

A South African Coup That Failed.

How Zwager, a Boer of the Great Trek, Postponed the War.



RASSED by thoughts of the upset in business during the South African crisis of 1898, an American named Phillips took the night train for Klerksburg, near the Transvaal frontier.

A week before Phillips had seen the "Gold Reef City" shivering in the panic of the expected war. His thoughts, as he stared out the car window, may have gone back bitterly to Johannesburg, to the ridge which has made so many sorrows, and his own failure there. Clutched in the hand, however, he held a telegram from his partner, Burton, and this read: "Come up to Klerksburg next train; big thing possible here." Around him men were arguing heatedly in various dialects as to where Joubert would strike first, what would happen to the Uitlanders, and when it would begin to happen. The train ran on hour after hour; it came to a stop at last and discharged its passengers into the excited, questioning crowds which filled the streets of Klerksburg. It was almost midnight, but there was no quiet in the towns of the border.

A large young Englishman stepped out of the shadows and touched Phillips on the elbow. "Here you are," he drawled. "It's late, but you mustn't sleep yet, Jack. You're expected."

"What is it, anyway?" asked Phillips.

"I don't know," replied the other, "and I know at the same time that it is something worth our while." He was slower in his mental processes than the American, and he now fell into deep reflection. "It was Atherton who told me to get you here. Appears that there is something being planned. Come along."

They turned into quieter streets, walked for some distance, and came to a house. The front of this was darkened, but there were lights at the rear, and as they approached more than one man came out and hurried away. Burton held a low conversation with some one at the door, and then returned to find his friend.

"They want to see you alone in there," he explained, "and I'm to wait."

Phillips went forward; a servant ushered him through the house and bowed him into a lighted room. Three men were seated around a table there, upon which lay spread a map of South Africa. In a smaller room behind Phillips could hear telegraph instruments clacking feverishly and now and then a message would be brought out and placed upon a table.

"London seems to be getting excited," one of the three remarked. They did not embarrass Phillips by too close a scrutiny, but they were taking note of him. "Sit down, won't you," said one of them, a big man. The speaker leaned back almost shyly in his chair, and turned his drowsy gray eyes upon another, who looked like an ex-army officer. "You state the case, Atherton," he said.

"Hem," observed the latter. "Well, Mr. Phillips, I suppose you would not be unwilling to accept of a good opportunity."

Phillips smiled grimly. "I rather need to," he replied.

"Ah, yes. Well, no offence, you know; but we have been led to believe that you are, a-hem, rather a wild young thing."

The American's square jaw tightened, and he rose. "You might have telegraphed that information," he observed.

"No; sit down, please," said the big man, "and hear us through." There was a kind of fascination in his manner difficult to explain.

"You know," continued Atherton, his eyes upon the table and speaking as if by rote, "whether this country is in a healthy condition now. You are from Johannesburg, and also know how the Uitlanders are being treated. Here in Klerksburg we believe that war is inevitable and that the sooner it comes the better for us all. There are, however, people who cannot understand this situation and they advise delay." He nodded, perhaps unconsciously, toward the room where the telegraph instruments were clicking.

"Not so many miles from here, at a point which your friend Burton knows, there is a camp of the border police. It lies about two miles from the frontier line of the Transvaal, and ten miles on the other side the Boers have also a camp. Very good. Now I need not point out to you that Africa is like a bin of gunpowder and that it needs only a spark to set it afire. Here is where that spark can be struck." He put his finger upon the map. "Just at this point over the line is the farm of a Boer named Zwager. He is an old Dutch rhinoceros, ready

enough for trouble; it would be very easy for any one who went there, any one who was rather wild and irresponsible, to precipitate a quarrel. It would not need extreme measures—a mere quarrel, with perhaps a little misusage, and the Boers there in camp would do the rest, for they would attack the border police as certainly as we sit here. After that some history would probably be made."

Young Phillips whistled thoughtfully. "It's rather rich for us," he said, "and not the nicest job, especially seeing that I'm an American. No, I guess not."

The big man raised himself up from his chair, the lamplight fell upon him as he stood, tall as a giant, above the table where lay the map of South Africa. "An American," he said, "that is all the better! Americans are men of our own blood and this movement is for every man who knows what progress means. It is war which must come, and in this world we must look ugly facts in the face. People who are afraid to do this say to me: 'But it will be too dangerous,' they say to me, 'It is wrong,' but I say to them, 'We must look facts in the face; the Boers are now arming with Mauser rifles.' I say to them, 'My dear good people, I admire your scruples, but remember the ugly fact of those Mauser rifles. Remember that, and then if you agree that war must come at last, tell me whether delay will not mean ten times as many lives and 100 times the treasure.' A united Africa, that is my idea—an Africa free for the Anglo-Saxon from Cape Town to the Zambesi."

