

The Story of an African Farm

Continued from First Page

full river, I lost my purse—a purse with \$500 in it. I spent five days on the bank of the river trying to find it—couldn't find it. A Kaffir came to me and look for it at the risk of his life—didn't find it."

The German woman had consulted this information, and the Kaffir woman gave her the purse.

"No, no! He goes tonight. He has to look at me. I am a poor, unprotected female! If he goes, who is to do the work?" said the Kaffir woman.

"I think," said the German in an undertone, "if you didn't look at her quite so much it might be advisable. She—she—she—might imagine that you liked her too—ill—in fact."

"Certainly, my dear friend, certainly," said the stranger, "I shall not look at her."

Saying this, he turned his nose full upon a small Kaffir 2 years of age. That small naked son of Heaven became instantly so terrified that he fled to his mother's blanket for protection, howling horribly.

Upon this the newcomer fixed his eyes pensively on the stamp block, folding his hand on the head of his cane. His boots were broken, but he still had the cane of a gentleman.

"You vagabonds are Englishmen!" said Tant Sannie, looking straight at him.

This was a near approach to plain English, but the man contemplated the block abstractedly, wholly unconscious that any antagonism was being displayed toward him.

"You might not be a Scotchman or anything of that kind, might you?" suggested the German. "It is the English that she hates."

"My dear friend," said the stranger, "I am Irish, every inch of me—father Irish, mother Irish. I've not a drop of English blood in my veins."

"And you might not be married, might you?" persisted the German. "If you had a wife and children, now! Dutch people do not like those who are not married."

"Ah," said the stranger, looking tenderly at the block, "I have a dear wife and three sweet little children, two lovely girls and a noble boy."

This information having been conveyed to the Boer woman, she, after some further conversation, appeared slightly mollified, but remained firm to her conviction that the man's designs were evil.

"For, dear Lord," she cried, "all Englishmen are ugly! But was there ever such a red rag nose thing with broken boots and crooked eyes before? Take him to your room!" she cried to the German. But all the sin she does I lay at your door."

The German having told him how matters were arranged, the stranger made a profound bow to Tant Sannie and followed his host, who led the way to his own little hut.

"I thought she would come to her better self soon," the German said joyously. "Tant Sannie is not wholly bad—far from it, far. Then, seeing his companion cast a furtive glance at him, which he mistook for one of surprise, he added quickly: 'Ah, yes, yes, we are all a primitive people here—not very lofty. We deal not in titles. Every one is a Tanta and Oom—uncle and uncle. This may be my room,' he said, opening the door. 'It is rough; the room is rough—not a palace, not quite. But it may be better than the fields, a little better,' he said, glancing round at his companion. 'Come in, come in. There is something to eat, a mouthful, not the fare of emperors or kings, but we do not starve, not yet,' he said, rubbing his hands together and looking round at a pleased, half nervous smile on his old face."

"My friend, my dear friend," said the stranger, seating him by the hand, "may the Lord bless you, the Lord bless and reward you—the God of the fatherless and the stranger. But for you I would this night have slept in the fields, with the dew of heaven upon my head."

Late that evening Lyndall came down to the cabin with the German's rations. Through the tiny square window the light streamed forth, and without knocking she raised the latch and entered. There was a fire burning on the hearth, and it cast its ruddy glow over the little dingy room, with its worn calico rafter and mud floor and broken, whitewashed walls, a curious little place, filled with all manner of articles. Next to the fire was a great tool box; beyond that the little bookshelf with its well worn books; beyond that, in the corner, a heap of filled and empty grain bags. From the rafters hung down straps, "reins," old boots, bits of harness and a string of onions. The bed was in another corner, covered by a patchwork quilt of faded red lions and divided from the rest of the room by a blue curtain, now drawn back. On the mantelpiece was an endless assortment of little bags and stones, and on the wall hung a map of South Germany, with a red line drawn through it to show where the German had wandered. This place was the one home the girl had known for many a year. The house where Tant Sannie lived and ruled was a place to sleep in, to eat in, not to be happy in. It was in vain she told them they were grown too old to go there. Every morning and evening she found them there. Were there not too many golden memories hanging about the old place for them to leave it?

