

She Served the Boers Well.

Romance of a Female Spy Who Found Many Impressionable British Officers During the War in South Africa.

One of the most fascinating stories of woman and war which has come out of South Africa is that told in the London Daily News by its correspondent in the Transvaal, M. A. G. Hales. It is the story of a modern Delilah—a woman whose charm and cunning beguiled from British officers high military secrets. These, this spy of Kruger's conveyed to her Boer friends so quietly and accurately that, Mr. Hales says, they accounted for several disasters to British arms.

Before the war, Mr. Hales says, there lived in Johannesburg a smart, good-looking married woman of about 30 years of age. Madame was of German or Swedish nationality, married to a Russian civil engineer. She was not a beauty, but her face was full of charm, her eyes had the gift of eloquence, and she could say more without opening her mouth than most women can impart who possess a tireless tongue. She could be gay or sad, pathetic pleading or imperious at will.

Her hands were shapely, soft and white and had the trick of clinging caressingly to masculine fingers when the humor suited the date, and men who knew her well and who later on came under her spell have told me that there was a magnetism in her touch which drew men to her as moonlight draws the sea—something dainty, like the scent of the wattle flower at the dawn in the nostrils of the bushman. Her waist would fit the crook of a man's arm, her bust was fashioned on a model designed by the gods. When she reclined upon a settee she looked like a tigress basking in the sun, so full of liason grace and vitality did she seem, and when she walked her body undulated like the ripples on a running river.

When the war clouds gathered thickly over the land it was an open secret that Madame was deep in the councils of the Boer leaders. Her husband was given a mission in Europe, not because he was of any particular use, but he was in Madame's way in South Africa. She was a desperate woman, prepared to play a desperate game for a big stake, and she hated the English. Rumor said that she had good reason to hate one of our breed, but that tale would take too long in telling. Hate us she did, and she gave us good cause to know it. She had not too much money in the days of peace. Her husband earned a good salary, but he was a gambler, and a lot more of his salary went into the pockets of the professional harpies than into his wife's purse. Yet as soon as he carried his portmanteau to the sea coast Madame began to live in finer style than she had ever done.

People said there was a man in the case, and so there was, but not in the sense that folks at the time imagined. Old Oom Paul was the man. When she left Johannesburg on her frequent trips she was not wasting her time, as folks fancied, or even spending her time with men at all. From town to town, from farm to farm, she went with restless activity, organizing a system of spying among the Boer women. It was madam who arranged that when our troops arrived anywhere in Natal or the Free State the wives of the farmer and best looking daughters should visit our lines with fresh eggs, fresh butter and other little luxuries. She instructed them to take note of the number of men in each camp, the number of guns and the quantity and condition of our horses. Each was advised to send all information so gleaned promptly to the nearest Boer commando, and right well they obeyed her when the time for action came. The Boers have been well served in many ways during the war, but by none better than their own women folk, who have worked for them with desperate earnestness from beginning to end, displaying a courage, determination and resource seldom equaled in all the history of the world.

When war was at last formally declared Madame was one of the first women turned out of the Republican territory. She was not sent away with a lot of other women. She was purposely singled out and ostentatiously passed over the border and labelled 'dangerous' by the smart agents of crafty Oom Paul. When she reached Cape Town she lifted up her voice in lamentation. Her dear little happy home had been broken up by the brutal Boers. All that she valued on earth had been swept away by the tidal waves of war, and she was left like a piece of human wreckage on the coast line of life. But strangely enough, she was not long in establishing another 'little nest' in a charming suburb, where the beautiful scenery was enough to

intoxicate the senses of the most phlegmatic of men. The 'nest' lay back in a dainty garden, surrounded by shady trees, and all around there were long, sleepy, silent avenues, where doves could bill and coo from dawn until dark, and where the footfall would not awaken the echoes. Along those avenues Madame drove in her pretty little carriage, looking very pathetic in her loneliness. Pleasure seekers of the civilian type saw her and made advances, and were promptly snubbed.

Then to that suburb came one clad in khaki—not a common fellow of the baser sort, but one whom my Spanish-American servant would term a Hidalgo of the bluest blood. He was of noble birth, and had a pretty face, soft blue eyes, and a brain to match. His teeth were of the whitest, his lips red, full and tremulous; his hair was fair and skin pink and white. He held a high position in the non-fighting force of the British army, and many valuable secrets were in his possession, though, God knows, how any wise man could trust a man with a soft, foolish mouth like his with secrets of any import to the nation. Yet, as I have said, he was of noble blood, and that counts more than brains, or long service, or fitness of nature with some folk.

