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Beware of Benedicts!

By H. M. KERNER. Copyrighted, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

The new Mrs. Wolcott regarded Billy Bevan distrustfully. Not until the train had pulled out and she had sent her newly acquired husband forward to the baggage car to remove excess baggage in the shape of white satin streamers from their trunks would she feel safe. Billy Bevan was only happy when playing practical jokes. He was happiest when his victims were bridal couples. Suddenly Bevan snapped a handcuff upon her husband's wrist and was drawing the bride and groom together with a mocking "till death do thee part" when he felt the cold steel on his own wrist and heard the fatal click. He, not the bride, was handcuffed to Wolcott. "I say," he cried protestingly, "this is not fair." "You can unlock yourself in time to leave at the next station," said Wolcott. "It's poetic justice, Billy." "It's confoundedly unpleasant," Billy retorted. "You see, I did not get the key; never supposed that I should need



"YOU WISH HIM RELEASED AT THE NEXT STATION?" ASKED THE MAGICIAN.

one. I just could see you going to the hotel and asking that a pitcher of ice water and a policeman be sent to your room." "This is the better joke," smiled Wolcott. "It will teach you that marriage is something sacred, not merely a peg upon which to hang fool jokes. Let's go ahead to the smoking car. We will be less conspicuous there than here." Arm in arm they made their way to the cafe car, but once there Wolcott dropped Bevan's wrist and let the cuff show. They immediately became the center of attention. One man, more curious than the rest, turned to Wolcott. "Your prisoner?" he asked. The bridegroom regarded Bevan with a benevolent smile. "He is a prisoner of his own making," Wolcott explained. "The jail yawns for him, but it is more likely to be the insane asylum that finally comes into its own." "I see," grinned the questioner. "You're that bridal couple three cars back." "I am part of that happy pair," conceded Wolcott, "but this is not the partner of my joys and sorrows. He simply shares my sorrows at the present time." "You're a sharer all right," agreed Bevan with a chuckle. "There's some consolation in that. Think of poor Bess back there in the chair car all alone." "She would rather be rid of us," said Wolcott comfortably. "It is all your own fault, Billy. I begged you not to try any of your fool tricks. Beware of the benedicts, Billy. They will all pay you back some day when your neck goes under the matrimonial yoke." "The lady says to come on back and bring your friend," reported the white coated porter. "There's a seat next yours he can get." Bevan's eyes snapped. He could make things interesting back in the chair car. But his amiable intention to turn the joke on his involuntary best was checked, for a dapper little man stepped forward. "Permit me," he said. "I am a handcuff magician. I can take those off if you wish." "Then he'll go ranting through the train," said Wolcott. "I'd rather have him where I can watch him." "No, it will be all right," said the magician as he drew a handkerchief over the cuffs. A click and Wolcott withdrew his hand, rubbing his chafed wrist. Bevan attempted to do the same, but when the handcuff king removed the cloth it was seen that the cuff had been slipped around the arm of Bevan's chair. "You wish him released at the next station?" asked the magician. "Better carry him to Presby," said Wolcott. "He has some friends there." Bevan groaned. Grace Coburn lived at Presby. If any one should detect his plight and tell her— He shook his free fist after Wolcott's retreating form. At Presby, Wolcott came up just as the first cuff was unfastened from the chair. "Let him keep the other," he suggested. "He seems so fond of them it would be a shame to remove them." "Quite so," agreed the magician. "Monsieur is too fond of a joke to

let this terminate so abruptly? Is it not so?"

"Give my regards to Grace in case you see her," called Wolcott as Bevan made for the door. Bevan breathed a prayer that he would not see her, but as he stepped to the platform she came toward him with sparkling eyes. "Why didn't you let us know that you were coming?" she cried as she shook hands. "I didn't know it myself," he explained. "You see, I was carried off while I was saying goodbye to Ted Wolcott and Bess, so I came on for a call."

"I'm glad you did," she said smilingly. "It's too bad I did not know that Bess was on the train. I came to see May Lewis off. Oh, have you hurt your wrist, Billy?" "A little," he admitted lamely, scowling at the handkerchief bandage around the offending cuffs. "I'll tell you about it as we drive out." He followed her over to the dog cart. "That was very careless," she scolded. "You must have hurt your wrist." "It's not my wrist that hurts; it's my feelings," he began. When he had explained his plight he added, "Bert was hoping you would be here to see me—and you were," he ended miserably.

