"I'M GOING A-MILKING, SIR," SHE SAID. FIND THE COW.

MANZI

Jack Manton, a soldier in South Africa, rode to the Matoppo hills and did not pull rein till he entered a narrow defile leading into these gloomy fastnesses. Skirting to the right, he crossed some open ground, traversed another pass and halted at the foot of a small circular kopje. Having knee haltered his pony, he began to ascend by a narrow zigzag path thickly fringed with sagebushes. He was only half way up when there was a faint rustle in the bush, a pair of soft, bare arms were thrown around his neck, and a rich, musical voice cried gayly, "Saku bona, um koos pambo mi intombi" ("Welcome, my lord, thy slave salutes thee").

"By Jove, Manzi," cried Jack in Matabele, "you quite startled me. Well, how goes it, little girl?" he added as he led the way to the neat, straw plaited hut perched on a natural ledge of the kopje and which had been their labor of love to construct. Manzi—or Mananzi (lit., "rippling water")—was very beautiful. In her veins flowed the blood of the old Portuguese explorers who once swept across Africa, and from them she had inherited the perfect aquiline features and oval contour of the sunny south, while the savage blood which intermingled in her body showed itself in her graceful, undulating carriage and the warm, sun kissed, brown tints of her skin. She was barely 16, and, being unmarried, her long black hair floated about her rounded shoulders instead of being piled up in the hideous, clay smeared sugar loaf which distinguishes the Matabele matron.

"Dear lord," said Manzi, kissing the strong, freckled hand she held in hers, "thy slave is troubled. Three times within the last moon hath she dreamed that the Great Spirit came and called her."

"Nonsense, little one," replied Jack. "The Great Spirit will not take thee away from me." And he drew her closer to him.

* * * * * * *

"By Tam Tamson's soo, cornel, I canna hand these yellow blackguairds o' mine much longer!" So spake Commandant Robertson, the chief of the Cape boy corps, a grizzled, steel eyed, hard bitten, soft hearted old Scotchman, to whom the scent of battle was as the perfumes of Arcady. Colonel Plumer smiled at the speaker and rapidly reviewed the situation in his mind. Since dawn he had been hammering away at the huge beetling mass of stone and granite in front of him. The seven pounders had vomited shrapnel and common shell until the muzzles glowed and the gunners were ready to drop.

"Robertson," said Colonel Plumer, "you can have a try. We'll be ready to support you if necessary."

"Aye, aye, cornel, there'll be nae need for that. Ser-r-geant major!" he shouted, cheerily moving off to his yellow blackguards, whom he knew so well how to manage.

"Oh, sir, may I go with him?" begged Jack Manton, springing forward. "It's the first time I've been able to get away from the transport office."

Colonel Plumer smiled good naturedly at the eager, boyish face and called after the retreating commandant: "Here, Robertson, here's a young fire eater for you. Can you make use of him?"

"Oo, aye, cornel. Come along, laddie. I doot ye'll hae your wame full o' fechtin afore this nicht's dune. Ser-r-geant major!"

As Jack and two or three Cape boys scaled a huge obstructing bowlder they found themselves on a broad, natural ledge, from the farther side of which loomed the dark mouth of a cave.

"Come on, lads! Rout the beggars out!" cried Jack, and he charged into the cavern.

A dark form rose up to meet him. His sword flashed on high, but remained as if transfixed as a well remembered voice murmured:

"Saku bona, um koos pambo mi intombi!"

"Stop, stop, you devils!" yelled Jack, but he was too late. The Cape boys, maddened with the blood lust and perhaps deceived by the dim light of the cave, swept past him, and their bayonets met in Manzi's breast. With a choking cry she sank to the ground.

"Um koos, um bania koos" ("My lord, my dear lord"), she murmured faintly and fell back lifeless.

With a snarl like a wounded beast, Jack Manton hurled himself on the slayers. For a few brief minutes the quiet cavern was a raging inferno of whirling bayonets, whistling bullets and the short, deep sobs of men fighting for their lives—and then all was still.

The commandant, attracted by the firing and having successfully swept the kopje, proceeded to the cave and entered. The hot afternoon sun was shining directly on the cavern and gilded the gray black walls with a warm, ripe color. Jack lay as he had fallen, his fair head resting on Manzi's bosom and hiding the ghastly wounds beneath. Around him in all the unlovely attitudes of sudden death lay the Cape boys.

Bibles That Are Expensive.

The Mazarin Bibles, as the first editions of the Gutenburg are called, from the fact that one was found in the library of Cardinal Mazarin, are the most expensive printed books in the world. For the one in the Theological library in New York $15,000 was paid. At one time during its career it sold for $19,500, Bernard Quaritch, the London book dealer, paying that for it in 1884. Later it was sold to Rev. William Makellar of Edinburgh, and when his library was broken up Quaritch bought it again for $14,750 for the Chelsea Square library in New York.—Munsey's Magazine.

Fortunate Twentieth Century Girl.

It is indeed a good time for girls to live, and I think they should realize by whose efforts it became the "good time." Do they ever think what women and girls had to contend with before this time dawned upon the world and how much they owe to some of these same women?

