Che Story of an African Farm

Continued from First Page

be clearly heard through the closed window as they crossed the stones in the yard. Bonaparte listened till they had died away round the corner of the wagon house, and, feeling that his bare gs were getting cold, he jumped back into bed again.

What do you keep up in your loft?" e next morning, pointing upward and elucidating his meaning by the addifor the lean Hottentot was gone home. "Dried skins," said the Boer woman, "and empty bottles and boxes and

"You don't keep any of your pro visions there sugar, now?" said Bonaparte, pointing to the sugar basin and

then up at the loft. Tant Sannie shook her head. "Only salt and drie.l peaches."

"Dried penches, ch?" said Bonsparte Shut the door, my dear child, shut it the dining room. Then he leaned over the elbow of the soft and brought ils face as close as possible to the Boer man's and made signs of eating. Then he said something she did not comprehend, then said, "Waldo, Waldo, Waldo," pointed up to the loft, and made signs of eating again.

Now an inkling of his meaning dawnmake it clearer he moved his legs after the manner of one going up a ladder, cuted vigorously, said, "Penches, peaches, peaches," and appeared to be oming down the ladder.

It was now evident to Tant' Sannie that Waldo had been in her left and

eaten her peaches. proceedings Bonaparte lay down on the sofa and, shutting his eyes tightly, said, "Night, night, night," Then he are God's word of the sofa and, shutting his eyes tightly, said, "Night, night, night," Then he are God's word of the sofa and shutting his eyes tightly, said, "Night, night," Then he are God's word of the sofa and shutting his eyes tightly, said, "Night, night," Then he are God's word of the sofa and shutting his eyes tightly, said, "Night, night," Then he are God's word of the sofa and shutting his eyes tightly, said, "Night, night," Then he are God's word of the sofa and shutting his eyes tightly, said, "Night, night, night," Then he are God's word of the sofa and shutting his eyes tightly, said, "Night, night, night," Then he are God's word of the sofa and shutting his eyes tightly, said, "Night, night," Then he are God's word of the sofa and shutting his eyes tightly, said, "Night, night, night," Then he are constant to the sofa and shutting his eyes tightly, said, "Night, night, night," Then he are constant to the sofa and shutting his eyes tightly, said, "Night, night," Then he are constant to the sofa and shutting his eyes tightly, said, "Night, night," Then he are constant to the sofa and shutting his eyes tightly, said, "Night, night," Then he are constant to the sofa and shutting his eyes tightly, said, "Night, night," Then he are constant to the sofa and the sofa a sat up wildly, appearing to be intently listening, mimicked with his feet the Tant' Sannie. This clearly showed how, roused in the night, he had dis-

rovered the theft. "He must have been a great fool to eat my penches," said Tant' Sannie. They are full of mites as a sheepskin

and as hard as stones." Bonaparte, fumbling in his pocket, second fell exactly in the same place fld not even hear her remark and took put from his conttall a little horsewhip, sicely rolled up. Bonaparte winked a

the little rhinoceros borsewhip, at the Boer woman and then at the door. Shall we call him-Waldo, Waldo?"

Tant' Sannie nodded and giggled There was something so exceedingly ing to beat the boy, though for her own part she did not see that the peaches were worth it. When the Kaffir maid came with the washtub, she was sent summer Waldo, and Bonaparte doubled up the little whip and put it in pocket. Then he drew himself up and prepared to act his important part with becoming gravity. Soon Walde od in the door and took off his hat. "Come in, come in, my lad," said Bonaparte, "and shut the door behind." The boy came in and stood before

"You need not be so afraid, child," said Tant' Sannie. "I was a child myself once. It's no great harm if you have taken a few."

Bonaparte perceived that her remark was not in keeping with the nature of the proceedings and of the little drama he intended to act. Pursing out his

"Waldo, it grieves me beyond expression to have to summon you for so painful a purpose, but it is it the imperative call of duty, which I dare not evade. I do not state that frank and unreserved confession will pivlate the necessity of chastisement, which, if requisite, shall be fully administered; but the nature of that chast sement may be mitigated by free and humble confession. Waldo, answer the as you would your own father, in whose place I now stand to you. Have you or have you not, did you or did you not, eat of the penches in the loft's

Say you took them, boy, say you took them. Then he won't heat you much," said the Dutchwoman good naturedly, getting a little sorry for

The boy raised his eyes slowly and fixed them vacantly upon her. Then suddenly his face grew dark with

"So you haven't got anything to say to us, my lad?" said Ronaparte, monentarily forgetting his dignity and bending forward with a little snark "But what I mean is just this, my lad -when it takes a boy three-quarters of an hour to fill a salt pot and when at 3 o'clock in the morning he goes knocking about the doors of a loft it's natal to suppose there's mischlef in it. It's certain there is mischief in it, and where there's mischief in it must be taken out," said Bonaparte, grinning Into the boy's face. Then, feeling that he had fallen from that high gravity which was as spice to the pudding and the flavor of the whole little tragedy, he drew himself up. "Waldo," he said, couless to me instantly and without reserve that you eat the peaches."

