

## Cronje's Cottage Prison.

A correspondent who has visited the Boers in St. Helena reports their lot to be very comfortable. Cronje and his wife and three members of his staff are in Kent cottage, perched on top of a hill, just such a cottage as may be seen on the outskirts of many an English village. Imagine an unpretentious two-storied dwelling with slate roof and yellow-washed walls standing out clearly from a background of green hillside. The window frames and shutters are painted the same shade of green that you may see any day at a Dutch farmhouse in the Paarl district of the Cape Colony. In front runs a veranda, and there is a slightly raised 'stoep.' There is also some pretence at a flower garden, but it is sadly neglected. The garden is enclosed by a black wooden paling, and still further in front is a little more cultivated land with bananas and a few other trees. The scene is simplicity itself but for the bell tent in the right hand front corner of the garden, and the steady tramp of khaki-clad sentries, east, west, north and south.

On the steep and beneath the veranda for the best part of the day sits Gen. Cronje, dark of visage, somewhat long bearded, and with hair turning gray. His eyes are deep set, dark and ferret-like, and his demeanor is one of extreme reserve. Piet Cronje can speak English almost as well as any Transvaaler of Dutch extraction, but you may ply him in vain with questions in English. He positively refuses to speak anything but his native taal, and even then his replies are little more than monosyllables. He has little to say about anything and is difficult to draw. Of course he feels his position. You may see that written large upon his face; but, contrary to what so many people think, he appears to be very grateful for any kindness that is shown him, and fully appreciates the efforts that are made to secure his comfort. Beyond this he is as the Sphinx.

It is a strange character, this of Piet Cronje. Charges of terrible cruelty have been laid at his door, and somehow, when you carefully regard his face, you feel sure that the man is capable of violating the terms of an armistice or firing on the women and children's laager. Yet there are some redeeming features, as, for example, when the fire of patriotism lights his eye, and more particularly in the homage paid to his wife. All day long, Mrs. Cronje, in rusty black dress and black Boer 'kappie,' is the defeated general's close companion. Others who are blood relations may emerge from the house and remain for a brief while beneath the veranda, but there is about them the restlessness and impetuosity of the younger Boer when under restraint. When, for instance I was at Kent Cottage, there came within a hundred and fifty yards, just outside the cordon of sentries, two young subalterns with field glasses and snapshot cameras. Of course they were inquisitive. The general and his wife were screened by the closed end of the veranda, but a younger relative was extremely annoyed. He was a fine, tall young fellow in shirt sleeves and the inevitable slouch hat. As he caught sight of the officers he gesticulated violently, flung his arms about and muttered in Dutch. Then he hurriedly entered the house, but only to emerge a minute later, if anything more restless than ever. Cronje, however, and his wife have acquired the art of sitting still. His attachment to her is very great. Talk to him on any subject and he will immediately make reference to her views and acts. Cronje, the devoted husband, and Cronje of Potchefstroom, of Mafeking, and of Kimberly! You come away feeling that the conjunction is incongruous.

Quite a different man is Commandant Schiel. Here you have one who has received training in European military schools. There is much of the soldier of fortune about him; but there is much that is superficial and insincere. When I last saw Commandant Schiel he was a prisoner on board her Majesty's ship *Penelope* at Simon's Town. To-day he has recovered from his wound and occupies a tent standing alone and within sight of the house in which Napoleon lived and died. But it is the same Schiel. At Simon's Town the sight of ladies in a boat approaching the prison ship sent him into an ecstasy of delight, and he would chatter away with fervor about 'the dear ladies.' Almost as soon as I stepped ashore at St. Helena there was placed in my hands a photograph of Schiel being driven along the main street on his way to Deadwood camp. His eyes were raised, and you follow their direction to an open window on an upper floor at

which sat two girls. Yes, I thought, it is the same Schiel. Talk to him at Deadwood, and there is the same assumption—it is not real—of the old devil-may-care spirit.

'Next time I fight,' he says, 'it shall be on the side of the British,' but you feel instinctively that if he ever fights again it will be on the side that pays him best.

