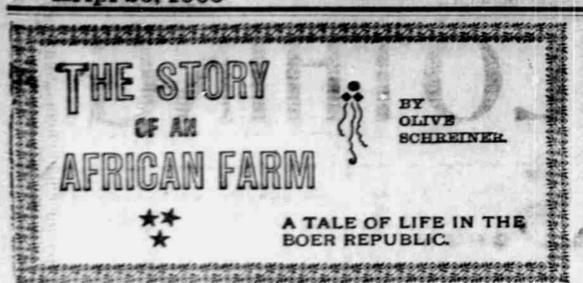
OTHER ROLLS



(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XXVIL WALDO GOES OUT TO SIT IN THE SUN-SHINE.

It had been a princely day. The long morning had melted slowly into a rich afternoon. Rains had covered the "karroo" with a heavy coat of green that hid the red earth everywhere. In the very chinks of the stone walls dark green leaves hung out, and beauty and growth had crept even into the beds of the sandy furrows and lined them with woeds. On the broken sod walls of Withe old pigsty chickweeds flourished, and ice plants lifted their transparent leaves. Waldo was at work in the wagon house again. He was making a kitchen table for Em. As the long curis gathered in heaps before his plane he paused for an instant new and again to throw one down to a small naked nigger who had crept from its mother, who stood churning in the sunshine, and had crawled into the wagon house. From time to time the little animal lifted its fat hand as it expected a fresh shower of curls till Doss, fealous of his master's noticing any other small creature but bimself, would eatch the curl in his mouth and roll the little Kathr over in the sawdust, much to that small animal's content-

A different life showed itself in front of the house, where Tant' Sannie's cart stood ready "inspanned," and the Boer woman berself sat in the front room firinking coffee. She had come to visit her stepdaughter, probably for the last time, as she now weighed 260 pounds and was not easily able to move. On a chair sat her mild young husband nursing the buby, a pudding letter she had ever written to him. faced, weak eyed child.

went out with the buby.

like it, my child, nothing,"

him. What! Does she think the Lord do we hear of Moses or Noah riding in were taken out." took all that trouble in making her for a railway? The Lord sent fire carnothing? It's evident he wants babies. riages out of heaven in those days. Otherwise why does he send them? ly, "but I've done my best."

come on my milk clothes I don't think of laying a finger on him. There's nothing like being married," said Tant' Sannie as she puffed toward the door. "If a woman's got a baby and a husband, she's got the best things the Lord can give her, if only the baby doesn't have convulsions. As for a husband, it's very much the same who one has. Some men are fat, and some men are thin, some men drink brandy, and some men drink gin, but it all comes to the same thing in the end; it's all one. A man's a man, you know."

Here they came upon Gregory, who was sitting in the shade before the house. Tant' Sannie shook hands with sary, she labored toward the cart.

"I'm glad you're going to get married." she said. "I hope you'll have as many children in five years as a cow has calves, and more too. I think I'll just go and have a look at your soap Em. "Not that I believe in this new into soap, what would be have made milk bushes for and stuck them all over the 'veld' as thick as lambs in the lambing season?"

rection of the built in soap pot, leaving Gregory as they found him, with his dead pipe lying on the bench beside him and his blue eyes gazing out far across the flat, like one who sits on the seashore watching that which is fadlug, fading from him. Against his breast was a letter found in a desk adbag round his neck. It was the only year or two."

"I'm glad you are going to be mar- may have my sins, but I do remember want it, little one." ried, my child," said Tant' Sannie as the Tenth Commandment, 'Honor thy

"Yes," said Tant' Sannie; "I had al-She rose with some difficulty from and I. Close in front of us was old her chair and began moving slowly to Taut' Trans, with dropsy and cancer and can't live eight months. Walking "It's a strange thing," she said, "but by her was something with its hands you can't love a man till you've had a under its coattails, flap, flap, flap, and taby by him. Now, there's that boy its chin in the air, and a stick up coliar, there. When we were first married, if and the black hat on the very back he only sneezed in the night I boxed of the head. I knew him! 'Who's his ears. Now if he lets his pipe ash that? I asked. 'The rich Englishman but he kissed her forehead gravely. that Tant' Trana married last week."

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much weakened, was unable much of the time to

do my own work, and suffered beyond my power

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now rugged and strong. I have not been bothered with

my troubles since I began taking the pills.

