

## THE REAL BOERS AT HOME.

### SIMPLE, PRIMITIVE WAYS OF THE PEOPLE OF THE TRANSVAAL.

Seen at the Best on Lonely Farms—Strong Religious Beliefs—Few Pleasures Known to Their Lonely Lives—Rife Matches, Communion and Mobilization—Every Boer Can Shoot Well From a Bayonet.

You will hear divers answers as to what kind of people the Boers are. The more short-sighted and intolerant among travellers may say that the Boers are a dirty lot who don't use table napkins, an illiterate set of brutes who never heard of Kipling, an utterly unrefined people whose knowledge of art is nil; in short, a backward, stupid, unprogressive, half civilized set who are too thick-headed to know they are standing in the path of that Juggerhaut car, civilization, and must in the end be crushed beneath its wheels.

It is a mistake to take Paul Kruger and his surrounding politicians as types of the Boer. Also it is a mistake to take the dweller in the towns as typical. To unearth the real Boer one must seek the wide and solitary veldt, the hidden valleys, the distant hills, and there, on his farm, draw him out and study him. Your true Boer despises the town. He is essentially an agriculturist and a hunter. Up to 1892 he never saw a railroad in his country, and he was bitterly opposed to its coming. He argues that the railroad will drive away the game, and, without anything to shoot at, life will not be worth living. He is extremely conservative, and with strangers brusque and taciturn, but if he finds you are harmless he can be very hospitable. He does not drink deep.

#### HE IS RELIGIOUS

with a gloomy, stern religion, which makes him believe, as did the Covenanters, as much in the Old Testament as in the New. Like all people whose belief in the Bible is of that uncompromising kind, he is more or less superstitious. He is moral. He does not believe in divorce laws. He marries early in life, and is convinced the highest blessing is an abundance of children. He is sturdily built, as a rule, thanks to his way of life, which is the same as that of his father and his ancestors for many generations—an open-air life, with lots of beef and cabbage and milk. He is a good horseman, and a remarkable marksman. He understands that the man who can shoot straight and without excitement, makes nowadays, the best soldier. He fears God and loves his country, but cannot understand the need of a taxgatherer.

At the first hint of gray in the Eastern sky, at the first crow of the cock, the farm household is up and stirring, and breakfast, with the usual strong coffee the Boer loves, is over by the time the sun rises. The men are out and about at once. The women have plenty of work about the house. The genuine old Boer farm furnishes itself every necessary to its occupants. The furniture is often made by the farmer, or he has great, unwieldy, carved chests and bureaus which have come to him from his ancestors. He can make his own shoes. His women dress and weave his own sheep's wool, and make their own clothes from it. There is almost nothing he needs to buy. He does not care a rap for neckties or collars or store clothes, and a full beard is fashionable. All he really has to buy is farming implements, and of these he prefers the primitive sort, though enterprising agents have introduced such things as mowing and other machinery.

During the day he works leisurely, content to make a living out of the ground. He has been seen sitting in his wagon for hours watching an enterprising, hustling, Uitlander, with wonder as the foreigner worked continuously with all kinds of new-fangled machines, producing far more from the earth than his wants required, because he wished to market the surplus and make money. He has been seen thus, shaking his head in pity and not untinged with contempt at such folly, for the Boer is

#### NOT A MONEYMAKER.

He does not want a bank account. So he drives his slow-moving ox wagon away on the hot and dusty trek, meditating on the want of faith these Uitlanders have, who cannot trust the future to God and be content with today.

He dines heartily at noon and sups heartily at evening. His day hardly differs from that of any farmer in any country, only, if he sings at his work, it is likely to be a psalm that he sings. He smokes a great deal while he goes about—a habit derived from his forefathers in Holland. He is fortunate in having no winter—no frost, no snow, only the dry season, when his cattle suffer, and the rainy season, when the rivers and ponds are flooded.

