THE STORY

OLIVE SCHREINER

ON THE MORE HOME

A TALE OF LIFE IN THE BOER REPUBLIC.

(Continued From Last Week.)

Town one one one one one one one one one

CHAPTER XII.

HE BITES. Bonaparte Blenkins was riding force all the arms in this district!" on the gray mare. He had ridden out that afternoon partly for the benefit of his health, partly to maintain his character as overseer of the farm As in only ill rode on slowly he thoughtfully touched an and the ears of the gray mare with his re-

whip. "No. Bon, my boy," he addressed himself, "don't propose. You can't marry for four years, on account of the will Then why propose? Wheel's her, tweedle her, teedle her, but don't let her make sure of you. When a vo man," said Bonaparte, sagely rest # of his finger against the side of his nose "when a woman is sure of you, she does what she likes with you, but when she isn't you do what you like with her. And I" - said Bonaparte.

and looked. He was now close to the house, and leaning over the pigsty wall, in company with Em, who was showing her the pigs, was a strange female digure It was the first visitor that had appeared on the farm since his arrival, and he looked at her with interest. She was a tall, pudgy girl of 15, weighing 150 pounds, with baggy, pendulous cheeks and upturned nose. She strikingly resembled Tant' Sannie in fornt and feature, but her sleepy good eyes tacked the twinkle that dwelt in the Boer woman's small erbs. She was attired in a bright green print, wore brass rings in her ears and glass bends round her neck and was sucking the tip of her large anger as she looked at the pigs.

"Who is it that has come?" asked Bonaparte when he stood drinking his coffee in the front room.

"Why, my niece, to be sure," said Tant' Sannie, the Hottentot maid translating. "She's the only daughter of my only brother Paul, and she's come to visit me. She'll be a nice mouthful to the man that can get ber." added Tant Sannie. "Her father's got £2,000 in the green wagon box under his bed and a farm and 5,000 sheep and God Almighty knows how many goats and horses. They milk ten cows in midwinter, and the oung men are after her like dies about bowl of milk. She says she means to get married in four months, but she doesn't yet know to whom. It was so with me when I was young," said Tant' Sannie. "I've sat up with the young men four and five nights a week, and they will come riding again as soon as ever they know that the door ere Bonaparte lay dreaming time's up that the Englishman made of Ta and her wealth, and he me agree not to marry in."

The Boer woman smirked complacently.

Tant' Sannie presently, seeing that Bo- pl'r, and it crumbled away under "Where are you going to?" asked naparte rose.

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"Ha! I'm just going to the kraals. I'll be in to supper," said Bonaparte.

Nevertheless when he reached his own door he stopped and turned in there. Soon after he stood before the little glass arrayed in his best white shirt with the little tucks and shaving himself. He had on his very best trousers and had heavily oiled the little fringe at the back of his head, which, however, refused to become darker. nose, It was very red. He rubbed his unain! They had burned one book finger and thumb on the wail and put a little whitewash on it; but, finding it rather made matters worse, he rubbed it of again. Then he looked carefully into his own eyes. They certainly were a little pulled down at the outer corners, which gave them the appearance of boking crosswise, but then they were a nice blue. So he put on his best cont, took up his stick and went out to supper, feeling on the whole well satis-

"Aunt," said Trana to Tant' Sannie when that night they lay together in the great wooden bed, "why does the Englishman sigh so when he looks at

"Ha!" said Tant' Sannie, who was half asleep, but suddenly started, wide awake. "It's because be thinks you look like me. I tell you. Trana," said Tant' Sannie, "the man is mad with love of me. I told him the other night I couldn't marry till Em was 16 or I'd lose all the sheep her father left me. And he talked about Jacob working seven years and seven years again for his wife, and of course he meant me," said Tant' Sannie pompousir "Ru he won't get me so easily as thinks He'il have to ask more the

"Oh!" said Trana, who was a ! isti girl and not much given to tall. but presently she added. "Aunt by does the Englishman always kek against a person when he person them?"

