SOUTH AFRICA

Clayton Bennett Talks of Two Decades of Personal Life

In the Most Curious of Great Britain's Multitudinous Colonies.

An Exact Picture Story of Johannesburg, the Golden-The Transvaal and Oom Paul Kruger-The Jameson Rald.

Pilot Cline brought the stolid Beaver liner Lake Winnipeg safely into St. John on 11th inst. after a fifteen days' particularly rough weather, which, under Capt. Jones, the steamer well withstood, and among the passengers was Clayton Bennett, a South African explorer, prospector and journalist of twenty years' standing, duly credentialled by such papers as the Pall Mall Gazette (Waldorf Astor's great London evening), The People, the Court Circular, etc. A Sun representative asked him to furnish a few South African experiences, and here we give his exact narration.

It is difficult to suddenly summarize for the Canadian reader two decades of personal life in the most curious of our colonies, South Africa, but I have had the unique and unfettered advantage of allways being "on the My journeys have mostly been made on foot, as, except for a couple of hundred miles or so, I long ago I gave up the horse with his expensive feed and liability to sickness n favor of the pack donkey, an abso-African necessity and true friend, but I have even done without him. These journeys have covered portions of the southwest, the extent of the southeast coasts, and nearly the whole of the centre may be filled in. It was the most curious of our colonies once, but not so today. Rather, common place as a cabbage garden. Never had so favored an English colony lain for fifty years nch absolute stagnation. It dubbed "the land of sam-"the grave of great reputations," and commonly supposed to be a sort of hig game preserve, with Kaffirs, Dutch Boers, and Englishmen mated to native wives thrown in; and never has a country, on whose foliage eleon rightly rests, so com pleted changed its skin from savagery civilization in twenty years. I do not hesitate to say (and it seems that a parallel has been worked out in Canada by ministers and men) that this change had origin in these ways: the arrival of a governor, Sir Bartle Frere, honestly imbued with the im-perial idea, the subjection of the lishment of two great steamship lines and a gradual railway network, and a succession of "booms" in diamonds, gold and land. And here learn the lesson of radicalism, which has never in the least understood the colonies, "wicked" war, the estabostituted the late Lord d the Came itsel Rosmead, who signed the convention ceding the Transvol to the Boers. He withdrew the Lachuanaland expedition, which could have reconquered the Transvaal, and cost a million, and was directly responsible for the possibility of the recent Jameson raid. But let us leave dull modern politics and also the the ancient fifteenth century time when Vasco da Gama arrived in the second second account for the second rived in his open cockleshells of 24 tons before the Cape of Storms; and also the eighteenth century slow, sevene Franco-Dutch colonizing under Van Riebeck, the man with the two-handed swood who read the colonization. handed sword, who made the Boer Hugenots, more French than Dutch, trek into the wilderness. These old stories are studiously chronicled by the Cape Herodotus, Mr. Theale, himself, I believe, a New Brunswick born. Throughout the years I have had questions addressed to me on South African details, and I will here answer a few of them, without any sequence, of possible interest to the Canadian. Here is an exact picture

JOHANNESBURG THE GOLDEN. In April, 1886, I counted nine hartehuts (the shape of a card house and built of reeds) and four tents on the gold field of Witwatersrand (the range of White Waters), only 30 miles south of Pretoria, capital of the Transvaal, and whose gold-bearing deposit had lain undeveloped for thirty years under the eyes of capitalists and travellers, the same as, seriously, a similar deposit may at this moment be lying unexploited in Nova Scotia, which in '93 certainly returned over 20,000 ounces of gold for the year. Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley's telegraph line to Pretoria actually crossed the reef, and the linesmen camped upon millions. But one, Bob Struben, knew years before that there was gold in this curious considerate, and at length erected. seriously, a similar deposit may at conglomerate, and at length erected a small battery and made the first trial crushing. Next the Jubilee battery went up, turned out two ounces to the ton, and the "rush," then sole-ly from the colony, commenced. The long concealment of these riches was owing to the lack of speculative sup-port to prospectors (Barberton, some 300 miles to the north, being the gold field), and even in '87 there was no settled belief in the settled belief in the permanence of

