

STORY OF JOHANNESBURG.

THE CITY-BUILT BY GOLD IN THE INTERIOR OF SOUTH AFRICA.

THE story of the city of Johannesburg, South Africa, is a story of the power of gold in turning an utter wilderness into a great and thriving urban community. Less than ten years ago, says the *New York Sun*, in 1886, the first discovery of gold was made in the region where Johannesburg is now situated. Just the kind of region it was then can be understood from the statement that it lay 400 miles back from the east coast of Africa. It was uninhabited by civilised men and the track hither was dangerous as any ever travelled by prospectors in the United States. But a prospector made the journey and found gold-bearing rock, and when the find had been explored it was shown to be one of the largest and richest the world has seen.

For three years, as a matter of course, progress was slow. It took time for mining men with capital to examine the veins and reefs of mineral-bearing rock, and so it happened that in 1889 the community was a mere mining-camp of the Rocky Mountain model. There was not a building in it more than one storey high or composed of better material than slender wooden frames with corrugated zinc-white sheets of iron over them.

The capitalists who took hold were first cautious enough to learn just what they had underground and then enterprising enough to bring to their aid the most expert engineers and the most modern appliances and processes for extracting the metal from the ores. The result was an extraordinary yield of gold per ton of rock from the very beginning and an aggregate yield that is stupendous. The figures of the aggregate yield are not at hand, but during the month of June of the present year the output amounted to 200,941 ounces—say £600,000.

The building of a city where a camp had been set up was no small task. The place was 400 miles from port, and the route was of the roughest. Hardware and other materials had to be hauled in ox carts a journey of forty days and more. How the price of a keg of nails, for instance, grew during such a journey the people of the Rocky mountain camps can guess. But the nails were brought, and so were all the other things needed. Banks and mercantile houses of cut stone and brick, a great stock exchange, two theatres, hotels fit for millionaires, street railways—in short, everything for the convenient transaction of business and for the comfort of life is found there.

Last of all has come a railroad, a monument to the perseverance and resolution of one man—President Kruger. The enterprise was fraught with many difficulties, but in July last regular trains began to run.

The town itself numbers 40,000 inhabitants, besides the 30,000 and more men at work in the mines and prospecting for more mines in the country round about. And now that the railroad has assured a market, agriculturists are flocking to the region to take advantage of the rich soil and favourable climate of the Transvaal.

In Butte and Anaconda, Montana one may find towns somewhat like Johannesburg, but if one may believe the stories told by travellers there is nothing in the world to equal what has been accomplished by the citizens of this newest South African city.

POLICEMEN IN SPAIN.

THE little towns and smaller cities in Spain have a very effective system of night police. These Spanish public watchmen are clad in long black cloaks and wear on their heads a black and red cap. In one hand is a lantern with coloured glass, in the other a kind of lance.

'Serenos' is the name this policeman goes under, and he gets the title from the cry he is obliged to utter at every step, 'Serenos,' which means fine. The phrase refers to the state of the weather. If the weather is cloudy he would call out, 'Nublado'; if it is raining, 'Lluviendo.' Under the blue sky of Spain, however, it is generally 'sereno.'

An extract from the municipal regulations of a Spanish town details the duties of the sereno in this wise: 'He must perform a certain number of rounds in all the streets, lanes, passages, and alleys on his beat, and call out in a loud voice the time and the weather as he goes along. He must lend assistance to citizens who request his help for any reasonable cause and go for the doctor, chemist, midwife, or clergyman. In cases of robbery, assault or fire he must hurry to the scene of the occurrence as soon as he hears the signal. He must pay particular attention to such houses as are pointed out to him and report to his superiors.'

Each 'sereno' supervises a certain small territory, a 'demarcacion,' as it is called. He has three or four subordinates, who act under his orders and are known as 'vigilants.' Each of these fellows has charge of a block of ten or fifteen buildings and besides having police duties he acts as a sort of porter to his houses, carrying the keys to them all and being alone able to open the doors. In the Spanish towns 10 o'clock is the signal for closing and after that time the only way the lodger can get inside his dwelling is to summon the 'vigilant.' To do this he must clap his hands three times and then the 'vigilant' hurries up, armed with his bunch of keys. So, also, if any one desires to go out during the night he claps his hands at the window and a 'vigilant' appears.

When a street brawl occurs or an attack is made either 'sereno' or 'vigilant' blows his whistle at the first cry of help and chases off in the direction of the sound. Up comes the other officers on the run, all blowing their whistles loudly. If the criminal gets away the whistles are blown in a peculiar manner, signalling in just what direction he has gone. The outer rings of 'serenos' and 'vigilants' take up the signal and in a few moments a wide cordon is formed in the surrounding streets, which in nine cases out of ten ends in the villain's capture within a few moments.



Miss Phylis Boyle.



Miss Babington.



Master Helmore.



Miss Ina Prins.



Master Vernon.



Master Moore.