His house and barns are low and roomy—simply furnished as to the house rooms. The great featherbed is usually the most noticeable feature, unless, perhaps he glories in a little harmonium for his daughter to pick out hymn tunes on, of a Sunday. Just before the sun goes down, at a time which varies very little all the year round, the Boer calls his family together and they have household prayers and pious singing. No lights are needed, or if one is, it is an old-fashioned lantern, or, more likely, a

rush dip, floating in a cup of home-made tallow. Ere the daylight has fairly gone the farmer has bolted the door and everybody is in bed.

He has no amusements, according to European or American lights. Knowing nothing of theatres or picture galleries, he does not want them. He hardly ever reads anything save the Bible, and that is a sacred duty, and with stammering and difficulty. The hunt is his chief sport, for big or little game, and there is keen rivalry in the display of trophies. Also he has one favorite sport of much the same kind—the shooting matches. For this, however, he does not dress up in picturesque attire, as a German does for a Schuetzenfest, but goes to it with his folks in his usual dress, seeing to it, however, that his rifle is in its best trim. One township may challenge another, or Majuba Day—the anniversary of the battle in which they whipped the English in 1881—may be celebrated by a grand meet of all the neighbors for simple prizes. There is not, to the outsider, very much excitement—no yelling or waving of handkerchiefs. It is rather a grave function, for even the children know that it is a kind of examination, during which each patriot is anxious to show what a deadly aim he can shoot, when the time comes, for his fatherland. He does not fire off crackers on Majuba Day, nor get drunk, nor howl, but accepts it as an occasion for quiet, triumphant thanksgiving and a little patriotic oratory denouncing the demands of the Uitlanders. When the match and the speeches are over he drives home

#### TO BED BY SUNDOWN

as usual. Of course, in the bigger towns—but there is no really big town in all the republic—things may be more animated.

Three or four times a year he goes to Nachmaal, which is equivalent to the Scotch Fast Day or communion. In the little market square of the nearest little burg there will stand a modest whitewashed building like a barn. This is the church for the district, and here at stated periods the farmers gather from all about. They don't take their families to hotels, though some may stay with friends, but drive the two or three days' journey in the big white-canvassed wagon, drawn by from twelve to sixteen fat, white-horned oxen. They make camp near the town in a meadow probably by the stream, and live in and under the wagon during the Nachmaal, cooking for themselves the food they have brought along. The time, day and evening. Their neighbors meet between whiles and gossip and perhaps transact a little business. They would not belong to the human family if, of course, the lads and lasses did not walk and talk and court and exchange vows. These are the great outings, the picnics, of the year, and small tradesmen and peddlers are on hand with knickknacks, and trumpery to sell to the young folks, so that, outside the services, the meeting is a kind of fair. Sometimes also there may be a wrestling match or jumping match between young men, in which all, old and young, will take a deep interest.

Although the Boer has proved that he can be longheaded and shrewd in political and other grave matters, in some of the ordinary matters of life he is remarkably simple. There are many stories told of his unsophisticated ways. A prospector for gold found signs of it on a farmer's land, and after a great effort succeeded in buying the portion he desired. A check on a bank in Pretoria was offered in payment, but the farmer had never been inside a bank, and did not know what a check was. He would take no amount of money, but finally handed over to him. The excitement of the transaction over, and his bewilderment at possessing so much wealth past, the farmer began to fear what he had never had to trouble himself about before—robbers. He slept on his money, and as he could not take it out with him to his work, he either sat at home watching it with a gun or else had one of his stalwart sons do the same. When occasion demanded he should fight there and there, and while one of the two did the business in the market place, the other sat on the box containing the treasure, warning off all comers. It was only after his pastor had reasoned with him for months, and then with a great deal of doubt and nervous, cautious questions, he was persuaded to put his fortune in the Standard Bank.

