# WAUBONSIE TRAIL SIGN BOARDS HERE

Fifteen of Them Which Will Be Put Up Between Keokuk and Donnelson Were Received Today.

## NEW CODE AUTO RULES

If You Have Any Sense of Humor You Certainly Appreciate the Paragraphs Below.

President B. B. Hobbs of the Keokuk Automobile club, who has been one of the active boosters of the Waubonsie trail, has received fifteen of the association's sign boards suitably inscribed to be put up enroute from Keokuk to Donnellson, the last lap of the trail. They will be placed at the side of the road high up on a firm post in a position that will be conspicious.

"Why not substitute this code of rules for the new automobile ordinance; we would then surely drive this obnoxious business from Detroit?" is a satirical question which an anonymous writer puts to The Free Press in a letter received in the mail a few days ago.

The remainder of the letter is as follows:

"The following is the way code agreed upon by the Farmers' Anti Auto Protective society, which has just held its annual convention in the different states of the union:

"1. On discovering an approaching team, the automobilist must stop offside and cover his machine with a tarpaulin painted to correspond with the scenery.

"2. The speed limit on country roads this year will be secret, and the penalty for violation will be $10 for every mile an offender is caught in excess of it.

"3. In case an automobile makes a team run away, the penalty will be $50 for the first mile, $100 for the second mile, $200 for the third mile, etc., that the team runs; in addition to the usual damages.

"4. On approaching a corner where he cannot command a view of the road ahead, the automobilist must stop not less than 100 yards from the turn, toot his horn, ring his bell, fire a revolver, 'halloo,' and send up three booms at intervals of five minutes.

"5. Automobiles must again be seasonably painted—that is, so they will merge with the pastoral ensemble and not be startling. They must be green in spring, golden in summer, red in autumn, and white in winter.

"6. Automobiles running on the country roads at night must send up a red rocket every mile, and wait ten minutes for the road to clear. They may then proceed carefully, blowing their horns and shooting Roman candles.

"7. All members of the society will give up Sunday to chasing automobiles, shooting and shouting to them, making arrests, and otherwise discouraging country touring on that day.

"8. In case a horse will not pass an automobile, notwithstanding the scenic tarpaulin, the automobilist will take the machine apart as rapidly as possible and conceal the parts in the grass.

"9. In case an automobile approaching a farmer's house when the roads are dusty, it will lay the dust in front of the house with a hand sprinkler worked over the dash board."

### Once Was Enough.

"Of course," said the surgeon who had operated for appendicitis, "there will be a scar." "That's all right," replied the patient. "Leave any kind of mark you like that will prevent some strange doctor from coming along and operating again."—Winchester Herald.

# Pollyooly and the Lump

By Edgar Jepson]

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*(Continued from yesterday)*

Mrs. Meeken was one of the genuine, old-fashioned Temple laundresses, who apparently earned that title by washing nothing; not even themselves. She was slovenly, dirty, dishonest, and gin-sodden. Indeed, from her aroma, she might have been a perambulating juniper tree. She had resented bitterly the intrusion of Hannah Bride, because she had expected on the death of Hannah Bride's predecessor to obtain herself the post of laundress to the Honorable John Ruffin and Mr. Gedge-Tomkins. She could not indeed have done the work of four sets of chambers; but that would not have distressed her at all, as long as she was drawing the money, and enjoying double the quantity of gin. Her original bitterness had been increased by a distinct lack of sociability on the part of Hannah Bride, who had not only failed to treat her to gin, but had refused to come and be treated, with a contemptuous asperity exceedingly galling to a highly spirituous woman. Her rival's prolonged absence from her work had awakened in her the hope that she was too ill to return, and that the coveted posts would at last fall to her lot.

She had devoted that morning to an inquiry into the matter, and had obtained the amazing and delightful information that Hannah Bride had been dead three weeks. She was sure that Pollyooly had suppressed this fact and was keeping her aunt's posts under false pretenses. With infinite joy she saw her way to take a vicarious revenge on a detested rival and double her income. Glorious visions of unlimited gin floated before what she had in mind.

It was about six o'clock—the time Pollyooly was washing the sleepy Lump before putting him to bed—that the Honorable John Ruffin became aware, chiefly through the medium of his olfactory nerve, of the presence of Mrs. Mecken waiting at his door, and gave a curt but grudging assent to her request for an interview. He led the way into his sitting-room, lighted the gas, and surveyed his visitor with an expression of considerable disfavor.

