

On the Veldt

By FRANK H. SWEET

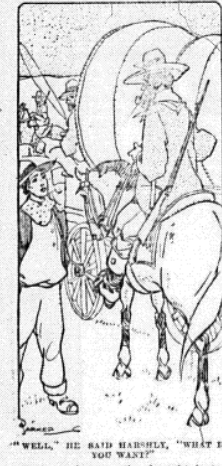
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It was the dry season on the veldt, and the grass was brown and half covered with yellow dust. Not a kraal was to be seen or a habitation, not a tree or shrub so far as the eye could reach—only the ochre brown earth stretching to the east and west in the same level sky lines to the north and south and east and west, and crossing the sun blistered waste one little animate dot. The canvas covered wagon of a Boer family trekking with the sheep and cattle in search of a water course that had not dried up.

For three days had the dot been moving across the waterless waste, and for three days had the sun set the thirty sky line in the east only to glare down pitilessly until it dropped behind the equally thirty sky line in the west, and now the tongues of the cattle were hanging from their mouths and the sheep bleated piteously, and the small quantity of water brought along for the trekkers' own use was exhausted.

By the end of the second day they had expected to find water, but the stream counted on had proved but a dusty, sun dried depression, and for twenty-four hours they had followed its course, hoping to find some sink hole from which the water had not dried. Now they were pondering the necessity of seeking the next water course yet another twenty-four hours away. If that were dry also, what then?

Other families had trekked over this veldt before them, and more would follow, for this was the annual custom. When the dry season came and burned every vestige of green from the home grazing land, the Boers would load their families into the great wagons, drawn by many spans of oxen, and driving the sheep and cattle before them, seek the water courses that had not dried up. And there they would



"WELL," HE SAID HARSHLY, "WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

remain as long as the drought lasted, until weeks of steady and violent rains should come and transform the dry, barren veldt into tropical garden. Then they would trek back home.

Long before the sun rose for a new day of burning heat and thirst the dot of wagons and animals was ready for departure. But even as it began to crawl away from the river bed that was dry toward the one that might contain water, several of the mounted Boers who were circling about the cattle described themselves less than a third of a mile away.

In the dim light they at first thought it a wild animal, and examined their rifles; then, as the object drew near, they made it out to be a man, and that he was on foot instead of horseback. But it was not until he had approached to within a few rods that they discovered he was very young, scarcely more than a boy, and that he was an outlander.

Now there is nothing more obnoxious to a Boer than an outlander or witlander—alien. He feels that their coming into the country threatens his institutions, and that the very object of their coming is wrong. The treasures of the earth belong to the earth, and should not be wrested away. The bustle and desire for change, for progress, for investigating, even the wholesome ideas of these outsiders are causes for suspicion and dislike. So when a cherry "Hello" came from the wayfarer their answer was but a grunt and unintelligible grunt.

All this time the trala was moving forward, but slowly, for oxen are plodding travelers. The boy was obliged to pause for the animals to pass, and he watched the long, straggling line with the interest of a newcomer. After the cattle and sheep and their guard came the creaking, unwieldy wagons, with their imposing axes. Beside the first of these wagons rode a large, broad faced man whose white hair and air of authority proclaimed him the head of the family. As he came opposite the boy stepped forward.

"Hello," he called again cheerfully. The man looked down at him, his face hardening, but he stopped.

"Well," he said harshly, "what do

you want? Isn't it a little strange for a boy to be crossing the veldt without a horse?"

"Oh, I don't know," the boy answered carelessly. "I walked up from the coast three months ago. You see, I didn't have money enough for a horse and a good outfit, and I needed the outfit most. Besides, I was raised on a farm and am used to walking. A man I met carried my outfit to the mines, and I passed on behind him."

"And now you are going back home empty handed?" the Boer asked, sarcastically.

"No, indeed," quickly. "I didn't come here for fun. I'm going to collect some time, and that takes money. I've got half a dozen brothers and sisters who are planning for different things. It was easiest for me to leave, so all them put in their savings to ward my expenses. Of course I don't expect to get rich," frankly, "but I shall work hard to take back enough to get us all good starts."

"The Boer grunted.

"Why are you going back, then, without your outfit?" he demanded.