#### ONE GOOD WOMAN

with children she was very proud of, though they were rude and awkward boys and girls, had been in Pretoria, and there, by some chance, was taken to luncheon at the home of the English Bishop. She could not speak English, but her hosts had been at the pains to learn something of Dutch. The farmer's wife was so much struck by the neat and polite daughters of the Bishop's wife that she went home saddened. She felt that, after all, her swans were but ugly ducklings. For a long time she worried, until, one day along came a tramp—a wallaber, with whose appearance she was struck. He was English, and the old lady had a happy thought. He was a tenderfoot, and knew not a word of "taal," but an interpreter was found, and the tramp was hospitably told he was to stay right there and teach the youngsters English speech and English manners. He protested that he could not teach English if he did not know some Dutch but the old lady was obdurate, so he accepted the post. His first appearance at the table was a signal for the mother to gather her flock and make them watch how the amazed and unhappy Englishman handled his knife and fork and so on. He stayed at the farm a long time, and as he really was a gentleman down on his luck, probably earned his board. At any rate, the simple old farmer's wife felt her peace of mind restored when her children had had "an English education."

So the Boer farmer and hunter pur-

sues his even way, as his people have ever done, and if what he considers the accursed gold had never been found in his land, he might so pursue it to the end of the chapter. It is to be feared, however, that foreign capital and railroads and telegraphs and lightning-rod agents have broken up his idyllic life forever, or, rather, will soon do so.

## QUEER REMEDIES FOR DISEASE.

Popular Belief Has Ascribed Extraordinary Powers to Certain Jewels.

In the old medieval days the strangest and most remarkable things were used as drugs for the amelioration and cure of disease. One of the strangest in this latter category, is the use of precious stones for the cure of disease. The diamond is considered one of the most useful of all gems and is especially indicated in certain diseases of the nervous system; its successful application in long-standing cases of feminine irritability has long been known to the average husband and lover, but its prosaic use as a substitute for asafetida or other objectionable substances will no doubt come as a surprise to everybody. Novel as is the idea, it, however, finds a parallel in the case of certain nations, who believe that a diamond placed in a glass of water communicates many virtues to the fluid, making it exceedingly valuable in the cure of disease. In Jamaica the natives believe resolutely that people with warts can get rid of them provided they use a piece of pork fat to rub the excrescences and then bury the fat immediately after using it, a new piece being used for each application. For the cure of warts, indeed, a somewhat similar remedy is in vogue in certain parts of England, the excrescences being rubbed with a piece of beef, which must, however, be stolen before it is used and must then be carefully buried. Breathing on a wart nine times at the time of the new moon is also declared to be very effectual in removing them.

Among other remarkable methods of curing must certainly be mentioned one which is much used in certain parts of the Tyrol for cancer. This consists in decapitating and skinning lizards, the flesh of which is cut up into pieces and swallowed by the patient without cooking or any modification. After a few doses of this "drug" have been swallowed they are said to produce a profuse perspiration and gradually a sloughing off of the cancerous growth, which is repaired by perfectly healthy tissue. Scarcely less potent is a mode of healing which is much vaunted in certain quarters of India. This may be called "color healing." It consists in administering water in glasses of different colors, from which color the draught obtains its properties, which are magical in their effect—provided the patient is endowed with sufficient faith. Water in a red glass will cure epilepsy, insomnia, nervous diseases, the plague, fevers and agues and half a score of the other diseases which mortal flesh is heir to. In a blue glass it is a sovereign remedy for the palsy, for falling sickness, for typhoid and for numerous other allied and non-related complaints, while in a green glass it is a specific for other complaints and in a yellow for yet another batch.

## FROZEN FISH.

A British General's Experience of Winter Fishing in Canada.

General Lusons, of the British army, in telling his experience of winter fishing in Canada, mentions some of the effects of severe cold. Among these are the cracking and splitting of hardwood trees, with loud reports. He describes the sound like that of rifle-shots in battle. He says that the nights in the bush were like the Battle of Waterloo. But the most wonderful thing of all was the effect of the cold upon the fish as these were taken out of the water.

We went down to the lake and made a number of holes in the ice and lowered our lines through them; but the wind was so cold that we were obliged to make screens of branches to sit behind and save ourselves from freezing. We got a good number of trout, but nothing large. That evening I saw the realization of what I had considered a Munchausen story.

The boys had brought up the fish from the lake, and had thrown them down at the entrance of the camp near the end of the fire. The fish were all frozen hard in the shapes they had last twisted themselves into, and were so brittle that some of them were broken in halves.