The green downs of Witwatersrand stretch away eastward and west-ward. The range itself, a rifle shot to the north, is merely a low, long errace of ugly rock traversing opfive miles reveal the marvelous out-crop of gold-bearing conglomerate-the tilted bed of an auriferous lakeand between the range and the downs spreads today the surprising settle-ment of Johannesburg. Although at a very high altitude above sea level, ing the low ranges, the country ong the flattest in the Trans-There is little music of birds sed by the delving of dives—the 300,000 ounces a month, and more, for consideration I was given my horse,

dips intersected by narrow streams having birth in black swamp on the crests, and used to work the stamp mills. Here, and again, to the south, the downs' soft contour is broken by a kopje of purple iron-stone rock, called the "bar" thich the coldthe "bar," which the goldbearing bed never crosses, but under-The so-called reef originally outcropped in dull uninteresting lamps from between sandstone walls. and the Boers, with the inelegand realism of simple minds, named this conglomerate "banket," which means 'toffee," the sand being the sugar, and the waterworn pebbles the almonds. The prospector, 'struck" the outcrop, would proceed to cut cross-trenches, to trace the reef, whose "strike" was invariably from east to west with a south "din into the earth. The whole country is covered with abandoned trenches and rotting pegs to this day. banket" is very rich in fine goldhe cement, and not the quartz pebcontaining it. As a rule, there is no "visible," but the prospector had only to take a lump of "banket" the size of his fist, crush it with pestle and mortar, put the contents into blackened pan, gravitate in a tub of water, and the result would be a rich streak of fine gold round the pan. And this eccentric deposit now pro-duces one-third of the gold of the

At 11 o'clock of the day the streets of Johannesburg are alive as an ant-heap. The sky is brilliantly blue, and sunlit Commissioner street-its principal buildings of reddened brick-the chalet-like club, the tall clock-tower of the Mutual Insurance society, the drapers' shops and the bars, the pavements, fresh and yet wet from modern hose appears as gay as if built that morning. And to and from centre of this street-where are the Stock Exchange and the offices of the mushroom millionaires—comes and goes the stream of speculators, experts. "loafers," miners, prospectors, thieves and fools, each one of whom has the hope of clearing ten thousand pounds over shares or claims before the sun sets-with which hope he rises every morning. Carriages, Cape-carts, and American "spiders," carrying the women of the community, dash about: a vagon, a corduroyed Boer with his ong bambooed whip lashing the oxen, intervenes here and there; four-horsed Cape-carts, crowded with promoters engineers, flags, pegs and instruments. swing out of the town, there being new ground to be examined. bars and bodegas are crammed-drink s always to be had-Pommery corks copping in the resort of market manipulators, beer, whiskey and "Cape smoke" being rushed down their throats by the former's prospectors and hangers-on, in the humbler canteens on whose outside door-jambs is painted, showing times are harder:
"All drinks 6d. except * * * " "Between the Chains," from before noon to eve, the speculators parade—these looped chains enclosing a space between the "Corner House" (Eckstein's) and the Stock Exchange.

The crowd "between the Chains" is large and mixed. All are talking tens large and mixed. All are talking tens of thousands. Some scheme strolling in couples, others in groups. A knot of brokers is tossing for dried pdherrings, which a crooked creature—a London hawker—supplies from a basket. The herrings are to be followed by Heidseick. All except the rough, waiting prospectors are dressed spick and span, and hat-bands and bows are brilliant. Most of these men rattle much gold in their pockets. All this before the Jameson Raid and the using up of available ground and farms. The backing of the town is miles of blue-gum plantations, a re-

lief to the general ugliness.

But here is an early morning scene when one is able at sun-up to inhale the pure primitiveness of the Boer and the veldt. The large, red, sandy Market square (always, with the Kerk, the central interest in a town for the Boer) is a sea of ox-horns-for travelling through the night have been over two hundred wagons, hooded and not, now drawn up in rows, the beasts sleeping in the yokes, loaded with food, forage and fuel for the Golden City. The vrouw and kinders, in their kapjies and worn dress, and crowded on a red-covered feather-bed (without which a Boer never travels) under the hood, peering out; the "old baas," handkerohief over head and under chin, in corduroy and veldtschenen. sits outside on a rough stool sipping the black coffee-bowl, and talking harshly, and offering his woollen tobacco-pouch to visitors. Five springbok and two blesbok lie on the ground for sale, having been shot by the "old baas" and a grandson of twelve, be-

"Jah," he growls, "I owned three farms here, and lived on them for 30 years. I sold then for £60 and two spans of oxen. I hear their gold is now worth millions and millions. The verdompje rooinek (the d-d redneck,

i. e., Englishman)!"

