SUMTER, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1887.

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The Telatchman and Southron. Published every Thursday,

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"Well, Frank Muller, and if all this should

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We have your God and the english reasonation to the sheep and the horses; call only dragged it up with a curse, and, springing into the saddle again, fled on as before.

Thus did the man who did not hesitate to 2 Doors North of John Reids.

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ICHABOD AND OTHER POEMS, night. John had left her to see about sorao

2 Doors North of John Reids.

BY W. G. KENNEDY. FOR SALE AT THE SUMTER BOOK of a woman who has found her love, and the words that the STORE. Price reduced to one dollar loath as yet to break its spell by entering Hee! Hee! Hee! Hee!

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Pabilsher.

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

The fire upon the hearth is low And there is stillness everywhere-Like troubled spirits, here and there The firelight shadows fluttering go. And as the shadows round me creep, And childish treble breaks the gloom, And softly from a further room

Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep." And, somehow, with that little pray'r And that sweet treble in my ears, My thought goes back to distant years And lingers with a dear one there;

My mother's faith comes back to me-Crouched at her side I seem to be, And mother holds my hands again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place-Oh, for the peace of that dear time-Oh, for that childish trust sublime-Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face! Yet, as the shadows round me creep. I do not seem to be alone-Sweet magic of that treble tone

And "Now I lay me down to sleep!"

- Chicago News. JESS.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD, Author of King Solomons Mines She Ele

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII. Presently Muller turned round. "Do you know why I have told you this, Om Silas!"

he asked. "Because I want you to understand that you and all the Englishmen in this country are in a very dangerous position. The war is a coming, and whether it goes for you or against you, you must suffer. You Englishmen have many enemies. You have got all the trade and own nearly half the land, and you are always standing up for the black people, whom the Boers hate. It will go hard with you if there is a war. You will be shot and your houses will be burned, and

come to pass, what of it? What are you driving at, Frank Muller? You don't show

me your hand like this for nothing." The Boer laughed. "Of course I don't, Om fluence in the land than you know of. Perleast I could keep you from being harmed, as we all have, and it must be money down and no credit." "I don't understand you and your dark say-

straightforward man, and if you will tell me strong arms round her and drew her to his what you mean I will give you my answer; if not. I don't see the good of our going on talk-

"Very well; I will tell you what I mean. I mean Bessie. I mean that I love your niece her by fair means or foul-and that she will have nothing to say to me." "And what have I to do with that, Frank

Muller? The girl is her own mistress. I cannot dispose of her in marriage, even if I wanted to, as though she were a colt or an ox. You must plead your own suit and take your

"I have pleaded my suit and I have got my answer," answered the Boer, with passion. Don't you understand she will have nothing to say to me. She is in love with the d-d rooibaatje Niel, whom you have brought up here. She is in love with him, I say, and will not look at me."

"Ah," replied Silas Croft, calmly, "is that so? Then she shows very good taste, for John Niel is an honest man, Frank Muller, and you are not. Listen to me," he went on, with a sudden outburst of passion; "I tell you that you are a dishonorable man and a villain. I tell you that you murdered the Hottentot Jantje's father, mother and uncle in cold blood when you were yet a lad. I tell you that the other day you tried to murder John Niel, pretending to mistake him for a buck! And now you, who petitioned for this country to be taken over by the queen, and have gone round singing out your loyalty at the top of your voice, come and tell me that you are plotting to bring about an insurrection and to plunge the land into war, and ask me for Bessie as the price of your protection! And now I will tell you something rose up, his keen eyes flashing in wrath, and straightening his bent frame, pointed toward the door. "Go out of that door and never come through it again. I rely upon God and the English nation to protect me, and not on such as you, and I would rather see my dear Bessie dead in her coffin than married to

knave and traitor and a murderer like Frank Muller. Go." The Boer turned white with fury as he listened. Twice he tried to speak and failed, and when the words did come they were so choked and laden with passion as to be scarcely audible. When thwarted he was liable to these accesses of rage, and they, figuratively speaking, spoiled his character. Could he have kept his head, he would have been a perfect and triumphant villain; but as it was, the carefully planned and audacious rascality of years was always apt to be swept away by the sudden gale of his furious passion. It was in such an outburst of rage that he had assaulted John in the inn yard at Wakkerstroom, and thereby put him on his guard

against him and now it mastered him once "Very well, Silas Croft," he said at last, "I will go; but mark this, I will come back, and when I come it shall be with men armed with rifles. I will burn this pretty place of yours, that you are so proud of, over your head, and I will kill you and your friend the Englishman, and take Bessie away, and very soon she will be glad enough to marry Frank Muller; but then I will not marry ter-no. not if she goes on her knees to me-and she shall go on her knees often enough. We will

"Go!" thundered the old man, "or by the God you blaspheme I will put a bullet through you," and be reached toward a rifle of a dead woman's voice! Truly human nathat hung over the mantelpiece, "or my Kaf-

firs shall whip you off the place." Frank Muller waited for no more. He there was still some light in the sky at the end center of the dusty road, kicked and rolled of the blue gum avenue, and as he rode away against it he made out Bessie's tall and graceful form softly outlined upon the darkening pressing matter connected with the farm, and there she stood, filled with the great joy

again into the daily round of common life. There she stood, a type and symbol of all that is beautiful and gracious in this rough world, the lovelight shining in her blue eves and thoughts of happy gratitude to the Giver of all good rising from her heart to heaven, drawn up thither, as it were, by the warmth of her pure passion, as the dew mists of the morning are drawn upward by the sun.