"That's because you are atwa, in

the way," said Tant' Sannie. "But, aunt," said Trana present "1

think he is very µgly." "Phugh!" said Tant' Sannie. "t's only because we're not accustone to such noses in this country. In his ountry, he says, all the people have uch higher you are. He's of the fanse of the Queen Victoria, you know," said for any honbject, "and he doesn't that my-

thica of governors and chure and sten people. They are nothing to ain A ben his nunt with the dropsy dies, he'll have money nough to buy

said Trana. That man a difference. said Tant' Sannie, "a d he' though you'd take his to be he told me last night the real of his baldness."

Sannie then proceeded to 1 18 years of age, Bor parte arted a fair young lady; for f rival, jeulous of his his golden flowing bair had. damnable and insinuati z de made him a present of riatum; how, applying it the iz, on rising in the morn his pillow strewn with the eks and, looking into the the shining and smooth expanse henceforth be must bear. The Here he drew the horse up suddenly fewremaining hairs were turned silvey whiteness, and the young lady maried his rival.

"And." said Tant' Sannie sole of h had not been for the gra God had sending of the Psaime at the world have killed himself. He V seh ... is to marry a woman and she

wereld." said Trana, and then they lent to sleep.

gwy one was lost in sleep soen but tuo window of the cabin the treamed forth. It came from a dung re over which Waldo sat booodlour after hour he sat there, now min throwing a fresh lump of and fain throwing a fresh lump of fuel) to the fire, which burned up brave and then sank into a great bed of re coals, which reflected themselve if the boy's eyes as he sat there broods, brooding, brooding. At ast, whenhe are was blazing at its brightest, trose suddenly and walked sowly to beam from which an oz "riem" bang Loosening it, he ran a noose in

"Mr. mine! I have a right," he numed, and then something louder. of 1 HI and am killed, so much the bette

He word the door and went out ins britarlight.

He lked with his eyes bent upon the gind but overhead it was one of the brilliant southern nights when every ace so small that your hand point nd the Milky Way is a belt of sharp osted silver. He passed the mannethe ladder steps. From those he offered with some difficulty on to and of the house. It was of old thatch with a ridge of white at all every step. He trod as heav-Il the could. So much the better if

knelt down when he got to the famile and began to fasten his to the crumbling bricks. Beas the little window of the loft. wone end of the "riem" tied round thable, the other end round his whow easy to slide down to it. and open it through one of the ben panes, and to go in, and to fill hirms with books, and to clamber Hould have 20. Every man's hand wigningt his. His should be against eviman's. No one would help him. Hould help himself.

fifted the black, damp hair from hight forehend and looked round to covered the theft. coes hot face. Then he saw what a reguight it was. He knelt silently apoked up. A thousand eyes were loc down at him, bright and so col There was a laughing irony in the

diot, so bitter, so angry! Poor Ht forta !"

arind sit on the ridge of the roof lock up at them.

ot. to bitter, so angry!" m though a cold hand had

ld u on his throbbling forehead. anowly they began to fade and grown, l'ant' Sannie and the burned & Lonaparre and the broken most the box in the loft, he himting there—now small they all

HOWELS



Those stars that shone on up above so quietly, they had seen a thousand such little existences, a thousand such little existences fight just so fiercely, flare up just so brightly and go out, and they, the old, old stars, shone on forever.

"So hot, so angry, poor little soul!" they said.

The "riem" slipped from his fingers. He sat with his arms folded looking up.

"We," said the stars, "have seen the earth when it was young. We have seen small things creep out upon its surface-small things that prayed and loved and wried very loudly and then crept under it again. But we," said the stars, "are as old as the un nown."

He leaned his chin against the palm of his hand and looked up at them. So long he sat there that bright stars set and new ones rose, and yet he sat on. Then at last he stood up and began to loosen the "riem" from the gable.

What did it matter about the books? The lust and the desire for them had died out. If they pleased to keep them from him, they might. What matter? It was a very little thing. Why hate and struggle and fight? Let it be as it would.

