

A TALE OF LIFE IN THE BOER REPUBLIC. Charles and the state of the st

(Continued From Last Week.)

In truth, nothing matters. This dirty little world full of conficion, and the is so low we could toug it with our

Existence is a great pt, and the old fate who stirs it roundcares nothing what rises to the top ad what goes down and laughs whe the bubbles burst. And we do no care. Let it boil about. Why shold we trouble purselves? Nevertheles the physica sensations are real. Higer burts, and thirst; therefore we eatend drink. In action pains us; thereff; we work like galley slaves. No one mands it, but we set ourselves to bid a great dam

in red sand beyond theraves. In the gray dawn fore the sheet are let out we work ! it. All day while the young ost bes we tend feed about us, we woron through the flercest bent. The copie wonder what new spirit has eized us now They do not know were working for life. We bear the greest stones and feel a satisfaction wn we stagger under them and are art by a pang that shoots through chest. While us. The Kaffir servas have a story that at night a witched two white say, could grow so qkly under one man's hands.

At night, alone in cabin, we sign no more brooding ovene fire. What should we think of ut All is emptiness. So we take told arithmetic. and the multiplicati table, which We take a strangatisfaction in pause in our build to cover the stones with figures I calculations. We save money for atin grammar and an algebra and ry them about in our pockets, porlover them as over our Bible of olds have thought remembering anyth of learning anything. Now wed that all is easy. Has a new scrept into this old body, that evenr intellectual faculties are chang We marvel. not perceiving thatat a man expends in prayer and asy he cannot have over for acqg knowledge. beautiful image or er with emotion but you pay for the practical. calculating end nature. You have just so muche. When the one channel runs othe other runs

And now we tuy Nature, All these years we haved beside her. and we have never her. Now we open our eyes and It her.

The rocks have to us a blur of brown. We bend them, and the disorganized massissoive into a many colored, mamped, carefully arranged form of eice, here masses of rainbow ti crystals half fused together, thends of smooth gray and red metally overlying each other. This here is covered with a delicate silucery, in some mineral resemblings and branches. There on the one, on which we so often have sweep and pray, we look down andt covered with

after 50f suffering.

made by th of Mr. J. E.

Iewett, th known reli-

gious put of 77 Bible

House, Nrk City. Mr.

Tewett's v suburban

home is achen, N. J.,

nd Mrs. Jis a member

of the Firstmed Church

suffered at all.

of Metucld is highly es-

teemed in umunity. She says:

he Metucherer, Metuchen, N. J.

The foll statement is

the beautiful skeleton of a fish. We have often tried to picture in our mind what the fossiled remains of creatures must be like, and all the while we sat blue rag stretched overhad for a sky on them. We have been so blinded by thinking and feeling that we have never seen the world.

The flat plain has been to us a reach of monotonous red. We look at it. and every handful of sand starts into life. That wonderful people, the ants. we learn to know; see them make war and peace, play and work, and build their buge palaces. And that smaller people we make acquaintance with who live in the flowers. The bitto flower has been for us a mere blur of yellow. We find its heart composed of a bundred perfect flowers the homes of the tiny black people with red stripes, who move to and out in that little vellow city. Every bluebell has its inhabitant. Every day the "karroo" shows us a new wonder sleeping in its teeming bosom. On our way to work we pause and stand to see the ground spider make its trap, bury itself in the sand and then wait for the falling in of its enemy. Farther on walks a horned beetle, and near him starts open the door of a spider, who peeps out carewe eat our dinner we rry on baskets | fully and quickly pulls it down again. full of earth, as thoughe devil drove | On a "karroo" bush a green fly is laying her silver eggs. We carry them home and see the shells pierced, the oxen come to belp us No wall, they spotted grub come out, turn to a green fly and flit away.

We are not satisfied with what Nature shows us and will see something for ourselves. Under the white ben we put a dozen eggs and break one daily to see the white spot wax into the chicken. We are not excited or with so much pains learned long enthusiastic about it. But a man is ago and forgot direct we learn now not to lay his throat open. He must think of something. So we plant seeds pectant glance at the corner of the in rows on our dam wall and pull one working arithmeticaroblems. We up dally to see how it goes with them. Alladeen buried her wonderful stone, and a golden palace sprang up at her feet. We do far more. We put a brown seed in the earth, and a living thing starts out-starts upward-why, no more than Alladeen can we saywe were utterly stt incapable of starts upward, and does not desist till it is higher than our heads, sparkling with dew in the early morning, glittering with yenow blossoms, shaking brown seeds with little embryo souls on to the ground. We look at it solemply from the time it consists of two leaves peeping above the ground and a soft white root till we have to raise You never shed ar or create a our faces to look at it, but we find no reason for that upward starting.

