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 in all 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. VIII.—Miller gives Alan cynical advice on love. Dolly's mother talks to her of her own love experiences. Dolly unhappy. IX—Abner and Rev. Mr. Dole discuss religion. Pole Baker, the ex-moonshiner, whom Alan has reformed. X.—Abner goes to Barclay's, and Dolley talks to him of Alan. He tells Alan of his own sweetheart who died and he still loves her. Alan will hope and wait. XI and XII—Allen goes to Miller with a project for a railroad to the land. He redeem Pole Barker from the prison gong.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE mass meeting at Springtown was a most important event. It was held in the courthouse in the center of the few straggling houses which made up the hamlet. The entire Bishop family, including the servants, attended. Pole Baker brought his wife and all the children in a new spring wagon. Darley society was represented, as the Springtown Gazette afterward put it, by the fairest of the fair, Miss Dolly Barclay, accompanied by her mother and father.

The courthouse yard was alive with groups of men, eagerly talking over the situation. Every individual whose land was to be touched by the proposed road was on hand to protect his rights. Pole Baker was ubiquitous, trying to ascertain the drift of matters. He was, however, rather unsuccessful. He discovered that many of the groups ceased to talk when he entered them. "Some'n's up," he told Alan and Miller in the big, bare looking courtroom. "I don't know what it is, but I smell a rat, an' it ain't no little one nuther."

"Opposition," said Miller gloomily. "I saw that as soon as I came. If they really were in favor of the road, they'd be here talking it over with us."

"I'm afraid that's it," said Alan. "Joe Bartell is the most interested, and he seems to be a sort of ringleader. I don't like the way he looks. I saw him sneer at Wilson when he drove up just now. I wish Wilson hadn't put on so much style—kid gloves, plug hat and a negro driver."

"No, that won't go down with this crowd," agreed Miller. "It might in the slums of Boston, but not with these lords of the mountains. As for Bartell, I think I know what ails him. He's going to run for the legislature and thinks he can make votes by opposing us—convincing his constituency that we represent moneyed oppression. Well, he may down us, but it's tough on human progress."

At the hour appointed for the meeting to open a young man who held the office of bailiff in the county and seemed proud of his stentorian voice opened one of the windows and shouted:

"We'll take a vote on it an' let you know."

"Come in to court! Come in to court!" and the motley loiterers below began to clatter up the broad stairs and fall into the seats. Joe Bartell, a short, thickset man in the neighborhood of fifty, with a florid face and a shock of reddish hair, led about twenty men up the aisle to the jury benches at the right of the stand. They were the landowners whose consent to grant the right of way was asked. Stern opposition was clearly written on the leader's brow and more or less distinctly reflected on the varying faces of his followers.

"Ef we needed it, it ud be a different matter," Miller overheard him say in a sudden lull as the big room settled down into sudden quiet, "but we kin do without it. We've got along so fur an' we kin furder. All of us has got good teams."

Wilson in his crisp, brusque way made the opening speech. He and his capital were going to dispel darkness where it had reigned since the dawn of civilization. All that was needed, he finished, was the consent of the property owners appealed to, who, he felt confident, would not stand in their own light.

He had hardly taken his seat when Joe Bartell stood up. Alan and Miller exchanged ominous glances. They had at once recognized the inappropriateness of Wilson's speech and did not like the white, twitching sneer on Bartell's smooth shaven face. It was as if Bartell had been for a long time seeking just such an opportunity to make himself felt in the community, and there was no doubt that Wilson's almost dictatorial speech had made a fine opening for him.

