THE ANGEL OF THE FOUR CORNERS

By GILBERT PARKER,

Author of "The Right of Way."

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"WHAT is the good?" said Babette. "There is no one to play—no fiddle, no music. What is the good?"

"Truly," replied Antoine. "Here it is New Year's day, snow three feet deep, the house so hot you can't breathe, thirty pair of feet waiting, lots of tobac, of cold pork, plenty of cider behind the door and no music! Well, it's droll, that! Pshaw! I'll stand on a tub and whistle!"

Babette laughed. "Look at Alphonse. Watch how he shake his black head, and his eyes dance so. Ah, poor man! He would give his head for Marie, but she sits with a half dozen gallants beside her, and she flash her big brown eyes over at Alphonse, and they drive him mad. Mon Dieu! You think she care for him, with his purty eyes and black hair? No, no. You see? You hear her feet tap the floor. She long to dance like us all, and Alphonse he long for her."

"So," rejoined Antoine. "I do not understand that Marie. Why is't all get on their knees to her and she care for no man?"

"You think that?" asked Babette. "Ah, you are only a man, with a man's eyes! You think because she not care for you she care for nobody. That's like a man. He is so vain. When a woman care not for him, he is so happy when she care not for any one else. Well, I'm glad I'm not a man."

Antoine bristled up. "Come, come, Babette. You think I care for Marie? No; only for you. You are the one great woman in the world!"

Babette laughed merrily, her little white teeth flashing. She tapped him on the arm.

"Oh, you foolish—foolish! A man can never see when it is a woman. He thinks her great when she's very little. He thinks he understands himself, and he knows nothing. There is Marie. What do you know? You think her all coquette. You think I'm better. Mon Dieu! If I were in the same way as Marie, I'd be like her."

Antoine ran his fingers through his hair, knotted his forehead and smiled in a droll way.

"By the holy, I do not understand," he said. "Who is there Marie loves? You can see she play the game with them all, but there is no one. She has them—Jacques, Adrien, Jules, Alphonse and the rest—comme ca! They are on their shins, and she put her little foot on them all. What does she care? Ah, Babette, what she care? There's no one!"

Babette suddenly became grave, and her eyes watched Antoine with a wondering kind of sadness. She was younger than he, yet she was wiser, for every good woman is wiser than any man. She wondered why he did not know that when love first stirs in a woman's heart she begins to be wise, when in a man's he begins to be foolish, for the one becomes unselfish and the other vain.

After a moment she said, with a serious little twist of the head: "Antoine, I do not know who 'tis, but there's some one Marie loves. Do you think I'm a woman and not know the look of love in another? There is some one somewhere, and it is all unhappy. I know that. Do you think if it was all right she would play with them like that—so cold, so heartless? No, but she must do something. A woman will go mad unless. Poor Marie! Perhaps the man does not love her. Perhaps he loved her and should not. Perhaps something prevents. Well, it is all the same. She is as you see."

Antoine was a little nervous, facing Babette's seriousness. He had not the care of life, only the shanties in the winter, the river in summer, the little farming in the autumn and courting Babette in a happy, irresponsible fashion all the time. But take it seriously—life—love? Watch how his feet tap the floor impatiently. He is wild for the dance.

It was New Year's day, the time of festivity beyond all others in a French Canadian home, and the young people of the parish were gathered, ready to dance until the morning, but to the house of Marie's father old Vigord, the fiddler, had not come. For the last hour there had been nothing but "Vigord! Vigord! Why doesn't Vigord come?" Every one seemed troubled save Marie. She did not worry. Perhaps that was because she had been a year at school in Quebec city and therefore had got a kind of manner, was playing the self possessed lady, or that if she could not enjoy herself in one way she could in another. There was something in her different from the other girls in the room. You felt that you did not know her as you knew them. All that they thought or felt flashed in their brown eyes, on her red, careless lips and in the close softness of their hair, but in Marie's strong chin, dark coquettish eyes and strong brow there hid something which had little to do with the life moving at the moment. Perhaps, as Babette had said, there was a man somewhere in the world whose love or lack of love had given her wisdom, but she said herself that she was only a trifler, that she cared for nothing save to enjoy herself.