We look into the dead ducks and lambs. In the evening we carry them home, spread newspapers on the floor and lie working with them till midnight. With a startled feeling near akin to ecstasy we open the lump of flesh called a heart and find little doors and strings inside. We feel them and put the heart away, but every now and then return to look and to feel them again. Why we like them so we can

A gander drowns itself in our dam. We take it out and open it on the bank and kneel, looking at it. Above are the organs divided by delicate tissues; below are the intestines artistically curved in spiral form and each tier covered by a delicate network of blood vessels standing out red against the faint blue background. Each branch of the blood vessels is comprised of a trunk, bifurcating and rebifurcating the fossil footprinfreat birds and into the most delicate hairlike threads,

symmetrically arranged. We are struck with its singular beauty. And, moreover (and here we drop from our kneeling into a sitting posture), this also we remark-of that same exact shape and outline is our thorn tree see against the sky in midwinter; of that shape also is delicate metallic tracery between our rocks; in that exact path does our water flow when without a furrow we lead it from the dam; so shaped are the antiers of the horned beetle. How are these things related that such deep union should exist between them all? Is it chance, or are they not all the fine branches of one trunk, whose sap flows through us all? That would explain it. We

nod over the gander's inside. This thing we call existence, is it not a something which has its roots far down below in the dark and its branches stretching out into the immensity above which we among the branches cannot see? Not a chance jumble, a living thing, a One. The thought gives us intense satisfaction.

We cannot tell why. We nod over the gander, then start up suddenly, look into the blue sky, throw the dead gander and the refuse into the dam and go to work again.

And so it comes to pass in time that the earth ceases for us to be a weltering chaos. We walk in the great ball of life, looking up and round reverentially. Nothing is despicable; all is meaning full. Nothing is small; all is part of a whole whose beginning and end we know not. The life that throbs in us is a pulsation from it, too mighty for our comprehension, not too small. -

And so it comes to pass at last that, whereas the sky was at first a small blue rag stretched out over us and so low that our hands might touch it, pressing down on us, it raises itself into an immeasurable blue arch over our heads, and we begin to live again.

> CHAPTER XV. WALDO'S STRANGER.

Waldo lay on his stomach on the red sand. The small ostriches he berded wandered about him, pecking at the food he had cut or at pebbles and dry sticks. On his right lay the graves, on his left the dam. In his hand was a large wooden post covered with carvings, at which he worked. Doss tay before him basking in the winter sunshine and now and again casting an exnearest ostrich camp. The scrubby thorn trees under which they lay yielded no shade, but none was needed in that glorious June weather, when in the hottest part of the afternoon the sun was but pleasantly warm. And the boy carved on, not looking up, yet conscious of the brown serene earth about him and the intensely blue sky

Presently, at the corner of the camp, Em appeared, bearing a covered saucer in one hand and in the other a jug with a cup on the top. She was grown into a premature little old woman of 16. ridiculously fat. The jug and saucer she put down on the ground before the dog and his master and dropped down beside them herself, panting and out of breath.

"Waldo, as I came up the camps ! met some one on horseback, and I do believe it must be the new man that is

The new man was an Englishman to whom the Boer woman had hired half the farm.

"Hum!" said Waldo. "He is quite young." said Em. holding her side, "and he has brown hair and beard curling close to his face and such dark blue eyes. And, Waldo, I was so ashamed! I was just looking back to see, you know, and he happened just to be looking back, too, and we looked right into each other's face, and he got red, and I got so red. I believe he is the new man."

"Yes," said Waldo. "I must go now. Perhaps he has brought us letters from the post from Lyndall. You know, she can't stay at school much longer. She must come back soon. And the new man will have to stay with us till his house is built. I must get his room ready.

She tripped off again, and Waldo carved on at his post. Doss lay with his nose close to the covered saucer and smelled that some one had made nice little fat cakes that afternoon. Both were so intent on their occupation that not till a horse's hoofs beat beside them in the sand did they look up to see a rider drawing in his steed.

He was certainly not the stranger whom Em had described, a dark, somewhat French looking little man of eight and twenty, rather stout, with heavy, cloudy eyes and pointed mustaches. His horse was a fiery creature, well caparisoned. A highly finished saddlebag hung from the saddle. The man's hands were gloved, and he presented the appearance-an appearance rare on that farm-of a well dressed gentleman.

