

old-world tunes, their versified version of the Psalms.

Clendenin, whom his comrades had regarded with shyness and some suspicion at first, had, by this time, won their goodwill, and, in turn, accorded them his cordial respect. They were young farmers—big, stout, slooehy, but athletic; clad in home-made hunting suits, with broad soft hats; armed with Martini rifles and cartridge cases about their waists. Every man carried a brace of revolvers, a hunting knife and a long pipe, with a pair of blankets strapped in front of the saddle, and square leather pockets behind which bore the Boer's rations of biltong, or dried meat, coffee and tobacco. They were a hearty, rather jolly set of fellows among themselves, simple and kindly, but steadfast with a sort of dour, dogged, unconquerable spirit. Yet they chatted and joked on the march, and beguiled the way with old Boer songs, such as:

'Vat you gaed an trek, Ferreira.'

About noon the detachment rode in some ninety strong, and soon after a courier who had left Joubert on Friday with tidings that men were coming in promptly, so that he hoped to march with a thousand by Monday morning.

Towards sunset the cry was raised, 'Jameson is coming!' and a body of horsemen was sent to cross the ridge. It halted for the night, and soon could be discerned the faint gleam of their camp-fires, which glowed until day-dawn. For, while the days were hot, there was a night chill sufficient to cause discomfort. This the Boers endured patiently, since Clendenin would allow no flame that might suggest the presence of an enemy.

Early on Monday, after a hasty meal, the patrol passed up the kloof, while Clendenin remained to reconnoitre. He waited until the English had deployed in the open, so near that through his field glass he could almost count them. There were eight hundred to a thousand mounted men, a picked force of border police, and volunteers in quest of adventures. These latter were distinguishable by their dress, the campaigning uniform of British officers, and their presence in considerable numbers convinced him the raid had been prepared with deliberation. Its purpose surely antedated the Rand letter. There were also about a hundred natives and three large wagons of stores, dragged not by the usual teams of oxen, but for speed by six horses apiece, which easily kept pace with the column. To his surprise, he also noted eleven pieces of light artillery, Maxim machine guns, he feared, as these formidable weapons would play havoc with the Boers in an open field fight.

Regaining the head of his troop he sent a courier to Joubert, and another the following morning, having ridden meanwhile so as to watch the course of Jameson's march, himself unseen. On Tuesday came an order that the invaders were to be withheld until Wednesday from approaching Krugersdorp, whither the trail was tending.

So Clendenin halted twenty miles west of that place and waited for the English in a spruit fringed with brush. A skirmish ensued without serious result except that it delayed Jameson, as intended, since he was ignorant of his opponent's strength. When he brought up his Maxims, the Boers retired. After a short pursuit, much harassed by the Dutchmen, he lagged for the night. At midnight Clendenin was commanded to fall back on the main body, which he did, leaving a squad of scouts to follow, one by one, with news of the advance.

He was greeted joyfully by Joubert with the tidings that, beside some eight hundred men with him, an equal force was posted on Hospital Hill, with a battery of Maxims which easily commanded Johannesburg, and that the militia was rapidly rendezvousing in Pretoria to join him at Krugersdorp. Meantime, his plan for the overthrow of Jameson was simple but sagacious. His main body of those present, some four hundred, was posted in reserve at Krugersdorp, while nearby, a mile from the town, about a hundred were strongly entrenched and masked, with machine guns, around a spur of the hills, on a wooded, boulder-strewn slope, where the road afforded no shelter to the foe. These were to verify the attacking English. A detachment of two hundred were already on a wide

detour to the rear of Jameson, whom they were to follow out of sight until the engagement, and then close in as directed at the time. Clendenin was given an additional one hundred and fifty men, to march at dawn, strike Jameson and retire judiciously, drawing him to the ambush and then flanking him to prevent retreat from the road at the foot of the hills to the open veldt. Thus all three parties would be in a position to surround the column. Dispositions being made, the Boers waited beside their horses.

Jameson, at the break of day, moved rapidly, hoping to reach Johannesburg that evening, although his cattle were sorely spent; or at least to fall in with the Rand men, whom he expected according to promise, for he began to realise the serious risk of marching so small a force through the Boers' settlements. This was learned from dispatches on captured messengers, which addressed the committee impudently on the need of prompt action.

