The SKY PILOT

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"The Man From Glengarry"
"Glengarry School Days" and "Black Rock"

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Synopsis.

CHAPTERS I and II—Ralph Connor is invited by his friend, Jack Dale, to visit his ranch at Swan Creek, in the foothills of the Rockies. He makes the acquaintance of a band of ranchers and cowboys known as the Noble Seven. In the band are the Hon. Fred Ashley, an Englishman; two of Ashley's cowboys, Bronco Bill and Hi Kendal; another Englishman called the Duke; Bruce, an Edinburgh university man, and "Hump" and Bertie Hill. The country is prohibition, but the ranchers evade the law by bringing in liquor under a permit for sickness. III and IV—Rev. Arthur Wellington Moore sends a notice to Swan Creek that he will open meetings in the schoolhouse, where Connor is the teacher. Rancher Meredith, known as the Old Timer, objects to this sign of progress. He lives with his daughter Gwen the life of a recluse and calls the preacher a Sky Pilot. Robert Muir a pious Scotchman, takes a different view. The Pilot arrives and captivates Latour, keeper of the Stopping Place, with stories. He is young, delicate and given to sentiment. V—The Home Nine and the World Nine play base ball on Sunday for the "pain killer," as liquor is called. While the men are gathered, drinking up the prize, the Pilot hands out hymn books. He and Mrs. Muir lead the singing. Bronco Bill argues the gospel story of the loaves and fishes. The meeting a failure. Bruce and the Duke gamble. Bruce goes home alone, profaning and unsteady; the missionary down cast, but determined. VI—The Pilot pitches in a game and prove the best player in Swan Creek. Bronco Bill and Hi Kendal are won to him. His second sermon angers Bruce, who again goes home profaning. VII—Permit Sunday at Hill's ranch ends in a revel. Bruce shoots himself in the arm while delirious, and the Duke takes him home to his neglected shack. Next day the Duke calls in Connor, and the Pilot goes along. Bruce found delirious, singing psalms, cursing and shooting at imaginary demons. VIII—Death of Bruce. The Duke declares that permit Sundays must end. These arouses of the Noble Seven abandoned. IX—Connor teaching the Old Timer's daughter Gwen at the ranch. Gwen is as wild as a cowboy at times, carries a revolver and swings the lariat. The Duke is her friend and calls her Princess. X—The Pilot at the Old Timer's ranch. He plays the organ and sings the favorite songs of Gwen's dead mother. The old rancher is won and asks for prayers. Gwen captivated by the story of the gospels. XI—Gwen and the Pilot have words about self control. She declares "I'll do as I like." Her bronco jumps a bank, falling upon and nearly killing her. XII and XIII—Gwen crippled for life. Her spirit rebels. The Duke calls in the Pilot to comfort the hapless girl. She is charmed with his eloquent descriptions of her favorite canyon. She questions God's justice in letting her fall. The Pilot says it is because God loves her. XIV—The Pilot wants $1,200 to build a church. Robert Muir says the community is too poor. Bronco Bill agrees to raise $500 if the faithful will raise $200. XV—Gwen in conclusion with Bronco Bill. She offers her pony to be sold for the benefit of the fund. XVI and XVII—Bill tells the story of his offer at a round up on Ashley's ranch. The cowboys give $350. With the aid of Hi Kendal and a confederate he tricks Ashley into paying $100 for Gwen's Pony. Bill adds $50, and Gwen sends the whole amount for the church. XVIII and XIX—Lady Charlotte Ashley hears the story of Gwen and the Pilot's influence with the wild girl. The Pilot breaking down in health. XX and XXII—Bronco Bill takes command of the work of building the church. Lady Ashley's house the rallying place for the cowboy workers.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW THE SWAN CREEK CHURCH WAS OPENED.

WHEN, near the end of the year, the Pilot fell sick Bill nursed him like a mother and sent him off for a rest and change to Gwen, forbidding him to return till the church was finished, and visiting him twice a week. The love between the two was most beautiful, and when I find my heart grow hard and unbelieving in men and things I let my mind wander back to a scene that I came upon in front of Gwen's house. These two were standing alone in the clear moonlight, Bill with his hand upon the Pilot's shoulder and the Pilot with his arm around Bill's neck.