Antoine, to relieve the situation, which was becoming strained, started a song. That did very well for a little. It was a pretty fantasy of love and wild life, dashed with a spice of devilry, but it soon lost its effect, for the spirits which it raised sent a mad sprightliness into the feet of all, which only the rasp of a fiddle or the breath of a concertina could appease or command. At last tall Medaillon, whose ways were those of the blessed of this world and who had his fingers on all the little comedies and tragedies of the parish, stood up in the middle of the floor and proposed a game. Every one was still for a moment, for Medaillon had great resources and whimsical ideas. His was the gift of making men and women laugh, not so much at himself as at themselves. Besides, he had a heart. Protestant though he was, even the cure trusted him, and the little chemist worshiped him.

"See, my children," he said, with his sharp eyes twinkling, "since Vigord is late, let's have something agen his coming. Give him a half hour longer, then if he isn't here I'll play the fiddle myself. Let's have now the dance of the Little Wolf. I'll whistle. Well, whoever at the end shall stand alone in the center must tell a very fine story. It must be of love, it must be like a play, and it must be true."

At this every one laughed. "M'sieu' Medaillon is so droll," they said. "The dance of the Little Wolf and then a true story of love. Certainly M'sieu' Medaillon is amusing!"

They all came to their feet, eager for the dance, keen to see on whom the mantle of romance would fall.

"I will tell you a wonderful, beautiful, dreadful story."

Hand in hand, with tripping step, they wound in and out of the rooms, Medaillon standing in the center of the floor, having changed his whistling to a singsong kind of chant. The long, waving, loving line linking like chains, curving into circles, parting, joining again, first slowly, then faster and faster, now suddenly in a pretty column back and forth, the men together, then the women—flashing eyes, waving black hair, the warm breath of youth filling the room with an ecstasy wherein every little care and alarm of life was swallowed up, and at last there came a sudden moment of confusion, the hurly burly of laughter and sweet affright or contentment, as the hazard of the dance grew. Presently all parted, and Marie stood alone in the center of the floor, with Antoine on one side not far and Alphonse on the other. There were laughter and a storm of clapping. "Marie! Marie!" they all cried. "The story! The true love story!"

Antoine ran his fingers through his hair, shook the little gold rings in his ears and grinned at Marie, then at Babette. Alphonse was nervous, and his eyes had a kind of wild hunger as he looked at Marie.

Marie glanced round the room, smiling naively, gave Alphonse a quick sidelong glance of torturing coquetry and then caught Medaillon's eyes. He was looking at her with a whimsical, suggestive smile. She flashed one back. All at once something defiant swept over her face, a wave of emotion which seemed to lift her all at once into an atmosphere apart from them all, independent of them all. Some inherent dramatic strain in her mastered her for the moment. She was alive to her finger tips. She stepped back a little from Alphonse and Antoine. They drew away on either side, but Medaillon folded his arms and watched her from under his bushy brows steadily, kindly.

"The story, the story, Marie!" they called.

The moment before Marie was lost to everything around her. Now she was back again, conscious of their presence, but still in the atmosphere where her inspiration was born. A smile too brilliant, too airy, played on her lips. Her voice had a feverish lightness. Her eyes, though, were burning with a look hard to read.

"I will tell you a wonderful, beautiful, dreadful story," she said.

"Once upon a time"—at this they all laughed—"once upon a time," she repeated very lightly, "there was a girl, and she thought herself beautiful. She used to dream of a great prince who would come one day and tell her that his houses, his lands and all the riches of his kingdom were for her. She only lived in a cottage in a village, but that didn't matter. She rode in a tiny cariole, and she had only a little Indian pony to take her to mass and to market, but that didn't matter. She was a woman, and a woman is like a bird—she has wings, and she flies where she will in the dreams of the night and in the quick hours of the day, when her hands work and her tongue is busy. A man may stoop, but a woman always soars—till a man breaks her heart.

"And so this girl watched for her prince, and when the mist was sweet and flashed in the violet light of summer upon the river he did not come that way, and when all the fields were white with snow in winter and all the world was waiting like the girl he did not come that way.

