ABNER DANIEL

By . . . WILL N. HARBEN

Author of "Westerfelt"

Copyright, 1902, by HARPER & BROS., Who Publish the Work in Book Form. All Rights Reserved . . .

Synopsis.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens with Alfred Bishop, a Georgia planter, closing a trade of $5,000 in mill stock for 5,000 acres of mountain land. Mrs. Bishop and their son Alan object to the trade. Mrs. Bishop's brother, Abner Daniel tells a story. II.—The sale over. Bishop boasts that his land is on a prospective railroad. Tompkins, the former owner, has just unloaded a tract of 2,000 acres adjoining Bishop's. III.—Bishop goes to Atlanta to see Lawyer Perkins, who told him about the railroad. He has been deceived. The old man is so cast down that he returns home without seeing his brother William or his daughter Adele, who is at her uncle's in Atlanta. IV.—Bishop has bought 20,000 acres of mountain land, paid well and mortgaged his plantation. Abner tells Alan to consult Rayburn Miller, a land speculator. V.—Miller tells Alan about a dance at Darley. Alan's sweetheart, Dolley Barclay, will be there. Frank Hillhouse is attentive to Dolly. Craig, the banker. VI.—Dolly tells Alan that her father objects to his love quest. Barclay has also been caught on mountain land.

He was still totally at sea as to the cause of her strange distress. "Perhaps you'd rather not tell me at all," he said sympathetically. His tone never had been so tender. "You need not, you know."

"But it's a thing I could not keep from you long anyway," she said tremulously. "In fact, it is due you—an explanation, I mean. Oh, Alan, papa has taken up the idea that we—that we like each other too much, and"—

The life and soul seemed to leave Alan's face.

"I understand," he heard himself saying; "he does not want me to visit you any more."

She made no reply. He saw her catch a deep breath, and her eyes went down to her flowers. The music struck up. The mulatto leader stood waving his fiddle and calling for "the grand march" in loud, melodious tones. There was a scrambling for partners. The young men gave their left arms to the ladies and merrily dragged them to their places.

"I hope you do not blame me—that you don't think that I"— But the clatter and clamor ingulfed her words.

"No, not at all," he told her. "But it's awful; simply awful! I know you are a true friend, and that's some sort of comfort."

"And always shall be," she gulped. "You must try not to feel hurt. You know my father is a very peculiar man and has an awful will, and nobody was ever so obstinate."

Then Alan's sense of the great injustice of the thing rose up within him, and his blood began to boil. "Perhaps I ought to take my name off your card," he said, drawing himself up slightly. "If he were to hear that I talked to you tonight, he might make it unpleasant for you."

"If you do, I shall never—never forgive you," she answered in a voice that shook. There was, too, a glistening in her eyes as if tears were springing. "Wouldn't that show that you harbored ill will against me, when I am so helpless and troubled?"

"Yes, it would, and I shall come back," he made answer. He rose, for Hillhouse, calling loudly over his shoulder to some one, was thrusting his bowed arm down toward her.

"I beg your pardon," he said to Dolly. "I didn't know they had called the march. We've got some ice cream hid out upstairs, and some of us are going for it. Won't you take some, Bishop?"

"No, thank you," said Alan, and they left him.

CHAPTER VII.

ALAN made his way along the wall, out of the track of the promenaders, into the office, anxious to escape being spoken to by any one. But here several jovial men from the mountains who knew him intimately gathered around him and began to make laughing remarks about his dress.

"You look fer the world like a dirt dauber." This comparison to a kind of black wasp came from Pole Baker, a tall, heavily built farmer, with an enormous head, thick eyebrows and long, shaggy hair. He lived on Bishop's farm and had been brought up with Alan. "I'll be derned ef you ain't nimble on yore feet, though. I've seed you cut the pigeon wing over on Mossy creek with them big, strappin' gals 'fore you had yore sights as high as these town folks."

"It's that thar vest that gits me," said another. "I reckon it's cut low so you won't drap saft victuals on it, but I guess you don't do much eatin' with that collar on. It don't look like yore Adam's apple could stir a peg under it."

With a good natured reply and a laugh he did not feel, Alan hurried out of the office and up to his room, where he had left his lamp burning. Rayburn Miller's hat and light overcoat were on the bed. Alan sat down in one of the stiff backed, split bottom chairs and stared straight in front of him. Never in his life had he suffered as he was now suffering. He could see no hope ahead; the girl he loved was lost to him. Her father had heard of the foolhardiness of old man Bishop and, like many another well meaning parent, had determined to save his daughter from the folly of marrying a penniless man who had doubtless inherited his father's lack of judgment and caution.

