

THE PHIL SHERIDAN OF THE TRANSVAAL.

I first met Christian Dewet on the march to Sanna's Post. We had started away back about Winburg—midway 'twixt north and south of the Free State—and were pushing rapidly, purposefully south. What reason there was in the movement no man among us knew. Lord Roberts occupied Bloemfontein in front, and all around us were active columns of his army.

With the little knot of foreign attaches I had received an invitation to accompany Gen. Dewet on an important expedition. With such bold instructions we performed rested content, and for three days and nights rode steadily forward.

Such breathing spaces as we had were punctuated with queries:

"Which of the 1,500 men around us was Dewet?" "Whither were we bound?" "Was he going to cut the railway line?" "Was the Boer mad dream of an attack upon Bloemfontein to be put to the test?"

We asked and marvelled, but found no answer. With difficulty we singled out Dewet, the man whose name was the longest in the history of the Boer war. With us were two Dewets—Hoofd Commandant Piet Dewet and plain Commandant Dewet. The hoofd commandant was tall and young and commanding, and to us in our ignorance the leader of the expedition.

The other Dewet was a taciturn man of middle height, of middle age, with a sparse, scrubby beard and a thick mustache. His high, square forehead rose gently from a pair of bushy eyebrows beneath which a pair of restless eagle eyes gazed out to the distance. In the eyes there was no laughter, but the gleam of a steady purpose, the cold resourcefulness of a man hunted by his fellows.

Dressed in a seedy black coat and a pair of striped trousers, nothing in his attire or bearing suggested the general. He was a common Boer peasant, speaking the patois of his own land, and concerning himself with nothing beyond the immediate concern of the moment. But in his face there was the stamp of invincible determination; his mouth, slightly drooping at the corners, was curled tightly closed, and the strong, square jaw was set firm behind the straggling russet beard.

As the third sun set on our forced march the attaches became restive, and United States Attaché Reinhold rode forward to ask the object of our exertions.

"I do not know," was the only reply, and we jerked at our bridles as we rode on into the gathering night.

A simple Boer, ignorant of maps, save the wide landscape spread out before him, possessed or no strategy, except his hunter's instinct, and utterly incapable of intelligently explaining his purpose, Dewet rode in silence. No man, of his common sense, more than we did, but they understood their leader and cantered unquestionably, unapprehensively onward.

IN THE PRESENCE OF THE ENEMY.

Suddenly the long, straggling line was called to a halt. A dispatch rider on a panting velt pony reined up beside the general and delivered to him some of a report. Oom Christian heard and considered, and then in the darkness our whole disposition was changed. The force was divided into three, and two sections rode away to the eastward under Hoofd Commandant

Piet Dewet. With him went some eleven hundred men, six guns, one Maxim-Nordenfolt and one small Maxim.

The remaining four hundred with those of us who accompanied the headquarters staff, rode on to Marais' farm, at Oospruit, and off-saddled there. About 4 o'clock in the morning old Christian Dewet moved us down into the Koon Spruit and disposed of us along the further bank near the Bloemfontein waterworks, where the big road dives down to cross the drift.

In front of us the British bivouac fires glowed dimly not a quarter of a mile away. A way over a mile and a half to the eastward, where the sky was already beginning to lighten, Piet Dewet, with his six guns and 1,100 men, was safely stowed within 300 yards of the British lines.

Between us were Gen. Broadwood, a force of fully 2,000 men and a rich convoy. And yet had we encountered no outpost, discovered no picket, we had ridden the ten miles since the dispatch rider arrested us unchallenged, and now the old hunter lay expectantly awaiting daylight and the British.

As the dawn broke, Piet Dewet's guns sounded the reveille. In an instant Broadwood and his camp were awake and bustling. Soon, out of the morning half light, loomed the first Cape coast line, the first of the British, and the word went round, "No shot to be fired till Gen. Dewet's rifle gives the signal."