The dreamy gray eyes had lighted up; the words came faster and faster in the glow of the great idea. And as he spoke there breathed out of this man something mysterious and wonderful, as out of unfathomed depths, a spirit which could stiffen the hearts of other men and drive them forward, reckless of barriers. Young Phillips gazed at him, and the cold suspicion melted out of his face.

"I guess, maybe," said he slowly, "that after all I am a wild young thing."

The big man glanced at the other men, and a little laugh all around showed their appreciation of how Phillips had risen to his chance. "Always did like the way you Americans could grasp a point," the leader said, and shook hands.

The day after, Burton and Phillips rode out of Klerksburg, and turned their horses eastward. They left the railroad line upon their left, and as they struck into the open veldt and saw around them the wide circle of earth and sky, their spirits gayly rose to this adventure. Darkness found them still six miles from the camp of the border police, but Burton knew the ground, and they pushed forward.

When they reached the camp of the border police they were greeted with applause. Burton knew most of the men; a letter which he brought made them still more welcome. They ate, and afterward among their hosts lay back at ease around the campfire. Invisible horses champed and scuffed upon the plain around them; the troopers smoked and looked up at the watching stars until it was time to turn in.

In the morning the two adventurers had a last word with the captain and then mounted their horses. They rode to a little eminence and stopped; they were on the border line, the danger line which needed only to be crossed by fighting parties to mean a war. A solitary falcon hovered high in the untarnished blue, and before them stretched the Transvaal, its veldt as yellow as a sea of gold. Old Zwager's farm lay like a dot in this and over everything a Sabbath quiet brooded, but here the spark could be struck which should set South Africa afire. The felt the delight of power, a sense of danger and daring leaped in their blood and they rode straight forward resolutely.

Zwager's place was built up in a way usual to that region. A stone wall encircled the squat Dutch buildings and served to keep the calves in the front dooryard. A fence might have been easier, but Zwager's great-grandfathers had managed it this way, and what had been good enough for them was good enough for Zwager. They were admitted through the gate by a lazy Kaffir boy, and, riding up to the house, beheld the owner.

Before the door in the sunshine sat an old and grizzled Boer—a Boer of the Great Trek. He stared at them for a moment silently, and then again turned his dull blue eyes upon the distant view. But after some reflection he removed his pipe and asked them briefly: "What do you want?" "We want some forage for our horses, first thing," Burton replied, and the two dismounted. Zwager reflected some time, and then announced: "You can't have it."

"O, we can't eh?" remarked Phillips. "Maybe that isn't for you to say." The correction appeared to be lost upon old Zwager; he sat still and gazed across the plain toward the blue northward as though he expected something favorable to come from that direction. For years and years the older Boers had been wont to think of that free upcountry, the untracked wilderness which could always be their refuge when the annoying uproar of a rapid civilization came too near. But nothing could come out of it now except danger, and they were cut off from it forever as surely as from the blue sea across which their forefathers had wandered two centuries before for a place in which to stagnate comfortably. Old Zwager may have known this much of history from the homespun traditions passed down from sire to son, stories of old treks and battles for one's own idea of things, dared by men of a stubborn fanatic breed, like the Roundheads of Old England, or the Puritans of the New. But England and America had gone forward somewhat, and two of their representatives, well up to date, stood now before this old man of the people who had stopped for two centuries, and they hardly knew how to take him.

"We want some forage," Burton roared, with ferocious emphasis.

Old Zwager considered this demand once more, as though it had been a new one. "You can't have it," he then replied, with undiplomatic clearness, "because you are English schelms" (rascals).

Phillips clenched his fist and walked up to him. "Yes, now's your chance," encouraged Burton. The Kaffir, safe upon the wall, was apparently the only witness, and he, being a native and untaught, seemed to wonder that men of those races should fall to fighting. Phillips put his fist close up to the stolid face, then took it away again.

"Always did understand that you Americans were an uncertain set," complained the Englishman. He strode up to the Boer himself, and delivered an ultimatum. "You old, dense, beastly, uncivilized mule," he thundered, "tell the boy there to get that forage, d'you hear?"

The ancient man never noticed them. They both perceived with ease that he thought they were afraid of him. "O, before I'd stand that!" Phillips taunted his companion. Presently Zwager arose to his feet. "You must now go away from here," he proclaimed calmly, "your language is not like the Scriptures." He went and picked up a heavy stick and stiffly advanced upon them.

They stood and watched him come, the two strapping Saxons, and exchanged a furtive glance. Then of a sudden they broke in full retreat; moved by the same impulse they slunk back to their horses and mounted without a word. Without a word they left behind them Zwager's place, and for half a mile across the veldt they rode a long way apart and would not look at each other. Finally they pulled up, and something had to be said.

