

The Story of an African Farm

Continued from First Page

"Ah, I—I also, two dear, dear wives, whom I shall never see any more!" cried Bonaparte, flinging himself back upon the bed.

He bowed until the tarantulas that lived between the rafters and the zinc roof felt the unusual vibration and looked out with their wicked bright eyes to see what was going on.

Tant' Sannie sighed; the Hottentot maid sighed; the Kaffir girl looked in at the door, put her hand over her mouth and said, "Mow-wah!"

"You must trust in the Lord," said Tant' Sannie. "He can give you more than you have lost."

"I do, I do!" he cried. "But, oh, I have no wife! I have no wife!"

Tant' Sannie was much affected and came and stood near the bed.

"Ask him if he won't have a little wip-nice, fine, four pax. There is some boiling on the kitchen fire."

The German made the proposal, but the widower waved his hand.

"No; nothing shall pass my lips. I should be suffocated. No, no! Speak not of food to me!"

"Pax and a little brandy in," said Tant' Sannie coaxingly.

Bonaparte caught the word.

"Perhaps, perhaps—if I struggled with myself—for the sake of my duties I might imbibe a few drops," he said, looking with quivering lip up into the German's face. "I must do my duty, must I not?"

Tant' Sannie gave the order, and the girl went for the pax.

"I know how it was when my first husband died. They could do nothing with me," the Boer woman said. "I had eaten a sheep's trotter and honey and a little rasher cake, I know."

Bonaparte sat up on the bed with his legs stretched out in front of him and a hand on each knee, blubbering softly.

"Oh, she was a woman! You are very kind to try to comfort me, but she was my wife. For a woman like me, is my wife I could live, for a woman that is my wife I could die, for a woman that is my wife I could—Ah, that sweet word wife! When will it rest upon my lips again?"

When his feelings had subsided a little, he raised the corners of his turned down mouth and spoke to the German with baby lips.

"Do you think she understands me? Oh, tell her every word, that she may know I thank her!"

At that instant the girl reappeared with a basin of steaming gruel and a black bottle.

Tant' Sannie poured some of its contents into the basin, stirred it well and came to the bed.

"Oh, I can't, I can't! I shall die, I shall die!" said Bonaparte, putting his hand to his side.

"Come, just a little," said Tant' Sannie coaxingly. "Just a drop."

"It's too thick, it's too thick. I could choke," said Bonaparte.

Tant' Sannie added from the contents of the bottle and held out a spoonful. Bonaparte opened his mouth like a little bird waiting for a worm and held it open as she dipped again and again into the pax.

"Ah, this will do your heart good!" said Tant' Sannie, in whose mind the relative functions of heart and stomach were exceedingly well defined.

When the basin was emptied, the violence of his grief was much assuaged. He looked at Tant' Sannie with gentle tears.

"Tell him," said the Boer woman, "that I hope he will sleep well and that the Lord will comfort him as the Lord only can."

"Bless you, dear friend! God bless you!" said Bonaparte.

When the door was safely shut on the German, the Hottentot and the Dutchwoman, he got off the bed and washed away the soap he had rubbed on his eyelids.

"Bon," he said, slapping his leg. "You are the cutest lad I ever came across. If you don't turn out the old hymns and prayers, and pummel the ragged coat, and get your arms round the fat one's waist and a wedding ring on her finger, then you are not Bonaparte. Bon, you're a fine boy!"

Making which pleasing reflection, he pulled off his trousers and got into bed cheerfully.

CHAPTER VII.

HE SETS HIS TRAP.

"May I come in? I hope I do not disturb you, my dear friend," said Bonaparte late one evening, putting his nose in at the cabin door, where the German and his son sat finishing their supper.

It was two months since he had been installed as schoolmaster in Tant' Sannie's household, and he had grown mightier and more mighty day by day. He visited the cabin no more, sat close to Tant' Sannie drinking coffee all the evening and walked about loftily with his hands under the coat-tails of the German's black cloth and failed to see even a nigger who wished him a deferential good morning. It was therefore with no small surprise that the German perceived Bonaparte's red nose at his door.

"Walk in, walk in," he said joyfully.

"Joy, joy, see if there is coffee left. Well, none. Make a fire. We have done supper, but—"

"My dear friend," said Bonaparte, taking off his hat, "I am not here to eat, not for more creature comforts, but for an hour of brotherly intercourse with a kindred spirit. The press of business and the weight of thought, but they alone, may sometimes prevent me from sharing the secrets of my bosom with him for whom I have so great a sympathy. You perhaps wonder when I shall return the two pounds?"