He twisted the "riem" round his arm and walked back along the ridge of the

By this time Bonaparte Blenkins had finished his dream of Trana, and as he turned himself round for a fresh doze he heard the steps descending the ladder. His first impulse was to draw the blanket over his head and his legs under him and to shout; but, recollecting that the door was locked and the window carefully bolted, he allowed his head slowly to crop out among the blankets and listened intently. Whosoever it might be, there was no danger of their getting at him, so be clambered out of bed and, going on tiptoe to the door, applied his eye to the keyhole. There was nothing to be seen; -so, walking to the window, he brought his face as close to the glass as his nose would allow. There was a figure just discernible. The lad was not trying to walk softly, and the heavy shuffling of the well known "vel-schoens" could be clearly heard through the closed window as they crossed the stones in the yard. Bonaparte listened till they had died away round the corner of the wagon house, and, feeling that his bare legs were getting cold, he jumped back into bed again.

"What do you keep up in your loft?" inquired Bonaparte of the Boer woman the next morning, pointing upward and elucidating his meaning by the addition of such Dutch words as he know one of and then doubled it round his for the lean Hottentot was gone home. "Dried skins," said the Boer woman, and empty bottles and boxes and

sacks and soap." "You don't keep any of your provisions there-sugar, now?" said Bona-

parte, pointing to the sugar basin and then up at the loft. Tant' Sannie shook her head.

"Only salt and dried peaches."

"Dried peaches, eh?" said Bonaparte. shut the door, my dear child, but it in the dining room. Then he leaned over the elbow of the sofa and brought his face as close as possible to the Boer woman's and made signs of eating. Then he said something she did not comprehend, then said, "Waldo, Waldo, Waldo," pointed up to the loft, and made algas of eating again.

Now ap inkling of his meaning dawned on the Boer woman's mind. To make it clearer he moved his legs after the manner of one going up a ladder, appeared to be opening a door, masticated vigorously, said, "Peaches, peaches, peaches," and appeared to be He had no objection to being locked coming down the ladder.

It was new evident to Tant' Sannie that Walde had been in her loft and eaten her neaches.

To exemplify his own share in the proceedings Bonaparte lay down on the sofa and shutting his eyes tightly. said, "Night, night, night," Then he sat up wildly, appearing to be intently listening, mimicked with his feet the coming down a lacter and looked at Tant' Sannie. This clearly showed how, roused in the night, he had dis-

"He must have been a great fool to eat my peaches," said Tant' Sannie. "They are full of mites as a sheepskin and as hard as stones."

Bonaparte, fumbling in his pocket, did not even hear her remark and took out from his coattail a little horsewhip, nicely rolled up. Bonaparte winked at was ashamed. He folded his the little chinoceros horsewhip, at the Boer woman and then at the door.

"Shall we call him-Waldo, Waldo?" he said.

Tant' Sannie nodded and giggled. There was something so exceedingly humorous in the idea that he was going to beat the boy, though for her own part she did not see that the peaches were worth it. When the Kaffir maid came with the washtub, she was sent to summon Waldo, and Bonaparte doubled up the little whip and put it in his pocket. Then he drew himself up and prepared to act his important part with becoming gravity. Soon Waldo stood in the door and took off his bat. "Come in, come in, my lad," sald Bonaparte, "and shut the door behind." The boy came to and stood before

"You need not be so afraid, child." said Tant' Sannie. "I was a child myself once. It's no great harm if you have taken a few."

Bonaparte perceived that her remark was not in keeping with the nature of the proceedings and of the tittle drama he intended to act. Pursing out his lips and waving his hand, he solemnly addressed the boy.

"Waldo, it grieves me beyond expression to have to summon you for so painful a purpose, but it is at the imperative call of duty, which I dare not evade. I do not state that frank and unreserved confession will obviate the necessity of chastisement, which, if

requisite, shall be fully administered: may be mitigated by free and humble confession Waldo answer me as you would your own father, in whose place the peaches in the loft?"

"Say you took them, boy, say you took them. Then he won't beat you much," said the Dutchwoman good naturedly, getting a little sorry for bim.