A Polish Jew hawker—for the Tin Jerusalem, with its hundreds of hawk-ers, shilling meal shops, "doss" houses, and newspaper gamins, is now largely east-end London—comes up and sells the "old baas" a tin watch, with excellent iron works, for two pounds.

And at night, away on the bare veldt, the electric lights mark the line

of the mines, the great glowing lamps at the main shafts' head and the lit cattery-houses suggesting the work and world of a new race of beings; and electric ray answers to electric ray to the right and to the left for thirty miles along the reef, thousands of humans laboring below, in curious cuttings, in the bowels of a formation B. C.; and heard always is the reunding roll of the mighty stamps, producing on this isolated veldt millons of money for men in far-away

But no Canadian must seek to better himself in Johannesburg. There 40.000 souls are gathered here from all quarters of the earth. There are poverty and actual starvation. Men have even been compelled to camp along the range, descending into the city to seek for offal in the streets. Every industry is overcrowded. If the ventilation of the deep levels at 2,000 to 3,000 feet can be arranged, and refractory ore in depth does not decrease in yield, which is unlikely with this even deposit, the Johannesburg output of gold can continue at and the names. After much cautious

the next half century. Yet its existence as a city opening golden gates to all is as a tale that is told, which has also been the history of the deserted diamond fields. And the Canadian has near at hand new Ontario and British Columbia.

Before giving the history of the diamond deserts, let us turn to THE TRANSVAAL AND OOM PAUL

KRIIGER standing, in this nineteenth century, as an oasis of curious study. It is comion to confuse the Transvaal Boer with the Cape Dutch, who, excepting a certain amount of blood, have nothing in common with their cousin ss the Vaal River. The Cape Dutch are the conservatives of the colony, gentlemen, loyal to the crown, owners of vineyards and fine farms, and sending their sons to college. The chief justice of the colony, Sir Henry de Villiers, is Dutch, and its chief gentleman. In the Orange Free State, also, the Boer is a gentleman living in a good stone house, and the state's late president was Sir John Brand, born of English parents. The Transvaaler is lumbrous wagon, its wheels held toearly in the century from the yoke of mimosa tree, while white, ficulties of a wild land in a most marvellous manner, spilt his blood to savsociated with nearly all important African history. He is half French-a descendant of the Hugenots—as such nes as Du Plessis, Du Tort, De Vilwith the Kafir, in his furs and feathers, that he has assimilated his savpendent isolation, pioneering, and mire about him. He is unclenaly, intermarries freely with blood relations with shocking results; is not honest; most certainly cruel; and as for his religion. it is a mixture of lip-serforces the growth of the beard and cured one of the first parcels returned from his mission to England and sell them. but on his arrival at his home Mrs. has a curious fascination for men, Kruger absolutely declined to allow and is the healthiest possible. him to substitute them for the usual Twenty-five pounds' capital will set corduroy, but eventually wisely com- a man up with license, tent, stores, pjamas. He rises at 4 or 5 and says rutary, and tools, and leave a balance prayers; next sits on the verandahed for a couple of Kafirs. Curious, tabletoep of his Pretoria villa, and over topped Kopjies traverse the banks the never-relinquished pipe and ever- of the wide stream, and in perfect refilled coffee-bowl discusses the af-fairs of state with the bearded burgh- willow trees. A buck can be shot in ers who have come in during the night. the early morning, next the exciting Years ago excepting the chin-fringe work of sleving and sorting, a swim I noted the extraordinary likeness in the river, its waters touched by the of this obstinate, bull-necked old man sunset, and a fish pulled out, and to Oliver Cromwell; and his methods broiled on stones for supper. have been the same and as successful. In December, 1881, Sir Garnet Wolseley, and the most perfect octobedron at a banquet in Pretoria, over the shape in the world, and usually of chicken and champagne declared that "so long as the sun rose and set it, fontsine, Orange Free State, come would do so over the Transvaal as British territory;" and at that very hour, 50 miles away, on the farm Paarde Kraal, Oom Paul and his valuable stone I have seen—and the burghars were certing down stones as only one is the color of a ruby. For token that they would fight. Sir Gar- years diggers have tried to locate the net with his dragoons could have swept down and nipped the rebellion in the bud, and there would have been no massacre of our men at Bronkhorst Spruit, and no slaughter at Laing's Nek. The distances on the read up which the troops marched were easured from point to point for the Boer marksmen, sitting in a small trench at the top of the Nek, their rifles resting on stones. Do you call that shooting? There would have no final flight of our men from the top of the fatal Amajuba ("the rock of the pigeons") before rich country and the humiliation of many inches away. The glory of the an Englishman before the Boer when river has departed, and it is doubtful meeting in village, in veldt, on farm. if 1,000 diggers are scattered there And it is a curious matter-almost a fcreboding - that Rhodes' directed Jameson Raid was checked and sharply ended on the Doornkop battlefield actually in sight of the monument erected over that calrn of stones of 1881. And leaving at present the Boers and the unscrupulous Hollander ad-

