

The Beautiful White Devil.

ing to the taffrail and looking behind her at the pursuing ships.

Their commanders seemed to realize this, too, for they once more began to try long shots at us. But though two fell very close no harm was done.

About half past 3 Patterson left the bridge and came down to where we were sitting aft. He held a chart in his hand, and when he came up with us he knelt down and pinned it to the deck.

"May I draw your attention to this chart?" he said as soon as his preparations were complete. "You will remember that the first time we were ever chased it was in this very place. Well, on that occasion we managed to escape by taking this channel between these two reefs. Our pursuer, as doubtless you have not forgotten, drew too much water and could not follow us. Now, if you are willing to chance it we might try the same plan again."

"What do you think?" asked Alie, turning to me. "It is a desperate risk to run, but then we must remember that we are in a desperate position."

I knelt down upon the deck and carefully examined the chart. It showed a long, straggling reef shaped something like a wriggling snake, with an opening in the middle just wide enough, if the measurements were to be depended upon, to permit our vessel to pass through. One fact was self evident, and that was that if we did get through we should be saved.

"I am for chancing it," I said after I had given the matter proper consideration.

"Then we will follow your advice," said Alie. "We will try the passage."

"Very good," Patterson answered quietly, and, having rolled up the chart, he returned to the bridge.

After that for nearly half an hour we raced on at full speed, the warships coming after us as fast as their steaming capabilities would permit.

Then our pace began somewhat to abate, and, looking ahead, I could distinguish in the gathering dusk what looked like an unbroken line of breakers stretching away for miles to port and starboard, from far out in the open sea almost to the ragged coast line on our left. Our course had long since been altered, and now we were steering directly for the troubled water. The pace was still terrific, but we were slowing down perceptibly.

"We are close to the opening now," said Alie, leading the way up on to the bridge. "If we make a mistake and touch, we shall go to pieces in five minutes. Let us therefore keep together, husband mine."

We stood windward of the binnacle and watched what was about to happen. The breakers were scarcely half a mile ahead, the warships perhaps six miles astern.

Then two men crawled into the chains and set the leads going. The second officer was sent forward to reconnoiter, and Patterson, dismissing the steersman, took the wheel himself. The third officer was stationed at the telegraph.

Suddenly Patterson drew himself up, spun the spokes with a preliminary twist to see that all was in working order, and then turned to his subordinate at the telegraph.

"Stop her!" he cried.

The bell tinkled in the engine room and answered on the bridge. The throbbing of the propeller ceased as if by magic, and next moment we were only moving forward by our own impetus. Almost before one could think we were among the breakers, but still going forward. I glanced at Patterson out of the

gunning, it was difficult to believe that we had emerged so safely from our awkward scrape.

During the meal I could hardly eat for looking at Alie and thinking of all the events which had occurred since first I sat at that table with her. She must have been thinking something of the same kind, for at the end of dinner, just as we were about to go on deck, she bade the steward charge our glasses and proposed this toast:

"I drink to the Lone Star and those who have saved us today."

We drank the toast with enthusiasm and set our glasses down again. But just as we did so there was a loud crash, a trembling of the entire vessel, a curious pause, and then another awful crash.

"We have struck something," I cried, springing to my feet. Then, as if by instinct, I said, "Run to your cabins and get your shawls."

They did so, and by the time they emerged again the hubbub was deafening. The sound of rending and tearing could only be described as awful. Then there was sudden and complete silence which was almost worse than the noise.

We ran on deck and made our way as fast as we could to the bridge.

"What has happened?" I cried to Patterson, who was issuing orders as fast as his tongue could utter them.

"We have struck a rock that is not on my chart," he said, "and I have reversed the engines to pull her off."

I could see that we were going astern, but even a child could have told by the way the schooner moved that it was a hopeless case with her.

Even while he was speaking she was sinking perceptibly.

"There is no hope," he said at last. "We must leave her."

All the hands by this time were at their stations, and the boats were lowered with exquisite care and precision. Fortunately they had been that very day uncovered and equipped in case of accident, so that there was no possible cause for delay.