Without advance guard or cavalry escort, scouts or flankers, the rich convoy rolled down into the waiting arms of Dewet. First came the Cape carts, then the light baggage wagons, and after them the long string of lumbering mule wagons—two Tommies in front, two Tommies behind—jangling their way toward Bloemfontein.

In the verge of the spruit stood Christian Dewet, silent, cool, and as the lead mules crossed the lip he placed a restraining hand on the lines and murmured invitingly, "Come in!"

DEWET'S FIRST COUP.

They came, and after them came fully four score others—agitated Tommies, lumbering baggage wagons, and a few Cape carts, then the light baggage wagons, and after them the long string of lumbering mule wagons—two Tommies in front, two Tommies behind—jangling their way toward Bloemfontein.

With time and the packing of the baggage train, a great something of doubt arose in the mind of the British commander. He dispatched a squadron of mounted infantry to reconnoiter the position. The troops came crisply trotting up, deployed and advanced to the long straight line, stood out distinctly as Oom Christian once more arose and invited the cavalrymen's commander to come over.

Through his interpreter, Ricketts, Dewet told the officer he and his troops must surrender, or call where they stood to his men, covered all the distance by Dewet's rigid rifle. Then the command rang out, "Files about gallop!" Dewet's rifle cracked the air, his saddle and thirty-two of his troops lay wounded or dead beside him. Away out across the two thousand yards to safety an ugly wake of khaki marked the course of the desertion. Had the cavalrymen's commander had presence of mind equal to his courage and given the order "Charge!" he had altered the day's fortunes and Dewet had not written this story. But Brit-

Dashing Dewet, the Most Extraordinary Raider of Modern History, Who Makes His Only Headquarters in the Saddle.

ain's star was clouded that 31st day of March, last year, and little mistakes were quickly added to the first great error of choice of position and lack of efficient vigilance.

Started by the crackle of Mauser fire in a wholly unexpected direction, the Q and U batteries of Horse artillery wheeled a right under the Boer rifles. In thirty seconds the horses of five guns of U battery and two guns of Q battery were killed and their drivers out of action. The remaining five 9-pounders staggered across the plain and opened fire from the bridge, 1,500 yards away. Their stinging shrapnel dampened the Boer fire, but when the order to retire came, only ten men, several of them wounded, could leave the field with their guns.

Behind, in the spruit, Oom Christian was busy, with his peasant's thrift, superintending the mending of the damaged wagons, straightening the bent axletrees and applying the strained diesel beams. He soon saw that he had captured seven guns, 110 wagons, with nearly 2,000 mules, 400 prisoners, and had driven from the field with heavy loss a force of 2,000 men under one of the smartest of British cavalry generals.

THE TYPICAL GUERRILLA CHIEF.

It was Christian Dewet's first raid on the British and the omens were favorable. On that 31st day of May, 1900, Dewet began his career as a guerrilla chief. For him the style of warfare is ideal. A born hunter, he carries with him a force he builds when he sweeps the land as his field of operations a state of about the size of Kentucky, every foot of which is known to him and every man under his command. Every real-estate agent is ready with food and information. He needs no commissariat! He has no headquarters save his saddle. His authority is the old state president, whom he carries with him, and his object is the harassment of the British troops spread all around him. With slight exception he has confined his raiding to the 350 miles of prairie between the Orange river and the Vaal. He raids north or south at his own pleasure, but he is not hurried, forced, upon him by stress of circumstances.

Unencumbered by baggage or by commissariat, Dewet moves with nothing heavier than a two-wheeled buggy. His guns he carries when he desires to increase his speed, only to reassert them on a less pressing morrow. Ammunition is passed in some mysterious way to centers in the mountains and every farm has its little bundle of cartridges awaiting him.

If only he can maintain his supply of horses, Dewet can operate for years in the Free State capturing isolated convoys, surprising solitary columns, swooping down on unprotected towns. In a straight line the British have 1,200 miles of communications to guard, over which every ton of supplies must be conveyed. Every yard of that is a target for Dewet.

