

ALL FOR HIS COUNTRY'S SAKE

I DON'T like to shoot you, Franz, I'd like to take you alive." "Perhaps it would be better. Wait a moment, Charley," replied the man addressed, trying to extricate his leg from beneath his fallen horse.

It was a tragic half-minute in the life of Franz Van Rhyn, and the fatal hour of Col. Charles Cooper of the West Province Mounted rifles.

A bullet from the colonel's revolver had slain the steed under his former college chum, and the latter lay struggling with his rifle to defend himself from capture by the British. His arm and leg were torturing him with pain, caused by splinters from an artillery shell.

"I'll never be taken alive," said the Afrikaner to himself. "No amnesty for me, if I am captured. All is fair in love and—"

But he did not finish the thought. Why waste the word, when he had lived, moved and had his being in war, war, war—not love—for a whole league of months. His rifle was free by this time and he lifted it to his shoulder—his left shoulder, for he was born with this peculiarity.

Col. Cooper saw the movement and fired again, but the ball went wild. It was a perilous moment for him, for the chambers of his revolver were now empty, and he wheeled his horse about in the direction of retreat.

"Don't go," yelled Van Rhyn. "You have had three shots at me. Now give me a chance."

No response in words came back to



"NOW GIVE ME A CHANCE."

this bantering cry, but the clear air bore to the Boer marksman the sound of a fallen body's impact upon the earth. The Afrikaner had punctured his challenge with a leaden exclamation point!

As Cooper fell another Englishman galloped to the spot.

"Now, you Boer fool," he cried, "it is your turn." But the rifle of the crippled marksman answered him with a grim laugh in its own peculiar accent and another pool of Anglo-Saxon blood bathed the head of Capt. Wilson in a crevice of the donga. It was late in the afternoon and the declining sun shot long shadows across the veldt.

Col. Charles Cooper, the former college mate and friend of Franz Van Rhyn, was not dead. As the Boer moved toward the bridge on Wilson's riderless horse, the English trooper lifted himself, bleeding and fatigued, to level a freshly-loaded bullet. No one will ever know what his thoughts were as he looked, for the last time, upon the enemy who had once been his special protege in school, the former 14-year-old boy whose quarrels with the bullies of the Cape Town academy had always been his quarrels, the subject of many a fist fight in which he had made good his claim to the friendship of Franz Van Rhyn. Only the latter's thoughts are left to speak for the tragedy of this moment, when another Afrikaner bullet tore through the Englishman's vitals and left him still as the leath of nature among the sand dunes.

"I could not have done it," murmured the Boer as he led two English horses to the rear of a mound; "but I would not be taken alive. It was either his life or mine."

Behind the mound there lay in the worst tortures of fever his superior officer, Commandant Albert Maritz, holding up his head with difficulty to inquire after the issue of the battle. With tender care, even by the man who was himself in pain, the ranking soldier was assisted into the saddle of one horse and Van Rhyn climbed with the aid of his uninjured hand into the other. Once again he was compelled to dismount and meet face to face an English cavalryman who sought to capture the refugees. Another bullet and another death in the British ranks. Franz Van Rhyn and Albert Maritz were now safe on their way to Koegas, across the border of the German province in West Africa.

"I did it on your account as much as my own," said Van Rhyn, but his companion was too sick to ask an explanation.

It was on June 5, 1902, that the two wretched troopers engaged in this final battle of Garies—several days after peace had been declared. It is true, but made necessary by the desperate attitude of the fugitives toward the British crown. This is the explanation that Van Rhyn himself has made of his fight. He has made it with a pathetic tone of voice, when his thoughts reverted to the death of Col. Cooper, the friend of his boyhood; but pathos has given place to a sturdier and more revengeful note when his mind turned to the recollection of the cause for which he fought, the principle of the British and the overthrow of Kruger.

Franz Van Rhyn is an exile from his native land and he has told his tale as an explanation of his presence in the United States. Maritz is dead, as he could not long survive the fever that beset him, and his body now lies in American soil.

"The poor fellow was regarded by the Boers as their fourth commandant in the scale of importance," said the surviving soldier as he finished the account of the death of Col. "Charley" Cooper. "He and I together raised 11,000 men in Cape Colony to fight for the African republic."

"After we had made ourselves safe in German territory we took a vessel and went to Maderia. Thence we shipped to Southampton, remaining there several days in disguise. We called ourselves the brothers Wilson, and during our stay there my hand never left the butt of my revolver. It would have gone hard with the man who tried to take me. When the health of Commandant Maritz permitted we sailed for America. Maritz died at Chicago. Of the rest of the twenty-six men that made the ride from Lilyfontaine to the German border or were taken on the field at Garies I know nothing."

The name of Van Rhyn was made famous in Denver recently by the report of his intention to start an ostrich farm in Colorado. The Boer fighter has determined to make this his home until the English see fit to issue him a pardon. This he does not expect, and hence he will engage in the endeavor with which he is familiar and import ostriches from his father's farm to start a flock of his own.