In an uncommonly melodious voice he inquired whether he might be allowed to remain there for an hour. Waldo directed him to the farmhouse, but the stranger declined. He would merely rest under the trees and give his horse water. He removed the sad- ing to the boy and, drawing his hat dle, and Walde led the animal away to over his eyes, composed himself to the dam. When he returned, the stranger had settled himself under the trees, with his back against the saddle. The boy offered him of the cakes. He declined, but took a draft from the jug, and Waldo lay down not far off and fell to work again. It mattered nothing if cold eyes saw it. It was not his sheep shearing machine. the voice after it has died out in the With material leves, as with buman, we go mad once, love out and bave done. We never get up the true enthusiasm a second time. This was but a thing be had made, labored over, low his presence. ed and liked, nothing more-not his

The stranger forced himself lower down in the middle and yawned. It

ape worm eighteen fleet long at the on the scene after my taking two RETS. This I am sure has caused my alth for the past three years. I am still Cascarets, the only cathartic worthy of by sensible people."

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was a drowsy afternoon, and he objected to travel in these out of the world parts. He liked better civilized life. where at every bour of the day a man may look for his glass of wine and his easy chair and paper; where at night he may lock himself into his room with his books and a bottle of brandy and taste joys mental and physical. The world said to him-the all knowing. bar, who has the catlike propensity of ters things of mighty import. brandy that which it had been better | neath the mustaches as he listened. had he loved less. But for the world "I think," he said blandly when the he cared nothing. He smiled blandly boy had done, "that I partly underin its teeth. All life is a dream. If stand you. It is something after this wine and philosophy and women keep fashion, is it not?" He smiled. "In the dream from becoming a nightmare. | certain valleys there was a hunter." fit for, all they can be used for. There at the bottom. "Day by day he went

of the wise world is. something. Settles to an

Your father's p inquired sleepily.

"No; I am only a servant." "Dutch people?"

"And you like the life?" The boy hesitated.

"On days like these." "And why on these?" The boy waited. "They are very beautiful."

The stranger looked at him. It seemed that as the fellow's dark eyes looked across the brown earth they kindled with an intense satisfaction. Then they looked back at the carving.

What had that creature, so coarse clad and clownish, to do with the subtle joys of the weather? Himself, white handed and delicate, he might hear the music which shimmering sunshine and solitude play on the finely strung chords of nature, but that fellow! Was not the ear in that great body too gross for such delicate mutterings?

Presently be said:

"May I see what you work at?" The fellow banded his wooden post. It was by no means lovely. The men and birds were almost grotesque in their labored resemblance to nature and bore signs of patient thought. The stranger turned the thing over on

"Where did you learn this work?" "I taught myself."

"And these zigzag lines represent"-

"A mountain."

The stranger looked. "It has some meaning, has it not?" The boy muttered confusedly:

"Only things." the huge, unwieldy figure, in size a hold me, and, according as a man has man's, in right of its childlike fea-

tures and curling hair a child's-and it hurt him. It attracted him, and it hurt him. It was something between long, tell me, what is that great wild pity and sympathy.

From his pocket the stranger drew his pocketbook and took something from it. He could fasten the post to his horse in some way and throw it away in the sand when at a safe distance.

"Will you take this for your cary-The boy glanced at the £5 note and

shook his head. "No: I cannot." "You think it is worth more?" asked the stranger, with a little sneer. He pointed with his thumb to

grave. "No: it is for him."

"My father."

The man silently returned the note to his pocketbook and gave the carvcarved letters into the back.

melodious voice, rich with a sweetness constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure that never showed itself in the clouded eyes, for sweetness will linger on in

"You surely believe

rer. "that some day. r later, these graves will open and cuose Boer uncles with their wives walk about here in the red sand with the yery

fleshly legs with which they went to he sat by to see what would happen. sleep? Then why say, 'He sleeps for The first that came into the net was a ever? You believe he will stand up snow white bird, with dove's eyes, and

an instant his heavy eyes to the stran- sang. The second that came was black

ed. It was as though a curious little soul, and he sang only this-'Immortadpole which he held under his glass | tality? bould suddenly lift its tail and begin to question him.

"I? No." He laughed his short, thick laugh. "I am a man who believes nothing, hopes nothing, fears nothing, feels nothing. I am beyond the pale of bumanity, no criterion of what you should be who live here and costs but 25cts a bottle.

among your ostriches and bushes." The next moment the stranger was surprised by a sudden movement on the part of the fellow, which brought after he raised his carving and laid it their own immediate territory before across the man's knee.

"Yes, I will tell you," he muttered;

"I will tell you all about it." He put his finger on the grotesque little manikin at the bottom (ah, that man who believed nothing, hoped nothing, felt nothing-bow he loved him!, and with eager finger the fellow moved upward, explaining over fantastic figures and mountains, to the crowning bird from whose wing dropped a feather. At the end he spoke with broken omnipotent world, whom no locks can breath-short words, like one who ut-

seeing best in the dark-the world said | The stranger watched more the face that better than the books he loved than the carving, and there was now the brandy and better than books or and then a show of white teeth be-

friend came to him, and to him he

"'I have seen today,' he said, 'that bird, with silver wings outstretched, catalogue which every interested person sailing in the everlasting blue. And should read before buying an incubator. now it is as though a great fire burned The machines are automatic in every within my breast. It was but a sheen, way and so constructed that by followa shimmer, a reflection in the water, but now I desire nothing more on earth than to hold her.'

