



BARNEY BARNATO, THE "DIAMOND KING."  
(For Biographical Sketch, see page 225.)

## A YANKEE'S ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

### CHAPTER I.

#### INTRODUCTION.

It was a lovely afternoon in early spring; the warm, bright sun burst forth in all its splendor, awaking the flowers and all nature to a new and gorgeous life. The birds poured forth their glad, joyous songs of thanksgiving for the return of the beautiful flowers and the warm, genial days of Spring.

Upon this beautiful afternoon, and about two miles from the town of Kimberly, a solitary horseman had paused beside a spring of cool, sparkling water to quench his thirst.

"Ah," he mused, as he glanced away to the westward, "I really believe that we are going to have a storm. The air begins to feel so sultry and hot, so offensive—just such a feeling as bodes a coming tempest. If I were in Kansas now, I should say that we were going to have a cyclone. But they tell me that they have such terrible storms here, too."

Thus musing, he stood for a few minutes beside his tired horse, the very picture of health, of strength, of noble, young manhood. Not handsome, but with a face expressive of honor and kindness—a face that any one would like. A very giant in stature.

"Come, old fellow," he said, patting his horse's neck, "only two miles farther; then we will be at our future home. Ah," he mused, "I wonder how I shall like it?"

Four grown up daughters! Proud, aristocratic; and, so they say, they are the belles of Kimberly, too. Ah, well, we shall see."

Just then, from down the road, the clatter of horse's hoofs upon the hard, dusty road was heard. A moment more, and amid a cloud of dust, a young lady, mounted upon a shaggy little pony, dashed around a bend in the road from behind a clump of timber and came galloping directly toward him.

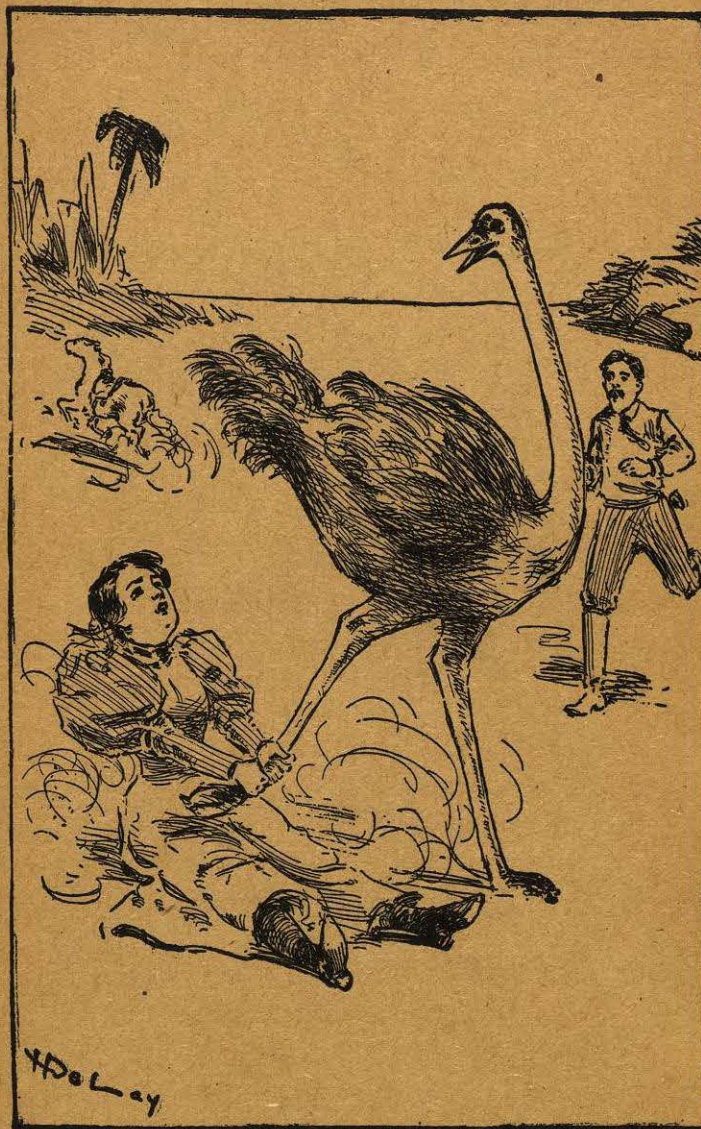
After her, and almost beside her now, with its head moving threateningly above her, and with short, stubby wings beating the air fiercely, came a huge, male ostrich! The largest of his kind—a very giant among his species.