"Oh, no, no! Make a fire, make a fire, boy. We will have a pot of hot coffee presently," said the German, rubbing his hands and looking about, not knowing how best to show his pleasure at the unexpected visit.

For three weeks the German's diffident "good evening" had met with a stately bow, the chin of Bonaparte lifting itself higher daily, and his shadow had not darkened the cabin doorway since he came to borrow the two pounds. The German "walked" to the door of the bed and took down a blue bag that hung there. Blue bags were a specialty of the Germans. He kept above 30 stowed away in different corners of his room, some filled with curious stones, some with seeds that had been in his possession 15 years, some with rusty nails, buckles and bits of old harness, in all a wonderful assortment, but highly prized.

"We have something here not so bad," said he, as he drew his finger into the bag and took out a handful of almonds and raisins. "I buy these for my chickens."

They increase in size, but they still think the old man must have some thing nice for them. And the old man—well, a big boy may have a sweet tooth sometimes, may he not? Ha, ha!" said the German, chucking at his own joke, as he heaped the plate with almonds. "Here is a stone, two stones, to crack them, no late patent improvement—well, Alan's nutcracker. Ha, ha! But I think we shall do. We will not leave them uncracked. We will consume a few without fashionable improvements."

Here the German sat down on one side of the table, Bonaparte on the other, each with a couple of flat stones before him and the plate between them.

"Do not be afraid," said the German, "do not be afraid. I do not forget the boy at the fire. I crack for him. The bag is full. Why, this is strange, he said suddenly, cracking open a large nut, "three kernels! I have not observed that before. This must be retained. This is valuable." He wrapped the nut in paper and put it carefully in his waistcoat pocket. "Valuable, very valuable," he said, shaking his head.

"Ah, my friend," said Bonaparte, "what joy it is to be once more in your society!"

The German's eye glistened, and Bonaparte seized his hand and squeezed it warmly. They then proceeded to crack and eat. After awhile Bonaparte said, stuffing a handful of raisins into his mouth:

"I was so deeply grieved, my dear friend, that you and Tant' Sannie had some slight unpleasantness this evening."

"Oh, no, no!" said the German. "It is all right now. A few sheep imbibing, but I make it myself. I give my 12 sheep and work in the other eight."

"It is rather hard that you should have to make good the lost sheep," said Bonaparte. "It is no fault of yours."

"Well," said the German, "this is the case. Last evening I counted the sheep at the kraal. Twenty are missing. I ask the herd. He tells me they are with the other flock; he tells me so distinctly. How can I think he lies? This afternoon I count the other flock. The sheep are not there. I count back. The herd is gone; the sheep are gone. But I cannot—no, I will not—believe he stole them," said the German, growing suddenly excited. "Some one else, but not he. I know that boy. I know him three years. He is a good boy. I have seen him deeply affected on account of his soul. And she would send the police after him! I say I would rather make the loss good myself. I will not have it. He has died in fear. I know his heart. It was," said the German, with a little German hesitation, "under my words that he first felt his need of a Saviour."

Bonaparte cracked some more almonds, then said, yawning, and more as though he asked for the sake of having something to converse about than from any interest he felt in the subject:

"And what has become of the herd's wife?"

The German was alight again in a moment.

"Yes; his wife. She has a child 6 days old, and Tant' Sannie would turn her out into the fields this night. That," said the German, rising, "that is what I call cruelty, diabolical cruelty. My soul abhors that deed. The man that could do such a thing, I could run him through with a knife!" said the German, his gray eyes flashing and his bushy black beard adding to the murderous fury of his aspect. Then, suddenly subsiding, he said: "But all is of sweet. Tant' Sannie gives her word that the maid shall remain for some days. I go to Oom Muller's tomorrow to learn if the sheep may not be there. If they are not, then I return. They are gone; that is all I make it good."

"Tant' Sannie is a singular woman," said Bonaparte, taking the tobacco bag the German passed to him.

"Singular! Yes," said the German; "but her heart is on her right side. I have lived long years with her, and I may say I have for her an affection which she returns. I may say," added the German, with warmth—"I may say that there is not one soul on this farm for whom I have not an affection."

"Ah, my friend," said Bonaparte, "when the grace of God is in our hearts, it is not so with us all? Do we not love the very worm we tread upon and as we tread upon it? Do we know distinctions of race or sex or of color?"

"Love so amazing, so divine, fills my soul, my life, my art."