Van Rhyn is only 26 years old, according to his own statement, but he tells a remarkable story. One would be prone to doubt it if he did not carry papers that seem to establish his identity and lend credence to what he says. He wears on his vest a medal of the Matabele war in 1893, when he says he fought with the Charter company of Cecil Rhodes; also a Mollobach medal which he says was presented to him by President Kruger.

TREE AS AN INQUISITOR.

Bears Fruit Which Malagasy Think Poisonous, Fatal Only to Criminals.

There is a peculiar tree indigenous to Madagascar which is believed by the natives to possess the power of divination. They are firmly of the opinion that, while an ordinary person may eat its fruit with impunity, a criminal will die after partaking of the smallest morsel of it. The tree is known as the tangen. For centuries it was the custom to use the fruit of the tangen for the purpose of ascertaining whether criminals charged with grave offenses were guilty or not.

In each case the prisoner was brought into court and the judge thereupon solemnly handed him a fruit from a tangen tree and told him that if he ate it and it did him no harm he would be considered innocent, but that if it killed him he would be considered guilty. As there is a great deal of poison in the fruit it can readily be seen that very few, if indeed any, were able to pass through this ordeal unscathed.

It is said that some criminals who had great political influence or considerable wealth managed to escape through the connivance of the judges, but, on the other hand, the criminal records tell of many cases in which prisoners died a horrible death very soon after they had eaten the noxious fruit.

More civilized methods of adjudication now prevail in Madagascar, but though this barbarous custom is obsolete, the tangen tree is regarded with almost as much aversion as it ever was. A proof of this may be found in the fact that a French naturalist recently tried to obtain some branches and fruit of the trees, but, though he asked several natives to aid him in the search he was unable to obtain the slightest assistance from any of them.

No Dash About Him.

Jones—Hamilton is a pretty good example of what a business man ought to be.

Brown—In some ways, yes, but then he's so terribly deliberate. Why, I've known him spend ten minutes over his noonday lunch.—Boston Transcript.

CARE OF CUT GLASS.

Ways to Avoid Breaking or Chipping Costly Pieces.

A housekeeper whose table furnishings are always beautifully clear and shining as if new gives the following hints for the care of cut glasses, especially of such pieces as are too valuable to be washed haphazard with the other tableware.

Use only tepid water and the purest castile or other good soap for the cleansing and rinsing of such articles and manipulate a small, stiff brush during the washing in order to get every particle of dust out of the cutting. Then submerge the piece in boxwood sawdust and allow it to remain some little time so that the sawdust shall absorb the moisture and clear the glass. The softest of clean cloth without any nap about it should be used for the final wiping and polishing.

Common white potato peelings should be used for cleansing the bottom of carafes, decanters, and vases. The shot frequently employed for this purpose is apt to scratch the glass and leave marks that show from the outside. The potato peelings should be left in the articles over night or for several hours and then be washed out with tepid water.

Experience proves that the short life of many articles of rich glassware is due to the abrupt changes of temperature to which they are commonly subjected. A tray or dish that has been used for ice cream, sherbet or any very cold substance, if plunged into hot water, is almost sure to crack. Likewise a pitcher or tumbler which has been filled with ice water if put suddenly into hot water or placed too near a fire or hot stove, will show the effects. There is no risk of breakage where tepid water is used for cleansing.

A piece of cut glass should never be taken from a china closet or closed cabinet where it has been in a protected atmosphere free from draughts and put immediately in contact with a marble table top or other cold substance. If the carafe and tumblers to be used for iced drinks be put into moderately cool water for a time before they are used their safety is insured.

Something of the same forethought must be taken in guarding cut glass objects from harm as is practiced with a delicate child or a pet animal. Under ordinary rough handling the glass will lose its luster and crack or chip. But with a few precautions regularly observed there is no reason why a piece of cut glass should not be preserved intact and brilliant for generations.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

CAPTAIN PASSOW A JOKER.

The St. Louis Skipper Is Humorous and Long-Headed.

Capt. Passow of the St. Louis was being discussed at the Maritime exchange, says the Philadelphia Record. A skipper said:

"I have known Passow for years. He is quiet and grave, but a joker at bottom—a long-headed chap, whom nobody can beat."

"There's a story about Passow in his young days and a sailor who attempted to mangle under him. This sailor, as soon as the ship was out of sight of land, heaved a loud groan, began to limp and said, with tears in his eyes:

"'Captain, I must lie up for a spell. This old leg of mine is being wrenched and twisted cruel with rheumatism. I'd like to work, but it's an impossibility. I'll go to bed now.'

"Passow grunted and the sailor, kind of smiling around the lips, hopped off deck. He got in bed, lit his pipe, began to read a stack of old magazines and novels—had a high old time."

"No, I can't move. I couldn't walk a step," he'd say, when anybody questioned him, and then he'd give a loud, deep groan. But as soon as he was alone again he'd resume his reading and puff away at his pipe comfortably."

"Passow told the first officer he had once heard a funny story about a malingering and his detection, and he said he'd put this story to the proof and see if it would work in real life."