While I was cooking the dinner I heard a peculiar tapping noise, which I could not make out. At last a little bright fish caught my eye. I looked on the ground, and there I saw all the silvery trout flapping and jumping about as merrily as possible. I do not think the broken ones came to life again—the ends certainly did not reunite—but all the others danced a merry jig till I required them for the frying-pan.

## VALUE OF VEGETABLES.

Vegetables are like fresh air—indispensable for our health; they cool and purify the blood and add a necessary acid to it.

## WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighborly Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Mirth Gathered from His Daily Record.

There are 430 turpentine distilleries in Florida.

Many Atlantic liners burn as much as 100 tons of coal a day.

Chicago is about to spend \$10,000,000 on street improvements.

An American advertiser paints posters on cows in fields near the railroad.

American trade with Australia in leather goods has quadrupled in five years.

The Brooklyn Directory for 1899 contains 271,797 names, or 7,833 more than last year.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is paid \$10,000 a year more than President McKinley's salary.

Governor Stone has a historical library of 2,000 volumes, devoted entirely to Pennsylvania.

The Springfield Republican gravely urges the abolition of the Fourth of July celebrations.

Geologists say that the natural gas supply of Indiana will be exhausted inside of five years.

During the first ten days of this month Utah mines declared dividends amounting to \$242,500.

For a white man to marry a colored woman is contrary to the law of every southern state.

California reports an unusually fine prune crop, the size and abundance of the fruit, exceeding those of last year.

Henry H. Benedict, the millionaire typewriter manufacturer, was once a teacher of Latin in the Fairfield Seminary.

J. P. Bryant, of Bardwell, Ky., is said to be the owner of the largest strawberry patch in the world. It covers 1,700 acres.

According to the Washington Times, the Rev. Sam Jones' income for several years has been between \$25,000 and \$35,000.

The new St. Paul directory shows an increase of 3,159 names over last year and is believed to indicate a population of 191,672.

In 1898 lightning caused a loss of 367 lives in the United States and damaged or destroyed property to the value of \$1,441,880.

More than 2,000,000 trees have been planted along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad in Dakota, to serve as protection from snow drifts.

Addison Cammack, the Wall street bear, knows the highest and lowest prices every listed stock has reached in each month for ten years.

This year's production of beet sugar in the United States is estimated at 122,000 tons from 144,000 acres. This is a four-fold increase in one year.

Senator Allison, of Iowa, is a devout reader of the newspaper, and subscribes to at least one morning paper in all the leading cities of the country.

Hamilton McKay, Twombly, who has an estate of 1,500 acres at Madison, N.J., has ordered a large automobile truck to carry his garden products to market.

The oldest living married couple in Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Michael F. Conover, celebrated the sixty-first anniversary of their wedded life on Tuesday.

Dr. Richard J. Gatling, of gun fame says that the secret of his success was perseverance. "Above all," he says, "a young man should keep himself busy."

Abram S. Hewitt, the New York millionaire, says that he has never sought to acquire wealth, and that to-day nearly every dollar he owns is invested in his business.

Mrs. Stansberg, wife of the Nebraska colonel killed by the Filipinos, was on board ship during the battle and did not learn of his death until thirty days afterward.

Indiana, is complaining, like other States, of the increase of divorces, and a recent investigation shows that the increase is promoted by fraud and a lax construction of the law.

The State of Pennsylvania hatched 30,000,000 shad in the Delaware River this year and the United States hatched 200,000,000 of the same fish in the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers combined.

Capt. N. M. Dyer, who commanded the Baltimore at the battle of Manila, did not graduate from the Naval Academy, but served six years on merchantmen before entering the United States navy.

A poor widow with seven children advertised in a New York paper for a temporary loan of \$50. She announced her willingness to permit the money lender to "keep the children as security."

Mrs. McKinley personally superintends the decorations of the White House for any social function, and the fact that these are believed to be the most successful ever known is due almost entirely to her taste and suggestions.

The throat trouble from which Miss Clara Barton, founder of the Red Cross, is suffering, first attacked her early

in life when Principal of the first Public school in Bordentown, N.J. She was then compelled to give up teaching.