"Fellow citizens an' ladies an' gentlemen," he began, "we are glad to welcome amongst us a sort of a second savior in our Sodom an' Gomorry of crackerdom. What the gentleman with the plug hat an' spike toe shoes ain't a-goin' to do fer us the Lord couldn't. He looks nice an' talks nice, an', to use his words, I don't believe he deceives appearances. I'll bet one thing, an' that is 'at he won't deceive us. Accordin' to him we need 'im every hour, as the Sunday school song puts it. Yes, he's a-goin' to he'p us powerful an' right off. An', fellow citizens, I'm heer to propose a vote o' thanks. He's from away up in Boston, whar, they tell me, a nigger sets an' eats at the same table with the whites. When his sort come this away durin' the war, with all the'r up to date impliments of slaughter, they laid waste to ever'thing they struck, shot us like rabbits in holes an' then went back an' said they'd had a good hunt. But they've been livin' high up thar sence the war, an' the'r timber is a-playin' out, an' they want some more now, an' they want it bad. So they send the'r representatives out to find it an' lay hold of it. How does he happen to come heer? As well as I kin make out, old Alf Bishop, a good man an' a southern soldier—a man that I hain't got nothin' agin, except maybe he holds his head too high—made up his mind awhile back that lumber would be in demand some day, an' he set to work buyin' all the timber land he could lay his hands on. Then, when he had more'n he could tote an' was about to go under, he give this gentleman a' option on it. Well, so fur so good; but, gentlemen, what have we got to do with this trade? Nothin' as I kin see. But we are expected to yell an' holler an' deed 'em a free right of way through our property so they kin ship the timber straight through to the north an' turn it into cold Yankee coin. We don't count in this shuffle, gentlemen. We git our pay fer our land in bein' glad an' heerin' car bells an' steam whistles in the middle o' the night when we want to sleep. The engynes will kill our hogs, cattle an' hosses an' now an' then break the neck o' some chap that wasn't hit in the war, but we mustn't forget to be glad an' bend the knee o' gratitude. Of course we all know the law kin compel us to give the right of way, but it provides fer just and sufficient payment fer the property used; an', gentlemen, I'm agin donations. I'm agin 'em tooth an' toe nail."

There was thunderous and ominous applause when Bartell sat down. Wilson sat flushed and embarrassed, twirling his gloves in his hands. He had expected anything but this personal fusillade. He stared at Miller in surprise over that gentleman's easy, half amused smile as he stood up.

"Gentlemen," he began, "and ladies," he added, with a bow to the right and left. "As many of you know, I pretend to practice law a little, and I want to say now that I'm glad Mr. Bartell ain't in the profession. A lawyer with his keen wit and eloquence could convict an innocent mother before a jury of her own children. [Laughter.] And that's the point, gentlemen. We are innocent of the charges against us. I am speaking now of my clients, the Bishops. They are deeply interested in the development of this section. The elder Bishop does hold his head high, and in this case he has held it high enough to smell coming prosperity in the air. He believed it would come, and that is why he bought timber lands extensively. As for the accused gentleman from the Hub of the universe, I must say that I have known him for several years and have never heard a word against his character. He is not a farmer, but a business man, and it would be unfair to judge him by any other standard. He is not only a business man, but a big one. He handles big things. This railroad is going to be a big thing for you and your children. Yes, Wilson is all right. He didn't fight in the late unpleasantness. He tells the women he was too young. Wilson is here to build a railroad for your good and prosperity, and he can't build one where there is nothing to haul out. If he buys up timber for his company, it is the only way to get them to back him in the enterprise. Now, gentlemen of the opposition, if there are any here today, don't let the thought of Wilson's possible profit rob you of this golden opportunity. I live at Darley, but, as many of you know, this is my father's native county, and I want to see it bloom in progress and blossom like the rose of prosperity. I want to see the vast mineral wealth buried in these mountains dug out for the benefit of mankind wherever God's sunlight falls."

Miller sat down amid much applause, a faint part of which came even from the ranks of Bartell's faction. After this a pause ensued in which no one seemed willing to speak. Colonel Barclay rose and came to Miller.

"That was a good talk," he whispered. "You understand how to touch 'em up. You set them to laughing; that's the thing. I wonder if it would do any good for me to try my hand."

"Do they know you have any timber land over here?" asked Miller.

"Oh, yes; I guess they do," replied the colonel.

"Then I don't believe I'd chip in," advised Miller. "Bartell would throw it up to you."

"I reckon you are right," said Barclay, "but for the Lord's sake do something. It never will do to let this thing fall through."

"I've done all I can," said Miller dejectedly. "Bartell's got the whole gang hoodooed, the blasted blockhead! Wouldn't he make a fine representative in the legislature?"