Three days after his success at Sanna's Post, Dewet swooped down on Reddersburg, 100 miles to the south, and captured three companies of the Irish Rifles and two of the Second Northumbrian. He captured a wagon of great sleigh shells bound northward. Train, station, mails and shells were all set a blazing.

Two miles to the south was Rooval station, and thither, after the noise of the Derbyshires' defeat, he came, swooping down a mail train with some hundred men of various regiments as escort. To them went Dewet and demanded immediate surrender, but the postmen fought in defense of their bags and the mail details assisted as best they could. It was useless. About their ears came the station buildings. Oom Christian speedily held the train escort prisoner. With them he captured five truck loads of mail, 10,000 pounds of coal and a wagon of great sleigh shells bound northward. Train, station, mails and shells were all set a blazing.

1,200 British soldiers and had taken seven guns.

THE NET SPREAD TO CAPTURE HIM.

At Weperen, away out on the Basuto border, he found another isolated British force—seventeen hundred men under Col. Daigtry—and settled down to besiege it. For seventeen days he beset the Britishers, but this time unsuccessfully, although he killed nearly all their horses and disabled three hundred of the troops.

The engagement at Weperen had its chief interest in the fact that it gave Lord Roberts time to complete his arrangements for meeting Dewet and all of his force. Generalis Rundle and French, Ian Hamilton, Pole-Carew and Smith, Dorrien, Brabant, Hart and Churside, Stephenson, Broadway and Bruce Hamilton drew rapidly around him, and on June 14 he was captured by two nets to capture Dewet. But Oom Christian had further need of his liberty. He successfully hindered French and Rundle until his Weperen force was disengaged, and they slipped away past Ian Hamilton at Thabanchu. On May 1st he was safely back at Winburg, and Lord Roberts had commenced his main advance on Pretoria.

For some weeks the Boers were too busy in retreat to give Dewet a chance of attack, but he carefully disengaged himself from the main flight of the Free State with his president and a handful of followers. Fast he rolled Lord Roberts' giant army to Pretoria and the north.

On May 27th, Dewet swooped down on a convoy at Lindley, to the eastward of Kroonstad, in the northern part of the Free State, and after three days of fighting captured it and the escort of 500 yeomanry. With him were five guns, fifteen hundred men and the best of the Free State horses.

On June 4th he held up a baggage train of fifty-five wagons near Heilbron, fifty miles north of Lindley, and took prisoners its escort of 150 men. With the supplies secured from these wagons he set off down the railway line to Rooval, where he found a small party of British soldiers and a raw militia regiment. The militia men had gone quickly to camp in the kopjes north of Rooval and expected nothing less than the hail of bullets that woke them in the night time. Dewet's five guns completely commanded the camp, and after losing their colonel and 140 men, the regiment on June 7 surrendered.

HIS RESTLESS ACTIVITY.

Two miles to the south was Rooval station, and thither, after the noise of the Derbyshires' defeat, he came, swooping down a mail train with some hundred men of various regiments as escort. To them went Dewet and demanded immediate surrender, but the postmen fought in defense of their bags and the mail details assisted as best they could. It was useless. About their ears came the station buildings. Oom Christian speedily held the train escort prisoner. With them he captured five truck loads of mail, 10,000 pounds of coal and a wagon of great sleigh shells bound northward. Train, station, mails and shells were all set a blazing.

and Dewet rode away with his captives.

Before doing so, however, he wrecked the railway, cut the miles on either side of Rooval station, destroyed the Khester bridge and the Rooval bridge, and for ten miles twisted the telegraph poles into shapeless metal. In a country which the 1,200 miles from Cape Town to Pretoria has not one single tree of timber for the 1,200 miles from Cape Town to Pretoria, bridge destruction and railroad wrecking is a more effective military operation than ever it was in the American Civil war.

