never shall it be said that Jacob Kloofman tarried at home while there was war in the land and a foe to threaten our liberties."

"Nay, nay," replied youth and graybeard together. "A man of sixty is not old in this mountain air, but a man of eighty has seen his best days and must sit by his fireside and read of the victories we shall win."

"But I must help- I must help," stoutly persisted the old patriot. "Shall it



"I will promise," she said as vent back to her work. Weeks passed, and one day as father and daughter stood in the docr listening to the distant rumble of cannon from the north the girl's keen eyes caught sight of red uniforms and flashing arms on the narrow highway. "Father, the English are coming!" she said with a gasn. "God, but is it so?" he shouted. "How many, girl; how many?"

"Hundreds!" "' .! 'hey r'de this way to capture. burn and destroy! Daughter, do you remember your promise?" "I do, father."

"Then bar the door, shutter the win dows and raise the flag of Klocimat to the roof. War has come to us at last and I am glad. We will show these Englishmen how old and young, men and women, can fight and die for hberty. Ah, my old eyes can dimly see them now, and I feel like shouting and laughing!"

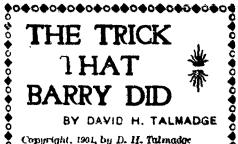
it was a raiding party of 500 British cavalry, accompanied by half a bat tery They were seizing horses, oxen and carts for transportation, but neither burning nor destroying. But for the sight of the flag of defiance fluttering above the farmhouse they might have cleared the fields and sheds and passed on. That flag meant that a score or more of burghers had gathered and meant to make a fight of it. As skirmishers pressed forward two rifles were discharged and a soldier threw up his arms and fell upon the grass. A hundred men were dismounted and advanced, and for a quarter of an hour they fired briskly at doors and windows. At intervals a rifle cracked in response to the bark of a carbine, and at each a soldier went down to rise no more. A flag of truce was sent forward with a demand for surrender,

and it was Kloofman who unbarred the door and stood bareheaded in the open and called out.

"Go back and say that we shall fight to the death. Jacob Kloofman had no son to send to the front and he was Kloofman looked at the gray haired too old to go himself, but when war comes to his own door he will show you English how a burgher can die for liberty and his home!'

"The fools!" muttered the colonel as he received the message. "It is a stone house, and there may be twenty men inside of it with rifles, but a few shells from the guns will make ruins of the place. My compliments to Captain Davis and tell him to open fire at once."

Five minutes later the three rifled guns were hurling shell at the old farmhouse. The missiles tore their way through the roof and entered by door and windows. The soldiers cheered and looked for speedy surrender. There was no longer any rifle firing, but the flag did not come down. When the I BEGAN TO DROF THEM BETWEEN THE the yard at Morton. There was a treguns had fired three or four rounds apiece, a white flag was sent forward again No one appeared in defiance this time. The man who bore it walked straight to the house and peered in through the terrible gaps left by the shells. Then he slowly returned and



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Tom Barry, conductor of train No. was going to be the dence to pay if 34, a freight which leaves Goose River something wasn't done confounded Junction each morning, running the quick, and I saw, too, that whatever devious length of a branch to Dorling was done 1'd have to do myself; that ton, and returns each night, is a man was all there was to it. The special marked among his fellows. There are was nearly due at Morton, and I figseveral reasons for this, although one ared that I'd be there pretty promptly is sufficient to prove the statement- too. I estimated that at the speed I he has never yet been known to lose was making and was likely to make his self possession. To quote Banley, I'd collide with the special on the big who is the poet as well as the engineer dump about a mile and a quarter beof No 34, "he never rattles though all youd the station, a regularly nasty the world may shake," which is put place, owing to the long slide over the ing it pretty strong, as any reasonable rocks. And I said to myself: Con-

person will readily admit. It goes without saying, therefore, 800. Can you spare it? 'No,' said mythat Tom Barry is a man of nerve, self to me, 'I can't, and even if I could His acquaintances will tell you sto what of it? 'Only this,' said I to myries if given half a chance which self, 'there's just one thing to do, and make the records of a score of gilt that's to throw your crazy caboose and laced soldiers whom I might mention your idiot flat cars into the ditch. Yes," pale into the most sickly insignificance. Yet I suppose the space his exploite have to go with 'em, and I don't want have occupied in the newspapers would to-1 might be injured.' 'Well,' said I not exceed sixteen inches in its entire. to myself kind of disgustedly, 'if that's ty. The only mention, for instance, of the broadest view you can take of it, the exploit known on the branch as the all right; but I should think you'd be affair of the circus special was this ashamed of yourself. There's mighty item in the Dorlfugton Gazette:

"We hear that the morning train if you let these fool cars smash into broke in two shortly after leaving the that special. Besides, are you going to junction Monday of this week. The stay on and smash with 'em, or are excutsion train for the circus at Wheel, you going to drop off and break your



enough to grip the wheels. And there he was, alone on a runnway gathering speed every minute in its progress toward a six coach special loaded to the doors with people. It was not the most enjoyable of situations. It is impossible to describe his emotions, because he himself said when I

said myself to me, 'but if I do that I'll

little comfort ahead for you in this life

blooming neck?

By Osborne O'Cenner asked him that he had none. The balloon simile quite exhausted his supply Copyright, 1901, by Osborne O'Conmor "I saw," said he simply, "that there

-----If you have visited Alexandria, Egypt, you will remember the five cemeteries in the western suburbs of the ancient city. In two of these cemeteries there have been ho burials for the last fifty years, and in the one known as "The Sleep of the Holy Dead" you will find the tomb of Ayun Musa. This cemetery covers about five acres of ground, is surrounded by a stone wall in a more or less dilapidated condition, and one might wander there for days and meet no one to order him ductor, it's your life against the life of away. So great is the reverence among most natives for the long buried dead and so strong is the feeling of superstition in his nature, that it is almost impossible to induce him to enter these holy grounds in broad daylight.

THE TOMB of

AYUN MUSA

Ayın Musa was a soldier and statesman who lived 500 years ago. Alis popularity made him enemies, what conspired and brought about his ignominious death, and years after his demise, when it was known that he had been an innocent sacrifice, a tomb was built in "The Sleep of the Holy Dead" to honor his memory. No one knows whether his remains were actually laid in the tomb or not, and at this late date it would be hard to find anybody who cared.

It is a stone vault, with a rusty iron "That was a clincher. I saw then door hanging by one hinge, and tablets hat I was in for trouble anyway. The on each side of the door giving the question was decided, and 1 went name, age, date of birth and death, straight to work doing the thing that etc. The vault is a room about twelve promised to leave me the clearest confeet square, and in the center is a marble sarcophagus, which perhaps once science in case I didn't have to be gathheld a coffin. Ten years ago a tourist ing in that place? Why did they are ered up in a basket and shipped home to Molly and the kids in a pine box lacould enter the grounds, find the vault beled 'Perishable' Rush!' I climbed for himself, and, passing the hanging on to the first car of ties and rolled iron door, descend the six steps into one down to see how it would go. It the grewsome room. If the darkness, went like a leaf in a gale. Then I beand the mold and the bats did not gan systematically to drop 'em in beshake his nerve, he could light matches tween the car and the caboose. I did and take a peep into the great stone receptacle and behold dust and spiders this for a long time, and nothing came of it. The car was bouncing up and and perhaps a dead bat at the bottom. down like a cork on the rolling sea. As it was then, so it probably is today. Your Egyptian has little use for and I was pretty near discouraged. I was tired, too beavens, I was tired to a dead man, no matter what he was in the marrow of my bones! Ties are life. The reverence I have spoken of is more ideal than actual. In my heavy, maybe you know. Section men search for mummies I have met many never try to handle 'em single handed. an Egyptian who grieved that his fa-They go at 'em by twos and threes and grunt and sweat. But I kept at it, ther and mother had not been dead hoping that I'd be able to get one foul



Caned, and I served as of would will open with the p doubt it was a fall been be crawled out and stagsard toward lights of the city. I had been conve a distance of almost a mile from cemetery, and daylight came as I down on the steps of a house to be iny aching head in my hands and a to reason out the sitestion. I hear the voice of a native saying that I had been assaulted. A crowd gathered some one brought a doctor, and area ently I recovered sufficiently to the name of my botel and tak that a carriage be called. 1 had received a smart rap, but a bad scalp wound we rae only result. After two days in both I was all right. I had not toke any story, and the landbord, the doctor and others simply looked upon it as a case of assault while I was prowling about the streets at midnight. The fact that I had been robbed down to the last coin was corroborative evidence. and I received many words of caution about American recklessness. I did not give up my story until I was able to visit the chief of police in person. When I told him what had happened he laughed and said:

"Ah, you foreigners-you must al ways have a story to account for everything, but in this case, why need you tell one? There is no wife to be deceived."

"Then you don't believe what I say?" asked.

