## African Farm

Son Sun First Page

deteriorated garments, it # 200 to ould officiate in service of One who for respect we shall not name. No. my friend. I will remain here axi. while you are assembling yourselves in my soi tude, will think if and pray

you. No: 1 will remain here." red arest a Mack chats roas, trousers | Buer woras. stal valetoms. Which he taid on the There was one thing on cartle for table, smalling knowledgy. They were which Taur' Sanate had a profound of new, shining choth, were twice a reservoire, which exceeds a substaining

dusted there carefully and put There was no doubt he was a very rethem down before Bonaparte. The old speciable man, a gentleman.

night serve; they might be endured. unright, his head almost touching the made in the bird.

SUNDAY SERVICES - SERVICE NO. L. The boy Waldo kissed the pages of his book and looked up. Far over the flat lay the "kopje," a mere speck; the sheep wandered quietly from bush to bush; the stillness of the early Sunday

page a black insect crept. He lifted it off with his finger. Then he leaned on his elbow, watching its quivering antennae and strange movements, smil-

When the thing had gone, he smoothed the leaves of his Bible somewhat caressingly. The leaves of that book had dropped blood for him once. They had taken the brightness out of his childhood. From between them had prung the visions that had clung about him and made night horrible. Adderlike thoughts had lifted their iends, had shot out forked tongues at him, asking mockingly strange, trivial questions that he could not answer.

one angel and the women in Luke two? | rod of iron dividing the bones from Could a story be told in opposite ways the marrow and the marrow from the and both ways be true? Could it? bones. ing always right and nothing always wrong? Could Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, "put her hand to the nail that even the Hottentot man left off and her right hand to the workman's hammer?" and could the Spirit of the Lord chant paeans over her, foud paeans, high paeans, set in the book of the Lord, and no voice cry out it was a the Lord, and no voice cry out it was a mean and dastardly sin to ite and kill tention of the audience was riveted. the trusting in their sleep? Could the triend of God marry his own sister

Those leaves had dropped blood for those leaves had dropped blood for the third made his heart the street. His mother and I sat tohim once. They had made his heart heavy and cold; they had robbed his gether one day discoursing about our childhood of its gladness. Now his fingers moved over them caressingly.

"My Father God knows, my Father knows," he said. "We cannot understand. He knows." After awhile he whispered, smiling: "I beard your voice this morning when my eyes were not yet open. I felt you near me, my Father. Why do you love me so?" His face was illuminated. "In the last four months the old question has gone from me. I know you are good; I know you love everything: I know, I know, I know, I the soul of that little liar go to, my the Delta, know! I could not have borne it any more, not any more." He laughed brimstone. This brings me to the secsoftly. "And all the while I was so ond point of my discourse. miserable you were looking at me and

After awhite he tegan partly to sing. of bymas, those which spoke his gladwith their senseless eyes turned to book which spits forth fire. Its name is

the dark grass, and be walked to the dark grass. The first process the dark grass. At first he risoughe is the same pass. The first hands shall they of a beautiful bluish tings but after the same pass. The first hands shall they of a beautiful bluish tings but after the same pass. The first hands shall they of a beautiful bluish tings but after the same pass and looked in the first need on pass. The first hands shall they of a beautiful bluish tings but after the same pass and the risoughe is the risoughe in the risoughe is t and he boars surely who it was. He sight—that sight, my friends, is imran to the fear feet and touched then, pressed upon my most indelible memwith his bands; yes, he held them fast. ory. I looked down into the furid not become thick or clotted. He lay down beside them. When he they two were there alone together.

from sleep.
"O God," he cried, "I cannot wait, I

while he lifted his head.

feet was a wooden stove. There, too, sat Em and Lyndall in clean pinafores and new shoes; there, too, were the spruce Hotteniot in a starched white "cappie" and her Susband on the other side of the door, with his work oiled and very much combed out and staring at his new leather boots. The Kaffir servants were not there because Tant' Sannie held they were rescended from ages and needed no saviation. But the

rest were gathered for the Sunda service and wasted the officiator. Meanwhile Bonaparte and the Ger possible, it would not be fitting. The same approached arm in arm, Bona-should officiate in service of One who clothen a spotless shirt and a spotless coffar, the German in the old sait and pepper, easting shy glauses of admira-

