

my oxen I called to them in my sleep, for I know I thought of nothing. I was like an animal. My body was strong and well to work, but my brain was dead. If you have not felt it, Lyndall, you cannot understand it. You may work and work and work till you are only a body, not a soul. Now, when I see one of those evil looking men that come from Europe—navvies, with the beastlike, sunken face, different from any Kaffir's—I know what brought that look into their eyes, and if I have only one inch of tobacco I give them half. It is work, grinding, mechanical work, that they or their ancestors have done, that has made them into beasts. You may work a man's body so that his soul dies. Work is good. I have worked at the old farm from the sun's rising till its setting, but I have had time to think and time to feel. You may work a man so that all but the animal in him is gone, and that grows stronger with physical labor. You may work a man till he is a devil. I know it, because I have felt it. You will never understand the change that came over me. No one but I will ever know how great it was. But I was never miserable. When I could keep my oxen from sticking fast and when I could find a place to lie down in, I had all I wanted. After I had driven eight months a rainy season came. For 18 hours out of the 24 we worked in the wet. The mud went up to the axles sometimes, and we had to dig the wheels out, and we never went far in a day. My master swore at me more than ever, but when he had done he always offered me his brandy flask. When I first came, he had offered it me, and I had always refused, but now I drank as my oxen did when I gave them water—without thinking. At last I bought brandy for myself whenever we passed a hotel.

"One Sunday we 'outspanned' on the banks of a swollen river to wait for its going down. It was drizzling still, so I lay under the wagon on the mud. There was no dry place anywhere, and all the dung was wet, so there was no fire to cook food. My little flask was filled with brandy, and I drank some and went to sleep. When I woke, it was drizzling still, so I drank some more. I was stiff and cold, and my master, who lay by me, offered me his flask, because mine was empty. I drank some, and then I thought I would go and see if the river was going down. I remember that I walked to the road, and it seemed to be going away from me. When I woke up, I was lying by a little bush on the bank of the river. It was afternoon. All the clouds had gone, and the sky was deep blue. The Bushman boy was grilling ribs at the fire. He looked at me and grinned from ear to ear. "Master was a little bit," he said, "and lay down in the mud. Something might ride over master, so I carried him there." He grinned at me again. It was as though he said: "You and I are comrades. I have lain in a road too. I know all about it." When I turned my head from him, I saw the earth, so pure after the rain, so green, so fresh, so blue, and I was a drunken carrier whom his leader had picked up in the mud and lain at the roadside to sleep out his drunk. I remembered my old life, and I remembered you. I saw how one day you would read in the papers: "A German carrier, named Waldo Farber, was killed through falling from his wagon, being instantly crushed under the wheel. Deceased was supposed to have been drunk at the time of the accident." There are those notices in the paper every month. I sat up, and I took the brandy flask out of my pocket, and I flung it as far as I could into the dark water. The Hottentot boy ran down to see if he could catch it. It had sunk to the bottom. I never drank again.

"I do not know why I kept on working so hard for that master. I think it was as the oxen come every day and stand by the yokes—they do not know why. Perhaps I would have been with him still, but one day we started with loads for the diamond fields. The oxen were very thin now, and they had been standing about in the yoke all day without food while the wagons were being loaded. Not far from the town was a hill. When we came to the foot, the first wagon stuck fast. I tried for a little while to urge the oxen, but I soon saw that one 'span' could never pull it up. I went to the other wagon to loosen that 'span' to join them on in front, but the transport rider, who was lying at the back of the wagon, jumped out.

"They shall bring it up the hill, and if half of them die for it they shall do it alone," he said.

"He was not drunk, but in a bad temper, for he had been drunk the night before. He swore at me and told me to take the whip and help him. We tried for a little time. Then I told him it was no use, they could never do it. He swore louder and called to the leaders to come on with their whips, and together they lashed. There was one ox, a black ox, so thin that the ridge of his backbone almost cut through his flesh.

"It is you, devil, is that will not pull? the transport rider said. 'I will show you something.' He looked like a devil.

"He told the boys to leave off flogging, and he held the ox by the horn and took up a round stone and knocked its nose with it till the blood came. When he had done, they called to the oxen and took up their whips again, and the oxen strained with their backs bent, but the wagon did not move an inch.

"So you won't, won't you?" he said. "I'll help you."