In haste upon him came Lord Kitchener from Pretoria and Lord Methuen from Heilbron. But Dewet moved off to the eastward, returned a week later, and on June 14 he was captured by two nets to capture Dewet. But Oom Christian had further need of his liberty. He successfully hindered French and Rundle until his Weperen force was disengaged, and they slipped away past Ian Hamilton at Thabanchu. On May 1st he was safely back at Winburg, and Lord Roberts had commenced his main advance on Pretoria.

For some weeks the Boers were too busy in retreat to give Dewet a chance of attack, but he carefully disengaged himself from the main flight of the Free State with his president and a handful of followers. Fast he rolled Lord Roberts' giant army to Pretoria and the north.

On May 27th, Dewet swooped down on a convoy at Lindley, to the eastward of Kroonstad, in the northern part of the Free State, and after three days of fighting captured it and the escort of 500 yeomanry. With him were five guns, fifteen hundred men and the best of the Free State horses.

On June 4th he held up a baggage train of fifty-five wagons near Heilbron, fifty miles north of Lindley, and took prisoners its escort of 150 men. With the supplies secured from these wagons he set off down the railway line to Rooval, where he found a small party of British soldiers and a raw militia regiment. The militia men had gone quickly to camp in the kopjes north of Rooval and expected nothing less than the hail of bullets that woke them in the night time. Dewet's five guns completely commanded the camp, and after losing their colonel and 140 men, the regiment on June 7 surrendered.

Two miles to the south was Rooval station, and thither, after the noise of the Derbyshires' defeat, he came, swooping down a mail train with some hundred men of various regiments as escort. To them went Dewet and demanded immediate surrender, but the postmen fought in defense of their bags and the mail details assisted as best they could. It was useless. About their ears came the station buildings. Oom Christian speedily held the train escort prisoner. With them he captured five truck loads of mail, 10,000 pounds of coal and a wagon of great sleigh shells bound northward. Train, station, mails and shells were all set a blazing.

Two miles to the south was Rooval station, and thither, after the noise of the Derbyshires' defeat, he came, swooping down a mail train with some hundred men of various regiments as escort. To them went Dewet and demanded immediate surrender, but the postmen fought in defense of their bags and the mail details assisted as best they could. It was useless. About their ears came the station buildings. Oom Christian speedily held the train escort prisoner. With them he captured five truck loads of mail, 10,000 pounds of coal and a wagon of great sleigh shells bound northward. Train, station, mails and shells were all set a blazing.

ported in the neighborhood of Johannesburg, but the heavy masses of troops quartered there and his own ignorance of the district sent him rapidly south again. On Sept. 15 he ventured too near "Fighting Mac" at Vet river, and had to leave thirty-one wagons and 65,000 rounds of rifle ammunition as a trophy with the hero of Omdurman. Four days later Lord Roberts announced to the war office that there no longer was an organized force in the field against him. It seemed as though Dewet had succumbed to the exhaustion of his followers. For some weeks nothing was heard of him, and war correspondents called home fanciful reports of his death.

On Oct. 5 the guerrilla chief suddenly appeared at Vrededorf with a force of 1,000 men and his favorite battery of five guns. The Australian leader of irregulars, De Lisle, was, however, ready for him, and Dewet was driven once more north of the Vaal into the sister republic. Four days later he was snatching at the telegraph posts, rendering up his strayed horses, cattle and pickets, all the way from Lindley to Kroonstad. On Oct. 14 he captured a detachment of Cheshires.

For the rest of the month Dewet made daily descents on the railway line and the telegraph posts, rendering communication between north and south almost impossible. Gen. Knox started off in determined pursuit, and on Oct. 27 cornered his quarry. Dewet, as usual, broke through, but not without paying toll to the tune of three wagons and two of his precious guns. No sooner was he free than he dashed down on the railway line at Geneva, captured Cape mail and took ninety men prisoners.

