THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. xxxvii — BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1900 — No.16

BICKEL'S BARGAINS

Have you seen the pretty styles in fine footwear at Bickel's.

Our spring stock is all in and is extremly large.

Grandest display of fine footwear ever shown.

SOROSIS SHOES and Oxfords in all the new and pretty styles for spring. Many styles to select from. Misses' and Children's shoes and Oxfords in fine Dongola, Tan and Patent Leather.

See our line of Men's and Boy's fine shoes in Patent Leather, Vici Kid and the different shades of Russett.

Also a complete stock of Gents' fine Oxfords in the different leathers—all sizes and widths

The styles are the latest and the prices are the lowest.

SELLING GOODS REGARDLESS OF COST.

Ladies' fine Dongola shoes $1.50 values at **$1.00**.

Men's fine Calf shoes, leather lined, $1.50 values at **$1.00.**

Men's fine Tan shoes, spring styles, $2.00 values at **$1.25.**

Boys' fine Box Calf, extension sole shoes, $1.50 values at **$1.00.**

Men's Heavy Sole, lace working shoes, $1.35 values at **90c.**

Girl's fine Dress shoes, patent tipped, $1.00 values at **50c.**

Men's High-cut, heavy sole, box toe shoes, $2 values at **$1.25.**

Ladies' fine Slippers, satin, velvet and leather, all sizes, $1.00 values at **35c.**

Ladies' fine Jersey over-gaiters, 50c values at **15c.**

Sample Counters Filled With Interesting Bargains

JOHN BICKEL,

128 SOUTH MAIN STREET, - - BUTLER, PA

HUSELTON'S

Spring Footwear

The Very Finest Shoes Ever Shown in Butler for Men, Women and Children.

Every New Idea
That has merit in it as to style, comfort and service in footwear develops in this store.

Women's Shoes
made especially to our order; dainty in appearance, of substantial service and full of style as to shape of heel and toe, $2, $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50 in Tan, kid and Russia calf, black kid skin and patent leather.

Our Girls Shoes
in tan and black, lace or button kid shoes, sizes 11½ to 2, at 75c, $1, $1.25 and $1.50; 8½ to 11, at 50c, 75, $1 and $1.25; 6 to 8 at 40c, 50c, 75c and $1.

Shoes for Boys,
Including patent leather, vici kid, tan and Russia calf, sizes 2½ to 5½, at 90c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00.

Women's Fine Shoes,
Lace or button at 85c, $1, $1.25 and $1.50—up to the minute in style.

Business Shoes.
Stylish footwear for business men; tan box and Russia calf, fine vici kids, velour calf, patent calf that have ease and comfort as well as wear in them at $2, $2.50, $3 and $3.50.

Men's Patent Leather.
Full dress affairs at $2.50, $3.50, $4 and $5, that you must have to be well dressed; shoes that go into the very best society and feel at home there.

Men's Working Shoes
in oil grain and heavy veal, two sole and tap bellus tongue, at $1, $1.25 and $1.50; Box toe at $1.50, $2 and $2.50; in fine satins for dress at $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50.

We are sole agents for the famous "Queen Quality" Shoes for Women, of this city,

B. C. HUSELTON'S,

Butler's Leading Shoe House. Opposite Hotel Lwry.

Spring STYLES

Men don't buy clothing for the purpose or spending money. They desire to get the best possible results for the money expended. Not cheap goods but goods as cheap as they can be sold for and made up properly. If you want the correct thing at the correct price, call and examine our large stock of SPRING WEIGHTS—LATEST STYLES, SHADES AND COLORS.

Fits and Workmanship Guaranteed.

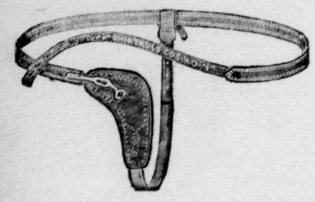
G F. KECK,

42 North Main Street, Butler, Pa

Out of Style. Out of the World!

Our garments have a style that is easily distinguished from the ordinary. They are the result of careful study and practical application of the ideas gathered by frequent visits to the fashion centres, and by personal contact with the leading tailors and fashion authorities of the county. They are made in our own workshop by the highest paid journeymen tailors in Butler, yet it is possible to (and we do) give our patrons these first-class clothes at the price you would pay for the other sort. We believe we have given good reasons why our tailoring is the best and cheapest and would be grateful for the opportunity to show you our handsome spring stock and give you prices to prove them.

Aland, MAKER OF MEN'S Clothes.



