

one word. I could have come to fetch you home to her."

"Mrs. Twigham had orders about my writing to Mum. The pater was going to bring me back as usual as soon as the ship got in. Everything was as it had been before excepting the pater's getting drowned."

"He didn't take you to sea with him this time?"

"No, sir; you can see that, because, of course, I was in Liverpool all the time and that's why I'm here now."

"Of course," said Whartonby dully. "Well, go on."

"Well, then, Mrs. Twigham didn't know what to do, because, of course, she wanted her money."

"Yes, I suppose she did."

"So then she wrote to Mum and said that if she wanted me she had better send enough to pay for me and for my fare as well."

"And then——?"

"Well, you see Mum couldn't come for me herself on account of being blind, so

she sent the money for Mrs. Twigham to bring me."

"Blind!" Revelation after revelation broke upon Whartonby's mind.

"You say your mother *replied* to Mrs. Twigham? She wasn't—wasn't—dead?"

"No, sir; Zuzu was dead."

"Zuzu!"

"Yes, sir—our little woolly dog. Zuzu knew the way everywhere: to the shops and the studio and here to Round Pond. She could take Mum anywhere she wanted to go, almost. So of course when Zuzu died, mother couldn't get about for ages and ages until she learned the steps. She knows most of them now, though."

Whartonby got up unsteadily.

"And do you think she will come to Round Pond to-night? Does she know the steps to Round Pond perfectly?"

"Oh, yes. She knows them best of all. She will be sure to come."

"How do you know that she will come—that she will come—*here*?"

"Because she comes here every night, looking for you."

## Pilate Remembers

BY WILLIAM E. BROOKS

"I WONDER why that scene comes back to-night,  
That long-forgotten scene of years ago.  
Perhaps this touch of spring, that thin new moon;  
For it was spring, and spring's new moon hung low  
Above my garden on the night he died.  
I still remember how I felt disturbed  
That I must send him to a felon's cross  
On such a day when spring was in the air,  
And in his life, for he was young to die.  
How tall and strong he stood, how calm his eyes,  
Fronting me straight the while I questioned him.  
His fearless heart spoke to me through his eyes.  
Could I have won him as my follower,  
And a hundred like beside, my way had led  
To Cæsar's palace, and I'd wear to-day  
The imperial purple. But he would not move  
One little bit from his wild madcap dream  
Of seeking truth. What wants a man with 'truth'  
When he is young and spring is at the door?  
He would not listen, so he had to go;  
One mad Jew less meant little to the state,  
And pleasing Annas made my task the less.  
And yet for me he spoiled that silver night  
Remembering it was spring and he was young."

# The Jameson Raid and the World War

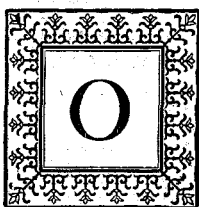
THE TRUE STORY OF THE RAID

BY JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

Author of "South African Memories," "Strong Men of the Wild West," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

## II



ON January 8 and 9, 64 members of the Reform Committee, including myself, were arrested and taken to Pretoria jail. The leaders could have escaped, but of course refused to desert the cause. Of the prisoners, 23 were English, 16 South Africans, 9 Scotchmen, 8 Americans, 2 Germans, 2 Welshmen, 1 Turk (and a militant Turk he was), and several from other countries.

We remained in prison until the 14th of February, when we were released on bail until the day set for the trial, a month hence. I was in bad health at the time, suffering from a severe attack of Zambesi dysentery, which I had contracted several months before on a trip into that section with Rhodes and Jameson. Upon the physician's advice, and with permission of the Boer Government, obtained by my wife, I was allowed to go, under bail of \$100,000, for a couple of weeks to Capetown, as the high altitude of Johannesburg, about 6,000 feet, was unfavorable for my condition.

While I was in Capetown, Sir Gordon Sprigg, who succeeded Rhodes as prime minister of Cape Colony, came to see me to complain about the financial difficulties he was having with the Cape railway line. He said that there had been a great falling off in freight shipped over his road to Johannesburg, owing to the fact that many of the mines were closing down and orders for freight had been rescinded. This gave me an opportunity of interceding for the reform prisoners.

"Sir Gordon," I said, "you and others

of our South African friends have been trying to play politics. While you sympathize with the Reform Movement, you have been attempting to get on the good side of Kruger. You know that the Reform Committee prisoners control nine-tenths of the mining operations of Johannesburg, and I am authorized to tell you that they intend to close down all the mines and to stop further purchases of Boer farms until they are released from prison."

Sir Gordon said: "Why, do you realize that that means industrial paralysis all over South Africa and would work untold hardship?"

"Fully," I replied, "but do you realize, Sir Gordon, the menace to the Reform Committee prisoners through the lack of co-operation on the part of men of your influence with the friends of the prisoners, to better their condition? Now it is up to you to solve the problem."

I shall tell you in a moment how this worked out.

When it was time for me to return to Pretoria for the trial, the feeling against the Reform Committee was very intense. I received many communications from American and other trusted friends in the Transvaal to the effect that if I were not killed en route to Pretoria I certainly would be condemned to death upon my arrival.

An incident which added to the fear of my friends was the action of a few hot-headed Boers who declared their intention of lynching the leaders before they got to court. For this purpose they had taken to Pretoria a heavy wooden beam, called the "Schlagters beam," from which five Boers had been hanged by the British in 1816. Fortunately, Chamberlain heard of this and cabled Kruger that he would