

men in again. "Somewhere in this room it is, and if it's here Bonaparte finds it," he repeated. "You didn't stay here all these years without making a little pile somewhere, my lamb. You weren't such a fool as you looked. Oh, no," said Bonaparte.

He now walked about the room, diving his fingers in everywhere, sticking them into the great crevices in the wall and frightening out the spiders, rapping them against the old plaster till it cracked and fell in pieces, peering up the chimney till the soot dropped on his bald head and blackened it. He felt in little blue bags; he tried to raise the hearthstone; he shook each book till the old leaves fell down in showers on the floor.

It was getting dark, and Bonaparte stood with his finger on his nose reflecting. Finally he walked to the door, behind which hung the trousers and waistcoat the dead man had last worn. He had felt in them, but unavailingly, just after the funeral the day before. He would examine them again. Sticking his fingers into the waistcoat pockets, he found in one corner a hole. Pressing his hand through it, between the lining and the cloth, he presently came into contact with something. Bonaparte drew it forth—a small, square parcel, sewed up in sailcloth. He gazed at it, squeezed it. It cracked, as though full of bank notes. He put it quickly into his own waistcoat

pocket and peeped over the half door to see if there was any one coming. There was nothing to be seen but the last rays of yellow sunset light painting the "karron" bushes in the plain and shining on the ash heap, where the fowls were pecking. He turned and sat down on the nearest chair and, taking out his penknife, ripped the parcel open. The first thing that fell was a shower of yellow, faded papers. Bonaparte opened them carefully one by one and smoothed them out on his knee. There was something very valuable to be hidden so carefully, though the German characters he could not decipher. When he came to the last one, he felt there was something hard in it.

"You've got it, Bon, my boy; you've got it!" he cried, slapping his leg hard. Edging nearer to the door, for the light was fading, he opened the parcel carefully. There was nothing inside but a plain gold wedding ring.

"Better than nothing!" said Bonaparte, trying to put it on his little finger, which, however, proved too fat.

He took it off and set it down on the table before him and looked at it with his crosswise eyes.

"When that auspicious hour, Sannie," he said, "shall have arrived when, paunting, I shall lead thee, lighted by Hymen's torch, to the connubial altar, then upon thy fair amaranthine finger, my joyous bride, shall this ring repose.

"Thy fair body, oh, my girl,  
Shall Bonaparte possess;  
His fingers in thy moneybags,  
He therein, too, shall mess."

Having given utterance to this flood of poetry, he sat lost in joyous reflection.

"He therein, too, shall mess," he repeated meditatively.

At this instant, as Bonaparte swore, and swore truly to the end of his life, a slow and distinct rap was given on the crown of his bald head.

Bonaparte started and looked up. No "rein" or strap hung down from the rafters above, and not a human creature was near the door. It was growing dark. He did not like it. He began to fold up the papers expeditiously. He stretched out his hand for the ring. The ring was gone—gone, although no human creature had entered the room; gone, although no form had crossed the doorway. Gone!

He would not sleep there, that was certain.

He stuffed the papers into his pocket. As he did so three slow and distinct taps were given on the crown of his head. Bonaparte's jaw fell. Each joint lost its power. He could not move; he dared not rise. His tongue lay loose in his mouth.

"Take all, take all!" he gurgled in his throat. "I—I do not want them. Take!"

Here a resolute tug at the gray curls at the back of his head caused him to leap up, yelling wildly. Was he to sit still paralyzed, to be dragged away bodily to the devil? With terrific shrieks he fled, casting no glance behind.

When the dew was falling and the evening was dark, a small figure moved toward the gate of the farthest ostrich camp, driving a bird before it. When the gate was opened and the bird driven in and the gate fastened, it turned away, but then suddenly paused near the stone wall.

"Is that you, Waldo?" said Lyndall, hearing a sound.

The boy was sitting on the damp ground, with his back to the wall. He gave her no answer.

"Come," she said, bending over him. "I have been looking for you all day."

He mumbled something.

"You have had nothing to eat. I have put some supper in your room. You must come home with me, Waldo."

She took his hand, and the boy rose slowly.

She made him take her arm and twisted her small fingers among his.

"You must forget," she whispered.

"Since it happened I walk, I talk, I never sit still. If we remember, we cannot bring back the dead." She knitted her little fingers closer among his.

"Forgetting is the best thing. He did not watch it coming," she whispered presently.