FITTING TRUSSES

Is not guess work. We are not satisfied simply to sell a truss that approximates the size of the customer, for we want the truss we sell to do the work they are expected to do and to be comfortable at the same time. Sometimes a little intelligent bending of the truss band is needed. We do it, and we promptly order special sizes if necessary.

REDICK & GROHMAN'S,

109 N. Main St., PRESCRIPTION DRUGGISTS, Butler, Pa

Thousands are Trying It.

In order to prove the great merit of Ely's Cream Balm, the most effective cure for Catarrh and Cold in Head, we have prepared a generous trial size for 10 cents. Get it of your druggist or send 10 cents to

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

I suffered from catarrh of the worst kind ever since a boy, and I never hoped for cure, but Ely's Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Oscar Ostrum, 45 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no cocaine, mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents. At druggists or by mail.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURG RY. The new trunk line between Pittsburg, Butler, Bradford, Rochester and Buffalo.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, passenger trains will leave Butler, P. & W. Station as follows, Eastern Standard Time:

10:12 a.m. Vestibuled Limited, daily, for Dayton, Punxsutawney, DuBois, Ridgway, Bradford, Buffalo and Rochester.

5:22 p.m. Accommodation, week days only, Craigsville, Dayton, Punxsutawney, DuBois, Falls Creek, Curwensville, Clearfield and intermediate stations

6:45 a.m. Week days only; mixed train for Craigsville, Dayton, Punxsutawney and intermediate points. This train leaves Punxsutawney at 1:00 p.m. arriving at Butler at 5:45 p.m., stopping at all intermediate stations

Thousand mile tickets good for passage between all stations on the B. R. & P. Ry and N. Y. C. R. R. (Penn'a. division) at 2 cents per mile.

For tickets, time tables and further information call on or address,

W. R. TURNER, Agt. Butler, Pa., or
EDWARD C. LAPEY, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Rochester, N. Y.

P., Bessemer & L E.

Trains depart: No 14, at 9:15 A. M; No. 2, at 4:50 P. M. Butler time.

Trains arrive: No. 1, 9:50 A. M; No. 11, 2:55 P. M. Butler time.

No. 14 runs through to Erie and connects with W. N. Y. & P. at Huston Junction for Franklin and Oil City, and with Erie Railroad at Shenango for all points east. No. 2 runs through to Greenville and connects with W. N. Y. & P. for Franklin and Oil City, and at Shenango with Erie R. R. for points east and west.

W. R. TURNER, Ticket Agent.

PITTSBURG & WESTERN Railway. Schedule of Passenger Trains in effect Nov. 19, 1899. BUTLER TIME.

	Depart.	Arrive.
Allegheny Accommodation	6 25 A.M	9 07 A.M
Allegheny Express	8 05 "	9 30 "
New Castle Accommodation	8 05 "	9 07 "
Akron Mail	8 05 A.M	7 03 P.M
Allegheny Fast Express	9 58 "	12 18 "
Allegheny Express	3 00 P.M	4 45 pm
Chicago Express	3 40 pm	12 18 am
Allegheny Mail	5 50 "	7 45 pm
Allegheny and New Castle Accom	5 55 "	7 03 "
Chicago Limited	5 50 "	9 07 A.M
Kane and Bradford Mail	9:55 A.M	2 50 P.M
Clarion Accommodation	4 55 P.M	9 40 A.M
Cleveland and Chicago Express	6 25 am	
SUNDAY TRAINS.		
Allegheny Express	8 05 A.M	9 30 A.M
Allegheny Accommodation	5 50 P.M	5 03 P.M
New Castle Accommodation	8 05 A.M	7 03 "
Chicago Express	3 40 P.M	5 03 "
Allegheny Accommodation		7 03 pm

Train arriving at 5.03 p.m. leaves B. & O. depot Pittsburg at 3.25 p.m and P. & W., Allegheny at 3.35 p. m.

On Saturdays a train, known as the theatre train, will leave Butler at 5.50 p. m., arriving at Allegheny at 7.20; returning leave Allegheny at 11.30 p. m.

Pullman sleeping cars on Chicago Express between Pittsburg and Chicago.

For through tickets to all points in the west, northwest or southwest and information regarding routes, time of trains, etc. apply to

W. R. TURNER, Ticket Agent, Butler, Pa.
R. B. REYNOLDS, Sup't, N. D., Butler, Pa.
C. W. BASSETT, G. P. A., Allegheny, Pa
H O DUNKLE, Sup't. W. & L. Div., Allegheny Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DIVISION.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT NOV. 20, 1899.

SOUTH.