"And since he did not come to her she would go to him. So one morning she filled a bag with meat and honey and dried fruits, and she put on her thickest mittens and her little fur cap and her great coat of dogskin fur and a woolen cloud about her throat, under which was the little gold brooch given her by her mother, which she would wear before the prince when she found him that he should see she was born for the fine things of this world. She had braided a hand with a bow and arrow on one moccasin and a hand with a sword upon the other. She started forth all alone. She traveled on and on through thick woods and the wild hills and over plains, and when the wind blew hard she laughed back at them, and when at night something cried in the trees like spirits begging her to speak to them sang the song of the Scarlet Hunter and the chant of the White Swan, for she had no fear. The birds are not afraid till a shot from the hunter's gun or an arrow from his bow strikes into the heart."

She paused and stood looking straight before her, repeating the phrase still again, as though, having learned the tale by heart, she had forgotten something. But she was merely lost for a moment in scenes which were flashing before her mind, having for the time passed beyond her audience to the world where in despair one's own soul flees, and the Angel of the Four Corners can show us no right of way as we travel.

Some girl in the crowd giggled nervously. Another, she knew not why, gave a quick, gasping sob. Babette, who was next her, said, "You goose, it's only a story."

This brought Marie back. She took up the thread again, lightly, but plaintively too:

"By and by she came to a city. It stood high on a great hill. It had splendid houses, churches and palaces, and beneath, at the foot of the mountain, there flowed a fine, wide river. Every stone of that city was made of gold, and every drop of that river was a sweet white wine. Whenever the girl looked at the city she knew it was so; whenever she looked at the river she knew that it was so, and when she looked in the eyes of her prince she knew it was so, for they were all gold and wine also, and she could have lived just ever and ever, looking at those eyes till the Scarlet Hunter blindfolded her and led her out on the lonely trail of the White valley, from which no man returns. Yes, she had found her prince. It does not matter where she saw him first—in a palace or a house or a church—for she saw him; that was enough.

"She was only a poor peasant girl, but he was a great man, so wise, so splendid, so kind. He said that she was beautiful, and she believed him; he said that he loved her, and she trusted, but when she threw herself on his breast and cried that she would never leave him there came into his face a strange, pitiful look. That look broke her heart, for it couldn't be—it couldn't be! She was only a foolish peasant girl or she would have known that a prince could never be her husband. Yet she knew that he loved her.

"Then there came a sad, terrible day, when all the great men of the kingdom came together and decided that she must go away or the prince would lose his kingdom as well as lose her. What could she do? She could not wait about the palace gates; she could not defy all the great men, who were so strong and who could make happy or destroy, as they wished. What could she do? But she saw him once again. It was at the altar of a great church—oh, a church like none any of you ever saw, with a beautiful Calvary above the altar and angels with large, flaming wings and a thousand candles burning and such wonderful, sweet music! It was so she saw him, and that was their goodby. She looked into his eyes, and they had the same look as when she first heard him tell his love, and she got up on her feet and called out to him, but he raised his hand at her as though to say, 'No; never, never!'

"And that was the end. She left the great city, and as she went she saw that it was only built of stone and not of gold and that the river was only cold, dark water and not wine, after all. Her eyes were not the same, and they would never be the same, never, never."

The strange, searching pathos of her voice filled the room, like the eerie music of a violin, and Medaillon felt his face flush and his fingers tingle, for he was reading the story of a girl's life in the allegory. Perhaps only he and one other understood, and that other was the simple Babette. She pinched Antoine's arm.

"Can't you understand?" she said.

Antoine shifted from one leg to the other, ran his fingers through his hair and said only: "It's a good story, very good! Bien, she could go on the stage. Ah, once when I was in Montreal I saw a play. Voila, that was a good play! Well, she could act in such a play, that Marie."

Babette smiled, shrugged her shoulders, lifted her eyes and caught Medaillon's, and each knew or what the other was thinking.