There was a rap on the closed door, and immediately afterward Rayburn Miller turned the knob and came in. His kindly glance swept the face of his friend, and he said, with forced lightness:

"I don't want to bore you, old man, but I just had to follow you. I saw from your looks as you left the ballroom that something was wrong, and I am afraid I know what it is. You see, Captain Barclay is a rough, outspoken man, and he made a remark the other day which reached me. I wasn't sure it was true, so I didn't mention it; but I reckon my informant knew what he was talking about."

Alan nodded despondently. "I asked her to go to church with me tomorrow night. She was awfully embarrassed and finally told me of her father's objections."

"I think I know what fired the old devil up," said Miller.

"You do?"

"Yes. It was that mistake of your father. As I told you, the colonel is as mad as a wet hen about the whole thing. He's got a rope tied to every nickel he's got, and he intends to leave Dolly a good deal of money. He thinks Frank Hillhouse is just the thing. He shows that as plain as day. He noticed how frequently you came to see Dolly and scented danger ahead and simply put his foot down on it, just as fathers have been doing ever since the flood. My dear boy, you've got a bitter pill to take, but you've got to swallow it like a man. You've reached a point where two roads fork. It is for you to decide which one you'll take."

Alan made no reply. Rayburn Miller lighted a cigar and began to smoke steadily.

"It's none of my business," Miller burst out suddenly, "but I'm friend enough of yours to feel this thing like the devil. However, I don't know what to say. I only wish I knew how far you've gone into it."

Alan smiled mechanically.

"If you can't look at me and see how far I've gone, you are blind," he said.

"I don't mean that," replied Miller. "I was wondering how far you had committed yourself—oh, hang it!—made love and all that sort of thing."

"I've never spoken to her on the subject," Alan informed him gloomily.

"Good, good! Splendid!"

Alan stared in surprise.

"I don't understand," he said. "She knows—that is, I think she knows—how I feel, and I have hoped that"—

"Never mind about that," interrupted Miller laconically. "There is a chance for both of you if you'll turn square around like sensible human beings and look the facts in the face."

"You mean"—

"That it will be stupid, childish idiocy for either or both of you to let this thing spoil your lives."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, you will before I'm through with you, and I'll do you up brown.

"It's none of my business," Miller burst out suddenly.

There are simply two courses open to you, my boy. One is to treat Colonel Barclay's wishes with dignified respect and bow and retire just as any European gentleman would do when told that his pile was too small to be considered."

"And the other?" asked Alan sharply.

"The other is to follow in the footsteps of nearly every sentimental fool that ever was born and go around looking like a last year's bird's nest or, worse yet, persuading the girl to elope and thus angering her father so that he will cut her out of what's coming to her and what is her right, my boy. She may be willing to live on a bread and water diet for awhile, but she'll lose flesh and temper in the long run. If you don't make as much money for her as you cause her to lose, she'll tell you of it some day or, at least, let you see it, and that's as long as it's wide. You are now giving yourself a treatment in self hypnotism, telling yourself that life has not and cannot produce a thing for you beyond that particular pink frock and yellow head. I know how you feel. I've been there six different times, beginning with a terrible long first attack and dwindling down as I became inoculated with experience till now the complaint amounts to hardly more than a momentary throe when I see a fresh one in a train for an hour's ride. I can do you a lot of good if you'll listen to me. I'll give you the benefit of my experience."

"What good would your devilish experience do me?" said Alan impatiently.

"It would fit any man's case if he'd only believe it. I've made a study of love. I've observed hundreds of typical cases and watched marriage from inception through protracted illness or boredom down to dumb resignation or sudden death. I don't mean that no lovers of the ideal, sentimental brand are ever happy after marriage, but I do believe that open eyed courtship will beat the blind sort all hollow and that in nine cases out of ten, if people were mated by law according to the judgment of a sensible, open eyed jury, they would be happier than they now are. Nothing ever spoken is truer than the commandment, 'Thou shalt have no other God but me.' Let a man put anything above the principle of living right, and he will be miserable. The man who holds gold as the chief thing in life will starve to death in its cold glitter, while a pauper in rags will have a laugh that rings with the music of immortal joy. In the same way the man who declares that only one woman is suited to him is making a god of her, raising her to a seat that won't support her dead, material weight. I frankly believe that the glamour of love is simply a sort of insanity that has never been correctly named and treated because so many people have been the victims of it."

"Do you know," Alan burst in almost angrily, "when you talk that way I think you are off. I know what's the matter with you—you have simply frittered away your heart, your ability to love and appreciate a good woman. Thank heaven, your experience has not been mine! I don't see how you could ever be happy with a woman. I couldn't look a pure wife in the face and remember all the flirtations you've indulged in—that is, if they were mine."