	WEEK DAYS						
	A. M	A. M	A. M	A. M	P. M	P. M	
BUTLER.....Leave	6 25	8 05	10 50	2 35	4 35	5 05	
Saxonburg.....Arrive	6 54	8 35	11 15	3 00	5 28		
Butler Junction.....“	7 27	8 53	11 40	3 25	5 53		
Butler Junction...Leave	7 31	8 53	11 52	3 25	5 54		
Natrona.....Arrive	7 40	9 01	12 01	3 34	6 02		
Tarentum.....	7 44	9 07	12 08	3 42	6 07		
Springdale.....	7 52	9 16	12 19	3 52	.....		
Claremont.....		9 30	12 38	4 06	.....		
Sharpsburg.....	8 11	9 36	12 48	4 12	6 32		
Allegheny.....	8 24	9 48	1 02	4 25	6 45		
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.		

SUNDAY TRAINS.—Leave Butler for Allegheny City and principal intermediate stations at 7.30 a. m., and 5:00 p. m.

NORTH.

	WEEK DAYS						
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M		
Allegheny City...leave	7 00	8 55	10 45	3 10	6 10		
Sharpsburg.....	7 12	9 07	10 57	.....	.....		
Claremont.....	.....	.....	11 04	.....	.....		
Springdale.....	.....	.....	11 18	.....	6 37		
Tarentum.....	7 37	9 34	11 28	3 46	6 46		
Natrona.....	7 41	9 38	11 34	3 50	6 51		
Butler Junction...arrive	7 48	9 47	11 43	3 58	7 00		
Butler Junction...leave	7 48	9 47	12 18	4 06	7 00		
Saxonburg.....	8 15	10 09	12 41	4 35	7 24		
BUTLER.....arrive	8 46	10 32	1 10	5 05	7 50		
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M		

SUNDAY TRAINS.—Leave Allegheny City for Butler and principal intermediate stations at 7.15 a. m. and 9:30 p. m.

FOR THE EAST.

	Weeks Days.					Sundays	
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M		
BUTLER.....lv	6 25	10 50	2 35	7 30	5 00		
Butler J'ct.....ar	7 27	11 40	3 25	8 20	5 50		
Butler J'ct.....lv	7 48	11 43	3 58	8 21	8 05		
Freeport.....ar	7 51	11 46	4 02	8 25	8 07		
Kiskiminetas J't.....“	7 55	11 50	4 07	8 29	8 11		
Leechburg.....“	8 07	12 02	4 19	8 41	8 23		
Pavilion (Apollo).....“	8 20	12 22	4 40	8 58	8 42		
Saltsburg.....“	8 51	12 49	5 08	9 23	9 09		
Blairsville.....“	9 22	1 20	5 41	9 52	9 40		
Blairsville Int.....“	9 50	1 35	5 50	10 00	.....		
Altoona.....“	11 35	5 45	8 50	5 45	.....		
Harrisburg.....“	3 10	10 00	1 00	10 00	.....		
Philadelphia.....“	6 23	4 25	4 25	4 25	.....		
	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.		

Through trains for the east leave Pittsburg (Union Station), as follows:—

Atlantic Express,	daily	2.50 A.M
Pennsylvania Limited	“	7.15 “
Day Express,	“	7.50 “
Main Line Express,	“	8.00 “
Harrisburg Mail,	“	12.45 P.M
Philadelphia Express,	“	4.50 “
Mail and Express daily.	For New York only.	
Through buffet sleeper;	no coaches	7.00 “
Eastern Express,	“	7.10 “
Fast Line,	“	8.50 “

Pittsburg Limited, daily, with through coaches to New York, and sleeping cars to New York, Baltimore and Washington only. No extra fare on this train. 10.00 “
Philad'a Mail, Sundays only 8.40 A.M

For Atlantic City (via Delaware River Bridge, all-rail route), 8.00 A.M, and 8.50 P.M, daily.

For detailed information, address Thos. E. Watt, Pass. Agt. Western District, Corner Fifth Avenue and Smithfield Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

J. B. HUTCHISON, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'r. Agent.

Practical Horse Shoers

W .L ROBINSON,

Formerly Horse Shoer at the Wick House has opened business in a shop in the rear of the Arlington Hotel, where he will do Horse-Shoeing in the most approved style.

TRACK AND ROAD HOSRES A SPECIALTY.

West Winfield Hotel,

W.G. LUSK, Prop'r.

First Class Table and Lodgings.
Gas and Spring Water all through house.
GoodStabling.

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM

BY OLIVE SCHREINER.

A TALE OF LIFE IN THE BOER REPUBLIC.

CHAPTER IX.