The boy's face was white now. His eyes were on the ground, his hands doggedly clasped before him. "What? You do not intend to an-

under his bent eyebrows and then

looked down again. "The creature looks as if all the devils in hell were in it, ' cried Tant' "Say you took theu, boy. Young things will be young things. I

older than you when I used to eat 'bultong' in my mother's loft and his last night's work. He would have get the little niggers whipped for it. Say you took them." But the boy said nothing.

"I think a little solitary confinement might perhaps be beneficial," said Bonsparte. "It will enable you, Waldo, to reflect on the enormity of the sin you have committed against our Father in heaven, and you may also think who are older and wiser than you are and whose duty it is to check and cor-

Saying this, Benaparte stood up and took down the key of the fuel house. which hung on a nail against the wall. "Walk on, my boy," said itonaparte, pointing to the door, and as he follow-ed him out he drew his mouth express-

ively on one side and made the lash of the little horsewhip stick out of his pocket and shake up and down. Tant' Sannie felt in sorry for the lad, but she could in 'p langhing. 'p laughtng. It was always so funny when one was

him oranl Anvinow he would for

get all about it when the places were caled. Had not she been beaten many times and been all the better for it? Bonaparte took up a lighted candle

kitchen table and told the boy to walk before him. They went to the fuel and looking at them. house. It was a little atone crection "Do you mean her house. It was a little stone erection "Do you mean her to have it?" said that jutted out from the side of the Tant' Sannie in Dutch. vagon house. It was low and without a window, and the dried dung was Benaparte in Englis piled in one corner, and the coffee mill stood in another, fastened on the top said Tant' Samle.

of a short post about three feet high. So they looked at each other, talking

Waldo obeyed sullenly. One place to ifm was much the same as another.

the door catefully. He put the light down on the heap of dung in the corner and quietly introduced his hand under his coattails and drew slowly from his pecket the end of a rope, which he concealed behind him.

said Bonaparte.

He moved round toward the boy's see what it is like and put it to rights back. He hardly liked the look in the sp there. You bring the little ladder fellow's eyes, though he stood there and stand at the bottom." motionless. If he should spring on

fully and shifted round to the wooden on the table. post. There was a slipknot in one end of the rope, and a sudden movement passed it round them. It was an in-stant's work to drag it twice round the

For a moment the boy struggled to woman with some danger and diff-free himself. Then he knew that he culty climbed into the loft. Then the was powerless and stood still.

"Horses that kick must have their legs tied," said Bounparte as he passed | wagon house and needed it, but the boy's knees. "And now, my dear Wal-"I am going to beat you."

Lord will bless and sanctify to you what I am going to do to you." The first cut ran from the shoulder across the middle of the back. The

A shudder passed through the boy's "Nice, ch?" said Bonaparte, peeping round into his face, speaking with a

lisp, as though to a very little child. But the eyes were black and butter ess and seemed not to see him. When he had given 16, It imparte paused tu his work to wipe a little drop of blood

from his whip. so? Perhaps you would like to pull up your shirt? But I've not quite done

whip again and put it back in his pocket. He cut the rope through with

"You don't seem to have found you tongue yet. Forgotten how to cry? said Bonaparte, patting him on the

The boy looked up at him, not sullenly, not angrily. There was a wild, fitful terror in the eyes. Bonaparte made haste to go out and shut the door He himself was afraid of that look.

It was almost morning. Waldo lay with his face upon the ground at the foot of the fuel heap. There was a round hole near the top of the door where a knot of wood had fallen out. and a stream of gray light came in

Ah, it was going to end at last! Noth ing lasts forever, not even the night. How was it he had never thought of that before? For in all that long dark night he had been very strong, had never been tired, never felt pain, had run on and on, up and down, up and down. He had not dared to stand still. and he had not known it would end. He had been so strong that when he struck his head with all his force upon the stone wall it did not stun him nor pain him, only made him laugh. That was a dreadful night. When he clasped his hands frantically and prayed, "O God, my beautiful God, my sweet God, once, only once, let me feel you near me tonight?" he could not feel him. He prayed aloud, very loud, and

he got no answer. When he listened, it was all quite quiet, like when the priests of Baal cried aloud to their god. "O Baal, bear us; O Baal, bear us!" but Baal was gone a-bunting. That was a long, wild night, and wild thoughts came and went in it; but they

left their marks behind them forever; for, as years cannot pass without leaving their traces behind them, neither can nights into which are forced the thoughts and sufferings of years. last be was very tired. He shivered and clasped with both arms the barrel And now the dawn was coming, and at and tried to draw the shirt up over his shoulders. They were getting stiff. He had never known they were cut in the night. He looked up at the white light that came in through the hole at the top of the door and shuddered. Then he turned his face back to the ground

Some hours later Bonaparte came tobread in his hand. He opened the door and peered in, then entered and touched the fellow with his boot. Seeing that he breathed beavily, though he did not rouse, Bonaparte threw the brend down on the ground. He was alive. That was one thing. He bent over him and carefully scratched open one of the cuts with the nall of his fore finger, examining with much interest

to count his sheep himself that day. The boy was literally cut up. He locked the door and went away again.