'Rich Englishman! I'll rich Englishman him,' I said. 'I'll tell Tant' Trana a thing or two.' My fingers were just in his little white curls. If it hadn't been the blessed sacrament, he would not have walked so 'sourka, sourka, sourka,' any more. But I thought wait till I've had it, and then- But he, sly fox, son of satan, seed of the Amalekite, he saw me looking at him in the church. The blessed sacrament wasn't half over when he takes Tant' Trana by the arm, and out they go. I clap my baby down to its father, and I go after them. But," said Tant' Sannie regretfully, "I couldn't get up to them. I am toe fat. When I got to the corner, he was pulling Tant' Trana up into the cart. 'Tant' Trana,' I said, 'you've married a Kaffir's dog, a Hottentot's brakje.' I hadn't any more breath. He winked at me-he winked at me," said Tant' Sannie, her sides shaking with indignation, "first with one eye and then with the other, and then drove away. Child of the Amalekite." said Tant' Sannie, "if it hadn't been the blessed sacrament! Lord,

Here the little Bush girl came running to say that the horses would stand no longer, and, still breathing out vengeance against her old adver-Shaking hands and affectionately kissing Em, she was with some difficulty drawn up. Then slowly the cart rolled She waddled off after Em in the di- the end of Waldo's table and sat there. days. Well to die then! swinging one little foot slowly to and fro, while the wooden curls from the

her black print dress. wagon and oxen, and I have £50 besides that once belonged to some one. dressed to himself, but never posted. I know what they would have liked small learning and no prospect in the covered the glass softly at his side. It held only four words, "You must to have done with it. You must take future but that of making endless ta- "He will wake soon," she said, "and be marry Em." He wore it in a black it and go to some place and study for a | bles and stone walls, yet it seemed to | glad of it."

"You see if the sheep don't have the said as he planed slowly away. "The hands in the sunshine. Ah, to live on "You take it and get into the cart scab this year!" said Tant Sannie as time was when I would have been so, year after year, how well! Always with it," said Tant' Sannie. "What do she waddled after Em. "It's with all very grateful to any one who would in the present, letting each day glide, you want here, listening to our wom- these new inventions that the wrath of have given me a little money, a little God must fall on us. What were the help, a little power of gaining knowl- beauty, the gradual lighting up of the The young man arose and meekly children of Israel punished for if it edge. But now I have gone so far hills, night and the stars, firelight and wasn't for making a golden calf? I alone I may go on to the end. I don't the coals! To live on so, calmly, far

Kaffir maid had finished churning and was carrying the butter toward the Not that I've done much in that way most forgotten to tell you. By the Lord house. Then Em prepared to slip off a little dancing shoe of his friend who myself," said Tant' Sannie sorrowful- if I had him here! We were walking the table, but first she laid her little to church last sacrament Sunday, Piet hand on Waldo's. He stopped his planing and looked up.

> "Gregory is going to the town tomorrow. He is going to give in our tionless that the chickens thought be banns to the minister. We are going be married in three weeks."

Waldo lifted her very gently from the table. He did not congratulate ber. Perhaps he thought of the empty box,

She walked away toward the house, but stopped when she had got balf way. "I will bring you a glass of buttermilk when it is cool," she called out, and soon her clear voice came ringing out through the back windows as she sang the "Blue Water" to herself and washed the butter.

Waldo did not wait till she returned. Perhaps he had at last really grown weary of work; perhaps he felt the wagon house chilly (for he had shuddered two or three times), though that was hardly likely in that warm summer weather, or perhaps, and most probably, one of his old dreaming fits had come upon him suddenly. He put his tools carefully together, ready for tomorrow, and walked slowly out. At the side of the wagon house there was a world of bright sunshine, and a hen with her chickens was scratching among the gravel. Waldo seated himself near them with his back against the red brick wall. The long afternoon was half spent, and the "kopje" was just beginning to cast its shadow over the round headed yellow flowers that grew between it and the farmhouse. Among the flowers the white butterflies hovered, and on the old kraal mounds three white kids gamboled, and at the door of one of the huts an old gray headed Kaffir woman sat on the ground mending her mats. A balmy, restful peacefulness seemed to reign everywhere. Even the old hen seemed well satisfied. She scratched among the stones and called to her chickens when she found a treasure By all odds. Two daily through express and all the while clucked to herself trains. One leaves at night and the with intense inward satisfaction. Waldo as he sat with his knees drawn up to his chin and his arms folded on them his chin and his arms folded on them looked at it all and smiled. An evil world, a deceitful, treacherous, miragelike world, it might be, but a lovely world for all that, and to sit there gloating in the sunlight was perfect.