"He took out his clasp knife and ran it into the leg of the trembling ox three times up to the hilt. Then he put the knife in his pocket, and they took their whips. The oxen's flanks quivered, and they foamed at the mouth. Straining, they moved the wagon a few feet forward, then stood with bent backs to keep it from sliding back. From

the black ox's nostril foam and blood were streaming on to the ground. It turned its head in its anguish and looked at me with its great starting eyes. It was praying for help in its agony and weakness, and they took their whips again. The creature bellowed out aloud. If there is a God, it was calling to its Maker for help. Then a stream of clear blood burst from both nostrils. It fell on to the ground, and the wagon slipped back. The man walked up to it.

"You are going to lie down, devil, are you? We'll see you don't take it too easy."

"The thing was just dying. He opened his clasp knife and stooped down over it. I do not know what I did then, but afterward I know I had him on the stones, and I was kneeling on him. The boys dragged me off. I wish they had not. I left him standing in the sand in the road, shaking himself, and I walked back to town. I took nothing from that accursed wagon, so I had only 2 shillings. But it did not matter. The next day I got work at a wholesale store. My work was to pack and unpack goods and to carry boxes, and I had only to work from 6 in the morning till 6 in the evening, so I had plenty of time.

"I hired a little room and subscribed to a library, so I had everything I needed, and in the week of Christmas holidays I went to see the sea. I walked all night, Lyndall, to escape the heat, and a little after sunrise I got to the top of a hill. Before me was a long, low, blue, monotonous mountain. I walked looking at it, but I was thinking of the sea I wanted to see. At last I wondered what that curious blue thing might be. Then it struck me it was the sea. I would have turned back again, only I was too tired. I wonder if all the things we long to see—the churches, the pictures, the men in Europe—will disappoint us so. You see, I had dreamed of it so long. When I was a little boy, minding sheep behind the 'kopje,' I used to see the waves stretching out as far as the eye could reach in the sunlight. My sea! Is the ideal always more beautiful than the real?

"I got to the beach that afternoon, and I saw the water run up and down on the sand, and I saw the white foam breakers. They were pretty, but I thought I would go back the next day. It was not my sea.

"But I began to like it when I sat by it that night in the moonlight, and the next day I liked it better, and before I left I loved it. It was not like the sky and stars, that talk of what has no beginning and no end, but it is so human. Of all the things I have ever seen, only the sea is like a human being. The sky is not, nor the earth. But the sea is always moving. Always something deep in itself is stirring. It never rests. It is always wanting, wanting, wanting. It hurries on, and then it creeps back slowly without having reached, moaning. It is always asking a question, and it never gets the answer. I can hear it in the day and in the night. The white foam breakers are saying that which I think. I walk alone with them when there is no one to see me, and I sing with them. I lie down on the sand and watch them with my eyes half shut. The sky is better, but it is so high above our heads. I love the sea. Sometimes we must look down too. After five days I went back to Grahamstown.

"I had glorious books, and in the night I could sit in my little room and read them, but I was lonely. Books are not the same things when you are living among people. I cannot tell why, but they are dead. On the farm they would have been living beings to me, but here, where there were so many people about me, I wanted some one to belong to me. I was lonely. I wanted something that was flesh and blood. Once on this farm there came a stranger. I did not ask his name, but he sat among the 'karroo' and talked with me. Now, wherever I have traveled I have looked for him. In hotels, in streets, in passenger wagons as they rushed in, through the open windows of houses, I have looked for him, but I have not found him, never heard a voice like his. One day I went to the botanic gardens. It was a half holiday, and the band was to play. I stood in the long raised avenue and looked down. There were many flowers, and ladies and children were walking about beautifully dressed. At last the music began. I had not heard such music before. At first it was slow and even, like the everyday life when we walk through it without thought or feeling. Then it grew faster, then it paused, hesitated; then it was quite still for an instant, and then it burst out. Lyndall, they made heaven right when they made it all music. It takes you up and carries you away, away, till you have the things you longed for. You are up close to them. You have got out into a large, free, open place. I could not see anything while it was playing. I stood with my head against my tree, but when it was done I saw that there were ladies sitting close to me on a wooden bench, and the stranger who had talked to me that day in the 'karroo' was sitting between them.

"The ladies were very pretty and their dresses beautiful. I do not think they had been listening to the music, for they were talking and laughing very softly. I heard all they said, and could even smell the rose on the breast of one. I was afraid he would see me, so I went to the other side of the tree, and soon they got up and began to pace up and down in the avenue. All the time the music played they chatted, and he carried on his arm the scarf of the prettiest lady. I did not hear the music. I tried to catch the sound of his voice each time he went by. When I was listening to the music, I did not know I was badly dressed. Now I felt so ashamed of myself. I never knew before what a low, horrible thing I was dressed in that day. That day on the farm when we sat on the ground

under the thorn trees I thought he quite belonged to me. Now I saw he was not mine. But he was still as beautiful. His brown eyes are more beautiful than any one's eyes, except yours.