Presently she heard the horse's hoofs, and looked up, so that the faint light fell full upon her face, idealizing it and making its passion breathing beauty seem more of heaven than of earth. There was some look upon it, to? Would it not be better to let her be, to this tender and attractive tableau. go his way and leave her to go hers, in peace? "Well, I never!" said the old gentleman.

She did not look quite like a woman standing "What is the meaning of all this, Bessie?"

there, but more like something belonging to another world, some subject of a higher power. Men of powerful but undisciplined

tious, as he was apt to do. Might there not as red as any rose. be an unknown penalty for treading such a perchance with the blood of those she loved? For a few seconds he hesitated. Should he throw up the whole thing, leave the rebellion to look after itself, marry one of Hans hand began to tighten on his bridle rein and the horse to answer to the pressure. As a the left and avoid her, when suddenly the thought of his successful rival flashed into his mind. What! leave her with that man? hand. In another second he had sprung from his horse, and, before she had guessed who it

strength of his jealous desire overpowered "Ah, I thought he had come after missie," said Jantje, who, pursuing his former tactics, was once more indulging his passion of slinking about behind trees and in tufts of grass.

"Now what will missie say?" "How are you, Bessie?" he said, in a quiet voice; but she, looking into his face, saw that it belied his voice. It was alive with evil passions that seemed to make it positively lurid, an effect that its undoubted beauty only intensified.

"I am quite well, thank you, Mr. Muller," she answered, as she began to move homeward, commanding her voice as well as she could, but feeling dreadfully frightened and lonely. She knew something of her admirer's character, and feared to be left alone with him, so far from any help, for nobody was about now, and they were more than 300

yards from the house. He stood before her, so that she could not pass without actually pushing past him. "Why are you in such a hurry?" he said. "You were standing still enough just now." "It is time for me to be getting in. I want

to see about the supper." "The supper can wait a while, Bessie, and I cannot wait. I am going off to Paarde Kraal to-morrow at daybreak, and I want to say good by to you first." "Good by," she said, more frightened than ever at his curious, constrained manner, and

she held out her hand. He took it and held it. "Please let me go," she said. "Not till you have heard what I have to Silas. Well, if you want to know, I will tell to the Cape and seen the world. I have things should go under the circumstances. you what I mean. I mean that I alone can brains, and can see and understand things, Every day Silas Croft beamed with a more

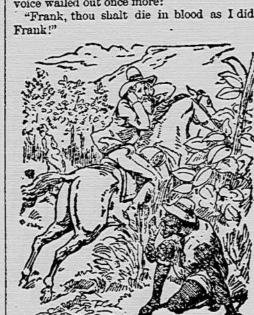
Africa, though I am only plain Frank Muller found cause to congratulate himself more haps, even, I could stave off the war, and if now. Great things are going to happen in and more on the issue of his bold venture toit suited me to do so I would do it. At the the country, and I shall be at the head of ward matrimony. Now that he came to be them, or near it. No, don't try to get away. on such intimate terms with his betrothed, he that I know. But I have my price, Om Silas, I tell you I love you, you don't know how. perceived a hundred charms and graces in I am dying for you. Oh! can't you believe you," and in an agony of passion, that her re- she basked in the light and warmth of her ings," said the old man, coldly. "I am a sistance only fired the more, he flung his love the more her character opened and un-

breast, fight as she would. But at this opportune moment an unexpected diversion occurred, of which the hidden Jantje was the cause. Seeing that matters and want to marry her-ay, I mean to marry | show himself lest Frank Muller should kill him then and there, as he would indeed have been quite capable of doing, he hit upon another expedient, to the service of which he uncommon among natives. Suddenly the silence was broken by a frightful and prolonged wail that seemed to shape itself into the word "Frank," and to proceed from the air just above the struggling Bessie's head. The effect produced upon Muller was some-

thing wonderful. my mother's voice!" "Frank!" wailed the voice again, and he let go of Bessie in his perplexity and fear, and turned round to try and discover whence the sound proceeded-a circumstance that the

young lady took advantage of to beat a rapid if not very dignified retreat. "Frank! Frank! Frank!" wailed and howled the voice, now overhead, now on this side, now on that, till at last Muller, thoroughly mystified, and feeling his superstitious fears rising apace as the moaning sound flitted about beneath the dark arch of the gum trees, made a rush for his horse. which was standing snorting and trembling in every limb. It is almost as easy to work upon the superstitious fears of a dog or a horse as upon those of a man, but Muller, not being aware of this, took the animal's alarm as a clear indication of the uncanny nature of the voice. With a single bound he sprang into his saddle, and as he did so the woman's

voice wailed out once more: "Frank, thou shalt die in blood as I did,



Muller turned livid with fear, and the cold perspiration streamed from his face. He

was a bold man enough in a general way, but this was too much for his nerves. "It is my mother's voice, it is her very words!" he called out aloud, and then, dashing his spurs into his horse's flanks, he went like a flash away from the accursed spot; nor did he draw rein till he came to his own place, ten miles away. Twice the horse fell then see what God and the English nation will in the darkness, for there was no moon, the do to protect you. God and the English na- second time throwing him heavily, but he them all there the day before yesterday." Thus did the man who did not hesitate to must be a lie. You say near Middelburg, the don't like it, go and be d-d to you," is his plot and to execute the cruel slaughter of unday before yesterday; that would be Dec. 20. simple answer to the remonstrances of the offending men cower beneath the fancied echo | When did you hear this?"