At the front door Bonaparte Pasovid his hat with much dignity, raised his ter table he walked, put his hat solthe bank taken the bisch has the bisch has been woman looked at the Hottentot, and the Mottentot looked at the

year. When he went to the town to influence over her, which made her for "marktugal." He lorded with great the time a terrer woulde. That thing price at the cont as he unfelded it and was new, abluing black chick it made ber think of the "preditant;" tt mad "It's not the latest fashion perhaps | her think of the elbes, who sat is of a west and ent, not exactly, but it the top paw of the church on Hundays, might do, is might serve at a push. With the hair so nicely offed, so holy Try is on, my it on?" he said, his old and respectable, with their little swalasparte stood up and tried on the beaven, where everything was so holy mat It fitted admirably. The waist and respectable and notody worn tan wat could be made to button by rip cord and the littlest angel had a biack ping up the back, and the trousers tail coat. She wished she hadn't cailperfect, but below were the rag | ed him a thief and a Roman Catholic. ped boots. The German was not dis | She hoped the German hadn't told him. s pair of top hoots hung, he took them when he came in rage to her door.

At the end of each line Bonaparte "I have only worn them once. They grouned and twice at the end of every

The Boer woman had often heard of persons grouning during prayers to add beams. The German looked at him a certain poignancy and finish to them. with profound admiration. It was Old Jan Vanderlinde, her mother's wonderful what a difference feathers brother, always did it after he was onverted, and she would have looked upon it as no especial sign of grace in any one. But to groau at hymn time She was startled. She wondered if he remembered that she shook her fist in his face. This was a man of God. They knelt down to pray. The Boer voman weighed 250 pounds and could not kneel. She sat in her chair and peeped between her crossed fingers at he stranger's back. She could not inderstand what he said, but he was in earnest. He shook the chair by the back rail till it made quite a little dust

When they rose from their knees, Bonaparte solemnly scated himself in the chair and opened the Bible. He die. Even you he loves. Even you he blew his nose, pulled up his shirt colwill fold in his arms when he takes | lar, smoothed the leaves, stroked down everything and makes it perfect and his capacious waistcont, blew his nose again, looked solemnly round the room,

> "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimone, which is the second death." Having read this portion of Scripture, Bonaparte paused impressively

and looked all round the room. "I shall not, my dear friends," he said, "long detain you. Much of our precious time has already fied blissfully from us in the voice of thanksgiving and the tongue of praise. A few, a very few, words are all I shall address to you, and may they be as a

"In the first place, what is a liar?" The question was put so pointedly and followed by a pause so profound looking at his boots and opened his eyes, though he understood not a word. "I repeat," said Bonaparte, "what is

"Have you any of you ever seen a liar, my dear friends?" There was a and be beloved, and the man who does

it today goes to hell, to hell? Was
there nothing always right or always
liar is. I knew a liar once—a little boy

> "'Here, Sampson,' said his mother, 'go and buy slxpence of "meibosa" much have you got?

"He was afraid if he said six and a half she'd ask for some. And, my friends, that was a lie. The haif of a friends? It went to the lake of fire and

"What is a lake of fire and brimbying me, and I never knew it. But
I know it new. I feel it!" said the
imagination unmided cannot conceive it. but by the help of the Lord I will put

"I was traveling in Italy once on

it before your mind's eye.

time. I came to a city called Rome, & Etna. Now, there was a man in that Assesser's Office, Court House, At last he layed late quiet Then city of Rome who had not the fear of Sept. Schools, Court House, the hop lay there staring at bush God before his eyes, and he loved a T. M. & E. B. Teague, Law office, woman. The woman died, and he Smith & Houses, Law Office, Wolfard up that mountain spitting fire, and walked up that mountain spitting fire, and walked up that mountain spitting fire, and walked up that mountain spitting fire, and white be got to the top he throw himself in at the hole that is there. The next day I want up. I was not spitting or a first that the fire that the fir

depths upon an incandescent lake, a looked up, the face was over him, and the glorious eyes were loving him, and lows rolled from side to side, and on their fiery crests tossed the white skel-eton of the suicide. The heat had He laughed a deep laugh, then started ed up like one suddenly awakened burned the flesh from off the bones. They lay as a light cork upon the melt-"O God." be cried, "I cannot wait, I ed fiery waves. One skeleton hand cannot wait! I want to die! I want was raised upward, the figer pointing to see him! I want to touch him! Let to heaven; the other, with outstretchme die!" He folded his hands, tremed finger pointing downward, as bling. "How can I wait so long-for though it would say, I go below, but

long, long years perhaps? I want to you, Remparte, may soar above. I die—to see him! I will die any death! gazed; I stood entranced. At that instant there was a crack in the jurid lake. It swelled, expanded, and the Cures Impotency, Night Emissions and ered from head to foot. After a long skeleton of the suicide disappeared, to be seen no more by mortal eye."

