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MACHINERY. REDMAN & CO. GENERAL MACHINISTS And Manufacturers of Marine and Stationary Engines.

OWN A NEWSPAPER

QUIQUERN.

BY HUDYARD KIPLING. (Copyright, 1895.) CHAPTER II.

An Inuit does not think of these chances till he is forced to. Kadlu, Kotuko, Amoraq and the boy baby, who kicked about in Amoraq's fur hood and chewed pieces of blubber all day, were as happy together as any family in the world. They came of a very gentle race - an Inuit seldom loses his temper and almost never strikes a child who did not know exactly what telling a lie meant, still less how to steal. They were content to drag their living out of the heart of the bitter, hopeless cold; to smile oily smiles and tell queer ghost and fairy tales of evenings, and eat till they could eat no more, and sing the end of a woman's song, "Amna aya, aya amna ah! ah!" through the long, lamp-lighted days as they mended their clothes and their hunting gear.

But one terrible winter everything betrayed them. The Tununimut returned from the yearly salmon fishing and made their houses on the early ice to the north of Ballor's Island ready to go after the seal as soon as the sea froze. But it was an early and savage autumn. All through September there were continuous gales that broke up the smooth seal ice where it was only four or five feet thick and forced it inland and piled a great barrier some thirty miles broad of lumpy and ragged and needy ice over which it was impossible to draw the sleighs. The edge of the floe of which the seal were used to fish in winter lay perhaps twenty miles beyond this barrier and out of reach of the Tununimut. Even so, they might have managed to scrape through the winter on their stock of frozen salmon and stored blubber and what the traps gave them, but in December one of their hunters came across a tupik, a skin tent, of three women and a girl nearly dead whose men had come down from the far north and been crushed in their kajaks while their little skin hunting boats while they were out after the long-horned narwhal. Kadlu, of course, could only distribute the women among the bats of the winter village, for no Inuit would dare refuse a meal to a stranger. He never knows when his own time may come to beg. Amoraq took the girl, who was about fourteen, into her own house as a sort of servant. From the cut of her sharp-pointed hood and the long diamond pattern of her white deerskin leggings, they supposed she came from Ellesmere land. She had never seen tin cooking pots or wooden-shod sleighs before; but Kotuko, the boy, and Kotuko, the dog, were rather fond of her.

Then all the foxes went south; and even the wolverine, the growling, blunt-headed little thief of the snow, did not take the trouble to follow the line of empty traps that Kotuko set. The tribe lost a couple of their best hunters, who were badly crippled in a fight with a musk ox, and that threw more work on the others. Kotuko went out, day after day, with a light hunting sleigh and six or seven dogs, looking till his eyes ached for some patch of bear ice, where a seal might perhaps have scratched a breathing hole. Kotuko, the dog, ranged far and wide, and in the dead stillness of the ice fields Kotuko, the boy, could hear his half-circled whine of excitement as a seal hole three miles away as plainly as though he were at his elbow. When the dog found a hole he would build him self a little snow wall to keep off the worst of the bitter wind, and there he would wait ten, twelve, thirty, hours for the seal to come up to breathe, his eyes glued to the tiny mark he had made above the hole to guide the downward thrust of his harpoon, a little seal-skin mat under his feet and his legs tucked together in the tutaraq - the buckle that the old hunters had talked about. This helps to keep a man's legs from twitching as he waits and waits and waits for the quick-earred seal to rise. Though there is no excitement in it, you can easily believe that the sitting still in the buckle, with the thermometer perhaps forty degrees below zero, is the hardest work an Inuit knows. When a seal was caught, Kotuko, the dog, would bound forward, his trace trailing behind him, and help to pull the body to the sleigh, where the tired and hungry dogs lay snuggly under the lee of the broken ice.