"That is the dreadful thing—to see it coming!" She shuddered.

"I want it to come so to me too. Why do you think I was driving that bird?" she asked quickly.

"That was Hans, the bird that hates Bonaparte. I let him out this afternoon. I thought he

would chase him and perhaps kill him."

The boy showed no sign of interest.

"He did not catch him, but he put his head over the half door of your cabin and frightened him horribly. He was there, busy smelling your things. Perhaps he will leave them alone now, but I wish the bird had trodden on him."

They said no more till they reached the door of the cabin.

"There is a candle, and supper is on the table. You must eat," she said authoritatively. "I cannot stay with you now lest they find out about the bird."

He grasped her arm and brought his mouth close to her ear.

"There is no God," he almost hissed. "No God, not anywhere!"

She started.

"Not anywhere!"

He ground it out between his teeth, and she felt his hot breath on her cheek.

"Waldo, you are mad," she said, drawing herself from him instinctively.

He loosened his grasp and turned away from her also.

In truth, is it not life's way? We fight our little battles alone, you yours, I mine. We must not help or find help.

When your life is most real, to me you are mad. When your agony is blackest, I look at you and wonder.

Friendship is good, a strong stick, but when the hour comes to lean hard it gives.

In the day of their bitterest need all souls are alone.

Lyndall stood by him in the dark, pityingly, wonderingly. As he walked to the door she came after him.

"Eat your supper. It will do you good," she said.

She rubbed her cheek against his shoulder and then ran away.

In the front room the little woolly Kaffir girl was washing Tant' Sannie's feet in a small tub, and Bonaparte, who sat on the wooden sofa, was pulling off his shoes and stockings that his own feet might be washed also.

There were three candles burning in the room, and he and Tant' Sannie sat close together, with the lean Hottentot not far off, for when ghosts are about much light is needed.

There is great strength in numbers. Bonaparte had completely recovered from the effects of his fright in the afternoon, and the numerous doses of brandy that it had been necessary to administer to him to effect his restoration had put him in a singularly pleasant and amiable mood.

"That boy Waldo," said Bonaparte, rubbing his toes, "took himself off coolly this morning as soon as the wagon came and has not done a stiver of work all day. I'll not have that kind of thing now I'm master of this farm."

The Hottentot maid translated.

"Ah, I expect he's sorry that his father's dead," said Tant' Sannie. "It's nature, you know. I cried the whole morning when my father died. One can always get another husband, but one can't get another father," said Tant' Sannie, casting a sidelong glance at Bonaparte.

Bonaparte expressed a wish to give Waldo his orders for the next day's work, and accordingly the little woolly headed Kaffir was sent to call him.

After a considerable time the boy appeared and stood in the doorway.

If they had dressed him in one of the swallowtailed coats and oiled his hair till the drops fell from it and it lay as smooth as an elder's on sacrament Sunday, there would still have been something unpointed in the aspect of the fellow. As it was, standing there in his strange old costume, his head presenting much the appearance of having been deeply rolled in sand, his eyelids swollen, the hair hanging over his forehead and a dogged sullenness on his features, he presented most the appearance of an ill conditioned young buffalo.

"Beloved Lord," cried Tant' Sannie, "how he looks! Come in, boy. Couldn't you come and say good day to me? Don't you want some supper?"

He said he wanted nothing and turned his heavy eyes away from her.

"There's a ghost been seen in your father's room," said Tant' Sannie. "If you're afraid, you can sleep in the kitchen."

"I will sleep in our room," said the boy slowly.

"Well, you can go now," she said, "but be up early to take the sheep. The herd!"

"Yes, be up early, my boy," interrupted Bonaparte, smiling. "I am to be master of this farm now, and we shall be good friends, I trust, very good friends, if you try to do your duty, my dear boy."

Waldo turned to go, and Bonaparte, looking benignly at the candle, stretched out one unstocked foot, over which Waldo, looking at nothing in particular, fell with a heavy thud upon the floor.

"Dear me! I hope you are not hurt, my boy," said Bonaparte. "You'll have many a harder thing than that, though, before you've gone through life," he added consolingly as Waldo picked himself up.

The lean Hottentot laughed till the room rang again, and Tant' Sannie tilted till her sides ached.

When he had gone, the little maid began to wash Bonaparte's feet.

"O Lord, beloved Lord, how he did fall! I can't think of it," cried Tant' Sannie, and she laughed again. "I always did know he was not right, but this evening any one could see it," she added, wiping the tears of mirth from her face.

