

SIXTEEN SUMMERS OLD.

She is sixteen summers old to-day!
Mark her calendar, ye who say
That summer must have its winter, too,
And find that it's one long summer
thought!

Bird and blossom and breeze in tune;
A summer morning, no afternoon;
The rose in her cheek from June to June.

She is sixteen summers old to-day!
There's a moon for her when the sun's
away!
There's a song that is only for her to
sing;
There's a bird that is waiting to try its
wing;

There's a beautiful world, as yet unseen,
That is waiting for her to be its queen—
Time is a youth, and the years that were
Are only just sixteen to her.

She is sixteen summers old to-day!
That's what her first two sweethearts
say—
Mother and father—and I'm afraid
We are all sweethearts of this sweet
maid!

Will some philosopher now, who knows,
Tell us the mystery of this pearl,
Why it takes one year to perfect a rose,
And sixteen years for a rosebud girl?
—Independent.

REUNITED.

FOR the land's sake, pa," called out Mrs. Drusilla Gladden to her husband as he wiped his feet on a piece of carpet at the kitchen door. "I thought you'd never get in. Guess you sent me a letter. You'd never think in a month of Sundays. It's from Devah Bland—my Cousin Devah."

Pa gave a smile of interest and rubbed his hands. "Well, I swan now! And what has Devy got to say for himself?"

"He's coming to Ohio to visit. He'll be here next week. What do you think of that?"

Pa pulled off his boots contentedly. "I won't be sorry to see Devy. We war in school together. What say? Is he doing well?"

"Doing well, but his wife's dead; been dead two year or more. I bet you a great deal, pa, he's on the warpath. And to think Angeline Culver's visitin' around here just now, and she's a widder. Pa, it looks like the 'pintin's of Providence, don't it?"

Mrs. Gladden smiled benignly on her husband and he on her. They were in love with each other and had been for twenty years.

"It truly does," replied pa, "it truly does. Jest think how those two courted over three years, wasn't it? I hold the split was all Angeline's folks' fault, wasn't it? That old man Porter never stayed anywhere and got a streak to move to Indiana. Her ma wouldn't let her stay here and that made Devy properly mad. They kep' it up awhile writin', then Devy went out farther West and married himself to a strange woman. After awhile Angeline gets married. First she hears her partner's gone and she's a likely widow, visitin' round. Then we gets a letter sayin' Devy's partner has been departed two years an' he's comin' visitin'. Now don't that beat all?"

"How plain you've made it, pa," beamed Mrs. Drusilla. "It sounds like them story papers. You ort to have been a writer for one. I often thought that. My, ain't it plum interesting? I don't want to miss none of it, do you? How can we fix it?"

Pa was so appreciative of his wife's praise he tilted back in the rocker and gave the matter solemn thought.

"I calculate we kin have all this to ourselves," he began, "if you kin hold out 'gainst mentionin' Devy's comin'. It will be hard work for ye, Drusilla, but it's the only way. Do you think you kin hold that news over prayer-meetin' and Sunday? I tell you what, he went on, excitedly, "we can just have the whole thing happen right here, meetin' an' all, if you don't tell."

Mrs. Gladden's pleasant face fell. "I wonder if it'll be fair not to tell the rest of the folks," she began. "You see, Devy'll be expectin' a big welcome."

Asahel Gladden rose up in his socks. "Drusilla, I have jest set my heart on managin' the whole thing. Don't you disappoint me. I never had so much chance as this in all my mortal life. I always wanted to do sech directin' and managin', and don't you disappoint me."

"What'll folks say when they find we held that news?" asked his wife, much impressed, but giving up as usual. "They'll say you've come to years of discretion; though I don't want to hurt your feelings none, Drusilla. You can take it all out fixin' up the spare room and Marindy's room. It air lucky Angeline hain't been down here yet—another clear 'pintin'. Now hurry up dinner and write Devy a letter tellin' him he must come right here an' we won't take no for an answer. I'll hitch up the cutter an' we'll go over to town an' engage Angeline for the whole endurin' week."

The two were as excited as children. The letter had to be strong enough to suit pa and was the labor of an hour for Mrs. Gladden ere it suited him. Dinner over, they tucked themselves into a green sleigh and drove over to New California.