"There you go," laughed Miller. "Make it personal. That's the only way the average lover argues. I am speaking in general terms. Let me finish. Take two examples—first, the chap crazily in love, who faces life with the red rag of his infatuation—his girl. No parental objection, everything smooth and a carload of silverware, a clock for every room in the house. They start out on their honeymoon, doing the chief cities at the biggest hotels and the theaters in the three dollar seats. They soon tire of themselves and lay it to the trip. Every day they rake away a handful of glamour from each other till, when they reach home, they have come to the conclusion that they are only human, and not the highest order at that. For awhile they have a siege of discontent, wondering where it's all gone. Finally the man is forced to go about his work, and the woman gets to making things to go on the backs of chairs and trying to spread her trousseau over the next year, and they begin to court resignation. Now, if they had not had the glamour attack they would have got down to business sooner, that's all, and they would have set a better example to other plungers. Now for the second illustration: Poverty on one side, boodle on the other; more glamour than in other case because of the gulf between. They get married; they have to. They've inherited the stupid idea that the Lord is at the bottom of it and that the glamour is his smile. Like the other couple, their eyes are finally opened to the facts, and they begin to secretly wonder what it's all about. The one with the spondulics wonders harder than the one who has none. If the man has the money, he will feel good at first over doing so much for his affinity, but if he has an eye for earthly values—and good business men have—there will be times when he will envy Jones, whose wife had as many rocks as Jones. Love and capital go together like rain and sunshine; they are productive of something. Then if the woman has the money and the man hasn't there's tragedy—a slow cutting of throats. She is irresistibly drawn with the rest of the world into the thought that she has tied herself and her money to an automaton, for such men are invariably lifeless. They seem to lose the faculty of earning money—in any other way. And as for a proper title for the penniless young idiot that publicly advertises himself as worth enough, in himself, for a girl to sacrifice her money to live with him—well, the unabridged does not furnish it. Jack Ass in billboard letters would come nearer to it than anything that occurs to me now. I'm not afraid to say it, for I know you'd never cause any girl to give up her fortune without knowing at least whether you could replace it or not."

Alan rose and paced the room. "That," he said as he stood between the lacecurtains at the window, against which the rain beat steadily—"that is why I feel so blue. I don't believe Colonel Barclay would ever forgive her, and I'd die before I'd make her lose a thing."

"You are right," returned Miller, relighting his cigar at the lamp, "and he'd cut her off without a cent. I know him. But what is troubling me is that you may not be benefited by my logic. Don't allow this to go any further. Let her alone from tonight on, and you'll find in a few months that you are resigned to it, just like the average widower who wants to get married six months after his loss. And when she is married and has a baby she'll meet you on the street and not care a rap whether her hat's on right or not. She will tell her husband all about it and allude to you as her first, second or third fancy, as the case may be. I have faith in your future, but you've got a long, rocky row to hoe, and a thing like this could spoil your usefulness and misdirect your talents. If I could see how you could profit by waiting, I'd let your flame burn unmolested; but circumstances are against us."

"I'd already seen my duty," said Alan in a low tone as he came away from the window. "I have an engagement with her later, and the subject shall be avoided."

"Good man!" Miller's cigar was so short that he stuck the blade of his penknife through it that he might enjoy it to the end without burning his fingers. "That's the talk! Now I must mosey on downstairs and dance with that Miss Fewclothes from Rome—the one with the auburn tresses that says 'delighted' whenever she is spoken to."

Alan went back to the window. The rain was still beating on it. For a long time he stood looking out into the blackness. The bad luck which had come to his father had been a blow to him, but its later offspring had the grim, cold countenance of death itself. He had never realized till now that Dolly Barclay was so much a part of his very life. For a moment he almost gave way to a sob that rose and struggled within him. He sat down again and clasped his hands before him in dumb self pity. He told himself that Rayburn Miller was right; that only weak men would act contrary to such advice. No, it was over—all, all over.

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER the dance Frank Hillhouse took Dolly home in one of the drenched and bespattered hacks. The Barclay residence was one of the best made and largest in town. It was an old style southern frame house, painted white, and had white columned verandas on two sides. It was in the edge of the town and had an extensive lawn in front and almost a little farm behind.

Dolly's mother had never forgotten that she was once a girl herself, and she took the most active interest in everything pertaining to Dolly's social life. On occasions like the one just described she found it impossible to sleep till her daughter returned, and then she slipped upstairs and made the girl tell all about it while she was disrobing. Tonight she was more alert and wideawake than usual. She opened the front door for Dolly and almost stepped on the girl's heels as she followed her upstairs.