Marie now almost breathlessly hurried her story:

"So the poor girl came back over the plains and over the hills to her little cottage home. But she was never the same again. She laughed when others laughed, and she was gay, and she danced, and everybody said that she had good times in the world. But you, do you think she had? Because, when she thought of the city now it was no longer of gold, and when she thought of the river it was black and wicked, and when she remembered the man she saw the great rulers of his kingdom frowning at her and the hand of her prince raised as if it said, 'No, never, never!'"

When she finished, there was silence for a moment, so deep that only the breathing of her audience was heard. They could not read the thing. They took her story literally, and it did not seem so strange to them, for they were a simple people. But they were romantic, too, having in their veins—nor did they know this—the feeling of an antique time. So they applauded heartily, grandly. They called "Bravo!" and said there was no one in the parish, not in ten parishes, who could tell a fine true love story like Marie. And Alphonse looked at her with his hungry eyes as though to say that were he that prince he would have followed her from that city and have lost his kingdom and his soul for her.

The dance of the Little Wolf had been a success, and now Medaillon bustled in and out among them, breaking them up into groups, while they kept calling for another dance. As he passed Marie he whispered to her: "Well done, ma'm'selle, well done. But you must find another prince, toute suite."

She shook her head at him, laughing in a plaintive kind of way, but said nothing.

Just then there was a bustle at the door. "Vigord! Is it Vigord?" some cried.

It was not Vigord, but the crowd parted, making way for a tall young man, with a handsome, clean shaven face, warm, keen dark eyes and a strong brow above them. He smiled in a grave kind of way on them, turning his face from right to left as though looking for some one. He carried under one arm a violin. Every one knew the old battered box. It was Vigord's.

"Why, it's Vigord's; it's Vigord's fiddle!" said Antoine.

"Yes, it's Vigord's fiddle," said the young man, still looking round. "Vigord is down at the house of Big Babiche. He was taken sick. I saw him there and told him I would fetch the fiddle and play for you, and here I am."

He tossed his hand up in a gay, free fashion. Just then he saw a face looking out at him from behind half a dozen others—a pale, half frightened, bewildered face, with the eyes full of an anxious questioning, and a smile, too, struggle for life about the lips, just such a smile as might falter at the lips of a condemned man who thought he saw the bearer of a reprieve. God gives even the poor, the laborious and the foolish of this world, whose brains are set to shine under gray skies, moments of wisdom and of feeling so deep that all the rest of their lives, in days and months and years, is as nothing beside them, as a guarantee that at the end, as at the beginning, all souls are the same, and the rest is according to the Angel of the Four Corners, who wards the thousand paths of life.

Something in the young man's look warned her, and she dropped her eyes while he came on, the crowd still gathering around him.

"You will play for us, then, you will play for us?" they cried.

"Yes, I'll play for you," he answered, his eyes wide open and shining like two black diamonds. "But see," he continued, "I must have the prettiest girl in the parish to supper, and at every fourth dance she must sit beside me while I play."

He laughed as he said it and tossed his fingers again in an airy, gallant fashion. It was strange, too, this buoyant manner, for in spite of his flashing eyes and smiling lips there was a grave, ascetic expression behind all, something of melancholy, too, in the turn of his straight, manly body.

The crowd parted, making way for a tall young man.

Medaillon, standing apart, watched him musingly. He had not seen that first glance at Marie or Marie's glance in return, but he felt there was something strange and uncommon in the man. He had the bearing of a gentleman, and his voice was that of education and refinement. The girls simpered and whispered among themselves, and the men turned with one consent to Marie.

"Well, it must be Marie," said Antoine. "She's the prettiest girl in the parish."

"Yes, Marie, Marie!" said others.

Alphonse had a mind to speak, but he dared not, for he saw that he could not contradict Antoine, and he also saw that Marie would be handed over to this handsome stranger.

"Good!" said the stranger. "Then let it be Marie," not looking toward her—"that is," he added, "if Marie is willing."

Now they made way for her to come forward and said, "Here—here she is."

Marie came down slowly, not looking at the stranger, and his eyes did not dwell upon her face. They rose no higher than her neck, where she wore a little cross of gold.

"Good," he said again, "good!"

Then as she came nearer he continued in an offhand way, "My name is Camille, Marie."