A seal did not go very far, for each mouth in the little village had a right to be filled and never bone, hide nor sinew was wasted. The dog's meat was taken for human use and Amoraq fed the team with pieces of old summer skin-tents raked out from under the sleeping beach, and they howled and howled again, and waked to howl hungrily. One could tell by the soap-stone lamps in the huts that famine was near. In good seasons when blubber is plentiful the light in the boat-shaped lamps would be two feet high, cheerful, oily and yellow. Now it was a bare six inches. Amoraq carefully pricked down the moss wick when an unwatched flame brightened for a moment, and the eyes of all the family followed her hand. The horror of famine up there in the great cold is not so much dying as dying in the dark. All the Inuit dread the dark that presses on them without a break for six months in each year, and when the lamps are low in the houses the minds of people begin to be shaken and confused.

But worse was to come. The underfed dogs snarled and growled in the passages, glared at the cold stars and snuggled into the bitter wind, night after night. When they stopped howling the silence fell down again as solid and as heavy as a snow-drift against a door, and men could hear the beating of their blood in the thin passages of the ear and the thumping of their hearts that sounded as loud as the noise of screechers' drums beaten across the snow. One night Kotuko, the dog, who had been unusually silent in harness, leaped up and pushed his head against Kotuko's knee. Kotuko patted him, but the dog still pushed blindly forward, fawning. Then Kadlu waked and stared into the glassy eyes. The dog whimpered as though he were afraid and shivered between Kadlu's knees. Then the hair rose about his neck and he growled as though a stranger were at the door; then he barked joyously and rolled on the ground and at Kotuko's boots like a puppy.

"What is it?" said Kotuko, for he was beginning to be afraid. "The sickness," Kadlu answered. "It is the dog-sickness." Kotuko the dog lifted his nose and howled and howled again. "I have not seen this before. What will he do?" said Kotuko. Kadlu struggled one shoulder a little and crossed the leg for his short stabbing harness. The big dog looked at him, howled again and snick again down the passage while the other dogs drew aside right and left to give him ample room, as though he was out on the snow he barked furiously as though on the trail of musk-ox, and barked and leaped and frisked passed out of sight. This was not hysteria, but simple plain madness. The cold add the hunger and above all the dark had turned his head; and when the terrible dog-sickness once shows itself in a team it

spreads like wild-fire. Next hunting day another dog sickened and was killed then and there by Kotuko as he had been the leader in the old days suddenly gave tongue on an imaginary reindeer track, and when they slipped him from the pit he flew at the throat of an ice-cliff, and ran away as his leader had done, his harness on his back. After that no one would take the dogs out again. They needed them for something else and the dogs knew it and though they were tied down and fed by hand their eyes were full of despair and fear. To make things worse the old women began to tell ghost-tales and to say that they had met the spirits of the dead hunters last that autumn who prophesied all sorts of horrible things.

Kotuko grieved more for the loss of his dog than anything else, for though an Inuit eats enormously he also knows when to starve. But the hunger, the darkness, the cold and the exposure told on his strength, and he began to hear voices inside his head and to see people, who were not there, out of the tail of his eye. One night he had un-buckled himself after ten hours' waiting above a "blind" seal-hole and was staggering back to the village faint and dizzy - he halted to lean his back against a bowlder which happened to be supported like a rocking-stone on a single jutting point of ice. His weight disturbed the balance of the thing, it rolled over ponderously and as Kotuko sprang aside to avoid it slid after him squeaking and hissing on the ice slope.

That was enough for Kotuko. He had been brought up to believe that every rock and bowlder had its owner (his name) who was generally a one-eyed kind of a woman thing called a tornaq, and that when a tornaq meant to help a man she rolled after him inside her stone house and asked him whether he would take her for a guardian spirit. (In summer thaw the ice-belt rocks and bowlders roll and slip all over the face of the land, so you can easily see how the idea of live stones arose.) Kotuko heard the blood beating in his ears as he had heard it all day and he thought it was the tornaq of the stone speaking to him. Before he reached home he was quite certain that he had held a long conversation with her, and as all his people believed that this was possible, no one contradicted him.

"She said to me: I jump down, I jump down from my place on the snow," cried Kotuko, with hollow eyes, leaning forward in the half-lighted hut. "She said: 'I will be a guide. She says, I will guide you to the good seal holes.' To-morrow I will go and the tornaq will guide me."

