

INDEPENDENT and Weekly Oregonian, both for \$2.00 per year. INDEPENDENT and the Twice-a-Week Courier-Journal both for only \$1.60 per year.

Hillsboro Independent

HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1900.

Portland Library

Our Job Printing Department Surpasses any in the County for neatness, quickness and cheapness. Call and be convinced.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

STATE OFFICERS. Governor: T. T. Geer. Secretary of State: J. D. Dunbar. Treasurer: Chas. S. Moore. Public Instruction: J. H. Ballinger. State Printer: W. H. Leada. Supreme Court: Chas. E. Wolverton. Judge Fifth District: T. A. McBride. Attorney Fifth District: T. J. Clelland.

OREGON CITY LAND OFFICE.

Chas. B. Moore, Register. Wm. Grayson, Receiver.

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor: W. N. Barrett. City Clerk: J. A. Linder. Sheriff: W. D. Bradford. Assessor: C. A. O'Connell. School Superintendent: A. A. Morris. Coroner: C. L. Large.

POST OFFICE INFORMATION.

The mails close at the Hillsboro Post Office, daily: Glenwood, West Union, Bethany and Cedar Hill, at 7:30 a. m. Going South, 8:30 a. m. Going to Portland and way-offices, 6:55 a. m. and 4 p. m. For Farmington and Lauro, daily at 6:25 a. m.

CHURCH AND SOCIETY NOTICES.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, corner Main and Fifth streets. Morning and evening. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening, 7:30 p. m. Services will be short, bright, interesting and helpful. Everyone cordially welcome. RYAN P. HUGHES, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH. Preaching at 11 and 4:30 Sundays in each month at 24 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. Christian school at 7 p. m. H. H. SHANKS, Pastor.

HILLSBORO G. L. A. O. U. Meetings every first and third Friday evening each month. J. W. WALKER, M. W. W. H. Wehring, Recorder.

Daughters of Rebekah. HILLSBORO REBEKAH LODGE NO. 64, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows Hall every Saturday evening.

P. of H. HILLSBORO GRANGE, NO. 73, meets 2nd and 4th Saturdays of each month. CHOPPEL, Master.

MONTENEZUMA LODGE NO. 50, meets Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Visitors welcome. D. M. G. GAVEL, Sec'y.

DEGREE OF HONOR. I. O. O. F. W. meets in Masonic Hall on Monday evening of each week. Sojourning brethren welcome to lodge meetings.

A. F. and A. M. TUALITY LODGE NO. 6, A. F. & A. M., meets every Saturday night or after full moon of each month. F. A. HALL, W. M. R. GRANBALL, Secretary.

G. E. S. TUALATIN CHAPTER NO. 2, G. E. S., meets at Masonic Temple on the 2nd and 4th Tuesday of each month.

K. O. T. N. VIOLA TENT NO. 18, K. O. T. N., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, on second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month, at 2:30 p. m. L. A. LONG, Com. BERTON BOWMAN, Sec'y.

WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT NO. 24, I. O. O. F., meets on first and third Tuesdays of each month. C. E. DEICHMAN.

GEN. RANSOM CORPS NO. 47, W. R. C. MEETS IN ODD FELLOWS HALL, Hillsboro, on the 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 29th, 31st, of each month at 2:30 p. m. Elizabeth O'Connell, Secretary.

GEN. RANSOM POST, NO. 69, G. A. R. MEETS IN ODD FELLOWS HALL, on the first and third Saturdays of each month, at 2:00 o'clock, P. M. J. P. Hicks, R. Grandall P. O. Adams.

Your Face. Shows the state of your feelings and the state of your health as well. Impure blood makes itself apparent in a pale and sallow complexion, pimples and skin eruptions. If you are feeling weak and worn out and do not have a healthy appearance you should try Ayer's Blood Purifier. It cures all blood diseases where cheap Sarsaparilla and so-called purifiers fail. Knowing this we sell every bottle on a positive guarantee. The Delta Drug Store.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOS. H. & E. B. TONGUE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, HILLSBORO, OREGON. OFFICE: ROOMS 4, 4 1/2, Morgan Block.

W. N. BARRETT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, HILLSBORO, OREGON. OFFICE: Central Block, Rooms 6 and 7.

