Hypomine & Hyatt.

THE STORY

OLIVE SCHREINER

A TALE OF LIFE IN THE BOER REPUBLIC.

(Continued From Last Week.)

"Yes," he said, "here with the karroo bushes and the red sand. Do you wonder what I mean? To all who have been born in the old faith there comes a time of danger, when the eld slips from us, and we have not yet planted our feet on the new. We hear the voice from Sinai thundering no more, and the still, small voice of reason is not yet heard. We have proved the religion our mothers fed us on to be a delusion. In our bewilderment we see no rule by which to guide our steps day by day, and yet every day we must step somewhere." The stranger leaned forward and spoke more quickly. "We have never once been taught by word or act to distinguish between religion and the moral laws on which it has artfully fastened itself and from which it has sucked its vitality. When we have dragged down the weeds and creepers that covered the solid wall and have found them to be rotten wood, we imagine the wall itself to be rotten wood too. We find it is solid and standing only when we fall headlong against it. We have been taught that all right and wrong originate in the will of an irresponsible being. It is some time before we see how the inexorable 'Thou shalt and shalt not' are carved into the nature of things. This is the time of danger."

His dark, misty eyes looked into the boy's,

"In the end experience will inevitably teach us that the laws for a wise and noble life have a foundation infinitely deeper than the flat of any being. God or man, even in the groundwork of human nature. She will teach us that whose sheddeth man's blood, though by man his blood be not shed, though no man avenge and no hell await, yet every drop shall blister on his soul and eat in the name of the dead. She will teach that whose takes a love not lawfully his own gathers a flower with a poison on its petals; that whose revenges, strikes with a sword that has two edges-one for his adversary, one for himself; that who lives to himself is dead, though the ground is not yet on him; that who wrongs another clouds his own sun, and that who sins in secret stands accused and condemned before the one judge who deals eternal justice-his own all knowing

"Experience will teach us this, and reason will show us why it must be so, but at first the world swings before our eyes, and no voice cries out: 'This is the way. Walk ye in it! You are happy to be here; boy. When the suspense fills you with pain, you build stone walls and dig earth for relief. Others have stood where you stand today and have felt as you feel, and another relief has been offered them, and they have taken it.

"When the day has come when they have seen the path in which they might walk, they have not the strength to follow it. Habits have fastened on them from which nothing but death can free them; which cling closer than his sacerdotal sanctimony to a priest; which feed on the intellect like a worm, sapping energy, hope, creative power, all that makes a man higher than a beast, leaving only the power to yearn, to regret and to sink lower in

speaker, "you are happy to be here. Stay where you are. If you ever pray, let it be only the one old prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation.' Live on here quietly. The time may yet come when you will be that which other men have hoped to be and never will be now." The stranger rose, shook the dust from his sleeve and, ashamed at his own earnestness, looked across the bushes for his horse.

"We should have been on our way already," he said. "We shall have a long ride in the dark tonight."

Waldo hastened to fetch the animal, but he returned leading it slowly. The sooner it came the sooner would its rider be gone.

The stranger was opening his saddlebag, in which were a bright French novel and an old brown volume. He took the last and held it out to the boy. "It may be of some help to you," he said carelessly. "It was a gospel to me when I first fell on it. You must not expect too much, but it may give you a center round which to hang your ideas instead of letting them lie about in confusion that makes the head ache. We of this generation are not destined to eat and be satisfied as our fathers were. We must be content to go hungry."

He smiled his automaton smile and rebuttoned the bag. Waldo thrust the book into his breast, and while he saddled the horse the stranger made inquiries as to the nature of the road and the distance to the next farm.

When the bags were fixed, Waldo took up his wooden post and began to fasten it on to the saddle, tying it with the little blue cotton handkerchief from his neck. The stranger looked on in silence. When it was done, the boy held the stirrup for him to mount.

"What is your name?" be inquired, ungloving his right hand when he was

The boy replied. "Well, I trust we shall meet again

some day, sooner or later." He shook hands with the ungloved hand, then drew on the glove and touched his horse and rode slowly away. The boy stood to watch him.

