THE YELLOW MAN.

A THRILLING STORY OF THE BOXERS IN CHINA.

BY CARLTON DAWE.

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Captain Bob Kingston, who has been roving for seven years in foreign seas away from his wife and son, writes home to his wife telling her that he has made enemies and that they are seeking to be revenged on him. He wants her to give information to no one once King dies. That same day a foreigner arrives at Mrs. Kingston's cottage to inquire where the captain is. He questions Davie Kingston and his mother and finally departs, leaving a curious mark affixed to the gate. II. and III.—They take counsel with Mrs. Kingston's brother Jim, but he derides her fears. Jim takes his nephew Davie to the play that night, and when they return they find Mrs. Kingston and the servant murdered. A mysterious sign similar to that on the gate has been left on their foreheads. IV.—The murderers are never discovered. Davie's uncle takes charge of him, and they live together till the sign appears on their door also. Then young Kingston is sent to school, his name being changed to James Davie, so that the mysterious assassins can be thrown off the scent. His uncle meanwhile seeks for the murderers, but does not discover them. V.—After two years the lads father returns and declares that he is being hunted by the members of a secret society and that the mark they place upon their victims is the Sign of the Hidden Meaning, or the Boxers. VI., VII., VIII. and IX.—He and his son travel from town to town, trying to throw the emissaries of the society off the scent, but always fail. It is apparent that all attempts at flight or protection are futile and that a favorable opportunity alone is being waited for before the conspirators take the old man's life. X.—Captain Kingston is at last murdered by the emissaries of the Society of the Hidden Meaning. XI. and XII.—He leaves a manuscript recounting how he came to fall under the ban of the society. Having become a member, he was ordered by the head of the society, Kung, to kill a certain chief magistrate. Instead of doing so he revealed the conspiracy. He tells his successors that in order to remove the ban they must go to China find Koon-Si and kill Kung. XIII, XIV and XV.—Davie and his uncle form acquaintances, who are evidently working together to get them into a position where they can be murdered readily. One of these acquaintances discharges a pistol (he claims accidentally), which grave Davie's head.

First a time table was called for, and after discovering the hour of departure Jim added a £5 note to my little store with which I was to purchase my own ticket, for even yet we were not sure that our enemies would not be on the watch. Then we went out separately, enjoining each other not to leave the crowded thoroughfare upon any pretense whatever.

I lit a cigar and strolled up one side of the Strand and then down the other, my thoughts full of our projected flight. A strange adventure was this, and we were setting out upon it most strangely, clad as we were in evening dress and top hats. Fortunately the evening being a bit chilly we had worn our heavier overcoats. Without these I don't know how it would have been possible to undertake the trip at all.

In due time I presented myself at the booking office and bought my ticket. No sign was there of Jim on the station, but this did not alarm me much. I, however, looked closer for the appearance of some one else, but nothing suspicious was encountered until I made my way to the barricade. Then a man with a heavy fair mustache passed close to me and looked at me in a way that savored somewhat of scrutiny, but I passed on apparently oblivious of his presence, and soon the barrier, with its ticket punching dragon, was between us.

For the moment I had an inward fear that the society was after us. Then the knowledge that the departure, as the arrival, of all foreign trains is watched by the plain clothes police somewhat reassured me. I tried to hope that my gentleman was from Scotland Yard. If so, Wooching and his confederates would have greater reason than I to be afraid of him.

I walked slowly up the platform, peering into every carriage as I went along, but discovered no trace of my uncle. However, on my return, snugly ensconced in the far corner of a first class smoker reading a paper, a cap pulled well down over his eyes, was my estimable relative. A warning glance from him was all I received, though there was no one else in the carriage. I understood and sat myself in the corner farthest from him, a position which commanded a view of the approach to the train.

As the time of departure drew very near I hoped fervently that no one else would attempt to enter our carriage, but almost at the last minute an old gentleman with a superabundance of beard and hair came to the door and peered in. As, however, my esteemed relative greeted him with a cloud of smoke he stepped back quickly, muttered something about "smoking carriage" and passed farther up the platform. Almost immediately after we slid out of the station.

Well, we duly arrived in Paris without mishap, from whence my uncle wrote to his lawyer and also to his bankers, the latter of whom in course of time freely supplied us with the requisite funds, from which we purchased an outfit and then set off toward Italy, for we had decided, now that we were launched upon this expedition, to go right through with it and trust Providence to bring Kung to book. How it was going to happen heaven alone could tell. Sometimes I felt that we were like blind leaders of the blind and that we should stumble grossly, perhaps fatally. But something had to be done, and after all the thought of the uncertainty of the fate which awaited us out in China was not so intolerable as that certainty which awaited us at home.