After a time he sank into a less fervent mood and remarked:

"The colored female who waits upon Tant' Sannie appears to be of a virtuous disposition, an individual who—"

"Virtuous!" said the German. "I have confidence in her. There is that in her which is pure, that which is not. The rich and high that walk this earth with lofty eyelids might exchange with her."

The German here got up to bring a coal for Bonaparte's pipe, and they sat together talking for awhile. At length Bonaparte knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"It is time that I took my departure, dear friend," he said, "but before I do so shall we not close this evening of sweet communion and brotherly intercourse by a few words of prayer? Oh, how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the dew upon the mountains of Zion, for there the Lord bestows a blessing, even life for evermore."

"Stay and drink some coffee," said the German.

"No, thank you, my friend. I have business that must be done tonight," said Bonaparte. "Your dear son appears to have gone to sleep. He is going to take the wagon to the mill tomorrow. What a little man he is!"

A fine boy.

But, though the boy nodded before he went, he was not asleep, and they all knelt down to pray.

When they rose from their knees, Bonaparte extended his hand to Waldo and patted him on the head.

"Good night, my lad," he said. "As you go to the mill tomorrow we shall not see you for some days. Good night, Goodbye. The Lord bless and may he be bringing you back to us in safety to find us all as you have left us." He laid some emphasis on the last words. "And you, my dear friend," he added, turning with redoubled warmth to the German, "long shall I look back to this evening as a time of refreshment from the presence of the Lord, as an hour of blessed intercourse with a brother in Jesus. May such often return! The Lord bless you," he added, with deeper fervor, "richly, richly!"

Then he opened the door and vanished out into the darkness.

"He, he, he!" laughed Bonaparte as he stumbled over the stool. "If there isn't the most lot of fools on this farm that ever God Almighty stuck legs to! He, he, he! When the worms come out, then the blackbirds feed. Ha, ha, ha!" Then he drew himself up. Even when alone he liked to pose with a certain dignity. It was second nature to him.

He looked up at the kitchen door. The Hottentot maid whoosated as interpreter between Tant' Sannie and himself was gone, and Tant' Sannie herself was in bed.

Never mind, Bon, my boy," he said as he walked round to his own room. "Tomorrow will do. He, he, he!"

CHAPTER VIII.

HE CATCHES THE OLD HERD.

At 4 o'clock the next afternoon the German rode across the plain, returning from his search for the lost sheep. He rode slowly, for he had been in the saddle since sunrise and was somewhat weary, and the heat of the afternoon made his horse sleepy as it picked its way slowly along the sandy road. Every now and then a great red spider would start out of the "karroo" on one side of the path and run across to the other, but nothing else broke the still monotony. Presently, behind one of the highest of the milk bushes that dotted the roadside, the German caught sight of a Kaffir woman, seated there evidently for such shadow as the milk bush might afford from the scorching rays of the sun. The German turned the horse's head out of the road. It was not his way to pass a living creature without a word of greeting. Coming nearer, he found it was no other than the wife of the absconding Kaffir herd. She had a baby tied on her back by a dirty strip of red blanket. Other strips hardly larger were twisted round her waist, for the rest of her body was naked. She was sullen, ill looking woman, with lips hideously protruding.

The German questioned her as to how she came there. She muttered in broken Dutch that she had been turned out of her home. Had she done evil? She shook her head sullenly. Had she had food given her? She grunted a negative and fanned the flies from her baby. Telling the woman to remain where she was, he turned his horse's head to the road and rode off at a furious pace. "Hard hearted! Cruel! O my God! Is this the way? Is this charity? Yes, yes, yes!" ejaculated the old man as he rode on, but presently, as he came to a halt to evaporate, his horse's pace slackened, and by the time he had reached his own door he was nodding and smiling.

Dismounting quickly, he went to the great chest where his provisions were kept. Here he got out a little meal, a few mealies, a few rasher cakes. These he tied up in three blue handkerchiefs, and putting them into a salt-chest bag, he strapped them over his shoulders. Then he looked circum-spectly out at the door. It was very bad to be discovered in the act of giving. It made him red up to the roots of his old grizzled hair. No one was about, however, so he rode off again. Before the milk bush sat the Kaffir woman still like a statue, he thought, thrust out by her mistress in the wilderness to die. Telling her to loosen the handkerchiefs of his bag, he poured into it the contents of his bag. The woman tied it up in sullen silence.

"You must try to get to the next farm," said the German.

The woman shook her head. She would sleep in the field.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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