"You went wandering about the streets at night. You may have had a love adventure. You followed it up too sharply, and the result was a broken head. Perhaps the woman was a decoy. You are old enough to know what these things may lead to."

"But I am no fool. I tell you I was struck down in the tomb of Arun Musa, and it must have taken two men to carry me away. What were they desault me? If I had been assaulted elsewhere or in any other manner, there is no reason why I should not SRY 80."

"Well?" answered the chief. "Well, why not have the vault searched ?"

"For what reason?" "To discover who is lurking there, of course."

"But why should I care who is lurking there?" "Don't you care anything about

catching criminals in this part of the world?

"We catch hundreds, but we do not look for them in the cities of the cand. I wish you good morning sir

The official took it that I was dither a fool or a liar, and I was mad about it. However, as I could do nothing without him, I had about decided 1

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"FATHER, THE ENGLISH ARE COMING! SHE SAID WITH A GASP.

be said that Kloofman did nothing for his country while other men were marching and fighting and dying?"

"You cannot ride or fight with us," they gently answered, "but you can aid the cause in other ways. We shall need borses and oxen and hay and grain, and we shall need lint and bandages and nursing. Be ready to give when we call, and you shall reap honors with us."

Days later, when a battle had been won and there was rejoicing from house to house all over the land, old Jacob sat under the big apple tree shading his front door and wept.

"What is it, father?" asked the daughter as she left her work to caress his snow white locks.

"Think of it, daughter," he continued as fresh tears came. "Of all the houses for miles around, mine alone cannot send at least one soldier to fight for our liberties. Some send five, some three, some two. There is no one here to go, and I am grieved and broken." "Be comforted." she whispered, with

a blush he could not see with his tears. "Karl Onderman has come here very often of late."

"Yes, Karl Onderman-an honest young man."

"He-he loves me, father."

"Oh-ho!"

"And I-I love him. But for the war he would have asked you for my hand. I have pledged my love, and he goes to the war to represent the house of Kloofman."

"That is very good, very good," murmured the old man. "It is an honor to as, and yet he is not of our blood. I rannot go and you cannot go, but I ask you to promise me this: If ever the hated English come this way, as the fighting goes on, they shall not step over our threshold. We have rifles and oullets. We will barricade the house and fight them off. Promise me that we shall fight."

"But I am only a girl, father, and you are an old man," she protested. "But we must fight them; you must promise. We must do it because we have no kin to send to war. If you will not promise, thera-then/'--

reported to the colonel: "No one to answer, sir. I think they must all be dead."

The dismounted men moved up, led by the colonel. No hostile bullet greeted them In a circle and with carbines Lord!" He crumpled the paper into a lay there, blinking in a comfortable, ready they closed in on the battered. house. At length the colonel and one of his aids entered with their hats in their hands, and the colonel's voice had a catch at it as he said

"Men uncover! The defenders of this, bouse were an old man and a young gauge I don't believe he realizes that of the station agent, who was hovering girl, father and daughter, and they were torn to death by the shells. Let them be buried with our own dead and with all the honors, and God rest their,

Fishermen's Superstitions,

souls"

At the beginning of the herring season the crew all try to seize the herring first on board to see if it be male have been killed outright; 400 would or female, if it is a male, their fishing have been hurt. Heaven only knows may be expected to be a poor one; if a bow many dollars' worth of rolling female, a good one. Sometimes, however, the skipper secures it and hides it away, salting it and laying it past | for the season. The boat must not be you-bumped! I tell you, Tom's life turned against the sun. Certain animais considered of ill omen must not be spoken of in the boat, and ministers in this respect occupy the same place as rabbits, hares and pigs.

Fishermen do not like to lend any thing to a neighboring boat lest their Monday morning with twelve box cars, luck should go with it. If they lend a match, they will contrive, secretly if possible, to break it and keep part, hoping thereby to retain their luck. is pointed inward, as the boys say, Their dislike to have anything stolen is increased by the fear that the thief may have stolen their luck with it. To Morton, seven miles up. Tom had inask the question, "Where are you going?" of any one who is going on board is equivalent to destroying all his chances for that time. Persons with certain names are held to be of bad omen, the dreaded names being different in different villages.-Notes and Queries.

With an H.

"What's your baby's name?" asked a visitor who had called to secure Mrs. Johnson's services as washerwoman. "I'm 'most 'shamed to tell you dat chile's name," said Mrs. Johnson, ''case de folks round here say it soun' like he was an Injun. But his name, dat his paw 'sisted on gibing him-his hame am Hoscar, missy '

"Horsecar?" feebly repeated the visitor.