"We'll stop on the way," said the small and rosy man. "I feel so anxious to get hold of Angeline."

"Oh, you do?" questioned the wife, demurely. "Well, as our Marindy declares, her pa's younger'n anyone."

Angeline Culver—Angeline Porter that was—was visitin' at old Dr. Norman's. She and Cissy Norman had alder been close friends. She came out to the sleigh to speak to Mrs. Gladden. She was quite dressy and had on a pink house sack trimmed with white lace. She had tied a little white fascinator over her brown waves.

"I was 'lowin' to go over to Dennis Daodna's next week," she said, in her soft, comfortable voice, "but if you make a point of it I guess I can put them off."

Pa Gladden was so anxious that his little feet danced up and down in the snow. "Oh, we want you real bad next week, Angeline! We been waitin' an' expectin' 'till we're set on it special. Do say you'll come."

"I believe pa'll burst if you don't come, Angeline," said his wife, "he gets so set on anything."

"Well, I will," assented the widow. "I used to have good times at your house when I was a girl. I never have forgotten them."

Pa went through an expressive pantomime behind her. "And pa'll fetch you on Sunday afternoon," went on Mrs. Gladden. "If the snow don't stay on he'll fetch you in the buggy."

Afterward Mrs. Gladden declared that pa spent the happiest week of his life getting ready for that couple to be reunited. It never struck his warm and innocent heart that anything could go amiss. He piled up special wood for the parlor, he hovered around the two bedrooms, he actually had his finger in every pie and cake baked. He went to the village store alone once or twice, and, after the last visit, wore an air of the deepest mystery.

Mrs. Gladden stood this until the hour of retiring. "Asahel!" she exclaimed, with a break in her voice, "Asahel, you never had a secret from me in all your life—did you?"

The rosy man looked as guilty as if detected in a crime. He saw her kind eyes, and his voice quavered. "Never before," he whispered, "but I'm so afraid you can't hold this one over Sunday meetin' I'm bound not to breathe it."

One dry sob brought him to terms. "It air," he whispered, tiptoeing over to her, "it air that I telegraphed to Devy to git here on the Sunday afternoon express."

Mrs. Gladden's attitude toward the world on Sunday morning was the gossip of the neighborhood for weeks. She suddenly assumed an air of funeral dignity, would converse with no one, and stalked silently out after meeting and climbed into the sleigh triumphantly.

"You've done it," whispered her husband, delighted. "I didn't credit you with it."

After dinner the parlor fire was lit, the table spread for company tea, and Pa Gladden wrapped himself up to go for Angeline. He was so happy his wife's heart trembled.

"Pa," she said, "don't you set too much store by it. Devah may have other intentions, and Angeline may not agree."

"Don't you think it?" declared pa. "Angeline air a hundred times prettier than she war. Devy air a man; that settles it all. Now do your part. I've told you jest what to say to her. Leave Devy to me. Men understand men."

He brought Angeline and her valises back in an hour. Mrs. Gladden rejoiced in her womanly beauty. She kissed her as tenderly as if she had been a young girl when she helped her in. Angeline's face beamed.

"How nice you've made everything for me," she cried. "It is like a home-coming." Her face grew thoughtful. "It makes me think of old times—old friends."

"Well, just settle down and make yourself at home," said pa, coming in. "I have to be gone an hour or two. You and ma can have a good old talk."

While later he was stamping off the falling snow on the platform of the station. A tall, bronzed man alighted from the express and pa met him, so eager he almost cried over him as he shook hands.

Alas! Alas! All pa's finesse and subtle phrases were forgotten. He was as nervous as a woman. Finally he reined in Dolly almost in sight of the house.

"Devy," he quavered, "I always felt so sorrowful 'bout you an' Angeline Porter's break-off. You war so happy together when you was young. Devy, I've got Angeline here. She air a widow; she air a finer woman 'n you could see in a day's travel. It air the desire of my heart to bring you two together."

The man beside him grew pale and gasped, then he wrung the mittled hand. Good Ma Gladden came out to the sleigh. She, too, had forgotten her part. She had been crying and broke down.

