



"Pou!" said Gert de Jaeger contemptuously, "you are only a girl, Jantje, a cry-baby. What can you ever do to help our pa and ma?"—a little Boer boy always talk of his parents as "pa and ma."

Jantje drew herself up, a funny squat little figure in a shapeless blue print frock, and a big black kappe. "I am seven years old; I am not a cry-baby," she replied, tears trembling on her long lashes, and sounding in the quiver of her childish voice.

"Ja," scoffed Gert, whose name is pronounced by no means as it is spelt; any right-minded person seeing Gert would pronounce it so, but in Boer-land they call it Hheerit. "Ja," said Gert, "a big age, seven years; and he wagged his head backwards and forwards, while his big black eyes danced and snapped with delight. Jantje pulled herself together with an immense effort, and walked away down the red dusty road towards the little farm which peeped out from the kopjes and mimosa trees.

Gert's and Jantje's father was a poor man, but he owned a few good cows and enough oxen to pull his wagon into the tiny town of Boshof, which lay fifteen miles away, where he sold his mealies or pumpkins, and a little butter if the cows gave enough milk for his wife to make it.

Jantje was the proud possessor of a cow, a beautiful dun-colored, soft-eyed creature.

That night as the children sat down with their parents to their frugal meal of coffee and rusks, a tall man slouched up to the door, and leaning over the lower half of it, which is generally kept shut in Boer houses to keep out snakes, nodded civily.

"Have you heard?" he said.

Instinctively Nicholas de Jaeger and his fat little wife rose from the table, their faces paling underneath the tan.

"Ja," said the man, nodding his head slowly, "the rinderpest has come; old Oom Jacob has six cows very bad, and mine are sickening already."

"The government offer five pounds a head to compensate us, if we have our cattle shot when they first show signs of the sickness," went on the tall man. "Two of mine sickened to-day, they are worth fifteen pounds each—I shall get five if I have them shot."

He drew his big hand across his eyes and went on heavily. "My wife is still very sick, and the baby is young—they gave good milk, those cows."

Nicholas and his wife nodded in silent sympathy.

"Will my Hesse get the rinderpest too, pa?" cried little Jantje.

"Maybe yes, maybe no, my girl, 'tis as the Lord wills," was the answer.

The next day, and for many weeks following, Gert and Jantje went about with sober little faces, and Gert did not once taunt his small sister with being a coward or a cry-baby. Hesse was kept in a shed by herself, but even she at last fell a victim and stood with hanging head and a piteous look of suffering in her liquid eyes.

One very warm day when the mimosa trees were a mass of golden bloom, and the cicadas kept up a shrill incessant piping, Jantje and Gert, sitting listless and quiet on the top of an old kraal wall, saw a policeman ride up to the house. Thankful for any change in the miserable monotony of those sunny days, filled with gloom, they half scrambled, half fell off the high wall and fled down to the house. The man merely inquired for their father, and on being told he was down at the kraal with the sick cattle, handed Gert a blue paper. After watching him mount and ride away, the children went miserably into the house, for even to their childish minds the blue paper spoke for itself. Only yesterday they had heard Nicholas and old Oom Jacob speak of it and what its coming meant to them; it was the proclamation announcing that in the event of infected cattle being shot by their owner, he would receive five pounds per head in compensation. Jantje thought of Hesse, and forgetting Gert, sobbed bitterly.

"Och! you can never do anything but cry," he said contemptuously, and walked away. Nicholas shook his head sadly over the blue paper when he came in.

"Sixty cattle sick," he said. "That means three hundred pounds—and they are worth a thousand."

After his dinner he went out to the little stable. Jantje followed him and stood while he saddled his gray mare; he avoided her round childish eyes, and when she questioned him he answered laconically:

"I am going to ride."
"Where to, pa?"
"To Boshof," he said at last. Jantje's little fingers twisted in and out of one another nervously.

"For what, pa?"
"To tell the man to come over and shoot the sick cattle," he answered grimly, and waited for a burst of sobbing.

ing a rope round Hesse's neck led her to the gate. With laborious care she lifted the thick bars (cut from young gum trees) out of the iron rings which held them in position, and so constituted an immensely strong gate. Once outside this and the bars replaced, with many loving words uttered in Dutch, she coaxed the poor weak animal across the slutt and up a small kopje behind the house. Almost at the top a new difficulty beset her, for Hesse suddenly stood still. Not all the coaxing words uttered in Jantje's little voice, quivering with anxiety, nor her small loving hands could move her poor thing, and she looked at her little mistress as if to say, "I have done all I could."