Just think of it! The women breadwinners of the United States, by the report of the last census, count away up into the millions, and it is not so very long ago when not only the industrial avenues, but those of education as well, were closed to girls. Think of their lack of opportunity even half a century ago and contrast it with the present. What were the possibilities of education? Unless she happened to be the daughter of a family who believed in advance of the age that a girl had the brain and ability to learn and that education would not spoil her or make less of a woman of her and a family could afford to give her private masters she had to be content with the merest common school education, less even than children get now in the lower grades of the grammar schools, and even that was grudgingly bestowed upon them.—Sallie Joy White in Woman's Home Companion.

Where to Wear a Watch.

That watches should be get-at-able—that is, worn in a place where coats, buttons and tapes need not be undone nor pulled asunder to probe them from some remote region—has long been the desideratum of women, and now that the problem is solved many will rejoice. The neck, some clever one has thought, is quite as secure a hiding place for a watch as the waist. It is also worn more uncovered in these days of open coat fronts and bodices buttoned up below the chest. Many watches, therefore, are now simply dropped down under the stock collar, and that they may not fall too far below it they are attached to a short, heavy gold chain, perhaps five or six inches long.

"I have a stupid lot of students this year," said the professor of chemistry gloomily.

"Here's a paper which shows plainly that the boy who wrote it doesn't understand that expansion and contraction are contradictory terms."

"They aren't always," said the professor of economics quietly. "Now, in my classes I find it necessary to state explicitly the fact that the constant contraction of debts is sure to result in their expansion."—Youth's Companion.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Where Crows Winter.

On the western slope of the picturesque heights on which the suburb of Clifton is located and within the corporate limits of Cincinnati is a grove of quaint oaks and Norway spruce comprising about 25 acres which has been from time immemorial occupied by myriads of crows as a winter rendezvous and lodging place and which is of marked interest to strangers who have never visited such a place. There is a law against shooting or in any way disturbing them. So while the country around them is rapidly growing more populous and noisy with the loud voice of industry they live on from year to year unmolested and in fearless enjoyment of their undisputed right.

The ground is owned by a benevolent man who has provided in his will for the protection of the rookery after he is gone, and further provision has been made for them by a noble hearted woman who died a few years ago, leaving a permanent fund to supply the rookery with food during the coldest weather of winter. Every morning at early dawn during the winter the crows leave their home and go north in a long, dark stream that spans the whole arch of the sky and is lost in the purple haze of the distant horizon.

After a flight of 20 or 30 miles they begin to scatter and alight in the deserted wheat and corn fields of western Ohio and Indiana, where they spend the day foraging for the waste left by the farmers. In the evening they return in the same sluggish tide, which becomes more and more compact as they near their place of rest.

A Peanut Slot Machine.

No doubt most of our young readers are fond of peanuts, especially of the salted variety. It would seem rather queer, would it not, to put a nickel in a slot and get some salted peanuts in return? Yet this is exactly what a very large firm intends to make a common thing. A company was recently organized in Norfolk called the Southern Peanut company, and it has bought practically all the No. 1 Spanish peanuts in the market. It will operate 50,000,000 nickel in the slot machines in various parts of the world, which will be well stored with peanuts, washed, boiled in cocoanut oil and salted.—New York Herald.

Couldn't Leave Mother.

Leo had been a very bad boy, and mamma had reproved him and told him that until he had made up his mind to be good he need not speak to her. Leo looked black and then said, "Oh, well, I guess I'll dest go and kill myself!" Mamma replied, "It might be a very good thing."

Leo—Well, I'm going, mamma! (A pause.) I tell you, I'm going, mamma! (Another pause.)

But, with a sudden flood of tears, the little fellow flung himself into his mother's arms and sobbed:

"Oh, hinder me, mamma; hinder me!"

The Game of Prisoner's Base.

Divide the ground into two equal parts, with a small base or prison marked off at the farther end of each division. From 5 to 12 players guard each side. They venture into the enemy's ground and, if caught, are put into the prison, where they must remain until tagged by one of their own side who is free. Both prisoner and rescuer can be tagged and brought back to prison before reaching their own ground. The game is won when a free man enters the opponent's prison, but this can only be done when there are no prisoners there.

A Good Cricket Record.

Master A. E. J. Collins of Clifton, England, last year upset cricket records by scoring 628 runs, not out, in a single inning. The score was recorded in a school match at Clifton. A Middlesex amateur up to that time possessed the unique record of 485, not out. Young Collins batted seven hours, his rate of scoring, therefore, averaging about 90 runs an hour.—Strand.

MASTER A. E. J. COLLINS.

Found the Water Salted.

A 5-year-old youngster was enjoying his first dip at the sea beach when he suddenly slipped, ducked and came up sputtering. He made a wry face and demanded in surprise:

"Auntie, who salted that water?"

A Very Young Composer.

Bruce Campbell of Osawatomie, Kan., 15 years of age, composes marches and two steps that would be a credit to a man who makes a business of composing music.

GOING HOME TO MARRY.

Champion of Working Girls Won by a Gallant Officer.

Miss Irene M. Ashby of London, who has been in this country a little more than a year, a part of that time investigating the child labor problem in the south under a commission from the American Federation of Labor, has just sailed for home to attend her own wedding. As a friend of the London working girls Miss Ashby has achieved international fame. She is going to marry Alfred N. Macfadyen, a member of the British civil service force, who volunteered for duty in South Africa. Miss Ashby received the young man's proposal by mail some weeks ago while in this country, and the return mail bore the waiting lover a favorable answer.

MISS IRENE M. ASHBY.

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