and devastate its revenues, I may relate, in connection with THE JAMESON RAID, the nearest hand-shaking dis-tance with the Shadow, Death, to which I have come, although having escaped from crocodile, Kafir assegai lion's spring, fever, actual starvation, well night actual madness. had been to inspect some of the gold-

bearing farms in Bechuanaland, and in my saddle-bags, were a number of plans of them made by Martin William Theale (son of your St. John Theale), J. P., a government surveyor for the Vryburg district, and a pillar of the English church. I was unaware that the Jameson troops (which from the first and to the last were too highly fortified with champagne and baser liquor) had already left Pitsani and crossed the Transvaal border, In order to make for England via Johannesburg I also rode my strong rel-schimel (strawberry-roan, our best cclored herse) across the border into the Marico district, was observed, chesed, and captured by a small Boer commando. Horse and gear were aprom the saddle-bars for examination. "Ah," I heard the commandant say in the Boer taal (talk), "these are paintings for Jameson. Shoot the d—d redneck at once. Make haste." "U-P," muttered I to myself. "A life of suf-fering ended at last." I was placed in front of an ant-heap, and a distance of about 200 yards was paced out for "pot" shooting, and the dismounted Boers were already inserting cartridges in their Martini-Henrys. But a young semi-educated Boer had been ex amining the plans, and he now shout ed out, "You mustn't, commandant, you mustn't. This karel is he my father has been walting for for months to find him the goud-kuipjies (goldstone). These are our places;" for he was looking at Theale's plans of his father's lands, and recognized them

venturers who direct the government

than myself with the Shadow, for he bullet in his back from the field of Doomkop.

11.0 THE DIAMOND DESERTS. The imagination usually considers the diamond as "a gem concealed"among caves and magic mountains, an Arabian Nights' sort of stone-and in Persia, India, and even Brazil, such is the case. But in South Africa, which invariably upsets matters geological, and affairs in general, the stone, in its birth and surroundings, and except in its connection with crime and the making of fortunes, becomes quite commonplace. Six hundred miles from the Cape Peninsulaafter the fertile colony, with its vineyards, pine trees, ostrich kraals, low, white picturesque farmhouses, expanses of brush, magnificent mountain ranges and the wide, mysterious Karoo desert have been traverseda right down Boer-he who with his stretch the red, sandy, waterless plains of Griqualand West, alone dotted by gether with ox-hide, trekked away the aloe and the stunted, thorny the Dutch company, conquered the dif- morphic limestone outcrops in beds. Here are the Kimberley, De Beers, and Dutortspan group of mines. ege spears, and finally crossed the Vaal ('drab," owing to the color of its water) River, that famous stream asin the discovery of the diamond in '71 did not originate in these "dry," but water) River, that famous stream asmiles north at Gonggong, Pruel, Klipdam, and Barkly West, for which latter ruined village Cecil John Rhodes is member. Years before, now and llers and Joubert evidence. And he again, a Grigma had brought a stone has sat down so long in association to a white man, and sold the "crystal" for a twist of tobacco and a drink of "cafe smoke." An enormous diamond agery, and beyond his love for inde- had been bought by a trader for a roll of flanmel from veldt-craft there is very little to ad- | Boer vrouv, whose Kinders played marbles with it when not use as a nest-egg. Fancy hens fluttering upon and dirtying a Kohinoor! And at last the diamondiferous deposit was located on the banks of the vice, superstition, and fear. Oom river, and the "rush" commenced. Paul (Uncle Paul) belongs to the Dop- J. B. Robinson, probably the richest of the South African millionaires, seems, a strict religious sect which enthe wearing of one's clothes in bed. stones and rushed off to Hatton It is quite true that when Oom Paul Farden, 7,000 miles away, to test he brought back night-shirts with him, LIFE ON THE RIVER DIGGINGS. ed matters with a suit of tubs, sleves, sorting-table; possibly