SMITH & BOWMAN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, HILLSBORO, OREGON. OFFICE: Rooms 6 and 7, Morgan block.

H. T. BAGLEY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW, HILLSBORO, OREGON. Deputy District Attorney for Washington County. OFFICE: Over Delta Drug Store.

JOHN M. WALL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, HILLSBORO, OREGON. Bailey Morgan Block, Rooms 1 & 2.

S. T. LINKLATER, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, HILLSBORO, OREGON. OFFICE: at residence, east of court house, where he will be found at all hours when not visiting patients.

J. P. TAMMIE, M. D., S. P. R. SURGEON, HILLSBORO, OREGON. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: corner Third and Main streets. Office hours, 9:30 to 12 and 1 to 5 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone to residence from Hook & Nels' Drugstore at all hours. All calls promptly attended, night or day.

F. A. BAILEY, M. D., PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR, HILLSBORO, OREGON. OFFICE: in Pharmacy, Union Block. Calls attended, at night or day. Residence, N. W. Cor. Base Line and Second streets.

S. H. HUMPHREYS, CONVEYANCING AND ABSTRACTING OF TITLES, HILLSBORO, OREGON. Legal papers drawn and Loans on Real Estate negotiated. Business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

JAN. M. THOMPSON, NOTARY PUBLIC, THOMPSON & SON, HILLSBORO, OREGON. 26 years experience in Office Legal Business. General trusts executed. Property of Estates and Individuals cared for. Office at the Bazaar, Forest Grove, Oregon.

C. E. GEIGER, HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, FOREST GROVE, OREGON. Special attention paid to Medical and Surgical Diseases of Women and Children and all chronic diseases. Office and residence, Bowley house Pacific ave., west of Forest Grove hotel.

R. NIXON, DENTIST, FOREST GROVE, OREGON. Best art. -dial teeth \$5.50 per set. Cement and Amalgam fillings 50 cents each. Gold fillings from \$1 up. Visited air for painless extraction. Office: three doors north of Bank street. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

J. E. ADKINS, DENTIST, HILLSBORO, ORE. Office hours: 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. Office in Union Block over Pharmacy.

Moki Tea positively cures Sick Headache, indigestion and constipation. A rich and healthful drink. Removes all eruptions of the skin, producing a perfect complexion, or money refunded, 25 cts. and over. The Delta Drug Store.

Shroka Harness Oil is the best preservative of new leather. It softens, blackens and restores the color of old leather. It is sold by all harness makers and leather goods stores. Made by STEWARD OIL CO.

Eureka Harness Oil

NERVITA PILLS. Cures Impotency, Night Emissions and wasting diseases, all effects of indigestion, or excess of self-abuse, or excess of self-abuse. A nerve tonic and blood builder. Brings the pink glow to pale cheeks and restores the fire of youth. By mail \$0.60 per box, 6 boxes for \$2.50; with a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Send for circular. Address: NERVITA MEDICAL CO., Clinton & Jackson Sts., CHICAGO, ILL. For sale by Delta Drug Store.

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM

BY OLIVE SCHREINER

A TALE OF LIFE IN THE BOER REPUBLIC.

High words, ringing well. They are the offering of jewels to the hungry, of gold to the man who dies for bread. Bread is corruption; gold is inconvertible. Bread is light; gold is heavy. Bread is common; gold is rare. But the hungry man will barter all your mines for one morsel of bread. Around God's throne there may be choirs and companies of angels, cherubim and seraphim, rising tier above tier, but not for one of them all does the soul cry aloud, only perhaps for a little human wretch, full of sin, that it once loved!

"Change is death, change is death" he cried. "I want no angel, only she—no holier and no better, with all her sins upon her. So give her me or give me nothing!"

"There must be a hereafter because man longs for it," he whispered. "Is not all life from the cradle to the grave one long yearning for that which we never touch? There must be a hereafter because we cannot think of any and to life. Can we think of a beginning? Is it easier to say 'I was not' than to say 'I shall not be'? Dream, dream! Ah, all dreams and lies! No ground anywhere!"

