UGGLE OF A LITTLE REPUBLIC.

and Now Lays Down the Law to the Transvaal and Uses the Strong Word "Must."

At the age of seventy-four Stephanus J. Paul Kruger, President of the South African Republic, finds himself on the verge of a war with England. Joseph Chamberlain, the most astute statesman in England, says Great Britain is not willing to depart from her attitude of reserve, but "cannot permanently ignore the arbitrary treatment of the Outlanders and the indifference of the republic to her friendly representations." And when Chamberlain uses language of this kind there is trouble in the air.

Yet it is within recent years that the Transvaal was known at all; and still more recently that it was known particularly; even now it is not known intimately. False ideas of the people, the climate, the country and the products are spread broadcast twenty years ago, and it took a generation to dislodge the old and to implant the new. Settlers in the South of Africa twenty years ago were not numerous, but those who did find homes there discovered such a remarkable state of affairs that they remained forever, and their children are still there. To keep the rest of the world away they purposely caused false reports to be spread, until even their relatives at home supposed them to be living as savages in a hot, barren country; when, (to the contrary, they were leading lives of marvelous ease and piling up riches as none ever did it more in real life nor in fiction, outside Rider Haggard's novels.

ONCE ENGLAND'S POSSESSION.

The Transvaal, that part of South Africa which is most discussed now, belonged to England. It was conquered in the long ago, and, early in the century we hear of it as being annexed to England by fighting and by appropriation and by purchase, somewhat as the United States has now of the islands between North and South America. But the Transvaal is not an island. It was a very cute piece of country lying partly between the Vaal and the Limpopo rivers. Its annexation was easily accomplished, with enemies on all sides of it. Then came freedom for the Transvaal in its formation into a republic. In President Kruger was elected to the country, and from that moment it began to come into importance, finally rising in public opinion and playing a broader part in the world's affairs until the present day.

Immediately upon the accession of "Paul" it became noised around that gold lay in the Transvaal; and the whole plateau was found to be full of it.

Word about the formation of the country may be of interest just here. It is slightly square, something like the state of South Carolina, and with as much sea coast. It is a high, flat tract of land, a typical plateau, a thousand feet above the level of the sea, it is fanned by cool breezes from the neighboring countries are hung with heat.

Though of the same latitude as Augusta, Ga., the Transvaal is much colder and less fertile, and has a climate more closely resembling Lowell than any other of the more comfortable New England cities.

RICHEST MINES KNOWN.

A big rocky chain ran across the plateau and into this chain they began digging for gold. Soon the wonderful Witwatersrand was found, or "white-water-range," and in this range there was a fortune for every digger. One mine alone yielded forty million dollars worth last year, and has gone on yielding gold ever since. If properly worked it surpass the celebrated Comstock lode.

The best mines are the Main Reef, the Reef and the Triassac, and which as the proverbial mud. Gold are also brought out of the fearful mountains, but who wants iron when there is gold in the hills?

No wonder, then, that the coffers filled up. You know the story of Cecil Rhodes, of Hooley, of Barney Barnato, of numerous others. Scarcely a big name in England that was not connected with South Africa. Even his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was said to own South African stock in the Transvaal.

What President Kruger objected to, in all the mad rush, was not the presence of strangers, but their greediness. He did not relish the Englishman who, coming down from London with his pockets full of pounds, would buy mining interests at higher prices than the Boers could afford, and then go back home, leaving the money working in the mines. For every nugget that came out so many pounds went back to England, and the shipments of gold were immense—and are so still.

Then came a period of arbitration. The President made his laws and the outsiders refused to live up to them. England called down from Europe that her citizens must be respected. President Kruger shouted back, "Then come down and take care of them." One of his messages was particularly arbitrary and England was offended.

EUROPEAN SYMPATHY.

The attitude taken by the other countries of Europe began about a year ago to be very strange. After Oom Paul had resisted the English on one occasion the German Emperor took the opportunity to cable his congratulations to the president of the little republic. No longer ago than this spring the Czar sent him his greetings and, it is rumored, a case full of Martini rifles.

Other nations said Russia and Germany were jealous and were anxious to get on the right side of this old man whose republic was a gold mine.

Its gold is really the cause of all the troubles in the Transvaal, for, from desiring it, the country is overrun with strangers, and even the most hospitable people get tired of company, as President Kruger has found.

The people who own the Transvaal country, the Boers, are a remarkable people. Descended partly from the Hollanders, partly from the French, and decidedly from the English, they unite the best and the worst traits of these nations.