We decided to enter China by the roundabout way of Australia, and with that end in view hastened on to Naples, intending to join the ship there. Of the wisdom of this course I have no apology to offer, since we undertook it, but truth to tell I don't think either of us was in a dreadful hurry to encounter the redoubtable Kung. And then we had an idea that he would hardly look for us by the longest route, even if Wooching informed him of our flight, and it was still more probable that he would credit us with too much common sense and too wholesome a fear of the society to be guilty of such an apparent piece of madness. At least, so we argued from our hopes. There was absolutely no other foundation to go upon. I frankly admit that the thought of the enterprise did not stir me with any great enthusiasm. I had not a tithe of my uncle's deep rooted hatred. However, it was to come later, but from a different cause.

From an English newspaper purchased in Paris we learned the date of the departure from London of the steamer Omeo and accordingly so arranged matters that we arrived in Naples the day before her arrival at that port. We had now assumed fictitious names and traveled as friends. I was Mr. Frederick Gray, and my uncle was Mr. George Carter, we thinking it better to take ordinary common names than any which were high sounding or unfamiliar. Moreover, my father had accustomed me somewhat to this mode of procedure, so that I dashed off my signature in the hotel register without the slightest compunction.

An hour or so before noon of the following morning the ship duly arrived, and early in the afternoon we went off to her. At that time most of the passengers were ashore sightseeing, a few children and several old ladies being the only people about the decks. We accordingly sought out our cabin, a small one, which, by paying a trifle more than the ordinary fare, we secured to ourselves. Here ensconced we unpacked and generally made things shipshape. Then we went up on deck to smoke.

Watching the people arrive, many of whom were loaded with worthless purchases which were destined to adorn the walls of some far off antipodean home as a memento of "our visit to Naples," suddenly it became if anything more interesting, for from one of the boats a girl mounted the gangway, and her beauty, which her dark costume accentuated, seemed of that pensive melancholy type which in the opinion of some men adds an ineffable charm to woman.

She, too, was laden with many purchases, and I saw that they impeded

I immediately seized the opportunity to restore them to her.

her progress somewhat, but she nevertheless came up the ladder with considerable alacrity, though as she stepped from the gangway to the dock she stumbled, and had I not been there it is just possible that she might have fallen. As it was she dropped two or three of the parcels.

Of course I immediately seized the opportunity to restore them to her, making, I believe, a remark sufficiently apropos of the occasion. She replied, with a blush, apologizing for her stupidity, and then, failing to recognize me, for no doubt she had at first taken me for one of the passengers, she opened wide her eyes—and beautiful, big, gray brown eyes they were—favored me, I thought, with a startled look and then hurried on.

I watched her as she walked aft to the companion way, the half hope being mine that she might turn and look. But no. The little dark head never swerved an inch, and presently it disappeared below. Then the whistle blew, the boats sheered off, and presently the great ship began slowly to forge her way ahead.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PORT SAID.

That evening at dinner I again saw the young lady with the beautiful eyes, and charming she looked as she walked through the saloon in company with an older woman, a widow, to judge by her costume, and probably her mother. Exquisitely sweet and cool in her soft creamy gown looked the younger woman as she sat amid so many black coats, and her advent was like a breath of fresh air in a tropical city. I noticed that a big military looking man who sat next to her was prodigiously attentive, and insensibly I grew antagonistic toward him. Like a jealous woman, I began to pick him to pieces, and as he was by no means flawless I had what he might have called a field day. I wondered what relation he bore to her and almost shuddered as I thought of husband. You see, I was young and had an idea that married folk should more or less be physically matched.

Unconscious of my thoughts, the gallant gentleman made himself eminently agreeable all through dinner, and though I was too far away to hear what he said I saw by the looks of those about him that he was evidently a person with a considerable fund of humor. Not that the girl laughed much, though he seemed to address his remarks to her in particular. Occasionally a smile flitted over her face, a fugitive thing that vanished so swiftly it might have been afraid to be found there. Watching her intently and judging from the start she gave when suddenly appealed to, I knew her mind was preoccupied with something other than the chatter about her. Indeed the melancholy which I had already noticed, the startled, frightened look of the eyes, proclaimed the existence of a thought which could not be forgotten.

After dinner the sound of singing led me to the music room, and as I lounged in the doorway I beheld the military looking man singing to the girl's accompaniment. The ballad was extremely touching and described with much protestation the fact that the young gentleman would be "true till death." The singer put a power of pathos into the declaration and glanced down at the girl with the ardor of a 3-year-old, but his face was very red, his voice no longer that of impassioned youth. She never looked up, which was exceedingly unkind. The raising of her thickly fringed lids would have revealed a bewildering world of loveliness to her admirer. It would have made him protest until there was no more breath in his body. Besides, it is so easy for a woman to look up from a piano, flash a dazzling glance at bewildered man and then leave him in the outer gloom of darkness and doubt. And don't the dear creatures know how to do it to perfection?