"His eyes are as wild as if the devil was in them. He never was like other children. The dear Lord knows, if he doesn't walk alone for hours talking to himself. If you sit in the room with him, you can see his lips moving the whole time, and if you talk to him 20 times he doesn't hear you. Daft eyes—he's as mad as mad can be."

The repetition of the word mad conveyed meaning to Bonaparte's mind.

He left off paddling his toes in the water.

"Mad, mad? I know that kind of mad," said Bonaparte, "and I know the thing to give for it—the front end of a little horsehip, the tip; nice thing; takes it out," said Bonaparte.

The Hottentot laughed and translated.

"No more walking about and talking to themselves on this farm now," said Bonaparte, "no more minding of sheep and reading of books at the same time. The point of a horsehip is a little thing, but I think he'll have a taste of it before long." Bonaparte rubbed his hands and looked pleasantly across his nose, and then the three laughed together grimly.

And Waldo in his cabin crouched in the dark in a corner, with his knees drawn up to his chin.

CHAPTER X.

HE SHOWS HIS TEETH.

Doss sat among the "karron" bushes, one yellow ear drawn over his wicked little eye, ready to flap away any adventurous fly that might settle on his nose. Around him in the morning sunlight fed the sheep; behind him lay his master, polishing his machine. He found much comfort in handling it that morning. A dozen philosophical essays or angelically attuned songs for the consolation of the bereaved could never have been to him what that little sheep shearing machine was that day.

After struggling to see the unseeable, growing drunk with the endeavor to span the infinite and writhing before the inscrutable mystery it is a renovating relief to turn to some simple, feelable, weighable substance, to something which has a smell and a color, which may be handled and turned over this way and that. Whether there be or be not a hereafter, whether there be any use in calling aloud to the unseen power, whether there be an unseen power to call to, whatever be the true nature of the I who call and of the objects around me, whatever be our meaning, our internal essence, our cause (and in a certain order of minds death and the agony of loss inevitably awaken the wild desire, at other times smothered, to look into these things), whatever be the nature of that which lies beyond the unbroken wall which the limits of the human intellect build up on every hand, this thing is certain—a knife will cut wood, and one cogged wheel will turn another. This is sure.

Waldo found an immeasurable satisfaction in the handling of his machine, but Doss winked and blinked and thought it all frightfully monotonous out there on the flat and presently dropped asleep, sitting bolt upright. Suddenly his eyes opened wide. Something was coming from the direction of the homestead. Winking his eyes and looking intently, he perceived it was the gray mare. Now, Doss had wondered much of late what had become of her master. Seeing she carried some one on her back, he now came to his own conclusion and began to move his tail violently up and down. Presently he pricked up one ear and let the other hang. His tail became motionless, and the expression of his mouth was one of decided disapproval bordering on scorn. He wrinkled his lips up on each side into little lines.

The sand was soft, and the gray mare came on so noiselessly that the boy heard nothing till Bonaparte dismounted. Then Doss got up and moved back a step. He did not approve of Bonaparte's appearance. His costume, in truth, was of a unique kind. It was a combination of the town and country. The tails of his black cloth coat were pinned up behind to keep them from rubbing; he had on a pair of moleskin trousers and leather gaiters, and in his hand he carried a little whip of rhinoceros hide.

Waldo started and looked up. Had there been a moment's time he would have dug a hole in the sand with his hands and buried his treasure. It was only a toy of wood, but he loved it, as one of necessity loves what has been born of him, whether of the flesh or spirit. When cold eyes have looked at it, the feathers are rubbed off our butterfly's wing forever.

"What have you here, my lad?" said Bonaparte, standing by him and pointing with the end of his whip to the medley of wheels and hinges.

The boy muttered something inaudible and half spread his hand over the thing.

"But this seems to be a very ingenious little machine," said Bonaparte, seating himself on the ant heap and bending down over it with deep interest. "What is it for, my lad?"

"Shearing sheep."

"It is a very nice little machine," said Bonaparte. "How does it work, now? I have never seen anything so ingenious!"

There was never a parent who heard deception in the voice that praised his child, his firstborn. Here was one who liked the thing that had been created in him. He forgot everything. He showed how the shears would work with a little guidance, how the sheep would be held and the wool fall into the trough. A flush burst over his face as he spoke.