Once when the stranger had gone half across the plain he looked back. "Poor devil," he said, smiling and stroking his mustache. Then he looked to see if the little blue handkerchief were still safely knotted. "Poor

He smiled, and then he sighed wear-

ily, very wearily. And Waldo waited till the moving speck had disappeared on the horizon, then he stooped and kissed passionately a hoof mark in the sand. Then he called his young birds together and put his book under his arm and walked home along the stone wall. There was a rare beauty to him in the sunshine that evening.

CHAPTER XVI.

GREGORY ROSE FINDS HIS AFFINITY. The new man, Gregory Rose, sat at the door of his dwelling, his arms folded, his legs crossed and a profound melancholy seeming to rest over his soul. His house was a little square daub and wattle building, far out in the "karroo," two miles from the homestead. It was covered outside with a somber coating of brown mud, two little panes being let into the walls for windows. Behind it were the "Boy," he said, and the listener was "sheep kraals" and to the right a large not more unsmiling now than the dam, now principally containing baked

mud. Far off the little "keple" concealed the homestead and was not it self an object conspicuous enough to relieve the dreary monotony of the

Before the door sat Gregory Rose in his shirt sleeves, on a camp stool, and ever and anon he sighed deeply. There was that in his countenance for which even his depressing circumstances failed to account. Again and again he looked at the little "kopje," at the milk pail at his side and at the brown pony, who a short way off cropped the dry bushes-and sighed.

Presently he rose and went into his house. It was one tiny room, the whitewashed walls profusely covered with prints cut from The Illustrated London News, and in which there was a noticeable preponderance of female faces and figures. A stretcher filled one end of the but and a rack for a gun and a little hanging looking glass diversified the gable opposite, while in the center stood a chair and table. All was scrupulously neat and clean, for Gregory kept a little duster folded in the corner of his table drawer. just as he had seen his mother do, and every morning before he went out he it in an envelope, addressed it and sat dusted the table and the legs of the relieved in mind. chairs, and even the pictures on the wall and the gun rack.

beneath his pillow a watch bag made stead on the brown pony, he could by his sister Jemima and took out the distinguish a little figure in a little red watch. Only half past 4! With a sup- cloak at the door of the cow kraal. pressed group he dropped it back and | Em leaned over the poles that barred sat down beside the table. Half past 4! | the gate and watched the frothing Presently he roused himself. He would milk run through the black fingers of write to his sister Jemima. He always the herdsman, while the unwilling wrote to her when he was miserable. She was his safety valve. He forgot her when he was happy, but he used her when he was wretched.

He took out ink and paper. There was a family crest and motto on the latter, for the Roses since coming to fringe of yellow hair into her eyes. the colony had discovered that they were of distinguished lineage. Old Rose himself, an bonest English farmer, knew nothing of his noble descent, but his wife and daughter knew-especially his daughter. There were Roses in England who kept a park and dated membrance of the ancestral domain, and the claim of the Roses to noble blood was established—in their minds going to rain tonight," said Gregory. at least.

crested sheets, but on deeper reflectinge. as more suitable to the state of his feelings. He began:

Kopje Alone, Monday Afternoon. My Dear Jemima-

Then he looked up into the little glass opposite. It was a youthful face reflected there, with curling brown beard and hair, but in the dark blue eyes there was a look of languid longing that touched him. He redipped his pen and wrote:

When I look up into the little glass that hangs opposite me, I wonder if that changed and sad

Here he sat still and reflected. sounded almost as if he might be conceited or unmanly to be looking at his own face in the glass. No, that would not do. So he looked for another pink sheet and began again.

