the story AFRICAN FARM

OLIVE SCHREIMER

A TALE OF LIFE IN THE BOER REPUBLIC.

(Continued From Last Week.)

"And the hunter took them both in his arms, for he said: "They are surely of the beautiful family of Truth.'

"Then came another, green and gold, who sang in a shrill voice, like one crying in the market place, 'Reward after death, reward after death!"

"And be said: "'You are not so fair, but fair, too,' and he took it.

"And others came, brightly colored. singing pleasant songs till all the grains were finished, and the hunter gathered all his birds together and built a strong iron cage, called a new creed, and put all his birds in it.

"Then the people came about, dancing and singing. "'Oh, happy hunter!' they cried, 'Oh, wonderful man! Oh. delightful birds!

Oh, lovely songs! "No one asked where the birds had come from nor how they had been caught, but they danced and sang before them. And the hunter, too, was glad, for he said:

Surely Truth is among them. In time she will molt her feathers, and I shall see her snow white form.'

"But the time passed, and the people cang and danced, but the hunter's heart grew heavy. He crept alone, as of old, to weep. The terrible desire had awakened again in his breast. One day, as he sat alone weeping, it chanced that Wisdom met him. He told the old man what he had done. "And Wisdom smiled sadly.

"'Many men.' he said. 'have spread that net for Truth, but they have never found her. On the grains of credulity she will not feed; in the net of wishes her feet cannot be here; in the air of birds you have caught are of the brood | cleak. of Lies—lovely and beautiful, but still beautiful, beautiful, but still beautiful, but still

"And the hunter cried out in bitter-

devoured of this great burning? "And the old man said:

".'Listen, and in that you have suffered much and wept much I will tell you what I know. He who sets out to search for Truth must leave these vallevs of superstition forever, taking with him not one shred that has belonged to them. Alone he must wander down into the Land of Absolute Negation and Denial. He must abide there. He must resist temptation. When the light breaks, he must arise and follow it into the country of dry sunshine. The mountains of stern reality will rise before him. He must climb them. Beyond them lies Truth.' "'And be will hold her fast! He will ing. hold her in his hands!' the hunter cried.

"Wisdom shook his head. "He will never see her, never hold her. The time is not yet.'

"Then there is no hope?' cried the

" 'There is this,' said Wisdom. 'Some -circle above circle of bare rock they have scaled-and, wandering there in those high regions, some have chanced pollute the air." to pick up on the ground one white, silver feather dropped from the wing of Truth. And it shall come to pass, said the old man, raising himself ger to the sky-'it shall come to pass.

that net Truth may be captured. Nothing but Truth can hold Truth.'

"But Wisdom detained him. "'Mark you well-who leaves these valleys never returns to them. Though be should weep tears of blood seven days and nights upon the confines, he can never put his foot across them. Left, they are left forever. Upon the road which you would travel there is freely, for the great love that is in him. The work is his reward.'

"I go,' said the hunter, 'but upon the mountains, tell me, which path of fire. They stood before him at last. shall I take? .

"'I am the child of the Accumulated Knowledge of Ages,' said the man. '1 can walk only where many men have have passed. Each man strikes out a bubbles on a glass of wine. They path for himself. He goes at his own danced before him. peril. My voice he hears no more. I before him.'

"Then Knowledge vanished.

build than to break. "One by one he took his plumed birds bird uttered its low, deep cry-'Immor me!"

tality!" will take it with me.' And he buried let me pour it in!' these valleys she will not breathe. The it there and covered it over with his "'Oh, follow us,' they cried, 'and live when the twilight settled down there Your little carving represents some

his breast like lead. He could not move it. He could not leave those val-"'And must I, then, sit still, to be leys with it. Then again he took it out real, we are real. Truth is a shadow, and looked at It.

> "'Oh, my beautiful, my heart's own." he cried. 'May I not keep you?' "He opened his hands sadly.

"'Go,' he said. 'It may happen that in Truth's song one note is like to yours, but I shall never hear it.' 'Sadly he opened his band, and the bird flew from him forever.

"Then from the shuttle of Imagination he took the thread of his Wishes and threw it on the ground, and the empty shuttle he put into his breast, for the thread was made in those valleys, but the shuttle came from an unknown country. He turned to go, but now the people came about him, howl-

"'Fool, hound, demented lunatic!" they cried. 'How dared you break your cage and let the birds fly? "The hunter spoke, but they would not hear him.

