

For answer the doctor displayed seventy five cents in American money. His passage had been paid, he explained, by lecturing to the ship's passengers.

"On what subject?" we asked.

"The mythological action of the brain upon the body," was the grave and prompt reply.

The skeleton of this lecture, as printed on a pamphlet, was certainly a marvel of eloquence, being a confused mixture of chemical, psychological, and theological phrases. The doctor was vastly proud of an illuminated document purporting to be a diploma from Oberlin College, which at first sight appeared genuine. The consul noticed, however, that the seal bore no stamp.

"Now, doctor," he asked kindly, "don't you think that this was a joke of the students?"

"I suspect so, sah," was the reply in a somewhat broken voice.

The doctor, however, had extremely laudatory and genuine letters from well known ecclesiastics and mission societies

in America, commending him to the support of all Christians in South Africa, and armed with these he started out on his work. Before he left the consul gave him a passport.

"This you are to keep," he said, "on the one condition that wherever and whenever you preach the Gospel in Africa, you are to remember in your prayer that great and glorious country across the seas that gave you birth, where this old bird screams liberty for all. I mean America."

Some weeks later, in traveling through Cape Colony, we came to a native kraal and found a great throng listening to an American missionary. In the center stood the Rev. Dr. Tate of York, Pennsylvania, discoursing eloquently on the subject of generosity. Catching sight of our party, he abruptly broke off with: "And oh, Lord, don't forget that great and glorious country across the sea where I was born, and where that powerful bird screams for liberty all the time. I mean America!"

HIS HOUR OF FREEDOM.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO RAN AWAY FROM HIS LITTLE ROUND LIFE IN A LITTLE ROUND TOWN, AND FOR ONE DAY SAW BEYOND THE HORIZON.

BARTHOLOW sat in his deep leather chair and bit his pencil, just as he had done nearly every morning for the past six years, but with a new blackness on his spirit. There was nothing on earth to write. Romance was dead. Human effort was as futile as the scurry of a squirrel in a revolving cage. Worst of all, the whole feminine world seemed to have suddenly lost all glamour and slipped down into dreary insignificance. Writers like Bartholow think that their works come from their brains, but half the time it is the knowledge that there is a girl with just the right hair and eyes around the next corner that puts the glow into their conceptions and sets these sparkling with turns and phrases that their makers could never have wrought out with pure intellect.

But now he had nothing but scorn for past romances; an utter dearth of present

ones; and, worse yet, cynical disbelief in any to come. For no conceivable reason, the glamour had died in the night and left him old, bored, and inspirationless.

After a dogged hour or two, he threw down his mangled pencil, jerked himself into his storm coat and cap and left the house.

"It's all up with me. My career's done," he reflected bitterly as he banged the front door behind him. "I shall never write again—I feel it."

The wind switched his coat about him as he strode down the street. Once a window curtain was pushed hurriedly aside, so that he might have had a smile had he wished. But he hurried on, longing fiercely to get away from the little town and his little books and the little girls that had hitherto sufficed.

"Women are a silly lot, anyway," he commented, scowling back at the dark sky. "Nothing is worth while."

The road stretched bleakly in front of him, gray and deep rutted, with the loneliness of farms on either side. The clouds grew heavier, the wind more tempestuous, but he kept stubbornly on, neither knowing nor caring whither. He did not pause until, rounding the corner of a barn, an angry voice came to him. On one of the empty hay wagons drawn up in front of it stood a girl, straight black strands of her hair whipping the wind under her felt sombrero, the reins in one hand while with the other she pointed to the three shamefaced laborers at the wheel.

"If Andrew did get drunk, did that mean that the rest of you had to lose your wits, too?" she was demanding. "Didn't you know for yourselves that the hay had to be in, without waiting for Andrew or me to hand you your pitchforks? I go away for one little week and this is how I find things—two lazy men and a boy instead of the decent force I expected, and the rain not an hour away! Oh, you make me—well, get to work."

They clambered sheepishly on the other wagon, avoiding one another's glance. She looked around frowningly, and her eyes, still tragic with anger, fell on Bartholow. He placed one hand on the wheel.