tisement of the Independent machine on man's soul can see Nature. So long as finish, warranted ten years.

feel the throb of her life.

down broken, without one human crea- ing, craving, those tiny sparks of ture to whom you cling, with your brother life, what were they, so real hope, then, oh, with a beneficent ten- but not one of the little creatures came derness, Nature infolds you.

they flutter down softly, one by one, and began muttering to himself after whisper soothingly, "Rest, poor heart, his old fashion. Afterward he folded rest!" It is as though our mother his arms upon his knees and rested his smoothed our hair, and we are comfort- forehead on them. And so he sat

Well to die then, for, if you live, so ing, muttering, muttering, to himself. away, the good Boer woman putting the spring succeeds the winter, so sure- came out at the back door with a towel her head out between the sails to smile | ly will passions arise. They will creep thrown across her head and in her and nod. Em stood watching it for a back, one by one, into the bosom that hand a cup of milk. time. Then as the sun dazzled her has cast them forth and fasten there "Ah," she said, coming close to him, eyes she turned away. There was no again, and peace will go. Desire, am- "he is sleeping now! He will find it plan of putting sods in the pot. If the use in going to sit with Gregory. He bition and the fierce agonizing flood when he wakes and be glad of it." dear Father had meant sods to be put liked best sitting there alone, staring of love for the living-they will spring She put it down upon the ground beacross the green "karroo," and till the again. Then Nature will draw down side him. The mother hen was at maid had done churning there was her veil. With all your longing you work still among the stones, but the nothing to do, so Em walked away to shall not be able to raise one corner. chickens had climbed about him and the wagon house and climbed on to You cannot bring back those peaceful were perching on him. One stood upon

> Sitting there with his arms folded plane heaped themselves up against on his knees and his hat slouched down over his face, Waldo looked out low stood upon his hand and tried to "Waldo," she said at last, "Gregory into the yellow sunshine that tinted crow. Another had nestled itself down has given me the money he got for the even the very air with the color of ripe comfortably on the old coat sleeve and corn and was happy. He was an uncouth creature, with

him as he sat there that life was a rare "No, little one, I will not take it," he and very rich thing. He rubbed his bringing its own labor and its own from the paths of men, and to look at "Why is it always so, Waldo-always | the lives of clouds and insects, to look she drained the last drop from her father and thy mother, that it may be so?" she said. "We long for things and deep into the heart of flowers and see coffee cup. "I wouldn't say so while well with thee, and that thou mayst long for them and pray for them, we how lovingly the pistil and the stathat boy was here. It would make live long in the land which the Lord thy would give all we have to come near to mens nestle there together, and to see him too conceited. But marriage is God giveth thee.' It's all very well to them, but we never reach them. Then in the thorn pods how the little seeds the finest thing in the world. I've say we honor them and then to be find- at last, too fate, just when 'we don't suck their life through the delicate been at it three times, and if it pleased ing out things that they never knew want them any more, when all the curled up string and how the little God to take this bushand from me I and doing things in a way that they sweetness is taken out of them, then embryo sleeps inside! Well, how well, should have snother. There's nothing never did them. My mother boiled they come. We don't want them then," to sit so on one side, taking no part in soap with bushes, and I will boil soap she said, folding her hands resignedly the world's life, but when great men "Perhaps it might not suit all peo- with bushes. If the wrath of God is to on her little apron. After awhile she blossom into books looking into those ple at all times as well as it suits you, fall upon this land," said Tant' Sannie, added: "I remember once, very long flowers also, to see how the world Tant' Sannie," said Em. There was a with the serenity of conscious virtue, ago, when I was a very little girl, my of men, too, opens beautifully, leaf aftlittle shade of weariness in the voice. "it shall not be through me. Let them mother had a workbox full of colored er leaf! Ah, life is delicious! Well to "Not suit every one," said Tant San- make their steam wagons and their reels. I always wanted to play with live long and see the darkness breaknie. "If the beloved Redeemer didn't fire carriages; let them go on as though them, but she would never let me. At ing and the day coming, the day when mean men to have wives, what did he the dear Lord didn't know what he last one day she said I might take the soul shall not thrust back soul that make women for? That's what I say. was about when he gave horses and box. I was so glad I hardly knew what | would come to it, when men shall not If a woman's old enough to marry and onen legs. The destruction of the Lord to do. I ran round the house and sat be driven to seek solitude because of doesn't, she's sinning against the Lord. will follow them. I don't know how down with it on the back steps, but the crying out of their hearts for love It's a wanting to know better than such people read their Bibles. When I opened the box all the cottons and sympathy! Well to live long and see the new time breaking! Well to She sat for awhile longer till the live long! Life is sweet, sweet, sweet!