"Truth! Who is she? Can you eat her? Can you drink her? Who has men have climbed on those mountains, ever seen her? Your birds were real. All could hear them sing. Oh, fool! Vile reptile! Atheist! they cried. 'You

"'Come; let us take up stones and stone him!' cried some. "What affair is it of ours? said

others. 'Let the idiot go,' and went prophetically and pointing with his fin. away. But the rest gathered up stones and mud and threw at him. At last, when enough of those silver feathers when he was bruised and cut, the

nter cropt away into the woods, and it was evening about him."

At every word the stranger spoke the fellow's eyes finahed back on himyes, and yes, and yes! The stranger smiled. It was almost worth the trou-ble of exerting oneself, even on a lasy afternoon, to win those passionate dashes, more thirsty and desiring than

"He wandered on and on," said the stranger, "and the shade grew deeper. He was on the borders now of the land where it is always night. Then he stepped into it, and there was no light there. With his hands he groped, but each branch as he touched it broke off, and the earth was covered with shall have been gathered by the hands cinders. At every step his foot sank of men and shall have been woven into in, and a fine cloud of impainable asha cord, and the cord into a net, that in es flew up into his face, and it was dark. So he sat down upon a stone and buried his face in his hands to wait "The hunter arose. 'I will go,' he in that Land of Negation and Denial till the light came.

"And it was night in his heart also. "Then from the marshes to his right and left cold mists arose and closed about bim. A fine, imperceptible rain fell in the dark, and great drops gathered on his hair and clothes. His heart of Superstition, and above him towerbeat slowly, and a numbuess crept ed the mountains. They had seemed of all true art, the highest and the lowthrough all his limbs. Then, looking no reward offered. Who goes, goes up, two merry whisp lights came dancing. He lifted his bend to look at them. Nearer, nearer they came, so warm, so bright, they danced like stars From the center of the radiating flame in one looked out a woman's face, when he rose his face was white. In not perceiving that they pay the highlaughing, dimpled, with streaming yellow hair. In the center of the other trodden. On those mountains few feet were merry, laughing ripples, like the

"'Who are you,' asked the hunter, may follow after him, but I cannot go 'who alone come to me in my solltude and darkness?

"'We are the twins Sensuality!' they "And the hunter turned. He went to cried. 'Our father's name is Human his cage and with his hands broke Nature, and our mother's name is Exdown the bars, and the jagged iron tore cess. We are as old as the bills and his flesh. It is sometimes easier to rivers, as old as the first man, but we never die,' they laughed.

"'Oh, let me wrap my arms about times he prayed that a little moss or lative skill, it will yet find interpreters. and let them fly. But when he came to you! cried the first. "They are soft his dark plumed bird he held it and and warm. Your heart is frozen now, looked into its beautiful eyes, and the but I will make it beat. Oh, come to never came."

"I will pour my hot life into you." "And he said quickly: 'I cannot part said the second. 'Your brain is numb with it. It is not heavy. It eats no and your limbs are dead now, but they for a year, only a few. He sang no ing and vanishing-would have shaped food. I will hide it in my breast. I shall live with a fierce free life. Oh,

> them, and they have never left us, never. All else is a defusion, but we are the valleys of superstition are a farce, the earth is of ashes, the trees all rot- would creep down upon me,' he recannot doubt us. Feel us. How warm | necks farther. we are! Oh, come to us! Come to us!

he said: loved, and his hand dropped to his side. laughed between his teeth. "'Oh, come to us!" they cried.

"But he buried his face.

here .. ait till I die. Go!' "He covered his face with his hands for you, ye harples? tance.

"And the long, long night rolled on. "All who leave the valley of superstition pass through that dark land, but years, and some die there."

hand. A mystic wonder filled his eyes.

"At last for the hunter a faint light climb another." played along the horizon, and he rose to follow it, and he reached that light at last and stepped into the broad sunshine. Then before him rose the almighty mountains of Dry Facts and Realities. The clear sunshine played on them, and the tops were lost in the clouds. At the foot many paths ran up. An exultant cry burst from the hunter. He chose the straightest and began to climb, and the rocks and ridges resounded with his song. They had exaggerated. After all, it was not so high, nor was the road so steep. A few days, a few weeks, a few months at most, and then the top! Not one feather only would be pick up. would gather all that other men had found, weave the net capture Truth. hold her fast, touch her with his hands. clasp her!