"If you please, sir, it's about that little gel what does your work, sir, that I've bin wyeting to speak to you, sir. It bein' only my plyne dooty, sir," said Mrs. Meeken.

"Your duty would be plain," said the Honorable John Ruffin, looking critically at Mrs. Meeken's ill-favored face.

"Yes, sir; that there little gel 'as bin deceivin' you, sir, mos' shameful—the hartful little 'uzzy, she is," said Mrs. Meeken, with an admirable display of virtuous indignation.

"How rarely do we find beauty and virtue conjoined," said the Honorable John Ruffin in a guarded tone.

"You may well say so, sir: an' when I 'eard as how that little 'uzzy's aunt was dead, an' 'ad bin dead this three weeks, an' you knowin' nothink about it, I sez to myself, 'Not a single wink of sleep will you get this night, Maria Meeken, knowin' as 'ow those two poor gentlemen are bein' hartfully deceived.'"

"In matters of morals one should never wait," said the Honorable John Ruffin sententiously. "I congratulate you on the speed with which you have performed this painful duty. Good-evening."

Mrs. Meeken's face fell; and she looked at him with a pained surprise. Then she said, "You'll be wantin' a laundress, sir."

"You are wrong, Mrs. Meeken . . . what I shall be wanting . . . what I am wanting is a valet," said the Honorable John Ruffin.

"And well did I know it," said Mrs. Meeken, cheering up. "An' offen an' offen 'ave I said to myself, 'If Mr. Ruffin would let me walet them there rooms of 'is, 'e wouldn't know 'isself."

Another whiff of Mrs. Meeken struck on the sensitive nostrils of the Honorable John Ruffin; and he shuddered: "I can well believe it," he said coldly. "But I am afraid that the proprieties would not permit it. Good evening."

"But you'll be wantin' some one to attend to you, sir. That there little 'uzzy can't do rooms like these properly. She can't keep them clean . . . not what I calls clean," cried Mrs. Meeken.

"I should think that very likely indeed," said the Honorable John Ruffin. "But it is wiser to endure the evils we have than to fly to those we smell. Good evening, Mrs. Meeken. You will find the front door open. I left it open."

Gathering from his tone that she had failed in her mission, Mrs. Meeken moved towards the door, muttering that she had been mistaken in the Honorable John Ruffin and that if she had been aware of his insensibility to what was right and proper, she would never have troubled to inform him of Pollyooly's deceit. At the door she stopped and said with some heat that she expected a gentleman to reward her for service received in a handsome fashion.

The Honorable John Ruffin smiled agreeably and said, "Virtue, Mrs. Meeken . . . virtue is its own reward."

Mrs. Meeken only snorted.

However, she was somewhat consoled by the fact that Mr. Gedge-Tomkins received her information with a righteous indignation equal to her own. Deceit, when applied to himself, he could not bear. Moreover, Mrs. Meeken's contention that a child like Pollyooly could not keep his rooms in the immaculate condition a woman of her experience could, appealed to his reason; and he engaged her on the spot. It must be said in his excuse that he lacked the Honorable John Ruffin's sensitiveness of nostril.

Pollyooly came to her work next morning not knowing of the misfortune which had befallen her. She learnt it from the sight of Mrs. Meeken in Mr. Gedge-Tomkins's kitchen.

The good woman greeted her with a grin of triumph and said, "It's all up with you 'ere, you bryzen little 'uzzy. 'E's awytin' for you, 'e is, an' I wouldn't be in your shoes not for nothink, I wouldn't. In you go."

In Pollyooly went; and Mr. Gedge-Tomkins received her with an indignant scowl. His righteous wrath was much increased by the fact that for the last two hours he had been engaged in preparing the defense of an uncommonly violent burglar, of whose guilt he himself was perfectly assured, and had found it extremely difficult to find any means of convincing any intelligent jury of his innocence. At the sight of Pollyooly he burst into an impassioned harangue on the vileness of lying and deceit.

When he came to the end of it, Pollyooly, who prided herself on the veracity which her aunt had so firmly instilled into her, said with some heat, "I didn't tell any lie, sir; I wouldn't. I said that my aunt wasn't any better; and she wasn't. How could she be when she was dead?"

For a moment Mr. Gedge-Tomkins was taken aback by the justness of this reasoning; then he cried, with even more eloquent indignation, "It was worse; you acted a lie—you deliberately acted a lie. Oh, I see a black future before you! If at the age of twelve you can form a dishonest plan of this kind, and carry it out, at twenty you will be a callous and hardened criminal of the most abandoned type."

"It was for the Lump," said Pollyooly stubbornly.

