

up to, and one rich burgher, when it was explained to him, remarked, "Allemachtig—Wat! werk ye voor yu beeste!!" (Almighty—What! do you work for your cattle?) Nie, nie, mj beeste moet vor mj work. (No, no, my cattle must work for me.) Later, when they saw me cutting mealie stalks in the green state before the cobs had ripened and cart them off to the silage stack, they were still further astonished, but in the winter, when I had a plentiful supply of milk and was getting 9d. per bottle (whisky bottles, we have no milk cans) and they had no milk at all, and then when spring came round I had secured their customers—and kept them, too, although, of course, at reduced prices—the "Verdommed Rooinek" was somewhat more puzzling still.

The most profitable cows there at present are chiefly Frieslands; there are a few Ayrshires and more shorthorns, but not many of the latter pure. There are also some Alderneys and Jerseys pure; these are bred in Cape Colony where there are some few butter factories on home lines, which butter is sold in Johannesburg at 2s. 6d. per lb. Australian realises 2s. The cow of the country is called "Africander." Their milk is about equal in quality to Jersey cows, but not so much of it, and they won't give down their milk unless the calf is standing by and has started the flow. Burghers sometimes bring their butter to market, a hideous mass pounded up into a skin of a calf or buck. The meat of the country invariably has the advantage of age for the acquisition of flavor, as oxen do all the transport; they have to earn money at work, and when broken-mouthed and unable to keep in good condition and work as well they are given another season's grazing to get enough flesh for the butcher.

It is very unusual to see horses ploughing. There are no Shires or Clydesdales or anything so heavy. Oxen do it all with two or three furrow-ploughs now, but these have only come into use of late years; formerly it was all done by wooden beam, No. 75 Eagles. There is a very considerable portion of the country which is absolutely no use for cultivation, so terribly rocky. In the eastern part of the Orange River Colony the land is exceptionally good, and, of course, a great deal higher in price. A farmer from those parts came to my place for the night on his journey to Johannesburg, some 300 miles he had travelled by waggon—it is the custom of the country to put up, or, as the term is, "uitspan," at some farm. In conversation in reply to my question as to the fertility of the soil in those parts, he said, "he had grown wheat on a certain piece of land for seventeen years in succession, had never put any manure on it, and was still getting good crops." This is, of course, exceptional, and the terribly long journey from market takes a very large slice of the cake as well as the glazing off the gingerbread.

Climatic Drawbacks.—The weather is too hot for rail journeys, even if trains ran convenient, which they don't, so that anyone having an idea of going out there to try farming must make up his mind to be content with crops which can be transported, and all such crops are liable to be demolished in a few hours, yes, a very few, too, by locusts, which, of late years, notwithstanding the discovery of the efficacy of inoculating them with a disease germ, seem to be getting more and more troublesome. It

is no joke to see crops worth £200 or £300 cleared off before your eyes and not be able to do anything to stop it. The country is troubled sometimes, however, by even a worse plague than these, "drought," when for lack of water and succulent food cattle, horses, and sheep die as well as crops. Against these drawbacks may be taken into consideration that the country contains all kinds of minerals, besides the three only developed (partially, perhaps) industries of diamond and gold recovery, and coal in abundance, so that when settled down there are certain to be vast numbers of other industries and manufactories started, the workers of which will all need feeding, hence demand for farmers' products is proportionately certain. In the opinion of the writer, "it is worth trying," but with every caution, and experience of the country should first be learned before laying out capital.

TOO GOOD-NATURED BY HALF.

Scarcely a day passes without the Boers resorting to some act of treachery in the field, or of downright murder of unarmed natives. Surely the time has arrived when it behoves our Generals not only to take into consideration the present serious state of affairs, but the still more difficult military problem which awaits us when "formal" peace is declared, and we are obliged to send back to the Transvaal thousands of men who are now having a happy time at St. Helena or Colombo? It is self-evident that our lenient treatment of "snipers" and "oath-of-neutrality" breakers has been utterly misinterpreted by a race which (whatever it may have been like fifty years ago), in the present day, is totally incapable of entertaining the most elementary principles of civilised warfare. How the Germans must be laughing in their sleeves, well knowing that, were they in our place, they could wind up the whole business within a few days! Archibald Forbes, who was a great admirer of the square-headed Teuton, writes as follows in his "Experiences of the War Between France and Germany," Vol. I., page 223:—

"We tracked back toward St. Menchould, and then north to Vouziers, where we saw franc-tireurs shot, and the villages burnt in which they had fired on the German patrols."

One little sentence. Forbes makes no remarks, but looks on the whole thing as a matter of course. And yet franc-tireurs wore uniform, and were defending their country just as much as the Boers are doing. Not the single house from which the shots were fired suffers the penalty, but the whole village!

This little sentence is from the pen of a man who was attached to the Staff of the German Army as a war correspondent.

KING KRUGER.

A Paris correspondent writes up—but expressly disclaims responsibility for the gossip—that Ex-President Kruger's claims to the status of an ex-Sovereign having been recognised on the continent, his Highness contemplates a morgantic marriage; hence Mrs. Kruger's refusal to accompany her Sovereign lord!