"At last they turned to go, and I walked after them. When they got out of the gate, he helped the ladies into a phaeton and stood for a moment, with his foot on the step, talking to them. He had a little cane in his hand, and an Italian greyhound ran after him. Just when they drove away one of the ladies dropped her whip.

"Pick it up, fellow," she said, and when I brought it to her she threw sixpence on the ground. I might have gone back to the garden then. But I did not want music. I wanted clothes and to be fashionable and fine. I felt that my hands were coarse and that I was vulgar. I never tried to see him again. I staid in my situation four months after that, but I was not happy. I had no rest. The people about me pressed on me and made me dissatisfied. I could not forget them.

"Only one day something made me happy. A nurse came to the store with a little girl belonging to one of our clerks. While the maid went into the office to give a message to its father the little child stood looking at me. Presently she came close to me and peeped up into my face.

"Nice curls, pretty curls," she said. "I like curls."

"She felt my hair all over with her little hands. When I put out my arm, she let me take her and sit her on my knee. She kissed me with her soft mouth. We were happy till the nurse-girl came and shook her and asked her if she was not ashamed to sit on the knee of that strange man. But I do not think my little one minded. She laughed at me as she went out.

"If the world was all children, I could like it, but men and women draw me so strangely and then press me away till I am in agony. I was not meant to live among people. Perhaps some day, when I am grown older, I will be able to go and live among them and look at them, as I look at the rocks and bushes, without letting them disturb me and take myself from me, but not now. So I grew miserable. A kind of fever seemed to eat me! I could not rest or read or think, so I came back here. I knew you were not here, but it seemed as though I should be nearer you, and it is you I want, you that the other people suggest to me, but cannot give."

"It has been a delightful journey, this journey home. I have walked on foot. The evening before last, when it was just sunset, I was a little footsore and thirsty and went out of the road to look for water. I went down into a deep little 'kloof.' Some trees ran along the bottom, and I thought I should find water there. The sun had quite set when I got to the bottom of it. It was very still. Not a leaf was stirring anywhere. In the bed of the mountain torrent I thought I might find water. I came to the bank and leaped down into the dry bed. The floor on which I stood was of fine white sand, and the banks rose on every side like the walls of a room. Above there was a precipice of rocks, and a tiny stream of water oozed from them and fell slowly on to the flat stone below. Each drop you could hear fall like a little silver bell. There was one among the trees on the bank that stood out against the white sky. All the other trees were silent, but this one shook and trembled against the sky. Everything else was still, but those leaves were quivering, quivering. I stood on the sand. I could not go away. When it was quite dark and the stars had come, I crept out. Does it seem strange to you that it should have made me so happy? It is because I cannot tell you how near I felt to things that we cannot see, but we always feel. Tonight has been a wild, stormy night. I have been walking across the plain for hours in the dark. I have liked the wind, because I have seemed forcing my way through to you. I knew you were not here, but I would hear of you. When I used to sit on the transport wagon half sleeping, I used to start awake because your hands were on me. In my lodgings many nights I have blown the light out and sat in the dark that I might see your face start out more distinctly. Sometimes it was the little girl's face who used to come to me behind the 'kopje' when I minded sheep and sit by me in her blue pinafore. Sometimes it was the elder. I love both. I am very helpless. I shall never do anything, but you will work, and I will take your work for mine. Sometimes such a sudden gladness seizes me when I remember that somewhere in the world you are living and working. You are very my own. Nothing else is my own so. When I have finished, I am going to look at your room door."

He wrote, and the wind, which had spent its fury, moaned round and round the house, most like a tired child weary with crying.

Em woke up and sat before the fire, rubbing her eyes and listening as it sobbed about the gables and wandered away over the long stone walls.

"You have many letters to write," she said.

"No," he answered. "It is only one to Lyndall."

She turned away and stood long before the fire looking into it. If you have a deadly fruit to give, it will not grow sweeter by keeping.

"Waldo, dear," she said, putting her hand on his, "leave off writing."

He threw back the dark hair from his forehead and looked at her.

"It is no use writing any more," she said.

"Why not?" he asked.

She put her hand over the papers he had written.

"Waldo," she said. "Lyndall is dead."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DYNAMITE CAR EXPLODES.

Three Killed, Several Injured and Ten Locomotives Wrecked at Wilkesbarre.