Long winter nights, when they had not enough of the fire and roasted potatoes and good riddles and the old man had told of the little German village where, 50 years before, a little German boy had played at snowballs and had carried home the knitted stockings of a little girl the afternoon because Waldo's mother, did not seem to see the German peasant girls walking about with their wooden shoes and yellow, braided hair, and the little children eating their suppers out of little wooden bowls when the good mothers called them in to have their milk and potatoes?

And were there not yet better times than those? The bright nights, when they rumped about the door, with the old man, yet more a child than any of them, and laughed till the old roof of the wagon house rang?

Or, best of all, were there not warm, dark, starlight nights, when they sat together on the doorstep, holding each other's hand, singing German hymns, their voices rising clear in the still night air, till the German would draw away his hand suddenly and wipe quickly a tear the children must not see? Would they not sit looking up at the stars and talking of them—the dear Southern Cross, red, fiery Orion, with his belt, and the Seven Sisters?

My wife has been using Chamberlain's Pain Balm, with good results, for a lame shoulder that has pained her continually for nine years. We have tried all kinds of medicines and doctors without receiving any benefit from any of them. One day we saw an advertisement of this medicine and thought of trying it, which we did with the best of satisfaction. She has used only one bottle and her shoulder is almost well—Adolph L. Millett, Manchester, N. H. For sale by Delta Drug Store.

My son had been troubled for years with chronic diarrhoea. Sometimes I persuaded him to take some of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After using two bottles of the 25-cent size he was cured. I give this testimonial, hoping some one similarly afflicted may read it and be benefited.—Thomas C. Bower, Gloucester, O. For sale at the Delta.

Tonight, when Lyndall looked in, Waldo sat before the fire watching a fire that shimmered there, with his hands and pencil in his hand. His father sat at the table buried in the columns of a three weeks' old newspaper, and the stranger lay stretched out on the bed in the corner, fast asleep. His nose and pencil in his hand, his father sat at the table buried in the columns of a three weeks' old newspaper, and the stranger lay stretched out on the bed in the corner, fast asleep. His nose and pencil in his hand, his father sat at the table buried in the columns of a three weeks' old newspaper, and the stranger lay stretched out on the bed in the corner, fast asleep.

"Since this morning, poor fellow! A gentleman, not accustomed to walking—horse died—poor fellow!" said the German, pushing out his lip and glancing commiseratingly over his spectacles in the direction of the bed where the stranger lay, with his flabby double chin and broken boots through which the flesh shone.

"And do you believe him, Uncle Otto?"

"Believe him? Why, of course I do. He himself told me the story three times distinctly."

"If," said the girl slowly, "he walked for only one day, his boots would not have looked so soiled."

"If," said the German, starting up, "his chair, irritated that any one should doubt such irrefragable evidence. 'If,' he told me himself. Look how he lies there," added the German passionately, "worn out, poor fellow! He has something for him, though, pointing with his forefinger over his shoulder to the stranger that stood on the floor. 'We are not cooks—not French cooks, not quite—but it's drinkable, drinkable, I think, better than nothing, I think,' he added, nodding his head in a jocund manner that evinced his high estimation of the contents of the saucerpan and his profound satisfaction therein. 'Bish, bish, my chicken!' he said as Lyndall tapped her foot up and down upon the floor. 'Bish, bish, my chicken! You will wake him.'"

He moved the candle so that his own head might intervene between it and the sleeper's face, and, smoothing his newspaper, he adjusted his spectacles to read.

The child's gray black eyes rested on the figure on the bed, then turned to the German, then rested on the figure again.

"I think he is a liar! Good night, Uncle Otto," she said slowly, turning to the door.

Long after she had gone the German folded his paper up methodically and put it in his pocket.

The stranger had not awakened to partake of the soup, and his son had fallen asleep on the ground. Taking two white sheepskins from the heap of sacks in the corner, the old man doubled them up, and lifting the boy's head gently from the slate on which it rested, placed the skin beneath it. "Poor lambie, poor lambie!" he said, tenderly patting the great rough bear-like head. "Tired, is he?"