ture is full of contradictions. When the thunder of the horse's hoofs grew faint Jantie emerged from one of his hiding turned and went. It was dark now, but places, and, throwing himself down in the such a tale?" with delight, shaking all the while with an inward joy that his habits of caution would picked himself up and slipped off to his state of unpleasurable excitement that they not permit him to give audible vent to. "His mother's voice, his mother's words," he quoted to himself. "How should he know that Jantje remembers the old woman's voice-ay, and the words that the devil in her spoke too! with which news does travel among Katlirs; Spruit disaster and other rumors of the in-

Bessie fled without stopping till she reached the orange trees in front of the veranda, Bessie, who was also somewhat alarmed, he pass over the Drakensburg, known as Laing's where, reassured by the lights from the windows, she paused to consider. Not that she him in the garden, told him what Jantje had was troubled by Jantje's mysterious howling: said. The old man did not know what to melancholy man, "so it's no use trying. The indeed, she was too preoccupied to give it a make of the tale, but, remembering Frank | Boers will just eatch you and kill you, and second thought. What she was debating was | Muller's threats, he shook his head. whether she should say anything about her encounter with Frank Muller. After pausing for a few seconds to pick a branch of orange | house and see Jantje. Give me your arm, | Det this was not John's view of the matter. blossom and to become herself generally, John." which, not being hysterically inclined, she very soon did, she quietly entered the house the steep path, perceived the stout figure of about him that led him to believe that, if he as though nothing had happened. The very some indefinable light that day—such is the first person she met was John himself, who power that love has to infuse all human things had come in by the back way. He laughed with the tint of his own splendor-that it at her orange blossom bouquet, and said that went even to the heart of the wild and evil it was most appropriate, and then proceeded man who adored her with the deep and savage to embrace her tenderly in the passage; and force of his dark nature. For a moment he indeed he would have been a poor sort of paused, half regretful, half afraid. Was it lover if he had not. It was exactly at this news do you bring with you?" well to meddle with her and to build up plans | juncture that old Silas Croft happened to for her overthrow and that of all she clung open the sitting room door and come full upon

come in and explain the facts of the case, which John did with much humming and intellect like Frank Muller are never entirely haing and a general awkwardness of manner free from superstition, however free they that baffles description, while Bessie stood by, may be from religion, and he grew supersti- her hand upon her lover's shoulder, blushing

The old man listened in silence till John flower as that into the mire-into mire mixed | had finished-a smile upon his face and a

kindly twinkle in his keen eves. "So," he said, "that is what you young people have been after, is it? I suppose that you want to enlarge your interests in the Coetzee's daughters, and trek to the Old farm, eh, John? Well, upon my word, I don't Colony, or Bechuanaland, or anywhere? His blame you; you might have gone farther and hand began to tighten on his bridle rein and fared worse. These sort of things never come singly, it seems. I had another request for first step toward it he would turn away to your hand, my dear, only this afternoon from that scoundrel Frank Muller, of all men in the world," and his face darkened as he said the name. "I sent him off with a flea in his Never! He had rather kill her with his own | ear, I can tell you. Had I known then what | have shot them all I suppose Burgers will I know now I should have referred him to John. There, there! He is a bad man and a dangerous man, but let him be. He is taking was, was standing face to face with her. The plenty of rope and he will hang himself one of these days. Well, my dears, this is the best bit of news that I have heard for many a long day. It is time you got married, both of you, for it is not right for man to live out, he would not like it to be known that he alone, or woman either. I have done it all my life, and that is the conclusion I have come to after thinking the matter over somewhere about fifty years. Yes, you have my consent and my blessing, too; and you will have something more one day before so very long. Take her, John, take her. I have led a rough life, but I have seen something of women for all of that, and I tell you that there is not a sweeter or a better or a prettier woman in south Africa than Bessie Croft, and in wanting to marry her you have shown your sense. God bless you both, my dears. And now, Bessie, come and give your old uncle a kiss. I hope that you won't let John quite drive me out of your head; that's all. For you see, my dear, having no children of my own, I have managed to get very fond of you in the last twelve years or so."

Bessie came and kissed the old man-ten-"No. uncle," she said, "neither John nor anybody nor anything in the world can do that," and it was evident from her manner that she meant what she said. Bessie had a large heart, and was not at all the person to let her lover drive her uncle and benefactor out of his share of it.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOHN TO THE RESCUE. The important domestic events described say. Look here, Bessie, I love you with all in the last chapter took place on Dec. 7, 1880, my heart. I know you think I am only a and for the next twelve days or so every-Boer, but I am more than that. I have been thing went as happily at Mooifontein as protect you and your place and people in the bad times that are coming. I have more in
You shall be one of the greatest ladies in turn things had taken, and every day John her character which he had never suspected me, my darling! my darling! Yes, I will kiss | before. Bessie was like a flower; the more folded, shedding perfumed sweetness round her and revealing unguessed charms. It is so with all women, and more especially with a woman of her stamp, whom nature has made to love and be loved as maid were getting serious, and being afraid to and wife and mother. Her undoubted personal beauty also shared in this

development, her fair face taking a richer hue and her eyes an added depth and meaning. She was in every respect, save one, all brought a ventriloquistic power which is not | that a man could desire in his wife, and even | the exception was one that would have stood to her credit with most men. It was this: she was not an intellectual woman, although she certainly possessed more than the ordinary share of intelligence and work a day common sense. Now John was a decidedly intellectual man, and, what is more, he highly "Allemachter!" he cried, looking up, "it is appreciated that rare quality in the other sex. But, after all, when one is just engaged to a sweet and lovely woman, one does not think much about her intellect. Those sort

of reflections come afterward. And so they sauntered hand in hand through the sunny days and were exceedingly happy. Least of all did they allow the rumors which occasionally reached them from take with him were packed in a Gladstone the great Boer gathering at Paarde Kraal to bag, and the box that was arranged underdisturb their serenity. There had been so neath the movable seat in the Cape cart many of these rumors of rebellion that folk | was filled with the tinned provisions that are were getting to regard them as a chronic