The colonel went back to his seat, and Wilson came to Miller just as Alan approached.

"It's going to fall flatter than a pancake," said Wilson. "My company simply cannot afford to buy the right of way. Can't you choke that illiterate fellow over there or—or buy him off?"

"He ain't that sort," said Miller disconsolately.

Alan glanced at his father and mother. On their wrinkled faces lay ample evidences of dejection. The old man seemed scarcely to breathe. Up to Bartell's speech he had seemed buoyantly hopeful, but his horizon had changed. He looked as if he were wondering why he had treated himself to such a bright view of a thing which had no foundation at all.

At this juncture Abner Daniel rose from his seat near the stove and slowly walked forward till he stood facing the audience. Immediately quiet reigned, for he was a man who was invariably listened to.

"Gentlemen an' ladies," he began, clearing his throat and wiping his mouth with his long hand. "This ain't no put in o' mine, gracious knows. I hain't got nothin', an' I don't expect to lose or gain by what is done in this matter, but I want to do what I kin fer what I think is right an' proper. Fer my part, I don't think we kin do without a railroad much longer. Folks is a-pokin' fun at us, I tell you. It's God's truth. T'other day I was over at Darley a-walkin' along the railroad nigh the turnin' table, whar they flirt engynes round like children on a flyin' jinny, when all at once a big strappin' feller with a red flag in his hand run up an' knocked me off'n the track kerwhallop in a ditch. It was just in time to keep me from bein' run over by a switch engyne. He was as mad as Tucker. 'Looky' heer,' ses he, 'did you think that thing was playin' tag with you an' ud tap you on the shoulder an' run an' hide behind a tree? Say, ain't you from Short Pine destrict, this side o' the mountains?' I told 'im he'd guessed right, an' he said, 'I 'lowed so, fer thar ain't no other spot on the whirlin' globe that produces folks as green as gourds.' Well, gentlemen, that floored me. It was bad enough to be jerked about like a rag doll, but it was tough to heer my section jeered at. 'What makes you say that?' I axed 'im as I stood thar tryin' to git a passle o' wet glass out o' my hip pocket without cuttin' my fingers. [Laughter, led by Pole Baker, who sensed the meaning of the reference.] 'Beca'se,' ses he, 'you mossbacks over thar don't know the war's over. A nigger from over thar come in town t'other day an' heerd fer the fust time that he was free. Two men over thar swapped wives without knowin' thar was a law agin it. Half o' you uns never laid eyes on a railroad an' wouldn't have one as a free gift.' I turned off an' left 'im an' went up on the main street. Up thar a barber ketched me by the arm an' said, ses he: 'Come in an' lo' me cut that hair. You are from Short Pine, ain't you?' I axed him why he thought so, an' he said, ses he, 'Beca'se you got a Short Pine hair cut.' 'What's that?' ses I. An' he laughed at a feller cocked up in a cheer an' said: 'It's a cut that is made by the women out yore way. They jest turn a saucer upside down on the men's heads an' trim around the edges. I could tell one a mile. They make a man look like a bobtailed mule.' [Laughter, loud and prolonged.]