All dies, all dies! The roses are red with the mother that once reddened the cheek of the child. The flowers bloom the fairest on the last year's battleground. The work of Death's finger cunningly wreathed over is at the heart of all things, even of the living. Death's finger is everywhere. The rocks are built up of a life that was. Bodies, thoughts and loves die. From where springs that whisper to the thin soul of man, "You shall not die"? Ah, is there no truth of which this dream is the shadow?"

He fell into perfect silence. And at last, as he walked there with his head bowed, his soul passed through the steps of contemplation into that vast land where there is always peace; that land where the soul, gazing long, loses all consciousness of its little self and almost feels its hand on the old mystery of Universal Unity that surrounds it. "No death, no death!" he muttered. "There is that which never dies, which abides. It is but the individual that perishes; the whole remains. It is the organism that vanishes; the atoms are there. It is but the man that dies; the Universal Whole of which he is part reworks him into its inmost self. Ah, what matter that man's day be short; that the sunrise sees him, and the sunset sees his grave. That of which he is but the breath has breathed him forth and drawn him back again. That abides; we abide."

For the little soul that cries aloud for continued personal existence for itself and its beloved, there is no help. For the soul which knows itself no more as a unit, but as a part of the Universal Unity of which the Beloved also is a part, which feels within itself the throbs of the Universal Life—for that soul there is no death.

"Let us die, beloved, you and I, that we may pass on forever through the Universal Life!" In that deep world of contemplation all nerve desires die out, and peace comes down. He (Waldo) as he walked there saw no more the world that was about him; cried out no more for the thing that he had lost. His soul rested. Was it only John, think you, who saw the heavens open? The dreamers see it every day.

No age succeeds age, and dream succeeds dream, and of the joy of the dreamer no man knoweth but he who dreameth.

Our fathers had their dream; we have ours; the generation that follows will have its own. Without dreams and phantoms man cannot exist.

CHAPTER XXVII. WALDO GOES OUT TO SIT IN THE SUNSHINE.

It had been a princely day. The long morning had melted slowly into a rich afternoon. Rains had covered the "karoo" with a heavy coat of green that hid the red earth everywhere. In the very chains of the stone walls dark green leaves hung out, and beauty and growth had crept even into the beds of

the sandy furrows and lined them with weeds. On the broken and walls of the old pigsty chickens flourished, and the plants lifted their transparent leaves. Waldo was at work in the wagon house again. He was making a kitchen table for Em. As the long curls gathered in heaps before his plane he paused for an instant now and again to throw one down to a small naked nigger who had crept from its mother, who stood churning in the sunshine, and had crawled into the wagon house. From time to time the little animal lifted its fat head as it expected a fresh shower of curls till Doss, jealous of his master's noticing any other small creature but himself, would catch the curl in his mouth and roll the little Katfir over in the mud, much to that small animal's contentment.

A different life showed itself in front of the house, where Tant Sannie's cart stood ready "spanned," and the Boer woman herself sat in the front room drinking coffee. She had come to visit her stepdaughter, probably for the last time, as she now weighed 200 pounds and was not easily able to move. On a chair sat her mild young husband nursing the baby, a pudging faced, weak eyed child.

"There must be a hereafter because man longs for it," he whispered. "Is not all life from the cradle to the grave one long yearning for that which we never touch? There must be a hereafter because we cannot think of any and to life. Can we think of a beginning? Is it easier to say 'I was not' than to say 'I shall not be'? Dream, dream! Ah, all dreams and lies! No ground anywhere!"

All dies, all dies! The roses are red with the mother that once reddened the cheek of the child. The flowers bloom the fairest on the last year's battleground. The work of Death's finger cunningly wreathed over is at the heart of all things, even of the living. Death's finger is everywhere. The rocks are built up of a life that was. Bodies, thoughts and loves die. From where springs that whisper to the thin soul of man, "You shall not die"? Ah, is there no truth of which this dream is the shadow?"

He fell into perfect silence. And at last, as he walked there with his head bowed, his soul passed through the steps of contemplation into that vast land where there is always peace; that land where the soul, gazing long, loses all consciousness of its little self and almost feels its hand on the old mystery of Universal Unity that surrounds it. "No death, no death!" he muttered. "There is that which never dies, which abides. It is but the individual that perishes; the whole remains. It is the organism that vanishes; the atoms are there. It is but the man that dies; the Universal Whole of which he is part reworks him into its inmost self. Ah, what matter that man's day be short; that the sunrise sees him, and the sunset sees his grave. That of which he is but the breath has breathed him forth and drawn him back again. That abides; we abide."