"His friend laughed. "'It was but a beam playing on the water or the shadow of your own head. Tomorrow you will forget her,' he said. kindly mention that you saw this little

"But tomorrow and tomorrow and article in our paper. tomorrow the hunter walked alone. He sought in the forest and in the woods, by the lakes and among the rushes, but he could not find her. He shot no more wild fowl. What were they to

"'What ails him?' said his comrades. "He is mad,' said one.

"No: but he is worse,' said another. He would see that which none of us have seen and make bimself a wonder.' "'Come, let us forswear his compa ny,' said all. "So the bunter walked alone.

"One night, as be wandered in the old man stood before him, grander and taller than the sons of men. "'Who are you?' asked the hunter.

"'I am Wisdom,' answered the old man, but some men called me Knowledge. All my life I have grown in these valleys, but no man sees me till he has sorrowed much. The eyes must The questioner looked down at him- be washed with tears that are to besuffered, I speak."

"And the hunter cried: "'Oh, you who have lived here so bird I have seen sailing in the blue? "How long have you worked at They would have me believe she is a dream, the shadow of my own head.'

"The old man smiled. "Her name is Truth. He who has once seen her never rests again. Till death he desires her.'

"And the hunter cried: "'Oh, tell me where I may find her?

"But the man said: "'You have not suffered enough,' and "Then the hunter took from his

breast the shuttle of Imagination and wound on it the thread of his Wishes, and all night he sat and wove a net. "In the morning he spread the golden net open on the ground, and into it be threw a few grains of credulity, which his father had left him and which he "And who is there?" asked the stran- kept in his breast pocket. They were like white puffballs, and when you trod on them a brown dust flew out. Then

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The readers of this paper will be sleep. Not being able to do so, after one dreaded disease that science has awhile he glanced over the fellow's been able to cure in all its stages, and shoulder to watch him work. The boy | that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is arved letters into the back.

"If," said the stranger, with his medical fraternity. Catarrh being a is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the the voice after it has died out in the eyes—"if for such a purpose, why write that upon it?"

The boy glaced at him, but made no answer, He had a greater its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of

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he sang a beantiful song. 'A human "Do you?" asked the boy, lifting for God, a human God, a human God!" It and mystical, with dark, lovely eyes, Half taken aback, the stranger laugh- that looked into the depths of your

[Continued next week.]

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The Incubator Problem Among those machines which made a

him close to the stranger's feet. Soon most enviable reputation at home in



they sought a wider field, none stand out with more prominence than the Sure Hatch Incubator and Breeders, which are manufactured by the Sure Hatch Incubator Co. of Clay Center, Neb. We do not refer to those machines as being new and untried but wish to point out that they were manufactured in a sh all way and tried, tested and used under all varying conditions at home in Nebraska before they were offered to the public Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, at large. The gratifying results have so much the better. It is all they are He touched the grotesque little figure borne out the wisdom of the manufacturers in this plan of working. Another was another side to his life and to hunt for wild fowl in the woods, and specially strong point of the Sure Hatch thought, but of that the world knew it chanced that once he stood on the they confine their efforts to but one kind nothing and said nothing, as the way shores of a large lake. While he stood of incubators and brooders and devote waiting in the rushes for the coming all their time, energy and capital, and The stranger looked from beneath of the birds a great shadow fell on business and mechanical skill to attain his sleepy eyelids at the brown earth him, and in the water be saw a re- ing the highest degree of perfection that stretched away, beautiful in spite flection. He looked up to the sky, but along this single line. These points are of itself, in that June sunshine; looked the thing was gone. Then a burning highly appreciated by their patrons at the graves, the gables of the farm. desire came over him to see once age in everywhere, each realizing that they house showing over the stone walls of that reflection in the water, and all have bought the perfected machine of a the camps, at the clownish fellow at day he watched and waited, but night ufacture. The cut here shown gives a his feet, and yawned. But he had came, and it had not returned. Then a very good idea of the appearance of drunk of the hind's tea and must say he went home with his empty bag. the Sure Hatch Incubator. Perhaps moody and silent. His comrades came the most prominent feature of these son, but he answered them nothing, so constructed that no water rests over He sat alone and brooded. Then his the center of the egg chamber. The tank is thickest and the volume of water greatest on the surrounding edges of the egg chamber just where the greatest amount of heat is required. This matter which I never saw before a vast white is fully explained and illustrated in the structions it is

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