She did not more than whisper the words, "M. Camille," and held out her hand, still not raising her eyes to his face.

He took her hand and clasped it. As he did so a sound almost like a moan broke softly from her lips. There was so much noise and chattering that perhaps no one noticed it except Babette and Medaillon, but they were watching—watching.

All at once Marie broke away with a wild little laugh. "Chut!" she said as she danced in among the other girls, changed all in an instant. "He'll be tired of me before the thing's over."

"Yes," said Medaillon under his breath; "as he was before. Yet I'm not so sure either."

Medaillon was only speculating.

Ten minutes afterward M. Camille was seated on a little platform at the end of the room, raised about six inches from the floor, playing for the dancers. Marie was dancing with Alphonse.

"You think he's handsome?" asked Alphonse furtively.

"Oh, he's so vain!" she said. "Look at the way he switches the bow!"

"And listen how he calls off the dances," continued Alphonse, delighted; "not half so good as Vigord. And such airs; such airs! Who's he, anyhow? We don't know; likely some scalawag from Quebec."

"Perhaps he's a prince," said the girl, laughing.

"Prince? Bosh! Where's his mustache?" Alphonse stroked his own carelessly, one arm around Marie's waist. "Why, he's shaved like a priest."

Something peculiar flashed into Marie's eyes, and she looked for a moment inquiringly at Alphonse. "Yes, just like a priest," she said.

The dance went on. M. Camille's clear, resonant voice rang out over the heads of the dancers: "Ladies' chain—there you go—right and left—balance to partners—promenade all!" And so on, the words bending and inflecting to the music like a song, with here and there a laughing phrase thrown in at a stumbling habitant or a pretty compliment to some blushing girl, whose eyes, as well as her feet, danced a reply to the master of the revels. Never was such music heard in the parish of Pontiac. Vigord's sun had gone out in darkness, and M. Camille's was at high noon. Already had Medaillon made friends with the fiddler and had become at once M. Camille's lieutenant in the jocund game, for Medaillon had no vanity, and he knew a man of parts when he found him and loved the man for the parts.

In the third dance Marie took her place on a chair beside M. Camille. The crowd gave a little cheer for her—for them both—before the dance began, and then they were all hard at it, heel and toe, knee and elbow, warm shoulder to warm shoulder, enjoyment panting through the room. Suddenly M. Camille's voice was heard as he paused at the beginning of a set.

"It's my turn to talk. Who'll call off the dance? Will you?" he added, looking at Medaillon.

Medaillon nodded and took up the parable. The music was riotous, and Medaillon's voice abundantly cheerful as he danced with Babette.

And now behind the joyous riot there passed a little drama.

"Do you wonder why I've come, Marie?" said the master of the revels.

"Why have you come?" she asked.

"Have you forgotten my name?" he urged reproachfully.

"Why shouldn't I?"

"That's so, that's so," he answered.

"You told me to forget it," she added.

"That's true," he agreed sorrowfully.

There was a pause, in which nothing was said between them, and then in an awed, shrinking kind of voice she said, "Are you—a priest—now?"

His voice in reply had a kind of disdainful recklessness. "Do you think I'd be here if I was?" He drew the bow across the E string with a vigor more raw than sweet.

"How should I know?" she answered. "Am I—my brother's—keeper?"

He winced, and the bow rasped on the E string, so that the dancers looked up wonderingly, but M. Camille's head was only nodding to the music, and the dancing went on the same. Still her arrow had gone home, for he remembered when, in the shadow of the great cathedral in Quebec one Christmas eve, he had bade her forget him as Camille, her lover, and think of him only as Camille, her brother, who was vowed to become a priest.

Sorrow and pain had sharpened her mind as only these things can sharpen the mind of a woman. This was not the simple, loving girl from a country village who had stolen his heart while he studied in Laval seminary. This was a little woman, grown, oh, so bitterly wise! And when a woman grows bitter and wise the bravest should be humble, for she needs neither the help of gods nor of men to aid her tongue.

"When do you become a priest?" she asked, with slow inquisition.

"A fortnight," he said, "is the time fixed."