"I'll come and help," he said. She stared at him abstractedly, then with a short "Very well," turned and started up her horses. She drove standing, keeping a firm poise on the jolting wagon. Her figure in its flannel shirt and rough skirt showed heroic against the murky sky. She did not once look back at Bartholow until they entered a field of stubble and pulled up before one of its scores of haystacks. Dropping the reins, she turned to hand him a pitchfork, but stopped short with arrested hand, staring at him dubiously.

"Oh! I thought you—wanted work," she said finally. He took the pitchfork from her and threw off his long coat.

"So I do," he answered, burying the tines deep in the hay and bringing them up laden. She hesitated a moment more, then, with a shrug, caught up her pitchfork and fell to work.

The pile in the wagon grew steadily larger, and not a word was spoken, beyond an occasional command to the horses. Bartholow's cap came off, and then his

coat, as he worked with a certain fierce enjoyment in spending his strength recklessly. This was better than sitting in a chair, doing girls' work with a pencil! He was glad that he was never going to write again. She glanced at his blue shirt and leather belt and at the gold links dangling recklessly from his turned back cuffs, and set her lips in an inscrutable line.

"I can keep it up as long as you, you beautiful crosspatch," he vowed. "You shall speak first."

The load began to get above their reach. Without a word she swung herself on top and received the hay as Bartholow tossed it up. Their pitchforks met musically several times, and once their eyes. She frowned impatiently. Bartholow paused and relaxed his arms, rubbing them as though surreptitiously. She stood irresolute, then dropped down and plunged her pitchfork into a fresh haystack.

"Get up there and receive it for a while," she commanded. "It will rest you."

He went up at once, in silence, and laughed to himself that she could not keep the wonder out of her face. When they at last turned back towards the barn, she sat on a royal throne, fragrant and rustling, and he, lying luxuriously along the top, watched the flying strands of her hair and the brown curve of her cheek. She moved restlessly, and at last turned unwillingly and faced him.

"Why did you do it?" she demanded.

"Because I have given up one career and am seeking another," he answered gravely. She turned away.

"Oh, if you don't choose to be in earnest—"

"Dear lady, if you prefer the truth—I saw a magnificent woman and she wouldn't notice me, and this was the only way I could gain her attention."

He saw the color rush up into her averted face, and guessed how the black eyebrows were meeting. She pulled her team to one side to make room for the other wagon, coming back from the barn empty, then urged them on. He drew closer to her.

"Don't be angry, and misunderstand," he said earnestly. "I've been living a little tame life in a little tame town—and suddenly I had to have freedom. I'm done with toys. There are big things I never

dreamed of before, and I'm going to find them. This work and wind and you—that's the freedom and the romance. I've written stories and made calls and gone to subscription dances—Lord, Lord, how have I stood it?" And he beat the hay with his fist, then laughed at the grave wonder in her eyes. "I'm not mad—just an escaped convict," he said. "Don't spoil my hour of freedom by making me keep to the conventional, you beautiful thing!"

She shrank a little from his excited eyes. The wind was whirling over them, stealing wisps from the load and tugging at their hair. A heavy drop fell on Bartholow's hot cheek, then another on her brown hand.

"It's coming," he laughed. "We don't care, do we? You and I are alive, and nobody else even knows what that means. Here it comes—oh, fine!" He pulled off his rain coat as the drops fell thicker and wrapped it over her shoulders, holding it there with his arm.

"No, no," she protested. "You mustn't. I often get wet—oh, please!" He only held it closer around her. She beat the horses with the reins to make them hurry, and he shouted at them commands that brought unwilling laughter into her face. The great load swayed under their efforts. It was a neck and neck race at snail speed. When the horses' heads were at the barn door, there was a swish of rain on the roof above. As the two bent low to pass under, the heavens were opened and a very torrent grazed the end of the wagon. She had caught the excitement and laughed up at him in triumph. The low door had brought their heads close together. He leaned over and kissed her.

The girl started up, her hand against her side. She would be angry in a moment, oh, very angry! But her heart had felt a great pang, as a musical instrument might when one of its strings is suddenly plucked, and all through it there was a humming and a vibration, sweet and terrifying. For a breathless second she stared at him wide eyed, then, before her anger could come, she saw him change. A fixed, intent look came into his face and he stared at her unseeingly.