"Not a word!" cried Mr. Gedge-Tomkins. "I have done with you! I discharge you. Here is seven shillings—two shillings for your work from Saturday to to-day, and five shillings in lieu of a week's notice." And he banged down seven shillings on the table.

Pollyooly gave a little gasp of surprise and relief. She had expected to be sent about her business with no money at all. She caught up the seven shillings quickly, said, "Good morning, sir," and hurried out of the room with it, lest he should change his mind about paying it.

As she came down the passage, Mrs. Meeken said, "That'll learn you to go taking a honest woman's bread out of her mouf, you little 'uzzy. An' Mr. Ruffin is that wild, I'm afraid to go near him."

The next morning when the Honorable John Ruffin had finished his bacon, he said gravely: "A noble type of English womanhood, one Mrs. Meeken, has informed me that you have been deceiving me, Pollyooly."

Pollyooly stood still and stared at him with frightened eyes, plucking nervously at her frock.

"I will not disguise from you that your conduct has saddened me," he said. "It is on a par with the way in which your agreeable sex has always treated me. Moreover, it is events like this which inspire into the human heart a cynical disbelief in the co-existence of virtue and capacity. It is a sad blow. Yet I should have known that your transcendent power of grilling bacon was incompatible with the sterner virtues."

"I wouldn't have done it, not to you, sir, if it had only been me. But there was the Lump," said Pollyooly in a trembling voice.

"And how does your brother Roger, a child of even tenderer years than your own, come to be a well-spring of deceit?" said the Honorable John Ruffin.

"I'm not going to let him go to the workhouse," said Pollyooly.

"A laudable ambition. To keep out of the workhouse seems to be the first and last ambition of twelve million noble English minds. Am I to take it that the five shillings a week which I pay you stands between your brother and the workhouse?" said the Honorable John Ruffin.

"I've saved up twenty-one shillings; and there's twenty-two shillings aunt had saved."

"Am I to understand that you have saved twenty-one shillings out of the ten shillings a week Mr. Gedge-Tomkins and I have paid you during the last three weeks?"

"Mr. Tomkins has just paid me seven shillings when he discharged me," said Pollyooly.

"So Mr. Tomkins discharged you on information received from Mrs. Meeken, did he? A lofty-minded fellow. And so now only five shillings a week stand between the Lump and the workhouse?"

"Yes, sir," said Pollyooly.

"Amazing," said the Honorable John Ruffin, frowning thoughtfully.

He asked Pollyooly several questions about her weekly budget; and then he drew a handful of silver from his pocket, looked at it, and shook his head:

"As I expected, rent is your chief burden. I suppose you occupy a furnished apartment," he said.

"Oh, no, sir, there aren't any furnished apartments at three shillings a week. Aunt Hannah brought her own furniture from Muttle-Deeping," said Pollyooly, somewhat apathetically. The subject at the moment had little interest for her; she was awaiting sentence.

The Honorable John Ruffin's face cleared. "That does simplify matters," he said. "Now I have had a great deal of experience for my years—which are not as many, Pollyooly, as I am sure you believe—and my advice to a young man or young woman beginning the world, is first of all to have a good address. That's what you need—a good address."

"Yes, sir," said Pollyooly.

"How would it be if you came to live here?"

"But . . . but aren't I to go? . . . Are you keeping me on, sir?" stammered Pollyooly, and she stared at him with amazed eyes, as if she could not believe her ears.

"Of course, I'm keeping you on," said the Honorable John Ruffin. "Your transcendent power of grilling bacon has touched my heart. Besides, for generations my family have been patrons of genius."

In her relief Pollyooly gave a great gasp; and then she burst out crying. The Honorable John Ruffin looked at her with an expression of extreme discomfort for a minute or two; then he rose and patted her gently on the shoulder, begging her to stop.

Tears were really foreign to Pollyooly's strenuous nature and they soon ceased. The Honorable John Ruffin resumed his seat with an air of considerable relief.

He went on with his breakfast, till she grew quite calm; then he said, "Well, 75 The King's Bench Walk is a very good address . . . it is my own. If you and your brother, who, as I gather from his name, is a boy of pacific tendencies, were to remove your furniture to the garret above this room, and take up your abode there, you would be supplied with that indispensable requirement. Moreover, I have long felt that it is wrong, in the present congested condition of housing in central London, to keep that garret empty. It is an airy room, but a good oil-stove in the winter would make it quite habitable for the young and hardy."

"But the rent, sir . . . a room like that," gasped Pollyooly.