Being a stranger on board and regarded no doubt as something in the nature of an intruder, the first day was productive of little information concerning my fellow passengers, but on the second day, thanks to the garrulousness of an old gentleman who, like many old gentlemen, had made his neighbors' affairs the business of his declining years, I learned all I wished to know, which, after all, was not much and chiefly concerned two people—the girl with the pale, pensive face and the man with the warlike mustache. She, I was relieved to know, was not his wife, but a young Australian girl, Miss Hurst by name, who was returning home with her mother. The mother was the old lady in black who sat next to her at dinner—awfully sad story. Came home for a pleasure trip and lost Mr. Hurst shortly after landing. The military looking gentleman with the red face was Major Coghlan, retired—awfully brilliant. Shouldn't wonder if there's a wedding when we get to Melbourne. And so on and so on.

Somehow the major did not seem such a formidable creature after this, though he discoursed wars with all the hero's disdain of death and bandied the names of distinguished generals with the easy familiarity of an equal. He knew everything and everybody, and, with the natural garrulity of an Irishman, he did not hide his accomplishments, though he might have left one wondering how such a very extraordinary person was permitted to retire from a service which he did so much to adorn. Alas, a prophet hath no honor in his own country!

I can afford to treat the major lightly now, but then he was a person of some consequence in our little floating world, a man who "tuk the flure" and made himself heard. Over concert, theatricals or ball he was the presiding genius. He promoted sweepstakes on the day's run, got up cricket matches and tennis parties and, like the gentleman in the comic opera, was Lord High Everything.

Such greatness I did not envy him, for there are still a few positions which one may not aspire to, but I strongly objected to his taking possession of Miss Hurst every time she appeared on deck and behaving as though he were the only worshiper fit to approach the shrine. I am not ashamed to admit that the lady interested me greatly, and I was not content with a bow and a smile and a few words promiscuously dropped. But, thanks to the major, such for a long time seemed to be my only portion.

One morning, however, I found her alone, leaning on the rail looking into the sea, and though my advent startled her she quickly recovered herself and gave me a pleasant greeting. Then from the common objects of ship life we touched on many subjects, and she was in the midst of a glowing description of her native land when the major appeared upon the scene. I thought a shade crossed her face; I'd swear her pretty mouth pouted. It was foolish, perhaps, but as I looked I felt an inward joy.

"Been looking for you everywhere, Miss Hurst," he exclaimed. "Just made up a set and want you for a partner." He smiled his broad red smile and scanned me somewhat triumphantly. I bowed and was about to turn away, when she [illegible]:

"Thank you, Major Coghlan. I won't dance this morning."

"Oh, but it's cruel of you," he replied, "and after all the preparations too."

"I'm so sorry. There are plenty of players."

"Aye," he said boldly, "but it is quality we want, not quantity."

She turned aside without replying, and some one coming after him at that moment he apologized profusely for having to leave us. But his eye, as it caught mine, had no twinkle in it.

That was but one of many long conversations I had with her, for with the impetuosity of youth I flung down my gage to the redoubtable warrior, much to the amusement of the other passengers, who invariably spoke of us as the hated rivals. But that was only their little way. The major and I never forgot to treat each other with the most gentlemanlike courtesy.

The run across the Mediterranean was delightful. Feeling that I was free of the Terror I abandoned myself to the enjoyment of my new surroundings and lived each exhilarating day to the full. It was pleasant to survey the dark, far stretching circle of sea and know that we were cut off from all communication with our fellows. No one could harm us here. There was no ambuscade, no dark streets from which a man might spring and up which he might disappear. We were alone upon the waters, and I sometimes sighed at the knowledge that life could not be always thus.

When we arrived at Port Said, I made one of Miss Hurst's shore going party. I say Miss Hurst's because she seemed the planet round which we lesser satellites revolved, though Major Coghlan was, of course, the active leader of the expedition. He marshaled us in line, cast a severe military eye down our ranks and then gave the order to march and [illegible] head of his unsoldierlike de[illegible] led us through the town.

A wonderful fellow, the major, but his incessant chatter wearied me, and while he and my uncle were trying their luck at roulette I stole away and, joining Miss Hurst, who was standing near the door, suggested that we should pursue our investigations alone. She hesitated for a moment, then smiled, and together we walked along, expatiating upon the novelty of our surroundings, though the novelty was more mine than hers, as she had been ashore here during her voyage from Australia.

"But things are different now," she said. "My father was with us then."

