on a manage de la comença de l

ቜኇቘኇቘኇቜዼቜዼቚኇቘኇቘኇቘኇቘኇቘኇቔኇቔኇቜኇቜኇቜኯኯኯኯዀዀዀዀዀዀዀዀዀዀዀዀዀ ቔቔዼቜኇቜኇቜኇቜዼቜኇቘኇቘኇቘኇቘኇቔኇቔኇቔኇቜኇቜኯኯኯኯዀዀዀዀዀዀዀዀዀዀዀዀዀቔ



A TALE OF LIFE IN THE BOER REPUBLIC.

(Continued From Last Week.)

CHAPTER XI.

HE SNAPS. "I have found something in the loft," eaid Em to Waldo, who was listlessly piling cakes of fuel on the kraat wal' a week after. "It is a box of books that belonged to my father. We thought that Tant' Sannie had burned them.'

The boy put down the cake he was raising and looked at her.

"I don't think they are very nice, not stories," she added, "but you can go and take any you like."

So saying, she took up the plate in which she had brought his breakfast. There must be something nice to eat and walked off to the house.

After that the boy worked quickly. The pile of fuel Bonaparte had ordered him to pack was on the wall in haif an hour. He then went to throw salt on the skins taid out to dry. Finding the pot empty, he went to the loft to

Bonaparte Blenkins, whose door opened at the foot of the ladder, saw the boy go up and stood in the doorway waiting for his return. He wanted his boots blacked. Doss, finding he could not follow his master up the round bars, sat patiently at the foot of the ladder Presently he looked up longingly, but no one appeared. Then Bonaparte looked up also and began to call, but there was no answer. What could the boy be doing? The loft was an unknown land to Bonaparte. He had often wondered what was up there. He liked to know what was in all locked up places and out of the way corners, but he was afraid to climb the ladder. So Bonaparte looked up and, in the name of all that was tautalizing, questioned what the boy did up there. The loft was used only as a lumber room. What could the fellow find up there to keep him so

long?

Could the Boer woman have beheld Waldo at that instant any lingering doubt which might have remained in ber mind as to the boy's insanity would instantly have vanished, for, baving filled the salt pot, he proceeded to look for the box of books among packing case, nailed up, but with one loose plank. He lifted that and saw the even backs of a row of books. He knelt down before the box and ran his hand along its rough edges, as if to stuck his hand in among the books and pulled out two. He felt them, thrust his fingers in among the leaves and crumpled them a little, as a lover feels the bair of his mistress. The fellow gloated over his treasure. He had had a dozen books in the course of his life. Now here was a mine of them opened at his feet. After awhile he began to read the titles and now and again opened a book and read a sentence; but he was too excited to catch the meanings distinctly. At last he came to a dull brown volume. He read the name, opened it in the center and where he opened began to read. 'Twas a chapter on property that he fell upon, "Communism Fourierism St Simonism." in a work on political economy. He read down one page and turned over to the next; he read down that without changing his posture by an inch; he read the next and the next. kneeling up all the while with the book in his hand and his lips parted.

All he read he did not fully understand. The thoughts were new to him. But this was the fellow's startled joy in the book-the thoughts were his; they belonged to him. He had never thought them before, but they were

He laughed silently and internally, with the still intensity of triumphant

So, then, all thinking creatures did not send up the one cry: "As thou, at the distant horizon, dear Lord, hast created things in the beginning, so are they now, so ought they to be, so will they be, world without end, and it doesn't concern us what they are. Amen." There were men to whom not only "kopjes" and stones were calling out imperatively, "What are we, and how came we here? Understand us and know us," but to whom even the old, old relations between man and man and the customs of the ages called and could not be made still and forgotten.

The boy's heavy body quivered with excitement. So he was not alone, not alone. He could not quite have told any one why he was so glad and this warmth bad come to him. His cheeks were burning. No wonder that Bonaparte called in valu and Doss put his paws on the ladder and whined till three-quarters of an hour had passed At last the boy put the book in his breast and buttoned it tightly to him. He took up the salt pot and went to the top of the ladder. Bonaparte, with his hands folded under his coattails, looked up when he appeared and accosted him.

"You've been rather a long time up there, my lad," he said as the boy descended with a tremulous haste, most unlike his ordinary slow movements. You didn't bear me calling. I sup-

Bonaparte whisked the tails of his coat up and down as he looked at him.