For the little soul that cries aloud for continued personal existence for itself and its beloved, there is no help. For the soul which knows itself no more as a unit, but as a part of the Universal Unity of which the Beloved also is a part, which feels within itself the throbs of the Universal Life—for that soul there is no death.

"Let us die, beloved, you and I, that we may pass on forever through the Universal Life!" In that deep world of contemplation all nerve desires die out, and peace comes down. He (Waldo) as he walked there saw no more the world that was about him; cried out no more for the thing that he had lost. His soul rested. Was it only John, think you, who saw the heavens open? The dreamers see it every day.

No age succeeds age, and dream succeeds dream, and of the joy of the dreamer no man knoweth but he who dreameth.

Our fathers had their dream; we have ours; the generation that follows will have its own. Without dreams and phantoms man cannot exist.

CHAPTER XXVII. WALDO GOES OUT TO SIT IN THE SUNSHINE.

It had been a princely day. The long morning had melted slowly into a rich afternoon. Rains had covered the "karoo" with a heavy coat of green that hid the red earth everywhere. In the very chains of the stone walls dark green leaves hung out, and beauty and growth had crept even into the beds of

the sandy furrows and lined them with weeds. On the broken and walls of the old pigsty chickens flourished, and the plants lifted their transparent leaves. Waldo was at work in the wagon house again. He was making a kitchen table for Em. As the long curls gathered in heaps before his plane he paused for an instant now and again to throw one down to a small naked nigger who had crept from its mother, who stood churning in the sunshine, and had crawled into the wagon house. From time to time the little animal lifted its fat head as it expected a fresh shower of curls till Doss, jealous of his master's noticing any other small creature but himself, would catch the curl in his mouth and roll the little Katfir over in the mud, much to that small animal's contentment.

A different life showed itself in front of the house, where Tant Sannie's cart stood ready "spanned," and the Boer woman herself sat in the front room drinking coffee. She had come to visit her stepdaughter, probably for the last time, as she now weighed 200 pounds and was not easily able to move. On a chair sat her mild young husband nursing the baby, a pudging faced, weak eyed child.

"There must be a hereafter because man longs for it," he whispered. "Is not all life from the cradle to the grave one long yearning for that which we never touch? There must be a hereafter because we cannot think of any and to life. Can we think of a beginning? Is it easier to say 'I was not' than to say 'I shall not be'? Dream, dream! Ah, all dreams and lies! No ground anywhere!"

All dies, all dies! The roses are red with the mother that once reddened the cheek of the child. The flowers bloom the fairest on the last year's battleground. The work of Death's finger cunningly wreathed over is at the heart of all things, even of the living. Death's finger is everywhere. The rocks are built up of a life that was. Bodies, thoughts and loves die. From where springs that whisper to the thin soul of man, "You shall not die"? Ah, is there no truth of which this dream is the shadow?"

He fell into perfect silence. And at last, as he walked there with his head bowed, his soul passed through the steps of contemplation into that vast land where there is always peace; that land where the soul, gazing long, loses all consciousness of its little self and almost feels its hand on the old mystery of Universal Unity that surrounds it. "No death, no death!" he muttered. "There is that which never dies, which abides. It is but the individual that perishes; the whole remains. It is the organism that vanishes; the atoms are there. It is but the man that dies; the Universal Whole of which he is part reworks him into its inmost self. Ah, what matter that man's day be short; that the sunrise sees him, and the sunset sees his grave. That of which he is but the breath has breathed him forth and drawn him back again. That abides; we abide."

For the little soul that cries aloud for continued personal existence for itself and its beloved, there is no help. For the soul which knows itself no more as a unit, but as a part of the Universal Unity of which the Beloved also is a part, which feels within itself the throbs of the Universal Life—for that soul there is no death.

"Let us die, beloved, you and I, that we may pass on forever through the Universal Life!" In that deep world of contemplation all nerve desires die out, and peace comes down. He (Waldo) as he walked there saw no more the world that was about him; cried out no more for the thing that he had lost. His soul rested. Was it only John, think you, who saw the heavens open? The dreamers see it every day.