No Hollander was ever more fond of his home than the Boer, no French peasant was ever more devoted to pastoral life, no Englishman was ever as stubborn. It is the stubborn persistence that has preserved the Boer nation. If the people were inflammable like the Samoans, riotous or discontented, the South African Republic would be short-lived.

THEIR TRAITS.

On the contrary, they are stolid, firm and true; they are religious, kind and order loving. Up to date they are not a highly educated people, but that is being rapidly remedied. Their condition is that of the better class of farming people living in the interior of far western states, where school houses can not dot every acre of land. Their instincts are refined, their habits decidedly civilized, and their manner of life similar to ours. Owing to the broad stretches of open country many of the Boers follow the occupation of grazing, and here you find the typical shepherd tending his flocks on many hills.

The idea of being gobbled up by any country is fearful to them, and lest it should happen they are quietly getting ready for war. Rifles are being distributed in the neighboring states, many of which belong to England, and there is war in the air.

It may be said that the neighbors to the Boers are their sympathizers, for no man could live next door to a peace-loving Boer and not become a convert to his steady-going ways.

It is evident that the mother country expects a clash, but just as evident that she is willing to arbitrate. As she grows older the thought of war becomes painful to the Queen, and she would do anything consistent with dignity to avoid it.

HEAD OF A PEOPLE WHO ADORE HIM, "OOM PAUL," IS HAPPIER AND MORE INDEPENDENT THAN A KING. HE HAS BEEN A WISE OLD FELLOW, FOR HE HAS SAVED A FORTUNE, AND IS NOW READY TO RETIRE AT ANY TIME.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, ONE OF THE LEADING SOCIETY WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

MRS. CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN, PRESS DELEGATE TO THE WOMAN'S CONGRESS.

THE UPPER FIGURE WILL BE RECOGNIZED AS THAT OF THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS BROOKE; THE OTHER IS SUSAN B. ANTHONY, THE "AUNT SUSAN" OF EVERY WOMAN WHO WANTS WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

THE WOMAN'S CONGRESS IN LONDON.

Many of our Most Familiar Faces are now Seen on Westminster's Historic Platform.

The largest convention of women ever known is now in progress in London. For the past three weeks parties of two and three hundred, headed by prominent leaders in woman's world, have gone over to be present at the marvelous gatherings now being held in Westminster. Time was when the face of woman was scarcely seen in this historic hall; to-day it is ringing with the familiar voices of well-known speakers and is filled with women from every country in the world.

The convention, or exposition as it might be called from its broad scope and importance, is really the quinquennial of all the woman's clubs. Five years ago the International Council of Women was formed, and this year the International Council called the International Congress.

It is a little confusing unless you are up on club matters. But it really means that representatives from all the women's clubs in the United States are called to London to report the work of their club and to hear what other clubs are doing.

It is essentially a woman's club congress, but it is conducted in such a broad way that it quite loses the features of clubdom in its discussions.

For example, the Society of Political Study of New York City sent its president, Mrs. Fanny Humphreys Gaffney, over to London to tell what the Woman's Society of New York had accomplished in political study. In her speech the other day, Mrs. Gaffney reported the number of women from her club who had been admitted to the bar; she told of the success of the graduates and of the advantages which self-supporting women had secured from the instruction given under her auspices. She explained in a decided way how all women may study law who desire to do so.

Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, of New York City and Iowa, went as the delegate from the Women's Press Clubs of the United States. Mrs. Alden's paper on the "Journalistic Woman" told of the progress woman has made in that particular field; it named the successful periodicals that are now conducted by women, and it told of women who have made fortunes along newspaper lines. In this way it became of actual value.

To women who want to learn and who desire to become a power in the world a congress such as is now being held in London is of the utmost value, for it shows what women have done and, from inference, what women can do again.

Susan B. Anthony represents the political women of America, and Mrs. Elizabeth Grannis the reform women. Mrs. Grannis is President of the Christian League for the Promotion of Social Purity. In this league many London women are interested.

Among the society women of London the most interested is Lady Brooke, Countess of Warwick, who is on the entertainment committee. Another woman who has thrown open her home is Lady Henry Somerset, always active in woman's matters. The Countess Aberdeen is President of the entire Congress, and is to-day the busiest woman in London. Scarcely second to her is the Duchess of Sutherland, who has thrown her money and her energy into the work.

COLUMBIA'S CHANCES FOR THE CUP.

The Veteran Skipper, Hank Haff, Talks for Our Readers About the Great Race.

