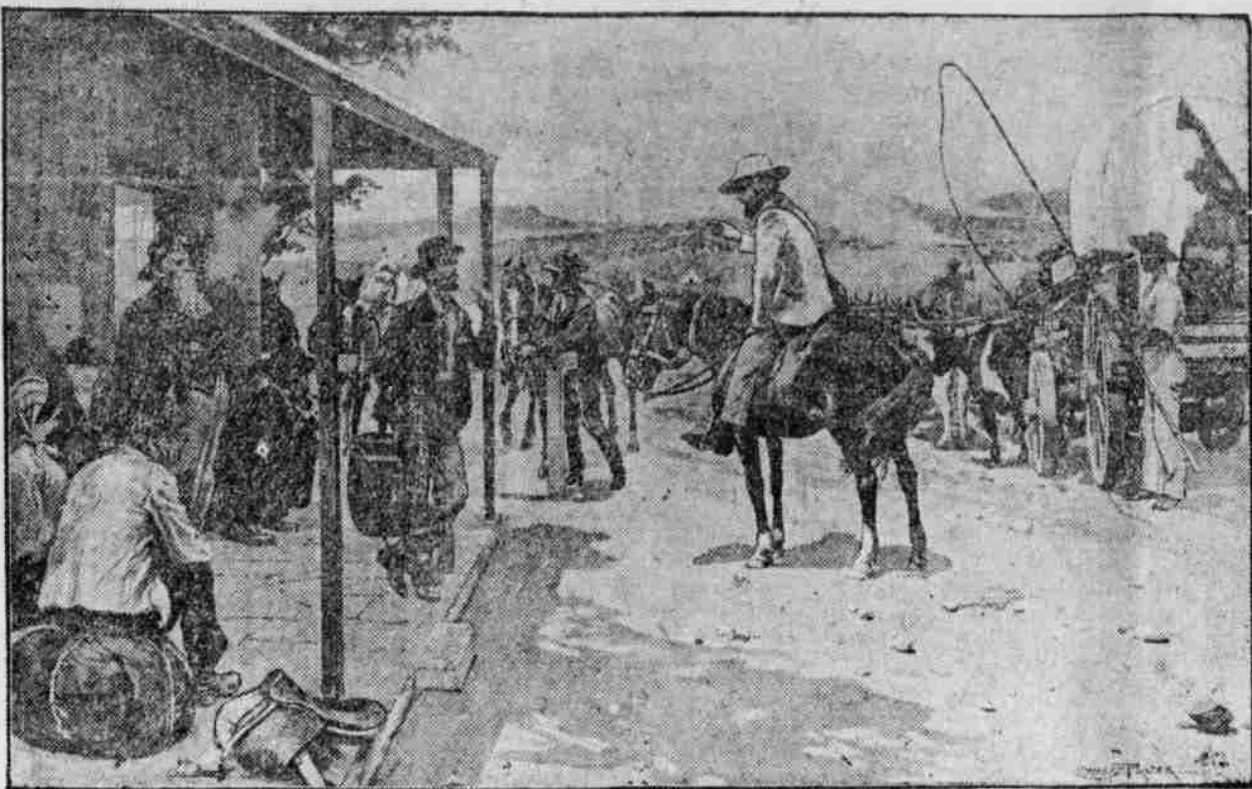


THE NATIVE INTEREST IN SOUTH AFRICA.



TREK BOERS DISCUSSING THE SITUATION IN A COUNTRY STORE.

The veldt on the Transvaal side of the Swaziland border is becoming rapidly congested with the flocks and herds of Boers who had intended to trek into Swaziland. The Boers are intensely interested in the recent unrest among the natives, as they see in the remission of their old severity toward the native the prospect of much trouble in the immediate future.

TRY IT!

In the green fields an' the town
Trouble makes us bow;
Hard to sing that trouble down,
But—try it, anyhow!

Any way the weather goes
Don't you feel forlorn;
Try to sing about a rose
And forget the thorn!

Sorrow's bound to come to all—
Be it late or soon;
But the very raindrops fall
With a dancin' tune!
—Atlanta Constitution.

A LITTLE THORN.

SOFTLY whistling a merry tune, he opened the front door and looked around. Where could Else be? Otherwise she was always standing in the open door awaiting his homecoming. He looked at his watch and smiled. It was half an hour earlier than usual.