"Yes, as I said, they are a-pokin' all manner o' fun at us, an' it's chiefly beca'se we hain't got no railroad. The maddest I ever got on this line was down at Filmore's store one day. A little, slick chap come along sellin' maps of the United States of America. They was purty things on black sticks, an' I wanted one fer the wall o' my room. I was about to buy one, but I thought I'd fust make shore that our county was on it, so I axed the peddler to p'int it out to me. Well, after some s'arch he put his knife blade on what he called this county, but, lo and behold, it was mighty nigh kivered with round dots about the size of flyspecks. 'What's the matter with it?' I axed 'im. 'Oh, you mean them dots,' ses he, an' he turned to a lot of reference words in the corner of the map. 'Them,' ses he, 'them's put thar to indicate the amount o' ignorance in a locality. You'll find 'em in all places away from the railroads. A body kin say what they please agin railroads, but they fetch schools an' books an' enlightenment. You've got a good many specks,' ses he, kinder comfortin' like, 'but some o' these days a railroad will shoot out this away, an' them brainy men amongst you will git the chance God intends to give 'em.' Gentlemen, I didn't buy no map. I wouldn't 'a' had the thing on my wall with the specks a-starin' me in the face. It wouldn't 'a' done any good to scrape 'em off, fer the'r traces would 'a' been left. No, friends, citizens an' wellwishers, thar ain't but one scraper that will ever rake our specks off, an' that's the cowcatcher of a steam engyne. I say let 'er come. Some objection has been raised on the score o' killin' cattle. That reminds me of a story they tell on old Burt Preston, who has a farm on the main line beyant Darley. He was always a-gittin' his stock killed so fast an' a-puttin' in heavy claims fer damages, until folks begun to say he made his livin' by buyin' scrub cattle an' sellin' mashed beef to the corporation. One day the road sent out a detective to watch 'im, an' he seed Burt drive a spindlin' yeerlin' out o' the thicket on the track jest in time to get it knocked off by a through freight. The detective went back an' reported, an' they waited to see what Preston ud do. By the next mail they got a claim in which Preston said the yeerlin' weighed 800 pound an' was a fine four gallon milk cow. They threatened to jail 'im, an' Preston agreed to withdraw his claim. But he got downhearted an' traded his place fer a farm on t'other railroad, an' the last I heerd o' him he was at his old trade ag'in. I reckon that's about the way we'll be damaged by gettin' our stock killed. That's all I got to say, gentlemen. Let's git this road an' scrape our flyspecks off."

The house shook with the applause that greeted this speech. Even the opposition seemed to be wavering. Only Bartell kept a rigid countenance. He rose and in a low voice invited his group to repair with him to one of the jury rooms. They got up and followed him out. As he was about to close the door after them he nodded to Miller. "We'll take a vote on it an' let you know," he said coldly.

"He's going to talk to them," said Miller aloud to Wilson. "Mr. Daniel's speech almost shook them out of their boots, and he saw he was losing ground. It looks squally."

"You are right," said Wilson gloomily. "Our chances are very slim."

Miller caught Adele's eye and went to her.

"I'm bound to say the outlook is not so favorable," he said. "If we could have put it to a vote just after your uncle spoke, we would have clinched them, but Bartell thinks his election depends on beating us today, and, being the chief landowner, he has influence."

"It will break my heart," said the girl tremulously. "Poor father and mother! They look as if they were on trial for their lives. Oh, I had so much hope as we drove over here this morning, but now"—

"I can't bear to see you take it that way," said Miller tenderly. "I did not intend to speak to you so soon about another matter, but I can't put it off. You have become very, very dear to me, little girl. In fact, I never dreamed there was such a thing as genuine, unselfish love till I knew you. It seems to me that you were actually created for me. I want you to be my wife. Somehow I feel that you care for me at least a little, and I believe when you realize how much I love you and how devoted I shall be you will love me as I do you."

To his surprise she averted her face and said nothing, though he remarked that she had paled a little and compressed her lips. He waited a moment, then said anxiously:

"Haven't you something to say, Adele? Perhaps I have misread you all along and really have no right to hope. Oh, that would be hard to bear!"

"It is not that," she said, her breast heaving suddenly. "It is not that."

"Not that?" he repeated, his wondering eyes fixed on hers.

Then she turned to him.

"Alan has told me of some of your talks to him about love, and"—

"Oh, he has!" Miller laughed out uneasily. "But surely you wouldn't hold anything against me that I said before I met you in Atlanta and fell heels over head in love with you. Besides, I was simply stretching my imagination to save him from making a serious mistake. But I know what it is to care for a girl now, and I have wanted to tell him so, but simply could not face him with my confession—when—when his own sister was in question."

"I have tried to believe," Adele hesitated, "that you had changed in your ideas of love since—since we learned to know each other, and I confess I succeeded to some extent, but there was one thing that simply sticks and refuses to be eradicated. It sticks more right now than ever. I mean this morning, since"—

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Too Many Revolutions.