"Are you sorry that I was?" she demanded. "Sorry? Not a bit of it, only a man feels such a fool." "If you ever marry what a lot of back scores there will be to be paid off." "Yes, Ted was telling me to beware of the benedicts. No girl would want to marry a man that will get the send-off that's in preparation for me." "She would not care very much for you if she could not stand a little teasing for your sake," she said softly. "A little teasing!" he echoed. "Why, they are liable to wreck the train to get square. How would you like?" "There's a blacksmith shop just ahead," she said hurriedly to change the topic. "I guess he could cut that cuff." "The blacksmith could and did. "That lets you out of a scrape," Grace said when they were under way again.

"Only to get into a greater one," he declared. "I—well, I've been trying for months to get up my courage to ask you to marry me, dear. I think you know that I love you. I know that you love me or you would have joked me about the scrape I was in. Do you think, dear, that you love me enough to say 'Yes'?" "I think I can brave even the benedicts," she answered shyly.

Physical Horrors Not Art.

The subject of discussion at the Impressionists' club was a picture, "Circe's Swine," by a young German painter, a grotesque study showing the enchantress among a herd of bestial things, variously diverging from the human type—furry eared fauns, shaggy hipped satyrs, apes with pink palms, snuffing jackals and thick jowled swine—all with more or less of agonized human intelligence protesting mutely from their hideous lineaments. "They are all errors, these freakish excesses," declared an old painter of the second empire. "Triboulet, Quasimodo, Gwynplaine, have no proper place in art. Such art belongs to the Huns and Iroquois, who could only be stirred by laceration and dismemberment. The only effects of horror proper within the province of the artist are psychological. Everything else is a mere matter of the abattoir. The body as nature has evolved it is sanctified by her purpose, in any natural function or attitude decent and comely. But lop away so much as a finger and you have wounded the creature beyond repairation."—Willa Sibert Cather in McClure's.

Indian Bug Eaters.

A reporter went over into the Indian Territory and ate locusts with the full bloods. He says: "The insects are caught at night just before they are strong enough to fly away. The Indians select a smooth spot of ground where they have ascertained that the gnubs are plentiful and clean it off nicely. When it is dark they go to the place thus prepared with torches and beat the ground with a maul or jump up and down on it, with the result that the young locusts swarm out and are swept into bags and baskets, where they are salted, put in an oven and browned. Impelled by curiosity, the writer took a helping of the suspicious looking bugs and bit gingerly a plump one in the middle and then ate the whole bug and helped himself to more, for he found that the locust was not a bad tasting bug at all. It has a flavor somewhat like that of a dried herring or salted peanuts, and the crisp, brown bugs make very good eating."—Joplin (Mo.) News-Herald.

Character in the Eyes.

Character reading from the features is an interesting study in which most people indulge, though perhaps unconsciously. A man is heard frequently to remark that he never judges a person by external appearances, but let a person apply to this same man for a position and the first thing he will do will be to make a mental estimate of the character, ability and general condition of the applicant. And he does this from outward appearances entirely. When a man applies for a job, look at his eyes. More signs of character are expressed through the eyes than any other feature. The eye is the window to the brain, and through it an expert character reader can often see many a tale that would be lost to the average person. A guilty eye has sent more than one criminal to meet his fate, and a steady, unflinching one has helped many a man through a serious difficulty.—Frequentier.

OUIDA AND HER DOGS

Novelist, In Dire Poverty, Still Feeds Her Pets.

FOUR DAYS WITHOUT FOOD.

Famous Woman Writer, Pensioned by British Government, Spent a Night on Seashore—Made a Fortune, but Spent Money Recklessly—Once Kept Thirty Dogs and Forty Horses.

There was general surprise and curiosity when it was announced that Miss Louisa de la Ramee, the novelist (Ouida), has had a pension of \$750 granted to her from the civil list, says a special cable dispatch from London to the New York Sun. It was known that she was formerly wealthy, having made a fortune from her writings. It is even a greater surprise now to learn that the venerable author—she is seventy-eight—has been latterly in such poverty that sometimes she was compelled to go without food.