"He laughed in the merry sunshine and sang loud. Victory was very near. Nevertheless, after awhile the path grew steeper. He needed all his breath for climbing, and the singing died away. On the right and left rose huge rocks, devoid of lichen or mess, and in the lavalike earth chasms yawned. Here and there he saw a sheen of white bones. Now, too, the path began to slone! he cried. grow less and less marked. Then it "Then the mists rolled together again, became a mere trace, with a footmark and he turned his eyes away. a path for himself until he reached a mighty wall of rock, smooth and without break, stretching as far as the eye could see. I will rear a stair against it, and, once this wall climbed, I shall be almost there, he said bravely and worked. With his shuttle of Imagination he dug out stones, but half of them would not fit, and half a month's work would roll down because those below were ill chosen. But the hunter worked on, saying always to himself, Once this wall climbed, I shall be almost the stand young and fresh. By the steps that I have cut they will climb; by the stand young and fresh. By the steps that I have built they will never know the stitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case the clumsy werk they will suugh; when the stones roll, they will curse me. But the hunter worked on, saying always to himself, Once this wall climbed, I shall be almost.

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAP

there, this great work ended!"

"At last be came out upon the top. and be looked about him. Far below rolled the white mist over the valleys low before. They were of an immeasurable height now, from crown to founthat rose tier above tier in mighty cir-

ed them by the steps he had cut-a few | ment, reproduction of its kind, withermore. He said no more, I will do this a symbol of all existence. All true or that; he only worked. And at alght facts of nature or the mind are related. with us! Nobler hearts than yours looked out at him from the holes and mental facts as they really are, there-

and speak to us,' they cried.

"'My salvation is in work. If should stop but for one moment, you ten, but we-feel us-we live! You plied. And they put out their long

"Look down into the crevice at your "Nearer and nearer round his head feet," they said. 'See what lie therethey hovered, and the cold drops melt- white bones! As brave and strong a ed on his forehead. The bright light man as you climbed to these rocks. shot into his eyes, dazzling him, and And he looked up. He saw there was the frozen blood began to run. And no use in striving. He would never hold Truth, never see her, never find "'Yes. Why should I die here in her. So he lay down here, for he was this awful darkness? They are warm; very tired. He went to sleep forever. they melt my frozen blood!' And he He put himself to sleep. Sleep is very stretched out his hands to take them. | tranquil. You are not lonely when "Then in a moment there arose be- you are asleep, neither do your hands fore him the image of the thing he had ache nor your heart.' And the hunter

"'Have I torn from my heart all that was dearest? Have I wandered alone "You dazzle my eyes,' be cried, 'you in the land of night? Have I resisted make my heart warm, but you cannot temptation? Have I dwelt where the give ma what I desire. I will wait voice of my kind is never heard and labored alone to lie down and be food

and ould not listen, and when he "He laughed fiercely, and the echoes looked up again they were two twin- of despair slunk away, for the laugh of the plan for the fossils that lay kiling stars, that vanished in the dis- of a brave, strong heart is a death there, or

blow to them. "Nevertheless they crept out again plain. He

and looked at him. "'Do you know that your hair is some go through it in a few days, some white,' they said, 'that your bands linger there for months, some for begin to tremble like a child's? Do you see that the point of your shuttle The boy had crept closer. His bot is gone? It is cracked already. If you breath almost touched the stranger's should ever climb this stair, they said, 'it will be your last. You will never

> "And he answered, 'I know it!' and worked on.

"The old thin hands cut the stones an inexhaustible mine when once we Ill and jaggedly, for the fingers were stiff and bent. The beauty and the strength of the man were gone.

"At het an old, wisened, shrunken face looked out above the rocks. saw the eternal mountain rise with walls to the white clouds, but its work falls into co-ordinate pictures. It is not was done.

"The old hunter folded his tired hands and lay down by the precipice where he had worked away his life. It was the sleeping time at last. Below him over the valleys rolled the thick white mist. Once it broke, and through the gap the dying eyes looked down on the trees and fields of their childhood. From afar seemed borne to him the cry of his own wild birds, and he heard the noise of the people you like," said the fellow. singing as they danced, and he thought he heard among them the voices of his old comrades, and he saw afar off the sunlight shine on his early home, and great tears gathered in the hunter's

"'Ah, they who die there do not die

here and there; then it coased altogeth- "'I have sought,' he said, 'for long medical fraternity. Catarra being a er. He sang no more, but struck forth years I have labored, but I have not constitutional disease, requires a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure

chriveled, syclids of Truth had appeared above him in the clouds now, se could not have seen ber-the mist

of death was in his eyes. "'My soul bears their glad step coming in,' he said, 'and they shall mount, they shall mount? He raised his shriveled hand to his eyes.