They met, and Madame quivered all over under his gaze. Something went wrong with the ponies. The noble one went to adjust things. Madame the spy, thanked him; he, possibly one of the most gentle of men in England on the field of war, one of the most dashing in the lists of love, pushed home his advantage, and from that hour during his stay in the Cape he was her shadow. He thought he was fooling the green grass widow, but she 'knew' she was squeezing him dry. All that she gathered from him went rapidly, either by trusty messenger or by code pre-arranged to Delagoa Bay, and from there it soon found its way into the hands of the Boer leaders, who laughed heartily around their mess tables at the doings in the 'little nest' at Cape Town.

At first the noble one had Madame to himself, but as his information pettered out she snared others, and he had many rivals, and from each she gathered something of use to her and her Boer friends. Like a skillful angler, she played them all, varying her pay to suit her fish. And those young men sniggered among themselves, and made many wagers which will not bear repeating, and all the time our generals at the front, battling for a nation's honor and a nation's trust, wondered how in the name of all that was evil the Boer commanders always forestalled them in every important move.

When Lord Kitchener of Khartoum arrived in Africa she went to meet him, for she knew that if she could get inside his secrets she could learn all things. She made it her business to come casually in contact with the Egyptian Sphinx. She ran her eyes over the tall gaunt figure, the prominent all seeing eyes, and knew at a glance that she was face to face with a magnetism stronger than her own, and nothing could induce her to go near him again.

'That is the most dangerous man in Britain,' she said. 'I feel as if I were in the shadow of death when I am near him. He is a man for men to conquer. No woman can reach him to use him; he would read me like an open book in an hour, and I believe he would shoot me as he would shoot a Kaffir if he caught me red-handed. I will try all other men, but not that living death's head. No wonder he conquered in Egypt. I think he would conquer in Hades.'

So she went back to her work among the kid glove contingent like a hawk in a poultry yard, until even our dull witted officials became uneasy. So she closed up the 'nest' in Cape Town, and went up country for a change of air. Wherever she went she was welcomed by our officers, and it was a noticeable fact that disaster to our arms followed her friendship.

A time at last arrived when she found it absolutely necessary to confer with the Boer leaders. Dyeing herself as black as the inside of a camel with nitrate of silver and logwood, she stood transfigured as a Kaffir woman, and it was then that her glorious figure stood her in good stead. From farm to farm right through the Free State, on to Pretoria, she was passed. And in Pretoria she gave the Boers information worth a king's ransom.

When things took a decidedly bad turn for the Boers and Madame saw that her fertile brain could be of no further use to

the sinking cause, she drew her check on a continental bank and sailed for Europe, and for aught I know her eyes may be the first to scan these lines in London. For it would be characteristic of the celebrated Boer spy if she elected to stay in our capital on the money she earned by trying to wreck us.

CHINA'S BLIND LEADERS.

Minister Wu on the Causes of the Present Situation.

In a conversation with a reporter regarding the present state of China, Minister Wu Ting-fang spoke of the fate of illustrious Chinamen whom the civilized world has known for a brief time, who served their country with honor abroad only to return and die in disgrace at home, or disappear mysteriously forever. He said that he could only hope for his country that good would come out of evil. So far as his words can properly be quoted he said:

'China's future, whether she shall sink further into the mire of ignorance of civilization in which she has rested for 3,000 years or progress with the nations of the world, depends upon the powers which are now combined against her. I am hopeful for an early settlement of the questions which are of immediate importance to the powers and to China, but when I think of the future, I fear that what I wish for will not come in my generation. It all depends upon the powers, it depends upon what they wish how soon China shall break away from the conservative customs that have up to this time withstood all ideas of progress and shut out the light of civilization. The Chinese are a patriotic race. They are a peace loving people. They are a practical people. They see the use of good things, but they are slow and suspicious of all things new and strange to them.'

'The powers are frank with us now. They are beginning to be frank with one another as to their motives. The agreement of the allies against a territorial division of China now seems certain. It will no doubt be maintained. China's punishment and a new burden of heavy indemnities will soon be settled by negotiation. How will such a peace for China leave her? Worse off than ever before unless she is allowed to learn a lesson in civilization by fair treatment by the nations of the world.'