He (Bonaparte Blenkins) had eyes

which were very farseeing. He looked at the pot. It was rather a small pot to have taken three-quarters of an hour in the filling. He looked at the face. It was flushed. And yet Tant' Sannie kept no wine. He had not been drinking. His eyes were wide open and bright. He had not been sleeping There was no girl up there. He had not been making love. Bopaparte looked at him sagaclously. What would account for the marvelous change in the boy coming down the ladder from the boy going up the ladder? One thing there was. Did not Tant' Sannie keep in the loft "bultongs" and nice smoked sansages?

up there Aha! That was it! Bonaparte was so interested in car rying out this chain of inductive reasoning that he quite forgot to have his boots blacked.

He watched the boy shuffle off with the salt pot under his arm. Then he stood in his doorway and raised his eyes to the quiet blue sky and audibly propounded this riddle to himself:

"What is the connection between the naked back of a certain boy with a greateout on and a salt pot under his arm and the tip of a horsewhip? Answer: No connection at present, but there will be soon."

Bonaparte was so pleased with this sally of his wit that he chuckled a lit-

tle and went to lie down on his bed. There was bread baking that afternoon, and there was a fire lighted in the brick oven behind the house, and Tant' Sannie had left the great wooden elbowed chair in which she passed her life and waddled out to look at it. Not far off was Waldo, who, having thrown a pail of food into the pigsty. now leaned over the sod wall looking at the pigs. Half of the sty was dry, but the lower half was a pool of mud, on the edge of which the mother sow lay with closed eyes, her ten little ones sucking. The father pig, knee deep in the mud, stood running his snout into a rotten pumpkin and wriggling his

Waldo wondered dreamily as he stared why they were pleasant to look at. Taken singly, they were not beauthe rubbish that filled the loft. Under tiful; taken together, they were. Was a pile of sac..s he found it-a rough it not because there was a certain harmony about them? The old sow was suited to the little pigs and the little pigs to their mother, the old boar to the rotten pompkin and all to the mud. They suggested the thought of nothing assure himself of its existence. He that should be added, of nothing that should be taken away. And, he wondered on vaguely, was not that the secret of all beauty, that you who look on- So he stood dreaming and leaned farther and farther over the sod wall and looked at the pigs.

All this time Bonaparte Blenkins was sloping down from the house in an aimless sort of way, but he kept one eye fixed on the pigsty, and each gyration brought him nearer to it. Waldo stood like a thing asleep when Bonaparte came close up to him.

In old days, when a small boy playing in an Irish street gutter, he (Bonaparter had been familiarly known among his comrades under the title of Tripping Ben, this from the rare ease and dexterity with which, by merely projecting his foot, he could precipitate any unfortunate companion on to the crown of his head. Years had elapsed, and Tripping Ben had become Bonaparte, but the old gift was in him still. He came close to the pigsty. All the defunct memories of his boyhood returned on him in a flood as with an adroit movement he inserted his leg between Waldo and the wall and sent him over the pigsty.

The little pigs were startled at the strange intruder and ran behind their mother, who sniffed at him. Tant' Sannie smote her hands together and laughed, but Bonaparte was far from Joining her. Lost in reverie, he gazed

The sudden reversal of head and feet had thrown out the volume that Waldo carried in his breast. Bonaparte picked it up and began to inspect it as the boy climbed slowly over the wall. He would have walked off sullenly, but he wanted his book and waited till it should be given him.

"Ha!" said Bonaparte, raising his eyes from the leaves of the book which he was examining. "I hope your coat

pepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASCARETS and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."

DAVID H. MURPHY, Newark, O.



CURE CONSTIPATION.

of an elehas not been injured. gant cut. An heirloom, I presume, from your paternal grand ther? It looks nice now."

"O Lord, O Lord," cried Tant' Sannie, laughing and holding her sides. "how the child looks-as though he thought the mud would never wash off! O Lord, I shall die! You, Bonaparte, are the funniest man I ever saw."

Bonaparte Blenkins was now carefully inspecting the volume he had picked up. Among the subjects on which the darkness of his understanding had been enlightened during his youth political economy had not been one. He was not, therefore, very clear as to what the nature of the book might be. and, as the name of the writer, J. S. Mill, might, for anything he knew to the contrary, have belonged to a venerable member of the British and Foreign Bible society, it by no means threw light upon the question. He was not in any way sure that political economy had nothing to do with the cheapest way of procuring clothing for the army and navy, which would be certainly both a political and an economical subject.