'Oh the war will not last long,' he tells you; 'that is, if one thing happens. If you beat the Boers well at Kroonstad, it will be all over in three weeks.'

'Then he will change his tune. The assumed gaiety passes away, and almost pleadingly he will tell you that he is not as well treated, and that he has made application to be allowed to roam the island on parole. Yet all the time this insincere creature knows that he has been guilty of more attempts to escape than any other of the prisoners.'

'The Boer prisoners are being well treated. This I know as a fact, and as the result of personal inquiries and observation on the spot. But, of course, there will be some objectors. Schiel, for example, declares that the British prisoners at Pretoria are permitted to go out picnicking and so forth; and then he will make comparisons. But of this statement we have no confirmation. Other prisoners, however, speak well of their treatment, and I do know as a fact that all of them are better fed and get more fresh meat than their guards.'

'Unfortunately sickness had broken out among the Boer prisoners before they left the Cape. The sick, however, are extremely well cared for. As I write there are twenty in hospital out of the 500 on shore, and two have died. These are accorded military honors, and were buried over the hills just beyond Cronje's new home.'

George Lynch, the correspondent who sallied out of Ladysmith during the siege, riding a white horse, which had been dyed khaki color all over one side, and taking under one arm a bottle of whiskey and some copies of the siege paper, the Ladysmith Lyre, hoping to trade them for some Transvaal newspapers, has returned to England, and writes some rather realistic descriptions of things seen in action.

'Death from a Mauser bullet,' he writes, 'is less painful than the drawing of a tooth. Such at least appears to be the case, speaking generally from apparent evidence

with having the opportunity of collecting the opinions of those who have actually died. In books we have read of shrieks of expiring agony, but ask those who have been on many battlefields, and they will not tell you that they have heard them; as a rule, a sudden exclamation, 'I'm hit!' 'My God!' 'Damn it!' They look as if staggering from the blow of a fist rather than that from a tiny pencil of lead—then a sudden paleness, perhaps a grasping of the hands occasionally, as it to hold on to something when the bottom seems to be falling out of all things stable, but generally no sign of aught else than the dulling of death—dulling to sleep—a drunken sleep—drunken death it often seems—very commonplace as a rule. A smile as often as or oftener than any sign of pain, but generally no sign of either.

'In our first engagements there was rather too much anxiety on a part of a wounded man's comrades to carry him to the rear, but it did not continue for long. The actuating motive is not always kindness and humanity, but a desire to get out of danger. It was soon evident that it was only going from the frying-pan into the fire, as the danger of walking back carrying a wounded man was immensely greater than remaining or advancing more or less on one's stomach. Sometimes it was the unfortunate wounded man who was hit again. Men carrying off a wounded comrade of course render themselves strictly liable to be regarded as combatants.'

'Two men being killed on one horse seems rather a tall order, yet it is perfectly true. It happened at the cavalry charge after Elandslaagte. Some of the Boers stood their ground with great stubbornness till our cavalry were only a few yards away. One middle aged, bearded fellow stayed just a little too long and had not time to get to his horse, which was a few yards away. He scrambled up behind a brother Boer who was just mounting, but almost immediately the Fifth Lancers were upon them. There was a farrier-corporal, an immensely big, powerful fellow, who singled them out. They were galloping down a slight incline as hard as they could get their horse to travel, but their pursuer was gaining on them at every stride. When he came within striking distance he jammed his spurs into his big horse, who sprang forward like a tiger. Weight of man and horse, impetus of gallop and hill focussed in that bright lance point held as in a vice. It pierced the left side of the back of the man behind, and the point came out through the right side of the man in front, who with a convulsive movement, threw up his hands, flinging his rifle in the air. The lancer could not withdraw his lance as the men swayed and dropped from their horse, but galloped on into the gathering darkness punctured with rifle

flashes here and there and flitting forms that might be friend or foe. This poor fellow was killed a few days after at the battle of Rietfontein. How heartily the Boers hated these lancers. They would have liked so much to have had lances barred as against the rules of war; and it would certainly have made an immense difference if our side had succeeded in getting a few more chances, especially at the commencement of the war, of using the lance.