The Florence correspondent of the London Daily Mail sends a story of her recent life. He says that until two years ago Miss de la Ramee occupied a splendid three story villa at Lucca. She was known as "The Lady of the Dogs," as she invariably had thirty, and was always seen with a number of them around her. Her intense fondness for dogs, with a certain megalomania, caused her on one occasion to give a meal of milk, bread and meat to every dog in Lucca. She paid the bill for this extraordinary banquet willingly, although heavy debts were crowding upon her through her utter ignorance of the value of money.

It is stated that on several occasions at about this time she went without food for a whole day, remarking that it was sufficient if her dogs ate. Frequently her maid appealed to the owner of the villa for supper for her mistress. A dispute with her landlord about some furniture led to three lawsuits, which Ouida won, but the costs further crippled her purse, and her landlord then turned her out.

After staying at one or two places she went to a first class hotel at Viareggio. Again thoughtless expenditures exhausted her resources, and her plight was such that last September she passed a night under the trees on the sea front. The remaining few of her large family of beloved dogs were at her side. When her maid's mother found her at 5 o'clock in the morning on the beach she took her to her humble cottage at Monti and kept her there for several months.

But that homeless night on the cold beach caused Ouida to lose the sight of her left eye and also brought about deafness, from which she has never recovered. In February last she went to another hotel at Viareggio, where she stayed until July 6, when, being again in financial straits, she went with her ex-maid's mother to the village of Massarosa, five miles distant, where she is now living in a milkman's squalid cottage.

She rarely goes outdoors and has few visitors. Her health is broken down. She eats little. She wears white dresses of silk muslin, with long trains and white gloves extending far up the arms. Last winter she had a new black dress with a long train. Her passion for dogs is not diminished, although now she has only three, Ruffi, Goldoni and Neroino.

She has been heard to say that life would be hopeless misery without her dogs. It is her fear of endangering their lives by a change of climate that prevents her from returning to England. In her happier days, when she was able to give away and spend money with impulsive generosity and disregard of arithmetic, she had besides thirty dogs at least forty horses. It is known that once since her sufferings began she went without food for four days through sheer want.

Ouida in poverty is almost incredible to those who remember the vogue of some of her novels. It is not so long since everybody was reading "Strathmore," "Chandos," "Under Two Flags" and the many other works of one of the most prolific of English novelists. It is probably by the last named work, published in 1897, that Ouida is best known. A comparatively recent theatrical success in New York, "Under Two Flags," was Paul M. Potter's dramatization of this book. Besides the three mentioned, "Trictrac," published in 1889, "Two Little Wooden Shoes," in 1874, and "In Maremma," in 1882, are books of hers which were eagerly read. "Lady Marabout's Troubles" is accounted a very clever book of short stories. The more recent output tails off in quality. All told there are forty-one novels from the pen of Mlle. de la Ramee. The best of her works were remarkable for the length of time that they held public favor.

When Ouida was about twenty years old she went from Bury St. Edmunds, where she was born, to London with her mother and grandmother and not long afterward began her writing career. Her pen name was her own childish mispronunciation of her name, Louisa. She lived in Italy for many years. Two or three years ago she attracted considerable attention by her public utterances on social and moral topics. The somewhat straitlaced tone she adopted was in odd contrast with the boldness of some of her novel writing.

Problems of the Future. Even Luther Burbank hasn't yet succeeded in grafting the milk weed to the strawberry plant and producing strawberries and cream.—Somerville Journal.

CONSOLIDATED RAILROAD TIME TABLE

Giving Time of Arrival of all Passenger Trains Stopping at all Stations in Crawford County.

Table with columns for Going East, No. of Train, Stations, and Going West. Includes routes for C. & N. W. R. R. Main Line.

C. & N. W. R. R. Denison & Wall Lake Line.

Table with columns for Going East, Going West, Going North, and Going South. Includes routes for Denison and Wall Lake.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

Table with columns for Going East and Going West. Includes routes for Chicago and Council Bluffs.

C. M. & ST. P. R. R. Chicago and Council Bluffs Division.

Table with columns for Going East and Going West. Includes routes for Chicago and Council Bluffs.

Sioux City and Dakota Division

Table with columns for Going North and Going South. Includes routes for Sioux City and Dakota.

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To the latter we will say that land is increasing in price very rapidly and the indications are that there will be an increase of fifty per cent. within the next twelve months.

There are a number of Crawford and Carroll county citizens living here and all are prospering. Not one of them desires to sell out. If interested write us and we will send you their opinions of the country and further information.

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