"Got to have something to eat," the boy answered. "I've got to get to the mines first, but the only opening was to work for somebody else or to buy a claim at a fabulous price, so I shouldered my outfit and struck out prospecting. I've been here three weeks, and now," his eyes flashing eagerly into the grim ones above him, "I believe I've found a spot that will turn me in a hot hurry a name, but I've wanted to say that your cattle are awful thirsty. At home we would drop everything to furnish such cattle with water quick."

The Boer's face reddened somewhat.

"Even if there was no water between four days' journey?" he asked contemptuously. "You outlanders, who would do all things, can make rivers as you need them, can't you?"

"There is the water course only one day's journey behind you," the boy retorted, "and your cattle show they were not attended to there. No matter how hungry a man may be, it is a crime to neglect beasts as you have yours."

"The water course behind was dry, as this is, and as the next one may be," the Boer said. "My teams have not had water in three days, and God knows what may happen if the next river bed is like this one and the last."

"The boy's face paled suddenly.

"The river bed," he asked. "Why, I counted on getting water there. I've only just enough with me to last one day." Then he forgot himself in concern for the cattle.

"You must turn back toward the place I've found," he cried authoritatively; "it's only five or six miles away. There's a hole in the river bed that has water, and it's thirty yards or more across and several feet deep. It will be enough to supply your herds for some weeks. And beyond it are three or four miles of good grazing where the soil has not yet become dry. If you keep on this course the cattle will all perish."

The Boer had straightened up, preparatory to riding on, but at this he turned sharply.

"Water?" he asked, "and plenty of it?" He raised his hand to his mouth and held it to the man in front. One of them rode back. To him he gave a quick, peremptory order. Then he turned to the boy.

"Do you understand what you have done?" he demanded. "This place you have discovered will need water to work it, and if we use that, as we should, it will, of course, be the benefit of your discovery for this season."

The boy threw back his head as though to ward off the insinuation.

"The cattle need the water more than the land," he retorted. "If the water is gone when I return with the said, I can go and prospect somewhere else, and perhaps come back after the rains set in. The folks at home won't be any the wiser for money at the expense of suffering."

The Boer leaned down and held out his hand.

"It is well," he said simply. "You will go back to the basin with us. We do not set provisions, but we have plenty which will give you. And it may be," with a friendly twinkle banishing the last trace of hardness from his eyes, "that we will be able to advance the success of your object here."

"Chamois" Skins.

Charles C. Drueding has written an article in the Journal of Pharmacy on chamois skins. The commercial article of that name, he says, is really oil tanned sheep or lamb skin lining. The supply of skins from the chamois animal is very limited. Enough could not be obtained in great quantities in the United States for more than a single day. He made special inquiry on a visit to Switzerland about the annual crop of the chamois skins and ascertained that from 5,000 to 6,000 skins would be a fair average yearly crop. This skin is heavier than the skin of the sheep or lamb, also much coarser. For strength and durability the chamois skin is preferable, but for ordinary use and appearance the oil tanned sheepskin lining would in most instances be preferred.

Get Near It.

Druggist—Try it again, little one. What was it your mamma told you to do? Little Gini (with another severe mental effort)—I think you had died of poison. I want 10 cents worth.

ON WILLIE'S ACCOUNT

By BEATRICE STURGES

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Willie sat on the steps in a distinctly unhappy mood. It was the first of July, bright and beautiful. The garden was ablaze with flowers and he could pick as many as he wanted. His ball and books and little fire engine lay on the porch beside him, and his collie pup was begging him to come and play, but Willie had no heart for any of these attractions.

He was grieved. What was the use, he reflected, of being the only child if your father and mother go away for two weeks and leave you at home? What was the use of having a young aunt stay at your house if she shut herself up in her room and wouldn't come



downstairs? And what was the use of being alive at all when the circus was coming to town in three days and nobody had invited you to go? Life was full of terrible problems. He was just wondering if he hadn't better cry about it when he saw a friend coming down the street and hastily changed his mind.