"Oh, Lyndall," said Em, entering the dining room and bathed in tears that afternoon, "I have been begging Bonaparte to let him out, and he won't." "The more you beg the more he will

not," said Lyndall. She was cutting out aprops on the

"Oh, but it's late, and I think they want to kill him," said Em, weeping bitterly; and, finding that no more consolation was to be gained from ber cousin, she went off blubbering, "I wonder you can cut out aprons when Waldo is shot up like that."

For ten minutes after she was gone Lyndali worked on quietly. Then she folded up her stuff, rolled it tightly together and stood before the closed door of the sitting room with her hands closely clasped. A flush rose to her face. She opened the door quickly, walked to and went to the nail on going to bave a whipping, and it would

Benaparte and Tant' Sannie sat there "What do you want?" they asked to-

"This key," she said, holding it up

"Why don't you stop her?" asked "Why don't you take it from her?"

Bonaparte took the padlock of the while Lyndall walked to the fuel house with the key, her underlip bitten in. to stand up and twisted his arm about her waist to support him, "we will not He had no objection to being locked be children always. We shall have the power, too, some day." She kissed his naked shoulder with her soft little mouth. It was all the comfort her young soul could give bim.

CHAPTER : III.

HE MAKES L.VR. "Here," said Tant' Sanule to "I'm very sorry, exceedingly corry, Waldo, my lad, that you should have house four years and never been up acted in this manner. It grieves me," in the loft. Fatter women than I go Hottentot maid, "I have been in this up ladders. I will go up today and

> "There's one would be sorry if you were to fall," said the Hottentot maid. leering at Bonaparte's pipe, that lay

"Hold your tongue, jade," said her mistress, trying to conceal a pleased smile, "and go and fetch the ladder. There was a never used trapdoor at one end of the sitting room. This the

wooden post. Then Bonaparte was Hottentot maid pushed open, and, setting the ladder against it, the Boer Hottentot maid took the ladder away. trapdoor was left open.

For a little while Tant' Sannie do," taking the whip out of his pocket, about among the empty bottles and He paused for a moment. It was perfectly quiet. They could hear each other's breath.

that Waldo was supposed to have liked so. Then she sat down near the trap-door beside a barrel of sait mutton.

ther to you. Waldo. I think we had better have your naked back."

He took out his penknife and slit the ried to her husband Bonaparte it would shirt down from the shoulder to the not matter whether a sheep spoiled or dropsy was dead. She smiled as she dived her hand into the pickle water.

room below, closely followed by Bona-parte, with his head on one side, smiling mawkishly. Had Tant Sanni spoken at that moment the life of Bonaparte Blenkins would have run a wholly different course. As it was, sh remained silent, and neither noticed the open trapdoor above their heads.

"Sit there, my love," said Bona-parte, motioning Trana into her aunt's elbow chair and drawing another close up in front of it, in which he seated himself. "There; put your feet upon the stove too. Your nunt has gone somewhere. Long have I waited for this auspicious event!"

of English, sat down in the chair and wondered if this was one of the strange customs of other lands that an old

Rev. W. A. Nickel, residing at 2525
yours and sit with his knees touching
you. She had been five days in Bonaparte's company and feared the old
man and disliked his nose.

"How long have I desired this moment?" said Bonaparte. "But that
aged relative of thine is always casting
her unhallowed shadow upon us. Look
into my eyes, Trana."

Bonaparte knew that she comprebended not a syllable, but he understood that it is the eye, the lone, the

stood that it is the eye, the tone, the action, and not at all the rational word, that touches the love chords. He saw "All night," said Bonaparte, "I lie

awake. I see naught but thy angelic countenance. I open my arms to receive thee. Where art thou, where? Thou art not there!" said Bonaparte, it is suiting the action to the words and known the action to the words and known that Dr. Bennett's belt

"Oh, please, I don't understand," said ly overcome any Trana. "I want to go away."

"Yes, yes," said Bonaparte, leaning back in his chair, to her great relief. and pressing his hands on his heart, "since first thy amethystine countenot suffered, what have I not felt? Oh, the pangs unspoken, burning as an ardent coal in a flery and uncontaminated bosom!" said Bonaparte, bending

forward again. "Dear Lord," said Trana to herself. "how foolish I have been! The old man has a pain in his stomach, and now, as my aunt is out, he has come to

She smiled kindly at Bonaparte and. pushing past him, went to the bedroom. quickly returning with a bottle of red

"They are very good for 'benanuwd-belt.' My mother always drinks them. she said, holding the bottle out.

The face to the trapdoor was a fiery red. Like a tiger cat ready to spring Tant' Sannie crouched, with the shoul der of mutton in her hand. Exactly beneath her stood Bonaparte. She ros

"What, rose of the desert, nighting gale of the colony, that with thine amorous lay whilest the lonesome hight!" cried Bonaparte, seizing the hand that held the "vonlicense." "Nay, struggle not! Fly as a stricken fawn NTERESTING

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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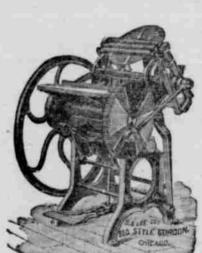
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