"Dear old Bill," the Pilot was saying, "dear old Bill," and the voice was breaking into a sob. And Bill, standing stiff and straight, looked up at the stars, coughed and swallowed hard for some moments, and said in a queer, croaky voice:

"Shouldn't wonder if a chinook would blow up."

"Chinook?" laughed the Pilot, with a catch in his voice. "You dear old humbug." And he stood watching till the lank form swayed down into the canyon.

The day of the church opening came, as all days, however long waited for, will come, a bright, beautiful Christmas day. The air was still and full of frosty light, as if arrested by a voice of command, waiting the word to move. The hills lay under their dazzling coverlets asleep. Back of all the great peaks lifted their majestic heads out of the dark forests and gazed with calm, steadfast faces upon the white, sunlit world. Today, as the light filled

"This here church is open. Excuse me."

up the cracks that wrinkled their hard faces, they seemed to smile, as if the Christmas joy had somehow moved something in their old, stony hearts.

The people were all there—farmers, ranchers, cowboys, wives and children—all happy, all proud of their new church, and now all expectant, waiting for the Pilot and the Old Timer, who were to drive down if the Pilot was fit and were to bring Gwen if the day was fine. As the time passed on Bill, as master of ceremonies, began to grow uneasy. Then Indian Joe appeared and handed a note to Bill. He read it, grew gray in the face and passed it to me. Looking, I saw in poor, wavering lines the words:

Dear Bill—Go on with the opening. Sing the psalm—you know the one—and say a prayer, and, oh, come to me quick, Bill.
YOUR PILOT.

Bill gradually pulled himself together, announced in a strange voice, "The Pilot can't come," handed me the psalm and said:

"Make them sing."

It was that grand psalm for all hill peoples, "I to the hills will lift mine eyes," and with wondering faces they sang the strong, steadying words. After the psalm was over the people sat and waited. Bill looked at the Hon. Fred Ashley, then at Robbie Muir, then said to me in a low voice:

"Kin you make a prayer?"

I shook my head, ashamed, as I did so, of my cowardice.

Again Bill paused, then said:

"The Pilot says there's got to be a prayer. Kin any one make one?"

Again dead, solemn silence.

Then Hi, who was near the back, said, coming to his partner's help:

"What's the matter with you trying, yourself, Bill?"

The red began to come up in Bill's white face.

"'Tain't in my line, but the Pilot says there's got to be a prayer, and I'm going to stay with the game." Then, leaning on the pulpit, he said:

"Let's pray," and began:

"God Almighty, I ain't no good at this, and perhaps you'll understand if I don't put things right." Then a pause followed, during which I heard some of the women beginning to sob.

"What I want to say," Bill went on, "is we're mighty glad about this church, which we know it's you and the Pilot that's worked it. And we're all glad to chip in."

Then again he paused, and, looking up, I saw his hard, gray face working and two tears stealing down his cheeks. Then he started again:

"But about the Pilot—I don't want to persoom—but if you don't mind we'd like to have him stay. In fact, don't see how we kin do without him. Look at all the boys here. He's just getting his work in and is bringing 'em right along, and, God Almighty, if you take him away it might be a good thing for himself, but for us—O God." The voice quivered and was silent. "Amen!"

Then some one, I think it must have been the Lady Charlotte, began "Our Father," and all joined that could join to the end. For a few moments Bill stood up, looking at them silently. Then, as if remembering his duty, he said:

"This here church is open. Excuse me."

He stood at the door, gave a word of direction to Hi, who had followed him out, and leaping on his bronco shook him out into a hard gallop.

The Swan Creek church was opened. The form of service may not have been correct, but if great love counts for anything, and appealing faith, then all that was necessary was done.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PILOT'S LAST PORT.

IN the old times a funeral was regarded in the Swan Creek country as a kind of solemn festivity. In those days, for the most part, men died in their boots and were planted with much honor and loyal libation. There was often neither shroud nor coffin, and in the far west many a poor fellow lies as he fell, wrapped in his own or his comrade's blanket.