"Yes; I could not charge you less than a shilling a week rent. But as I have for some time intended to raise your salary as a mark of my appreciation of your skill in grilling bacon, you will be able to pay a shilling a week, and still save three shillings. So that puts the matter on a purely business footing. There is no obligation on either side."

"Oh, sir," said Pollyooly.

"You had better have your furniture brought in as soon as possible; and as is the custom of intelligent landlords, I will pay the cost of its removal."

"Oh, thank you, sir," said Pollyooly; and her eyes shone on his with a devouring gratitude.

"Not a word, not a word," said the Honorable John Ruffin, with a graceful wave of his hand. "Business is business. I have no doubt that with this good address you will soon get another post as laundress and double your income."

Pollyooly set about scrubbing and cleaning the garret. At intervals she had to stop to hug the Lump and tell him once again the story of their good fortune. Before evening her furniture was brought in; and she settled down with all the sense of peace of one who has come to haven from a disastrous sea.

The Honorable John Ruffin found no reason to regret having let his spare room. The Lump was indeed a pacific child; the Honorable John Ruffin never heard him; and when he saw him, he was delighted to find that he matched the angelic Pollyooly and was the genuine, but red-naired cherub. Pollyooly was somewhat surprised by a change in her employer's habits; he fell into a way of getting a cold roast chicken, pressed beef, or a tongue for his breakfast. Then he would eat but a morsel of them, and tell her to eat up the rest. She needed to spend no money at all on solid food, only on the Lump's milk. She found herself growing affluent in the midst of luxury.

It was a whole fortnight before the new address told. Then Pollyooly was in her kitchen one morning when she heard an infuriated roaring from the chambers of Mr. Gedge-Tomkins and went to her front door in time to see him usher Mrs. Meeken out of his own.

"Go!" he bellowed. "My weekly bill has gone up seven shillings. My rooms are filthy. You have stolen half my under linen. You have not only stolen my whisky, but you have watered what you left . . . watered it . . . watered it. Go! and never come near the place again."

"I wants a week's wages instead of notice. I knows my rights," cried Mrs. Meeken.

"Not a penny! Not a penny! Go, or I'll throw you down the stairs," bellowed Mr. Gedge-Tomkins with a quite extraordinary air of meaning exactly what he said.

Mrs. Meeken did not wait. She shuffled down the stairs in haste. As she went she howled in a shrill voice that she had been utterly mistaken in ever reckoning Mr. Gedge-Tomkins a gentleman.

Mr. Gedge-Tomkins stood breathing heavily, reflecting on his unsatisfying encounter with watered whisky the night before, till the sound of her shrill voice died away. Then he said to Pollyooly, who had been a grave spectator of the distressing scene, "You can come back at once. Get my breakfast."

Pollyooly's heart leapt with joy; but she looked at him with a cold eye for a good half minute: then she said, "I couldn't come back for less than six shillings a week, sir. It would take me ever so long to get your rooms clean again after that dirty old woman. Besides, you said I told lies."

Mr. Gedge-Tomkins scowled at her, turned round, went back into his chambers, and slammed the door. Pollyooly's face fell. But a quarter of an hour later his door opened again, and out he came. He walked across the landing and said, heavily, "I'll pay you six shillings a week. After all, with you I know the worst that is to be known; and you do not drink whisky. Get my breakfast."

"Thank you, sir," said Pollyooly, dropping a curtsey.

*(To be continued)*

This is the best day the world has ever seen. Tomorrow will be better.—R. A. Campbell.


## Old Lady's Sage Advice.

Knoxville, Tenn.—Mrs. Mamie Towe, of 102 W. Main street, this city, says: "If you had seen me before I began to take Cardui, you would not think I was the same person. Six doctors failed to do me good, and my friends thought I would die. I could hardly get out of bed or walk a step. At last an old lady advised me to take Cardui, and now I can go most anywhere." All ailing women need Cardui, as a gentle, refreshing tonic, especially adapted to their peculiar ailments. It is a reliable, vegetable remedy, successfully used for over 50 years. You ought to try it.



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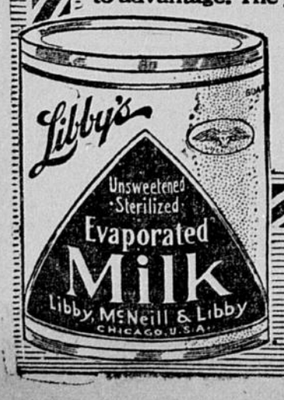


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| | |
|---|---|
| No. 2, daily, leaves at | 4:15 pm |
| No. 4, daily except Sunday, leaves at | 4:40 " |
| No. 76, daily except Sunday, freight, leaves at | 8:10 am |
| **Arrive.** | |
| No. 77, daily except Sunday, freight, arrives | 5:00 pm |
| No. 15, daily except Sunday, arrives | 9:35 pm |
| No. 3, daily, arrives | 11:05 am |

Nos. 76 and 77 carry passengers.