"Please 'seuse Angeline," she said, brokenly, "she is there in the parlor. Don't you want to go in, Devah? I guess you needn't be afraid."

The tall man strode past her, his own eyes misty. The wedded couple left on the steps were not ashamed to kiss each other with tears and smiles.—The Columbian.



BOER AND BRITON.

History of the Trouble Which Has Led to War in the Transvaal.



THE issue between the English and the Boers is one as old as this century. In many different forms, but always with much the same ground of quarrel at the bottom, it has reappeared with each succeeding decade. Many times the two peoples have met on the battlefield, and when war itself has not existed rumors of war between them have been current. Wherever the Englishman and the Boer have had their common interests in one territory strife has been sure to come, for the qualities and ideals of the two are widely dissimilar.

The great gold fields in the Transvaal are the material facts that have caused

BOER NATIONAL SONG.

Flag of our precious land, wave on,
We pray my God the hand strike down
E'er raised to lower thee,
Float proudly, banner, to the wind,
E'er last the three cent'ry bill,
Our foes have died and left behind
A land unconquered still.

Through many years of hate and blood,
Dear flag, thou didst endure,
Again the storm thou hast withstood
And foisted still secure,
And as of old when foes assailed
O'er brave hearts thou shalt wave,
Nor shall the black or Brit prevail,
While we have strength to save.

Thou art, dear flag, our token true,
Transvaal's four-color free,
To thee we pledge ourselves anew,
Till death we'll strive for thee,
Aloft e'er all our precious land
Wave, banner, proudly on,
By God forsaken be the hand
E'er raised to drag thee down.

found many means to derive national revenue from the Outlanders or "outsiders." The government, under President Kruger, levied transport dues, stamp taxes, license fees, franchise costs, customs and monopoly charges on such a mining necessity as dynamite.

The British in the Transvaal appealed to London and London appealed to Pretoria, but there was no redress. By 1896 the Outlanders were paying to the Boer government a revenue of \$5,000,000 annually, which consisted almost entirely in a tax on mining.



OLD FORT AT MAFEEKING.



A WEALTHY BURGHER.

the conditions for the present struggle, for it is through them that Englishman and Boer have been brought so close together. The Boers claim to be the lords of the Transvaal country, and they persist in regarding the foreign settlers—the Uitlanders—as temporary residents without real rights. Sharply opposed to this view stands England, whose many sons in Transvaal land have their immense investments in mines and machinery and demand a full share in the government. "The Transvaal for the Boers," is President Kruger's cry, while the English against it shout: "Full rights, civil and political, for our emigrants who settle in your land."

The problem takes on many phases, but not one of them can clearly be understood without back reference to the history of the relations of Boers and English. The first form of the issue is over the question of sovereignty. England is asserting her suzerainty, while admitting Boer independence in local affairs, and Kruger is denying England's claim. Such is the history of the two that each can fairly make its claim.

Sovereignty or no sovereignty would not, however, be a burning question were there not reason for insisting on it. The more practical statement of the issue is that it concerns the political franchise rights which the Uitlanders now find it so difficult to acquire, and which England insists so strongly they shall secure on reasonable conditions. It is on account of inability to agree on the terms of the franchise, combined with views about sovereignty, which leave no middle ground, that war came, but even the franchise is only an incident in securing what the English really want. Sir Alfred Milner, who has been the foremost English agent in negotiations with the Boers, has said that he insisted on the franchise merely because he thought it would help the Uitlanders to secure for themselves what they need, and because he thought an agreement could be reached concerning it more easily than concerning the many reforms in Boer laws which are the real objections to be attained for the benefit of the Uitlanders, and the real occasion of England's intervention.