It was the manager of the X L company's ranch that introduced crape. The occasion was the funeral of one of the ranch cowboys, killed by his bronco, but when the pallbearers and mourners appeared with bands and streamers of crape this was voted by the majority as "too gay." That circumstance alone was sufficient to render that funeral famous, but it was remembered, too, as having shocked the proprieties in another and more serious manner. No one would be so narrow minded as to object to the custom of the return procession falling into a series of horse races of the wildest description and ending up at Latour's in a general riot. But to race with the corpse was considered bad form. The "corpse driver," as he was called, could hardly be blamed on this occasion. His acknowledged place was at the head of the procession, and it was a point of honor that that place should be retained. The fault lay clearly with the driver of the X L ranch sleigh, containing the mourners (an innovation, by the way), who felt aggrieved that Hi Kendal, driving the Ashley team with the pallbearers (another innovation), should be given the place of honor next the corpse.

The X L driver wanted to know what, in the name of all that was black and blue, the Ashley ranch had to do with the funeral? Whose was that corpse, anyway? Didn't it belong to the X L ranch? Hi, on the other hand, contended that the corpse was in charge of the pallbearers. It was their duty to see it right to the grave, and if they were not on hand how was it goin' to get there? They didn't expect that it would git up and get there by itself, did they? Hi didn't want no blanked mourners foolin' round that corp till it was properly planted; after that they might git in their work.

But the X L driver could not accept this view, and at the first opportunity slipped past Hi and his pallbearers and took the place next the sleigh that carried the coffin. It is possible that Hi might have borne with this affront and loss of position with even mind, but the jeering remarks of the mourners as they slid past triumphantly could not be endured, and the next moment the three teams were abreast in a race as for dear life. The corpse driver, having the advantage of the beaten track, soon left the other two behind running neck and neck for second place, which was captured finally by Hi and maintained to the grave side in spite of many attempts on the part of the X L's. The whole proceeding, however, was considered quite improper, and at Latour's that night, after full and bibulous discussion, it was agreed that the corpse driver fairly distributed the blame. For his part, he said, he knew he hadn't ought to make no corp git any such move on, but he wasn't goin' to see that there corp take second place at his own funeral. Not if he could help it. And as for the others, he thought that the pallbearers had a blanked sight more to do with the plantin' than them giddy mourners.

But when they gathered at the Meredith ranch to carry out the Pilot to his grave it was felt that the foothill country was called to a new experience. They were all there—the men from the Porcupine and from beyond the Fort, the police with the inspector in command, all the farmers for twenty miles around, and of course all the ranchers and cowboys of the Swan Creek country. There was no effort at repression. There was no need, for in the cowboys for the first time in their experience there was no heart for fun. And as they rode up and hitched their horses to the fence or drove their sleighs into the yard and took off the bells there was no loud voiced salutation, no guying nor chaffing, but with silent nod they took their places in the crowd about the door or passed into the kitchen.

The men from the Porcupine could not quite understand the gloomy silence. It was something unprecedented in a country where men laughed all care to scorn and saluted death with a nod. But they were quick to read signs, and, with characteristic courtesy, they fell in with the mood they could not understand. There is no man living so quick to feel your mood and so ready to adapt himself to it as is the true westerner.

This was the day of the cowboys' grief. To the rest of the community the Pilot was preacher; to them he was comrade and friend. They had been slow to admit him to their confidence, but steadily he had won his place with them till within the last few months they had come to count him as of themselves. He had ridden the range with them, he had slept in their shacks and cooked his meals on their tin stoves, and, besides, he was Bill's chum. That alone was enough to give him a right to all they owned. He was theirs, and they were only beginning to take full pride in him when he passed out from them, leaving an emptiness in their life new and unexplained.