Not meeting even a solitary Boer, however, the English were advancing confidently, when Clendenin's detachment appeared at their front, a good half mile away. The invaders instantly assumed form of battle. A scouting line, an advance guard, the main body with flanking parties, and a rear guard with the wagons was the order marshalled. Then they rode forward, sharply, at a trot to finish matters quickly. The Boers advanced leisurely, fired, and fell back. Again they made a stand, but after a volley given and taken, they gave way in good order. The English, laughing and shouting with derision, pressed forward, almost to the muzzles of the ambushed guns, when a withering explosion brought them to their senses. They wavered and huddled on the rear guard, but there rallied bravely, although they were fighting only puffs of smoke. For, after the first volley, single shots sione rang out spitefully as a hidden marksman picked off his man; while now and then was heard the sharp rattle of a masked Maxim. The English dared not charge. Their machine guns were of no avail. And not an enemy could be sighted for a shot. Only the long range saved them from destruction.

Now appeared on their right, the body of horse, led by Clendenin, which had first attacked them. And presently the front files of the reserves rode round a curve in the road. The British drew off slowly, pursued by the Boers, some of the latter in the open, and some on the left, sheltered along the hillsides.

Yet, Dutchmen and Englishmen were so nearly matched in numbers, with the latter compact and defended by their Maxims, and the former divided into three bands, that a decisive movement was impossible, and the running fight lasted for hours. The patriots attempted assault several times, but the furious sputtering of the guns, and the rapid discharge of repeating rifles among the solid and steady British force held them at a distance.

When night fell the English lagged in the saddle about their baggage waggons and behind their battery. With earliest morn, foodless and sleepless, worn and wearied, cursing the Rand men, anxious and angry, they renewed the struggle, retreating stubbornly, until brought to a stand by heavy fire in the rear. Just then a battery of Maxims appeared at a gallop along the road over which they had fought, and cheers broke from the ranks.

'Thank God! It is the Rand fellows at last!'

But the hope was vain. It was Kruger's new light artillery which had reached the field. Then Jameson made an attempt to escape, as Joubert had foreseen, through a kloof which divides the hill to the left, and whose broken ground offered shelter from the merciless fire of the sharpshooting Boers. But hardly had the shattered troops crowded into the defile than the ping, ping, of rifles ahead, and the whizz, thud of bullets in their midst assured them they were caught fast in a trap. Now the parties on flank and rear closed in behind, while the Boers in front blazed away from behind trees and rocks. Men and horses were falling, the wounded in the waggons were moaning with pain or crying for water, and the unharmed were barely able to keep the saddle after the forc-

ed march and long hours of hopeless fighting without food, water or rest.

In the thick of this hurly-burly occurred those incidents of battle which disclose at once the meanness and magnanimity of human nature. Thus a Boer stepped from smelter with his canteen for the moaning lips of a wounded Briton, who had crawled into the brush, when a comrade of the latter snatched his heart, and the dead man fell across the dying. Again, a Uitlander and a Transvaaler aimed at each other, but glancing along their rifles each recognised at the same moment an old schoolfellow, and by a common impulse lowered their guns, and with a wave of the hand, both turned for other victims.

But the struggle was ended. There was but one thing for the English to do, except to fight until the last man fell. With a bitterness like death at his heart, Jameson ordered a flag of truce, and one of his troopers rode forward with the sleeve of a shirt flaunting from the point of his sabre.

At once the firing ceased, and from all sides the Boers came together in a closing circle which rimmed the conquered invaders. Through them rode an elderly Boer, with a full flowing beard, and a young soldierly fellow on a chestnut mare, his haggard face covered with dust and powder, and his left arm swathed in bloody bandages and supported by a sling.

They approached Jameson, who was leaning against his horse, a man of medium height, muscular and nervous, with a lean, though broad face, a sharp chin, clear, steady eyes, and an air of courage and decision.

'Dr. Jameson?' said Joubert.

'Yes,' he replied, 'and you?'