'Wounds or death by Mauser bullets or even by the thrust of a lance are not to be compared from the point of view of their pain-inflicting possibilities with what may be done in that way with the fragment of a shell. That's the thing that hurts. Shell fire, speaking generally, is the 'bogy of battle' to those not accustomed to it. The main purpose it accomplishes is to establish 'a funk.' When the actual damage done by shell fire after a battle is counted up and the number of shells fired the results are most surprising. Thus, on one occasion shells were fired by the Boers to kill or wound one man, while in the siege of Ladysmith the number was immensely greater. A poet in the Ladysmith Lyre wrote: 'One thing is certain in this town of lies: If Long Tom hits you on the head you die.' You do—unquestionably; but perhaps it is worse still to get a piece of shell somewhere else. What frightful wounds they make sometimes! What mangled butchery in their track!

A boy who could not have been more than 17 or 18 was lying on the side of the hill with his head on a flat stone. He had been hit by a piece of shell and both his legs were broken and mangled above the knee. He was done for, and his life was only a matter of lasting some minutes. Another man, wounded somewhere internally, was lying beside him. There was no sign of pain on the boy's face; his eyes were closed. He just seemed very tired. Opening his eyes, he looked downward intently at his legs, which were lying at an oblique angle with his body from where they had been hit. It looked as if his trousers were the only attachment. As he gazed intently a troubled look came over his face, and his wounded comrade beside him was watching him and saw it. The tired eyes closed again wearily, and then the wounded man alongside him, cursing with variegated and rich vocabulary, bent or half rolled over and caught first one boot and then the other, and lifted each leg straight down, swearing under his breath the while. Then he lay back, swearing at the blankety blank young blunderer and still watching him. Soon the tired eyes opened again and instinctively looked down at his legs. They seemed to open wider as he looked; then he smiled faintly, thinking he had been mistaken about them before, and lay back and the eyes did not open any more. The

fellow beside him chuckled and said to himself, 'Well, I'm damned!' but possibly the Recording Angel has put down a mark that may help to prevent it.'

## Dyspepsia's Victims.

THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE AND HOW TO OVERCOME IT.

It Frequently Produces Headache, Heartburn, Dizziness and Other Distressing Symptoms.—A Victim Tells of Her Release, From the Telegraph, Quebec.

The primary cause of indigestion or dyspepsia is lack of vitality; the absence of nerve force; the loss of the life-sustaining elements in the blood. No organ can properly perform its functions when the source of nutriment fails. When the stomach is robbed of the nutriment demanded by nature, assimilation ceases, unnatural gases are generated and the entire system responds to the discord.

A practical illustration of the symptoms and torture of dyspepsia is furnished by the case of Mrs. A. Labonte, who lives in the village of Stadacona, Que. When interviewed by a reporter of the Quebec Telegraph, Mrs. Labonte looked the picture of vigorous health, showing no traces of the malady that had made her life for the time miserable. Speaking of her illness, Mrs. Labonte said: 'For about two years I suffered dreadfully. My digestive organs were impaired, and the food I ate did not assimilate, and left me with a feeling of flatulency, pain and acidity of the stomach, and frequently heartburn. This condition of affairs soon told on my system in other ways, with the result that I had frequent headaches, dizziness, and at times a dimness of vision with spots apparently dancing before my eyes. I became so much run down that it was with difficulty I could do my household work, and at all times I felt weak, depressed and nervous. While I was at my worst, one of my friends, seeing that the doctor was not helping me, urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My husband then got me half a dozen boxes and I began taking them. After I had used two boxes I began to enjoy my meals and the various symptoms of my trouble began to disappear. I continued the pills until I had used the half dozen boxes, when I again felt perfectly well. My stomach was as healthy as ever it had been. I could sleep well and my head was clear and free from the dizziness and aches that so long helped make me miserable. It is more than a year since I stopped taking the pills and health has continued better than it was for years before. Mrs. Labonte added that she will always feel grateful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the misery they have released her from, and she always advises friends who are ailing to use them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont.



A PLEASANT EVENING.