"I know," said Jantje, in answer to the speaking eyes. "But you must try, my Hessechen—you must."
Alas! Hesse stood with hanging head, Jantje thought very hard for a minute, and then plumped down with her bare fat little legs on the stony path and prayed.

"Please, Lord, make my sick cow come with me, and make her well soon."

At the farm house below some one was stirring—Jantje held her breath, but it was only sleepy Katrina, the Hottentot maid, preparing the early coffee.

Jantje thought of the hot sugary stuff she had every morning with a regretful sigh. The next time she pulled the rope Hesse followed with dragging faltering feet, and so, step by step, she was enticed on till Jantje reached her desired haven. Breathless and exhausted, the little girl flung herself down to rest. About three miles from Nicholas de Jaeger's house stood a large isolated kopje, and half-way up it was an old tumble-down house; it had in its palmy days been a place of call between Kimberley and Boshof, in the words of the country a "half-way-house;" just in front of it three huge skeleton gum trees stood like sentinels.

It had been kept by an Englishman called Trevor and his pretty Dutch wife, and they prospered and grew rich. But one day two farmers calling at the place for a drink came upon the body of pretty cherry Sannie. Trevor with a bullet wound in her soft throat, and a few yards off a big fair man lay, shot through the head. Shaking with fear and horror they went in to the house to find George Trevor quietly and openly cleaning a pistol in silence the two men stood and waited, and Trevor cleaned his weapon. Presently he put it down very carefully, then raising his light eyes he looked at the two men. "Yes," he said, and gradually his eyelids narrowed until only a savage gleam of pale gray shone between them. Under his steady look their eyes wavered, and they went out, as they had come, in silence.

That night an awful storm broke over the country. In the morning the three tall trees stood blasted and seared, and in the ruined house lay not two, but three corpses for so did the doom of the third fall, meted out by the Deity who has said "Vengeance is mine."

In those days many things happened, and those who were wise kept silence, if, by chance, they knew of them. So the house fell into disuse and was said to be "spook-riden." The trading farmers took to going another way, so that nothing disturbed the peace of the place, but a few great loathsome vultures and the rock-rabbits.

In one of the partially-roofed rooms, Jantje tethered her cow to an old wooden seat. She then proceeded to unearth a bag of forage, and a smaller one of rusks and blittons, which she had smuggled up the day before.

Towards mid-day the sound of shots on the clear air made her shiver and cry.

As the early dusk fell, and she had for company only poor moaning Hesse and the weird sounds of the veldt, the child's agony of terror was unspeakable.

The third night a strange flutter of huge winds in the room where Hesse was, startled her from a light sleep. Creeping to the doorway she saw in the white moonlight a sight which made her shiver and turn sick with fright; on a worm-eaten beam above sat a huge vulture, its fierce greedy eyes fixed on the poor trembling animal beneath it, while the air seemed filled with a loathly smell.

Almost blind with fear, Jantje seized a stone and flung it with all her childish strength at the bird. Uttering a hoarse croak it rose a few feet, only to settle again on the beam. Jantje threw another stone which struck the bird's wing with a thud; with an angry cry it swooped off the beam, and down as it seemed to the frightened child, right on to her. Screaming wildly and striking the air with both poor little hands, she fell, a small senseless heap on the dusty floor.

When she opened her eyes again the dreadful night had passed and dawn was stretching cool lovely arms over the dreaming veldt. To Jantje's intense joy Hesse ate a little food of her own free will that day and the terrible moaning had ceased. Evening brought all the old terrors, and through the long night the child sat with every sense on the alert to catch the first gleam of fierce yellow eyes, or the flutter of clumsy wings. None came, and at dawn she fell asleep, only to be awakened by Hesse poking her soft nose into her hand.

Meanwhile Nicholas and the neighboring farmers had scoured the surrounding country, and had dragged the three great dams, in search of his little daughter.

Beagle's last great trouble the rinderpest seemed of little account. Some say suggested searching at these three gum trees, but little Gert shook

his head: "It is spook-riden, and Jantje is only a girl and afraid," he said. With a nod the superstitious Dutchmen agreed. No grown man would venture to that desolate spot, much less a little child.