"Was it nice?" she asked.

"Yes; very," Dolly replied. Reaching her room, she turned up the low burning lamp and, standing before a mirror, began to take some flowers out of her hair. Mrs. Barclay sat down on the edge of the high posted mahogany bed and raised one of her bare feet and held it in her hand. She was a thin woman, with iron gray hair, and about fifty years of age. She looked as if she were cold, but for reasons of her own she was not willing for Dolly to remark it.

"Who was there?" she asked.

"Oh, everybody."

"Is that so? I thought a good many would stay away because it was a bad night, but I reckon they are as anxious to go as we used to be. Then you all did have the hacks?"

"Yes; they had the hacks." There was a pause, during which one pair of eyes was fixed rather vacantly on the image in the mirror. The other pair, full of impatient inquiry, rested alternately on the image and its maker.

"I don't believe you had a good time," broke the silence in a rising, tentative tone.

Began to take some flowers out of her hair.

"Yes; I did, mother."

"Then what's the matter with you?" Mrs. Barclay's voice rang with impatience. "I never saw you act like you do tonight—never in my life."

"I didn't know anything was wrong with me, mother."

"You act queer; I declare you do," asserted Mrs. Barclay. "You generally have a lot to say. Have you and Frank had a falling out?"

Dolly gave her shoulders a sudden shrug of contempt.

"No; we got along as well as we ever did."

"I thought maybe he was a little mad because you wouldn't dance tonight, but surely he's got enough sense to see that you oughtn't to insult Brother Dillbeck that way when he's visiting our house and everybody knows what he thinks about dancing."

"No; he thought I did right about it," said Dolly.

"Then what in the name of common sense is the matter with you, Dolly? You can't pull the wool over my eyes, and you needn't try it."

Dolly faced about suddenly.

"I reckon you'll sit there all night unless I tell you all about it," she said sharply. "Mother, Alan Bishop was there."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, and asked me to let him take me to church tomorrow evening."

"Oh, he did?"

"Yes; and, as I didn't want father to insult him, I"—

"You told him what your pa said?"

"No; I just told him father didn't want me to receive him any more. Heaven knows, that was enough!"

"Well, that was the best thing for you to do." Mrs. Barclay took a deep breath as if she were inhaling a delicious perfume. "It's much better than to have him plunge in here some day and have your father break out like he does in his rough way. What did Alan say?"

"He said very little, but he looked it. You ought to have seen him. Frank came up just about that time and invited me to have some ice cream, and I had to leave him. He was as white as a sheet. He had made an engagement with me to sit out a dance, and he didn't come in the room again till that dance was called, and then he didn't even mention it. He acted so peculiarly I could see it was nearly killing him, but he wouldn't let me bring up the subject again. I came near doing it, but he always steered round it."

"He's a sensible young man," declared Mrs. Barclay. "Any one can see that by looking at him. He's not responsible for his father's foolhardy venture, but it certainly leaves him in a bad fix as a marrying man. He's had bad luck, and he must put up with the consequences. There are plenty of girls who have no money or prospects who would be glad to have him, but"—

"Mother," broke in Dolly as if she had been listening to her own troubled thoughts rather than her mother's words, "he didn't act as if he wanted to see me alone. The other couples who had engagements to talk during that dance were sitting in windows and out of the way corners, but he kept me right where I was and was as carefully polite as if we had just been introduced. I was sorry for him and mad at the same time. I could have pulled his ears."

"He's sensible, very sensible," said Mrs. Barclay in a tone of warm admiration. "A man like that ought to get along, and I reckon he will do well some day."

"But, mother," said Dolly, her rich, round voice rising like a wave and breaking in her throat, "he may never think about me any more."

"Well, that really would be best, dear, under the circumstances."

"Best?" Dolly blurted out. "How can you say that, when—when"—

"Dolly, you are not really foolish about him, are you?" Mrs. Barclay's face dropped into deeper seriousness.

Dolly looked away and was silent for a moment. Then she faltered: "I don't know, mother. I—I'm afraid if I keep on feeling like I do now I'll never get over it."

"Ah, but you'll not keep on feeling like you do now," consoled the older woman. "Of course, right now, just after seeing how hard he took it, you will kind of sympathize with him and want to help him; but that will all pass away. I remember when I was about your age I had a falling out with Will Despree, a young man my father didn't like because his grandfather had been an overseer. And, do you know, I thought I would actually kill myself. I refused to eat a bite and threatened to run away with Will. To this day I really don't know what I would have done if your grandfather hadn't scared him away with a shotgun. Will kept writing notes to me. I was afraid to answer them, but my father got hold of one and went after him on a fast horse. Will's family heard what was up, and they kept him out in the swamp for a few days, and then they sent him to Texas. The whole Despree family took it up and talked scand'lous about us."