No age succeeds age, and dream succeeds dream, and of the joy of the dreamer no man knoweth but he who dreameth.

Our fathers had their dream; we have ours; the generation that follows will have its own. Without dreams and phantoms man cannot exist.

CHAPTER XXVII. WALDO GOES OUT TO SIT IN THE SUNSHINE.

It had been a princely day. The long morning had melted slowly into a rich afternoon. Rains had covered the "karoo" with a heavy coat of green that hid the red earth everywhere. In the very chains of the stone walls dark green leaves hung out, and beauty and growth had crept even into the beds of

the sandy furrows and lined them with weeds. On the broken and walls of the old pigsty chickens flourished, and the plants lifted their transparent leaves. Waldo was at work in the wagon house again. He was making a kitchen table for Em. As the long curls gathered in heaps before his plane he paused for an instant now and again to throw one down to a small naked nigger who had crept from its mother, who stood churning in the sunshine, and had crawled into the wagon house. From time to time the little animal lifted its fat head as it expected a fresh shower of curls till Doss, jealous of his master's noticing any other small creature but himself, would catch the curl in his mouth and roll the little Katfir over in the mud, much to that small animal's contentment.

A different life showed itself in front of the house, where Tant Sannie's cart stood ready "spanned," and the Boer woman herself sat in the front room drinking coffee. She had come to visit her stepdaughter, probably for the last time, as she now weighed 200 pounds and was not easily able to move. On a chair sat her mild young husband nursing the baby, a pudging faced, weak eyed child.

"There must be a hereafter because man longs for it," he whispered. "Is not all life from the cradle to the grave one long yearning for that which we never touch? There must be a hereafter because we cannot think of any and to life. Can we think of a beginning? Is it easier to say 'I was not' than to say 'I shall not be'? Dream, dream! Ah, all dreams and lies! No ground anywhere!"

All dies, all dies! The roses are red with the mother that once reddened the cheek of the child. The flowers bloom the fairest on the last year's battleground. The work of Death's finger cunningly wreathed over is at the heart of all things, even of the living. Death's finger is everywhere. The rocks are built up of a life that was. Bodies, thoughts and loves die. From where springs that whisper to the thin soul of man, "You shall not die"? Ah, is there no truth of which this dream is the shadow?"

He fell into perfect silence. And at last, as he walked there with his head bowed, his soul passed through the steps of contemplation into that vast land where there is always peace; that land where the soul, gazing long, loses all consciousness of its little self and almost feels its hand on the old mystery of Universal Unity that surrounds it. "No death, no death!" he muttered. "There is that which never dies, which abides. It is but the individual that perishes; the whole remains. It is the organism that vanishes; the atoms are there. It is but the man that dies; the Universal Whole of which he is part reworks him into its inmost self. Ah, what matter that man's day be short; that the sunrise sees him, and the sunset sees his grave. That of which he is but the breath has breathed him forth and drawn him back again. That abides; we abide."

For the little soul that cries aloud for continued personal existence for itself and its beloved, there is no help. For the soul which knows itself no more as a unit, but as a part of the Universal Unity of which the Beloved also is a part, which feels within itself the throbs of the Universal Life—for that soul there is no death.

"Let us die, beloved, you and I, that we may pass on forever through the Universal Life!" In that deep world of contemplation all nerve desires die out, and peace comes down. He (Waldo) as he walked there saw no more the world that was about him; cried out no more for the thing that he had lost. His soul rested. Was it only John, think you, who saw the heavens open? The dreamers see it every day.

MODERN RAILROADING.

"At Omaha, I received a new Thrill," says Elbert Hubbard in the April Philistine. "It was the Burlington station. I believe it was Larry Godkin who once said there was no culture west of Buffalo. And who would look for the finest specimen of pure Greek architecture in America west of the Missouri. The Burlington station is finer in its lines than the Grand College building; massive yet modest; severe yet simple—beautiful and restful. I walked clear around the Burlington Station, and then, out in the middle of the roadway in front of it, I removed my hat and stood uncovered in honor of Tom Kimball, who drew the plans, and the men who supplied the funds and allowed the architect to have his way in carrying out the designs."