Then Anzekok, the village sorcerer, came in and Kotuko told him the tale a second time. It lost nothing in the telling. "Follow the tornaq (the spirit of the stones) and they will bring us food again," said the angekok. Now the girl from the north had been lying near the lamp, eating very little and saying less for days past, but when Amoraq and Kadlu next morning packed and lashed a little hand sleigh for Kotuko and loaded it with his hunting gear and as much blubber and frozen seal meat as they could spare, she took the pulling rope, and stepped out boldly at the boy's side.

"Your house is my house," she said, as the little bone-shod sleigh squeaked and bumped behind them in the swirl, silent Arctic night.

"My house is your house," said Kotuko, "but I think that we shall both go to Sedna together."

Now Sedna is the mistress of the Underworld, and the Inuit believes that everyone who dies must spend a year in her horrible country before going on to Qualliparmut, the happy place where it never freezes and the fat reindeer trot up when you call. Through the village people were shouting: "The tornaq have spoken to Kotuko. They will show him open ice. He will bring us the seal again." Their voices were soon swallowed up by the cold empty dark, and Kotuko and the girl shouldered close together as they strained on the pulling rope or hundred the sleigh through the broken ice, in the direction of the polar sea. Kotuko insisted that the tornaq of the stone had told him to go north and north they went under Tukingjung, the reindeer - what we call the Great Bear.

No European could have made five miles a day over the ice rubbish and the sharp-edged drifts; but those two knew exactly the turn of the wrist that coaxes a sleigh round a hummock, the jerk that neatly lifts it out of an ice crack; and the exact strength that goes to the few quiet strokes of the spear-head that make a path possible when everything looks hopeless.

The girl said nothing, but bowed her head, and the long wolverine fur fringe to her ermine hood blew across her broad, dark face. The sky above them was an intense velvet black, changing to bands of Indian red on the horizon, where the great stars burned like street lamps. From time to time a greenish wave of the northern lights would roll across the hollow of the high heavens, flick like a flag and disappear, or a meteor would crackle from darkness to darkness, trailing a shower of sparks behind. Then they could see the ridged and furrowed surface of the floe, tipped and laced with strange colors, red, copper and bluish, but in the ordinary starlight everything turned to one frost-bitten gray.

TO BE CONTINUED. Cobb-Hoy Damage suit. Special Dispatch to the Intelligencer. MORGANTOWN, W. VA., Oct. 23. - Thirty-five hundred dollars is what William I. Hoy will have to pay for alienating the affections of Mrs. C. W. Cobb from her husband. The jury brought in a verdict this morning. The counsel asked that the judgment be suspended, and it is likely the case will be appealed.

Two Mexicans Lynched. HENNESSY, OKLA., Oct. 23. - Two more members of Seth Wyatt's band of desperadoes have answered for their many deeds of lawlessness. They are Jim Umbr and Mexican John, two Mexicans. They were lynched by enraged cattlemen. The two Mexicans had stolen fifty head of cattle belonging to B. F. Chapman and his cowboys gave chase.

SCROFULA. Miss Della Stevens, of Boston, Mass., writes: I have always suffered from various scrofula, for which I tried various remedies, but none relieved me. After taking of a box of SSS I am now well. I am very grateful to you, as I feel that I have been made free from a life of untold agony, and shall take pleasure in speaking only words of praise for the wonderful medicine, and in recommending it to all. Treatment on Blood and Skin Diseases makes SSS a cure to any distress. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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Munyon's Cold Cure prevents pneumonia and breaks up a cold in a few hours. Price 25c.

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Munyon's Pile Ointment positively cures all forms of piles. Price 25c.

Munyon's Vitalizer restores lost powers to weak men. Price \$1.

The Munyon Remedies are absolutely harmless and contain positive cures for the most obstinate diseases. A separate specific for each disease. Sold by all druggists, mostly at 25 cents a bottle.

Personal letters to Prof. Munyon, 1503 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., answered with free medical advice for any disease.

IRON AND STEEL.