No man in that country had ever shown concern for them, nor had it occurred to them that any man could till the Pilot came. It took them long to believe that the interest he showed in them was genuine and not simply professional. Then, too, from a preacher they had expected chiefly pity, warning, rebuke. The Pilot astonished them by giving them respect, admiration and open hearted affection. It was months before they could get over their suspicion that he was humbugging them. When once they did they gave him back without knowing it all the trust and love of their big, generous hearts. He had made this world new to some of them, and to all had given glimpses of the next. It was no wonder that they stood in dumb groups about the house where the man who had done all this for them and had been all this to them lay dead.

Society Life.

"Society life," says Mrs. Jessie Brown Pounds of Ohio, "is the modern babble of Babel. Modern life is getting to be more and more a vulgar display. Expenses are so rapidly exceeding incomes that there is no longer any home life. All the adults of families are forced to go out and work to meet the heavy expenses that modern conditions impose. We would do much better to keep our daughters at home and let them make a home than to send them out to work in order to increase the family income. Let us lead simpler lives and develop more homemakers. The women of the middle classes in this country are dying at present from too much housekeeping, and the women of the upper classes are dying, too, but from a different cause. Too many courses at dinners and too much bric-a-brac to worry over are killing them. American parents are proud if their daughters marry a European nobleman, but heartbroken if ...marries a missionary."

Almonds and Peanuts.

Nuts which are "one celled fruits" are not only useful as foods, but are of importance medicinally. For example, there is no better brain and nerve food than walnuts and blanched almonds. They are also useful as muscle makers. Almonds give no heat or waste. Walnuts give heat. Peanuts are a nerve food. As a panacea for insomnia they deserve an honored place among the nuts. They are rich in albumen, of which they contain 50 per cent, with 20 per cent of fat and nitrogenous matters. Doctors recommend them as valuable in the form of soups and purees. In the tropical countries the fresh seeds of the peanut, which taste something like almonds, are eaten. When roasted they are used as a substitute for chocolate.

The Story of a Vision.

A Scottish newspaper prints the following "remarkable and dreadful experience," which a correspondent says he heard from the lips of a fellow passenger, a member of parliament. This man had left home early in the morning, traveled about a hundred miles by rail and put up at a village hotel. Feeling fatigued, he retired to his bedroom at an early hour. He was in the act of undressing when there appeared to him what was evidently the ghost of his four-year-old son arrayed in the vestments of the tomb. A conviction that his son, whom he had left in the morning in perfect health, was dead urged him to drive to the nearest station in time to catch a train that passed at midnight. On reaching home early next morning he found that his boy had died about the time the vision had appeared to him.

Our First Railway.

The first American railway—not built for steam cars, however—was made to haul Quincy granite for the Bunker Hill monument. That was in 1826. It was three miles long. The first railway built for steam cars was the Charleston and New Hamburg line, in South Carolina. This was for some time the longest line in the world, 137 miles.

The first locomotives weighed three to five tons. An imported English locomotive weighing ten tons was too heavy. Twenty-five engines of that day would make one of today. Fifty years ago a train load of 200 tons was heavy. Now loads of 2,000 to 2,500 tons are handled.

What He Spoke About.

Dean Hole in impressing clergymen with the necessity of making themselves understood by their congregations often cited as a horrible example a famous classical scholar who thus addressed a handful of farm laborers in a country mission room: "In this beautiful country, my brethren, you have the apotheosis of nature and an apodeikneusis of theropratic omnipotence." The dean was not surprised when he asked one of the flock what it was about to be answered, "It was about an hour and a half."

A Bumptious Doctor.

An amusing instance of bumptiousness and affectation of superior knowledge on the part of a medical man receiving a wholesome check at the hands of a juryman is recorded in Lord Cockburn's "Circuit Journeys." A woman was being tried for the murder of her child, and it appeared from the evidence that the child's throat was crammed full of bits of coal and that there were marks of a thumb and two fingers on the outside of the neck.

These practical tests, however, had little effect upon medical opinion. Whenever any of the murderous appearances, such as the finger marks on the neck, were put to one of the doctors called for the defense the scientific gentleman, to show his experience, stated that however much these things might startle the ignorant they were of no consequence to a person of large practice and that he himself had seen hundreds of children born with identical marks. "Aye, but doctor," said one of the jurymen of a practical turn of mind, "did ye ever see ony o' them born wi' coals i' their mouths?"