"Er—ah—most disgusting failure," the Englishman remarked.

"I couldn't do it," the American replied, "because—" He stole a glance at his companion, and read in his eyes an answering horror—it was the awful horror and hatred of their race for "goody-goody talk." "Because," he cried triumphantly, "I thought there might be some more Boers hidden in the barn."

"Just so," assented the Briton in relief, and came a little nearer. "My own idea exactly." They rode along together in dejection, knowing more about themselves than previously they had known. Around them the very veldt seemed to be laughing over something; and as they approached the camp again suddenly they both laughed too.

"Couldn't be done," Burton explained briefly to the captain. "Appears, you know, that there was concealed force in the neighborhood."

Hours afterward they left the camp, and took the road toward Klerksburg. They stopped once in the plain and looked behind them at the border line and all was quiet along it. Then the Englishman, doubtless with his thoughts upon old Zwager, said: "That war will come, though, as sure as the sun is up there."

"Or as sure as there is gold in Johannesburg," the other agreed, "but it won't be us that will start it. We two weren't made, I guess, to do dirty work."

He flicked his horse again, and grinning cheerfully the unsuccessful ones rode westward in the sunshine.—New York Sun.

Patriotic Prussian Pigs.

A correspondent of the Deutsche Tages Zeitung at Eidelstedt, in Schleswig-Holstein, gravely announces that such is the patriotism of Prussian pigs that they refuse to eat American barley. The latter does not differ in odor or aspect from the home-grown article which the pigs devour with avidity. The Tages Zeitung, inspired probably by the action of the discriminating swine, asks: "How long will it be before all American products from ham to barley will be prohibited from importation into Germany on account of their suspicious character?"—Correspondence New York Sun.

FARM AND GARDEN.

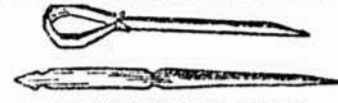
Right Place for the Orchard.

At a recent farmers' meeting a successful fruit raiser claimed that the ideal place for an orchard was on the top of a hill.

The advantage of the hill over a plain was that the trees were more open to the light and air, which gave better color and flavor to the fruit, and gave the land a better natural drainage and freedom from frosts.

Cure for Scratching.

My hens bothered us some by digging in the garden and flower beds until I fixed what I call a poke and fastened it on their leg. It is made of a piece of white ash, about six or seven inches long, flattened at one end and sharpened on the other.



ANTI-SCRATCHING DEVICE.

The flat end is bent around the hen's leg and tied with some strong thread. It drags behind when they walk, but when they go to scratch they sit down and seem quite surprised. Heavy wire would furnish good ones and are more easily made.—C. W. Shorter, in New England Homestead.

Grain Heating in Bins.

In all the eastern portion of this country there is usually rain enough to prevent grain from being thoroughly dried out before it is gathered into barn or stack. Owing to the general desire to thresh early, much of this grain is damp when threshed. If put into large bins it will heat and become mouldy. It is best to defer all large jobs of threshing until the grain in the straw has gone through the sweating process, which is really heating, the warmth causing the moisture to come out of the grain, straw and weeds. This is the fastest way to dry grain. But if the threshing has been done, a sharp lookout should be kept on the grain in the bin. Thrusting a long pole to near the bottom of the grain pile, the temperature may be easily determined. If it feels warm to the hand, it is above 100 degrees. The grain is in danger and should be taken out of the bin as quickly as possible. When it is put back have some thoroughly dried brick and put them in occasionally as the grain is thrown in. A dried brick will absorb more than its weight in water. If any one doubts it, let him try to fill a brick so that water will stand on the surface. The wettest grain may be safely put in bins, if this precaution is used. There is nothing in the brick to ferment, and the water in the grain is absorbed until the grain is dried. In winter all grain dries out by freezing.

Sour Milk Best.

Professor W. W. Cooke finds that pigs do better on slightly soured milk, containing only lactic acid, than they do on sweet milk. He says the probable reason is found in the fact that when the milk sours the milk sugar is broken up in the lactic acid, but this change takes place without any loss of solid matter. One particle of milk sugar merely absorbs some water and splits up into two parts of lactic acid. Recent experiments in Germany seem to show conclusively that lactic acid, in common with several other vegetable acids, is digestive and has a real feeding value. Therefore the lactic acid being in the same quantity as the milk sugar, it is fair to presume that its feeding value would not be much reduced.

If milk is allowed to stand for many days this lactic acid breaks up into butyric acid and carbonic gas, the latter passing off and becoming certainly a dead loss. It could not be said from our experiments that skim milk could be kept indefinitely and still not lose its feeding value, but it seems probable that there is no loss in feeding value in the first change of souring and lobbering.