"Oh, such an idea!" he said half under his breath. "It will be the best thing I ever did. Oh, if I can only get it!" He picked up his rain coat and fumbled his

way into it, then let himself down from the wagon.

"I don't dare let go of it. It's the biggest idea I ever had," he said incoherently, starting out into the storm.

"Oh, but the rain—you must wait——" she stammered. He smiled at her vaguely and strode off, mechanically pulling his collar up to meet his cap.

Through the mud and rain he tramped heedlessly, his story growing and glowing within until he had it well in his possession, and knew word for word the wonderful paragraphs with which it was to begin. Then his tired body asserted itself and he begged a ride back to the town, his dear town and his dear books and his dear—— He caught a glimpse of Polly at the window and leaned out to wave his wet cap and laugh.

The girl who had watched him from the barn door did not move until the second wagon came scurrying up.

"Can't get no more in, I'm 'reared," ventured the driver apologetically.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," she said listlessly, turning away to the house.

* * * *

Bartholow opened the Sunday paper and handed the supplement across to his wife. Presently she looked up from it with a little laugh.

"Why, here's a girl just like *Frieda*," she said; "runs her own farm, oversees the crops and everything. Oh, and listen what it calls her—the counterpart of the heroine in Bartholow's celebrated novel, now in its two hundredth thousand." It's too bad you didn't know about her two years ago. She might have given you points. There's a sketch of her standing on a hay wagon."

He stared silently at the picture

"Polly," he said, after a long pause, "did you ever stand on your tiptoes and peer over the top of your teacup for a second, and see the world outside it, and get a flash of what freedom——"

She nodded vaguely.

"It's really odd about this girl farmer," she said. "Only she's going to end happily, the way I wanted *Frieda* to. She has just married her foreman."

Bartholow took up his paper with a short laugh.

"Oh, well, a teacup existence is all any one gets," he said. "Freedom—there's no such thing!"

THE SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN.

BY FRITZ CUNLIFFE-OWEN.

TOMMY ATKINS AND THE OFFICERS WHO LEAD HIM INTO BATTLE—INTERESTING CHARACTERISTICS OF THE BRITISH ARMY, AND CURRENT IDEAS, TRUE AND FALSE, OF ITS COMPOSITION AND TRADITIONS.



A TROOPER OF THE
FIRST LIFE GUARDS.

NO war since the great struggle between the Union and the Confederacy on this side of the Atlantic, nearly two score years ago, has afforded such opportunities to that class of military men known by the name of "soldiers of fortune," as the conflict now raging in South Africa between the Boers and the English. Knights errant are flocking to the scene of hostilities from every part of the world, some impelled by the spirit of adventure, others by longings for military laurels, while there are yet others whose motives are purely mercenary.

It will be observed that all these modern counterparts of the medieval *condottieri* turn their steps towards Pretoria, and place their swords at the disposal of the Transvaal. In many cases, no doubt, this is due not so much to any particular sympathy for the Boers as to the fact that only the latter are in a position to take advantage of their offers of service. Aliens and all those who are not full fledged citizens are debarred from admission to the British army—a fact of which but few foreigners are aware. It is not sufficient, as here in the United States, for an alien to take the first steps towards naturalization, and to forswear his allegiance to the land of his birth. He must either be a native born British citizen, or else have fulfilled the severe and strict stipulations of the laws under which rights of citizenship are accorded to aliens.

I remember a few years ago the case of a German who had lived for some time in England, and who enlisted in the Royal Artillery at Woolwich. Thanks to the military training which he had received in the German army, he quickly made his way, and his battery having been drafted for duty in the far east, he was serving as a sergeant at Rangoon when by some means or other the fact was brought to light that he had not been regularly naturalized at the time of his enlistment. The moment that this was found out, the man was deprived of his stripes, placed



ORDERED TO THE FRONT—A SEAFORTH HIGHLANDER,
WITH HIS KIT, GOING ABOARD A TRANS-
PORT FOR SOUTH AFRICA.