HE SEES A GHOST.

Bonaparte stood on the ash heap. He espied across the plain a moving speck, and he chucked his coattails up and down in expectancy of a scene.

The wagon came on slowly. Waldo lay curled among the sacks at the back of the wagon, the hand in his breast resting on the sheep shearing machine. It was finished now. The right thought had struck him the day before as he sat, half asleep, watching the water go over the mill wheel. He muttered to himself, with half closed eyes:

"Tomorrow smooth the cogs, tighten the screws a little, show it to them." Then after a pause, "Over the whole world, the whole world—mine, that I have made!" He pressed the little wheels and pulleys in his pocket till they cracked. Presently his muttering became louder, "And £50—a black hat for my dadda, for Lyndall a blue silk, very light, and one purple, like the earth bells, and white shoes." He muttered on: "A box full, full of books. They shall tell me all, all, all," he added, moving his fingers desiringly—"why the crystals grow in such beautiful shapes, why lightning runs to the iron, why black people are black, why the sunlight makes things warm. I shall read, read, read," he muttered slowly. Then came over him suddenly what he called "the presence of God," a sense of a good, strong something folding him round. He smiled through his half shut eyes. "Ah, Father, my own Father, it is so sweet to feel you, like the warm sunshine! The Bibles and books cannot tell of you and all I feel you. They are mixed with men's words, but you"—

His muttering sank into inaudible confusion till, opening his eyes wide, it struck him that the brown plain he looked at was the old home farm. For half an hour they had been riding in it, and he had not known it. He roused the leader, who sat nodding on the front of the wagon in the early morning sunlight. They were within half a mile of the homestead. It seemed to him that he had been gone from them all a year. He fancied he could see Lyndall standing on the brick wall to watch for him, his father, passing from one house to the other, stopping to look.

He called aloud to the oxen. For each one at home he had brought something—for his father a piece of tobacco, bought at the shop by the mill; for Em a thimble, for Lyndall a beautiful flower dug out by the roots at a place where they had "outspanned," for Tant' Sannie a handkerchief. When they drew near the house, he threw the whip to the Kaffir leader and sprang from the side of the wagon to run on. Bonaparte stopped him as he ran past the ash heap.

"Good morning, my dear boy. Where are you running to so fast with your rosy cheeks?"

The boy looked up at him, glad even to see Bonaparte.

"I am going to the cabin," he said, out of breath.

"You won't find them in just now—not your good old father," said Bonaparte.

"Where is he?" asked the lad.

"There, beyond the camps," said Bonaparte, waving his hand oratorically toward the stone walled ostrich camps.

"What is he doing there?" asked the boy.

Bonaparte patted him on the cheek kindly.

"We could not keep him any more. It was too hot. We've buried him, my boy," said Bonaparte, touching with his finger the boy's cheek. "We couldn't keep him any more. He, he, he!" laughed Bonaparte as the boy fled away along the low stone wall, almost furtively, as one in fear.

* * * * * * *

At 5 o'clock Bonaparte knelt before a box in the German's room. He was busily unpacking it.

It had been agreed upon between Tant' Sannie and himself that now the German was gone he (Bonaparte) was to be no longer schoolmaster, but overseer of the farm. In return for his past scholastic labors he had expressed himself willing to take possession of the dead man's goods and room. Tant' Sannie hardly liked the arrangement. She had a great deal more respect for the German dead than the German living and would rather his goods had been allowed to descend peacefully to his son, for she was a firm believer in the chinks in the world above, where not only ears but eyes might be applied to see how things went on in this world below. She never felt sure how far the spirit world might overlap this world of sense and, as a rule, prudently abstained from doing anything which might offend unseen auditors. For this reason she abstained from ill using the dead Englishman's daughter and niece, and for this reason she would rather the boy had had his father's goods. But it was hard to refuse Bonaparte anything when she and he sat so happily together in the evening drinking coffee, Bonaparte telling her in the broken Dutch he was fast learning how he adored fat women and what a splendid farmer he was.

So at 5 o'clock on this afternoon Bonaparte knelt in the German's room.

"Somewhere here it is," he said as he packed the old clothes carefully out of the box and, finding nothing, packed them in again. "Somewhere in this room it is, and if it's here Bonaparte finds it," he repeated. "You didn't stay here all these years without making a little pile somewhere, my lamb. You weren't such a fool as you looked. Oh, no!" said Bonaparte.

He now walked about the room, diving his fingers in everywhere, sticking them into the great crevices in the wall and frightening out the spiders, rapping them against the old plaster till it cracked and fell in pieces, peering up the chimney till the soot dropped on his bald head and blackened it. He felt in little blue bags; he tried to raise the hearthstone; he shook each book till the old leaves fell down in showers on the floor.