Kopje Alone, Monday Afternoon. Dear Sister—It is hardly six months since I left you to come to this spot, yet could you now see tne I know what you would say. I know what mother would say, "Can that be our Greg-that thing with the strange look in his eyes?" Yes, Jemima, it is your Greg, and the change

but it is greatest since yesterday. You know how unjustly I was always treated at school, the head, though, as they themselves allowed, I had the best memory of any boy in the school and could repeat whole books from beginning to end. You know how cruelly father always used me, calling me a noodle and a milk sop just because he couldn't understand my fine nature. You know how he has made a farmer of me instead of a minister, as I ought to have been. You know it all, Jemima, and how I have borne it all

But there are things, there is a thing, which Dear sister, have you ever known what it is to keep wanting and wanting and wanting to kim some one's mouth, and you may not; to touch

She is English. I do not know how her to eat or drink. My very tobacco, when I more than five minutes in one place and some times feel as though I were really going mad. Every evening I go there to fetch my milk

Yesterday she gave me some coffee. The spoon fell on the ground. She picked it up. When she gave it me, her finger touched mine. Je-mims, I do not know if I fancied it—I shivered bot, and she shivered too! I thought: "It is all right. She will be mine. She loves me!" Just then, Jemima, in came a fellow, a great, coarse fellow, a German—a ridiculous tellow, with curis right down to his shoulders. It makes one sick look at him. He's only a servent of the Boer woman's and a low, vulgar, unaducated thing that's never been to boarding school in

All last night I heard nothing else but "Hav coffee; have some coffee." If I went to was pressing mine, but when I woke with a start I heard her say: "Good evening, Waldo.

I shall go and kill myself tomorrow. There is a dam of water close by. The sheep have drunk this evening. stone to my seck.

It is a choice between death and man

can endure no more. If this should be the last letter you ever get from me, think of me ten-derly and forgive me. Without her life would be a howling wilderness, a long tribulation. She is my affinity; the one love of my life, of my youth, of my manhood; my sunshine, my God given

"They never loved who dreamed that And who saith, 'I loved once.'

Not angels, whose deep eyes look de realms of light!"

Your disconsolate brother, on what is, in all probability, the last and distracted night of his life, Gazoony Kanassan Ross. P. S.—Tell mother to take care of my pearl stude. I left them in the week hand stand drawer. Don't let the children get hold of them.

P. P. S.—I shall take this letter with me to the farm. If I turn down one corner, you may know and I have been acceptate if sat, you may know it is

Il disappeared. I had been troubled natipation for some time, but after takfirst Cascaret I have had no trouble is allment. We cannot speak too highaccrets." FRED WARTMAN,
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Gregory having finished his letter read it over with much approval, put said his prayers and made his bed and | contemplating the lak pot, somewhat

The evening turned out chilly and very windy after the day's heat. From On this hot afternoon he took from afar off, as Gregory neared the homecows stood with tethered heads by the milking poles. She had thrown the red clock over her own head and held it under her chin with a little hand to keep from her ears the wind that playfully shook it and tossed the little

> "Is it not too cold for you to be standing here?" said Gregory, coming softly close to her.

"Oh, no; it is so nice. I always come to watch the milking. That red cow with the short horns is bringing up the calf of the white cow that died. from the conquest. So the colonial She loves it so, just as if it were her Rose farm became Rose manor in re- own. It is so nice to see her lick its little ears. Just look!" "The clouds are black. I think it is

"Yes," answered Em, looking up as eyes. Gregory took up one of the white, well as she could for the little yellow

> "But I'm sure you must be cold," said Gregory, and he put his hand under the cloak and found there a small fist doubled up, soft and very warm. He held it fast in his hand.

> "Oh, Em, I love you better than all the world besides! Tell me, do you tove me a little?" "Yes, I do," said Em, hesitating

and trying softly to free her hand. "Better than everything; better than all the world, darling?" he asked, bending down so low that the yellow hair was blown into his eyes.

"I don't know," said Em gravely. "I do love you very much, but I love my cousin who is at school and Waldo very much. You see, I have known them so long."

"Oh, Em, do not talk to me so coldly!" Gregory cried, seizing the little arm that rested on the gate and pressing it till she was half afraid. The herdsman had moved away to the other end of the "kraal" now, and the cows, busy with their calves, took no notice of the little human farce. "Em, if you talk so to me I will go mad. You must love me-love me better than all. You must give yourself to me. I have loved you since that first moment when I saw you walking by the stone wall with the jug in your hands. You were made for me, created for me. I will love you till I die. Oh, Em, do not be so cold, so cruel, to me!"