"And you soon got over it, mother?" asked Dolly almost in a tone of dismay.

"Well," said Mrs. Barclay reflectively, "Will acted the fool so terribly. He wasn't out in Texas three months before he sent back a marked paper with an article in it about his engagement to the daughter of a rich man who, we found out afterward, used to keep a livery stable; then I reckon hardly any girl would keep caring for a boy when his folks was telling such lies about her family."

Dolly was staring studiously at the speaker.

"Mother," she asked, "don't you believe in real love?"

Mrs. Barclay laughed as if highly amused. "I believe in a different sort to the puppy love I had for that boy. Then after that there was another young man that I thought more of, if anything, than I did of Will, but he was as poor as Job's turkey, and my folks was all crazy for me and your pa, who I'd never seen, to get married. I held out against the idea, just like you are doing with Frank, I reckon, but when your pa come with his shiny broadcloth coat and spotted silk vest—no, it was satin, I think, with red spots on it—and every girl in town was crazy to catch him and there was no end of reports about the niggers he owned and his high connections—well, as I say, it wasn't a week before I was afraid he'd see Joe Tinsley and hear about me and him. My father was in for the match from the very jump, and so was your pa's folks. He put up at our house with his nigger servant and didn't want to go about town much. I reckon I was pleased to have him pick me out, and so we soon fixed it up. Lordy, he only had to mention Joe Tinsley to me after we got married to make me do anything he wanted. To this day he throws him up to me, for Joe never did amount to anything. He tried to borrow money from your pa after you was born. The neighbors had to feed his children."

"But you loved father, didn't you?" Dolly breathed, in some relief over what she thought was coming.

"Well, I can't say I did," said Mrs. Barclay. "We had a terrible time getting used to one another's ways. You see, he'd waited a good while and was some older than I was. After awhile, though, we settled down and now I'm awful glad I let my father manage for me. You see, what your pa had and what my father settled on me made us comfortable, and if a couple is that it's a sight more than the poor ones are."

Dolly stood before her mother, close enough to touch her. Her face wore an indescribable expression of dissatisfaction with what she had heard.

"Mother, tell me one thing," she said. "Did you ever let either of those boys—the two that you didn't marry, I mean—kiss you?"

Mrs. Barclay stared up at her daughter for an instant, and then her face broke into a broad smile of genuine amusement. She lowered her head to her knee and laughed out.

"Dolly Barclay, you are such a fool!" she said, and then she laughed again almost immoderately, her face in her lap.

"I know what that means," said Dolly, in high disgust. "Mother, I don't think you can do me any good. You'd better go to bed."

Mrs. Barclay rose promptly.

"I think I'd better, too," she said. "It makes your pa awful mad for me to sit up this way. I don't want to hear him rail out like he always does when he catches me at it."

After her mother had gone Dolly sat down on her bed. "She never was in love," she told herself. "Never, never, never! And it's a pity. She never could have talked that way if she had really loved anybody as much as"— But Dolly did not finish what lay on her tongue. However, when she had drawn the covers up over her the cold tears rose in her eyes and rolled down on her pillow as she thought of Alan Bishop's brave and dignified suffering.

"Poor fellow," she said. "Poor, dear Alan!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Heroic Sacrifice.

Belle—Do you think Chapple loves me?

Grace—I know it. He told me today that he was going to shave off his mustache so that he could devote more thought to you.

Encouraging.

The Prospective Bride—I sometimes wish I had more experience in housekeeping and domestic life.

The Old Stager—But, my dear, if you had you would never get married.

MADNESS IN COLORS.

TINTS THAT WILL TURN THE BRAIN AND INVITE DEATH.

Purple Is the Most Lethal of All Hues, and Scarlet Is Nearly as Bad. Blue Will Stimulate the Brain, but It Will Wreck the Nerves.

If purple walls and red tinted windows surrounded you for a month, with no color but purple around you, by the end of that time you would be a madman. No matter how strong the brain might be, it would not stand the strain, and it is doubtful if you would ever recover your reason, for purple is the most dangerous color there is in its effects on the brain, which it reaches by way of the nerves of the eye.