It was getting dark, and Bonaparte stood with his finger on his nose reflecting. Finally he walked to the door, behind which hung the trousers and waistcoat the dead man had last worn. He had felt in them, but hurriedly, just after the funeral the day before. He would examine them again. Sticking his fingers into the waistcoat pockets, he found in one corner a hole. Pressing his hand through it, between the lining and the cloth, he presently came into contact with something. Bonaparte drew it forth—a small square parcel, sewed up in sailcloth. He gazed at it, squeezed it. It crackled, as though full of bank notes. He put it quickly into his own waistcoat pocket and peeped over the half door to see if there was any one coming. There was nothing to be seen but the last rays of yellow sunset light painting the "karroo" bushes in the plain and shining on the ash heap, where the fowls were pecking. He turned and sat down on the nearest chair and, taking out his penknife, ripped the parcel open. The first thing that fell was a shower of yellow, faded papers. Bonaparte opened them carefully one by one and smoothed them out on his knee. There was something very valuable to be hidden so carefully, though the German characters he could not decipher. When he came to the last one, he felt there was something hard in it.

"You've got it, Bon, my boy; you've got it!" he cried, slapping his leg hard. Edging nearer to the door, for the light was fading, he opened the paper carefully. There was nothing inside but a plain gold wedding ring.

"Better than nothing!" said Bonaparte, trying to put it on his little finger, which, however, proved too fat.

He took it off and set it down on the table before him and looked at it with his crosswise eyes.

"When that auspicious hour, Sannie," he said, "shall have arrived when, panting, I shall lead thee, lighted by Hymen's torch, to the connubial altar, then upon thy fair amaranthine finger, my joyous bride, shall this ring repose.

"Thy fair body, oh, my girl,
Shall Bonaparte possess;
His fingers in thy moneybags,
He therein, too, shall mess."

Having given utterance to this flood of poesy, he sat lost in joyous reflection.

"He therein, too, shall mess," he repeated meditatively.

At this instant, as Bonaparte swore, and swore truly to the end of his life, a slow and distinct rap was given on the crown of his bald head.

Bonaparte started and looked up. No "reim" or strap hung down from the rafters above, and not a human creature was near the door. It was growing dark. He did not like it. He began to fold up the papers expeditiously. He stretched out his hand for the ring. The ring was gone—gone, although no human creature had entered the room; gone, although no form had crossed the doorway. Gone!

He would not sleep there, that was certain.

He stuffed the papers into his pocket. As he did so three slow and distinct taps were given on the crown of his head. Bonaparte's jaw fell. Each joint lost its power. He could not move; he dared not rise. His tongue lay loose in his mouth.

"Take all, take all!" he gurgled in his throat. "I—I do not want them. Take"—

Here a resolute tug at the gray curls at the back of his head caused him to leap up, yelling wildly. Was he to sit still paralyzed, to be dragged away bodily to the devil? With terrific shrieks he fled, casting no glance behind.

* * * * * * *

When the dew was falling and the evening was dark, a small figure moved toward the gate of the farthest ostrich camp, driving a bird before it. When the gate was opened and the bird driven in and the gate fastened, it turned away, but then suddenly paused near the stone wall.

"Is that you, Waldo?" said Lyndall, hearing a sound.

The boy was sitting on the damp ground, with his back to the wall. He gave her no answer.

"Come," she said, bending over him. "I have been looking for you all day."

He mumbled something.

"You have had nothing to eat. I have put some supper in your room. You must come home with me, Waldo."

She took his hand, and the boy rose slowly.

She made him take her arm and twisted her small fingers among his.

"You must forget," she whispered. "Since it happened I walk, I talk, I never sit still. If we remember, we cannot bring back the dead." She knit her little fingers closer among his. "Forgetting is the best thing. He did not watch it coming," she whispered presently. "That is the dreadful thing—to see it coming!" She shuddered. "I want it to come so to me too. Why do you think I was driving that bird?" she added quickly. "That was Hans, the bird that hates Bonaparte. I let him out this afternoon. I thought he would chase him and perhaps kill him."

The boy showed no sign of interest.

"He did not catch him, but he put his head over the half door of your cabin and frightened him horribly. He was there, busy stealing your things. Perhaps he will leave them alone now, but I wish the bird had trodden on him."

They said no more till they reached the door of the cabin.

"There is a candle, and supper is on the table. You must eat," she said authoritatively. "I cannot stay with you now lest they find out about the bird."