In his breast pocket, where of old the broken slate used to be, there was now was sleeping. He could feel it when he folded his arm tight against his breast, and that was well also. He drew his hat lower over his eyes and sat so mo-

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Do you need a sewing machine? If

any passion holds its revel there, the was asleep and gathered closer around eyes are holden that should not see her. him. One even ventured to peck at his Go out, if you will, and walk alone on | boot, but it ran away quickly. Tiny, the hillside in the evening, but if your | yellow fellow that it was, it knew favorite child lies ill at home, or your that men were dangerous. Even sleeplover comes tomorrow, or at your heart | ing they might awake. But Waldo did there lies a scheme for the holding of not sleep and, coming back from his wealth, then you will return as you sunshiny dream, stretched out his hand went out-you will have seen nothing- for the tiny thing to mount. But the for Nature, ever, like the old Hebrew chicken eyed the hand askance and God, cries out, "Thou shalt have no then ran off to hide under its mother's other gods before me." Only then, wing, and from beneath it it somewhen the old idol is broken, when the times put out its round head to peep at old hope is dead, when the old desire is | the great figure sitting there. Presently crushed, then the Divine compensation its brothers ran off after a little white of Nature is made manifest. She shows | moth, and it ran out to join them, and herself to you. So near she draws you when the moth fluttered away over that the blood seems to flow from her their heads they stood looking up, disto you through a still uncut cord. You appointed, and then ran back to their mother. Waldo through his half closed When that day comes that you sit eyes looked at them. Thinking, fearloves the dead and the living dead; there in that old yard on that sunwhen the very thirst for knowledge shiny afternoon? A few years-where through long continued thwarting has would they be? Strange little brother grown dull; when in the present there spirits! He stretched his hand toward is no craving and in the future no them, for his heart went out to them, nearer him, and he watched them Then the large white snowflakes as gravely for a time. Then he smiled there in the yellow sunshine, mutter-

surely as the years come, so surely as It was not very long after when Em

his shoulder and rubbed its little head softly against his black curls. Auother tried to balance itself on the very edge of the old felt hat. One tiny felgone to sleep there.

Em did not drive them away, but she

But the chickens were wiser. THE END.

FISH THAT FISHES.

He Lies on the Bottom of the Sen, Waiting Motionless for the Approach of His Prey.

Most remarkable of strange fishes is the angler fish, whose very name seems a paradox. The fishing fish is nevertheless a reality, and a stern one to all that approach those awful jaws of his. With a body the color of mud he generally lies in the shadow of some rock on the bottom of the sea, waiting motionless for the approach of his prey. He is provided with an odd kind of fin just over the mouth, and this is held out in front of him to give warning of the coming of something to be swallowed. One taken alive was closed convulsively. This shows that the fin by some provision of nature closes the jaws as soon as it is touched. The mouth is tremendous, growing to the width of a foot when the whole fish is only three feet long. One of these anglers was caught not long since and though it was only 25 inches long, a fish 15 inches long was angler is provided with peculiar teeth set in double or treble rows along the jaws, and at the entrance of the throat. Some of these teeth are a foot long. He is not a pretty fish to look at, but he attends strictly to business and will swallow anything that touches his warning fin, whether it is meant for food or not. All kinds of things have been found in the stomachs of anglers, from bits of lead and stone to fish almost as large as the angler itself. This is without SULPHO-SALINE BATH doubt one of the most peculiar and interesting fish in the whole ocean .- St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

INSECT CALCULATOR.

He Is Found in New Caledonia and Can Count Correctly Up to the Number Six.

There is a little insect found in New Caledonia called the "insect which counts," and which seems capable of counting to at least six. It is found on the leaves of the banana tree, and when the moment is favorable it may be seen to turn around, with its head as a center, in describing rapid circles. At first it executes six of them. nor one more nor one less, then it reverses the movement and makes the same number in an opposite direction. It stops a moment and begins again, but only makes five this time, always alternately in opposite directions. Auother stop, then double rotation in alternative ways, the turns this time only being four, and so on, diminishing constantly in such a way as successively three, then two and at last one single turn.

After these gymnastic exercises, which are at the same time mathematical, the insect remains absolutely motionless until its agitation again takes possession of it and it gives itself up to its complicated calculations with an exactitude which many people might

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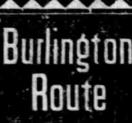
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