The New York Outlook tells an amusing story illustrative of the vigilance of the Turkish censorship. There is a strict supervision over telegrams. A German engineer in the Lebanon placed an order with a Paris firm for some sort of a stationary engine, to be shipped to him as soon as possible. The firm telegraphed to inquire how many revolutions a minute he wanted. He answered, "Five hundred revolutions a minute." The next day he was arrested. Brought into court, the judge asked him if he lived in the Lebanon. He replied that he did. "Do you correspond with such and such a firm in Paris?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" cried the judge. "I know you. You are the man who telegraphed to Paris that there are 500 revolutions a minute in the Lebanon!"

The Quaker's Retort.

In the early days of the White House, when Dolly Madison was its presiding genius, the conversation was lively, and the bonmot, the repartee and even the retort gave zest to the talk. On one occasion a Quaker from Philadelphia who was dining with the president paid back the raillery of the gay hostess in her own coin. As Mrs. Madison, looking very handsome in an evening gown that displayed her plump shoulders to great advantage, took her seat at the table, she raised her wine glass to her lips and, bowing to her guests, said gayly, "Here's to thy absent broad brim, Friend Hallowell," to which the Quaker, nothing daunted, said, returning the bow to his hostess, "And here's to thy absent kerchief, Friend Dorothy."

What She Should Do.

Bertie had been forbidden under severe penalties to play in the rain barrel, but the other day, sad to relate, his mamma and grandmother found him splashing in it in high glee.

His mamma's face hardened, but the grandmother's kind heart led her to make a plea for the offender.

Bertie heard the plea, and when his mamma asked him sternly what she should do to a little boy who did not mind what was told him he answered promptly:

"I fink you had better mind your mamma."

A Widespread Vanity.

In these days there seem to be as many writers as there are readers. The spread of authorship and its egregious pride is hit off in this dialogue from the Fliegende Blatter:

A guest at a hotel table reading the bill of fare says, "Your bill of fare is great!"

"I am glad to hear it," replies the head waiter. "I am its author."

Some Hope.

Whiting—Since my son has been at college the things he has learned are perfectly marvelous.

Biting—I've no doubt of it, but I wouldn't worry. He'll forget them all after a few years.

Subject For Soft Words.

A newspaper epigrammatist says, "Every wife is the architect of her own husband." Then she shouldn't be too severe on the edifice when she botches the job.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Life's Little Duties.

It may be doubted if it is within the power of any one man, however great and powerful and gifted, to change the current of the world's affairs, but there is scarcely any one who will contend that civilization would not advance, the world become better and life for all grow more beautiful if each citizen would perform the simple and apparent duty which he can easily do.

There is one sure way of reforming the world, and that is for each person to contribute his mite.—Kansas City World.

The Phrenologist and the Grocer.

Phrenologist—Here is a man out of his proper sphere. His head betokens high intellectual and spiritual qualities, yet he is spending his time behind a grocer's counter. Sir (to the grocer), I wish to ask you a question. Have you any aspirations—

Grocer (calling to clerk)—John, have we any aspirations?

Clerk—All out, sir; have some in the last of the week.—Kansas City Journal.

Conclusive.

Briggs—It's too bad about Winkle and the girl he is engaged to. Neither of them is good enough for the other.

Griggs—What makes you think that?

"Well, I've been talking the matter over with both families."—Life.

Getting Rid of the Proofs.

"Mrs. Flutterby doesn't show her age, does she?"

"Well, no, not so much as she did before she sent those grown up children of hers abroad."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Financed.

"He says that he has paid every cent he owed."

"Where did he get the money?"

"Borrowed it."—Brooklyn Life.

Of Two Evils.

He—You're getting your hat ruined.

She—Well, it's an old hat, and I do hate to wet my new umbrella.—Detroit Free Press.

Origin of the Turban.

The origin of the turban must be looked for not, as commonly believed, among Moslems, but as a sign of authority and honor dating back to the earliest periods of Jewish history. The term used in the Hebrew Bible for putting on the bonnet of the high priest is from a root meaning "to bind round." The words miter, hood, diadem, as used in the Old Testament, are only variations of the word turban.

Jerome tells us that the turban has a place in the most ancient records of history. The variations as adopted by Mohammedans are many. Their own authorities hint at a thousand methods of arranging the turban, which shows not only the tribe and religious distinction, but even the personal peculiarities of the wearer.