It was the first time I had heard her willingly speak of him, and I noted the tone of utter sadness in her voice. I longed to tell her that I, too, had lost father and mother, only I dared not mention how.

"I have heard that he died very suddenly," I said, for I was interested deeply in anything that interested her.

"Yes," she answered, and hot as the day was I saw her shudder.

"I am so sorry."

She started. Her eyes sought mine and rested there.

"You did not know him?"

"No, but I am sorry for your sake."

"Thanks." Then she added in a low tone which was full of meaning, "You would be more sorry if you knew all."

We wandered a little farther on without speaking, both being, I take it, somewhat embarrassed or preoccupied with thought. Then, as we stopped at the corner of a street to view some wares in a window, an Arab approached us, doffed his fez and salaamed obsequiously. I turned sharply to the fellow with a "Well, what is it?" but instead of replying he presented Miss Hurst with a letter, salaamed again and without speaking walked off.

The girl, holding the letter in her hand, made no attempt to open it, but instead turned an inquiring pair of eyes to mine and murmured:

"Why should he bring me this letter? I don't know anybody here."

"Hadn't you better open it?"

She looked at the letter and then again at me, a movement proclaiming the utmost nervousness, then with an effort she tore the envelope. I, as in

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duty bound, turned aside once more to inspect the wares in the window, when a half stifled gasp suddenly caused me to face about. She stood there pale positively to the lips, the open letter trembling in her hand, her eyes starting with terror.

"Good heavens!" I cried. "What has happened?"

"Nothing," she gasped, "nothing. Let us get back to the ship."

"But you are ill. You are going to faint. You"—

I caught her as she staggered, but with an effort she regained her equilibrium.

"No; I am not well, that is all," she murmured; "a sudden faintness; the heat perhaps. Let us hurry back."

"But won't you sit down and rest or have some refreshment? The ship will not sail for the next three hours."

"No—I know. But she is on board"—

"She?"

"My mother. I am anxious."

"You will take my arm?"

"Thank you."

Near the landing stage we met several other lady passengers going back to the ship, and in accordance with the wishes of my companion I placed her under their protection.

"I would rather go off with you," I said. "You have not yet sufficiently recovered."

"I am quite well, thank you."

She saw the anxiety in my face and smiled a wan, pitiful smile, I thought, but one that brought us nearer to each other than we had ever been.

"That letter had bad news?"

"Very. But you would not understand."

"I would try hard to understand anything that concerned your welfare."

"Thank you, Mr. Gray. This is something quite different from anything you ever heard of or imagined."

I helped her into the boat and stood watching until I saw her mount the ship's gangway and disappear. Then I turned about and retraced my steps toward the shops.

My mind was full of apprehension on her behalf. What did she mean by saying that this affair of the letter referred to something quite different from anything I had ever heard of or imagined? Who was she, what was she, how came she to be mixed up in an affair so full of mystery? What did this mean, this presentation of a letter by an Arab in this desert town? A commercial highway truly, yet in what way could she, a stranger, a woman, be connected with it? Yet how serious it must have been to cause her so much terror! I pictured again the blank look of horror which, spreading from her eyes, whitened her lovely face. I felt again the fierce, nervous clasp of her fingers on my arm, and I listened once more to her gasping utterances as she sought to reassure me. My mind buzzed with strange conjecture. In spite of the knowledge of my own intolerable position and the fact that, situated as I was, I had no right to look too longingly upon any woman I felt myself drawn insensibly toward the girl, and already her sorrow had become mine.

What did that letter contain? I would have given much to know, though from no mere inquisitiveness. Plainly it had thrown her into a state of abject terror, therefore it must have contained information of the utmost gravity. I cursed the shortness of our friendship, which rendered me to her practically an unknown quantity. That it was anything of which she personally had the slightest cause to be ashamed was a thought I never for one moment entertained. You see, I had embarked upon a venture, and I whipped my faith into obedience.

A little while later on I met my uncle, Major Coghlan and one or two others, who, in the manner of passengers ashore, had taken possession of the street. The gallant soldier's gallant face was redder than ever, and from his exceedingly breezy manner I guessed that the desert sand in his throat had required a lot of moistening.

"The top of the mornin to you," he said. "What have you done with the lady?"

"She has gone off to the ship. Fagged out, I think."

"Aye, to be sure," said he, his eyes twinkling with merriment, or beer, "and mighty provokin weather it is and wants a dale of humorin."

But I felt in no mood for humoring it just then and refused the invitation to an adjacent cafe. I knew that at bottom the major was no friend of mine, and I feared his half drunken jests. On one point I was rather punctilious, and I knew that if he touched it we should undoubtedly quarrel. The fighting spirit of the Irishman is occasionally a thing to be admired, but more often it is one to be deplored. The whirling of shillalahs and the cracking of craniums do not appear to the more sober Saxon such mighty fine sport.