He grasped her arm and brought his mouth close to her ear.

"There is no God," he almost hissed, "no God, not anywhere!"

She started.

"Not anywhere!"

He ground it out between his teeth, and she felt his hot breath on her cheek.

"Waldo, you are mad," she said, drawing herself from him instinctively.

He loosened his grasp and turned away from her also.

In truth, is it not life's way? We fight our little battles alone, you yours, I mine. We must not help or find help.

When your life is most real, to me you are mad. When your agony is blackest, I look at you and wonder. Friendship is good, a strong stick, but when the hour comes to lean hard it gives. In the day of their bitterest need all souls are alone.

Lyndall stood by him in the dark, pityingly, wonderingly. As he walked to the door she came after him.

"Eat your supper. It will do you good," she said.

She rubbed her cheek against his shoulder and then ran away.

In the front room the little woolly Kafir girl was washing Tant' Sannie's feet in a small tub, and Bonaparte, who sat on the wooden sofa, was pulling off his shoes and stockings that his own feet might be washed also. There were three candles burning in the room, and he and Tant' Sannie sat close together, with the lean Hottentot not far off, for when ghosts are about much light is needed. There is great strength in numbers. Bonaparte had completely recovered from the effects of his fright in the afternoon, and the numerous doses of brandy that it had been necessary to administer to him to effect his restoration had put him in a singularly pleasant and amiable mood.

"That boy Waldo,' said Bonaparte, rubbing his toes, "took himself off coolly this morning as soon as the wagon came and has not done a stiver of work all day. I'll not have that kind of thing now I'm master of this farm."

The Hottentot maid translated.

"Ah, I expect he's sorry that his father's dead," said Tant' Sannie. "It's nature, you know. I cried the whole morning when my father died. One can always get another husband, but one can't get another father," said Tant' Sannie, casting a sidelong glance at Bonaparte.

Bonaparte expressed a wish to give Waldo his orders for the next day's work, and accordingly the little woolly headed Kaffir was sent to call him. After a considerable time the boy appeared and stood in the doorway.

If they had dressed him in one of the swallowtailed coats and oiled his hair till the drops fell from it and it lay as smooth as an elder's on sacrament Sunday, there would still have been something unanointed in the aspect of the fellow. As it was, standing there in his strange old costume, his head presenting much the appearance of having been deeply rolled in sand, his eyelids swollen, the hair hanging over his forehead and a dogged sullenness on his features, he presented most the appearance of an ill conditioned young buffalo.

"Beloved Lord," cried Tant' Sannie, "how he looks! Come in, boy. Couldn't you come and say good day to me? Don't you want some supper?"

He said he wanted nothing and turned his heavy eyes away from her.

"There's a ghost been seen in your father's room," said Tant' Sannie. "If you're afraid, you can sleep in the kitchen."

"I will sleep in our room," said the boy slowly.

"Well, you can go now," she said, "but be up early to take the sheep. The herd"—

"Yes, be up early, my boy," interrupted Bonaparte, smiling. "I am to be master of this farm now, and we shall be good friends, I trust, very good friends, if you try to do your duty, my dear boy."

Waldo turned to go, and Bonaparte, looking benignly at the candle, stretched out one unstockinged foot, over which Waldo, looking at nothing in particular, fell with a heavy thud upon the floor.

"Dear me! I hope you are not hurt, my boy," said Bonaparte. "You'll have many a harder thing than that, though, before you've gone through life," he added consolingly as Waldo picked himself up.

The lean Hottentot laughed till the room rang again, and Tant' Sannie tittered till her sides ached.

When he had gone, the little maid began to wash Bonaparte's feet.

"O Lord, beloved Lord, how he did fall! I can't think of it," cried Tant' Sannie, and she laughed again. "I always did know he was not right, but this evening any one could see it," she added, wiping the tears of mirth from her face. "His eyes are as wild as if the devil was in them. He never was like other children. The dear Lord knows, if he doesn't walk alone for hours talking to himself. If you sit in the room with him, you can see his lips moving the whole time, and if you talk to him 20 times he doesn't hear you. Daft eyes—he's as mad as mad can be."

The repetition of the word mad conveyed meaning to Bonaparte's mind. He left off paddling his toes in the water.

"Mad, mad? I know that kind of mad," said Bonaparte, "and I know the thing to give for it—the front end of a little horsewhip, the tip; nice thing; takes it out," said Bonaparte.

The Hottentot laughed and translated.