An old legend traces the turban to an act of desperate courage recorded of the ancient Levantines. A brave band of warriors are said to have wrapped their winding sheets round their heads as they devoted themselves to certain death to save their comrades on the battlefield.

The Gopher Snake.

It has long been a question in our minds as to how the gopher snake caught the gophers on which he lives, but H. C. Heitzer tells how it was done, having witnessed a catch. Mr. Snake coiled his tail over the gopher hole, setting a snare for him. When the gopher had crawled out of the hole sufficiently to permit the snake's tail to be drawn about the body of the gopher the coil was fastened about Mr. Gopher as quick as a flash.

It was gradually drawn tighter and tighter until the gopher fell over dead, the life having been completely squeezed out of him. After the gopher is dead the snake swallows him whole, and it is not an unusual thing to find one of these snakes with a number of gophers in him. The gopher is a great fighter, and if he was not caught in a snare as the one mentioned he would doubtless make a hard fight for life even with a snake.—Tulare Advance.

The Lowest Form of Bird.

There is a peculiar bird commonly known as the "kiwi," its scientific name being Apteryx mantelli. It is the lowest form of bird which exists, but is so scarce that scientists are happy to get a specimen in any condition. It is absolutely without wings or tail. Its legs are short, stubby, but very strong, and are used by this bird for digging. The body covering is a cross between hair and feathers, a material which is very coarse. They can develop great speed and make a desperate fight when attacked. Breeding them in captivity has utterly failed, and only a few museums can boast of a specimen. They are now very rarely found in the forests and swamps in the north of New Zealand.

Boiling Down a Speech.

An old newspaper man in Washington tells this story of Mr. Blaine:

"My first experience with Mr. Blaine was when as correspondent for a western paper I endeavored to get him to withdraw from the official reporters of the house a speech which he had made in order that I might make an abstract of it.

"'How much of this do you want to use? Mr. Blaine asked.

"I replied that I thought I would send about half of it.

"'Then I will make an abstract myself,' said he, 'reducing it one-half. I do not doubt your skill, but I want this speech boiled down by its friends.'"

Sound Without Air.

Sound can be obtained without air if some elastic medium be interposed between the ear and the body that emits the sound, but sound cannot be transmitted through a perfect vacuum. Hawksby proved that if the space between the sounding body and the ear be exhausted of air no sound will be audible.

Any medium, however—gaseous, liquid or solid—will if elastic transmit sound waves. Franklin, for instance, having plunged his head under water, caused two stones to be struck together beneath the surface and at a distance of half a mile heard the blows distinctly. Colladon, another investigator, heard the sound of a bell struck under water in the lake of Geneva at a distance of nine miles.

It is well known that wood transmits sound in a remarkable manner. A person at one end of a wooden beam will hear a pin scratch made at the other end, though the person making it may hear no sound at all. This fact is sometimes employed as a test of the soundness of the beam, for the experiment will fail if the intervening wood be rotten.

A Book He Didn't Have.

At the very beginning of his editorial career a friend visited Henry Labouchere and, seeing a quantity of books around which had been sent in for review, offered to bet the editor of London Truth that there was one book he had not got in the office. Labouchere inquired the name of the book, and his friend promptly answered, "A Bible." With a laugh Labouchere offered to bet £10 that he had even that book. Turning the conversation in another direction, he furtively sent a note out into the clerk's office telling the boy to go downstairs and ask the booksellers underneath for the loan of a Bible. Presently he returned to the subject of the bet and, calling his assistant in, asked him whether he had a Bible in the office. The clerk produced the book, which Labouchere handed over to his friend, giving himself away, however, as he did so by saying sotto voce to the clerk, "I hope to goodness you didn't forget to cut the leaves!"

A Polite Denial.

Everybody knows the man who is careful never to say "No" abruptly in answer to a question. "No" is a hard word, but one may sometimes be made ridiculous by a reluctance to utter it, says an exchange.

A certain man who had this habit was once met by two ladies who had been discussing the peculiarity, and one of them said that she was positive she could make him say "Oh, no!" flatly. So she addressed him thus:

"Let me see, Mr. Smith; you are a widower, are you not?"