"It was Matthew Arnold who said that in America buildings are erected merely to last the lifetime of the man who constructed them, and beyond a fresh shower of curls till Doss, jealous of his master's noticing any other small creature but himself, would catch the curl in his mouth and roll the little Katfir over in the mud, much to that small animal's contentment.

A different life showed itself in front of the house, where Tant Sannie's cart stood ready "spanned," and the Boer woman herself sat in the front room drinking coffee. She had come to visit her stepdaughter, probably for the last time, as she now weighed 200 pounds and was not easily able to move. On a chair sat her mild young husband nursing the baby, a pudging faced, weak eyed child.

"There must be a hereafter because man longs for it," he whispered. "Is not all life from the cradle to the grave one long yearning for that which we never touch? There must be a hereafter because we cannot think of any and to life. Can we think of a beginning? Is it easier to say 'I was not' than to say 'I shall not be'? Dream, dream! Ah, all dreams and lies! No ground anywhere!"

All dies, all dies! The roses are red with the mother that once reddened the cheek of the child. The flowers bloom the fairest on the last year's battleground. The work of Death's finger cunningly wreathed over is at the heart of all things, even of the living. Death's finger is everywhere. The rocks are built up of a life that was. Bodies, thoughts and loves die. From where springs that whisper to the thin soul of man, "You shall not die"? Ah, is there no truth of which this dream is the shadow?"

He fell into perfect silence. And at last, as he walked there with his head bowed, his soul passed through the steps of contemplation into that vast land where there is always peace; that land where the soul, gazing long, loses all consciousness of its little self and almost feels its hand on the old mystery of Universal Unity that surrounds it. "No death, no death!" he muttered. "There is that which never dies, which abides. It is but the individual that perishes; the whole remains. It is the organism that vanishes; the atoms are there. It is but the man that dies; the Universal Whole of which he is part reworks him into its inmost self. Ah, what matter that man's day be short; that the sunrise sees him, and the sunset sees his grave. That of which he is but the breath has breathed him forth and drawn him back again. That abides; we abide."

For the little soul that cries aloud for continued personal existence for itself and its beloved, there is no help. For the soul which knows itself no more as a unit, but as a part of the Universal Unity of which the Beloved also is a part, which feels within itself the throbs of the Universal Life—for that soul there is no death.

"Let us die, beloved, you and I, that we may pass on forever through the Universal Life!" In that deep world of contemplation all nerve desires die out, and peace comes down. He (Waldo) as he walked there saw no more the world that was about him; cried out no more for the thing that he had lost. His soul rested. Was it only John, think you, who saw the heavens open? The dreamers see it every day.

No age succeeds age, and dream succeeds dream, and of the joy of the dreamer no man knoweth but he who dreameth.

Our fathers had their dream; we have ours; the generation that follows will have its own. Without dreams and phantoms man cannot exist.

CHAPTER XXVII. WALDO GOES OUT TO SIT IN THE SUNSHINE.

It had been a princely day. The long morning had melted slowly into a rich afternoon. Rains had covered the "karoo" with a heavy coat of green that hid the red earth everywhere. In the very chains of the stone walls dark green leaves hung out, and beauty and growth had crept even into the beds of

the sandy furrows and lined them with weeds. On the broken and walls of the old pigsty chickens flourished, and the plants lifted their transparent leaves. Waldo was at work in the wagon house again. He was making a kitchen table for Em. As the long curls gathered in heaps before his plane he paused for an instant now and again to throw one down to a small naked nigger who had crept from its mother, who stood churning in the sunshine, and had crawled into the wagon house. From time to time the little animal lifted its fat head as it expected a fresh shower of curls till Doss, jealous of his master's noticing any other small creature but himself, would catch the curl in his mouth and roll the little Katfir over in the mud, much to that small animal's contentment.

A different life showed itself in front of the house, where Tant Sannie's cart stood ready "spanned," and the Boer woman herself sat in the front room drinking coffee. She had come to visit her stepdaughter, probably for the last time, as she now weighed 200 pounds and was not easily able to move. On a chair sat her mild young husband nursing the baby, a pudging faced, weak eyed child.