In the sitting room was her embroidery and next to it an open letter in the handwriting of her mother. Mechanically he picked it up and read:

"I can hardly believe, dear Else, that you have been really married a whole month. That I often think of you, you know, but I have never confessed to you that I sometimes am a little worried, because I, after all, know so very little about Gustav's character and that only from what you have told me, and that occasionally I am a little afraid that you may not be perfectly happy. Do not misunderstand me, I do not doubt either your or Gustav's ability to make each other happy. But are you really and truly happy, my dear child? Don't you ever feel as if there were a little thorn which you would like to remove before it penetrates too deeply? Our happiness is very sensitive to such little thorns and if they are allowed to remain—"

Gustav dropped the letter on the table in amazement at what he had read. Thorns in their happiness! Were they not as happy as it was possible for two human beings to be? Oh, these mothers always are so prone to see ghosts in broad daylight.

He picked up the letter to finish reading it, but light steps were heard on the garden path and he saw his wife hurrying toward the house.

"She need not know that I have been reading her mother's letter," he thought, "Undoubtedly she will read it to me, and then we can talk it over," he thought as he put it down on the table again.

But all day he waited in vain for her to mention it. She never said a word about it until the next morning, when she said: "Oh, I forgot to tell you; I had a letter from home. Mother sends her love to you. They are all well at home. She asks me to send her some samples of worsteds."

"Was that all?"

"Yes; there was nothing else."

There it was, he thought. Where was now the thorn? For that there was one he no longer doubted, or she would have mentioned her mother's foolish worries.

Now he knew. Every day he examined the letters she gave him to mail, until he found one addressed to her mother. How heavy it was! And she had written so much without telling him a word.

When he came to his office he carefully opened the letter and read:

"You have no idea, dear mother, how often I have thought over your letter before I knew just what to answer. I will confess everything frankly so that you may perhaps help me to do everything to make Gustav happy."

"You ask me if I am happy. Indeed I am, mother, and I still believe I understand what you mean when you write of the little thorns. I often feel that piercing pain, but I am not quite certain whether it is only my vanity which is wounded or my heart. If you will help me find where the thorn is I will do my best to remove it."

"You know that I have never known Gustav's mother. I am very sorry at this, because it would then be easier for me to talk with him about her. He very often speaks of her, and then I feel as if I shall never be able to do the things as she does them. Very often I feel as if I have fallen short of his expectations, and that he is not quite satisfied, because I manage the household affairs differently from the way his mother does. Whenever he wants to praise me he always says that I have done this or that just as his mother would have done it, and he expects that such praise shall make me feel happy. I wish it did."

"Answer my letter as soon as you



PICKED IT UP AND READ.

can, dear mother, and have no fear that I shall not follow your advice. Gustav does not even know that I write you. I send you the worsted you asked me for—"

He read no further, but a feeling of sadness came over him. Poor, dear Else! She was quite right. He folded the letter together and put it in his pocket, determined that he himself would answer all Else's questions.

It was a beautiful summer evening. Else was sitting on the piazza with her embroidery, as he softly closed the gate behind him, that she should not hear him come. Then he tiptoed to the large bed of roses and broke off one little thorn, which he pressed in under a fingernail before he walked up to the house.

"Good evening, darling."

"Good evening, dear! You are early to-day. Now I will hurry up dinner, and we will have coffee out here."

While they were sipping their coffee she noticed that Gustav did not seem quite himself.

"Are you tired, dear?" she asked.

"No, love, but I have a pain in my finger, and I do not know what causes it."

"Let me look at it. Why, of course, you have got a splinter under that nail; but I shall soon get it out."

"Oh, no, dearest! Do not trouble yourself about it. It is nothing but a little thorn that will soon work itself out."

"The idea! Give me your finger right now. Such a little thorn might cause blood poisoning if you neglect it."

"Oh, nonsense, Else! Do you really believe that such a little thing could cause any harm? Look at me, Else, and tell me do you really believe that such a trifle might be dangerous?"

She looked at him in surprise. Then she suddenly blushed.

Could he mean something else? What did he know?

"Oh, Gustav!" she sobbed, and buried her face in her hands. You know—"

Instead of answering he took her into his arms.

"Else! Now be my own sensible little wife and tell me frankly what you mean. Confess everything and I also will confess."