The following Sunday dawned like an opal, full of the shimmer of golden sunshine and gleaming silver grass, of blue and rose and amethyst on the shadowy hills. As Nicholas with trembling voice was reading out the Twenty-third Psalm after breakfast, a weak weary little girl, in a draggled print dress, leading a still more weak and weary cow, struggled up to the door and sat down limply on the step.

"Please, pa, the Lord has made my Hesse better, and—oh," cried Jantje, as the smell of hot coffee and bread warm from the oven assailed her famished nostrils, "I am hungry—hungry!"

Because she was so dear to them and they had feared her dead, de Jaeger uttered no word of blame, but took the tired little figure into his great arms, and fed her with loving care, till gradually her little face grew less haggard, and her eyes lost the terrible look of strain and fear.

Gert, after hearing her story, went out and gave Hesse the best food he could find.

Presently a clean Jantje, in her Sunday frock of bright magenta cashmere, her little face shining with soap and happiness, came up to the kraal.

Gert turned his back, and with the toe of his veldtschoen, made a round hole in the sand.

"Gert," said Jantje.

"Yes," answered Gert.

"I am not a baby now?" There was still the old childish quiver in her voice. Gert suddenly tumbled off his high horse of superior sex and courage.

"You are much braver and cleverer than me," he said.

And so Jantje's rule was established—Pittsburg Leader.

Marriage Trust Magnate.

Judge William Hill, who dispenses justice at Sunnyside when not engaged in pursuing the festive dollar arrayed in the fine raiment or common garb of a dozen other callings, is pretty much the whole thing when it comes to outwitting folks for the married state. A few days ago a love sick swain called on the judge and solicited his services to unite him in holy bonds.

"By the way, judge," said the young man, "isn't you the proprietor of the dance hall?"

"I am," replied the justice.

"Well, I want it for a dance. How about the music?"

"Well, I can supply that," said the judge.

"Then I must give a supper," said the soon-to-be bridegroom.

"Well, I am a professional cook," replied his Honor, "and can save you nicely in that line."

All right, said the young man, "now I must see a photographer and make arrangements for photos of the wedding party."

"Hold on," said the limb of the law, as the fellow was about to slip out of the door. "That is my line, too. Photography is where I shine, and if you don't want to go to Price for the marriage license I can fix that, too."

"Well, I'll be—," gasped the lover, as he planked down a yellow piece of money as part payment for all the proposed services. "Do you also sell cradles and baby carriages?"—Emery County (Utah) Progress.

Thermometer Noses.

Although the process of injecting solid paraffin under the skin was at first hailed with delight by persons desirous of remedying the defective shape of their noses, it has now been found to have its drawbacks, says the Petit Parisien. At the last meeting of the Academy of Medicine M. Legarde drew attention to some of these.

ANGLO-JAPANESE AGREEMENT.

Was Signed in London in 1902 for Mutual Defense.

The Anglo-Japanese agreement was signed in London, Jan. 30, 1902. It provides that if one of the signatories be involved in war, in defence of her interests in the China seas or adjacent regions, the other should maintain a strict neutrality, but that if the belligerent should be attacked by a second power, the other signatory should join her ally, and that the war should therefore be conducted in common, and peace made only by mutual agreement. It was further stipulated that neither party should enter into a separate agreement with another power to the prejudice of the joint interests of the allies, these interests being defined as the maintenance of the territorial integrity of China and Korea and the securing therein of equal opportunities for the commerce of all nations.

Colonization in Colorado.

Colonization projects are proving very popular in the agricultural districts of Colorado. Negotiations are pending for the purchase of 5,000 acres of land, in a 12-mile strip, along the Arkansas river, in Southern Colorado, for the establishment of a colony of ranchmen. A large party of people from Illinois is making arrangements to settle in the famous San Luis valley, on a tract of several thousand acres.

A List From the Classics.

New York State is full of cities and towns of classic nomenclature. There must have been a wave of Graeco-Roman lore when the christening of municipalities took place, with a by-product of Aslanism as a seasoning. There are such names as Rome, Troy, Athens, Cairo, Syracuse, Itaca, Sparta, Italy, Greece, Egypt, Tyre, Memphis, Venice, Florence, Corinth, Parma, Milan, Naples, Hetero, Ovid, Delphi, Delphia, Diana, Paris, Pompey, Hlon, Palmyra, Palermo, Marathan, Myonae, Napoli, Nivech, Babylon, Romulus, Sileam, Smyrna, Ulica, Virgil Homer (Mexico) Capes, etc.