The Heart.

The human heart is practically a force pump about six inches in length and four inches in diameter. It beats 70 times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 times per day and 36,792,000 times per year and 2,575,440,000 times in seventy years, which is "man's appointed threescore years and ten." At each of these beats it forces 2½ ounces of blood through the system, 175 ounces per minute, 656¼ pounds per hour or 703 tons per day. All the blood in the body, which is about thirty pounds, passes through the heart every three minutes. This little organ pumps every day what is equal to lifting 122 tons one foot high or one ton 122 feet high—that is, one ton to the top of a forty yard mill chimney or sixteen persons seven score each to the same height. During the seventy years of a man's life this marvelous little pump, without a single moment's rest, night or day, discharges the enormous quantity of 178,850 tons of blood.

Lost Pins.

What becomes of pins?

It would really seem reflecting upon the daily disappearance of pins that the earth would be covered with them and that the annual fall if measured would amount to several inches. Women who start out with pins playing a useful part in the details of a gown will tell you that they never can find a pin; that they are always buying pins; that they are eternally loaning them. In the dressmaker's rooms the expenditure for pins is no small item. The average dressmaker uses and loses twelve papers of pins a month. Yet the floors of her rooms are not matted with them, and frequently her wail goes up, "What has become of all the pins?" Where indeed do they go? Is there a crust of pins subtly forming under the everyday sweep that will puzzle explorers in some far age to come?—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Flight of Time.

One day "Uncle Chet" Thomas drove out to South Topeka to sell a man a horse. The man was no judge of horseflesh and knew it. So after looking the animal over he told "Uncle Chet" to come out again in about ten days. "A friend of mine who knows a horse when he sees it will be here then," he said, "and I'll see what he thinks. And, by the way," he added, "how old did you say the horse was?" "Seven years old comin' February," said "Uncle Chet" as he gathered up the reins and drove away. "Uncle Chet" drove out to South Topeka again. The prospective purchaser was there, and after looking the horse in the mouth asked his age. "Twelve years old this spring," replied "Uncle Chet," smiling blandly. "But," broke in the man who wanted to buy the horse, "you told me not ten days ago that he was only seven." "So I did," squeaked "Uncle Chet"—"so I did. My, how time does fly!"—Topeka Capital.

Kipling Wanted His Breakfast.

Rudyard Kipling once visited Cecil Rhodes at Lekkerwijn, one of his fruit farms at Paarl, South Africa. One morning Rhodes went round his farm before breakfast, leaving his guest, who was not so energetic, behind. Time went on, and Rhodes did not appear. Hunger soon roused Kipling to action, and in a short while he was very busy on his own account. As Rhodes returned he found his trees bearing a new kind of fruit in the shape of placards inscribed in huge black letters with "Famine!" "We are starving!" "Feed us!" etc. On reaching the front door he was confronted with the following, in still larger type: "For the human race—Breakfast tones the mind, invigorates the body. It has sustained thousands; it will sustain you. See that you get it." Then in the house, on every available wall, he came across other mysterious placards, in more and more pathetic appeal, "Why die when a little breakfast prolongs life?" Larger and larger grew the type, "It is late; it is still later," leading at last into the little breakfast room, where he found Kipling reading his paper in peaceful innocence, but very hungry. It did not need much ingenuity to guess the author of these broadsides.

A Heroic Physician.

A deadly plague was raging in the city of Marseilles. The doctors could do nothing, for very little was known of the disease, owing to the danger surrounding any inquiry into it. In a council among themselves they came to the conclusion that the corpse of a victim must be dissected, but it would be death to the operator. Upon this being decided a celebrated physician, one of their number, arose and declared that for the safety of his country he would give himself up to the task. He then immediately left the room, made his will and arranged his affairs. At daybreak on the following morning he entered the house where a man had just died of the plague. Here he made a complete examination of the body, performed the necessary operations and wrote down all he observed. When this was completed he left the house, threw the notes he had made into vinegar that they might not carry infection and retired to a lonely spot. There he died within twelve hours.

The Sham Sailor.