"Yes, both the letters—yours and your mother's. Forgive me that and all the rest; it was thoughtless on my part; I did not realize—"

"Oh, Gustav! and now you will never feel like talking to me of your mother and I should so like to know more about her."

"I understand you, dearest, and just for that reason I will talk even more of her, but in a different way, without always drawing comparisons. Will you be satisfied then? I will endeavor always to think of myself as your husband rather than as my mother's son and I thank you so much that you have made me see how I ought to be. And now will you please remove the little thorn, or better still, I will remove it myself, and in the future we will always remove the little thorns ourselves without asking mamma's help."

"Oh, Gustav, you do not know how I love you," she said, and kissed him, passionately.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

How He Got Rich.

The following incident occurred when I was a barefooted lad of 10 years, living in an obscure country town in Maine. The wealthiest man in the community was a certain Mr. K., who was reputed to be worth \$100,000, and to have an income of \$20 a day.

These amounts then seemed to me so stupendous that I often wondered how it was possible to acquire so much wealth and resolved at the next opportunity I would ask him about it. Living, as I did, on the adjoining estate, and often doing some small chores for him, this opportunity soon came and I made the inquiry:

"Mr. K., how did you make so much money?" He looked at me a moment and, patting me on the shoulder, replied:

"I'll tell you, my son. 'I bought my straw hats in the winter.'"

The full meaning of his remark was not appreciated at the time, but it made a deep impression, and as I grew to maturity its wisdom and significance became more and more apparent.—Saturday Evening Post.

Talking Behind Her Back.

"Don't you know, dear," said his wife, sweetly, "that it is wrong to talk behind a person's back?"

He was trying to button her waist at the time, and really there seemed to be provocation for his remarks.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

When the stork brings girl after girl to a farmer, the only way he can break even is to plant his grain fields into fruit, something that girls can handle.

BENGAL'S PREMIER PRINCE.

Ruler Over 2,000,000 People Is Only 27 Years Old.

Mahtab III, Maharajah Adhiraj of Burdwan has come into public notice because of his recent elevation to the throne of Burdwan, thus becoming the premier noble of Bengal and the ruler of 2,000,000 people at the age of 25.

This youth, whose official title is Maharajah Adhiraj Bijay Chund Mahtab Bahadur, succeeded the late ruler of Burdwan in 1887. He was the adopted son of his predecessor on the throne, and was born in 1881. His accession to the throne proper was delayed because of his youth and until his education was concluded. Now he has been installed amid the pomp and magnificence of the East and in full power over his multitudinous subjects by the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, and



MAHARAJAH OF BURDWAN.

his sway extends over a territory of 4,194 square miles.

Mahtab III is the only Khattrya prince in India, and is the head of that community. His fortune is vast, even for an Indian prince, and he supports at his own cost a college at Burdwan, where free education is imparted to the youth of his realm up to the first arts standard; a high school at Kalna and a free Sanskrit college and a girl's school at Burdwan.

The prince also maintains at a great cost annually many temples at Burdwan and Kalna. At these the poor are fed daily. He also supports almshouses, where rice and flour are distributed daily to all who apply.

CHINESE AND THE COMPASS.

Very Probable that They or Some Other Asiatics Discovered It.

Some Asian people, perhaps the Chinese, discovered, many centuries ago, that a kind of iron ore possessed a very peculiar quality, says a writer in Harper's Magazine. We call this ore magnetic or, in more common language, lodestone, and it is very widely distributed, especially in the older crystalline rocks. It was found that if a bit of lodestone were placed in water upon a piece of cork or straw braid it would turn till the axis of the stone assumed a north and south position. A phenomenon of magnetism had been discovered by means of an ore that is peculiarly susceptible to magnetic influence.

It is an open question whether the Chinese utilized the directive power of the lodestone, but it is certain that the first rude compass was not used on European vessels before the twelfth century of our era. By that time the true magnetic compass had been evolved through the discovery that if an iron or steel needle were stroked on a lodestone it would receive the attractive and directive power of this ore. With this wonderful appliance placed at the service of navigation, the vessels that had hugged the coasts soon dared to venture even out of sight of land. A new impetus was gradually given to cartography, for now the true directions of the coast lines might be charted with some approach to accuracy. It was the happy fortune of Italian sailors to make the surprisingly excellent surveys of directions and lengths of the Black Sea and Mediterranean coasts and along the Atlantic to British waters that have come down to us in the so-called Portulan maps.