"Then slowly, from the white sky above, through the still air, came something falling, falling, falling, Softly it fluttered down and dropped on to the breast of the dying man. He felt it with his hands. It was a feather. He died holding it."

The boy had shaded his eyes with his hand. On the wood of the carving great drops fell. The stranger must have laughed at him or remained sient. He did so.

"How did you know it?" the boy whispered at last. "It is not written there, not on that wood. How did you know it?"

"Certainly," said his stranger, "the whole of the story is not written here, but it is suggested. And the attribute est, is this-that it says more than it says and takes you away from itself. It dation surrounded by walls of rock is a little door that opens into an infinite hall where you may find what you cles. Upon them played the eternal please. Men, thinking to detract, say, sunshine. He uttered a wild cry. He 'People read more in this or that work bowed himself on to the earth, and of genius than was ever written in it." absolute silence he walked on. He est compliment. If we pick up the finwas very silent now. In those high reger and nail of a real man, we can degions the rarefied air is hard to breathe cipher a whole story -could almost reby those born in the valleys. Every construct the creature again from head breath he drew hurt him, and the to foot. But half the body of a Mumblood sozed out from the tips of his boo-jumbow I tol leaves us utterly in fingers. Before the next wall of rock the dark as to what the rest was like. he began to work. The height of this We see what we see, but nothing more. seemed infinite, and he said nothing. There is nothing so universally intelli-The sound of his tool rang night and ble as truth. It has a thousand meanday upon the iron rocks into which he lings and suggests a thousand more." cut steps. Years passed over him, yet He turned over the wooden thing. he worked on, but the wall towered up "Though a man should carve it into always above him to heaven. Some matter with the least possible manipulichen might spring up on those bare It is the soul that looks out with burnwalls to be a companion to him, but it ing eyes through the most gross fleshly filament. Whosoever should portray The stranger watched the boy's face. truly the life and death of a little "And the years rolled on. He count- flower-its birth, sucking in of nourish-

ts not truth, but beauty of external form, the other half of art."

He leaned almost gently toward the throughout this western country. The top oy. "Skill may come in time, but you market prices are being captured by the boy. "Skill may come in time, but you will have to work hard. The love of beauty and the desire for it must be born in a man. The skill to reproduce it he must make. He must work

"All my life I have longed to see the horses shipped by Iams from this you," the boy said.

The stranger broke off the end of his cigar and lighted it. The boy lifted Chicago, and the highest priced green the heavy wood from the stranger's knee and drew yet nearer bim. In the doglike manner of his drawing near there was something superbly ridiculous, unless one chanced to view it in another light. Presently the stranger said, whifting, "Do something for me?" The boy started up.

"No: stay where you are. I don't want you to go anywhere. I want you o talk to me. Tell me what you have

en doing all your life." the boy slunk down again. Would will not be disputed by patrons who have used this line. Thousands of let that the man had asked him to root up bushes with his hands for his horse or to run to the far end gather the flowers that Dining Cars. A la carte on all cars; a hills at the edge of the splendid lunch served on Colorado trains grew on I 'I have run and been for 50 cents. back quiel now! "I have done anything," he

of that nothing. "Then to like to know what other folks have been doing whose word I can believe. It is interesting. What was the first thing you ever wanted very much?" The boy waited to remember, then began besitatingly, but soon the words flowed. In the smalfest past we find

begin to dig at it. A confused, disordered story, the little made large and the large small, and nothing showing its inward meaning. It is not till the past has receded many steps that before the clearest eyes it till the I we tell of has ceased to exist that it takes its place among other objective realities and finds its true

meaning flashes on us as it slinks away into the distance. The stranger lighted one cigar from the end of another and puffed and listened with half closed eves. "I will remember more to tell you if

niche in the picture. The present and

the near past are a confusion, whose

He spoke with that extreme gravity

common to all very young things who

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laugh. The stranger nodded, while the relate. He would tell all to this man Address, Geo. B. Oxley, Greenfi of his all that he knew, all that he

had felt, his most inmost screet thought. Suddenly the stranger turn-Little Oval Photos. 25c pe. dozen.

"Boy," he said, "you are happy to be

Waldo looked at him. Was his delightful one ridiculing him? Here,

with his brown earth and these low

bills, while the rare wonderful world

[Continued next week.]

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