As to why the sour skim-milk should have done better than the sweet skim-milk we cannot tell, unless the answer is found in the greater relish with which it was eaten, or unless it is a fact that the acid during the hot weather helps by keeping the digestion of the pigs in a little better condition.—New York Weekly Witness.

Garden For Poultry.

The poultryer on the farm possesses every advantage over the man confined to one or two city lots. While, in our experience, free range of the farm is not the best way to raise fine poultry, yet we duly appreciate the foods we may raise and feed fresh from the garden to our poultry. In our experience the fowls at large do not confine themselves to picking up the waste, but rather choose to take their rations from horse mangers and pig troughs. They fatten on corn and perhaps the men complain with justice "that the hens eat their heads off."

We find it better to have yards of medium size, and we have about made up our minds that hens at large are not much improved on hogs at large, and what woman can put up with hogs in the door yard? But if hens are yarded they must be fed and there is room on the farm to plant a

garden for the chickens. What shall we plant? We must have lettuce, of course. One can cut a surprising amount of feed from a few feet square of lettuce; then there is giant southern mustard. A few rows of that, and you have a green food greatly relished and in quantity for a numerous flock. Winter onions are egg producers. Perhaps we can find a corner for hemp and sunflowers. Then we must have some vegetables for winter. Cabbage and artichokes come first. Watch the biddies eat raw artichokes if you believe they don't like them, and see the chicks devour them. Then we may raise some carrots to cook and mix with bran for biddie's winter breakfast to make her lay. We can cook them and mix with corn meal to fatten the poultry quickly for market. Probably no vegetable we raise gives less trouble or is more certain to yield well than sugar beets. Then the beets keep well, which is more than we can say for carrots in this locality. We put the beets through the bone cutter and feed raw.

The hens greatly relish the raw vegetables and the ducks must have them if you wish eggs in January. The mustard will stay green long after frosts, and when it is gone begin on the beets. The mustard will not appear the second year nor in any way resemble the old fashioned sort. A great many spaces where the vegetables have been taken off may be sown to the mustard for fall feeding.—Hattie Byfield, in St. Louis Planter.

EDUCATION FOR MODERN BUSINESS.

Address by President Hadley, of Yale University.

President Arthur T. Hadley, of Yale University, recently responded to the toast, "Education for Modern Business Responsibilities." He said in part: "The two previous speakers have told you better than I can do your greatness and the greatness of your responsibilities. It is for me to suggest how in the future men may be tried who shall fit worthily the places that you now occupy. It is one of the interesting things to any one who looks at the catalogues of the colleges of the country to see how they are becoming each year, more and more, the educators of business men. A generation ago the great majority of college graduates went into professions. To-day a large part of them go into commercial life. There are two reasons for this. In the first place, a great many of the men who go to college to-day without having any other idea than of making the most of their life find that the business opportunity and business responsibilities of the present generation are so large that there is no object of their ambition so worthy as business success. And, on the other hand, a great many men, who intend from the first to go into business, find the responsibilities of business so difficult, the vastness of its problems so great that they prefer to take many years instead of few in preparing themselves for these responsibilities. The combination of these two things has brought our colleges into closer connection with the world of commerce at present than they ever were in the past. And now the question comes up how shall they fulfill, how shall the colleges fulfill the new duties which are laid upon them by the necessity of preparation for this wide world? Now, to begin with, it is very easy to say what they shall not do. They cannot do their work by undertaking to instruct the boys in the details of what they will find it necessary to do in the office. If they learn these details from books they would have to learn them over again, to unlearn all they had learned and learn them better from the experience of practical life.

"That education is best and highest which most fully brings home to the boy by illustrations of history, by inspirations of literature, by the teachings of the every-day life of the present time, that none of us liveth for himself; that possession means power, and that power means duty. (Applause.)"

"Whatever form the education of the next generation may take—and there are many unsettled questions before the work of our colleges—of this one thing we may be sure: They will and they must educate men to take your places who will have from the beginning the conception to which you have attained in your business life of business success as a trust, of power and influence in the country as a duty to the country and to God." (Applause.)

Japanese Police Etiquette.

Chief Inspector of Police Ikigami Shiro, of Hiogo Ken, Japan, tells his officers and men that they should not make calls on a foreigner in the early morning, at meal times or late at night, if they can help it. At any rate, they should pay good attention to their clothing prior to the call, and before entering the house they are enjoined to clean their boots. They must not carry a cigar into the house, nor take a seat until asked to do so, they are informed, and "when you call on a foreigner in private clothing take off your hat and overcoat outside the room, and leave them in the proper place. The former is, however, sometimes carried into the room."—New York Sun.