"Then, as I said, why do you come?" she asked sharply.

"Can't you understand?" he replied, with a strong rush of feeling.

"A priest should be about his Father's business, not at a dance," she replied scornfully.

"Marie, Marie, aren't you glad to see me," he said, "running all this risk as I do?" He had his eyes on the little cross at her throat. He had once given it to her.

"I have my own confessor," she replied—"the good Father Fabre. I don't need another." Her fingers felt for the cross, then suddenly dropped it.

She got to her feet.

"Marie, Marie," he whispered. But with a laugh she sprang down from the little platform among the dancers and caught Medaillon's arm.

With rollicking laughter Medaillon swung both her and Babette through the flirting changes of a cotillion.

An hour went by. Meanwhile Marie was gay, but Medaillon noticed that her hand was now hot, now cold as they swung through the changes, and that her eyes had a hard kind of brilliance. It was not given him to read the heart of this romance. He would not try to probe the thing. He merely watched and waited. He had known Marie since she was only big enough to lean her chin on his knee, and many a time since she had grown up he and old Garon, the avocat, had talked of her and wondered what her life would be, for it seemed to them both that there was no man in the parish who could make her happy, that year in Quebec had changed her so, had given her larger ideas of life and men.

"Marie, Marie," he whispered.

He had talked much with her from time to time, and she had always seemed glad of that. She thought him wise, and he had wondered at some deep, searching things she had said. He would have gone far to serve her, for the gossip, now almost legend, that he had cared for Marie's mother before she married Marie's father had foundation. The cure had stepped in, for Medaillon was a Protestant, and that ended it, but Medaillon had never married, and, strange to say, the cure and himself and Marie's father were the best of friends. Medaillon was also busy watching M. Camille, for he felt that here was something wherein a friend might serve Marie, though how he did not know. He liked the young man's face, for it had that touch of loneliness and native solitary thought which the present gayety of eye, voice and manner made almost pathetic. He even saw something more—a recklessness, not natural to the youth's character, which sat on him like a touch of doom—and as he thought Marie's allegory—her "wonderful, beautiful, dreadful" (those were her words) tale of love—kept showing in vivid pictures in his eye.

But if he could have read the young man's mind, could have seen the struggle going on there, the despair, the wild hope, the daring, the revolt, the breaking up of all the settled courses of a life, he would have been as startled as apprehensive, for while Camille Debarres was urging on this mirth and revel with a nervous eagerness he kept saying to himself over and over again: "I can't give her up! God forgive me! Marie! Marie!"

The words beat in and out of the music. Youth, humanity, energies of the active world, were crying out, fighting for mastery in the breast of one soon to be given to the separateness of the church, wherein the love of man and maid must be viewed with a distant paternal eye. A hundred forces had been at work to put him and keep him in the church, and when, as a student, Marie came into his life these forces, with loving yet severe apprehension, closed on him and on the girl and had separated them, as it seemed, forever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

There Was No Music.

"What is the greatest fib that ever impressed itself on your experience, Snapper?"

"Well, by all odds, the worst one I ever heard was that your quartet perpetrated last night when they came round to the house and sang, 'There's Music In the Air.'"

The Value of Science.

Science is a first rate piece of furniture for a man's upper chamber if he has common sense on the ground floor, but if a man hasn't plenty of good common sense the more science he has the worse for the patient.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Chronic bronchial troubles and summer coughs can be quickly relieved and cured by Foley's Honey and Tar. Sold by Denton & Ward.

Some creature that wear trousers are only called men through courtesy.

Ten Years in Bed.

R. A. Gray, J. P., Oakville, Ind., writes "For ten years I was confined to my bed with disease of my kidneys. It was so severe that I could not move part of the time. I consulted the very best medical skill available, but could get no relief until Foley's Kidney Cure was recommended to me. It has been a Godsend to me." Sold by Denton & Ward.

Meat originally meant any kind of food.

On the first indication of kidney trouble, stop it by taking Foley's Kidney Cure. Sold by Denton & Ward

Duty well done is the seed from whence springs the flower of pleasure.

Warning.