'The powers may agree as to peace, they may agree as to indemnities and punishments, but China as China must be allowed to work out her salvation by gradual stages. China must allow men with knowledge of the outside world, who see the good of reforms and who will gradually begin to install them, to occupy the governing positions. Her viceroys and governors of provinces, the members of the ministry, and officials away down to those who come near to the people, should be recruited from the numbers who have had training abroad. It would be impossible now to find men enough in China, who have had experience abroad, to form any sort of majority in the government service.'

'China established her missions abroad in 1887. It is not yet a quarter of a century since she has been educating her diplomats in missions at foreign capitals. As an example of this practice I have about fifty Chinese in Washington with me. These include all of my secretaries, those of the greatest enlightenment down to the servants. When some of them came here with me three years ago they knew nothing of the world outside of China. Even three years experience, though they have not learned very much much of the English language, would make them highly desirable, some of them, as officials in China of a more or less important character, as their intelligence warranted. They would be able to tell the people the good of reforms and of foreign ways. They had been here to see how much better the railroad is, for instance, than a cart pulled by a man.'

'I was the first man to build a railroad in China. I favored railways and the people would not listen to me, so I made up my mind to build a short one as an example. They quickly saw the good of it. If I had supreme power in China I would not try to force reforms upon the people too rapidly. I would gradually try to show them the advantage of taking the things which the foreigners have invented for our own use.'

'But where are the men who tried to do this? What could one man or a few men do there? Almost all are dead. What can one man do among thousands who oppose him? The Chinamen whom the world has known have, after experience abroad, been recalled. Once in a while they have had high places in the government. But their pro-foreign views have led them to advocate reforms. They were intelligent and knew what was good for China. China would have none of their advice and they

have gradually disappeared. We hear nothing more of them. Some of them have been degraded and died in disgrace. Some of them have been beheaded. Many have disappeared mysteriously, never to be heard of again. Most all are gone.'

'Men who have served their country well abroad have been recalled and placed in unimportant places as secretaries in the foreign office, merely clerks or interpreters, or they have been sent into the provinces and have never been heard of again. Whom can China depend upon now to pull her through her present crisis? Only a few men who are experienced in dealing with foreigners. There are only a few left, comparatively.'

'There are many Chinamen who have been educated, as Chinese education goes, but they are narrow. They are not broad-minded, farseeing men. They are sharp, smart men in their own country, but they follow the customs of their people and cannot see the good of any changes.'

'The men who are responsible for the difficulties in which China has been placed since last summer are what you may call a lot of duffers. They don't know any better. They either think they are strong enough to do as they like, and as they hate foreigners they try to drive them out, or they have not they sense to foresee the consequences of their acts for themselves and China. They have found out what these consequences are and China is the sufferer. Some of them will suffer, too. How will China be left after it all? It is hard to tell. I hope the people will see the follies of their ways and that the governing classes will be enlightened by the events of this year.'

'As to the present situation, the German-British agreement against dismemberment of China, which will probably be agreed to by all the powers, in gratifying. I wish they had left out the third clause, which reserves the right to grab territory if some other power does. It is like saying, 'I will not steal unless I find some one else stealing.' However, it is very satisfactory and China is ready to negotiate terms of peace, as she has been for a long time.'

'I hope the governments will all instruct their ministers to proceed now. I believe they will soon appoint commissioners to take up the questions. China is restored to order. Her envoys are ready to agree to the terms. When the army of the allies withdraws from Peking the emperor, empress dowager and the court will return to the capital. Who can blame them for not returning now, as long as a foreign army occupies their city?'

'I am optimistic, but China's future is a big problem even after the present difficulties are settled.'

RINGWORM.

The Origin of This Malady and How It Should be Treated.

This disease derives its name from the shape of the eruption, which is usually that of a more or less irregular ring. It begins at a point, which generally spreads into a circular patch, and after this has attained a certain size the center heals, thus forming a ring.

The disease may occur anywhere on the body, and differs much in appearance according to its location. It is perhaps most common on the scalp, but occurs with considerable frequency also on the face and arms. When the disease is on the bearded parts of the face it is called barber's itch. Ringworm is an inflammation of the skin caused by the growth of a microscopic vegetable parasite. This plant, for such it really is, grows in the shape of jointed branching rods, which form long threads interlacing with each other just under the outer layer of the skin. The affection spreads in the form of a ring, as just said, but when there are several of these rings close to each other they run together, so as to make an irregular patch with scalloped edges.