He held her arm so tightly that her fingers relaxed their hold, and the cloak fluttered down on to the ground, and the wind played more roughly than ever with the little yellow head. "I do love you very much," she said,

but I do not know if I want to marry you. I love you better than Waldo, but I can't tell if I love you better than Lyndall. If you would let me wait for a week, I think perhaps I could tell own household linen and wedding gar-Gregory picked up the cloak and

wrapped it round her. "If you could but love me as I love

rou!" he said. "But no woman can love as a man can. I will wait till next Saturday. I will not once come near you till then. Goodby. Oh, Em," he said, turning again and twining his arms about her and kissing her surprised little mouth, "if you are not my wife I cannot live! I have never loved another woman, and I never shall-Dever, never!"

"You make me afraid," said Em. "Come, let us go, and I will fill your "I want no milk. Goodby. You will

not see me again till Saturday." Late that night, when every one else had gone to bed, the yellow baired lit-

tle woman stood alone in the kitchen. She had come to fill the kettle for the next morning's coffee and now stood before the fire. The warm reflection lighted the grave old womanish little face that was so unusually thoughtful

r than all the world: better than everything! He loves me better life and bad got none of it back with CATARRE CUBE. interest. Now one said, "I love you better than all the world!" One loved her better than she loved him. How A. D. 1886. suddenly rich she was! She kept clasping and unclasping her hands. So a beggar feels who falls asleep on the pavement wet and hungry and who Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally wakes in a palace hall with servants and acts directly on the blood and muand lights and a feast before him. Of cous surfaces of the system. Send for course the beggar's is only a dream, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Gregory had said to her, "I will love true. My hands are as short and broad on as long as I live," She said the as a duck's foot, and my forehead is so vords over and over to herself like a low, and I haven't any nose. I can't be

will tell him how I love him back."

But Em needed not to send for him. Gregory discovered on reaching home that Jemima's letter was still in his pocket, and therefore, much as be disliked the appearance of vacillation and weakness, he was obliged to be at the farmhouse before sunrise to post it.

"If I see her," Gregory said, "I shall

only bow to her. She shall see that I am a man, one who keeps his word." As to Jemima's letter, he had turned down one corner of the page and then turned it back, leaving a deep crease. That would show that he was neither accepted nor rejected, but that matters were in an intermediate condition. It was a more poetical way than putting

it in plain words. Gregory was barely in time with his letter, for Waldo was starting when he reached the homestead, and Em was on the doorstep to see him off. When he had given the letter and Waldo had gone, Gregory bowed stiffly and prepared to remount his own pony, but somewhat slowly. It was still early. None of the servants was about. Em came up close to him and put her little hand softly on his arm as he stood by his horse.

"I do love you best of all," she said. She was not frightened now however much he kissed her. "I wish I was beautiful and nice," she added, looking up into his eyes as he held her against his breast.

"My darling, to me you are more beautiful than all the women in the world, dearer to me than everything it bolds. If you were in -, I would go after you to find you there. If you were dead, though my body moved, my soul would be under the ground with you. All life as I pass it with you in my arms will be perfect to me. It will pass-pass like a ray of sun-

Em thought how beautiful and grand his face was as she looked up into it. the other things. She knew so well She raised her hand gently and put it all that was in that drawer, and yet on his forehead. "You are so silent, so cold, my Em!"

he cried. "Have you nothing to say A little shade of wonder filled her

"I will do everything you tell me,"

she said. What else could she say? of love was only service.

"Then, my own precious one, promise never to kiss that fellow again. I cannot bear that you should love any one but me. You must not. I will not have it! If every relative I had in the world were to die tomorrow, I would be quite happy if I still only had you. My darling, my love, why are you so cold? Promise me not to love him any more. If you asked me to do anything for you, I would do it, though it cost my life!"

Em put her hand very gravely round his neck.