He threw an overcoat across the boy's feet and lifted the saucerpan from the fire. There was no place where the old man could comfortably lie down himself, so he resumed his seat. Opening a much worn Bible, he began to read, and, as he read, pleasant thoughts and visions thronged on him. "I was a stranger, and ye took me in," he read.

He turned again to the bed where the sleeper lay.

"I was a stranger,"

Very tenderly the old man looked at him. He saw not the bloated body nor the evil face of the man, but, as it were, under deep disguise and fleshly concealment, the form that long years of dreaming had made very real to him. "Jesus, lover, and it is given to us, weak and sinful, frail and erring, to serve thee, to take thee in?" he said softly as he rose from his seat. Full of joy, he began to pace the little room. Now and again as he walked he sang the lines of a German hymn or muttered broken words of prayer. The little room was full of light. It appeared to the German that Christ was very near him and that at almost any moment this mist of earthly darkness that clouded his human eyes might be withdrawn and that made manifest of which the friends at Emmaus, beholding it, said, "It is the Lord!"

Again and yet again, through the long hours of the night, as the old man walked, he looked up to the roof of his little room, with its blackened rafters, and yet saw them not. His rough bearded face was illuminated by the light of heaven, and the night was not shorter to the dreaming sleeper than to him whose waking dreams brought heaven near.

So quietly the night fell that he looked up with surprise when at 4 o'clock the first gray streaks of summer dawn showed themselves through the little window. Then the old man turned to rattle together the few coins that lay under the pillow, and his son, turning on the sheepskins, muttered sleepily to know if it were time to rise.

"Lie still, lie still! I would only make a fire," said the old man.

"Have you been up all night?" asked the boy.

"Yes; but it has been short, very short. Sleep again, my chicken. It is yet early."

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

What Do You Know Of the Boers or of South Africa?

Whether you know little or much you will enjoy reading Olive Schreiner's great masterpiece of fiction, "The Story of An African Farm."

It deals with the personal characteristics, the peculiarities and the home life of the Boer people. It must be admitted that these are profitable studies just at this time.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

It will be Published in this Paper.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Read Olive Schreiner's Great Story and Become Informed.

Portland Business College

P. ARMSBROOK, LL.B., Principal. L. A. WESCO, President & Secretary. THE BUSY WORLD OF BUSINESS gives profitable employment to hundreds of our graduates, and will to thousands more. Send for our catalogue. Learn what and how we teach. Verily, A BUSINESS EDUCATION PAYS

My wife has been using Chamberlain's Pain Balm, with good results, for a lame shoulder that has pained her continually for nine years. We have tried all kinds of medicines and doctors without receiving any benefit from any of them. One day we saw an advertisement of this medicine and thought of trying it, which we did with the best of satisfaction. She has used only one bottle and her shoulder is almost well—Adolph L. Millett, Manchester, N. H. For sale by Delta Drug Store.

My son had been troubled for years with chronic diarrhoea. Sometimes I persuaded him to take some of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After using two bottles of the 25-cent size he was cured. I give this testimonial, hoping some one similarly afflicted may read it and be benefited.—Thomas C. Bower, Gloucester, O. For sale at the Delta.

Tonight, when Lyndall looked in, Waldo sat before the fire watching a fire that shimmered there, with his hands and pencil in his hand. His father sat at the table buried in the columns of a three weeks' old newspaper, and the stranger lay stretched out on the bed in the corner, fast asleep. His nose and pencil in his hand, his father sat at the table buried in the columns of a three weeks' old newspaper, and the stranger lay stretched out on the bed in the corner, fast asleep.

"Since this morning, poor fellow! A gentleman, not accustomed to walking—horse died—poor fellow!" said the German, pushing out his lip and glancing commiseratingly over his spectacles in the direction of the bed where the stranger lay, with his flabby double chin and broken boots through which the flesh shone.

"And do you believe him, Uncle Otto?"

"Believe him? Why, of course I do. He himself told me the story three times distinctly."

"If," said the girl slowly, "he walked for only one day, his boots would not have looked so soiled."