For the next few weeks he ranged up and down the railway line, leaving his mark nightly on broken culverts and uprooted rails. On Nov. 23 Dewet dashed through the British lines between Alexandria and Varrington's store, attacked a strong British post, was beaten off, and headed for his favorite hunting ground around Dewetsdorp. On the 23rd he attacked the town, and after a stiff fight captured it, along with two guns of the Sixty-eighth field battery and 450 men of the ill-fated Gloucesters and Irish rifles.

This insult was more than Lord Roberts could stand, and Gen. Knox was sent in pursuit of the freerooter. Up and down the northern bank of the Orange river the two forces chased, and at last Knox got in front and headed Dewet from Cape Colony. This time he was again in a bad way. He was in a space between the flooded Caledon and the unforgiving Orange. Knox had his force drawn across the base of the triangle, and another strong party of cavalry awaited him at the apex. But Dewet laughed at cordons and on Dec. 5 crossed the swollen Caledon at Kareeboom Drift and returned northward to Reddersburg. On the 10th he snatched up 120 of Brabant's Horse, and on the 12th found himself once more cornered.

THE FINEST THING OF THE WAR.

Gen. Knox was within an hour of Dewet at a point among the hills some fifteen miles east of Thabanchu. The British were in a position to capture him, but the only possible escape was past two fortified posts, and the guns covered the guerrillas. It was the finest chance the British had had in the war, and theoretically, Dewet was "hands up."

But Dewet had six months' experience at his back and a troop of seasoned veterans under his command. Knox was just about to give the coup

de grace when across the flat, full tilt at the British Boers came thundering open order, straight for the pass, led by President Steyn, the guerrilla ant Fourie, charged.

Taking advantage of a spur of the only one fort, and past that they streamed in a long, straggling line through. Only twenty-five of the Boer force fell into the hands of the more Dewet and Steyn had shaken off a retreating force, and Dewet was as bold in execution as he has proved himself wily in design.

The century ended with Gen. Dewet pinned in by Generals Knox, Buller, and again the guerrilla chief dashed through the close British ranks, but could not force his way south. While his attempts at an advance southward were, however, frustrated, the British were, however, unable to make any impression upon him or his force. Whenever Gen. Knox endeavored to follow up his advantage against a retreating force, he was met by a strong rear guard of Dewet's lightest and best-horsed men. For half a day they held the British at bay, protected by the nature of the ground and by a shower of bullets. When the chief had given twenty or thirty miles on his progress, the rear guard of his soldiers and, making a long detour, joined the main retreat.

At times the British were very close on Dewet's heels, and on the last day of the year picked up a number of his horses, five wagons with supplies and 6,000 rounds of ammunition. But these were again lost, and Dewet moved on toward Bethlehem. Here Dewet headed him off, and he was forced to retreat toward Lindley. A few days later his presence was reported from the Basutoland border. Hundreds of men were again north at Heilbron, where he discovered an isolated detachment of Gen. Knox's column and inflicted heavy punishment. There were 12 men in the detached forces, and of these three officers and fifteen men were killed and two officers and twenty men wounded.

The effect of Dewet's constant harassing has been to make every town in the eastern portion of Cape Colony a fortified town.

Upon Dewet's immunity from capture during the duration of the Boer war, Louis Botha, the commander-in-chief of the Transvaal forces, is an orderly soldier possessed of no small amount of British sentiment, and thoroughly convinced of the uselessness of further continuing the struggle and increasing the loss of life. Deserted by his president and his government, with the capital and all of the chief towns held by the British, he would, on the slightest concession of terms, surrender tomorrow. But so long as his ubiquitous ally, Dewet, keeps the field he is bound in honor to co-operate (with Dewet) in the capture of the British, and to wit the wildest leader of irregulars of whom history has any record—Douglas Story, in New York Herald.

MISTRESS OF THE ROBE.

Emperor William Resolves to Reserve a Place of Honor for an American Woman.