Keeping Alie and Janet by my side, I descended to the boat allotted to us, and we took our seats in the stern. By the time we had pulled to a distance of about 100 yards the deck of the vessel was level with the water. Five minutes later the gallant but ill fated Lone Star tipped up on end, gave a sudden plunge and disappeared beneath the waves to be no more seen by mortal man. I slipped my arm around Alie's waist and drew her closer to my side. She was trembling violently.

"Be brave, dear love," I whispered. "For all our sakes, be brave."

She turned her head in the direction where the poor yacht had disappeared and said almost under her breath:

"Goodby, Lone Star, goodby."

Then she stooped forward and buried her face in her hands.

To divert her thoughts I turned to the boat nearest us, which was commanded by Patterson, and asked what he thought we had better do.

"Sail up the coast as fast as we can," he answered. "My boat will take the lead. The rest had better follow in single file. If this wind holds, we shall fetch the settlement or be somewhere thereabout by daybreak."

The wind did hold, and we did make the settlement by the time he specified. Then passing behind the great doors which, as I have said before, concealed the entrance to the canal so cleverly that even from the close distance of a mile I had not been able to detect where the imitation began and the real cliff ended, we pulled inside. Then, to cheer us, standing before them all, I uncovered my head and cried, perhaps a trifle theatrically:

"Gentlemen, the queen has come back to her own again."

As the cheers that greeted my announcement died away we left the canal and entered the little landlocked harbor.

L'ENVOI

Three years have passed since the wreck of the schooner Lone Star, and today is the third anniversary of our return to the settlement. It is a lovely morning, and I am sitting in the veranda of our bungalow on the hillside, pen in hand, waiting for a step whose music grows every day more welcome to my ears. My patience is rewarded when a

woman, to whose beauty time has but added, turns the corner, closely followed by an enormous white bulldog, and comes toward me. When she reaches me, she sets down the rosy toddling infant she carries in her arms and, taking a seat beside me, says:

"What news had you by the mail this morning, my husband?"

"Nothing of very much moment, Alie," I answer. "The negotiations in England are still proceeding, and Brandon confidently hopes, in view of certain considerations, that he will be able to carry out his plans and win a free pardon for a certain beautiful lady of my acquaintance."

"Then it is all as satisfactory as we could wish," she says. "I am thankful for that. And now I have some news for you."

"Are you going to tell me that I am the happiest husband in the world, or

that that boy, playing with old Bel yonder, whom we both worship a good deal more than is good for him, is being spoiled by the entire population of the settlement?"

"Neither of those things. No, it has to do with your sister Janet."

"Ah, then I can guess. She is so enraptured with the settlement that she is willing to prolong her stay indefinitely."

"How did you guess?"

"Have I not eyes, my wife? You don't mean to tell me that you think you alone have seen the outrageous court Walworth has been paying her these six months past?"

"You have no objection, I hope?"

"Not the very slightest. She is a good woman, if ever there was one, and he is certainly a man after my own heart. If they marry and are destined to be as happy as we are, then they'll be lucky people. That's all I can say, my wife."

"Can you truthfully affirm that you have never regretted giving up so much for me?"

"Regretted! How can you ask me such a question? No, my darling; rest assured if there is one thing for which I am grateful to Providence it is—"

Here I placed my arm round her neck and drew her lovely head down to me.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"That I was permitted to be the husband of the Beautiful White Devil!"

THE END.

Masculine Attire.

There is one sensible thing which the Russian does from Riga on the gulf of Livonia to Petropavloski on the northern Pacific, and that is to tuck his trousers into a long boot and allow it to bag a little at the knee. Treated thus, the trouser loses half its terrors from the aesthetic point of view and is in a twinkling transformed into a dashing and becoming garment. To my mind the dress of the Russian workman or peasant is almost ideal, both from the standpoint of beauty and utility. A tunic of a vivid shade of red, belted at the waist, stout, high boots to the knee, into which the loose breeches are thrust, and a round cap of cloth or fur make of the moujik a most attractive figure. The dress, indeed, approaches more nearly the idea of a loose military uniform than that of any other European peasant, and we all know how becoming is a uniform to man—especially in the eyes of womankind.