Anaesthetics Suppress N-rays.

M. E. Meyer has shown that vegetables put under chloroform lose much of their power of emitting N-rays and M. Jean Becquerel has been led to try whether this effect of anaesthetics is not more general. He finds that not only organic bodies, but even non-organic, for example sulphur, lose their power of emitting N-rays when under the action of the fumes of chloroform or other anaesthetics, and anaesthetics is much alike. London Globe.

It is dead easy for a millionaire to pose as a reformer.

Nearly every big man does a lot of mighty little things.

A haughty man's dignity is usually nineteenth bluff.

A bad man is naturally suspicious of every good man he meets.

Many a man puts his best foot forward only to have his corns trod on.

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Some men never make any mistakes because they never attempt to do anything.

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It takes some politicians about two hours to inform an interviewer that they have nothing to say.

Many a poor man has discovered that the shady side of Wall street is quite a long walk from the sunny side of Easy street.

THE TERRIBLE IMAGE OF FEAR.

The Greatest Enemy of the Human Race.

Thought's most deadly instrument for marring human lives is fear. It demoralizes character, destroys ambition, induces or causes disease, paralyzes happiness in self and others and prevents achievement. It has not one redeeming quality. It is all evil. Physiologists now well know that it impoverishes the blood by interfering with assimilation and cutting off nutrition. It lowers mental and physical vitality and weakens every element of success. It is fatal to the happiness of youth, and is the most terrible accompaniment of old age. Buoyancy flees before its terrifying glance, and cheerfulness cannot dwell in the same house with it.

The most extensive of all the morbid mental conditions which reflect themselves so disastrously on the human system is the state of fear," says Dr. William H. Holcomb. "It has many degrees or gradations, from the state of extreme alarm, fright or terror, down to the slightest shade of apprehension of impending evil. But all along the line it is the same thing—a paralyzing impression upon the centres of life which can produce, through the agency of the nervous system, a vast variety of morbid symptoms in every tissue of the body."

"Fear is like carbonic acid gas pumped into one's atmosphere," says Horace Fletcher; "it causes mental, moral and spiritual asphyxiation, and sometimes death—death to energy, death to all growth."

Yet from our birth we live in the presence and under the dominion of this demon. A child is cautioned a thousand times a year to look out for this and to look out for that; it may get poisoned, it may get bitten, it may get killed; something terrible may happen to it if it does not do so and so. Men and women cannot bear the sight of some harmless animal or insect because as children they were told that it would hurt them. One of the cruellest things imaginable is to instill into a child's plastic mind the terrible image of fear, which like the letters on a sapling, grows wider and deeper with age. The baleful shadows of such blighting and blighting pictures will hang over the whole life and shut out the bright joy of sun and happiness. J. Lincoln Brooks in Success.

A CURIOUS OLD PLACE.

Is the Present Department of Justice.

The present Department of Justice is a curious old place. The building was shown by Mr. T. C. Fenton. The building was removed from an ordinary photograph and the door frame covered by a small board, through which a mixture of coal gas and air was passed. The gas was led from the department, through two rubber tubes at the end of which were small burners. The burners were set at an angle to each other so that the resulting jet of gas was spread out a sheet. If the photograph was viewed only extremely feeble sounds were produced, but as soon as the two jets were lighted the flame resembled the sound perfectly audible, and the articulation was very nearly as good as could be obtained with the use of a trumpet.

A Life Saving Sash.

A Frenchman, M. Challeat, has invented a new sash which, he thinks, will keep every one who wears it from drowning. The wonderful article is made of india rubber; but inside it is placed a quantity of one of the compounds of calcium. When the sash comes in contact with the sea the calcium compound decomposes and produces a quantity of gas sufficient to inflate the sash and preserve its wearer from any risk of death by drowning. Experiments have been made with this new idea, and so far they have been satisfactory.—Exchange.

A Malay Time Piece.

In Malay the natives keep a record of time in the following way: Floating in a bucket filled with water they place a coconut shell having a small perforation, through which by slow degrees the water finds its way inside. This opening is so proportioned that it takes just one hour for the shell to fill and sink. Then a watchman calls out, the shell is emptied, and the process is begun again.