"Hello!" exclaimed the wayfarer as he watched the exciting race with an amused expression upon his face, little dreaming of the real danger that the young lady was in. "I wonder what the beastly thing means anyway?"

For an instant, they were obscured from view by a cloud of dust, and then, as a gust of wind swept the dust away, he beheld a scene which, in an instant, transformed the amused expression upon his face into one of intense anxiety and alarm. For, almost at that very instant, the huge foot of the enraged and vindictive bird shot forward like a thunder-bolt and landed full upon the flank of the shaggy little pony. Down he went as though he had been struck by a canon ball.

For a moment, there was a confused mass of shaggy pony, flying skirts and golden curls.

Like a hero of the chivalrous days of old, the way-



THE GIRL SEIZING THE OSTRICH BY THE FOOT. P. 19.

farer rushed to the rescue of the fallen, and now, doubly imperiled maiden.

Heedless of the vicious creature which, with head swaying to and fro threateningly while the little, bead-like eyes gleamed vindictively, seemed bent upon tramping the life out of the prostrate and helpless girl, the wayfarer darted forward to the rescue. But the enraged bird divining his intentions, raised his ponderous foot and aimed a blow full at the broad chest of his new enemy. Though the wayfarer, a veritable giant in stature, wiry and active as a cat, seeing his assailant's purpose, and knowing full well, from what he had already witnessed, the dangerous character of that fatal kick, sprang quickly aside, yet, quick as his movement had been, the monstrous foot grazed his shoulder, literally stripping his coat and vest from his back and sent him rolling in the dust.

"Quick! quick!" cried the girl, seizing the ostrich by the foot, as he returned and began tramping upon her again, totally ignoring the prostrate though by no means not vanquished wayfarer, "quick! get him by the neck, while I hold his foot so he can't kick you!" she cried, holding on for dear life.

Bewildered and confused by the terrible kick, the wayfarer struggled to his feet and rushed impetuously upon the hampered bird and seizing him by the neck, and exerting all his immense strength snapped it in twain. A few convulsive springs, and then the vanquished bird lay quite still in death.

"Are you hurt?" asked the wayfarer anxiously, as he assisted the girl to her feet.

"Oh, no, I think not," she replied. "Just a little bruised that's all, I guess. Oh, but he nearly kicked the breath out of me though," she said, and there was a comical expression upon her face, a mischievous twinkle in her large, blue eyes, as she pressed her hands to her sides and gasped for breath. "But how are you?" she asked. "He gave you a terrible kick."

"Oh, I am alive," he replied, "I have got a sprained ankle, maybe a broken rib or two, and am minus a coat and vest; I guess that that's about all."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the little Miss, shaking out her skirts, "he's nearly spoiled me. Here's a rip and there's a tare. O my! But where's my hat?" she asked, looking around for the missing article.

"Really now, I don't believe that you had any," ventured the wayfarer.

"Come to think of it, I guess I didn't," she replied with a laugh and casting a roguish glance up into the plain, honest face of her new-found friend. Just a little color, just the shadow of a blush, came to her dimpled cheeks, as she met his keen, inquiring glance.

A fair picture, indeed, she made as she stood there before him; so shy, so modest; her long, golden hair, freed from its fastenings, hung in its rich profusion, like a veil of shining gold about her slight, graceful form. A picture of grace and loveliness, of simplicity and modesty, such as he had dreamed of.

The frank, outspoken admiration expressed in his honest gray eyes, brought a blush to her fair cheek.

"Beg pardon for my rudeness!" exclaimed the admirer. "Don't be offended, for I am only an awkward

boy, and, so they say, a bashful one, too. - But let me introduce myself—Harry Lovejoy, at your service, young lady. And now may I ask your name? for we will certainly be the best of friends after this eventful meeting and rather informal introduction," he said, laughingly.