Had All Eternity.

An old Kansas citizen, who had been henpecked all his life, was about to die. His wife felt it her duty to offer him such consolation as she might, and said: "John, you are about to go, but I will follow you." "I suppose so, Mamma," said the old man weakly, "but so far as I am concerned you don't need to be in any blamed hurry about it!"—New York Tribune.

An Advantage.

"Do you think that wealth brings happiness?"

"No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "It does not bring happiness. But it gives a man a little bit of option about the kind of worry he will take on."—Washington Star.



The Quickest Way.—Tommy (dressed for evening party)—Mother, shall I wash my hands or put on my gloves? "Mamma, what is a grass widow?" "A grass-widow, dear—is a lady whose husband plays golf."—London By-stander.

Home, Sweet Home.—

Through flats and apartments
Though we may roam,
Be they ever so charming—
They're too dear for home!

"You ought not to work such long hours. Surely your boss can get along without you part of the time." "Sure he can. But I don't want him to find it out."—Cleveland Leader.

Benness—Those college professors listened to a lecture three hours long. Jenners—What of it? Benness—Nothing; only they say "a word to the wise is sufficient."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Well, Yes.—"We all have our burdens to bear," remarked the minister. "Life at best is but a series of trials." "I don't mind the trials, parson," said Senator Smoothguy, "it's the convictions that hurt."

The Mine that Goes to the Wall.—Cokeley—My! what a lot of mines are being exploited now. Jokeley—Yes, and there's one mine that's bound to go to the wall. Cokeley—What's that? Jokeley—Calamine.

"Why do you think all is not right between Mr. and Mrs. Flashington?" "They are so often seen together lately. It must be that they have some reason for trying to drown suspicion."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Tom—Here! You've started your note to Borrowings "Dr. Sir." Don't you know that sort of abbreviation is very slovenly? Dick—No, sir. "Dr." is all right in this case. He owes me money.—Philadelphia Press.

Red Cows and Black Cows.—Wagg—So you've taken to farming. I suppose you've noticed that red cows eat more than black ones. Wigg—No, I didn't. How do you account for it? Wagg—There are more of them.

Couldn't Tell.—Teacher—If your mother bought four baskets of grapes, the dealer's price being twenty-two cents per basket, how much money would they cost her? Tommy—Couldn't tell. Ma's great at bargains.

Indorsement.—Uncle Jerry Peebles was looking over the list of "amended spellings" recommended by the reformers. "Why," he exclaimed, "I don't see anything strange in them words. That's the way I've allus spelled 'em."

Out of Order.—Teacher—Thomas, I saw you laugh just now. What are you laughing about? Tommy—I was just thinking about something. Teacher—You have no business thinking during school hours. Don't let it occur again.

Mamma—I thought there was an apple on the sideboard and I was going to give it to you, but it has disappeared. Fred—Well, you can give me something in the place of it, mamma, 'cause the apple wasn't much good, anyway.—Pathfinder.

His Rule of Action.—"John Henry," said Mrs. Bickers to her husband, "it is time we returned the Gilkinson's call." "I have no intention of returning it," said Mr. Bickers. "Why not?" "Because I believe in returning good for evil."

On the Safe Side.—"What's that sign you're making here?" "Fresh eggs," replied the new clerk. "Make it 'Fresh-laid eggs.'" "Why—er—everybody knows the eggs were fresh when they were laid." "Exactly, and that's all that it's safe for us to say about them."

A Good Fish-Line, Too.—"Now, boys, what is the axis of the earth?" "The axis of the earth," said Johnny, "is an imaginary line which passes from one pole to another, and on it the earth revolves." "Very good, Johnny," said the teacher. "Could you hang clothes on that line?" "Yes, sir." "Oh, indeed; and what sort of clothes, may I ask?" "Imaginary clothes, sir."

Queen Sabe?

A foreign dispatch says that a Parisian woman has ordered a \$200 corset from this country, and that many of the grand dames in France wear corsets of American manufacture. Times certainly change. After a while this country may be shipping bananas to the West Indies, coffee to Brazil and tea to China.—Baltimore American.

There comes a time in every girl's life when she feels her princess oats to such an extent, it is a wonder she doesn't demand that the men, in addition to taking off their hats, also take off their neckties.

Along about this time of the year if the farmers were allowed to vote in the most tantalizing thing in the world, they would say, "A cow's tail."