The major protested, but my uncle and I were obdurate, and as we walked along he fired a parting shot at us, upbraiding us for our unsociability. To this we did not reply. As I have said, the major was a privileged person.

"Fancy that brute having the impertinence to bother Miss Hurst with his attentions."

"Yes," answered my uncle dryly. "It is quite remarkable what importance some people seem to attach to themselves.'

"The beast! He's half drunk."

"Make it three-quarters." Then, looking round, he said in a lower tone, "Seen anything?"

"No. And you?"

"Nothing. There can be no doubt that we have fairly given the society the slip. Here, which is a renowned hotbed of scoundrelism, we should have had some notification if our enemies had been on the watch."

Some notification. The phrase, striking with singular force, reminded me of Miss Hurst's adventure. Jim's face underwent many changes as he listened.

"Well, that's very queer," he said. "I suppose you have no idea what the letter contained?"

"Not the remotest. I only know that the reading of it gave her such a shock that she almost fainted."

That his thoughts flew at once to the society was painfully evident. I saw it in his face, and it awakened no surprise, for there was no other direction in which they could fly. My own had taken a similar course, only to be brought back with a jerk. What possible connection could there be between this girl and those yellow fiends? Of course it was ridiculous, but my association of the society with everything that was mysterious and terrifying showed what a hold it had obtained over the imagination.

"Very, very curious," he muttered, but he did not otherwise voice his suspicions. He was as much ashamed as I of admitting the awful power of the society, and it was rather singular how we eschewed that which was uppermost in our minds.

We went aboard as soon as the sailors had finished washing down, and shortly after we had begun our journey through the canal I was pleased to see Miss Hurst come up on deck. My solicitude immediately drove me to her side, where, in answer to my many questions, she informed me that she was now quite recovered from the faintness which had so suddenly assailed her, and she begged me to say nothing of it. And in many ways she sought to apologize for her strange behavior, even going so far as to suggest that the mysterious letter contained nothing which warranted such a complete collapse on her part, to all of which I listened with due deference, but I thought that even her most vehement protestations betrayed her intense anxiety. There was an aftertone of fear in her voice which had almost a shuddering sound.

CHAPTER XIX.

MAN OVERBOARD.

It was the night before our arrival at Colombo. The weather had changed and was somewhat threatening. Dark clouds had begun to pile up from the southwest, and during the early hours of the evening a smart shower of rain had fallen, but otherwise there was nothing alarming in the state of the weather. The ship began to lurch a bit, quickly feeling the movement of the sea. Many predicted a rough night, but we were all thoroughly at home by this time, and a probable tossing caused us no apprehension. Besides, we should be in Colombo on the following morning, and the thought of a run ashore entirely outbalanced the fear of an evil night.

The sea rose somewhat after dinner, though not to any great extent, but the night was intensely dark, and the phosphorus glowed and glimmered about us like white fire. The wake was a wide, blazing road of light and showed up with strange distinctness in the surrounding blackness. But there were ominous murmurings in the wind, and as the ship began to labor somewhat the people retired rather earlier than usual.

After seeing Miss Hurst below I had gone to the smoking room to have a pipe, but finding the atmosphere rather oppressive, for in spite of the change it was still insufferably close below, I went out on the deck to finish my smoke. For a time I lounged against the rail a little forward of midships watching the bubbling phosphorus as it curled and twisted from our sides, thinking vaguely as one will under such conditions, when suddenly I was startled by a piercing shriek which came from away aft. I looked round, but along the dimly lighted decks there was not a soul to be seen. Bewildered, I stood for a moment half wondering if I had heard aright, when once more came the cry. This time there was no mistake, nor was I mistaken in the direction from which the sound came.

Hesitating no longer, I bounded away aft, oblivious of the fact that my footing was extremely unstable, and in my hurry I ran foul of one of the funnel stays, but picking myself up with alacrity, for the cries aft were now more urgent than ever, I dashed on.

Two figures were seen struggling violently against the auxiliary wheel aft, and presently the voice of Miss Hurst rang out clearly and distinctly, "Help! help!"

My heart almost stood still with horror. I felt as though the ship was sinking beneath me, but I cried aloud, what I don't know, and rushed toward her. It seemed to me that my feet dragged heavily, that the ship rolled still more furiously, for with a sudden lunge to port it hurled me into the lee scuppers. Half dazed, I rose to my knees and once more came that awful cry, "Help! help!" But it was muffled as with the terror of death. Scrambling to my feet, I distinctly saw the two figures struggling against the after rail, but before I could reach them one, the woman, was forced overboard and fell with a most awful cry into the sea.