This friend was no less a person than Max Harwood, chief of the volunteer fire department of Norwood, commodore of the local yachting club and a hero in his own right. By a very tiresome coincidence Commodore Max appeared on the scene with great promptness and frequency whenever Willie's aunt, Miss Marjorie Dean, came for a visit, and as these visits had been rather numerous during the year just passed Willie knew him well enough to rummage through his pockets and to hoarse about the instant when he saw the eye of the other boys send a little wind taken out of their sails.

To Willie's surprise Max was passing with merely a wave of the hand, so the little boy jumped up and called after him.

"Hello, Napoleon!" cheerily called he here. It was his fancy to call Willie by the names of the world's great generals, one after another.

"Good morning, commodore; aren't you coming in to see me?"

"Guess not, Hannibal; it's pretty early for company."

"You had been earlier than this," said the child reproachfully.

"Well—er—I'm kind of busy this morning."

Willie was turning away to hide the hurt look in his eyes. Nobody wanted to bother him. Max saw this and hastily added:

"But get your cap and come along. I'm going down to fix up the boat. You can help me."

The delighted child raced back to the house for his cap and then was off hand in hand with the commodore, happy as a lark.

They worked all the morning on the boat and then the commodore took Willie up the river for a sail.

"Are you going to the circus, Agamemnon?" inquired Max, by way of conversation.

With a recurrent touch of gloom Willie was forced to admit that he didn't think he was.

"Well, I'd like to take somebody off just about your size," went on his host, "and I think that somebody is you. What do you say, my hearty?"

"Fine! Fine!" shouted Willie.

"Well, have he, there, and we'll splice the main brace. Keep out of the hands of the boys while I heat the mainmast. He! Ulysses, what do you think of that?"

And Max, who loved to mix up nautical terms for Willie's entertainment, made the cleanest kind of a landing at his own pier.

"Did you ever shiver your timbers, commodore?" asked Willie.

"Lots of times, Wellington, and still live to tell the tale. Don't forget about the Fourth of July, that hot day, pentula, elephants, pink lemonade—we'll see it all."

"Indeed I won't!" cried the child, wild with delight as he raced into the house to tell his aunt.

She was watching for him anxiously.

"Oh, Willie boy, where have you

been all the morning?" she exclaimed, kissing him.

He told her breathlessly, and she listened with admiration of the commodore with her finger.

"Isn't he perfectly splendid, Aunt Marjorie? They say there are ten elephants and the lions grow something awfully big. I want to go with the commodore. Only I wish you were coming too. Wouldn't you like it? I'm sure he'd take you, too, if you asked him."

"I'm sure, I—I don't think so. I don't expect to see the commodore again; we—we aren't friends any more."

"Auntie!" exclaimed Willie, in genuine dismay. "And he's so good too!"

Willie thought for a minute that his Aunt Marjorie was going to cry, and then he was surprised to hear her say in a manner singularly unlike her usual gentleness. "Maybe some people think he is good, but I know his true character, and I do not think you ought to go around alone with him. This speech was rendered with all the dignity that a woman of the world, aged nineteen, could muster.

"You were so close to lots of places," complained Willie. "You went last night."

"Yes, and that's just the reason I'm not going again. If a man takes a girl to a dance and forgets her he will certainly forget a little boy when he takes him to the circus, and then what would happen to you?"

"Really this was awful. Willie had never seen his dear little aunt in such a state, but she was very sweet to him and took him out driving that afternoon, stopping in the village to buy him candy and lots of fireworks for the Fourth. He didn't know what to think about his beloved commodore, but saw him the next day and promptly repeated the whole conversation. It seemed to him the simplest way out of the difficulty.

"Did you forget, commodore?" he inquired.

"Great Scott, Willie, maybe I did; she says so; but she wasn't 'tossome,' he said; and she is a queer creature, Wellington; you'll find that out some day. But don't say another word about the circus. I'll fix it some way. You're going to see it as sure as your name is Willie."

So Willie kept his counsel and was patted much by his aunt for the next two days. On the morning of the Fourth he was firing off his crackers from the gang motor in his little nightclothes at 4 o'clock, and Marjorie said never a word of complaint. She had made up her mind to take him to the circus herself and to get away early to avoid any possible conflict with her former great friend, the commodore, now a stranger forever.

Before lunch was over, however, the commodore's touring car stopped at the door of the cottage, and Willie was standing on the porch, cap in hand, announcing that he had come.