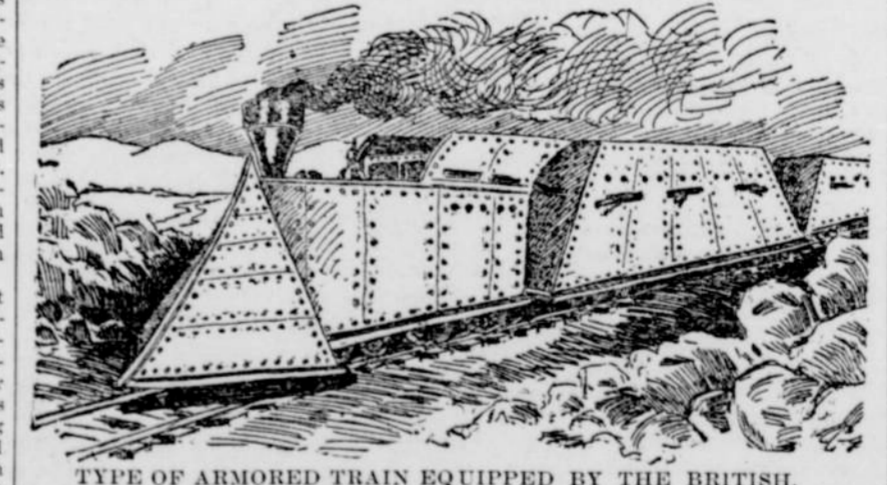
Only by considering the past struggles with the English can the present one be seen in its true proportions. The Boers were the original European settlers of South Africa. Of Dutch descent, they had sturdy qualities, which their life in the savage lands only served to make sturdier. They were farmers from the first, and by the sweat of the negro races they grew in wealth. The English took definite possession of the Cape in 1814, and the English immigration then began in such great waves that Holland emigrants and Boer children could not keep up the balance of power. The situation was much such as exists now in the Transvaal, where the Uitlanders outnumber the Boers, except for the fact

that then the Boers were actually and not merely nominally subjects of Great Britain. The English rule was autocratic, and the Boer idea about slaves and land holding fitted so little with the English ideas that soon the Boers had two great grievances against their rulers.

The Dutch-French colonists quarreled with the English continually, and numbers of them "trekked" or tracked northward in search of farming lands. Their first settlements were in Natal, but from there also the English drove them, and then they "trekked" into the Transvaal, where, on an unpromising upland, 6,000 feet above the sea level, they became Boers—"farmers." There they hoped the British would leave them alone and their hopes might have been realized had not the discovery of gold been made there in 1866.

Prior to that time, in 1852, England had practically acknowledged the independence of the Transvaal, otherwise known as the South African Republic. In 1854 the Orange Free States were also declared independent, but by both treaties and conventions England retained suzerainty.

There was trouble in 1881 when a force of the British was repulsed at Majuba Hill, the incident leading to a revision of the convention in that year and again in 1884. It is the latter which defines the degree of authority reserved by England under its suzerainty, and the contentions over which are involved in the present



TYPE OF ARMORED TRAIN EQUIPPED BY THE BRITISH.

occurrence and too sensational to have passed from the memory of readers. The first battle of the Jameson raid occurred at Krugersdorp on Jan. 1, 1896; the second at Doornkop the day following, when Jameson's already defeated raiders were all captured by the Boers.

President Kruger turned over the raiders to the British Government, which sentenced Jameson to fifteen months in jail and some of his officers to shorter terms, after making them the heroes of London for weeks.

Kruger arrested hundreds of Outlanders in Johannesburg on the charge of treason, and upon trial four were sentenced to death. Among the latter was the American mining expert, John Hays Hammond, but their sentences were commuted to fine and imprisonment. Both the Boers and the British were fighting mad, and everyone expected war would follow between them, but it was averted in a curious manner.

Emperor William of Germany sent a cable message of sympathy to President Kruger, and the infant terrible of the family of nations by this characteristic act changed the whole situation. England was so mad at William that for a time she forgot or ignored Kruger. She assembled such a fleet of war vessels as has never before in the history of the world prepared for war—and William sang softly.

But the trouble in the Transvaal was not remedied. War talk was heard from time to time in the Transvaal as well as in England, and in August, 1897, President Kruger, in an address to the Volksraad, openly denied that England possessed any rights of sovereignty over the country.

In March last Joseph Chamberlain brought the Transvaal situation proud-

ly before the House of Commons. He said that President Kruger had promised reforms, but that none of his proposals would be satisfactory. In another speech during the same month he defined the right of intervention in the Transvaal which England had, limiting it to cases in which the convention of 1854 had been violated, or in which English subjects had been treated in such manner as would give cause for intervention if they were residents of some independent foreign country, as France or Germany.