My blood was frozen with horror. The cry of the woman I loved smote upon my heart and for the moment robbed me of energy; but the view of the man scudding across the deck awoke me, and thinking nothing of him I sprang aft and peered into the burning wake.

It may have been only my fancy, but away astern in the broad shaft of bubbling light I thought I saw a dark object, and without a moment's hesitation I sprang upon the rail. Then turning my face forward, where I knew the officer would be on watch, I shouted with all my might: "Help! Man overboard!" and jumped into the sea.

Clearing the screw safely, I came up in a whirlpool of bubbles, and with but a glance about to take my bearings I turned on my side and with a powerful overarm stroke—for I could swim fairly well in those days—tore down the white road of waters. Now, as I contemplate it, it seems as though I willfully courted death, incumbered as I was with clothes, but then I had no thought save that of reaching the woman who had suddenly grown so dear to me.

I swam on, never giving a thought to the ship or whether my cry had been heard, and presently I saw an object, a round, dark, ball-like thing, dancing on the waters before me. Redoubling my energies, I quickly reached it and to my inexpressible joy found that it was she.

Only a muffled greeting passed between us, for the beaten track of water was quickly giving way to the natural swell of the ocean. But I seized her by the arm as if to assure [illegible] when, to my surprise and delight, I found that she was treading water.

"You can swim?" I gasped.

"Yes," she answered.

"Good! Courage!"

I turned to look after the ship; but, save for its lights, it was invisible, and those I could only see as I rose on the crest of a wave, for, though viewed from the high decks of a big liner, the sea that night was nothing terrifying, it was a dreadful chaos of waters when one was down in it.

The brave girl by my side never murmured, and, though it was too dark for me to see her face, I thought that the light from the white, curling tips of the waves caught the glow of her eyes, and in them I seemed to see the agony she was suffering. Occasionally I gasped a word of encouragement or asked a question, but the effort of replying was too great and much too dangerous, for every now and again a white monster reared and dashed over us, twisting us round like its own spray.

The lights of the ship grew dimmer and dimmer, and I already began to fear that my cry for help had not been heard, when suddenly as we rose on the crest of a wave somewhat bigger than usual I saw a glare upon the water some distance to the right of us. For the moment I scarcely remembered that ships nowadays use buoys with a flare attached to them and that these things, thrown into the sea, burn brightly and act as a beacon to those in the water and to those on board. I felt overjoyed, for it proved that my cry had been heard and meant that if we could only keep afloat we should [illegible]

To Be Continued.

The large and increasing circulation of The Iowa Homestead in this county is a matter for congratulation to the publishers and to good farming, for, of all the papers of its class in the country, it is easily the best and most helpful. Its Special Farmers' Institute editions, issued with the regular edition the first week in each month, have been for years the admiration of all practical farmers. Written wholly by farmers, they are full of actual experience, and smell of the soil. We have been fortunate enough this season to secure terms for The Homestead and its Special Farmers' Institute Editions, together with The Poultry Farmer and The Farmers' Mutual Insurance Journal, four of the most valuable farm publications in the country, that enable us to offer the four in connection with our own paper for $1.90 for the entire five, one year. This is emphatically a good thing, and no farmer in this county should fail to take advantage of this offer. For a large line of thoroughly practical farm reading nothing has ever been offered before that equals it. A county paper, a farm paper, a poultry paper, a farm insurance paper and the Special Farmers' Institute, all for $1.90. Come in and order them.

There is always danger in using counterfeits of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. The original is a safe and certain cure for piles. It is a soothing and healing salve for sores and all skin diseases.—Smith Bros.

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There are still some good lands in northwestern Iowa, southwestern Minnesota and South Dakota, and if you are expecting to make a change in location, you should take advantage of the low excursion rates in effect. On the first and third Tuesday of each month excursion tickets, bearing 21 days' limit, can be purchased to all points on the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railway, north of and including Abbott, Shell Rock and Waverly at One Fare Plus $2.

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JNO. G. FARMER, A. G. P. & T. A., B., C. R. & N. Ry. Cedar Rapids, Ia.

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Notice of Probate of Will.

State of Iowa; Delwarae County, ss.

To all whom it may concern:

You are hereby notified that the last will of Anton Harmeier deceased, has been filed opened and read, and Monday, the 18th day of February, A. D 1901 fixed as the time, and the Court House in Manchester the place for hearing and proving the same.

Witness my hand and seal of said court this 22nd day of January, 1901.

[seal] JOHN GEORGEN, Clerk District Court. BY E. F. SIAS, Deputy

5 3w

For the weakness and prostration following grippe there is nothing so prompt and effective as One Minute Cough Cure. This preparation is highly endorsed as an unfailing remedy for all throat and lung troubles and its early use prevents consumption. It was made to cure quickly.—Smith Bros.