It happened at the Mansion House police court. A man who claimed to be a sailor and who said that he had been badly injured through an accident at sea was charged with begging in the city. The chief magistrate caught sight of a bluejacket in court and, addressing him, said, "You might please ask this man some questions to find out if he is a sailor or whether he is an impostor." The naval man stood up, and, looking at the prisoner, asked, "Can you tell me how many yards of canvas there are on the mainsheet?" After some consideration the sham nautical man replied, "I think about sixty yards." It only remained for the real tar to explain to the magistrate that the mainsheet was a rope and not a sail for the beggar to be convicted.—Golden Penny.

When a Peanut Sprouts.

"Few persons are perhaps aware that a thing of beauty is a common peanut plant growing singly in a six or eight inch pot and grown indoors during the colder weather," said a florist.

"Kept in a warm room or by the kitchen stove, a peanut kernel planted in a pot of loose, mellow loam and only moderately moistened will soon germinate and grow up into a beautiful plant, extending its branches over the pot.

"The leaves close together like the leaves of a book on the approach of night or when a shower begins to fall upon them. The plant bears tiny yellow flowers. There is nothing else just like it."

Too Much For Him.

Voltaire could not speak much English. The reason why he refused to study the language is this: It was drilled into him that "plague" was pronounced "plaig," which he thought very pretty and acceptable. But right on top of it he was introduced to "ague," which his teacher said must be called "a-gue." Finding it impossible to reconcile the difference, he went off into a philosophical tantrum and dropped the study.

The Real Effort.

"It is very hard," said the girl with the new suit, "for a girl not to appear to be trying to attract attention."

"It is a great deal harder," asserts the girl with the red trimmed hat, "for her to attract attention and give the appearance of not trying to make an effort to have it appear that she is not trying to attract attention."—Judge.

Cute Boy.

Widow Eames—How would my little Johnny like a new papa?

Johnny (aged five)—Oh, you needn't shove the 'sponsibility on me, ma. It isn't a new papa for me, but a new husband for yourself, that you are thinking about.

No Annoyance.

The wife of a well known landlord in Ireland once received a letter from a disaffected tenant warning her that her husband would certainly be shot, but that "nothing would be done to injure or annoy her."

A Feat.

Bixter—You have heard of a man biting off his nose to spite his face?

Yarley—Yes, but I never have seen it done. I have known a man to kick one of his hands out of doors, however.—Boston Transcript.

Borrow trouble if you will, but don't pay it back.—Schoolmaster.

To Clean Black Silk.

Clean black silk by sponging it well on the right side with hot coffee which must have been strained through muslin to free it from grounds. The coffee removes grease and restores the brilliancy of the silk without making it stiff and shiny. Press with a warm iron on the wrong side while still damp.

How Oysters Grow.

A man who has devoted much time to the study of the oyster says that this bivalve is born with his shell on and that he grows only in the summer time. The beard of an oyster is not only his breathing organ—that is, his lungs—but it also serves to convey food to his mouth. When the warm, calm days of June come the oyster opens his shell and by means of his beard begins building an additional story to his house. This he does by depositing very, very fine particles of carbonate of lime till at last they form a substance as thin as silver paper and exceedingly fragile. Then he adds more and more till at last the new shell is as hard as the old shell.

Early Combines and Corners.

"Engrossing" was an offense punishable in England by fine and imprisonment, and the laws against it struck at those—called "engrossers"—who planned to gain control over necessities, such as grain or food stuffs in considerable quantities, either by purchase or otherwise, with the intention of raising prices.

The statute book holds quite a series of enactments designed to prevent anything in the nature of what we know as a "corner" or "combine." "Regrating" was a criminal offense, and so was "forestalling." The former consisted of buying and selling the same day in the same market or near it, and the latter implied the purchase of merchandise on the way to market or before the hour at which the market commenced, with the intention of selling at a profit, while it was also "forestalling" to circulate rumors calculated to raise the prices of commodities.

Though these laws have fallen into desuetude, they were in force in our grandfathers' time. At Preston, for instance, there were prosecutions almost up to the accession of Queen Victoria.