In her hand was her great broks clasp either side of me. And through that hymnbook; round her neck was a long and terrible night I stood there tean white handkerchier; under her alone upon that rock, the glowing flery

lavs on every fined a monument of the long suffering and tender providence of the Bord, who surged me that I might this day testify in your ears of him. "Now, my dear friends, let us deduce the lessons that are to be leagned from

this narrative. "Firstly, let us never commit suicide. That man is a fool, my friends, that man is insane, my friends, who would leave this earth, my friends. Here are entered into the heart of man to understand, my friends. Here are clothes my friends; here so beds, my friends; here is delicious food, my friends. Our precious bodies were given as to love, to cherish. Oh, let us do so! Oh, let

Every one was impressed, and Bona "Thirdly, let us not love too much If that yours man had not loved that young woman, he would not have jumped into Mount Etna. The good men of old never did so. Was Jere mish ever in love, or Ezekiel, or Hoses.

love them, my frier is.",

or even any of the minor prophets? No. Then why should we be? Thousands are rolling in that lake at this moment who would say, 'It was love that weys of our ows souls first.

"A charge to map I have God to glorify.

A never dying mul to save and it for the say.

"Oh, heloted friends, remember the ittle top and the melbes; remember the young girl and the young man: rebrimstone; remember the suicide's skeleton on the pitche billows of Mount that has this day sounded in your car And what I say to you I say to all-

Here the Bible closed with a tre mendous thud. 'Tant' Sannie loogened the white handkerchief about her neck and wiped her eyes, and the colored girl, seeing her do so, sniffled. They did not understand the discourse, which made it the more affecting. There hung over it that inscrutable charm which hovers forever for the human intellect over the incomprehensible and shadowy. When the last hymn was sung, the German conducted the officiator to Tant' Sannie, who graclously extended her hand and offered coffee and a seat on the sofa. Leaving him there, the German hurrle away to see how the little plum puding, and Tant' Sannie remarked that it was a hot day. Bonaparte gathered her meaning as she fanned herself with the end of her apron. He bowed low in acquiescence. A long silence followed. Tant' Sannie spoke again. Bonaparte gave her no car. His eye was fixed on a small miniature on the opposite wall, which represented Tant' Sannie as she had appeared on the before, attired in green muslin. Seddenly he started to his feet, walked up to the picture and took his stand before it. Long and wistfully he gazed into its features. It was easy to see that he was deeply moved. With a sudden movement, as though no longer able to restrain himself, he seized the picture, loosened it from its uail and held it close to his eyes. At length,

turning to the Boer woman, he said in a voice of deep emotion: "You will, I trust, dear madame, ex cuse this exhibition of my feelings, but this-this little picture recalls to me my first and best beloved, my dear departed wife, who is now a saint in

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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lain's Pain Balm, with good results, treatment."

1 n olden for a lame shoulder that has pained times people her continually for nine years. We overlooked the have tried all kinds of medicines and doctors without receiving any benefit defects from any of them. One day we saw and were satisfied with transient action; but now and thought of trying it, which we it is generally did with the best of satisfaction. She known that Dr. Bennett's belt has used only one bottle and her will permanent. shoulder is almost well .- Adolph L. ly overcome any Millett, Manchester, N. H. For sale by Delta Drug Store. weakness, well informed people will not besitate

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"Yes; I will wait, I will wait, but not long. Do not let it be very long. Jesus. King. I want you; oh. I want you. Soon, "Soon!" He sat still staring across the plain with his tearful eyes.

In the front room of the farmhouse sat Tant' Sannie in her elbow chair.

In per hand was her great breas class.

The seen no more by mortal eye."

Here again Bonaparte rested and then continued:

"The lake of melted stone rose in the plan with his tearful eyes.

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"The lake of melted stone rose in the plan with his tearful eyes.

"The lake of melted stone rose in the plan with his tearful eyes.

"The lake of mild. Near the was a rock. I stood upon it. The lery torset to cure or refund the money. Send for circular. Address, ticket agent, or excess and andiscretion. A nerve tonic and blood bender. Brings the plan with his tearful eyes.

"The lake of melted stone rose in the plan with his tearful eyes.

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temedy cured me completely. Before I close, I want to tell you worse all the time. My husband went over to his house and told him about my ase. Then his mother went to town, got a so-cent bottle of Acker's English Remedy, and he took it. He came over to our house a few days later and said he was all right, and also said two doses relieved him from the start. You can understand by my letter why I think so much of Acker's English Remedy. I repeat that God's blessing must surely have been bestowed upon Dr. Acker.

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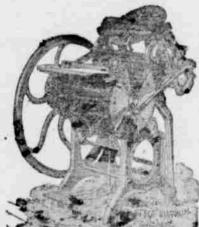
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