'Piet Joubert, in command.'

'What terms do you propose?'

'Unconditional surrender, within five minutes.'

There was a murmur among the English, and three minutes were wasted in disputes by those clustered around Jameson, when he turned, saying 'What will you do with us?'

'Deliver you as prisoners at Pretoria. Perhaps your men may be released. I can make you no promise. You will have to stand your trial.'

'Never mind me,' he said, 'I surrender.'

Without a sign of exultation, the Boers immediately distributed food and water to their furnished foes. A camp was improvised for the disabled, and the rest were marched to Krugersdorp, under guard.

Clendenin's detachment had borne the first brunt of the attack, and then flanked and followed and fought the English on the open field, while incidentally it intercepted several couriers which bore despatches which revealed the wrath and despair of Jameson at being left to his fate by the Johannesburgers. Thus it happened that the struggle was over before even the news of Jameson's approach had reached that town, which otherwise might have risen to his rescue.

The troop had suffered severely, losing three-fourths of the one hundred and eighty men, who fell among the patriots. Its leader received a shot through the bridle arm, which not only tore the flesh, but shattered the bone above the elbow. As there was no disabling loss of blood, he persisted in keeping the saddle after one of his men had bound the arm with rube, but valid surgery.

When captors and captured had rested at Krugersdorp a detail was assigned as the convoy of prisoners to Pretoria, while Joubert gathered the militia, which had already answered his summons from the capital, and marched on Johannesburg. At sunrise his batteries were posted and his burghers disposed so as to cover the town. It lay in the vale, with its thousands of armed miners, its blunt-armed Committee of Reform, its furious 'fire-bands,' with all its swagger and bluster, and now humming with the suppressed excitement of the news to which it awoke—'Dr. Jim captured with all his troops'—and here stood the Boers' army holding the hilltops on every side. The Uitlanders choked with curses under their breath, but not an arm was raised or sword drawn, and the rebellion of the Rand passed into history, a day's wonder, a world's scorn, a theme of laughter, a bye-word for nerveless intrigue, a proverb of inept and impotent revolt. Mynheer Maritz, fairly drunk with victory, sought out Clendenin and found him in the inn at Krugersdorp,

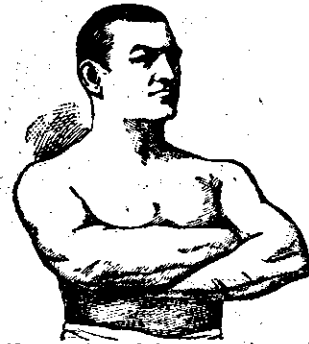
barely alive. The hard riding, the wakeful nights, the severity of heat and cold, the two days' fight, and at last the wound, untended fevered and ominous, had well nigh let the life out of him. Maritz insisted on carrying the American home to Maritzdorp for his cure, but the doctor said him nay, since the chance of his life was absolute quiet and constant care. The old Boer, tender at heart, beneath his bluntness, stooped over the half-conscious man, and said,

'My poor vriend, I am sorry you suffer for us. I dake back that name. You are not a Uitlander, but brother as of one blood. Heil! We smash them once more. Say, I prings Annetje to nurse you? Ja? You likes that? It shall be so.'

Who knows but these words rallied the failing powers of his nature to endure the surgeon's knife, the consuming fever, the deathly weakness, until one day—it seemed to him after ages—he opened his eyes heavily, wearily, and saw—yes, the face of Annetje bending over him—sad, tearful, breathing prayers, and 'Annetje' fluttered faintly from his pallid lips.

'My God!' she cried, and then, softly, 'My darling! You are better. Sleep and get well—for me.'

Of course he did, in time to attend a wedding at Maritzdorp on a smiling April day, when Mynheer Maritz gave his daughter to a Uitlander, and Gove Paul, with his accustomed and precipitate and successful diplomacy, stole the first kiss from the bride, and a troop of jolly young burghers, who had ridden through the fight at Krugersdorp, cheered the Amerikner, and Henry Clendenin himself thought it more than an even bargain that in Africa he had lost an arm for liberty and his heart for love, but had gained Annetje for his wife.



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