Pig Very Quiet, but Firm - Good Inquiry for Steel Rails. CHICAGO, Oct. 23. - The Industrial World will say to-morrow: Pig iron of all grades continues very quiet and firmness is a strong feature, but evidence is accumulating that a reaction is not far distant, if, indeed, it is not already being felt in some departments of finished material. The sharp advance in Bessemer iron at the close of last week in Pittsburgh may be accepted as a forerunner.

Not less than 3,700 freight cars were placed by various railroads last week in this district, and specifications for a larger quantity are being figured on by car builders. There is a good inquiry for steel rails, and it now seems assured that some heavy contracting will be done soon. Demand for iron and steel from railroad interests is active.

Another Sensation Spilled.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Oct. 23. - It is currently reported here that the heretofore secret movement, which was said to have been going on in favor of the restoration of the monarchy under Prince Pierre, of Saxe-Coburg, is assuming larger proportions. The agitators are reported to have become emboldened by their success and to be attracting adherents openly advocating Prince Pierre's candidacy. The latter is a son of Prince Louis Auguste, of Saxe-Coburg, and Princess Leopoldine, of Brazil. He was born in Rio de Janeiro in 1856.

LONDON, Oct. 23. - The official of the Brazilian embassy here say that Prince Pierre, of Saxe-Coburg, is in a lunatic asylum in Austria, and that there is no foundation for the report of a movement in Brazil in favor of the restoration of the monarchy.

"U. P." Gets It Again.

LONDON, Oct. 23. - Lord Dunraven in addition to requesting the Pall Mall Gazette to "announce that the United Press interview" with him, published in certain American papers, "is entirely bogus," has asked the London Times to "state that the United Press interview is entirely bogus," and the Morning Post of this city and the few other papers which were so shamefully imposed upon also announced that they are authorized by his lordship to pronounce the utterances attributed to him to be without a word of truth.

Nothing so distressing as a hacking cough. Nothing so foolish as to suffer from it. Nothing so dangerous if allowed to continue. One Minute Cough Cure gives immediate relief. Logan Drug Co., Wheeling, W. Va., B. F. Feabody, Benwood and Bowie & Co., Bridgeport, O.

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had Consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 139 Florida St., San Francisco, suffered from a dreadfully cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else, then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at Logan Drug Co.'s Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

The Darlington, Wis., Journal says editorially of a popular patent medicine: "We know from experience that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is all that is claimed for it, as on two occasions it stopped excruciating pains and possibly saved us from an untimely grave. A would not rest easy over night without it in the house." This remedy undoubtedly saves more pain and suffering than any other medicine in the world. Every family should keep it in the house, for it is sure to be needed sooner or later.

Belief in Six Hours.

Distressing kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "NEW GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passage in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by R. H. List, druggist, Wheeling, W. Va.

DR. MILES' NERVE TONIC FOR SPINAL WEAKNESS.

It is a truth in medicine that the smallest dose that performs a cure is the best. Dr. Witt's Little Early Risers are the smallest pills, will perform a cure, and are the best. Logan Drug Co., Wheeling, W. Va., B. F. Feabody, Benwood, and Bowie & Co., Bridgeport, O.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

"Shave your Soap" - so the soap makers say, especially if you're washing delicate things. Now, in the name of common sense, what's the use? When you can get Pearlina, in powder form for this very reason, why do you want to work over soap, which, if it's good for anything, gets very hard and difficult to cut. Besides, Pearlina is vastly better than any powdered soap could be. It has all the good properties of any soap - and many more, too. There's something in it that does the work easily, but without harm - much more easily than any other way yet known.

Beware of cheap imitations. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE - Pearlina is never peddled. If your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest - send it back. JAMES TYLER, New York.

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Artistic 319 feet, white port and lake. How many people are wondering where they can go for the summer, enjoy their health and spend their money wisely and profitably? Brookside is the place. Large rooms to give you the best of pure air, grand views, beautiful drives, lawns, tennis grounds and a swimming pool. Refreshing through the season. Take the car to Brookside. Table furnished with all the fruits and vegetables and wholesome cooking. Swimming pool, tennis, bowling, billiard, croquet, and other diversions. The grounds are well watered and there are 1000 feet of main hotel. Rates \$1 to \$10 per week. For descriptive circular, etc., address