But Bonaparte soon came to a conclusion as to the nature of the book and its contents by the application of a simple rule now largely acted upon, but which, becoming universal, would save much thought and valuable time. It is of marvelous simplicity, of infinite utility, of universal applicability. It may easily be committed to memory

and runs thus: Whenever you come into contact with any book, person or opinion of which you absolutely comprehend nothing, declare that book, person or opinion to be immoral. Bespatter it, vituperate against it, strongly insist that any man or woman harboring it is a fool or a knave, or both. Carefully abstain from studying it. Do all that in you lies to annihilate that book, person or opinion

Acting on this rule, so wide in its comprehensiveness, so beautifully simple in its working. Bounparte approached Tant' Sannie with the book in his hand. Waldo came a step nearer, eving it like a dog whose young has fallen into evil hands.

"This book," said Bonaparte, "Is not a fit and proper study for a young and immature mind." Tant' Sannie did not understand a

word and said: "What?" "This book," said Bonaparte, bring-

ing down his finger with energy on the cover, "this book is sleg, sleg, davel, davel!"

Tant' Sannie perceived from the gravity of his countenance that it was no laughing matter. From the words sleg and davel she understood that the book was evil and had some connection with the prince who pulls the wires of evil over the whole earth.

"Where did you get this book?" she asked, turning her twinkling little eyes | Spectacles Fitted Accurately on Waldo. "I wish that my legs may be as thin as an Englishman's if it isn't one of your father's. He had more sins than all the Kaffirs in Kaffirland, for all that he pretended to be so good all those years and to live without a wife because he was thinking of the one that was dead! As though ten dead wives could make up for one fat one with arms and legs!" cried Tant' Sannie, snorting.

"It was not my father's book," said the boy savagely. "I got it from your loft."

"My loft! My book! How dare you?" cried Tant' Sannie. "It was Em's father's. She gave it

me," he muttered, more sullenly. "Give it here. What is the name of it? What is it about?" She asked, putting her finger upon the title.

Bonaparte understood. "Political economy," he said slowly.

"Dear Lord!" said Tant' Sannie. "Cannot one hear from the very sound what an ungodly book it is? One can hardly say the name. Haven't we got curses enough on this farm?" cried Tant' Sannie eloquently-"my best imported Merino ram dying of nobody knows what, and the Shorthorn cow casting her two calves, and the sheep eaten up with the scab and the drought? And is this a time to bring ungodly things about the place, to call down the vengeance of Almighty God to punish us more? Didn't the minister tell me when I was confirmed not to read any book except my Bible and hymnbook; that the devil was in all the rest? And I never have read any other book," said Tant' Sannie, with

vigorous energy, "and I never will!" Waldo saw that the fate of his book was sealed and turned sullenly on his

"So you will not stay to hear what I say!" cried Tant' Sannie. "There, take your polity-golllty gominy, your devil's book?" she cried, flinging the book at his head with much energy.

It merely touched his forehead on one side and fell to the ground.

"Go on!" she cried. "I know you are going to talk to yourself. People who talk to themselves always talk to the devil. Go and tell him all about it. Go, go! Run!" cried Tant' Sannie.

But the boy neither quickened nor slackened his pace and passed sullenly round the back of the wagon house.

Books have been thrown at other heads before and since that summer afternoon by bands more white and delicate than those of the Boer woman; but whether the result of the process has been in any case wholly satisfactory may be questioned. We love that with a peculiar tenderness, we treasure it with a peculiar care, it has for us quite a fictitious value, for which we have suffered. If we may not carry it anywhere else, we will carry it in our hearts and always to the

end. Bonaparte Blenkins went to pick up the volume, now loosened from its cover, while Tant' Sanule pushed the stumps of wood farther into the oven. Bonaparte came close to her, tapped

the book knowingly, nodded and looked at the fire. Tant' Sannie comprehend ed and, taking the volume from his hand, threw it into the back of the oven. It lay upon the beap of coals, smoked, flared and blazed, and the political economy was no more gone out 13,819. of existence, like many another poor heretic of flesh and blood.

Bonaparte grinned and to watch the process brought his face so near the oven door that the white hair on his eyebrows got singed. He then inquired if there were any more in the loft.

Learning that there were, he made signs indicative of taking up armfuis and flinging them into the fire. But Tant' Sannie was dubious. The de ceased Englishman had left all his personal effects specially to his child. It was all very well for Bonaparte to talk of burning the books. He had had his hair spiritually pulled, and she had no wish to repeat his experience.

She shook her head. Bonaparte was displeased. But then a happy thought occurred to him He suggested that the key of the loft should benceforth be put into his own safe care and keeping, no one gaining possession of it without his permission. To this Tant' Sannie readily assented, and the two walked lovingly to the house to look

(Continued next week.)

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and, there-fore, requires constitutional treatment. Hail's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful, It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for cifcular- and testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall' Family Pills are the best.

Little Oval Photos, 25c pe. dozen.

Cabinets-\$2.00 Per dozen.