river stones are of the purest water fancy value per carat. The Tajen origin of the river diamonds-which have no connection with the dry deposits. For 150 miles they are found in shallow gravel at the base of the Kopjies, associated with catseyes, onyx, garnets, and there has always been much talk of a mountain from which they have been swept by the waters, and men make for that mountain but never find it. A strange matter-about which the digger is superstitious—is that the river diamond has a mate, called a "bantam." It is a small brown stone like a coffee berry, and, given the "hantem" o Boer assault; no giving back of a five or a fifty carat gem will not be now, and yet untold wealth remains in the debris of the claims primitively

> large scale. Many attempts have been made to dredge the river bed, but all have failed. THE DRY DIGGINGS. The rise of Rhodes and the ruin of Kimberley are associated with as exciting and uncomman phase of human affairs as can be possible. A "rush" set in from the Colony and Natal. On the parched plains for two milesfrom the Kimberley Kopje to Dutortspan-men, women and children were camped, all at work sorting diamonds out of the yellow sand. Water was £1 a barrel. There was only the pan-and a man with a dam cleared some £10,000 not out of whiskey, but the water. It was common to wash in "minerals;" linen was thrown away and new bought. Suddenly came a blow—the yetlow sand played

worked in the early days, only re-

quiring capital to work rotaries on a

WHETHER THE SORE BEONTHE ARM, LEG HEAD, FACE DRCHASES OINTMENT WILL HEAL IT ON EDMANSON, BATES & CO., TORONTO

and out, and a wail went up, "There are these plans are safely in England today. On the same ship with me was
the Hon. Major Coventry, the cricketer, who had had a nearer "shave"

on more diamonds!" And the blow
was rammed in by an "expert," Professor Gregory. This old professor
could not divine—and it has been the same at Witwatensrand-that, marvellously correct as our geological diagnosis of the earth's strata is, marure does as she pleases, and reserves surprises. Because the diamond is found in rose-permangamate rock in India and yellow reef in Brazil, he declared that the Kimberley stones swallowed for digestive purposes, had been brought hither from a distance by ostriches! Clearly the game was up. But there is always a man in a community-usually regarded as mad,

by fools--who thinks and acts differently to his fellows; and there was such a man here. HIS NAME IS LOST. quietly sank a shaft, and came upon a crater filled with volcanic the famous "blue ground" (steatetic breccia), packed with diamonds like peas in a pudding. Three craters in all, Kimberley, now the Big Hole, all delved out by the human hand, inside which St. Paul's cathedral could be placed, De Beers, and Dutertspan. In a year the craters had the appearance of the ruins of Herculaneum-column upon column, each a claim, rising up, connected with a network of cables, carrying hide buckets, with the mines' edge. This was the time when men, in bravado, lit their pipes with bank notes, and throughout the day broke open champagne cases with an axe. Illicit diamond buying was in full swing, and there was no act to stop it. The fascination of "a rough and uncut" diamond is almost irresistible; but I prefer not to mentio many of our rich Afritoday founded their fortunes on the I. D. B. It is a up tunes on I. D. B. Suffice it to say that the great Cecil was absolutely honest and untainted. It is a pity he has lost that creed in recent years. Look at the wickedness of this I D B. Here was a man on his column claim, which he had maybe bought for thousands, and with a staff to pay, absolutely certain that daily his Kafirs were swallowing half his stones and "running" them to the I. D. B. fraternity. Young Irish, Jew, and Afrikander lads were go-be-tweens, so were barmaids and the demimondaines. The Malays-and their camp-were thick in it. At length the I. D. B. act was passed, and the convicted-the "runner" receiving two years and the buyers five, seven, or ten-were despatched to build the Cape Town breakwater. A huge and corrupt detective department, running the system known as "trapping," was formed; and the price of croton oil, for dosing suspected Kafirs, went up. Then there was a searching system for laborers in mines to which both whites and