A splash or two of any other color in the room would save your reason for some time longer, but dead purple would kill you eventually as surely as would foul air. Scarlet is as bad, but scarlet has a different effect. It produces what is called homicidal mania—a madness that drives its victim to kill his fellows, especially his nearest relatives. Even on animals scarlet has this effect. It will drive a bull or a tiger to charge a naked spear. But purple, on the contrary, brings on melancholy or suicidal mania.

Blue, as long as there is no trace of red in it, stimulates the brain and helps it, but its effect on your nerves, if you are saturated with it and cannot get away from it, is terrible. Scientists class blue as a kind of drug in its effects on the brain.

It excites the imagination and gives a craving for music and stagecraft, but it has a reaction that wrecks the nerves. If you doubt it stare hard for a few minutes at a large sheet of bright blue paper or cloth—not flowers, for there is a good deal of green in their blue—and you will find that it will make your eyes ache and give you a restless, uneasy feeling.

Green, on the other hand, is the king of colors, and no amount of it can do any harm. On the contrary, it soothes the whole system and preserves the eyesight. If you were shut up in an artificial green light for a month it would develop your eyesight immensely, but it would be fatal, because when you returned to the world you would be utterly unable to stand ordinary lights and colors and you would certainly contract ophthalmia, or possibly destroy the optic nerve altogether unless you were very mindful to take great care.

Most people imagine the sky in clear weather to be blue. It is really white tinged with green. It is only the distance and clearness which make it seem blue.

Green is so soothing that it makes a big difference in the length of an illness, helping the system to fight the disease, and nearly all hospital wards have every possible detail about them colored green. Sage green is the most soothing tint of all; metallic green, however, is by no means so good.

Solitary confinement in a yellow cell for six weeks will hopelessly weaken any system and produce chronic hysteria. A long course of it will produce foolish lunacy, and even on a guinea pig or a rabbit will drive the animal at last to bite and wound itself or reduce it to such a state of nervousness that it will die of sheer fright if suddenly startled.

On the other hand, if you are not smothered with it yellow is the healthiest, cheerliest color there is, and will make a dark room bright and habitable when even green would be cold and depressing. But to be well "soused" with yellow day and night, and to be unable to get away from it, would bring you to nervous madness within two months at the outside.

Sheer dead white, unbroken, will destroy your eyesight as surely as cataract would if you are exposed to it for a few days—a week at the latest. It kills the optic nerves, and the sight goes out like a candle, while the effect on the brain is so maddening that blindness is almost a relief.

This is why arctic explorers have to wear colored "goggles" of green tinted glass; otherwise "snow blindness," as it is called, and which is really "white blindness," is almost a certainty. Even in the polar regions, though, the white is not complete. The sky breaks it. If it did not no man could keep his eyesight there without glasses.—New York News.

Not Serious.

"How is your brother the poet?"

"He has just undergone an operation. You would hardly recognize him; he is so altered."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; he has had an epidermatoid growth removed from his head."

"Poor fellow! Was it anything very serious?"

"Not at all. He has only had his hair cut."

His Plunge.

Jasper—Gayboy seems to be prospering nowadays.

Jumpuppe—I don't see why you think so. His wife and family are not wearing any better clothes.

Jasper—Very true. But he is smoking better cigars.—Life.

CAUGHT IN A LOG JAM.

Thrilling Fishing Experience In Northern Michigan.

Upon one occasion in northern Michigan I was trout fishing in company with a veteran timber cruiser, a man who knew everything about the rough bush life, says a writer in World's Work. In time we reached a bend in the stream where a lot of small logs had jammed during the spring freshet. My comrade unconcernedly ventured upon the logs, and before I could follow by some mischance he stepped upon a loose one and instantly disappeared. Had I not been looking at him it is likely I should have imagined he had crossed and gone into the brush upon the farther side. One log of all the mass was rolling, and a hand showed at one side of it. To dart across and seize the hand occupied very few seconds, but to my horror I could not pull him up through the narrow space through which he had slipped. To set a foot upon the log either side the opening and shove with all strength was the only hope. For seconds I clung to the wrist and strained mightily. Slowly the logs separated and up he came till he was able to twist upon his stomach across a log. Half drowned as he was, he had not lost his nerve. "Do-don't let 'em squeeze back on me!" he gasped, and a moment later he was on his feet. Most men would have weakened then, but he was iron. He had swallowed a lot of water, had been check by jowl with an awful death, yet he had no idea of proving false. The logs were slowly slipping farther apart and I was standing like a certain large gentleman of Rhodes and unable to stand much more spreading or to spring to either side, while, of course, to slip into the water meant to enter the trap he had just escaped. In a few seconds he seized my hand and one quick haul carried me to firm footing. The logs at once closed like a gigantic trap. When we reached solid ground my comrade almost collapsed, and for half an hour he was a very sick man. Later he said: "I held my breath as long as I could, calculatin' you might try to get me, an', pardner, I'll never forget that little turn. I reckon I was in a mighty tight place."