### Toledo, Peoria and Western Railway.

| | |
|---|---|
| xTrain 4—Leaves | 7:35 am |
| *Train 2—Leaves | 2:00 pm |
| *Train 3—Arrives | 12:05 pm |
| xTrain 7—Arrives | 6:10 pm |

xDaily.
*Daily except Sunday.

### C., B. & Q. RAILWAY CO.

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| | |
|---|---|
| **South Bound.** | |
| —No. 8, St. Louis and south, leaves | 12:45 am |
| —No. 12, St. Louis and Kansas City and west, south, leaves | 8.50 am |
| —No. 4, Quincy, Hannibal & St. Louis, arrives 1:15 p. m., leaves | 1:20 pm |
| *No. 10, Quincy and Hannibal, arrives | 8:25 pm |
| No. 10 leaves | 8:35 pm |
| **North Bound.** | |
| —No. 7, Chicago, St. Paul and points west, leaves | 2:35 am |
| —No. 13, Chicago, St. Paul and points west, arrives | 7:35 pm |
| —No. 13, leaves | 7:35 pm |
| *No. 3, Burlington, Chicago and east, leaves | 1:55 pm |
| —No. 1, Burlington, leaves | 7:35 am |
| *No. 51, Donnellson, C., B. & K. C., and North Road leaves | 8:30 pm |
| *No. 50, from Donnellson, C., B. & K. C., & North Road, arrives | 11:30 am |
| *No. 1, K. & W. west, leaves | 9.05 am |
| **No. 5, Centerville, leaves | 7.35 pm |
| *No. 4, from Centerville and points intermediate, arrives | 1:15 pm |
| *No. 2, from Centerville and west, arrives | 9:10 pm |
| *No. 3, Centerville, leaves | 9:10 pm |
| **No. 6, from Centerville, arrives | 11:55 am |

—Daily.
*Daily except Sunday.
**Sundays only.

### K. & W. ELECTRIC CO.

| Leaves Keokuk | Arrive Hamilton Jr. | Arrive Warsaw |
|---|---|---|
| **East.** | | |
| *6:25 am | 6:40 am | |
| 7:00 am | 7:25 am | 7:40 am |
| 8:45 am | 9:00 am | 9:15 am |
| 10:15 am | 10:30 am | 10:50 am |
| 12:05 pm | 12:25 pm | 12:45 pm |
| 2:30 pm | 2:45 pm | 3:00 pm |
| 4:10 pm | 4:25 pm | 4:45 pm |
| *5:20 pm | 5:35 pm | 5:55 pm |
| 6:05 pm | 6:20 pm | 6:40 pm |
| 7:45 pm | 8:00 pm | 8:20 pm |
| 9:30 pm | 9:45 pm | 10:00 pm |
| 10:45 pm | 11:00 pm | 11:15 pm |
| **West.** | | |
| Leave Warsaw | Leave Hamilton Jr | Arrive Keokuk |
| | *6:40 am | 6:50 am |
| 7:45 pm | 8:05 am | 8:20 am |
| 9:20 am | 9:40 am | 9:55 am |
| 11:00 am | 11:25 am | 11:40 am |
| 12:45 pm | 1:05 pm | 1:20 pm |
| 3:10 pm | 3:30 pm | 3:45 pm |
| 4:45 pm | 5:05 pm | 5:20 pm |
| *6:00 pm | 6:20 pm | 6:35 pm |
| 7:00 pm | 7:20 pm | 7:35 pm |
| 8:45 pm | 9:05 pm | 9:20 pm |
| 10:05 pm | 10:25 pm | 10:40 pm |
| 11:20 pm | 11:40 pm | 11:55 pm |

*Daily except Sunday. All other trains daily.

### Rock Island

*Train 473—Leaves Keokuk..7:40 am
*Train 741—Leaves Keokuk..2:55 pm
*Train 472—Arrives Keokuk..7:40 pm
*Train 470—Arrives Keokuk..1:05 pm

**Local Freight Trains.**

*Train 86—Arrives Keokuk..5:30 pm
*Train 85—Leave Keokuk .. 7:00 am
*Daily except Sunday.


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