"I will never kiss him," she said "and I will try not to love any one else But I do not know if I will be able." "Oh, my darling, I think of you all night, all day. I think of nothing else, love, nothing else," he said, folding his arms about her.

Em was a little conscience stricken. Even that morning she had found time to remember that in six months her cousin would come back from school, and she had thought to remind Waldo of the lozenges for his cough, even when she saw Gregory coming.

"I do not know how it is," she said humbly, nestling to him, "but I cannot love you so much as you love me. Perhaps it is because I am only a woman, but I do love you as much as I can." Now the Kaffir maids were coming

from the huts. He kissed her again, eyes and mouth and hands, and left

Tant' Sannie was well satisfied when told of the betrothment. She herself contemplated marriage within the year with one or other of her numerous "vrijers," and she suggested that the weddings might take place together.

Em set to work busily to prepare her ments. Gregory was with her daily, almost hourly, and the six months which elapsed before Lyndall's return passed, as he felicitously phrased it, "like a summer night, when you are dreaming of some one you love."

Late one evening Gregory sat by his little love, turning the handle of her machine as she drew her work through it and they talked of the changes they would make when the Boer woman was gone and the farm belonged to them alone. There should be a new room here and a kraal there. So they chatted on. Suddenly Gregory dropped the handle and impressed a fervent kiss on the fat hand that guided the

"You are so beautiful, Em," said the lover. "It comes over me in a flood suddenly how I love you."

"Tant' Saunie says when I am her age no one will look at me, and it is

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is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the than everything! He loves me better city of Toledo, county and state afore-than everything!" She said the words said, and that said firm will pay the aloud, as if they were more easy to sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS believe if she spoke them so. She had for each and every case of Catarrh that given out so much love in her little canno' b cured by the use of HALL's

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and he wakes from it, and this was 12 Sold by Druggists, Too:
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pretty." She laughed softly. It was so nice to think he should be so blind.

"When my cousin comes tomorrow, you will see a beautiful woman, Gregory," she added presently. "She is like a little queen; her shoulders are so upright, and her head looks as though it ought to have a little crown upon it. You must come to see her tomorrow as soon as she comes. I am sure you will love her.."

"Of course I shall come to see her. since she is your cousin, but do you think I could ever think any woman as lovely as I think you?"

He fixed his seething eyes upon her. "You could not help seeing that she is prettier," said Em, slipping her right hand into his, "but you will never be able to like any one so much as you

Afterward, when she wished her lover good night, she stood upon the doorstep to call a greeting after him, and she waited, as she always did, till the brown pony's hoofs became inaudible behind the "kopje."

Then she passed through the room where Tant' Sannie lay snoring, and through the little room that was draped in white, waiting for her cousin's return, on to her own room.

She went to the chest of drawers to put away the work she had finished and sat down on the floor before the lowest drawer. In it were the things she was preparing for her marriage. Piles of white linen and some aprons and quilts, and in the little box in the corner a spray of orange blossom which she had brought from a smouse. There, too, was a ring Gregory had given her and a veil his sister had sent, and there was a little roll of fine embroidered work which Trana had given her. It was too fine and good even for Gregory's wife-just right for something very small and soft. She would keep it. And she touched it gently with her forefinger, smiling, and then she blushed and hid it far behind she turned them all over as though she saw them for the first time and packed them all out and packed them all in without one fold or crimple and then sat down and looked at them.

Tomorrow evening when Lyndall came she would bring ber here and show her all. Lyndall would so like to see it-the little wreath and the ring and the white veil! It would be so nice. Then Em fell to seeing pictures. Lyndall should live with them till she herself got married some day.

Every day when Gregory came home, tired from his work, he would look about and say: "Where is my wife? Has no one seen my wife? Wife, some coffee!" and she would give him some. Em's little face grew very grave at last, and she knelt up and extended her hands over the drawer of linen.

"Oh, God!" she said, "I am so glad! I do not know what I have done that I should be so glad. Thank you!"

[Continued next week.]

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non, Ind.

ferent medicines, and finally began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The first box of pills helped me some, and I took some more. The second box began to produce the desired result, and before I had finished the fourth box I was at last a