"Oh, the Boers!" said Bessie, with a pretty toss of her golden head, as they were sitting one morning on the veranda. "I'm sick to death of hearing about the Boers and all their got up talk. I know what it is; it is just an excuse for them to go away from their farms and wives and children and idle about at these great meetings, and drink square face with their mouths full of big words. You see what Jess says in her last letter. People in Pretoria believe that it is all nonsense from

beginning to end, and 1 think they are per-"By the way, Bessie," asked John, "have you written to Jess telling her of our engage-

"Oh, yes; I wrote some days ugo, but the letter only went yesterday. She will be pleased to hear about it. Dear old Jess, I wonder when she means to come home again, She has been away long enough." John made no answer, but went on smoking

his pipe in silence, wondering if Jess would be pleased. He did not understand her yet. She had gone away just as he was beginning to understand ber. Presently he observed Jantje sneaking

about between the orange trees as though he not wanted to do so he would have moved that John had gone and her tears could not from one to the other in such a way that distress him, she went into her room and nobody could have seen him. His partial and gave way to them freely enough. lesultory appearances indicated that he was

"Come out of those trees, you little rascal, and stop slipping about like a snake in a stone wall!" shouted John. "what is it you want populated countries. It was not an inn and Thus adjured, Jantje advanced and sat it altogether a shop, though there was a

down on the path as usual, in the full glare of store" attached. If the traveler were anxare not due yet."

declared war on the English government, and | many a high handed traveler, accustomed to they have eaten up the rooibaatjes at Bron- the obsequious attentions of "mine host," ker's Spruit, near Middelburg. Joubert shot has learned to his cost. There is no "What!" shouted John, letting his pipe fall | inn keeper in South Africa, and then he is so | an old crow! What did 'Om' Kruger's pass

"At daybreak, baas. A Basutu told me." could not have got here in thirty-eight hours. | wilderness. On this occasion, however, John What do you mean by coming to me with fared well enough. To begin with he knew

of the thing, John was considerably dis- their information amounted to much, howturbed, knowing the extraordinary speed ever. There was a rumor of the Bronker's more swiftly, indeed, than the swiftest vestment of Pretoria, and of the advance of mounted messenger can bear it. Leaving large bodies of Boers to take possession of the went in search of Silas Croft, and, finding Nek, but there was no definite intelligence.

"Ah," said old Silas, "here is the man who

will tell us if there is anything in it all."

sent a proclamation to Lanyon. There will comes emasculated sooner or later, that seems be fighting, Om Silas; the land will run with to be the universal fate; and it appears that down like buck."

"The poor Boers, you mean," growled John, who did not like to hear her majesty's | mostly in despite of them by the independent army talked of in terms of regretful pity. Om Coetzee shook his head with the air of one who knew all about it, and then turned an attentive ear to Silas Croft's version of forcibly destroy personal enterprise and re-

"Allemachter!" groaned Coetzee, "what did I tell you? The poor rooibaatjes shot down like buck, and the land running with blood. And now that Frank Muller will draw me into it, and I shall have to go and shoot the poor rooibaatjes, and I can't miss; try as hard as I will, I can't msss. And when we come back, and he is krankish (mad). Yes, yes; Lanyon is bad, but Burgers is worse," and the comfortable old gentleman groaned aloud at the troubles in which he foresaw he would be involved, and finally took his departure by a bridle path over the mountain, saying that, as things had turned had been calling on an Englishman.

"John," said Silas Croft, suddenly, "you must go up to Pretoria and fetch Jess. Mark my words, the Boers will besiege Pretoria, and if we don't get her down at once she will be shut up there." "Oh, no," cried Bessie, in sudden alarm, "I

cannot let John go."

"I am sorry to hear you talk like that, Dessle, when your sister is in danger," answered her uncle. rather sternly; "but there, I dare say that it is natural. I will go myself. Where is Jantje? I shall want the Cape cart and the four gray horses."

I will take that Zulu boy, Mouti (medicine), he drove fast he might overtake him. "Yes, yes, John, that's right, that's right,"

there, and you can be off by 3 in the morning and be at Heidelberg by 10 o'clock to-morrow night and in Pretoria by the next afternoon," and he bustled off to make the necessary preparations. "Oh, John," said Bessie, beginning to cry, "I don't like your going at all among those wild

Boers. You are an English officer, and if they find you out they will shoot you. You don't know what brutes some of them are when they think it safe to be so. Oh, John, John, I can't bear your going." "Cheer up, my dear," said John, "and for

Heaven's sake stop crying, for I can't bear it. I must go. Your uncle would never forgive me if I didn't, and, what is more, I should never forgive myself. There is nobody else to go, and we can't leave Jess to be shut up there in Pretoria-for months perhaps. As for the risk, of course there is a bit of risk, but I must take it. I am not afraid of risksat least I used not to be, but you have made a bit of a coward of me. Bessie dear. There, give me a kiss, old girl, and come and help me to pack my things. Please God I shall get back all right, and Jess with me, in a week from now."