But if I am personally incredulous of ever beholding a row of bourgeois going cityward in an omnibus with their trousers bagging over Wellington boots I would implore my countrymen not to adopt one of the "reforms" which Ouida advocates—namely, the workman's blouse. Made in velvet, belted and buttoned with silver, it is a garment which she would like to see on the shoulders of our brothers and husbands. I do not think that many of us will share that desire. The French artisan, with his blue blouse and loose trousers, may be attired correctly from a workaday standpoint, but it can never be said that he looks alluring. Dr. George Birkbeck Hill, in his recently published "Rossetti Letters," puts it on record that the late William Morris, in his youthful days, "used frequently to lunch at Faulkner's house in Queen's square, coming in the French blouse in which he worked from the business place of the firm—the shop, as they called it—close by. Faulkner told me that the servant thought he was a butcher, whom her master, for some unaccountable reason, had to lunch."—Ella Hepworth Dixon.

Easily Satisfied.

A manufacturer of tombstones in a flourishing provincial town one day received a call from a customer who wished to buy a stone for his mother's grave.

After looking anxiously about for some time and making numerous remarks as to his mother's taste he finally fixed his gaze upon a stone which the stonecutter had prepared for another person.

"I like this one," he said decidedly. "I'll take this."

"But that belongs to another man," remonstrated the stonecutter, "and it has the name 'Francis' cut on it, you see. That wouldn't do for your mother."

"Oh, yes, it would!" responded the countryman. "Mother couldn't read, and besides," he added as he saw the stonecutter's expression, "she'd like it all the better if she could read, for Francis was always a favorite name of hers anyhow."

The story is suggestive of one told of a London tradesman suddenly grown rich, who, having set up his carriage in great state, went to a harness maker to have a silver letter put on the blinders of his horses.

"What is the initial?" asked the harness maker.

"The what?" asked the rich man, looking blank.

"What letter shall I put on?" inquired the harness maker, suppressing his amusement.

"Well, I hadn't quite made up my mind," answered the customer, "but I guess W is about as handsome a letter as any, isn't it?"—St. Louis Star.

Too Much For Their Curiosity.

The minister of a country church was greatly annoyed on Sundays by the women turning round every time any one came in and so interrupting the sermon. At last he hit upon a plan for stopping it. The next time he preached he gave this notice out:

"So that no one need turn round I will call out the name of the person or persons entering this church during my sermon." And then he started:

"Dear beloved brethren—Farmer Jacobs and his wife—the text for today will be—Miss Jones—seventh chapter, second verse of—Mrs. Brown and baby—St. John, where it says—Mr. and Mrs. Smith, with a new bonnet on!"

Here he discovered his mistake and was going to correct himself, but it was too late. All the women in the place had turned round.—Pearson's Weekly.

Royal Mathews' Manners.

Royal Mathews was invited to dine at the Lossings, strictly a family affair, and was duly elated, for he knew it meant the crucial moment of his life, when he would be considered a possible lover for the clever Edith Lossing, to whom he had lost his heart on first acquaintance.

The dinner was one of those dainty aggregations of silver and cut glass and decorative china which give a bizarre effect to our meals at the present time, even when one's feelings must be held with blue ribbon or kept out of sight, and when it is a social crime to eat anything with a spoon. But Royal Mathews was accustomed to modern luxury and would have died before he would have admitted that he did not know the whole social shibboleth. That Edith Lossing would attempt to judge of a man's morals by his manners never occurred to him.

Before the dinner was well begun Mathews was aware that in some way he had offended Miss Lossing.

Edith Lossing's friends were much afraid that she would end her days in single blessedness, or else go through the woods and pick up the figurative crooked stick as a last opportunity. So many eligible men had sought her hand and been refused that it was currently reported that she had been disappointed in love and was determined to live and die an old maid. Her friends had on several occasions announced themselves satisfied with the candidate, only to be told that Miss Edith had refused him.