The boy raised his eyes slowly and suddenly his face grew dark with blood.

"So you haven't got anything to say to us, my lad?" said Bonaparte, momentarily forgetting his dignity and bending forward with a little snarl. But what I mean is just this, my lad when it takes a boy three-quarters of an hour to fill a salt pot and when at 3 o'clock in the morning he goes knocking about the doors of a loft it's natural to suppose there's mischief in it. It's certain there is mischief in it, and where there's mischief in it must be taken out," said Bonaparte, grinning your shirt? But I've not quite done into the boy's face. Then, feeling that | yet." he had fallen from that high gravity which was as spice to the pudding and the flavor of the whole little tragedy. pocket. He cut the rope through with he drew himself up. "Waldo," he said, "confess to me instantly and without light. reserve that you eat the peaches."

The boy's face was white now. His eyes were on the ground, his hands doggedly clasped before him. "What? You do not intend to an

swer?" The boy looked up at them once from under his bent eyebrows and then

looked down again. "The creature looks as if all the devils in bell were in it," cried Tant' Sannie. "Say you took them, boy. Young things will be young things. I was older than you when I used to eat 'bultong' in my mother's left and get the little niggers whipped for it. Say you took them."

But the boy said nothing.

"I think a little solitary confinement might perhaps be beneficial," said Bonaparte. "It will enable you, Waldo, to reflect on the enormity of the sin you have committed against our Father in heaven, and you may also think of the submission you owe to those who are older and wiser than you are and whose duty it is to check and correct vou."

- Saying this, Bonaparte stood up and took down the key of the fuel house, which hung on a nail against the wall

"Walk on, my boy," said Bonaparte, pointing to the door, and as he follow ed him out be drew his mouth express ively on one side and made the lash of the little horsewhip stick out of his pocket and shake up and down. Tant' Sannie felt half sorry for the

lad, but she could not help laughing. It was always so funny when one was going to have a whipping, and it would do him good. Anyhow he would forget all about it when the places were healed. Had not she been beaten many times and been all the better for it?

Bonaparte took up a lighted candle kitchen table and told the boy to walk before him. They went to the fuel house. It was a little stone erection that jutted out from the side of the wagon house. It was low and without a window, and the dried dung was piled in one corner, and the coffee mill stood in another, fastened on the top of a short post about three feet high. Bonaparte took the padlock off the rough door.

"Walk in, my lad," he said. Waldo obeyed sullenly. One place to him was much the same as another.

Bonaparte followed him in and closed the door carefully. He put the light down on the heap of dung in the corner and quietly introduced his hand under his conttalls and drew slowly from his pocket the end of a rope, which be concealed behind him.

"I'm very sorry, exceedingly sorry, Waldo, my lad, that you should have acted in this manner. It grieves me," said Bonaparte.

He moved round toward the boy's back. He hardly liked the look in the fellow's eyes, though he stood there motionless. If he should spring on

to he drew the rope out very care fully and shifted round to the wooden post. There was a slipknot in one end of the rope, and a sudden movement draw the boy's hands to his back and passed it round them. It was an instant's work to drag it twice round the wooden post. Then Bonaparte was

For a moment the boy struggled to free himself. Then he knew that he powerless and stood still.

"Horses that kick must have their legs tied," said Bonaparte as he passed other end of the rope round the boy's knees. "And now, my dear Waltaking the whip out of his pocket. "I am going to beat you."

He paused for a moment. It was perfectly quiet. They could hear each other's breath. "Chasten thy son while there is

hope," said Bonaparte, " and let not thy soul spare for his crying.' Those are God's words. I shall act as a father to you, Waldo. I think we had better have your naked back."

He took out his penknife and slit the shirt down from the shoulder to the waist.

"Now," said Bonaparte, "I hope the Lord will bless and sanctify to you what I am going to do to you." The first cut ran from the shoulder across the middle of the back. The

second tell exactly in the same place. A shudder passed through the boy's frame. "Nice, eh?" said Bonaparte, peeping round into his face, speaking with a

lisp, as bough to a very little child. "Nith, eh

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less and seemed not to see him. When he had given 16, Bonaparte paused in his work to wipe a little drop of blood from his whip.