Whereon Bessie, being a sensible and eminently practical young woman, dried her tears, and with a cheerful face, albeit her heart was beavy enough, set to work with a will to make every preparation she could think of. The few clothes John was going to so much used in South Africa, and all the other little arrangements, small in themselves, but of such infinite importance to the traveler in a wild country, were duly attended to by her careful hands. Then came a hurried meal, and before it was swallowed the cart was at the door, with Jantje hanging as usual on to the heads of the two front horses, and the stalwart Zulu, or rather Swazi boy, Mouti, whose sole luggage appeared to consist of a bundle of assegais and sticks wrapped up in a grass mat, and who, hot as it was, was en-

veloped in a vast military great coat, lounging placidly alongside. "Good by, John, dear John," said Bessie, kissing him again and again, and striving to keep back the tears that, do what she could,

would gather in her blue eyes. "Good by, my love." "God bless you, dearest," he said, simply, kissing her in answer; "good by, Mr. Croft, I hope to see you again in a week," and he was in the cart and had gathered up the long and intricate looking reins. Jantje let go the horses' heads and gave a whoop. Mouti, giving up star gazing, suddenly became an animated being and scrambled into the cart with surprising alacrity; the horses sprang forward at a hand gallop and were soon hidden from Bessie's dim sight in a cloud of dust. wished to call attention to himself. Had he Poor Bessie! It was a hard trial; and now

John reached Luck's, an establishment on the Pretoria road that happily combined the characteristics of an inn, a shop and a farm house, such as are to be met with in sparsely not a farm house, strictly speaking, nor was ious to obtain accommodation for man and "No, baas," he said," it is not wages. They beast at a place of this stamp he had to proceed warily, so to speak, lest he should be requested to move on. He must advance, hat "No, baas, it is this. The Boers have in hand, and ask to be taken in as a favor, as such dre dful autocrat as your half and half infuriated voyager. And then you museither knock under and look as though you "Then there is an end of it. The news liked it, or trek on into the "unbostelled" the owners of this place, who were very civil The Hottentot smiled. "It is quite true, people if approached in a humble spirit, and, baas. Bad news flies like a bird," and he fue hermore, he found everybody in such a work.

Notwithstanding the apparent impossibility to talk the matters over with. Not that "You won't get into Pretoria," said one there will be an end of it. You had better "If there is any truth in it that villain Mul- leave the girl to look after herself and go ler has a hand in it," he said. "I'll go to the back to Mooifontein."

"Well," he said, "at any rate, I'll have a try." He obeyed, and, on getting to the top of | Indeed, he had a sort of buildog sentiment old Hans Coetzee, who had been his host at | made up his mind to do a thing, be would do the shooting party, ambling along on his fat | it somehow, unless he should be physically incapacitated by circumstances beyond his own control. It is wonderful how far a mood of this sort will take a man. Indeed, it is the "Good day, Om Coetzee, good day!" be | widespread possession of this sentiment that shouted out in his stentorian tone. "What | has made England what she is. Now it is beginning to die down and be legislated out of The jolly looking Boer rolled awkwardly our national character, and the results are off his pony before answering, and, throwing already commencing to appear in the incipthe reins over its head, came to meet them. | ient decay of our power. We cannot gov-"Allemachter, Om Silas, it is bad news. ern Ireland. It is beyond us; let Ireland You have heard of the bymakaar (meeting) have home rule! We cannot cope with our-

Of course there was nothing for it but to at Paarde Kraal. Frank Muller wanted me imperial responsibilities; let them be cast off; soon be plenty of wounded and dying there. the meeting, which was to raise money come in and explain the facts of the case, to go, but I would not, and now they have and so on. The Englishmen of fifty years ago. declared war on the British government, and did not talk like this. Well, every nation be Bonker's Spruit. Lord, what a sight that blood, and the poor rooibaatjes will be shot it is our lot to be emasculated, not by the after our wounded, if the roobaatjes manage want of law, but by a plethora of it. This country was made, not by governments, but efforts of a series of individuals. The tendency nowadays is to merge the individual in

the government, and to limit and even sponsibility. Everything is to be legislated for or legislated against. The system is only in its bud as yet. When it blooms the empire will lose touch of its individual atoms and become a vast, soulless machine, which will first get out of order, then break down, and, last of ail, break up. We owe more to sturdy, determined, unconvincible Englishmen like John Niel than we realize, or, perhaps, should be willing to acknowledge in these enlight-

CHAPTER XV.