"As much a widower, madam," he answered, with a polite inclination of his head, "as it is possible for a man to be who has never married."

The lady had to own herself beaten.—Mobile Register.

Sex Characteristics.

Have you ever noticed in a fashionable crowd how much like men the women are and how much like women the men? It is not that the men are really effeminate or the women really masculine, as a keen observer once put it, but there is, nevertheless, a curious approximation in type. It may be to some extent a matter of dress. Women affect the mannish in their costume, men in summer seek more color. But it is not dress alone. The woman's face seems stronger and the man's less sensual than it would have been even a century ago. The figure, too, has changed. The man is less gross, the woman more athletic, and both are taller.—London Tatler.

Lion Cubs as Pets.

The most attractive household pets in the entire animal kingdom are said to be very young lion cubs. They are docile, affectionate and quick to learn tricks, it is said, besides being very decorative, considered merely as an article of furniture. Persons who have adopted young lions as pets and enjoyed their society for any length of time are ever after intolerant of any animal so tame and uninteresting as a dog or a cat.

A Quaint Sort of Wedding.

When a marriage takes place among the Negritos, a people of the Philippine Islands, the whole tribe assembles, and the affianced pair climb two trees growing close together. Then the elders bend the branches that the young folks are on till their heads meet. When the heads have thus touched each other the marriage is legally accomplished, and there are great rejoicings. A fantastic dance completes the ceremony.

The Handy Boy.

"Willie, you may finish this piece of pie if you want it," said mother. "It isn't enough to save."

"Mother," said Willie when he had finished it, "a boy in the family comes in very handy when there is a little bit of pie left over, doesn't he?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Enough to Kill.

Doctor—I see what the matter is. It's dyspepsia. All you have to do is to laugh heartily before and after each meal.

Mrs. Binks—Impossible. I get them myself and wash the dishes.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once entered the private office of Mr. James T. Fields, the publisher, on an errand. He had a book done up in paper under his arm. As he was going out he suddenly turned and said:

"I have here a most wonderful book. It is worth in money value any other book in Boston. In fact, it is worth a whole library. If it could be properly edited and illustrated, as I would do it, it would be worth the whole public library put together."

Nodding authoritatively, he shut the door, leaving those in the office looking at one another, too bewildered for conjecture. Presently the door opened again quietly, and Dr. Holmes put in his head, his face bubbling over with amusement, and said:

"Oh, I forgot to tell you what book this is. It is Nat Thayer's checkbook."

Then he shut the door. Mr. Thayer was understood at that time to be the richest man in Boston.

Are You Left Eyed or Right Eyed?

There are but few ambidexters either in the matter of hands, feet or eyes. It may sound rather queer, but it is a fact nevertheless, that ninety-five out of every hundred human beings are right handed, left legged and left eyed.

Felix Hement remarked that it is an established fact that we all use one eye more than we do the other, which establishes as clear a case of "left and right eyedness" as though the same terms were used to denote a preference in the use of hands and feet.

If you want to decide as to whether your friends or relatives are right or left eyed give them a small telescope or spyglass to look through or have them take aim with a gun. We all take great interest in ascertaining the color, size, shape and visual powers of our children's eyes, but how many of us stop to consider whether they are right or left eyed?

How Naval Officers Are Betrayed.

"You see that man pacing up and down while he waits for the car?" said the nautical looking man to a group of bystanders. "Well, I'll bet anything he's a naval officer."

"How do you know?" asked one of his audience.

"By his well kept hands I know he's not a merchant seaman. They work too hard. But, just the same, he's a seafaring man. Whenever you see a man pacing like that make up your mind he has paced the poop or quarter deck on many a night watch.

"I've paced a watch of four hours in a space that allowed only three steps and a shove each way. You have to do it to keep awake. I can tell that quarter deck pace in others because I've got it myself."

Fresh Air and Sound Health.