For Maud Cass Leydard, the American girl who became the Baroness von Ketteler and whose husband was killed by the Boers in Pekin, Emperor William has reserved an unusual honor. The Kaiser has resolved to reserve for her the post of mistress of the robe.

This office has long been extinct and the old nobility, which maintains that "born" ladies of title alone have claim to it, are raising heaven and earth to prevent the slight to their dignity. Had the Kaiser, "a woman whose father is in trade," have precedence over ancient sovereign houses? Under-then Linden, Parisier Platz, the whole west end of Berlin is going into hysterics. But Kaiser Wilhelm is not a man to give Baroness von Ketteler royal proof of his esteem for her and for her husband. If the latter had lived his majesty would have made him a count—hence it is probable that he will confer that dignity on the American girl if he has personal assurances that it will be accepted.

The position of mistress of the robe carries with it the title of "excellent." One of the reasons why it fell into disuse was the desire to avoid friction with the empress' grand mistress, Countess Brockdorff, who rejoices in that appellation. As Baroness von Ketteler is already styled "excellent," rivalry between the two ladies on that account is not feared.

The empress is said to be delighted with the addition to her suite, which will in the future be on the same footing as that of Queen Victoria. Queen Victoria's mistress of the robes is the duchess of Buccleuch, who combines with the office that of grand mistress.

Baroness von Ketteler will be co-ordinating with Countess Brockdorff, who now decides questions of etiquette at court and as representative of the empress dictates its social policy. She will outrank all other ladies at court, except those of the blood royal, Countess Buelow, wife of the imperial chancellor, and Mme. de Brockdorff. This will be hard on Countess Keller, upon whom her majesty conferred the title of dame du palais only a little time ago.

Armgard, von Stollberg, both styled lady in waiting, make up the rest of the empress' titled retinue. Countess Brockdorff, now Baroness Loen, a woman of 55, is of distinguished appearance. Countess Keller is 10 years younger and more noted for her agreeable character than for good looks. Frau von Ketteler, who is 40 again, and the Kaiser never tires making fun of her embonpoint, Countess Armgard alone has the prettiness of youth—born in 1871. She is the younger half-sister employed in her majesty's service.

If Baroness von Ketteler takes up her residence in Germany an apartment of four parlors, besides bedrooms, wardrobe room and servants' quarters, will be set apart for her in Berlin, Potsdam, Cassel and Wiesbaden, or wherever the court may be for any length of time. The apartments at the Berlin Schloss and Potsdam Neues Palais intended for her use are second only to those occupied by the emperor and empress. A royal chasseur will be on watch in the first ante-chamber night and day to attend to callers; messages are de-

livered to her excellency by her secretary, who occupies the second ante-chamber. These persons and other servants, namely, coachman and groom, two footmen and the many maids, are paid by the royal exchequer.

Six carriage horses are at her ladyship's disposal, besides saddle horses from the empress' stable. The mistress of the robe is entitled to a gala coach and four on state occasions, and her coachman and groom wear the imperial livery—black breeches and high boots, black coat, festooned with black eagles on red and silver ground, with silver cords and tassels across the breast, and a silk hat with silver lace and cockade.

SALARY AND PERQUISITES.

The salary of the mistress is \$7,200 per year, besides perquisites. The latter include, besides lodging, servants, free of charge and board for the incumbent and her private servants. On all journeys the mistress of the robe takes her place in the imperial palanquin, and when she travels alone she is paid general field marshal's mileage.

The mistress of the robe is entitled to a place at the royal table but usually takes only luncheon, dinner and supper. One of the reasons why the Kaiser's mistress of the robe is not an informal affair. At table her excellency sits at the side of a prince, ambassador or officer who holds at least a lieutenant general's rank. She is permitted to talk to a great artist or scientific man, but that wouldn't do.