"Harry Lovejoy!" exclaimed the girl. "Then we are looking for you at home, if you are the Harry Lovejoy that has bought an interest in the mines with papa."

"Ah, then you are Miss Winterstine?" he said, interrogatively.

"Yes; that is, I am one of them," she replied. "There are four of us in all."

"Happy must be the man who possesses such a treasure! But which one of the young ladies are you, if I may ask?" he inquired.

"Oh, I am Tom," she answered, casting a sly, mischievous glance into his face.

"Tom!" he ejaculated, "what ever did they call you that for?"

"Don't you like Tom?" she asked, innocently.

"Yes, indeed I do!" he exclaimed quickly, looking down into her wide, wondering eyes.

"Oh, I—I meant—I meant the name," she stammered; and a hot blush suffused her cheek.

"Yes, yes, of course you did," he declared, quickly.

"Yes, I like the name too," he said, and he looked into her sparkling eyes.

"Sir!" exclaimed Tom, raising her little brown hand threateningly, "you are a rogue!"

"Thank you, Tom, for the compliment," he laughed; "that's what they call me at home; but for mercy sake,

don't, please don't strike me with that little hand—I never could survive the blow, indeed I would rather be kicked by the ostrich."

"O such nonsense!" laughed Tom. "Come, let's go home—that is, I—I mean, if you are going—if you are the Mr. Lovejoy that father is expecting," she stammered, rather confused at her boldness. "Can you walk?" she asked, and the expression of her face changed from that of a perplexed sort of embarrassment to one of pity."

"Oh, I guess I can walk," he replied. "How far is it?"

"Two miles by road, but I never go that way. It's only a mile straight across. Take my arm, I can help you a little—that is if you don't mind, Mr. Harry," she said, innocently.

"Oh, I don't mind at all; thank you, Tom—Miss Winterstine," he corrected. "I am ever so much obliged!" And taking her arm, they set out toward Cliffside—the old homestead of the Winterstines.

"Shall we go across?" asked Tom.

"Yes," replied Harry, "let's go the nearest way. Oh, I wish those fool horses hadn't run off and left us," he groaned as he limped painfully along beside his little companion. "But you are sure you can find the way?" he asked. "It's beginning to get dark."

"Find the way!" and she looked up into his face with such a surprised, incredulous glance, as if surprised that any one should question her ability to find her way anywhere. "I have traveled the road hundreds of times," she replied. "No one would ask such a question of Tom Winterstine! But then, of course you don't know—"

"But I hope and trust that I may know her before long," he answered in an earnest tone.

"Oh, I really do believe that it is going to storm," cried Tom, changing the subject and looking away to hide her blushing cheeks, and noticing, for the first time, the dark clouds that were creeping swiftly toward the zenith.

So absorbed had they been with one another, that they were totally oblivious of all else. For, he found her to be the most charming companion that he had ever met. So frank, so simple in manner, and yet, with a mischievous coquetry that was always leading her into doing and saying things that piqued her proud and refined lady sisters, and for which they called her tom-boy and had, in early life, dubbed her Tom. And it was the first time in her life that she had ever met a fellow spirit—a real, open-hearted, plain, simple and genial fellow spirit, like her own, in the opposite sex. Somehow she was not afraid of him. The embarrassment usual with her upon meeting with young men, did not provoke her. The shyness, which her sisters called "awkwardness, which she would probably outgrow if she would only quit her romping and try to be a lady," was almost entirely absent.

"Ah, it does look like a storm," replied Harry. "Really, we must hurry up a little."

"We have such awful storms, too," ventured Tom, without displaying the least uneasiness or inclination to hurry, in spite of the fact that the storm was rapidly approaching them and darkness had already obscured the surrounding landscape.

On they trudged till they had reached the deepest, darkest part of the heavy wood-land, when the storm, which had hung for a moment above the tree tops, burst upon them in all its mad fury.

Down before the rushing, roaring avalanche of wind and rain, the giant trees of the forest bowed and snapped like reeds in the winds.