"If," said the German, starting up, "his chair, irritated that any one should doubt such irrefragable evidence. 'If,' he told me himself. Look how he lies there," added the German passionately, "worn out, poor fellow! He has something for him, though, pointing with his forefinger over his shoulder to the stranger that stood on the floor. 'We are not cooks—not French cooks, not quite—but it's drinkable, drinkable, I think, better than nothing, I think,' he added, nodding his head in a jocund manner that evinced his high estimation of the contents of the saucerpan and his profound satisfaction therein. 'Bish, bish, my chicken!' he said as Lyndall tapped her foot up and down upon the floor. 'Bish, bish, my chicken! You will wake him.'"

He moved the candle so that his own head might intervene between it and the sleeper's face, and, smoothing his newspaper, he adjusted his spectacles to read.

The child's gray black eyes rested on the figure on the bed, then turned to the German, then rested on the figure again.

"I think he is a liar! Good night, Uncle Otto," she said slowly, turning to the door.

Long after she had gone the German folded his paper up methodically and put it in his pocket.

The stranger had not awakened to partake of the soup, and his son had fallen asleep on the ground. Taking two white sheepskins from the heap of sacks in the corner, the old man doubled them up, and lifting the boy's head gently from the slate on which it rested, placed the skin beneath it. "Poor lambie, poor lambie!" he said, tenderly patting the great rough bear-like head. "Tired, is he?"

He threw an overcoat across the boy's feet and lifted the saucerpan from the fire. There was no place where the old man could comfortably lie down himself, so he resumed his seat. Opening a much worn Bible, he began to read, and, as he read, pleasant thoughts and visions thronged on him. "I was a stranger, and ye took me in," he read.

He turned again to the bed where the sleeper lay.

"I was a stranger,"

Very tenderly the old man looked at him. He saw not the bloated body nor the evil face of the man, but, as it were, under deep disguise and fleshly concealment, the form that long years of dreaming had made very real to him. "Jesus, lover, and it is given to us, weak and sinful, frail and erring, to serve thee, to take thee in?" he said softly as he rose from his seat. Full of joy, he began to pace the little room. Now and again as he walked he sang the lines of a German hymn or muttered broken words of prayer. The little room was full of light. It appeared to the German that Christ was very near him and that at almost any moment this mist of earthly darkness that clouded his human eyes might be withdrawn and that made manifest of which the friends at Emmaus, beholding it, said, "It is the Lord!"

Again and yet again, through the long hours of the night, as the old man walked, he looked up to the roof of his little room, with its blackened rafters, and yet saw them not. His rough bearded face was illuminated by the light of heaven, and the night was not shorter to the dreaming sleeper than to him whose waking dreams brought heaven near.

So quietly the night fell that he looked up with surprise when at 4 o'clock the first gray streaks of summer dawn showed themselves through the little window. Then the old man turned to rattle together the few coins that lay under the pillow, and his son, turning on the sheepskins, muttered sleepily to know if it were time to rise.

"Lie still, lie still! I would only make a fire," said the old man.

"Have you been up all night?" asked the boy.

"Yes; but it has been short, very short. Sleep again, my chicken. It is yet early."

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

And he went out to fetch more fuel.

Denver and Rio Grande

RAILROAD. Scenic Line of the World. Daily Excursions. TO THE EAST. Upholstered Tourist Sleepers. In charge of experienced conductors and porters.

Monday: To Kansas City, Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Sault Ste. Marie, and other points.

Tuesday: To Omaha, Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Sault Ste. Marie, and other points.

Wednesday: To St. Joseph, Kansas City, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Sault Ste. Marie, and other points.

Thursday: To Kansas City, Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Sault Ste. Marie, and other points.

Day stop-over arranged at Salt Lake and Denver.

A ride through the famous Colorado Scenery.