If the empress is not present at table the mistress of the robe gives the sign to rise, conforming, of course, to the Kaiser's wishes. Natural for the mistress of the robe is the fashion for the other court ladies: all go to dinner and supper in grand toilet, even if the repast be set for 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Grand toilet means a long trained silk gown, and when she travels alone she wears the French—black, neck, rich jewels and elaborate headpiece. An ancient court superstition taboos dark colors: except for mourning and half mourning the ladies wear light dresses only. In view of the fact that the mistress of the robe is usually an elderly woman the incumbent is permitted to wear darker shades of violet occasionally.

Where an American woman is concerned dress signifies little significance to the side of the table regulations. While the Kaiser is not an excessive drinker he presumes honors on his official family and guests. Madeira, port and sherry are set before them with soup; oysters and fish must be washed down with German champagne. Rhine wines—Steinberger, Cabinet and Jahan-nsberger exclusively go with the entrees and batteries of Burgundy are drawn up to the roast. Then comes the French champagne, Heideck, Royal, while with the dessert old Tokay and Muscat Lunel are drunk. All this in one hour! Of course no one at table actually compels one to drink all these wines, but one can help making a show of doing so.

The beauty and youth of Baroness von Ketteler will show best on state occasions, when the Kaiser revives the splendor of past ages. One of the reminders of old days is the "great entry." After the guests of their majesties, sometimes from 5,000 to 6,000 in number, assemble in the grand hall, the Imperial couple en-

ters, preceded by heralds, great dignitaries of the crown, swarms of courtiers, high officers and pages.

At the head of the procession walk heralds in medieval dress, preceded by courtiers in armor, and then the great dignitaries of the crown, swarms of courtiers, high officers and pages.

Now an interval of some half minute, and a platoon of pages, preceded by courtiers in armor, and then the great dignitaries of the crown, swarms of courtiers, high officers and pages.

Since even kings no longer balance crowns on their locks, the Kaiser has on a model silver helmet, topped by an eagle with outspread wings, but his queen is resplendent with a diadem of precious stones, having the great "recoeur" in the center. And while the chancellor walks at William's side the mistress of the robe attends the empress.

That is her excellency's opportunity. From the back of her powdered hair hangs the "mandarin" mark of her rank. It is a black lace band of the mistress of the robe attends the empress. That is her excellency's opportunity. From the back of her powdered hair hangs the "mandarin" mark of her rank. It is a black lace band of the mistress of the robe attends the empress.

A CONSPICUOUS POSITION.

After their majesties are seated on the throne the mistress of the robe occupies a conspicuous position by her side, opposite the empress, so as to introduce to her the ladies "commanded" for presentation.

But whether all the noble dames on the list be admitted is left entirely to the discretion of the mistress of the robe. The lists are made up weeks beforehand, and in the meanwhile a thousand things may have happened—things of the kind the mistress learns from the political police.

Hence sometimes her majesty whispers to the mistress of the robe the name of a lady to be summoned which that functionary can pass on to the chamberlains, and as there is no chance for explanation, the empress sometimes

sees her orders disregarded without knowing why. This indicates the power of a mistress of the robe and the great confidence imposed in her.

If some of the great ladies over whom the American baroness will hold sway should take exception to her appointment, Mme. von Ketteler may point out that her name is as good as any in the list. The Kaiser's exercise royal power for over 200 years. Gotthard III, Von Ketteler, became duke of Courland and Semigallia in 1561, and he and his successors ruled until 1737, when Emperor Anna of Russia expelled them, subjects to elect her favorite, Biran, as their prince. Until recently the duchess of Courland was a leading figure at the Berlin court, but her family was recognized by Russia only in 1874, while the Kettelers figure in history since the eleventh century.

Among the functions of the mistress of the robe, that of fastening the crown on her majesty's head is perhaps the most exacting. The crown and regalia belong to the people and the treasury holds the mistress of the robe responsible. If a diamond, pearl or other jewel is lost, it must be replaced. The regalia is examined before use and pieces having become worn or insecure stones are sent back by the mistress.