"Yes, I see," returned Marjorie coolly, but deliberately avoiding his gaze.

"What a fine day of looking at it!"

"But what?"

"Why, to take my friend Julius Caesar to the circus."

Willie looked anxiously from one to the other in an ecstasy of hope and suspense.

"I told Willie—"

"Yes, I know," he interrupted, "but if you come early in the night."

"Oh, come early," cried Willie, jumping with joyful anticipation.

Marjorie tried hard to look cool and dignified.

"I would you spoil that child's day," said the commodore, coming closer. "Marjorie, please!" His eyes urged her as well as his voice.

"She looked at him. "All right, I'll go. But it's just Willie's account."

"Any reason will do," responded Max as he helped her into the car.

"But maybe you can find a better one before we get home. I'm going to ride back here with you and Willie."

Heid the delighted child, gave him a hug, and put him in the front seat with the chauffeur. "William the Conqueror is going to have the time of his life."

The Turquoise Land.

Sinal was known as the "turquoise land" in very ancient times, and Dr. Petrie firmly believes that it was the first mining center in the world. In his book on the subject Dr. Petrie is of the various expeditions sent to Sinal by the Egyptian government. At the head of the party was the "commander," or "bearer of the seal of the god," the pharaoh. The official staff consisted of "masters of the house of minerals" or "senior scribes and secretaries, to make inventories of the output of the mines. Even more modern were the "devisers of metals," or prospectors. The working staff consisted of miners, scribes and assistants. The commissariat had cooks, bread bakers, water carriers and even a doctor attached. The mines could only be worked for a certain period, from January to May, which is exactly the best period for archaeological work in Sinal today. The miners lived in camps, and the so called forts and camps were really miners' villages.

England and the Sea.

Yorkshire alone has a record of no fewer than twelve drowned towns and villages. There was Ravenspur, for instance, which was constituted a free borough by Edward I. at a cost of £300 and became a seaport of almost national importance. There it was that Edward Balliol embarked with a force of 2,000 of foot to try to win the crown of Scotland. The town, bigger and more important than Hull, had five churches, a spacious harbor and a number of fine buildings. The town was of great importance. Where are they now?—London Pall Mall Gazette.

The Breath of Life.

It's a significant fact that the strongest animal of its size, the gorilla, also has the largest lungs. Powerful lungs means powerful creatures. How to keep the breathing organs in the right shape is man's chiefest study. Like thousands of others, Mrs. Ora A. Stephens, of Fort Williams, O., learned how to do this. She writes: "Three bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery stopped my cough of two years and cured me of what my friends thought consumption. 'O, its grand for throat and lung troubles.' Guaranteed by Barrington Pharmacy. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free."

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Starving to Death.

Because her stomach was so weakened by useless drugging that she could not eat, Mrs. Mary H. Walters, of St. Clair St., Columbus, O., was literally starving to death. She said: "My stomach was so weak from useless drugs that I could not eat and my nerves so wrecked that I could not sleep and not before I was given up to die was I induced to try Electric Bitters, with the wonderful result that improvement began at once, and a complete cure followed." Best health tonic on earth. 50c. Guaranteed by Barrington Pharmacy.

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State of Illinois, Lake County, ss.

Publication is hereby given that by virtue of a certain writ of Execution on Transcript of Judgment, issued out of the Circuit Court of Cook County, and State of Illinois, directed to the Sheriff of Lake County, Illinois, dated the 21st day of July, A. D. 1906, in favor of W. O. Schumaker against Samuel Clarke, I shall, on Monday, the 16th day of August, at 10 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the east door of the Court House in the City of Waukegan, County of Lake and State of Illinois, sell at public value to the highest bidder, for cash, all the right, title and interest of Samuel Clarke, in the following described real estate, levied on by me by virtue of said writ, as the property of said Samuel Clarke, to-wit:

The north-west quarter of the north-east quarter of Section 13, and the north half of the north-west quarter of the north-west quarter of said Section 13, in Township 43 north, range Nine east of the Third principal meridian, all of said real estate situated in the County of Lake and State of Illinois.

Dated at Waukegan, Illinois, this 8th day of August, A. D. 1906.

GEORGE N. POWELL, Sheriff of Lake County, Illinois.

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