blacks had to conform. At the searching hour a Kafir's mouth, and toes were examined, and he had to spring three times in the air. Six miles from Kimberley was Free Town-just over the border of the Free State, from which we de-liberately robbed the Fields, afterwas hurled far away. At this spot B. was safe. I remember one morning marking a noted I. D. B., a short fat Hollander in a leguo.m hat and yellow dust coat, who ostensibly kept a Kafir "truck" store. He bought "trap" diamonds wholesale, and strangely was never found with them on him. He entered the can-

his arm, whom he called Seven Years in reference to the act's sentences THE DETECTIVES WERE NOT

teen with a blue-backed ape under

FAR OFF. 'Whiskey?" queried the barman "No," answered the Hollander, affectionately stroking his pet's fur, "a strong dose of Eno's fruit salt." "For yourself?" asked the surprised

And within half-an-hour a 55 carat

"No; for my ape."

stone of the purest water was lying on the counter. There were numerous ruses. Women used to ship to England with thousands of carats in their clothes, and were occasionally searched and secured on the steamer. Hunters used to arrive from the interior, with lion's heads, horns, anthears, and guns, and the barrels of the latter were not loaded with shot. One man shipped a sample box of potatoes to England to show what South Africa could grow, and there was a stone in each spud. In the iniquitous trapping system the only proof required was the weighing of the "trap" stone, the searching of the two Kafir traps to see they had no money on them, their production of the purchase price, and the seizure of the buyer with the stone upon him. At this time Kimberley-its galvanized iron houses lying like a blue lake upon the plain—was a brilliant town. No man-nor even boys-worked for less than £5 a week; and on Saturday night, when all the miners flocked into camp—the brilliantly-lighted shops winding away like a large pythonmovement was difficult. Poverty was unknown; and colored lads of 15, twanging guitars, accompanied by their inamoratas, would jaunt along, their pockets stuffed with banknotes, the profits of I, D. B. It is easy to understand five tons of coal, but think on five tons of diamonds, for that is near the weight these wonderful mines have produced, and one supposes that a ton or two is today overweighting American beauty. A year or two back Beers company to see Capt. Bawden, an extraordinary expert in the value stones. There were two ordinary 12 inch deals of trestles, and along their extent, half a foot thick, were diamonds of different colors and weight, lying like common gravel and even rolling on to the floor. This repre-sented a quarter's output of a couple

of million. At the moment A BIG BUCK KAFIR came to the door hawking bananas and could easily have felled the captain and bolted with a basketful of

OUR NEW STORY.

The Sixth Installment of "Napoleon Smith" appears in This Issue of the Weekly Sun.

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louble diamonds—yielded by the Bult-

fontein mine. At length the "promoter" and the broker found out the fields, the days of companies arrived. Men went mad. Hundreds of thousands of tons of reef descended into the open workings again and again. The treacherous reef was always being anxiously watched and next came a stupendous share smash. And all this time rough Rhodes (who had invested his solitary thousand) with his folded arms and half-closed eyes had been quietly watching, his health attended to by his friend Jameson, who had acquired a wonderful surgical system in operating in the Carnarvon hospital on the thousands of Kafirs blown up by dynamite and smashed by fallen reef. I reserve the character sketch of decline to touch the late Barney Barnato (alias Isaacs), and his long list

when he had planned the great Diamond Jubilee coup-on his way home to gather together magnates at his house in Park Lane, there to dazzle and entertain them, and draw them to concert in schemes for plundering the public. Well, open working in mines had become nigh impossible with the continual fall of reef; the output of diamonds had become so enormous that the price per carat was low. and the working expenses of so many mines, with their separate staffs, was high. Barnato always used a protege, and his scapegoat and nephew. Wolff Toel, a highly intelligent lad for his business, at the age of 22 was rewarded with the chairmanship of the great Central Company. Rhodes, assisted by the brains of his clique (he believes in a clique, and always works with one), had ramified his plan, and this broad-shouldered man now stood up and fought Barnato, and evidenced an absolute indifference to the interests of Kimberley and its workers, steadily keeping his eye on the millions to be pocketed. And it came off, the bribe to Barnato being a seat in the Cape Parliament. With the exception of certain private claims the mines were consolidated as one interest under the title of the De Beers, and the Great Amalgamation sprang upon a surprised country. At once began the shutting down of claims and the dismissal of staffs, the withdrawal from circulation of thousands of pounds of weekly wages, the desertion of houses, stagnation of trade, and the commencement of poverty. The output was restricted, a "pool" formed, and up and up went the price of the diamond per carat. The final blow came with the "rush" to Johannesburg. Kimberly was ruined; and Rhodes, indifferent, began to work his way into Mashonaland and more millions. You see, there is not an atom of sentiment except that which is shern about the second sentiment. sham—about this colossal Selfiel which shall be proved later.