Baroness von Ketteler will be the Kaiser's chief adviser in dress. His majesty concerns himself with every detail of his vast household and has decided opinions on women's apparel. He often quarrels with Countess Brockdorff about selections, telling her of tasteful toilets he sees worn by American and English ladies. So the grand mistress will probably be glad of the chance to shift responsibility, particularly as her American colleague will make no claim to one of the perquisites of the office, her majesty's cast-off dresses. As it comes from the shop the empress wears a dress only once; for a second appearance, it is altered. After that the mistress of the robe of the grand mistress may have it for her own use or to sell.

At the reception of delegations the mistress of the robe stands at the foot of the throne to conduct the exchange of courtesies. If her majesty has to make answer to some address, the mistress of the robe writes her speech beforehand, and if her majesty is unwilling to receive other officials or private visitors, the mistress of the robe takes

her place. If she makes promises they are as binding as if the empress herself had spoken.

The mistress of the robe is a position of great importance. She is the only possible escape was past two fortified posts, and the guns covered the guerrillas. It was the finest chance the British had had in the war, and theoretically, Dewet was "hands up."

But Dewet had six months' experience at his back and a troop of seasoned veterans under his command. Knox was just about to give the coup

de grace when across the flat, full tilt at the British Boers came thundering open order, straight for the pass, led by President Steyn, the guerrilla ant Fourie, charged.

Taking advantage of a spur of the only one fort, and past that they streamed in a long, straggling line through. Only twenty-five of the Boer force fell into the hands of the more Dewet and Steyn had shaken off a retreating force, and Dewet was as bold in execution as he has proved himself wily in design.

The century ended with Gen. Dewet pinned in by Generals Knox, Buller, and again the guerrilla chief dashed through the close British ranks, but could not force his way south. While his attempts at an advance southward were, however, frustrated, the British were, however, unable to make any impression upon him or his force. Whenever Gen. Knox endeavored to follow up his advantage against a retreating force, he was met by a strong rear guard of Dewet's lightest and best-horsed men. For half a day they held the British at bay, protected by the nature of the ground and by a shower of bullets. When the chief had given twenty or thirty miles on his progress, the rear guard of his soldiers and, making a long detour, joined the main retreat.

At times the British were very close on Dewet's heels, and on the last day of the year picked up a number of his horses, five wagons with supplies and 6,000 rounds of ammunition. But these were again lost, and Dewet moved on toward Bethlehem. Here Dewet headed him off, and he was forced to retreat toward Lindley. A few days later his presence was reported from the Basutoland border. Hundreds of men were again north at Heilbron, where he discovered an isolated detachment of Gen. Knox's column and inflicted heavy punishment. There were 12 men in the detached forces, and of these three officers and fifteen men were killed and two officers and twenty men wounded.

The effect of Dewet's constant harassing has been to make every town in the eastern portion of Cape Colony a fortified town.

Upon Dewet's immunity from capture during the duration of the Boer war, Louis Botha, the commander-in-chief of the Transvaal forces, is an orderly soldier possessed of no small amount of British sentiment, and thoroughly convinced of the uselessness of further continuing the struggle and increasing the loss of life. Deserted by his president and his government, with the capital and all of the chief towns held by the British, he would, on the slightest concession of terms, surrender tomorrow. But so long as his ubiquitous ally, Dewet, keeps the field he is bound in honor to co-operate (with Dewet) in the capture of the British, and to wit the wildest leader of irregulars of whom history has any record—Douglas Story, in New York Herald.

Gen. Knox was within an hour of Dewet at a point among the hills some fifteen miles east of Thabanchu. The British were in a position to capture him, but the only possible escape was past two fortified posts, and the guns covered the guerrillas. It was the finest chance the British had had in the war, and theoretically, Dewet was "hands up."



Shoot de coat; where did ye get it? Oh, now, Chollie, stop. It's a genuine raglan.

MITCHELL & LEWIS CO., Limited, RACINE, WISCONSIN.