Seek not to steal the other fellow's light,
Rather put on steam and make your own,
Do whatever you do with all your might,
By taking Rocky Mountain Tea at night.—Gregg & Ward.

Personally Conducted Tours to California in Pullman Sleeping Cars

via Chicago Great Western Ry to Kansas City and Santa Fe route to Los Angeles and Southern California. Only line having new Pullman Tourist sleeper equipped with wide vestibules, steam heat and gas light. One of these new sleepers leaves Waterloo at 3:47 p. m., every Monday, via Chicago Great Western for Los Angeles and Southern California via Kansas City and reaches Los Angeles the following Friday morning. These tours are personally conducted by an experienced official, who accompanies the train to its destination. The cars are well equipped for a long journey and are as comfortable as the standard sleepers, while the price for a double berth is only about one half.

Full information furnished by any Chicago Great Western Agent or F. H Lord, General Pass. and Ticket Agent, 113 Adams street, Chicago.

A powerful engine cannot be run with a weak boiler, and we can't keep up the strain of an active life with a weak stomach; neither can we stop the human machine to make repairs. If the stomach cannot digest enough food to keep the body strong, such a preparation as Kodol Dyspepsia Cure should be used. It digests what you eat and it simply can't help but do you good.—Smith Bros.

The chewing tobacco with a conscience behind it.

No Premiums! Wetmore's Best sells on its merits.

Made only by M. C. WETMORE TOBACCO CO. St. Louis, Mo.

The largest independent factory in America.

FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE AND LIGHTNING INSURANCE ASSOCIATION OF DELAWARE COUNTY, IOWA.

Articles of Incorporation as Changed and Amended December Twenty-seventh, Nineteen Hundred.

We, the undersigned, with all others who are now, or may be associated with us for mutual insurance, as contemplated by Chapter 104 of the Laws of the Seventeenth General Assembly of Iowa, do hereby associate ourselves together and hereby adopt the following Articles of Incorporation or Constitution.

ARTICLE I

This Association shall be known as the FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE AND LIGHTNING INSURANCE ASSOCIATION OF DELAWARE COUNTY, IOWA.

ARTICLE II.

The officers of the Association shall be a President, a Vice-president, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and Three (3) Directors. The President and Secretary shall be members of the Board of Directors by virtue of their office, and shall be entitled to vote on all questions before the Board.

ARTICLE III.

The President shall preside at all meetings or in his absence, the Vice-president; but, in case of the absence of both, a President pro tem. may be selected. The Secretary shall keep a minute of the proceedings of all meetings, and in case of his absence a Secretary pro tem. may be appointed. He shall keep all necessary books and accounts of said Association, issue all policies, and act as General Agent. During his term of office he may appoint sub-agents, being responsible for their fidelity.

ARTICLE IV.

The Board of Directors of this Association shall have power to make and pass such by-laws as they may deem necessary for the safety and government of said Association, subject only to the Articles of Incorporation and the laws of this State, and make all assessments in case of loss by fire and lightning and other indebtedness, audit all accounts and fill all vacancies in office from whatever cause.

ARTICLE V.

The annual meetings of the stockholders shall be held at Manchester, Delaware county, Iowa, and shall commence at 10 o'clock a. m. on the first Tuesday of October in each year, and continue in session until all the business of said meeting shall be completed.

ARTICLE VI.

All officers shall be elected by a majority vote of all members present. The officers so elected shall hold their office until their successors are elected to fill their vacancies.

ARTICLE VII.

In case there is no annual meeting, the officers shall hold over until there is a meeting, either annual or special, when others may be elected.

ARTICLE VIII.

Special meetings may be called at any time by a majority of the Directors.

ARTICLE IX.

The Secretary, at the annual meeting, shall give a full report in writing of the doings and condition of the Association for the preceding year.

ARTICLE X.

Insurance in this Association shall be confined to property in Delaware county, Iowa.

ARTICLE XI.

No member shall be assessed for any one loss more than One (1) per cent. of his insurance.

ARTICLE XII.

This Association may, at any annual meeting, by a vote of two-thirds (⅔) of the members present, be dissolved and all policies shall be cancelled at the time fixed for dissolution; but the Association shall be liable for any losses and other indebtedness occurring before such time.

ARTICLE XIII.

These Articles of Incorporation may be altered or changed at any annual, or special meeting called for that purpose, by a two-thirds (⅔) vote of the members present.

ARTICLE XIV.

Private property of members is exempt from corporate debts, except the pro rata assessments made on each member for payment of losses by fire or lightning and expenses of said Association.