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

Hope is the heroic form of despair.—"The School For Saints."

The most agonizing fear of a true lover is that his lady shall think him a weakling.—"On Satan's Mount."

Sentimental people are sure to live long and die fat. Feeling—that's the slayer.—"The Ordeal of Richard Feveral."

When prudence and reticence are off guard the man himself, past, present and future, comes into view.—"Kent Fort Manor."

You never could bet on that woman. If there was one or two things she'd be likely to do she wouldn't do either of them.—"Tioba."

Things always run in streaks—don't matter whether it's politics, love, farmin' or war. "They don't travel alone.—"Before the Dawn."

Sunum cuique—to the man belongeth courage in great things, but in affairs of small moment woman is pre-eminent.—"The Wheel of Love."

Success undoubtedly often covers mistakes, but human nature is on the whole generous, or at least good tempered.—"Retrospect and Prospect."

Lidderdale and Lanesboro are bright new towns on the Chicago Great Western Railway. For particulars write Edwin B. Magill, Mgr., Townsite Dep't., Fort Dodge, Iowa. 25w4

The new town of Ludderdale, Carroll County, on the Omaha extension of the Chicago Great Western Railway will be opened to the public by an auction sale of lots about the middle of July. For particulars address Edwin D. Magill, Mgr., Townsite Dep't., Fort Dodge, Ia. 25w4

Homeseekers Excursions.

One-way rate with two dollars additional, for round trip tickets on sale the first and third Tuesdays of every month, with limit for return 21 days from date of sale. See ticket agents of Minneapolis & St. Louis for information as to rates, etc, or address A. B. Cutts, G. P. & T. A. Minneapolis, Minn.

Farm For Sale.

A fine Stock and Dairy farm of 200 acres 5 miles south of Manchester, 1 mile from railroad station and creamery. Comfortable house, good horse and cow barn, hog house, corn cribs and other out buildings, a fine well of water with wind mill attached, 10 acres of splendid timber 3 miles east of farm will be sold with same if desired. For terms inquire of

ABNER DUNHAM OR O. A. DUNHAM, Manchester, Iowa.

36tf

A Thousand Dollars Worth of Good.

A. H. Thurnes, a well known coal operator of Buffalo, O., writes "I have been afflicted with kidney and bladder trouble for years, passing gravel or stone with excruciating pain. I got no relief from medicines until I began taking Foley's Kidney Cure, then the result was surprising. A few doses started the brick dust like fine stones and now I have no pain across my kidneys and I feel like a new man. It has done me a $1000 worth of good." Denton & Ward

When does a farmer double up a sheep without hurting it? When he folds it.

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. Denton & Ward.

When did Moses sleep with five in bed? When he slept with his forefathers.

The Foundation of Health.

Nourishment is the foundation of health—life—strength. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is the one great medicine that enables the stomach and digestive organs to digest, assimilate and transform all foods into the kind of blood that nourishes the nerves and feeds the tissues. Kodol lays the foundation for health. Nature does the rest. Indigestion, dyspepsia, and all disorders of the stomach and digestive organs are cured by the use of Kodol. Sold by Smith Bros.

Why is a newspaper like an army? Because it has leaders, columns and reviews.

A Surgical Operation

is always dangerous—do not submit to the surgeon's knife until you have tried DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It will cure when everything else fails—it has done this in thousands of cases. Here is one of them: I suffered from bleeding and protruding piles for twenty years. Was treated by different specialists and used many remedies, but obtained no relief until I used DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Two boxes of this salve cured me eighteen months ago and I have not a touch of the piles since—H. A. Tisdale, Summerton, S. C. For Blind, Bleeding Itching and Protruding Piles no remedy equals DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Sold by Smith Bros

Why are the pages of a book like the days of man? Because they are all numbered.

Just About Bedtime.

take little Early Riser—it will cure constipation, billiousness and liver troubles. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are different from other pills. They do not gripe and break down the mucous membranes of the stomach, liver and bowels, but cure by gentle arousing the secretions, and give strength to these organs. Sold by Smith Bros.

Catarrh of the Stomach.

When the stomach is overloaded; when food is taken into it that fails to digest, it decays and inflames the mucus membrane, exposing the nerves and causes the glands to secret mucin, instead of the natural juices of digestion This is called Catarrh of the Stomach. For years I suffered much with catarrh of the stomach, caused by indigestion. Doctors and medicines failed to benefit me until I used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure.—J. R. Rhea, Coppell, Tex. Sold by Smith Bros.