"There's more in getting a smooth outside than most people suppose," said the famous skipper, Hank Haff, in conversation the other day with a reporter of this newspaper, who had taken a long journey to see him.

Captain Hank Haff, you remember, sailed the Defender when she crossed the line ahead of the Valkyrie III., and he it is who has been for years the great yachting authority on this side of the water. It was, therefore, with a great deal of pleasure that our reporter cornered him for a fifteen minutes' talk about the new yacht and its chances against Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock.

"The hull of a boat should be so smooth that it cannot be any smoother," said he. "It must cut through the water without friction. If there is anything possible to make it any smoother that thing should be done at once. The bronze hulls are very much easier to keep in condition than the wooden and steel hulls, and, in fact, they are so easily managed that they are often neglected. The boat should be dry docked very frequently and the hull examined until there is no suspicion of foulness. Of course she is dry docked before the race, and made as smooth as glass.

"Then there is the sail to be taken into consideration. The skipper finds out when the sails are set right and how they can do their best work. After he has done this it is, in my opinion, better not to stretch the sails too often. They should be worked in every-day style and not stretched to their fullest capacity. It has been my experience that, when once a sail was in shape, I could get better work out of it by not stretching it away out every day, but by leaving some life in it for the critical moment. A sail is like a rope or a leather belting, you cannot do much with it after all the stretch and life are out of it.

"It is my opinion that America's cup will stay on this side of the water, but I think there will be the closest race that was ever sailed. In order to win, as I believe she will, the Columbia must have her full speed brought out constantly between now and October. The Defender is her best trial horse. She is available for racing and ought to be faster now than in 1895, when she won the cup.

"The value of building several boats to race with the Cup Defender cannot be overestimated, but in Columbia's case this has not been done, and she must race constantly with the Defender. But as the Defender is very fast, Columbia will suffer nothing from the lack of a fleet.

"A race is won by one man. He must have charge and the others must obey his bidding exactly. The skipper should have a man to trim sails, to look out for ships awind, and to note the position of his antagonist; but the man should be in perfect accord with the man at the wheel.

"C. Oliver Iselin understood this wonderfully well; and, after giving his orders, he left everything in the hands of the skipper. Often the skipper would ask Mr. Iselin to direct the race.

"I recall an instance which was inesting because it violated our usual rule, which was that we were all to follow a plan previously agreed upon. It was in one of the trial races of 1895 when we were getting ready for the Valkyrie III. race. We were using the Vigilant as a trial horse, and on that day Mr. Iselin had decided to give the Vigilant a clear sail on the start. 'We will keep out of her way, captain,' he said, 'and let her get the start she likes.'

"So we kept away from the line, but, of course, came jogging along down to it pretty fast when it got near starting time. The Vigilant was a little slow in coming down, and we were going so fast that it seemed a pity to slow Defender up and wait. Suddenly Mr. Iselin jumped up from the deck with 'It's too good a chance to lose, captain; let's start ahead after all.'

"I had seen the chance all the time, but was holding to his plan, and timing the boat to be a little late on the line, so as to let the Vigilant in ahead if she cared to take the advantage, but now I let the Defender go, and we shot out from under Vigilant's lee and crossed ahead of her, but without bothering or hindering her.

"But it is not very often that a change of plan works well. It is better to give all the authority either to the skipper or to the owner. We always gave it to the owner, because Mr. Iselin understood sailing a boat so well. Sometimes, by previous agreement, he gave it all to me. If the skipper is in charge he should have full charge. If the owner is to make the start it is the skipper's business to obey the owner's orders.

"There is a great deal of work in the tuning up of a boat—getting her ready to race. There is her trim and the amount of sail she can carry! In these days much of the ballast is put outside and little inside ballast is needed; and then it is used more for fore and aft trim than for anything else. The best trim is obtained by actual sailing under different conditions, until after a time a competent skipper will know the way in which the boat feels best.

"Of course the tuning up of a cup defender is no different from the getting of any other racing boat in shape, except that its added interest makes it more so. As in any other boat it must be found first that the hull and rig are strong enough, and this is ascertained only by trial, and then the skipper must know when the sails set right and how they do their best work.

"I predict that the Columbia will cross the line first, though she must work hard between now and October."

A WONDERFUL PETRIFIED SEA SERPENT.

Great Prize Recently Placed on Exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History.

Several millions of years ago a solitary sea serpent paddled his way to an elementary shore. Life in the open seas had become distasteful to him. It is barely possible that he may have been suffering from an attack of prehistoric ennui. However that may have been, he steered himself to land and the result of that excursion is that he is now mounted and on exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History, in New York.