It is not generally known that Capt. Sigsbee, late of the Maine, is the inventor of a deep sea sounding machine, for which he got medals from Prussia and England. He also invented an ingenious parallel ruler for mechanical drawing.

Senator Depew says he believes that a course of lectures on the operation of railroads would be a valuable addition to all our leading colleges, considering the large part which railroads play in our everyday life and how little they are understood.

Returns to the Treasury Department show 311,878 immigrants for the year ending June 30th, against 229,299 for the twelvemonth previous. This increase of 82,579, which may become a little larger with revised returns, is over 36 per cent.

## FURS RISING IN PRICE.

Marked Effects of the Decrease in the World's Supply Seen in Canada.

An enormous increase in the price of furs is one of the results of the decrease in the supply brought by the Montagnais Indians from the wilds of Labrador and northern Quebec. Last winter's catch was exceedingly poor, and but for the higher prices secured there would be a vast amount of suffering among the Indians.

The advanced price obtained this year by the Indians is not due to any sudden outbreak of generosity on the part of the Hudson's Bay Company, which for years has had a practical monopoly of this trade, but rather to the fact that in consequence of the reduction in the world's supply of furs the company is meeting with competition. A Boston dealer named Williams made his appearance on the Labrador coast this spring about the time that the Indians arrived there from their hunting grounds in the interior of the country, and caused lively competition in the local fur market. Mr. Williams secured some \$50,000 worth of furs from the Indians. Local traders on the coast bought as much more and resold their furs to dealers in Quebec. Skins of the otter, for which the Indians sometimes get only \$6 to \$8 yielded them this year as much as \$12 to \$20. Bear skins have commanded from \$15 to \$25 in first hands, and the skins of the marten, which ordinarily bring about \$5, have run up to \$20 and even \$25. Black and silver gray fox skins have realized upon the coast as high as \$120. The rapidly increasing scarcity of these fine Canadian furs is making itself felt in the Old World, as a dealer in Quebec has advised of a recent trade sale at Leipzig, where the representative of a Parisian fur house paid \$300 for a prime silver fox skin from Labrador. This remarkable increase in value lends importance to the new project of Mr. Menier of raising black and silver foxes upon his island—Anticosti. He now has at least fifty families of them in captivity, and as they are kept in large inclosures, they are thriving and increasing with great rapidity and promise exceedingly lucrative returns.

## LOUBET'S GUARD.

Twenty Private Detectives Attend Him Day and Night.

The secret force charged to protect the French President is far from scant, and if he had been willing to keep it to its functions, it might have spared M. Loubet the attack of the and if he had been willing to keep other Sunday. It is a force quite apart from that which everybody sees, from the army contingent, the police and the reserve post of the city guard, purposely displayed and serving above all for decoration. This service that nobody sees is composed of 20 persons in permanent service, and of 50 persons when the President travels, to say nothing of a currently reported third service, whose mysterious role is denied by the police. All this machinery, which M. Loubet's predecessor kept in constant occupation, seems formidable and complicated in the midst of a republic.

This escort, with consign never to lose sight of him, makes M. Loubet, they say, positively miserable. He escaped from them the other day, and it gave rise to an amusing incident. There was consternation. All the bicycles of the palace were set in motion; there was riding hither and yon, and nearly rousing the city, when M. Loubet was discovered promenading the avenue of the Champs Elysees in quiet conversation with his son.

## LONDON'S WATER SUPPLY.

To London, as to almost every large city, the question of a water supply has been a serious problem. Londoners now see a way to solve it. The Engineer of the County Council has informed that body that underneath London is an immense lake, in a chalk basin 2,500 square miles in extent. The annual rainfall that sinks to this lake, 100 feet below the surface of the ground, amounts to 280,000,000 gallons, which would give a daily yield of 767,000,000 gallons. An Artesian well has already tapped the lake at Clapham, and it is pointed out that all that is necessary to insure a water supply is to sink a sufficient number of wells. The wonder is that London should have existed for more than 2,000 years and never discovered that the great lake was beneath it.