ARTICLE XV.

This Association shall have all the powers and privileges conferred by Chapter Five [5], Title Nine [9] of the Code of Iowa and amendments thereto.

ARTICLE XVI.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders, there shall be elected a President, Vice-president, Secretary and Treasurer, each to hold his office for one [1] year, and three [3] Directors; one Director for one [1] year, one for two [2] years, one for three [3] years; and one Director shall be elected at each annual meeting of the stockholders thereafter to serve for a term of three [3] years.

ARTICLE XVII.

This corporation is hereby renewed and shall continue and endure for the further term of twenty [20] years from and after the expiration of the term for which it was organized, to-wit: From the 27th day of January, 1901, to the 27th day of January, 1921, unless sooner dissolved as provided by Article Twelve [12] hereof.

We, A. S. Coon, president, and Miles E. Blair, secretary of the FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE AND LIGHTNING INSURANCE ASSOCIATION of Delaware county, Iowa, do hereby certify that the foregoing are the true and correct Articles of Incorporation of said Association as altered, changed, amended and adopted by a more than two-thirds [⅔] majority vote of its members present at a special meeting of the members of said Association duly called for that purpose, and legally held at Delaware, said Delaware county, on the 27th day of December, 1900.

Witness our hands this 28th day of January, A. D. 1901.

A. S. COON, President.
MILES E. BLAIR, Secretary.

STATE OF IOWA, Delaware county, ss.

I do hereby certify that on this 28th day of January, 1901, before me, Chas. E. Bronson, a Notary Public in and for said county, appeared A. S. Coon and Miles E. Blair, to me personally known, who by me being duly sworn did say that they are the duly elected and qualified President and Secretary, respectively, of the FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE AND LIGHTNING INSURANCE ASSOCIATION of Delaware county, Iowa. That said Association has no corporate seal. That the foregoing instrument was signed by them in behalf of said Association, in pursuance of a resolution duly passed at a special meeting of its members, duly called for that purpose, held on the 24th day of January, 1901, in Delaware, said county, which resolution designated, empowered, and authorized them as such president and secretary to sign, execute, and acknowledge said instrument, and that said A. S. Coon, as president, and Miles E. Blair, as secretary, and each of them, acknowledged the said instrument to be the voluntary act and deed of said Association, by each of them voluntarily done and executed.

Witness my hand and Notarial Seal this 28th day of January, 1901.

[L. S.] CHAS. E. BRONSON, Notary Public in and for Delaware county, Iowa.

5-4w

Notice of Appointment of Administrator.

State of Iowa, Delaware county ss.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as Administrator of the estate of John Kahl late of Delaware County deceased. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them, duly authenticated, to the undersigned for allowance.

CHARLES H. CRUISE, Administrator.

Dated January 22d 1901.
BRONSON & CARR, Atty's, for Estate.

5 w3

Persons who can not take ordinary pills find it a pleasure to take DeWitt's Little Early Risers. They are the best little liver pills ever made.—Smith Bros.

FOR SALE.

My house and 4½ acres of land, good buildings Enquire of W. J. BOWEN, or Yoran, Arnold & Yoran, Manchester, Iowa. 5w3

Notice of Appointment of Executrix.

State of Iowa, Delaware County, ss.

Notice is hereby given; that the undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as Executrix of the Estate of P. J. Roche late of Delaware County, deceased. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them, duly authenticated, to the undersigned for allowance.

THERESA ROCHE, Administratrix

Dated January 23 1901
BRONSON & CARR, Attys. for Estate. 6w3

Recent experiments show that all classes of foods may be completely digested by a preparation called Kodol Dyspepsia Cure, which absolutely digests what you eat. As it is the only combination of all the natural digestants ever devised the demand for it has become enormous. It has never failed to cure the very worst cases of indigestion and it always gives instant relief.—Smith Bros.

Residence Property for Sale.

A good house, barn and large lot in Manchester for sale at a bargain. Long time given on half of purchase money if desired.

Inquire of BRONSON & CARR

California Excursions

Weekly to Los Angeles and San Francisco via two different routes. One through Tourist Car leaves Oelwein every Monday at 2:55 p. m. running via Kansas City and Santa Fe Route to Los Angeles; another leaves Oelwein every Saturday at 7 a. m. running via Kansas City, the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, San Antonio & Arkansas Pass and Southern Pacific Railways to Los Angeles and San Francisco, being the only through Sleeping Car from the Northwest to Texas points. Both of these cars are brand new, wide vestibule and steam heated, and run from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Kansas City via the

Chicago Great Western

Car leaving Monday arrives Los Angeles following Friday afternoon, avoiding all Sunday travel Car leaving Saturday arrives Los Angeles the following