There are many persons who seem afraid of the fresh air. A little rain, a little wind, a little fog, a little chill in the air will keep them within doors. Going out, they bundle up in clothes so thickly that one would think they were tender shrubs transplanted from some more genial clime. The healthy people, however, are not the health cranks, not the people who run to the doctor every time they feel an ache. They are the people who walk a great deal in the fresh air, who live in the open as much as they can and who take a vacation in the country every year.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Ralph Connor

Author of our next serial story

The Sky Pilot

The new Canadian writer, Ralph Connor, whose books, "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot," have placed him in the very front rank of Canadian idyllists, is the Rev. Charles W. Gordon, pastor of the young and growing church of St. Stephens, in Winnipeg.—The Critic.

"The Sky Pilot," the most famous of the distinguished author's stories, will be

Our Next Serial

"Watch The Kidneys"

"When they are affected, life is in danger," says Dr. Abernethy, the great English physician, Foley's Kidney Cure makes sound kidneys.—Denton & Ward

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

Bronchitis For Twenty Years.

Mrs. Minerva Smith, of Danville, Ill., writes: "I had bronchitis for twenty years and never got relief until I used Foley's Honey and Tar which is a sure cure."—Denton & Ward.

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

No danger of consumption if you use Foley's Honey and Tar to cure that stubborn cough.—Denton & Ward.

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

Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs and cold and prevents pneumonia. Take no substitutes.—Denton & Ward.

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

A Dozen Times A Night

Mr. Owen Dunn, of Benton Ferry, W. Va., writes; "I have had kidney and bladder trouble for years, and it became so bad that I was obliged to get up at least a dozen times a night. I never received any permanent benefit from any medicine until I tried Foley's Kidney Cure. After using two bottles, I am cured."—Denton & Ward.

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

Spent More Than $1000.

W. W. Baker of Plainview, Neb., writes: "My wife suffered from lung trouble for fifteen years. She tried a number of doctors and spent over $1000 without relief. She became very low and lost all hope. A friend recommended Foley's Honey and Tar and thanks to this great remedy it saved her life. She enjoys better health than she has known in ten years." Refuse substitutes.—Denton & Ward.

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.

A Cure For Dyspepsia.

I had Dyspepsia in its worse form and felt miserable most all the time. Did not enjoy eating until after I used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure which has completely cured me.—Mrs. W. W. Saylor, Hilliard, Fla. No appetite, loss of strength nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, sour risings, indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles are quickly cured by the use of Kodol. kodohl represents the natural juices of digestion combined with the greatest known tonic and reconstructive properties. It cleanses purifies and sweetens the stomach.—Smith Bros.

CHEAP—Residence Property in this city Enquire of Bronson & Carr.

For your liver and stomach ills,
Take Bescom's Picnic Pills,
They will surely do you good
They will stimulate your blood,
And make you feel as happy as a clam.
Try them. 25 cts. All druggists. 50tf

TIRRILL & PIERCE

are Loaning Money as cheap as any person or corporation.

The Salve That Heals

without leaving a scar is DeWitt's The name Witch Hazel is applied to many salves but DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the only Witch Hazel Salve made that contains the pure unadulterated witch hazel. If any other Witch Hazel Salve is offered you it is a counterfeit. E. C. DeWitt invented Witch Hazel Salve and DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the best salve in the world for cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, or blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles. Sold by Smith Bros.

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.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL

New Connection and Sleeping Car Service to the South-east.

The Illinois Central Railroad is now operating a through Pullman Standard Sleeping Car between Chicago and Nashville, leaving Chicago daily at 2:50 a. m. and running via Martin, Tenn. and the N. C. & St. L. Ry., arriving at Nashville at 8:35 p. m. the same day. The car returning leaves Nashville at 7:25 p. m. daily and arrives at Chicago at 11:05 the next morning.

The sleeper will be open for occupancy in the Chicago station after 9:30 p. m. every evening, and Iowa patrons going to Nashville, Chattanooga Atlanta, Jacksonville and other southeastern points can make good connection with this through sleeper by taking Illinois Central train No 4, which leaves Omaha daily at 7:35 a. m. and makes stops at principal Iowa points, arriving at Chicago at 9:30 p. m.

J. F. MERRY.
Asst, Gen. Pass. Agent.
Dubuque, Iowa.
38-3w

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.
R. 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