"No more walking about and talking to themselves on this farm now," said Bonaparte, "no more minding of sheep and reading of books at the same time. The point of a horsewhip is a little thing, but I think he'll have a taste of it before long." Bonaparte rubbed his hands and looked pleasantly across his nose, and then the three laughed together grimly.

And Waldo in his cabin crouched in the dark in a corner, with his knees drawn up to his chin.

CHAPTER X.

HE SHOWS HIS TEETH.

Doss sat among the "karroo" bushes, one yellow ear drawn over his wicked little eye, ready to flap away any adventurous fly that might settle on his nose. Around him in the morning sunlight fed the sheep; behind him lay his master, polishing his machine. He found much comfort in handling it that morning. A dozen philosophical essays or angelically attuned songs for the consolation of the bereaved could never have been to him what that little sheep shearing machine was that day.

After struggling to see the unseeable, growing drunk with the endeavor to span the infinite and writhing before the inscrutable mystery it is a renovating relief to turn to some simple, feelable, weighable substance, to something which has a smell and a color, which may be handled and turned over this way and that. Whether there be or be not a hereafter, whether there be any use in calling aloud to the unseen power, whether there be an unseen power to call to, whatever be the true nature of the I who call and of the objects around me, whatever be our meaning, our internal essence, our cause (and in a certain order of minds death and the agony of loss inevitably awaken the wild desire, at other times smothered, to look into these things), whatever be the nature of that which lies beyond the unbroken wall which the limits of the human intellect build up on every hand, this thing is certain—a knife will cut wood, and one cogged wheel will turn another. This is sure.

Waldo found an immeasurable satisfaction in the handling of his machine, but Doss winked and blinked and thought it all frightfully monotonous out there on the flat and presently dropped asleep, sitting bolt upright. Suddenly his eyes opened wide. Something was coming from the direction of the homestead. Winking his eyes and looking intently, he perceived it was the gray mare. Now, Doss had wondered much of late what had become of her master. Seeing she carried some one on her back, he now came to his own conclusion and began to move his tail violently up and down. Presently he pricked up one ear and let the other hang. His tail became motionless, and the expression of his mouth was one of decided disapproval bordering on scorn. He wrinkled his lips up on each side into little lines.

The sand was soft, and the gray mare came on so noiselessly that the boy heard nothing till Bonaparte dismounted. Then Doss got up and moved back a step. He did not approve of Bonaparte's appearance. His costume, in truth, was of a unique kind. It was a combination of the town and country. The tails of his black cloth coat were pinned up behind to keep them from rubbing; he had on a pair of moleskin trousers and leather gaiters, and in his hand he carried a little whip of rhinoceros hide.

Waldo started and looked up. Had there been a moment's time he would have dug a hole in the sand with his hands and buried his treasure. It was only a toy of wood, but he loved it, as one of necessity loves what has been born of him, whether of the flesh or spirit. When cold eyes have looked at it, the feathers are rubbed off our butterfly's wing forever.

"What have you here, my lad?" said Bonaparte, standing by him and pointing with the end of his whip to the medley of wheels and hinges.

The boy muttered something inaudible and half spread his hand over the thing.

"But this seems to be a very ingenious little machine," said Bonaparte, seating himself on the ant heap and bending down over it with deep interest. "What is it for, my lad?"

"Shearing sheep."

"It is a very nice little machine," said Bonaparte. "How does it work, now? I have never seen anything so ingenious!"

There was never a parent who heard deception in the voice that praised his child, his firstborn. Here was one who liked the thing that had been created in him. He forgot everything. He showed how the shears would work with a little guidance, how the sheep would be held and the wool fall into the trough. A flush burst over his face as he spoke.

"I tell you what, my lad," said Bonaparte emphatically when the explanation was finished, "we must get you a patent. Your fortune is made. In three years' time there'll not be a farm in this colony where it isn't working. You're a genius: that's what you are!" said Bonaparte, rising.

"If it were made larger," said the boy, raising his eyes, "it would work more smoothly. Do you think there would be any one in this colony would be able to make it?"

"I'm sure they could," said Bonaparte, "and, if not, why I'll do my best for you. I'll send it to England. It must be done somehow. How long have you worked at it?"

"Nine months," said the boy.

"Oh, it is such a nice little machine," said Bonaparte, "one can't help feeling an interest in it. There is only one little improvement, one very little improvement, I should like to make."

Bonaparte put his foot on the machine and crushed it in the sand. The boy looked up into his face.

"Looks better now," said Bonaparte, "doesn't it? If we can't have it made in England, we'll send it to America. Goodby; ta, ta" he added. "You're a great genius, a born genius, my dear boy. There's no doubt about it."