"Cold, eh? What makes you shiver so? Perhaps you would like to pull up When he had finished, he wiped the

whip again and put it back in his

his penknife and then took up the "You don't seem to have found your tongue yet. Forgotten how to cry?" said Bonaparte, patting him on the

cheek. The boy looked up at him, not sul- 25c pe. dozen. lenly, not angrily. There was a wild, fitful terror in the eyes. Bonaparte many haste to go out and that the door nd leave him alone in the darkness He imself was afraid of that look.

It was almost morning. Waldo lay with his face upon the ground at the foot of the fuel heap. There was a round hole near the top of the door where a knot of wood had fallen out, and a stream of gray light came in bringh it.

At it was going to end at last! Nothine lasts forever, not even the night, How was it he had never thought of that before? For in all that long dark night he had been very strong, had OFFICE-Rooms 313 and 314, 3d Floor never been tired, never felt pain, had cun on and on, up and down, up and down. He had not dared to stand still, and he had not known it would end. He had been so strong that when he struck his head with all his force upon the stone wall it did not stun him nor pain him, only made him laugh. That was a dreadful night. When he clasped his hands frantically and prayed. O God, my beautiful God, my sweet God, once, only once, let me feel you near me tonight." he could not feel him. He prayed aloud, very loud, and he got no answer. When he listened. was all quite quiet, like when the priests of Baal cried aloud to their god. "O Baal, hear us; O Baal, hear us!" int Raal was gone a-hunting.

That was a long, wild night, and wild thoughts came and went in it; but they eft their marks behind them forever; for, as years cannot pass without ving their traces behind them, ne ther can nights into which are forced the thoughts and sufferings of years thoughts and sufferings of years And now the dawn was coming, and at last he was very tired. He shivered and tried to draw the shirt up over his shoulders. They were getting stiff. He had never known they were cut in the eight. He looked up at the white ligh that came in through the hole at th tor of the door and shuddered. The he turned his face back to the ground and slept again.

Some hours later Bonaparte came to ward the fuel house with a lump of bread in his hand. He opened the door and peered in, then entered and touthed the fellow with his boot. Seeing that he breathed heavily, though he did fot rouse. Bonaparte threw the bread down on the ground. He was alive. That was one thing. He bent over fill and carefully scratched open one the cuts with the nail of his forefinger, examining with much interest his last night's work. He would have to count his sheep himself that day. The boy was literally cut up. He lock-"Oh. Lyndalf," said Em, entering the

ed the door and went away again. dining room and bathed in tears that afternoon, "I have been begging Honaparte to let him out, and he won't "The more you beg the more be will not," said Lyndall.

She was cutting out aprons of

"Oh, but it's late, and I think they want to kill him," said Em, weeping bitterly; and, finding that no more consolution was to be gained from her

There is more catarrh in this section cousin, she went off blubbering, "I wonder you can cut out aprons when Waldo is shut up like that." For ten minutes after she was gone Lyndall worked on quietly. Then she

folded up her stuff, rolled it tightly together and stood before the closed door of the sitting room with her hands closely clasped. A flush rose to her face. She opened the door quickly, walked in and went to the nail on which the key of the fuel room hung. Bonaparte and Tant' Sannie sat there and saw her.

"What do you want?" they asked together.

"This key," she said, holding it up and looking at them. "Do you mean her to have it?" said

Tant' Sannie in Dutch. "Why don't you stop her?" asked Bonaparte in English.

"Why don't you take it from her?" said Tant' Sannie.

So they looked at each other, talking, while Lyndall walked to the fuel house

with the key, her underlip bitten in. "Waldo," she said as she helped him to stand up and twisted his arm about her walst to support him, "we will not be children always. We shall have the power, too. some day." She kissed his naked shoulder with her soft little

(Continued next weeck.)

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