Poisonous Baby Snakes.

The young of the poisonous species of serpents, deserted from the very first by the parent snakes, are as dangerous as if full grown from the moment they enter the world. The proprietor of a Philadelphia museum learned this to his cost. In a big glass case partitioned through the middle by a wire screen there lived side by side an eleven foot anaconda (of the constrictor family) and a colony of cotton mouth moccasins. It was impossible for the moccasins to glide through the narrow meshes of the screen or even to venture an occasional "strike" at their large and peaceful neighbor. But during the night a brood of young cotton mouths unexpectedly appeared—babies, not five inches long. They squirmed through the meshes of the partition and before they had been two hours in this world were gliding joyfully over the lifeless body of the huge constrictor, which lay poisoned by the youngsters' fangs.

Wesley on Wedlock.

In an interesting little tract on "Marriage" by John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, all the duties of a wife are summed up in two rules—namely, that she must recognize herself as the inferior of her husband and that she must behave as such. These were John Wesley's theories, and that his practice may have been somewhat similar is shown by the following sentence from a letter to his wife: "Be content to be a private, insignificant person, known and loved by God and me." John Wesley's opinions on this subject were perhaps the fruit of his experience, but it is also possible that they were a cause rather than an effect, and that the thorniness of his marital relations may have been in a measure traceable thereto.

A Sarcastic Retort.

Some curious anecdotes are related of Hermann Zumpe, the Wagnerian conductor at Munich. He was well known to be a spiritualist and believed that the ghosts of dead composers inspired his conducting of their works. One day Zumpe told another conductor of note how Beethoven's spirit was present during the performance of one of the symphonies, and so pleased was the ghost that after the end of the first movement he exclaimed, "At last!"

"Ah, my dear fellow," exclaimed the other conductor, "surely Beethoven made a mistake. He thought it was the end of the last movement."

Queer Uses of English.

No man living perhaps can pronounce the English language aright at all times and in all places, for correctness depends largely on time and place, and sometimes to be right you must be wrong. As soon as you step on shipboard and sail, the horizon, being clear and definite, sheds the need for a long "i," and at sea it rhymes with "orizon." In the army a route is always called a "rowte." Moreover, the cavalry, by long standing tradition, calls a horse an "orse," and the order is "stand to 'orses."—London Globe.

Chattel Mortgages.

A man who gives a chattel mortgage should always examine it carefully to make sure it is not "on demand." Sharp money lenders who loan funds on chattel mortgages often try to have this clause inserted, and when it is the borrower may expect to part with his chattels at almost any moment. It is a trick by which advantage is often taken of the unwary.

A Life Saver.

"You seem to have a great liking for large words."

"Well, sur," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "I once knowed a man whose life were saved by a big word. He once told me dat I prevaricated. an' by de time I foun' out what dat word meant it were too late foh me to hit him."—New Yorker.

Just One Trip.

"What? Going out again tonight?" began Mrs. Nagg.

"Oh, no; just this once," replied her husband, with aggravating cheerfulness. "It will be too late when I get back to go out again."—Philadelphia Ledger.

When Other Eyes Meet Mine.

"Love is blind," he complained.

"That ought not to worry you," she said encouragingly, "because we have eyes only for each other."—Milwaukee Journal.

The man who is always talking about how much work he does should remember that some people work so hard that they don't have time to tell about it.—Atchison Globe.

The Fool's Way.

The Barber—The fools are not all dead yet.

The Broker—No, but there are a lot who dye every day, aren't there?—Yonkers Statesman.

Quite a Difference.

"What is the difference between a gown and a creation?"

"I can't give you the exact figures, but it's a small fortune."—Chicago Post.

A Titled Kleptomaniac.

A titled kleptomaniac of three quarters of a century ago was the Countess of Cork. She had a reputation for stealing anything she could lay her hands on, whether it was useful or valuable or not. Once, when leaving a country house where she had been staying, she saw and quietly picked up a hedgehog that was crossing a hall, a pet of the porter's, and took it away in her carriage. Finding it an uncomfortable foot warmer she decided to dispose of it at the first town where she changed horses and then offered it to a confectioner in return for a sponge cake.