The trouble was that Edith was hypercritical. It was so with other things besides the affections. She took all the sweetness out of life by finding its sugar was adulterated with chalk. She left the sky out of her landscapes and mutilated her friends by petty criticism. She had heard or read somewhere that manners were the shadows of morals, and by this half truth she measured men.

The day after dinner she went to lunch with her best friend, who boarded at a stately hotel and was a person of common sense, the scarcest commodity on earth. She was fond of Edith, while bewailing the positive virtues which made her so disagreeable.

"I met Allen Holbrook in the lobby, and he stood and talked with me without removing his hat," she announced to her best friend after they had lunched and were seated in the parlor of the hotel.

"Then I suppose you will disallow him a single good quality," remarked the B. F.

"But it was such a want of respect," complained Edith.

"Put it on another basis. Perhaps, new woman, he was treating you with the freedom of good comradeship. Could he pay you a greater compliment?"

"The new woman will demand every acknowledgment of social form," answered Edith. "It was unbearable rudeness."

"Let us think that he was so glad to see you that he never once thought of his hat. It will be more charitable. But, tell me, for I am dying to know, is Royal Mathews to be the happy man?"

"Royal Mathews is an insufferable boor!" retorted Edith with a good deal of asperity, showing that she was secretly hurt.

"What did he do? You told me he was to dine with you yesterday. Did he eat with his knife?"

"Worse, a thousand times worse."

"Did he do as Emerson did when Margaret Fuller was his guest—eat in his shirt sleeves?"

"No, and he is not an Emerson."

"I insist upon your telling me the depth and breadth of his transgression. If you do not, I shall ask him myself when he calls at 5, as he promised."

"Very well, I will tell you, and the consequences be on your own head. You know that I pride myself on my house-keeping, and that all the glass and silver is taken care of by myself. I think I can claim spotless brilliancy for the table-ware, yet when that man sat down at the table what do you think he did? But you would never guess—no, not in a lifetime. The wretch picked up a corner of the tablecloth and deliberately polished first his glass, then the plate and finally the silver at his plate. It was done in a moment, but with no attempt at concealment. I was so thankful that no one else saw him—the affair would have been talked over in the kitchen."

Edith waited for a burst of indignation from her B. F. and was surprised at a peal of laughter. This was followed by a grave thoughtfulness, and then the best friend said:

"My dear, Royal Mathews was unconsciously following a habit acquired at the hotels of our country, where food is served in baskets and often by incompetent help. I do not imagine the poor fellow was for a moment conscious of what he was really doing, and I admit that the habit is a very careless one. But it rates several degrees less than a crime."

"I don't know about that," said Edith, but with a relieved look. "I have always looked upon a man's manners as his credentials; they either uplift him or degrade him."

"Yes, my Edith, but you must not forget the 'awful soul that dwelt in clay.' You make much of the accomplishments of the clay, but there is the deeper life that is its sanitation. And now may I ask what is that object on which you have been wreaking your will ever since we came in from the table?"

Edith looked and was aghast.

"It is a table napkin," she said.

"Where did I get it?"

"Carried it off with you unconsciously, O woman of cruel judgment! Suppose I were to accuse you of appropriation? You see how easy it is to forget ourselves, and become in a moment objects of condemnation or suspicion. Charity, my dear, will even condone the swallowing of knives and the abstraction of napkins."

The best friend rang the bell and gave a waiter the suspicious object. Then Royal Mathews was announced and was astonished beyond measure to find his lady of the ice of the preceding day as warm and glowing as Hebe.—Exchange.

Small Diamonds More Perfect.

There are more perfect small diamonds than there are perfect large ones, and where a man gets together a collection of perfect diamonds he is most likely to have a collection of small ones. Thus the diamonds owned by Americans are not, as a rule, so large as are the ones owned in Europe. Artificial light enables the European diamond wearer to wear big stones that are not altogether perfect.

LATEST NEWS OF TRADE.

Chicago Grain and Provisions.

Chicago, Oct. 1.—Wheat started easy, but rallied on bad weather, outside strength and a small increase in the visible, November closing 5/8c higher. Corn closed 1/2c and oats 3/4c better. Provisions at the close were 7 1/2c improved.