Why is an acquitted prisoner like a gun? Because he has been charged, taken up and then let off.

Notice to Patrons of the Manchester & Oneida Railway Company at North Manchester Ia.

I wish to call your attention to the fact that a great number of passengers are boarding our trains at that point without procuring tickets at our down town office, and thereby causing a great loss of revenue to our Railway.

This is to notify you that unless you procure your through tickets from this station, which may be done by calling here or telephoning us to send tickets with conductor for your destination, I will be obliged to discontinue that point as a stop for our trains to pick up passengers.

This I do not wish to do, but unless you co-operate with me in this matter it will be necessary to come to our station to board our train.

JNO. L. SULLIVAN, Gen. Mgr.

TIRRILL & PIERCE

are Loaning Money as cheap as any person or corporation.

A Burning Question

at present is that of

Coal

We have on hand a choice assortment of the most desirable grades of soft coal at the lowest prices consistent with the market. All coal promises to be scarce later in the season and prices will rule higher.

HOLLISTER LUMBER COMPANY.

M. F. LEROY Prest. H. A. GRANGER Cashier
E. C. HESNER, Asst. Cashier
A. H. BLAKE, 1st. V. Presiden
H. C. HAEBERLE, 2nd. V. President,

First National BANK, MANCHESTER, IOWA.

CAPITAL. - $50,000

General Banking Business Transacted.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT.

DIRECTORS.

R. R. Robinson, M. F. LeRoy, E. M. Carr, M. Boehler, H. A. Granger, A. H. Blake, H. A. von Oven, H. C. Haeberle L. L. Hoyt,

CORRESPONDENTS.

First National Bank, Dubuque, Iowa. Central National Bank New York City. Commercial National Bank, Chicago, Ills.

Compound Vapor and Shampoo Baths.

Baths

Vapor and Shampoo.

Most all diseases are caused by poisonous secretions, which clog the wheels of NATURE.

The name and the symptoms may be different but the cause of disease can usually be traced to the imperfect action of the millions of pores of the human body. A bath in accordance with scientific requirements is the best preventative and remedy known. The methods employed by me are the most scientific ever invented or discovered for dispelling disease. Results tell the story. Give me a trial. This is the Conant system of baths. A competent lady attendant in charge of the ladies department.

Office and bath rooms on Franklin street, opposite Globe Hotel.

6tf G. D. GATES.

W. N. BOYNTON,

HAS

Ladies and Gents Gold Watches in all sizes kinds and styles,

Ladies, Gents and Childrens Rings from DIAMONDS, OPALS, EMERALDS, PEARLS, ETC., down to PLAIN GOLD BANDS.

WEDDING RINGS.

SOLID STERLING SILVER FORKS, TABLE, DESERT and TEA SPOONS, NAPKIN RINGS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Also large line of Best Brands of—

SILVER PLATED SPOONS, FORKS, KNIVES, TEA SETS, WATER SETS CAKE BASKETS, BUTTER DISHES, ETC., ETC.

CARVING KNIVES and FORKS, LADIES GUARD CHAINS, GENTS VEST CHAINS, EMBLEM RINGS, CHARMS, LOCKETS, GOLD SPECTACLES, MANTEL CLOCKS, SILK UMBRELLAS, GOLD PENS.

Come and see the many things we have not space to list.

W. N. BOYNTON.

Delaware County STATE BANK

Manchester, Iowa.

Capital and Surplus $90,000.

OFFICERS

WM. C. CAWLEY, President.
B. W. TIRRILL, Vice President
CHAS. J. SEEDS, Cashier.
C. W. KEAGY, Ass't. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

WM. C. CAWLEY, B. W. TIRRILL, W. G. KENYON, H. F. ARNOLD, M. H. WILLISTON, GEO. W. DUNHAM, E. P. SEEDS, C. W. KEAGY, CHAS. J. SEEDS.

A general banking business transacted in all branches. Drafts sold, payable anywhere in the United States, England, Ireland and Europe.

Interest paid on Time Deposits at current rates, which can be made in any sum from one dollar up.

Deposit Boxes for rent, for the storage of valuable papers, etc., all guarded by time locks.

Steamship Tickets for sale to and from all parts of Europe.

Private personal checking accounts received from ladies.

The banking business of the public is respectfully solicited, and we assure all our customers every accommodation consistent with good business methods.

When you want

Fine Furniture

AT

Fair Prices

GO TO

Werkmeister's

AT

Earlville.

Undertaking Solicited

F. WERKMEISTER,

Earlville, Iowa