A ROUGH JOURNEY. The four grays were fresh horses, in good condition and with a light load behind them, so, notwithstanding the bad condition of the tracks which they call roads in South Africa,

John made good progress. By 11 o'clock that day he had reached Standerton, a little town upon the Vaal, not far from which he was destined, had he but known it, to meet with a sufficiently striking experience. Here he obtained confirmation of the Bronker's Spruit disaster, and listened with set face and blazing eyes to the tale of treachery and wholesale massacre which was, as he said, without a parallel in the annals of

At Standerton John was again warned that it would be imp - ble for him to make "No, uncle dear, John shall go. I was not his way through the Locas at Heidelberg, a thinking what I was saying. It seemed-a town about sixty miles from Pretoria, where the Triumvirate, Kruger, Pretorius and "Of course I must go," said John. "Don't Joubert, had proclaimed the republic. But fret, dear; I shall be back in five days. Those he answered as before, that he must go on four horses can go sixty miles a day for that till he was stopped, and, inspanning his time, and more. They are fat as butter, and horses, set forward again, a little comforted there is lots of grass along the road if I can't by the news that the bishop of Pretoria, who get forage for them. Besides, the cart will was hurrying up to rejoin his family, had be nearly empty, so I can carry a muid of passed through a few hours before, also inmealies and fifty bundles of forage with me. tent upon running the blockade, and that if

with me. He does not know much about | On he went, hour after hour, over the great horses, but he is a plucky fellow, and would deserted plain, but he did not succeed in stick by one at a pinch. One can't rely on catching up to the bishop. About forty miles Jantje; he is always sneaking off somewhere, from Standerton he saw a wagon standing and would be sure to get drunk just as one by the roadside, and halted to see if he could get any information from its driver. But or. investigation it became clear that the wagon said the old man. "I will go and see about had been looted of the provisions and goods having the horses got up and the wheels with which it was loaded and the oxen driven greased. Where is the castor oil, Bessie! off. Nor was this the only evidence of vio-

There is nothing like castor oil for these lence. Across the disselboom of the wagon, patent axles. You ought to be off in an hour. the hands still clasping a long bamboo whip, You had better sleep at Luck's to-night; you as though he had been trying to defend him- then were stopped once more. Again the might get farther, but Luck's is a good place self with it, lay the dead body of the native first cart got on ahead, but this time John for several months. After the lapse of to stop, and they will look after you well driver. His face, John noticed, was so composed and peaceful that, had it not been for the attitude and a neat little blue hole in the forehead, you might have thought he was asleep and not dead. At sunset John outspanned his now flagging horses by the roadside, and gave them each a couple of bundles of forage from the store that he had brought with him. While they were eating it, leaving Mouti to keep an eye to them, he went some way off and sat down on a big ant heap to think. It was a wild and melancholy scene that stretched

away before and behind him. Miles upon miles of plain, rolling east and west and north and south, like the billows of a frozen sea, only broken, far along the Heidelberg road, by some hills, known as Rooi Koppies. Nor was this all. Overhead was blazing and burning one of those remarkable sunsets which one sometimes sees in summer in Africa. The sky was full of lowering clouds, and the sullen orb of the setting sun had stained them perfectly blood red. Blood red they floated through the ominous sky, and blood red their shadows lay upon the grass. Even the air seemed red. It looked as though earth and heaven had been steeped in blood; and fresh as John was from the sight of the dead driver, his ears yet tingling with the tale of Bronker's Spruit, it is not to be wondered at that the suggestive sight oppressed him seated in that lonely waste, with no company except that melancholy "kakarakakara" of an old black koran hidden away somewhere in the grass. He was not much given to that sort of thing, but he did begin to wonder whether this was the last journey of all the many he had made during the past

forage and Mouti had forced the bits into their reluctant mouths, the angry splender of the sunset had faded, and the quiet night was falling over the glowing veldt like a pall on one scarce dead. There was, fortunately for the travelers, a bright half moon, and by its light John managed to direct the cart over many a weary mile. On he went for hour after hour, keeping his tired horses to the collar as best he could, till at last, about 11 o'clock, he saw the lights of Heidelberg before him, and knew that the question of whether or not his journey was at an end would speedily be decided for him. However. there was nothing for it but to go on and take his chance of slipping through. Presently he crossed a little stream, and made out the shape of a cart just ahead, around which men and a couple of lanterns were moving. No doubt, he thought to himself, it was the bishop, who had been stopped by the Boers. He was quite close to the cart when it moved on, and in another second he was greeted by the rough challenge of a sentry, and caught

By the time that the horses had done their

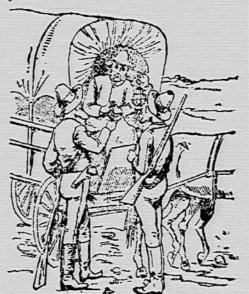
sight of the cold gleam of a rifle barrel. "Wie da?" (Who's there?) "Friend!" he answered, cheerfully, though feeling far from cheerful. There was a pause, during which the sentry called to another man, who came up yawning, and saying something in Dutch. Straining his cars he caught the words, "Bishop's man," and this gave him an idea. "Who are you, Englishman?" asked the second man, gruffly, helding up a lantern to

look at John, and speaking in English. "I am the bishop's chaplain, sir," he answered, mildly, trying desperately to look like an unoffending clergyman, "and I want to get on to Pretoria with him." The man with the lantern inspected him closely. Fortunately he had on a dark coat and a clerical looking black felt bat; the same that Frank Muller had put a bullet through. "He is a preacher fast enough," said the one

man to the other. "Look, he is dressed like

The other man scratched his head. like to confess to his comrade that he could not read. "No, I am sure that it was two." "Perhaps we had better send up to Om Kruger and ask?" suggested the first man.

was the answer. "Then let us keep the d-d preaching Englishman till to-morrow.' "Pray let me go on, gentlemen," said John, by the wounded and dying."