"So, at 11 o'clock that night, he had an alarm of fire sounded, and, by jove, the first man to come leaping and bounding up on deck like an acrobat was the sick man. The captain, after he had told everybody he was just trying the fire drill, said to the malingering, with a hard look:

"'Sudden fright cured your rheumatism, didn't it? I'd often heard of such cures, but never believed in them till now.'

"'It certainly cured me, sir,' says the sailor. 'Something's cured me. It must be that. I'm certainly all right again.'

"The men all gave a scornful laugh and even the captain sneered. That malingering was worked double the balance of the voyage."

As soon as a man gets rich, his wife begins to hire a girl to do the cooking, and he doesn't fare as well as when they were poor.

Those who love you: Have you any other proof than their word?

DIVORCED BARONESS WHO KILLED HERSELF.



Baroness Wolfbauer, a granddaughter of the famous Bishop Ames, of the Methodist Church, and daughter of a United States army captain, committed suicide by shooting in a hotel in Jersey City, N. J. The baroness, who was also known as Mrs. Louise Ames Van Welk-Wolfbauer, was recently divorced from Baron Wolfbauer, an Austrian, in South Dakota. Baron Wolfbauer is in the sugar business in Cuba, with offices in New York. Her first husband was Otto Van Welk, now a postoffice inspector, from whom she also was divorced.

NEW YORK'S WOMEN PEDDLERS.

Fully 5,000 of Them Pick Up Their Living in the Streets.

From the heart of New York's kaleidoscopic life comes a practical contradiction of the common belief that women form the weaker sex. Fully 5,000 women work on the streets of the American metropolis in fair weather and foul.

The sidewalk is their shop, the curbstone their counter. They know nothing of the barest comforts afforded by a poorly appointed store. They stand or walk about the whole day long, while carrying on their petty businesses. Yet they are strong, they enjoy life after their own fashion, and they lay up treasure in banks of whose stability they have the best assurance.

This steadily increasing army of street saleswomen does not include agents of any sort who make a house

WHAT 'KEEPING HOUSE MEANS.

Requires a Knowledge of Many Trades by One Person.

A great many men are of the opinion that any woman, even if not very clever, ought to know enough to keep house, and keep it well. This occupation they lump off in a perfunctory way, as though it were as simple an operation as digging a ditch or milking a cow.

How many men are there, think you, who, in one small head, or large one, either, for that matter, can conserve a working knowledge of all the details necessary for the running of a first-class laundry, a bake-shop, a hotel, the tailor's trade, the professions of nursing and medicine, the lore of a close and intelligent buyer; the savour faire of a caterer, a waiter, a chambermaid, a cook, a scullion, a teacher and live to tell the tale? And yet women without number are expected to have all these trades and professions, with millinery, dressmaking, hairdressing and a score of lesser crafts thrown in at their fingers' ends.

When you see a well-kept home, and children starting off to school well and suitably groomed, clothed and mannered, you may safely conclude that the woman at the helm of that house is in possession of a Napoleonic head that would have won distinction in any field of endeavor. Yet, too often, all this service is accepted as a matter of course and without a word of thanks, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

And here, dear man, let me give you a word of advice. If you have a wife of this kind, or even a wife that is trying her best to please you and make you comfortable, let her know that you appreciate it. Don't wait until she has folded her tired hands at last and laid down in a sleep so profound that even the baker's cry cannot waken her and then order for her a beautiful \$20 pillow, inscribed in pink carnations, "To My Dear Wife," or an ornate monument recording her virtues and costing more than you have thought of giving her for her own use.

Bring her home a 25-cent bunch of carnations occasionally as a freewill offering; take her out to a table d'hote dinner once in a while as a treat; tell her in so many words that you really believe that she is the one woman in all the world for you; kiss her without solicitation as you used to do in the old courting days, and so shall the wheels of the home run smoothly and the good wife never feel to regret the day that she said "yes."

A Senseless Regulation.

The decision of the directors of the theater at Halle, in Germany, to distinguish by means of red and white advertising posters between plays that are fit for young persons to witness and those that are not is causing some amusement.

From Connecticut.

Connecticut, says the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, in an article on Indian names, is from quonne, long; tuk, tidal river; quata; that is, quonne-tuckput, "at the long tidal river."



NEW YORK WOMAN PEDDLER.

to house canvass, nor beggars who wear the guise of peddlers. It represents only those who have placed themselves in open competition with the male peddlers who cry their wares and the fakirs who offer anything salable on the street corner, from half frozen fruit to near-gold watches.

Among them are numbered the pushcart women of the East Side, the newsgirls, the proprietors of vegetable and fruit stands, from the Battery to Harlem, the women who work cafe and theater entrances with smokers' supplies and the Roman women who infest the fashionable shopping districts with so-called "hand-made laces."

The most interesting phase of the life of these street saleswomen, mostly of Jewish extraction, is their dual mercantile and domestic ability. "A bachelor maid" is unknown among them. In truth, the mother of the family is most often in business, and if there be a daughter or unmarried sister, she continues to do her share of the household duties, and boarding away from one's relations is unknown. Wives and mothers run both business and home with remarkable success.

Ignorance and conceit are twins.