Less than two years ago I was in Kimberley-the old fascination, which "cockney" Johannesburg never exer-cised, ever exists and draws back a diamond fields man-and a rocket could have been fired from its tube from Kimberley to Beaconsfield and would have hardly hit a Cape-cart. OLIVE SCHREINER AND A FA-

MOUS AFRIKANDER FAMILY The nomen "Afrikander" is missinderstood, it being generally held in Europe to signify a person of halfcciored parentage, whereas it means any person born in Africa. My meeting with the famous authoress of "The Story of An African Farm" was curiously occasioned. Returning to England, in '90, from a prospecting expedition, I was introduced on the Kimberley railway platform to the great Hungarian patriot and fiddler, Remer

For the Children

When coughs and colds distress the children Norway Pine Syrup comes stones. In old, open cash boxes were to the rescue. It soothes and heals the specially fine stones, some the throat, removes the phlegra, and curiously crystalised twin specimens— is pleasant and casy to take.

AN AND TO BRANCO THAN

yi, for 20 years viol who had been tou This extraordinary myself held a satur our compartment miles, accompanied ing the wild and I the cries of the je played to me on priceless and unput piece of dry toast, must introduce you Olive Schreiner;" and had much music, a before the steamer Miss Schreiner at M Gardens, Capetown, her brother, Advoca torney general for seceder from Rhodes. like, beautiful, and & a cigarette, and in muslin, was reposing Joubert and another sident Reitz, of the whom the Schreiners tending on her. We osophy and science tired, and I came an of Olive Schreiner's "to one of its first met Miss Schreiner again, on another jou at the Schreiner Lod ite Karoe, which ad for her. A dozen pasing outside the gate argue with and refo this woman with and beautiful religion sympathy for all hum the pastors were se business, and she acc my last copy of Darv Species" and some wild parts. There is that (womanlike) would have liked to powerful a personality but he has always decl riage destroys the fo character," so the au mised with Cromori made to adopt her. farmer and member fo and is now one of I enemies in regard to Matabili manipulation was a baby, and it was next written; and Schreiner came home work ,"Trooper Halke land," an attack on a literary success. I RECEIVED A

from the woman, whose I shall ever worship, and to Bayswater I w shocked. The author a table covered with n her hair was streaked her face, full of genius with pain. Her hus farmer, stood beside he with her old animation evident that the consta thought was wearing "I am going to Italy tomorrow," she said, we know if I shall ever social and philosophica never forget you, the have never forgotten T African Farm,' in which lived and perhaps ext It was a sad parting. family is a unique prod was a German among the Basutoland 60 years of age the me convent; the other world-wide temperance so is a brother, grand South African Good T the other son is the general who imparted unknown fatality of J into the Transvaal' to sitting in his bedroom a (the Grange), Wynberg, premier, feigning to overcome, replied: "So gone in: after twenty ye he has upset my app pose I must resign." House of Commons con Mr. Schreiner advocate on every question addr With the weather-cock lawyer he fries his ow has been the case through with the majority of Ca

I-oliticians.

III.

One supposes that had social satirist, asked the gamator, Cape Premier Councillor, his question, living?" he would have "Yes," and, again, "N he would add an origi sentence, "But as I don destruction, and am in well play the game." acter is difficult to und doubtful if he understan He is slow in making and often changes it; by tainty that in any gam hand it will be a strong be summarized as an sponsible powerfulness. man's physique—apart f sumption, for which a I cian condemned him to Cape and fifteen month istence he is solid all ologists contend that a does not indicate inte when associated with hy of enormous weight in or bulges on either temple is not refined by any me combine into a mental b almost irresistible in act vintage tonicing that any poet but Swinburne house in forty-eight such a career to deal wi space, I can only give b touches. The man is hi all that can be said. W his as a mammoth mind way

LIKE A CYCLO with only one eye open—a incidentally fortunate for always on the main cha la Russe et vous trouvere the Napoleon remarked. our civilization and Chris ity one is afraid that the true today of all nations territory and wealth, the constant game of pump cunning, the British had