DR. M. B. KETHUM, SPECIALIST. Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat,

Catarrh.

.... All Fees Reasonable OFFICE-Rooms 313 and 314, 3d Floor RICHARDS BLOCK

Walk in . . .

to the Merchant's Dining Hall at 11th and P streets, Lincoln, and get a

Square Meal for 10c.

Then go into the basement and get a shave, shampoo, and shine -also latest papers and periodicais. It It It It It It

The Rock Island Wall Map of the Unite-States

Is the best offered to the public. It is very large and especially adapted to school purposes. Every teacher of geog raphy and every business office should have one. It will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in postage stamps or coin. Address, John Sebastian, G. P. A. Chi

cago, Ill.

çocouocoocooco

Webster's International Dictionary Successor of the " Unabridges

The One Great Standard Authority, Standard



Warmly Commended Invaluable

12 Specimen pages sent on application to G.& C. Merriam Co., Publishers, Springfield, Mass.

CAUTION. Do not be deceived in buying small so-called "Webster's Dictionaries." All authentic pleridgments of Webster's International Dictionary in the various sizes been our trade mark on the front cover as shown in the cuts.



703 majority, or an average of 260 per county. A. M. Post, his republican op popent, carried 22 counties by 3,884 ma jority, an average of 176 to the county Suffivan's net majority over Post was Gov. William A. Poynter, in the elec-

Judge John J. Sullivan, in the can

paign of 1897, carried 68 counties by 17.

tion of 1898, carried 55 counties by 8.770 majority, an average of 160 per county, and M. L. Hayward, his republican op p. n.nt, carried 35 counties by 6.049 ma jority, an average of 173 to the county Poynter's net majority over Hayward was 2,721.

Judge Silas A. Holcomb, in the elec tion of 1899, carried 67 counties by 18, 464 majority, an average of 276 per county, and M. B. Reese his republican opponent, carried 23 counties by 3,357 majori'y, an average of 146 to the coun Holcomb's net majority is 15,107.

Sullivan received 52.9 per cent of the votes cast for supreme judge; Poynter, 50.1 per cent of the votes cast for gov ernor; and Holcomb, 53.7 per cent of the votes cast for supreme judge. Holcomb, however, received but 49.6 per cent of the total bullets and 19.8 and 75 and 11. Str., Lincoln, Nebr. the total ballots cast, Reese 42.8, and 7.6 per cent did not vote for judge.

Look at This!

50c Syrup of Figs 25c Taicum Powder 3 Hoods Sarsaparilla 31 Wine of Caudul Wine of Cardul
Plukhams Vegetable Compound.......
c Carte s Little Liver Pels
Ayers Hair Vigor
c Buschees German Syrup
p DeWitts One Minute Cough Syrup
Maited Milk
Kemps Halman Kemps Balsam Shiloh Consumption Cure...... S.S.S
Emulsion Cod Liver Oil
Beef, Iron and Wine Tonic.

e Criggs Glycerine Salve.

c Grays Tea
Miles Nervine.
Laines Celery Compound.

K & ers Swamp Root.

c Castoria Si K.i. ers Swamp Root.
Sie Castoria
Si Pierces Favorite Prescription.
Sie Best Tonic
All Other Si Pat nt Medicines
All Other Sie Patent Medicines
All Other Sie Patent Medicines
Fine Machine Castar Oil, per gal
Fine Machine Lubricating Oil, per gal
Fine Machine Blank Oil
Anti-Fly Dope, to keep off files on horses
and cattle, per sai

Lowest price Drug Store in Lincoln, Neb 20 years experience in the Drug Business. That means comething.

Riggs' Pharmacy, FUNKE OPERA HOUSE, 12th and O STS.

The Rock Island Playing Cards are the slickest you ever handled. One pack will be sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. A money order or draft for 50 cents or same in stamps will secure 4 packs, and they will be sent by express, charges prepaid. Address, John Sebastian, G. P. A., C. R. I. & P., Chi-

Personally Conducted TOURIST EXCURSIONS

CALIFORNIA

Choice of Two Routes

Scenic Route leaves Kansas City and Omaha every Friday via Colorado Springs and Salt Lake to California and Pacific coast points.

Southern Route leaves Kansas City and Omaha every Wednesday via Ft. Worth and El Paso to Los Angeles and San Francisco.

These Tourist Cars of latest pattern carried on fast passenger trains, and their popularity is evidence that we offer the best. The lowest rate tickets are available in these

Popular Pullman Tourist Cars

For full descriptios of this service and benefits given its patrons, address E. W. THOMPSON, A. G. P. A., Topeka, Kansas.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago, Illinois.