"There must be a hereafter because man longs for it," he whispered. "Is not all life from the cradle to the grave one long yearning for that which we never touch? There must be a hereafter because we cannot think of any and to life. Can we think of a beginning? Is it easier to say 'I was not' than to say 'I shall not be'? Dream, dream! Ah, all dreams and lies! No ground anywhere!"

All dies, all dies! The roses are red with the mother that once reddened the cheek of the child. The flowers bloom the fairest on the last year's battleground. The work of Death's finger cunningly wreathed over is at the heart of all things, even of the living. Death's finger is everywhere. The rocks are built up of a life that was. Bodies, thoughts and loves die. From where springs that whisper to the thin soul of man, "You shall not die"? Ah, is there no truth of which this dream is the shadow?"

He fell into perfect silence. And at last, as he walked there with his head bowed, his soul passed through the steps of contemplation into that vast land where there is always peace; that land where the soul, gazing long, loses all consciousness of its little self and almost feels its hand on the old mystery of Universal Unity that surrounds it. "No death, no death!" he muttered. "There is that which never dies, which abides. It is but the individual that perishes; the whole remains. It is the organism that vanishes; the atoms are there. It is but the man that dies; the Universal Whole of which he is part reworks him into its inmost self. Ah, what matter that man's day be short; that the sunrise sees him, and the sunset sees his grave. That of which he is but the breath has breathed him forth and drawn him back again. That abides; we abide."

For the little soul that cries aloud for continued personal existence for itself and its beloved, there is no help. For the soul which knows itself no more as a unit, but as a part of the Universal Unity of which the Beloved also is a part, which feels within itself the throbs of the Universal Life—for that soul there is no death.

"Let us die, beloved, you and I, that we may pass on forever through the Universal Life!" In that deep world of contemplation all nerve desires die out, and peace comes down. He (Waldo) as he walked there saw no more the world that was about him; cried out no more for the thing that he had lost. His soul rested. Was it only John, think you, who saw the heavens open? The dreamers see it every day.

No age succeeds age, and dream succeeds dream, and of the joy of the dreamer no man knoweth but he who dreameth.

Our fathers had their dream; we have ours; the generation that follows will have its own. Without dreams and phantoms man cannot exist.

CHAPTER XXVII. WALDO GOES OUT TO SIT IN THE SUNSHINE.

It had been a princely day. The long morning had melted slowly into a rich afternoon. Rains had covered the "karoo" with a heavy coat of green that hid the red earth everywhere. In the very chains of the stone walls dark green leaves hung out, and beauty and growth had crept even into the beds of

the sandy furrows and lined them with weeds. On the broken and walls of the old pigsty chickens flourished, and the plants lifted their transparent leaves. Waldo was at work in the wagon house again. He was making a kitchen table for Em. As the long curls gathered in heaps before his plane he paused for an instant now and again to throw one down to a small naked nigger who had crept from its mother, who stood churning in the sunshine, and had crawled into the wagon house. From time to time the little animal lifted its fat head as it expected a fresh shower of curls till Doss, jealous of his master's noticing any other small creature but himself, would catch the curl in his mouth and roll the little Katfir over in the mud, much to that small animal's contentment.

A different life showed itself in front of the house, where Tant Sannie's cart stood ready "spanned," and the Boer woman herself sat in the front room drinking coffee. She had come to visit her stepdaughter, probably for the last time, as she now weighed 200 pounds and was not easily able to move. On a chair sat her mild young husband nursing the baby, a pudging faced, weak eyed child.

"There must be a hereafter because man longs for it," he whispered. "Is not all life from the cradle to the grave one long yearning for that which we never touch? There must be a hereafter because we cannot think of any and to life. Can we think of a beginning? Is it easier to say 'I was not' than to say 'I shall not be'? Dream, dream! Ah, all dreams and lies! No ground anywhere!"

All dies, all dies! The roses are red with the mother that once reddened the cheek of the child. The flowers bloom the fairest on the last year's battleground. The work of Death's finger cunningly wreathed over is at the heart of all things, even of the living. Death's finger is everywhere. The rocks are built up of a life that was. Bodies, thoughts and loves die. From where springs that whisper to the thin soul of man, "You shall not die"? Ah, is there no truth of which this dream is the shadow?"

He fell into perfect silence.