"Yes'm-Hoscar," said the mother merrowfully. "Dere was an Englishman | to run backward. Then he understood dat was pow'ful good to Mr. Johnsing plainly enough what had happened. when he took dat foolish trip out wes' four years ago an' put him on de cyars the other, setting the brakes, but the to come home again, an' when my husban' ax him his name he smile an' say. 'Dey call me Hoscar when I'm to to set the brakes on the cars, but found home," he say. So when dis baby was that on one the ties had joited down born nuffin would do but we mus' call against the rod so that he was unable him Hoscar, after dat Englishman."---Exchange.

and it narrowly escaped being bumped Perhaps 1 didn't, but I'll swear that into by the runaway cars." Banley brought the paper to me and Anyway I didn't breathe. I struck a pointed out the item with a trembling sand plle when I came down. I never forefinger. "Wouldn't that crimp you?" knew before how hard sand is.

he exclaimed scornfully. "Four lines thought it was soft." to cover as pretty a bit of heroism as was ever spieled by an elocutionist! jured in the least. He was somewhat Not a word about Tom! We hear-nar. dazed when they dug him out of the rowly escaped being bumped into wad and threw it to the ground, grind ing it beneath his heel.

"I don't suppose Tom cares. Do hand limply at the special when it vou?" I said

"Tom? No. By George! Just be tween you and me and the steam After that he looked up into the face he did anything worth printing. It over him like a mother heu, and spoke, takes a sort of coward to appreciate it. But, all the same, if it hadn't been he asked.

for him there'd have been a smashup Oshkosh to Yuba Dam. Eight hundred as they get the right of way.' people-men, women and children-on

that special! Think of it! Two hundred of 'em, as such things go, would stock would have been knocked into splinters. And it narrowly escaped being bumped into-bumped into, mind wasn't worth a shovelful of cinders while he was doing the trick that saved all the trouble--no. not a tea spoonful!"

What Banley said was true. No. 34 had pulled out of the junction that four flats loaded with ties and the caboose. It is a steady climb for twelve miles at that end, when a train's nose and the last five miles of the stretch are the sharpest grade on the run. At dulged in his regular morning sparring match with the station agent, and the station agent had knocked his pipe from his mouth, in reward for which achievement Tom had made him a free gift of the pipe. Two miles farther on

the accident occurred. The train was puffling and groaning up the hill at a rate of about ten miles an hour. The brakeman was sitting

on the tender, exchanging jokes with the fireman. Tom was in the caboose alone, busy with some report blanks. The thought occurred to him presently that something was not exactly right. of a sensation similar to that of being "a word in season." in a balloon. The sound of the puffing was gradually becoming less distinct The forward "pull" was gone!

Before he had fully aroused himself the cabecse stopped and slowly began He rushed first to one platform, then to eaboose, with two heavily loaded cars behind it, did not stop. He hurried out to turn it, while on the other the brake

mendous bump and crash. I think erville was a short distance behind, flew up to a height of several miles. the air up there was too rare to breathe.

of the trucks before I'd unloaded the

car, and I did. It happened right in

As a matter of fact, Tom was not insand, but not a bone was broken. He satisfied sort of way at the wrecked caboose and flat-cars. He waved his went by, the passengers and trainmen casting curious glances at the wreck. "Where's the front end of my train?"

"At Wilson, waiting for the special that'd have sent a shudder clean from to pass. They're coming back as soon

> "Hm-m-m! All right. Where's my pipe? I sort of missed it, and-and I thought I'd come back and get it."

Took America For a Miracle. He was a tiny chap, but his mother, who had been a schoolteacher, and had theories of her own concerning the education of children, had told him many of the great world stories, among them that of Columbus, the fearless navigator. He listened with his usual wide eyed attention until she had finished.

Then he asked, "But why did they call it America?" The question delighted her. It showed his thirst for first causes, but before she could answer he exclaimed: "Oh. I know. They called it that because it was a miracle for Columbus to find it." Showing that even the carefully trained child of a schoolmarm sometimes confuses sound with

Once after he had seen a sham battle the same little fellow was explaining to his aunt that no one had really been killed. "Because," he said solemnly, "the guns only had blankets in them." And even his father, who had told him plainly what blank cartridges were, had to laugh.