Ask your ticket agent for a ticket on the Denver & Rio Grande excursion. For rates and all information, call on or address:

R. C. NICHOL, P. E. Luff, Gen'l Agent, Traveling Agent, 251 Washington Street, Portland, Ore., S. K. HOPKINS, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent, Denver, Colo.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. PATENTS. TRADE MARKS. DESIGNS. COPYRIGHTS &c. ANYONE sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion on whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications should be addressed to: MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

THE O. R. & N. NEW BOOK. On the Resources of Oregon, Washington and Idaho is being distributed. Our readers are requested to forward the address of their Eastern friends and acquaintances to W. H. HUNT, General Passenger Agent, O. R. & N. Co., Portland.

Through Tickets. To all points in the Eastern States, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from C. E. FRIEDL, agent of John H. Gould at the Independent office, Hillsboro.

G. KOEHLER, C. H. MARKHAM, Manager, Portland, Ore.

THE O. R. & N. NEW BOOK. On the Resources of Oregon, Washington and Idaho is being distributed. Our readers are requested to forward the address of their Eastern friends and acquaintances to W. H. HUNT, General Passenger Agent, O. R. & N. Co., Portland.

Through Tickets. To all points in the Eastern States, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from C. E. FRIEDL, agent of John H. Gould at the Independent office, Hillsboro.

G. KOEHLER, C. H. MARKHAM, Manager, Portland, Ore.

THE O. R. & N. NEW BOOK. On the Resources of Oregon, Washington and Idaho is being distributed. Our readers are requested to forward the address of their Eastern friends and acquaintances to W. H. HUNT, General Passenger Agent, O. R. & N. Co., Portland.

Through Tickets. To all points in the Eastern States, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from C. E. FRIEDL, agent of John H. Gould at the Independent office, Hillsboro.

G. KOEHLER, C. H. MARKHAM, Manager, Portland, Ore.

THE O. R. & N. NEW BOOK. On the Resources of Oregon, Washington and Idaho is being distributed. Our readers are requested to forward the address of their Eastern friends and acquaintances to W. H. HUNT, General Passenger Agent, O. R. & N. Co., Portland.

Through Tickets. To all points in the Eastern States, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from C. E. FRIEDL, agent of John H. Gould at the Independent office, Hillsboro.

G. KOEHLER, C. H. MARKHAM, Manager, Portland, Ore.

THE O. R. & N. NEW BOOK. On the Resources of Oregon, Washington and Idaho is being distributed. Our readers are requested to forward the address of their Eastern friends and acquaintances to W. H. HUNT, General Passenger Agent, O. R. & N. Co., Portland.

Through Tickets. To all points in the Eastern States, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from C. E. FRIEDL, agent of John H. Gould at the Independent office, Hillsboro.

G. KOEHLER, C. H. MARKHAM, Manager, Portland, Ore.

THE O. R. & N. NEW BOOK. On the Resources of Oregon, Washington and Idaho is being distributed. Our readers are requested to forward the address of their Eastern friends and acquaintances to W. H. HUNT, General Passenger Agent, O. R. & N. Co., Portland.

Through Tickets. To all points in the Eastern States, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from C. E. FRIEDL, agent of John H. Gould at the Independent office, Hillsboro.

G. KOEHLER, C. H. MARKHAM, Manager, Portland, Ore.

THE O. R. & N. NEW BOOK. On the Resources of Oregon, Washington and Idaho is being distributed. Our readers are requested to forward the address of their Eastern friends and acquaintances to W. H. HUNT, General Passenger Agent, O. R. & N. Co., Portland.

Through Tickets. To all points in the Eastern States, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from C. E. FRIEDL, agent of John H. Gould at the Independent office, Hillsboro.

G. KOEHLER, C. H. MARKHAM, Manager, Portland, Ore.

THE O. R. & N. NEW BOOK. On the Resources of Oregon, Washington and Idaho is being distributed. Our readers are requested to forward the address of their Eastern friends and acquaintances to W. H. HUNT, General Passenger Agent, O. R. & N. Co., Portland.

Through Tickets. To all points in the Eastern States, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from C. E. FRIEDL, agent of John H. Gould at the Independent office, Hillsboro.

G. KOEHLER, C. H. MARKHAM, Manager, Portland, Ore.

THE O. R. & N. NEW BOOK. On the Resources of Oregon, Washington and Idaho is being distributed. Our readers are