Restore Vitalicy, Lost Vigor and Manhood Cure Impotency, Night Emissions, Loss of Memory all washing diseases, all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion.
A nerve to nic and look and look builder. Brings the pink glow to pale the

Nervita Tablets EXTRA STRENGTH

(YELLOW LABEL)

Positively guaranteed cure for Loss of Power,
Varicocele, Undeveloped or Strunken Organs,
Paresis, Lecomotor Ataxia, Nerveus Prostration, Hysteria, Fits, Insanity, Paralysis and the
Results of Excessive Use of Tobaccs, Opium or
Liquor. By mail is plain package, \$1.00 a
lox, 6 for \$5.00 with our bankable guarantee bond to cure in \$0 days or refund
money paid. Address

and 11. Str., Lincoln, Nebr.

PAINLESS.

RIGGS, The EXTRACTION Dentist.

141 So. 12th S., Lincoln, Ne Gold Alloy Filling \$1 00 Gold Filling . \$1.00 and up Gold Crowns . . \$5.00 and up

RIGGS, The Dentist, 141 So. 12th St., Line in Neb

The Way to go California

is in a tourist sleeper, personally condue ed, via the Burlington Route. don't change cars. You make fast time. You see the finest scenery on the globe. Your car is not so expensively furnish-

ed as a palace sleeper, but it is just as clean, just as comfortable, just as good to ride in-and nearly \$20.00 heaper. It has wide vestibules; Pintsch gas, high back seats; a uniform Pullman porter; clean bedding; spacious toilet rooms; tables and a heating range. Being strongly and heavily built, it rides smoothly, is warm in winter and cool in

summer. In charge of each excursion party is an experienced excursion conductor who accompanies it right through to Los

Cars Jeave Omaha, St. Joseph. Lincoln and Hastings every Thursday, arriving San Francisco following Sunday, Los Angeles, Monday. Only three days from the Missouri River to the Pasific Coast, including a stop-over of 14 hours at Denver and 54 hours at Salt Lake City-two of the most interesting cities on the conti-

For folder giving full information, call at any Burlington Route ticket office, or write to J. Francis. Gen'l Pass, Agent, Omaha, Neb.

Seware of Ointments for Cataarh that com

tain Merenry. as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them, Hall's Cataurh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Cataarh Core be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and is made in Toledo Ohio, by F. J. Chenny &

Testimonials free. Sold by druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

25c. SAMPLE BOTTLE IOC. FOR NEXT THIRTY DAYS. How long have you suffered with



How Long Have You Read About "5 Drops" Without Taking Them? Do you not think you have wasted precious time and suffered enough? If so, then try the "5 Drops" and be promptly and permanently cured of your afflictions. "5 Drops" is a society and Sure Cure for Rheumetism. your afflictions. "5 Drops" is a society and Sure Cure for Rhedmans, Neuralgia. Sciatica, Lumbago (lame back), Kidney Diseases, Asthma, Hay Fever, Dyspepsia, Catarrh of all kinds, Bronchitis, La Crippe, Headache (nervous or neurolate), Heart Weakness, Dropsy, Earache, Spasmodic and Catarrhal Croup, Toothache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Creeping Numbness, Maiaria, and kindred diseases. "5 Drops" has cured more people during the past four years, of the above-named diseases, than all other remedies known, and in case of Rheumathm is curing more than

ell the doctors, patent medicines, electric belts and batteries combined, for they cannot cure Chronic the doctors, patent measures, each temperature.

Therefore waste no more valuable time and money, but try "5 Drops" and be omptly CURED. "5 Drops" is not only the best medicine, but it is the cheapest, for a \$1.00 bottle stains 300 doses. Price per bottle, \$1.00, prepaid by mail or express, or 6 bottles for \$5.00. For

he next 30 days we will send a 25c sample FREE to anyone sending 10 cents to pay for the mailing. Agents wanted. Write to-day. SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 160-164 E. LAKE ST., CHICAGO.

PIANOS and ORGANS

Picture Framing, Etc.

The Celebrated Estey and Baldwin

All standard makes and fully guaranteed. It will only cost you a postal card to get full in-formation and cuts. Let us hear from you.

Pianos as Low as \$185; Organs as Low as \$40

212 South Eleventh Street ARTHUR BETZ



The north wind shakes the leaves from the trees, There's a chill in the air, and it's going to freeze

don't be HUCGING THE STOVE but buy

your coal now and be COMFORTABLE. We can serve you promptly. He wise and ORDER AT ONCE of the

Centerville Block Coal Co. 119 South 12th

We sell VERYTHING in the PUERL LINE

Yard Phone 382 Office Phone 397