March 24 a petition, which had been signed by over 20,000 British subjects in the Transvaal, was forwarded to the British Government through Conyngham Greene, the British agent at Pretoria. It dealt with political grievances only, and aimed to show that the Boers were continually making existence harder for the Uitlanders. A body known as the Uitlander council was formed, and its communications with Sir Alfred Milner, governor of Cape Colony, met with a favorable response. Negotiations, in the hope of securing a settlement of the troubles, only resulted in producing a firmer and more emphatic assertion of his rights by President Kruger.

No definite answer to the Uitlanders' petition came until May 10, when Joseph Chamberlain suggested a conference between Sir Alfred Milner and President Kruger at Pretoria. President Steyn of the Orange Free State at once invited the two men to meet at his capital, Bloemfontein, and a week later both accepted the invitation. The demand made by Milner was that every foreigner who had been a resident of the Transvaal five years, and proposed to make it his permanent home, should be given full citizenship, and that the distribution of representatives of the Volksraad should be so arranged that the Uitlanders, who mostly live near Johannesburg, should have proper share in the government.

The best that President Kruger would do was much less than this. He proposed a two years' residence prior to naturalization, and then five years more before the granting of the full franchise. He placed so many conditions around even this offer that it was regarded with much suspicion. The conference had no practical result. President Kruger suggested arbitration by a foreign power, but owing to the British claim of sovereignty the commissioner could not consent to this.

Futile Negotiations. Negotiations went on slowly after this. The British demands formulated themselves as a five-year period for admission to full burghership and an increase of the representation of the mining districts in the road to one-fifth of the total number of members.

A bill embodying some of these points was considered by the Volksraad during the early part of July. On the 19th of that month it was passed in a form that granted practically what President Kruger had proposed at the Bloemfontein conference.

Messages and diplomatic notes sent back and forth after this brought out two points of disagreement. President Kruger insisted that if he made any concessions to the Uitlanders it should be on the distinct understanding that England would not regard its interference as a precedent and would formally resign all pretense of sovereignty. Secretary Chamberlain would not listen to such a suggestion.

The other point of disagreement was in regard to the assurances that any reforms made would not have nullifying conditions attached to them. Secretary Chamberlain began to insist that a joint committee of engineers, made up of expert delegates representing the Transvaal and the British Government, be appointed to investigate and be sure that all franchise promises would be carried out.

Aug. 21 President Kruger declined to take part in any such joint inquiry, but offered a five-year franchise on condition that England would promise not to assert sovereignty in the future, and not to interfere again with the internal affairs of the Transvaal. England formulated, Sept. 8, a note to the Boers which was so specific that it was regarded as almost an ultimatum. It asserted sovereignty and reminded Kruger that the proposal for a joint inquiry would not always remain open.

President Kruger replied Sept. 18 with a definite denial of England's sovereignty, and with a refusal to put the English and Dutch committees on an equality in the road. He also this time placed seven years as the minimum he would consent to as a preliminary to the franchise. To this England replied Sept. 22 with a temporizing note which was taken to mean practically a postponement of any ultimatum till her troops were ready for the field. The Volksraad had Aug. 28 rejected the proposal to do away with the dynamite monopoly, and that made the situation with England still worse.

Active arming was kept up on both sides, and the situation was unresolving when, on Sept. 28, the Orange Free State road decided to cast its fortunes with its neighbor republic. Britain continued to pour troops into South Africa, and the Boers were not slow to meet the emergency. The district north of Dundee and Newcastle were hurriedly turned into

camping grounds by the burghers. Laing's Nek was occupied, and other steps were taken that menaced an invasion of Natal.

Oct. 10 Kruger's government sent an ultimatum to London demanding the withdrawal of British troops from the frontier and the return to England of the special forces sent to South Africa and of the forces en route. If not complied with, a state of war was to exist in twenty-four hours. The next day Montague White, the Boer consul general, quitted London, and war was practically on.

That man never lived who wasn't sorry he wrote a certain letter.