A Monster Strawberry.

A strawberry nine inches in circumference, three inches in its largest diameter and weighing one-fifth of a pound, has been found in the garden of Charles Nicholas of Mendham, N. J. It is a perfect berry, in that it is shaped like a small pineapple chess, and is not a monstrosity, like many large berries which have been grown in recent years.

Killing Rare Birds.

Commenting on the craze for killing rare birds wherever they may be found, a writer in London Truth says: "I should have thought that the fact that a bird is rare would be a reason for not killing it. I suppose the idea is that, however rare a bird is, something may still be done to make him rarer."

Siam's Rubber Crop.

The cultivation of rubber in Siam has been started, some thousands of plants having been set out as an experiment. These plants, of the Para variety, are said to be doing exceedingly well, although they have had no special care, but have been planted indiscriminately in various places and under varying conditions of moisture, sun, etc.

TOOK SHIP AROUND THE HORN.

Admiral Clark Got Command Because of Skill at Chess.

Admiral Charles E. Clark, who took the battleship Oregon around Cape Horn and into action at Santiago, is said to owe his appointment as commander of that boat to his skill as a chess-player. Capt. Clark was at San Francisco in command of the gunboat Bennington. When ashore he spent much time in the chessroom of the Mechanics' library, where he met some of the best players in the city. According to the story, when the time came to appoint a man to command the Oregon a friend of Clark's in the navy department at Washington put his name forward. "You should see that man play chess," said he, and went on to describe his intense application and determination, adding: "And that's why I think he can bring the battleship around safely, if any one can." Three hours later Clark received orders to assume command of the Oregon and take her at once to Cuban waters.



LITTLE THOUGHTS

Most men kick more from habit than from necessity.

The stage-struck youth should think twice before attempting to act.

Gossip has about as much use for truth as a blind man has for spectacles.

Solomon knew but little when compared with what some men think they know.

Many a young man with a \$5,000 education is glad to accept a \$12-a-week job.

After telling young people to marry only for love the minister proceeds to marry for money.

Some men may have had monkey ancestors, but those who are always butting in probably descended from goats.

Fire Talking.

At the recent Royal Society con- versazione in London, an interesting modification of the phonograph was shown by Mr. T. C. Fenton. The trumpet was removed from an ordinary phonograph and the door frame covered by a small board, through which a mixture of coal gas and air was passed. The gas was led from the department, through two rubber tubes at the end of which were small burners. The burners were set at an angle to each other so that the resulting jet of gas was spread out a sheet. If the photograph was viewed only extremely feeble sounds were produced, but as soon as the two jets were lighted the flame resembled the sound perfectly audible, and the articulation was very nearly as good as could be obtained with the use of a trumpet.

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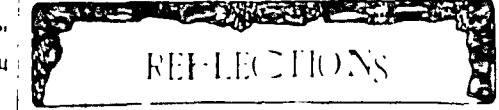
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A Clever Student.

Dr. Ritchie of Edinburgh was examining a student who claimed to be a mathematician. Ritchie doubted his claim, and to test him said: "How many men has a circle?" "Two," was the reply. "What are they?" asked the doctor. "The inside and the outside," was the answer.



REFLECTIONS

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Stopping Child Marriages.

The custom of marrying girls when they are mere children of nine or ten years is increasing rather than decreasing in Bengal and other parts of India. The resulting racial degeneration is becoming so obvious that laws have been passed in several regions forbidding the marriage of girls under 14.

Nevada Population Less.

It is a notable fact that Nevada is the only state in the union that has not increased in population in the past 20 years. Instead its population has greatly fallen off. In 1880 the population was 322,466. Ten years later in 1890 this dropped to 45,791 and in the last national census in 1900 the population was 42,335.

Cat's Strange Journey.

A cat at Littleton, N. H., crawled into a length of stovepipe just before the family packed their goods to move to a town in New York state, 200 miles away. When the goods were unpacked the cat was found in the pipe, alive and little the worse for its journey.

Aerolite Explodes in Room.

While the landlady of the Bell Inn at Totwell, England, was at dinner the other day an aerolite crashed through the chimney, spun around the room and exploded, though the house was considerably damaged the landlady escaped.