Struggling on till they reached an old oak, they managed to drag themselves beneath its spreading branches in hopes of gaining a little shelter. No longer able to keep upon their feet against the beating tempest, they crouched down behind the huge trunk of the old oak and waited.

The tree afforded them no shelter, for the tempest raged so fiercely that the rain drove in blinding torrents beneath the branches and beat relentlessly upon the shivering, half-drowned refugees.

"O, arn't this grand!" cried the half-drowned girl, looking up into the face of her companion, as she crouched a little closer beneath his broad shoulders, who with one strong arm around her slight form, was vainly striving to protect her from the beating torrent. "O, arn't it grand! but really I do believe that I will drown."

"Grand!" ejaculated Harry disdainfully. "Grand! it reminds me of the time when I was shipwrecked at sea. Grand! if I had had as sweet and pretty a companion then as I have now, it would have been just about as grand as this. I am sure it was no wetter."

And he drew the drenched and shivering form still closer.

For half an hour the storm raged in all its fury, then suddenly abated, leaving them in total darkness.

Drenched to the skin and shivering with cold, they again set out for home. Trudging on through the mud and water, which in many places reached to their knees and more, they finally halted, knee deep in the edge of a rushing torrent which swept on through the trees, completely barring their way.

"What now?" asked Harry in his perplexity; "where are we now?"

"Don't know," replied Tom innocently. Then in a doubtful tone she said—"Guess we are lost."

"O Tom!" cried Harry reproachfully; "I thought you knew the way all right."

"So did I," replied Tom.

"Don't you know where we are, Tom; can't you remember this stream?"

"No such a stream within forty miles of here!" declared Tom.

"But what shall we do, Tom?" queried Harry. "Come now, you are the captain."

"O dear! I do believe that we have been going the wrong way; and, O Mr. Harry! you are so lame—it's just too bad!" she exclaimed, heedless of her own suffering. "Come, I think I know the way now."

And she led off in the opposite direction from which they had been going.

In the course of half an hour they reached another torrent and again came to a stand.

"Now then!" ejaculated Harry.

"Oh, we are all right now," declared Tom. "I know where we are now. This is the little brook that runs

through the meadow. I come here after the cows every day; it's only a little ways home. Come on," she said, dauntlessly leading the way out into the rushing torrent.

"Look out, Tom!" warned Harry, as she came to a place where the water came nearly to her shoulders.

"O Harry!" she cried, as the rush of the water was about to carry her away, "help me!" And she held out her hands imploringly towards him.

Seizing her hands, Harry led her safely across to the other shore, and, in a little while, they were safely at home.

"Tom, Tom! for mercy sake child, where have you been?" cried her mother, seizing the drenched and dripping form in her arms and hugging and kissing her in spite of her wet, muddy clothes and forlorn appearance.

"O mamma! let me get my breath first," panted Tom. "Oh, I forgot, I—this is Harry—is Mr. Lovejoy," stammered Tom, blushing in her confusion at the looks of dismay and annoyance upon the faces of her three elder sisters.

"Mr. Lovejoy!" exclaimed old Mr. Winterstine, advancing and clasping the young man's hands. "Welcome, welcome, Harry Lovejoy," and he introduced him to his wife and then to the daughters. "Ah," he said as he came to little Tom, "I guess that you have already had an introduction; this is my boy—little Tom."

"Here, father," said the mother, let Mr. Lovejoy change his clothes, he can wear yours until his are dry."

And she gave him a suit of the old gentleman's clothes.

Soon arrayed in dry clothes, he returned to the sitting room, and in a few minutes was joined by Tom who, arrayed in a dainty evening dress, was more charming, if possible, than she was when Harry had first seen her.

"Here Tom," said the father, placing a chair before the fire and rather close to Harry's; "come and tell us what has happened. Don't be bashful, child," he said, stroking her golden curls lovingly.

In as few and simple words as possible, little Tom, with many blushes and no little embarrassment, told the story of the battle with the ostrich and their journey home.

As she finished their supper was announced and together they sat down to the table and partook of a good, warm supper.

That night and, as for that, many nights after, Harry dreamed of the shy, sweet-faced, little Tom.