"I tell you what, my lad," said Bonaparte emphatically when the explanation was finished, "we must get you a patent. Your fortune is made. In three years' time there'll not be a farm in this colony where it isn't working. You're a genius; that's what you are!" said Bonaparte, rising.

"If it were made larger," said the boy, raising his eyes. "It would work more smoothly. Do you think there would be any one in this colony would be able to make it?"

"I'm sure they could," said Bonaparte, "and, if not, why I'll do my best for you. I'll send it to England. It must be done somehow. How long have you worked at it?"

"Nine months," said the boy.

"Oh, it is such a nice little machine,"

said Bonaparte, "one can't help feeling an interest in it. There is only one little improvement, one very little improvement, I should like to make."

Bonaparte put his foot on the machine and crushed it in the sand. The boy looked up into his face.

"Looks better now," said Bonaparte, "doesn't it? If we can't have it made in England, we'll send it to America. Goodby; ta, ta," he added. "You're a great genius, a born genius, my dear boy. There's no doubt about it."

He mounted the gray mare and rode off. The dog watched his retreat with cynical satisfaction, but his master lay on the ground with his head on his arms in the sand, and the little wheels and chips of wood lay on the ground around him. The dog jumped on his back and snapped at the black curls till, finding that no notice was taken, he walked off to play with a black beetle. The beetle was hard at work trying to roll home a great ball of dung it had been collecting all the morning, but Doss broke the ball and cut the beetle's hind legs and then bit off its head. And it was all play, and no one could tell what it had lived and worked for—a striving and a striving and an ending in nothing.

CHAPTER XI.

HE SNAPS.

"I have found something in the loft," said Em to Waldo, who was listlessly piling cakes of fuel on the kraal wall a week after. "It is a box of books that belonged to my father. We thought that Tant' Sannie had burned them."

The boy put down the cake he was raising and looked at her.

"I don't think they are very nice, not stories," she added, "but you can go and take any you like."

So saying, she took up the plate in which she had brought his breakfast and walked off to the house.

After that the boy worked quickly. The pile of fuel Bonaparte had ordered him to pack was on the wall in half an hour. He then went to throw salt on the skins laid out to dry. Finding the pot empty, he went to the loft to refill it.

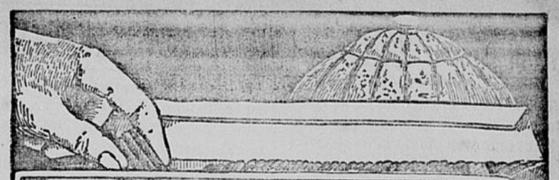
Bonaparte Blenkins, whose door opened at the foot of the ladder, saw the boy go up and stood in the doorway waiting for his return. He wanted his boots blacked. Doss, finding he could not follow his master up the round bars, sat patiently at the foot of the ladder. Presently he looked up longingly, but no one appeared. Then Bonaparte looked up also and began to call, but there was no answer. What could the boy be doing? The loft was an unknown land to Bonaparte. He had often wondered what was up there. He liked to know what was in all locked up places and out of the way corners, but he was afraid to climb the ladder. So Bonaparte looked up and, in the name of all that was tantalizing, questioned what the boy did up there. The loft was used only as a lumber room. What could the fellow find up there to keep him so long?

Could the Boer woman have beheld Waldo at that instant any lingering doubt which might have remained in her mind as to the boy's insanity would instantly have vanished, for, having filled the salt pot, he proceeded to look for the box of books among the rubbish that filled the loft. Under a pile of sacks he found it—a rough packing case, nailed up, but with one loose plank. He lifted that and saw the even backs of a row of books. He knelt down before the box and ran his hand along its rough edges, as if to assure himself of its existence. He pulled his hand in among the books and stuck out two. He felt them, thrust his fingers in among the leaves and crumpled them a little, as a lover feels the hair of his mistress. The fellow gazed over his treasure. He had had a dozen books in the course of his life. Now here was a mine of them opened at his feet. After awhile he began to read the titles and now and again opened a book and read a sentence; but he was too excited to catch the meanings distinctly. At last he came to a dull brown volume. He read the name, opened it in the center and where he opened began to read. 'Twas a chapter on property that he fell upon, "Communism, Fourierism, St. Simonism," in a work on political economy. He read down one page and turned over to the next; he read down that without changing his posture by an inch; he read the next and the next, kneeling up all the while with the book in his hand and his lips parted.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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