If you have kidney or bladder trouble and do not use Foley's Kidney Cure, you will have only yourself to blame for results, as it positively cures all forms of kidney and bladder diseases. Sold by Denton & Ward.

Lovers' quarrels are popular because it is such fun "making up."

Was Wasting Away.

The following letter from Robert R. Watts, of Salem, Mo., is instructive: "I have been troubled with kidney disease for the last five years. I lost flesh and never felt well and doctored with leading physicians and tried all remedies suggested without relief. Finally I tried Foley's Kidney Cure and less than two bottles completely cured me and I am now sound and well." Sold by Denton & Ward.

Stealing is not confined to taking the product of men's hands.

Interesting to Asthma Sufferers.

Daniel Bante of Otterville, Iowa, writes, "I have had asthma for three or four years and have tried about all the cough and asthma cures in the market and have received treatment from physicians in New York and other cities, but got very little benefit until I tried Foley's Honey and Tar which gave me immediate relief and I will never be without it in my house. I sincerely recommend it to all." Sold by Denton & Ward.

The earnest Christian lives in a continued state of repentence.

No good health unless the kidneys are sound, Foley's Kidney Cure makes the kidneys right. Sold by Denton & Ward.

True friendship says little and does much.

During the summer kidney irregularities are often caused by excessive drinking or being overheated. Attend to the kidneys at once by using Foley's Kidney Cure. Sold by Denton & Ward.

While waiting for your ship to come in busy yourself building a safe harbor.

Tell us why a druggist offers you a substitute for the Madison Medicine Co.'s Rocky Mountain Tea. Does he love you or he is after the bigger profit? Think it over. Denton & Ward.

The kleptomaniac regards things from an abstract point of view.

Wise is the girl whose sense of self interest prompts her to take Rocky Mountain Tea. It fills her full of vigor and there is always honey in her heart for you. Denton & Ward.

Better lose your argument than your friend.—Ram's Horn.

You've got to hustle all the time to keep in the swim. If you are slipping down the ladder of prosperity, take Rocky Mountain Tea. Makes people strenuous. Denton & Ward.

Notice of Appointment of Administratrix.

STATE OF IOWA, } ss
Delaware County }

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as Administratrix of the Estate of W. D. Jenkins, late of Delaware County, Iowa, 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.

Dated Manchester, Iowa, May 29th, 1902.

MARTHA JENKINS,
Administratrix.

Bronson & Carr,
Atty's for Estate. 23w3.

A Real Friend.

"I suffered from dyspepsia and indigestion for fifteen years," says W. T. Sturdevant of Merry Oaks, N. C. "After I had tried many doctors and medicines to no avail one of my friends persuaded me to try Kodol. It gave immediate relief, I can eat almost anything I want now and my digestion is good. I cheerfully recommend Kodol." Don't try to cure stomach trouble by dieting. That only further weakens the system. You need wholesome, strengthening food. Kodol enables you to assimilate what you eat by digesting it without the stomach's aid.

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Do you ever wish for a book that can be relied upon to answer correctly all the little questions and knotty problems that present themselves day by day—a book that will quickly decide all arguments on all subjects? The 1902 World Almanac and Encyclopedia, which is now ready, is exactly this kind of book. It takes the same position in the world of facts and figures as does the dictionary in the world of words.

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The 1902 World Almanac and Encyclopedia is on sale by all newsdealers throughout the country for 25 cents. When ordered by mail 10c extra for postage must be inclosed to the World, New York.

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Improvement of Corn.

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In this connection we wish to say that Wallaces' Farmer is one of the best agricultural papers that comes to this office. It is handsomely printed on paper of fine quality, filled with attractive illustrations, and in addition to its regular features, its editorials by "Uncle Henry," its departments of Dairying, Horticulture, the Hog and Poultry, its Home Department, for the women; contains full reports of the leading fairs, live stock shows, and sales, agricultural meetings, etc. It is published weekly at Des Moines, Iowa at $1.00 a year, all subscriptions payable in advance and the paper stops when the time is out. We can send Wallaces' Farmer and the Democrat both one year for only 2.25 and you get one of our nice premiums. Apply at the Democrat office.

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