Whyt

A certain little girl named Mary was noted for her propensity to ask questions. So fixed was the habit that she seldom knew when she was asking questions, and life became to her one prolonged interrogation. Her mother, slightly worn by this peculiarity, some-He was conscious, he said afterward, times took the opportunity of speaking

"Mother," cried Mary, bursting into the room one day, "what shall I name the kittens?"

"I should think," said the tired mother, fixing upon her a meaning eye. "you might call one of them 'Why' and the other 'What.' "

The names seemed to strike the child's fancy and were at once adopted. But the moral refused to stick, and indeed its existence was not even suspected, as was shown a day or two later.

"Mother," said Mary innocently, looking up from a prolonged cuddling of was a "freak"-it would not set tight her pets, "why is Why's name Why?"



I RECEIVED A BLOW ON THE HEAD AND WENT DOWN IN A HEAP.

long enough to bring \$50 in the open market as specimons. Unless it came to the ears of the authorities that some foreigner was breaking open tombs and shipping away bones by the hogshead they would not set a guard over a cemetery.

In visiting "The Sleep of the Holy Dead" at Alexandria I was actuated wholly by curiosity and was not even looking for a relic or souvenir. I had wandered about for two or three hours when I came to the tomb of Ayun Musa. I had not encountered a person of either sex, and time had slipped past rapidly. It lacked only half an hour of sunset when I stood before the rusty gate and sought to decipher the tablets. I had found other vaults open, but had not entered, and why I suddenly decided to enter here I cannot KA V.

I knew there would be a sarcophagus, with its lid firmly cemented and nothing to be seen, but I squeezed my way past the broken gate and descended the steps. At the bottom of these steps was a great accumulation of scaves and dirt, blown in by the windsof centuries, and as I climbed over the heap I struck a match to look around. There was the sarcophagus in the center of the vault, but before the match went out I had seen that it had no cover. I must have a peep into it, and so I struck another match and advanced. An instant after the flame appeared I heard a movement in the vault. It was midnight darkness down, there unless one faced the gate. The "flame of the match did not show even the farther wall. My heart leaped as the noise reached my ear, and for an instant I thought of some evil minded person lying there in wait. Then I laughed at the idea. Those old vaults ait, with the satisfaction of co were the home of rats and bats, and it hension Henry D. E.d. rick. It. was one of those creatures I heard, moving about. I stepped forward to. look into the sarcophagus; but an at reached it my second match burned out. I had a third in my fingers when received a blow, on the head and went down in a heap on the loor. When I came to it was night.

let the matter drop when I ran acr an American from Chicago. When told him the yarn, he offered to accom many me to the tomb. Arming ou selves and taking candles, we set out for the conietery. It will still be remembered in Alexandria what we dis covered there. There was a man asleep on the floor who proved to be a motorious and much wanted robber, and that sarcophagus was full to the brins of spoils. He had robbed pedestrians, houses, stores and even churches and most of the stuff was right there. My watch, pin, ring and \$200 in cash were only a small bit of the plunder. That tomb was his hiding place and his home. and he had depended upon superstition to keep intruders away. We marched him out as a prisoner and gave him up to the authorities. I was at first fuelined to rub it in on the chief of po lice. He twigged the fact and with very sober countenance turned on m with:

"Yes, you were telling me a straig story, as it appears, and you have mad a capture for, which I thank you. don't get too fresh over it. Under the laws of Egypt I can have you sent to prison for ten years for entering vault of the dead without official permission. Do you see? I saw and had nothing more to may

Montaland

There have been greater men in it erature than Montaigue, but none have been more successful. His repairtion is immense. He is in men's mouths as often as Dante or Cervantes. We look at that intelligent, contemplative an impassioned face, with its tired eve and wonder that he abould an achieved fame as immortal as that o the fierce Italian or the noble Spanlard In the affairs of fame-luck plays its part. Sometimes a man's genius keeps step with his country and his time. He gains power from sympathy, his muscles harden, his head clears, as he runs a winning race. Another man will fall in the enervating atmosphere of recognition and applause. He needs o cles, the whip and sput of difficulty. Montaigne was born under a lucio star. Had fate shown him all the sin doms of the world and all time an given him the choice when and where to live he could not have chosen be

Montaigne's genius is French in a ery fiber. He emboules better that any one other man the Franch character In this world mationality counts much both at home and abread Frenchinen sujoy these own They we ish French asture its nicether for strong personality. Stuggian in turning to foreign things, they are not prome to acquire tastes, but whatever is setter to them they cuttivate, study and ap preciate with rare subtlety. They en joy Montaigne as men enjoy a work o Atlantic

ter.