WILKESBARRE, Jan. 26.—A fearful explosion of dynamite occurred in the yards of the Jersey Central railroad at Ashley, a suburb of this city, at 9 o'clock last night, killing Frank McLaughlin of Mauch Chunk, aged 27; M. Bird of Ashley, aged 22; William Buckley of this city, aged 28, all brakemen, and fatally injuring two unknown men. Engineer John Behrig of Mauch Chunk was badly injured. Engineer John Roughley of Ashley was severely scalded. William Brown of Ashley, night boss at the round house; Brake-man Thomas Rowe of Newtown and Flagman Michael Coyle of Ashley were badly injured. The accident was caused by the loss of control of a heavy freight train consisting of 24 freight cars which was coming from Mauch Chunk to Ashley. At Laurel Run, while descending the steep grade down the mountain control was lost and the heavy train went thundering down in the direction of Ashley at a tremendous rate. It had been raining and the tracks were slippery.

At the foot of the mountain, just where the Ashley yards commence, the runaway train dashed into a helping engine standing in its path and it was sent flying along the track into a shifting engine. The shock exploded a car containing 30 boxes of dynamite and the 18 cars in the train were wrecked. Everything that stood near was knocked to pieces. Ten locomotives were wrecked and the stacks of the roundhouse and a large portion of the roof were blown away. An immense tank containing thousands of gallons of water was torn to pieces and several people in the vicinity narrowly escaped drowning in the flood in which they were submerged. Nearly every window in the town was broken. The inhabitants were greatly alarmed by the noise of the explosion, as well as by the shaking of their houses. Even in this city many of the strongest edifices felt the severity of the shock and trembled violently.

Unknown Vessel Wrecked.

ST. JOHN'S, Jan. 26.—The latest details from Fortail Point regarding the wreck, show that the vessel is large, probably American, and has been on the rocks for four days. Nobody seems to be on board and no signs of boats are seen about the wreck. The wreck has been sorely buffeted either before or after striking the coast, and such portions of the wreckage as lined the shore were split into fragments. The stormy weather prevailing has prevented boats from getting near the wreck and much ice is being formed in the harbor. An off-shore gale which raged all day yesterday drove the wreck seaward, leaving no clue to her identity. It is beyond reasonable doubt that all on board perished.

Excursionists in a Wreck.

WAYCROSS, Ga., Jan. 26.—In a dense fog a special train of the Plant system, having on board about 100 retail lumber dealers from Indiana, who were en route home from an excursion through Florida, and a freight train crashed together head-on, in the yards here. Mr. Davis, a hardware dealer of Washburn, Ind., was caught between two cars telescoped and both legs were crushed. He may die. Thirteen other passengers were more or less seriously bruised.

Smallpox Appears at Guide Rock.

SUPERIOR, Neb., Jan. 25.—Smallpox has appeared at Guide Rock. H. N. Viers, a barber, brought it in from Oklahoma and one other case has resulted. Schools have been dismissed and the town quarantined.

DECLARE FOR BRYAN.

Pennsylvania Democrats Set Pace for Democracy in Other States.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 26.—The state Democratic committee set the pace for the Democracy of the other states yesterday by making Colonel William J. Bryan its choice for the presidency in 1900.

This action was taken by the committee while Colonel Bryan was on his way to Harrisburg from New York to attend the meeting and confer with the party leaders. This is probably the first time in the party's history that the Democrats of Pennsylvania have indicated their choice for president in advance of the state convention. There was a large attendance of Democrats from over the state to meet Colonel Bryan and hear him discuss the issues on which the coming campaign will be waged. The state convention will be held in this city on April 5 and will adopt a platform along the lines laid down by the Nebraska orator in his speech last night before 5,000 people at the Keller Street hall. The platform will indorse the Chicago declaration of principles, denounce the trusts and imperialism.

RESULTS IN A DEADLOCK.

First Meeting of Joint Scale Committee of Miners and Operators.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 26.—The first meeting of the joint scale committee of the United Mine Workers of America and the Interstate Operators' association resulted in a deadlock. The first demand of the miners was for mine rent, which the operators declined to entertain.

The 75 Iowa operators who came with the expectation of being seated in the joint conference, left for their homes yesterday. While some of them expressed disappointment, operators who remain here believe they are pleased with the action and were really indifferent as to whether they entered the competitive field. In the course of a short time the operators will meet the miners of that state at Des Moines and it is believed the denial of admission to the competitive field will be of great service to the operators when the matter of scale comes up for consideration.

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