"I AM WANTED TO PREACH THE WORD."

was! But they will get the bishop, so they won't want you. You can stop and look to hit any of us." And he beckoned to him

to come out of the cart." "Hullo!" said the other man, "here is a bag of mealies. We will commandeer that anyhow," And he took his knife and cut the line with which the sack was fastened to the back of the cart, so that it fell to the ground. "That will feed our horses for a week," he said, with a chuckle, in which the other man joined. It was pleasant to become so easily possessed of an unearned increment in the

shape of a bag of mealies. "Well, are we to let the old crow go?" said "If we don't let him go we shall have to

take him up to headquarters, and I want to go to sleep." And he yawned. "Well, let him go," answered the other. "I think you are right. The pass said two carts. Be off, you d-d preaching Englishman!" John did not wait for any more, but laid the whip across the horses' backs with a will. On the following morning, when Commandant Frank Muller-having heard that this enemy, John Niel, was on his way up with the Cape cart and four gray horses-ascertained that a vehicle answering to that description had been allowed to pass through

mind may better be imagined than de-As for the two sentries, he had them tried by court martial and set them to make fortications for the rest of the rebellion. They can neither of them now hear the name of a clergyman mentioned without breaking out into a perfect flood of blasphemy.

Heidelberg in the dead of night, his state of

Luckily for John, although he had been delayed for five minutes or more, he managed to overtake the cart in which he presumed the bishop was esconced. His lordship had been providentially delayed by the breaking of a trace; otherwise, it is clear that his self nominated chaplain would never have got through the steep streets of Heidelberg that night. The whole town was choked up with Boer wagons, full now of sleeping Boers. Over one batch of wagons and tents John made out the Transvaal flag fluttering in the night breeze, and emblazoned with the appropriate emblem of an ox wagon and an armed Boer, marking, no doubt, the headquarters of the triumvirate. Once the cart ahead of him was stopped by a sentry and some conversation ensued. Then it went on again; and so did John, unmolested. It was berg, and full of terrors for John, who every moment expected to be stopped and dragged off ignominiously to jail. The horses, too, were dead beat, and made frantic attempts to turn and stop at every house. But, somehow, they got through the little place and

was not so lucky. "The pass said one cart," said a voice. "Yah, yah, one cart," answered another. John again put on his clerical air and told his artless tale; but neither of the men could understand English, so they went to a wagon that was standing about fifty yards away to fetch somebody who could.

"Now, inkoos," whispered the Zulu Mouti, "drive on! drive on!" John took the hint and lashed the horses with his long whip; while Mouti, bending forward over the splashboard, thrashed the wheelers with a sjambock. Off went the team in a spasmodic gallop and had covered a hundred yards of ground before the two sentries had realized what had happened. Then they began to run after the cart shouting, but were soon lost in the darkness.

John and Mouti did not spare the whip, but pressed on up the stony hills on the Pretoria side of Heidelberg without a halt. By 11 o'clock they reached a hotel, or wayside house, known as Ferguson's, and situated about twenty miles from Pretoria. It was empty, except for a couple of cats and a stray dog. The inhabitants had evidently fled from the Boers. Here John stabled and fed his horses, giving them all that remained of the forage; and then; once more, started on for the last stage. The road was dreadful; and he knew that the country must be full of hostile Boers, but fortunately he met none. It took him four hours to get over the twenty miles of ground: but it was not until he got to the "Poort," or neck running down into Pretoria, that he saw a vestige of a Boer. Then he made out two mounted men riding along the top of a precipitous stone strewn ridge, some 600 yards or so from him. At twenty years, and if a Boer bullet was about to solve the mystery of life and death for

first he thought that they were going to descend it, but presently they changed their minds and got off their horses. While he was still wondering what this might portend, he saw a puff of white smoke float up from where the men were, and then another. Then came the sharp, unmistakable "ping" of a bullet passing, as far as he could judge, within three feet of his head, followed by a second "ping," and a cloud of dust be-

neath the belly of the first horse. The two Boers were firing at him. He did not wait for any more target practice, but, thrashing the horses to a canter, got the cart round a projecting bank before

they could load and fire again. After that he saw no more of them. At last he reached the mouth of the Poort and saw the prettiest of the South African Gold Mine, the name given to it by the towns, with its red and white houses, its tall clumps of trees and pink lines of blooming rose hedges lying on the plain before him, all set in the green veldt, and made beautiful by the golden light of the afternoon, and he thanked God for the sight. He knew that he was safe now, and let his tired horses walk slowly down the hillside and across the bit of plain beyond. To his left were the jail and barrack sheds, and gathered about them were hundreds of wagons and tents, toward which he drove. Evidently the town was deserted and its inhabitants in danger. When he got within half a mile or so a picket of mounted

miscellaneous crowd on horseback and on "Who goes there?" shouted a voice in honest English. "A friend who is uncommonly glad to see

you," he answered, with that feeble jocosity we are all apt to indulge in when a great weight is at length lifted from our nerves. ITO BE CONTINUED.]