Closing prices: Wheat—Oct., 70c; Nov., 77c/77 1/2c; Dec., 78 1/2c. Corn—Oct., 39 1/2c; Nov., 37 1/2c; Dec., 34 1/2c. Oats—Oct., 22 1/2c/22 3/4c; Nov., 22c/22 1/2c; Dec., 22c/22 1/2c. Pork—Oct., \$12.57 1/2; Nov., \$11.45; Dec., \$11.72 1/2. Lard—Oct., \$1.17 1/2; Nov., \$1.15/1.17 1/2. Jan., \$1.05/1.07 1/2.

Ribs—Oct., \$5.00; Nov., \$7.35; Jan., \$6.25. Cash quotations—No. 2 cash corn, 40c; No. 3 cash corn, 40c; No. 2 yellow corn, 40 1/2c/40 3/4c; No. 3 yellow corn, 40c/40 1/2c; No. 2 cash oats, 22c; No. 2 white oats, 25c/25 1/2c; No. 3 white oats, 24c/25c.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Oct. 1.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,500; including 600 westerns and 1,900 Texans; generally about steady to 10c lower; butcher stock slow; natives, best on sale today, two carloads, at \$5.85; good to prime steers, \$5.45/5.85; poor to medium, \$4.50/5.40; selected feeders, weak, \$3.80/4.50; mixed stockers, slow to 10c lower, \$2.50/3.65; cows, \$2.70/4.25; heifers, \$2.85/3.00; canners, \$2.00/2.65; bulls, \$2.75/4.50; calves, \$4.00/6.25; Texans, receipts, 1,000; best on sale today, 16 carloads, at \$3.80; Texas fed steers, \$4.10/4.50; Texas grass steers, \$3.25/4.00; Texas bulls, \$2.40/3.25.

Hogs—Receipts, today, 40,000, tomorrow, 20,000, estimated; left over, 6,000; fairly active, mostly 5c lower; top, \$5.50; mixed and butchers, \$5.00/5.50; good to choice heavy, \$5.00/5.47 1/2; rough heavy, \$4.85/5.45; light, \$5.10/5.50; bulk of sales, \$5.15/5.35. Sheep—Receipts, 22,000; steady to strong; choice lambs steady, others weak to the lower; good to choice wethers, \$3.90/4.25; fair to choice mixed, \$3.50/3.90; western sheep, \$4.00/4.20; native lambs, \$4.20/4.40; western lambs, \$4.50/5.30.

Kansas City Live Stock.

Kansas City, Oct. 1.—Cattle—Receipts, 10,000 natives, 3,000 Texans, 1,800 calves; choice beefs and southern steers active, steady; others shade easier; native steers, \$4.60/5.60; stockers and feeders, \$3.50/4.25; butcher cows and heifers, \$3.00/4.50; canners, \$2.00/3.00; fed westerns, \$3.80/5.00; Texans, \$3.00/3.80; calves, \$4.50/5.50.

Hogs—Receipts, 5,000; packing grades steady; lightweights steady to 5c lower; heavy and mixed, \$5.20/5.90; light, \$5.12 1/2/5.25; pigs, \$4.50/5.10. Sheep—Receipts, 6,800; mostly westerns; good demand for all classes at firm prices; lambs, \$4.50/5.00; muttons, \$3.35/3.90; stockers and feeders, \$3.00/4.10; culis, \$2.50/3.00.

South Omaha Live Stock.

South Omaha, Oct. 1.—Cattle—Receipts, 7,000; steady; native beef steers, \$4.40/5.65; western steers, \$4.00/4.75; Texas steers, \$3.25/4.00; cows and heifers, \$3.10/4.00; canners, \$1.50/2.00; stockers and feeders, \$3.25/4.70; calves, \$2.50/3.50; bulls, stags, etc., \$2.00/2.25. Hogs—Receipts, 2,300; shade to 5c lower; heavy, \$5.10/5.15; mixed, \$5.12 1/2/5.15; light, \$5.15/5.17 1/2; pigs, \$4.00/5.00; bulk of sales, \$5.10/5.15. Sheep—Receipts, 14,000; active, steady; western muttons, \$3.50/4.00; stock sheep, \$3.25/3.70; lambs, \$4.00/5.15.