He mounted the gray mare and rode off. The dog watched his retreat with cynical satisfaction, but his master lay on the ground with his head on his arms in the sand, and the little wheels and chips of wood lay on the ground around him. The dog jumped on his back and snapped at the black curls till, finding that no notice was taken, he walked off to play with a black beetle. The beetle was hard at work trying to roll home a great ball of dung it had been collecting all the morning, but Doss broke the ball and eat the beetle's hind legs and then bit off its head. And it was all play, and no one could tell what it had lived and worked for—a striving and a striving and an ending in nothing.

CHAPTER XI.

HE SNAPS.

"I have found something in the loft," said Em to Waldo, who was listlessly piling cakes of fuel on the kraal wall a week after. "It is a box of books that belonged to my father. We thought that Tant' Sannie had burned them."

The boy put down the cake he was raising and looked at her.

"I don't think they are very nice, not stories," she added, "but you can go and take any you like."

So saying, she took up the plate in which she had brought his breakfast and walked off to the house.

After that the boy worked quickly. The pile of fuel Bonaparte had ordered him to pack was on the wall in half an hour. He then went to throw salt on the skins laid out to dry. Finding the pot empty, he went to the loft to refill it.

Bonaparte Blenkins, whose door opened at the foot of the ladder, saw the boy go up and stood in the doorway waiting for his return. He wanted his boots blacked. Doss, finding he could not follow his master up the round bars, sat patiently at the foot of the ladder. Presently he looked up longingly, but no one appeared. Then Bonaparte looked up also and began to call, but there was no answer. What could the boy be doing? The loft was an unknown land to Bonaparte. He had often wondered what was up there. He liked to know what was in all locked up places and out of the way corners, but he was afraid to climb the ladder. So Bonaparte looked up and, in the name of all that was tantalizing, questioned what the boy did up there. The loft was used only as a lumber room. What could the fellow find up there to keep him so long?

Could the Boer woman have beheld Waldo at that instant any lingering doubt which might have remained in her mind as to the boy's insanity would instantly have vanished, for, having filled the salt pot, he proceeded to look for the box of books among the rubbish that filled the loft. Under a pile of sacks he found it—a rough packing case, nailed up, but with one loose plank. He lifted that and saw the even backs of a row of books. He knelt down before the box and ran his hand along its rough edges, as if to assure himself of its existence. He stuck his hand in among the books and pulled out two. He felt them, thrust his fingers in among the leaves and crumpled them a little, as a lover feels the hair of his mistress. The fellow gloated over his treasure. He had had a dozen books in the course of his life. Now here was a mine of them opened at his feet. After awhile he began to read the titles and now and again opened a book and read a sentence; but he was too excited to catch the meanings distinctly. At last he came to a dull brown volume. He read the name, opened it in the center and where he opened began to read. 'Twas a chapter on property that he fell upon. "Communism, Fourierism, St. Simonism," in a work on political economy. He read down one page and turned over to the next; he read down that without changing his posture by an inch; he read the next and the next, kneeling up all the while with the book in his hand and his lips parted.

All he read he did not fully understand. The thoughts were new to him. But this was the fellow's startled joy in the book—the thoughts were his; they belonged to him. He had never thought them before, but they were his.

He laughed silently and internally, with the still intensity of triumphant joy.

So, then, all thinking creatures did not send up the one cry: "As thou, dear Lord, hast created things in the beginning, so are they now, so ought they to be, so will they be, world without end, and it doesn't concern us what they are. Amen." There were men to whom not only "kopjes" and stones were calling out imperatively, "What are we, and how came we here? Understand us and know us," but to whom even the old, old relations between man and man and the customs of the ages called and could not be made still and forgotten.

The boy's heavy body quivered with excitement. So he was not alone, not alone. He could not quite have told any one why he was so glad and this warmth had come to him. His cheeks were burning. No wonder that Bonaparte called in vain and Doss put his paws on the ladder and whined till three-quarters of an hour had passed. At last the boy put the book in his breast and buttoned it tightly to him. He took up the salt pot and went to the top of the ladder. Bonaparte, with his hands folded under his coattails, looked up when he appeared and accosted him.

"You've been rather a long time up there, my lad," he said as the boy descended with a tremulous haste, most unlike his ordinary slow movements. "You didn't hear me calling, I suppose?"

Bonaparte whisked the tails of his coat up and down as he looked at him. He (Bonaparte Blenkins) had eyes which were very farseeing. He looked at the pot. It was rather a small pot to have taken three-quarters of an hour in the filling. He looked at the face. It was flushed. And yet Tant' Sann