Our State Contemporaries.

in his astonishment. "Stop, though, that completely master of the situation. "If you say, Jan? Was it two carts or one that we tirely out of something to do, and when terested in base ball, the remark stirred a few of our respected daily newspa- them considerably. Mr. Mundy has pers have nothing to put in their papers, | not only lost his popularity as a preacher "I think it was two," he said. He did not the discussion of the kidnapping busi- there, but narrowly escaped an emphatness is resumed. It is wonderful what ic demonstration of public wrath. indescribably small matters will engage the attention of Governors and great "Om Kruger will be in bed, and he puts up newspapers Of all the small matters his quills like a porcupine if one wakes him," that has ever received attention from Summerton, in the Santee Section, tells Governor or editor, we think the kid- us that during the progress of the napping business the smallest. It storm last Friday afternoon lightning seems as if they meant to perpetrate a struck one of the chimneys to his large "Pray let me go on, gentlemen, said John, still in his mildest voice. "I am wanted to joke on the public. As far as the Press two-story house, nearly destroying it, preach the word at Pretoria, and to watch and Banner is concerned, the State of and knocking down considerable Georgia is perfectly welcome to every plastering, also setting fire to the up-thief in South Carolina, and if the stairs of the house. At the time of Empire State sends for them, we are the stroke he was reclining on a bench not at all particular as to the manner of about sixteen feet distant, his children going. Thieves and other violators of were playing near, and his wife sitting the law have been for years running to near the door. He was knocked from

Colleton Press.

law men of this parish, met in the of his family were seriously injured Court House Monday, to the number of Monday night his section was visited about one hundred. Hon. H. D. Pad- by a very heavy hail storm, with much gett called the meeting to order, and wind and rain. on motion, Col. J. W. Hill was elected chairman and W. B. Gruber Esq , secretary. Col. Hill on taking the chair harbor during April represented \$240-"Yes, yes," said the first man, "there will explained in a few words, the object of 000.

New Series-Vol. VI. No. 42. to defend the law suit instituted against them by the stock law men. It was proposed and carried-to raise \$500; \$200 of which was at once raised by cash and subscription, among those present. The chairman then appointed committees in each township in the parish to solicit contributions; and. there is little doubt but that the money will be soon raised. Messrs Edwards and Fishburne were chosen as the attorneys for the anti-stock law men, to assist Maj. Howell, the attorney for the County Commissioners, in defending

Camden Journal, May 12.

We regret to learn that ex-Sheriff Barnes, one of the oldest and best known citizens of the county, died at his home in Eastern Kershaw on last Tuesday afternoon about 5 o'clock. Old age and a general breaking down of the system

was the cause of death. According to the report made by the engineers in charge of the river and harbor improvements in South Carolina, it will require \$25,000 more to put the Wateree river in good condition for navigation up to Camden. There is now available. we understand, \$7,500. which, added to that already expended,

sums up to \$35,500. The barley birds, one of the worst enemies the oat crop has, have arrived in large numbers, but thus far they have had but few fields to prey upon as the early oat crop is very limited, indeed. However, they appear to be very obliging, and are willing to wait until the spring oats have headed out.

Near Boykin's depot, below Camden, on last Saturday afternoon, Messrs. W. F. Reed and Duncan Albert got into a difficulty which resulted in Mr. Albert being shot and slightly wounded in two places—once through the upper part of the shoulder and a glancing shot across the stomach. We could learn no furweary work, that journey through Heidel- ther particulars of the difficulty. Mr. Reed was arrested and held in bond to

Not long since a C. O. D. package arrived at a certain express office addressed to a person who had been dead that the party to whom his package was addressed was dead, and he, (the agent) wanted to know what to do with it. The sender replied as follows:

"DEAR SIR: Please hold the package for 30 days, and if he does not call for it please deliver it to some one whom you know has fits, or to the druggist of your place."

On last Monday night about 8 o'clock as a storm was passing over Camden, the residence of Mr. J. W. McCurry was struck by lightning and set on fire, burning it to the ground. The furniture, clothing, etc., were saved, but the furniture suffered terribly from rough usage. There was no insurance on any

of the property. The stroke of lightning was pretty severe, but none of the family were in the least shocked by it. In fact, they did not know that the house was en fire until it was seen by outsiders. The fire could then have been easily extinguished, but the same old cry of "no water" was to be heard. As a matter of self-protection, our town will sooner or later be compelled to erect a system of water works, because, as it stands now, not one-fifth of the property in town has any protection whatever from fire-so far as the fire department is

concerned.

Lancaster Review. A company of Northern capitalists have bought what is known as the Stevens, or Porter Gold Mine in this County and expect to work it on an extensive scale. Operations will be commenced in a few days. A large lot of mining machinery is already at the depot here awaiting transportation to the mine. It will probably be carried to its destination this week. The mine will hereafter be known as the Dixie

new company. Williamsburg Record, May 11. Forest fires have recently done much damage in the Christmas neighborhood. Mr. S. W. Gowdy had about 7,000 turpentine boxes burned, and Mr. I. E.

Christmas lost all his fencing. Mr. James Epps, Sr., of Clarendon County, who lives near the Williams. burg line, was greatly damaged last men came riding toward him, followed by a week by a forest fire, which swept over his woodlands, destroying hundreds of dollars' worth of timber.

Greenville News. The Williamston Base Ball Club returned on Friday from Anderson, flushed with a victory won there. The Rev. Mr. Mundy, an evangelist, who is conducting services at Williamston, went out of his way to remark that if he had a yellow dog which went to see a base When the Governor of Georgia and ball game he would kill it. As many the Governor of South Carolina get en- of the best people of the town are in-

Clarendon Enterprise, May 12:

Mr. S. A. Brunson, who lives near Georgia from South Carolina, and we the bench and the two children felled to would not now interfere with the pro- the floor, and Mrs. Brunson was severely stunned. Two men who were feeding in the lot at the time were also knocked down by the fearful stroke. In accordance with a call made His house is considerably damaged. through the papers, the anti-steek We are truly glad to know that none

The government work in Charleston