Bodies of Hosen and Billinger Recovered.

Perham, Minn., Oct. 2.—The bodies of William Hosen and Charles Billinger, the two St. Joseph, Mo., men who were drowned in Big McDonald lake, were recovered yesterday. The bodies will be taken to St. Joseph for burial.

News and Notes.

The apple outlook as a whole remains good.

The corn acreage is the largest ever reported, with all indications for a heavy harvest.

The condition of the oat crop on July 1 was slightly below the average for ten years.

Recent experiments in Louisiana show that the irrigation of forage crop is exceedingly profitable.

For the production of a salable tobacco much depends upon the character of the soil, and a great deal depends upon the skill in curing. Fully as much, however, depends upon the proper grading and sorting of the tobacco and the style of package in which it is sent to the manufacturer. Too much cannot be said about the necessity for very careful attention to these apparently small details, according to an authority on the handling of tobacco.

The average condition of potatoes on July 1 was 91.3, as compared with 93.8 on July 1, 1899, 95.5 at the corresponding date in 1898 and a ten year average of 93.2.

Over one-half of the agricultural produce imported into the United States during 1894-8 came from countries that lie wholly or in chief part within the tropics.

The introduction into the United States of the English or European house sparrow, the starling, the fruit bat or flying fox and the mongoose, known also as the Ichneumon or Pharaoh's rat, is absolutely prohibited by law.

A meeting of leading rice farmers and millers was held in Beaumont, Tex., Monday to consider a proposition which is practically to control the domestic rice market of the United States.

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RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Illinois Central.

Going East.

No. 2 Chicago & St. Paul Limited—9:45 p. m. No. 4 Chicago Express—1:30 p. m. No. 26 Omaha & St. Paul Express—6:30 p. m. No. 28 Fort Dodge Passenger—6:53 p. m. No. 52 Chicago Manifest & Stock—11:15 p. m. No. 62 Fast Stock—6:30 a. m. No. 94 Local Freight—1:45 p. m.

Going West.

No. 1 Omaha Limited—5:57 a. m. No. 3 Omaha Express—1:30 p. m. No. 25 St. Paul & Omaha Express—7:27 p. m. No. 31 Council Bluffs Passenger—8:00 a. m. No. 51 Manifest Freight—6:04 p. m. No. 61 Omaha Stock—11:15 p. m. No. 93 Local Freight—9:30 a. m.

—means daily, —daily except Sunday, c daily except Saturday.

No. 2 arrives Chicago 10:30 a. m. No. 4 arrives Chicago 7:30 a. m. No. 2 arrives St. Paul 8:00 a. m., at Minneapolis 7:30 a. m. No. 28 arrives St. Paul 7:30 p. m., at Minneapolis 7:00 p. m. Freight trains No. 93 and No. 94 carry passengers.

Tickets sold and baggage checked at all points. H. E. CASNER, Agent.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul at Arion GOING WEST.

No. 1 Passenger—6:31 a. m. No. 91 Way Freight—8:05 a. m. No. 3 Passenger—1:41 p. m.

GOING EAST.

No. 2 Passenger—8:51 a. m. No. 4 Passenger—7:28 p. m. No. 94 Stock Freight—9:05 p. m. No. 2, 3, 91 and 94 daily except Sunday.

Chicago & Northwestern.

Going East.

No. 2 Overland Limited—stops—10:00 p. m. No. 4 Colorado Special—stops—9:10 a. m. No. 6 Atlantic Express—stops—7:14 p. m. No. 8 Chicago Express—all stops—2:30 p. m. No. 10 Local to Chicago—stops—6:55 p. m. No. 14 Way Freight—11:05 a. m.

Going West.

No. 1 Overland Limited—stops—5:54 a. m. No. 3 Pacific Express—stops—6:47 a. m. No. 5 Pacific Express—all stops—1:17 p. m. No. 7 Colorado Special—stops—8:18 p. m. No. 9 Fast Mail—don't stop—12:30 p. m. No. 11 Local