Except for the disfigurement, ringworm of the face or body seldom causes any discomfort, or at the most a slight itching; but when it is located in the armpits or groin it often gives rise to considerable pain as well as to itching.

But although ringworm of the face is generally a slight affair, it ought always to be cured as speedily as possible, for it is eminently contagious. A child with ringworm should be kept away from school, should sleep alone, and should have special towels, soap and hair-brush, which the other children in the family should under no circumstances be allowed to use.

The treatment is usually quite simple and effective, and consists in the application of some antiseptic lotion or salve. Sometimes, however, ringworm proves difficult to cure, and taxes the skill and tries the patience of the physician to the utmost.

The main reason for curing it as speedily as possible is that otherwise it may spread to the scalp of the same or some other child. Then it becomes a more

serious matter, difficult to cure, and often causing a loss of the hair. Here the offending plant does not grow on the surface only, but burrows down to the bottom of the hair follicle, where it is almost impossible to get at it with any of the ordinary remedies without first pulling out each individual hair—a most tedious and a painful process.

When ringworm breaks out in a family the dog and the cat should be examined, for it is believed by many that household pets are often the spreaders of this disease.

A STRANGE CASE.

EYE TROUBLE WHICH DEVELOPED INTO RUNNING SORES.

Doctors Said It Was Consumption of the Blood, and Recovery Was Looked Upon as Almost Hopeless—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Wrought a Cure.

From the Herald, Georgetown, Ont.

Our reporter recently had the pleasure of calling on Mr. Wm. Thompson, paper-maker, at Wm. Barber & Bros. mills, a well known and respected citizen of our town, for the purpose of acquiring the details of his son's long illness and his remarkable recovery through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Thompson kindly gave us the following information which will speak for itself:—'About two and a half years ago my eldest son, Garnet, who is fifteen years old, took what I supposed to be inflammation in his left eye. He was taken to a physician, who advised me to take him to an eye specialist which I did, only to find out that he had lost the sight of the eye completely. The disease spread from his eye to his wrist, which became greatly swollen, and was lanced no less than eleven times. His whole arm was completely useless, although he was not suffering any pain. From his wrist it went to his foot which was lanced a couple of times but without bringing relief. The next move of the trouble was the upper part of the leg where it broke out, large quantities running from the sores. All the time my boy was under the best treatment I could procure but with little or no effect. The trouble was pronounced consumption of the blood and I was told by the doctors that you would not come across a case like it in five hundred. When almost discouraged and not knowing what to do for the best, a friend of mine urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saying that he had a son who was afflicted with a somewhat similar disease and had been cured by the pills. I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial and secured some of them at the drug store and after my boy had taken two boxes I could see the color coming back to his sallow complexion and noted a decided change for the better. He went on taking them and in a few months from the time he started to use them I considered him perfectly cured and not a trace of the disease left, except his blind eye, the sight of which he had lost before he started to use the pills. He has now become quite fleshy and I consider him one of the healthiest boys in the community. If any person is desirous of knowing the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills you may direct them to me, I can highly recommend them to any person afflicted as my boy was.'

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

Nothing makes a woman remember a love affair so much as trying to forget it.

The average man can love as many kinds of women as he can eat kinds of pie. If all the walls in the world were windows, nobody would ever speak to anybody else.

If the women had their way, the style of the man's whiskers would change as often as the way a woman holds up her skirt does.

No woman ever has any use for a book where the girl accepts the man she is in love with before she has put him to a lot of trouble.

'Yes, the girls claim the family was once in very good circumstances. But they suffered a great come down several years ago.'

'How was that?'

'Their father fell out of a balloon.'

'Prospective boarder—Does any one play the piano here?'

Landlady—Do you intend to take a room?'

THE PRESIDENT.

A Slave to Catarrh.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder

Relieves in 10 Minutes.

D. T. Sample, President of Sample's Instalment Company, Washington, Pa., writes: 'For years I was afflicted with Chronic Catarrh. Remedies and treatment by specialists only gave me temporary relief until I was induced to use Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It gave almost instant relief.' 50 cents.

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