Precisely what happened to this prehistoric reptile we shall never know. The delights of land may have been so great that he never had the desire to return to his watery home. Perhaps he lost his way and could not find the sea again, or the sea itself may have gone away and left him stranded far back upon the land. All of these things may have been possible during the prehistoric ages when the waters and the earth were fighting for supremacy.

At any rate something must have happened that entirely changed the course of this sea serpent's life, for there he was found, deep down in the "bad lands" of the Smoky Hill River district, in Western Kansas, and as he was the finest known specimen of the inhabitants of the cretaceous period scientists of repute were soon bidding for the honor of possessing him.

At last it was decided that New York should be his home, and the one-time pirate of the seas is now reposing peacefully in a massive glass case, the admiration of every student of natural history.

THE LARGEST.

While this is one of the largest known specimens of the genus, others have been found in various parts of England, France and Germany. Their average length would not exceed twenty feet, while this reptile is more than thirty feet long from tip to tip, and, like other specimens found, it is in a remarkably good state of preservation.

As the result, scientists have been able to study these remains under exceptionally favorable circumstances, and the facts that have been learned in regard to their general construction and characteristics have aided them in determining the life history of the reptile.

For marine reptiles, these prehistoric sea-serpents were very large. Like the delphin of the present day, they were air-breathers, but while they were undoubtedly compelled to come to the surface to breathe, they were so cold-blooded that they were enabled to remain under water much longer than the more warm-blooded species, such as the cetasen, for instance. Their heads were large and tapered down to an elongated snout. In spite of this, the brain cavity in their heads was so small as to indicate a remarkably low order of intelligence.

Their eyes were enormously large—sometimes measuring fourteen inches in long diameter—and the eye balls were protected by a ring of boney plates. Large as they were, the jaws were made still more formidable by the array of long, strong, sharply pointed teeth, not set in distinct sockets, but in a continuous groove. In some cases there have been as many as one hundred and eighty of these tusks in the mouth of a single reptile. As these teeth became useless they dropped out and were immediately replaced by young teeth that appeared successively at the base of the old roots.

The neck of these reptiles was extremely short, while the tail was long and tapering. They were also provided with two pairs of limbs, or paddles, the hind legs being much shorter than those in front.

A close examination of these boney structures has proved beyond doubt that while these huge aquatic reptiles inhabited the open seas and only occasionally visited the shore, they still loved to crawl out on land and, like the seals of our own age, bask in the warmth of the sunshine. A study of the construction of the jaws and teeth of these reptiles has shown them to have been the tyrants of the Mesozoic seas. They lived on ganoid fishes and smaller reptiles and were not even averse to devouring the weaker of their own species. In some specimens that have been unearthed almost complete skeletons of small Mosasaur have been found in the stomach where they had not been digested when death put an end to the process.

The immense specimen that has just been placed on public exhibition in New York was found in 1897 by W. C. Bourne, a lawyer, whose home is in Scott City, Kan. As soon as he published the facts of his discovery experts were sent to examine him, and while at that time it was impossible to determine the size of the reptile, owing to the fact that only the tip of the tail was exposed, the remainder of the body being buried deep in the earth, from what could be seen it was evident that a scientific prize had been unearthed, and the expert who represented the New York Museum quickly closed the deal.

It was early in 1898 that the slabs of earth in which the fossil rested arrived in New York, and since that time twenty-five men, including scientists, artists and artisans, have been at work making the specimen ready for exhibition.

The bones were found to have been somewhat flattened and distorted during the process of fossilization, but in general it is regarded as a remarkably perfect specimen. What makes it still more valuable is the fact that in this specimen the cartilages supporting the windpipe are preserved, making a broad, long band along the abdominal line which supports ten of the anterior ribs.

This is the first specimen in which these lines have been found, and it will enable the scientists to reconstruct the chest region, and will perhaps settle the much-debated question whether these creatures were to be regarded as sea serpents proper or whether they were only sea lizards.

While the opinion of the novice is of little value in this regard, the present appearance of the creature would lead one to imagine that in life he must have been one of the most frightful of objects, and that it is much more pleasant to contemplate him as he lies in his glass case than to meet him in the sea under any circumstances; and that, whether he be a primitive sea serpent or only a lizard, one examination of the huge fossil is enough to make one thankful that at least three or four million years have passed since the last member of his family ceased to inhabit the earth.

SKIPPER HANK HAFF, SKETCHED AT THE WHEEL BY OUR OWN SPECIAL ARTIST.