Nothing is now more universally accepted than the fact that the peach is an improved variety of the almond. The almond has a thin shell around the stone, which splits open and shows the stone when mature. This outer skin has simply become fleshy in the peach, so that it is all that gives it its specific character. It seems now clear from investigation in the history of ancient Babylon that in their gardens, nearly 4,000 years ago, the peach was cultivated then as it is now.

It must have been many years before this that the peach was improved from the almond, and this fact goes to show the great antiquity of the fruit. Possibly gardening in some respects, at least so far as it relates to many of our cultivated fruits, was as far advanced 6,000 or 8,000 or perhaps 10,000 years back as it is today.

Phœnicians, many thousands of years ago, as is proved by the records, had in their gardens almonds, apricots, bananas, citrons, figs, grapes, olives, peaches, pomegranates, and even sugar cane was in extensive cultivation. Certainly this shows how far advanced these nations were in garden culture many years ago.

Speeches of Men.

You may search through the annals of all time, and the speeches of men will tell the passions of the periods during which they flourished. The speeches of the ancients that have been preserved through the ages present to us our strongest and most important history of the past. They constitute the living sentiment of the literature of fame. In all the mighty tumults of war, the tranquil periods of peace and the convulsive shocks of revolution the orator stands in clear relief as impressive and enduring as the soldier. The great speeches of the great men of antiquity are in the mouth of the schoolboy. He cannot know Greece without Demosthenes. He cannot know Rome without Cicero. Still the stenographers of those centuries were unlike the stenographers of this, and so it will always remain a lasting regret that many of the most brilliant utterances of ancient oratory and wit have never been recorded.—Schoolmaster.

A Cat and a Mouse.

Many, says a contributor, are distressed by the way in which a cat "plays" with a mouse before killing it. That the mouse does not suffer so much as might be expected is proved by certain facts told me by a friend a short time ago. Her cat after catching a mouse and "playing" with it for some time left it to go and eat some meat in a plate on the floor. To my friend's surprise, the mouse followed in spite of a broken leg and fed for awhile out of the same dish, the cat occasionally pushing the mouse aside when it came too close. When both had finished, the cat ate up his companion, who evidently feared death as little as the condemned murderers who, we are often told, "ate a hearty breakfast on the morning of their execution."

Mastication.

The primary object of mastication is to break up the food so as to facilitate the swallowing of it and, still more important, to insure its intimate admixture with the digestive juices, not only within the mouth, but throughout the entire digestive tract. Mastication has, however, other important and far reaching effects. Thus it promotes the flow of saliva and, when properly performed, secures a due insalivation of the food; it increases the quantity of alkaline saliva passing into the stomach; it stimulates the heart and circulation, and it finally influences the nutriti[illegible] the jaws and their append[illegible]lating the local blood and ly[illegible]

Report from the Reform School.
J. G. Gluck, Superintendent, Pruntytown, Va., writes: "After trying all other advertised cough medicines we have decided to use Foley's Honey and Tar exclusively in the West Virginia Reform School. I find it the most effective and absolute harmless." Sold by Denton & Ward.

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

Don't be imposed upon by taking substitutes offered for Foley's Honey and Tar. Sold by Denton & Ward.

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

Low Excursion Rates to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, Via. the M. & O.

Jan. 5 & 19, 1903,	March 1 & 15, 1904,
Feb. 2 & 16, 1904,	April 5 & 19, 1904,

The Manchester & Oneida, Railway will sell one way tickets, to Denver, Colorado Springs, and Pueblo, Colorado at $17.50.
For further information call on, or write,
J. L. KELSEY,
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Illinois Central EXCURSION RATES.
Excursion tickets will be sold by the Illinois Central, to the points, and at rates, as follows:
TOURIST RATES
Tickets on sale every day during the winter, limited to June 1, 1904; for return; to Hammond La., New Orleans, La., Havana, Cuba, and many other Tourist points in Porto Rico. Cuba, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Mexico, Arizona and California.
Write for rates and free copies of New Orleans pamphlet, Hammmond folder, Cuban folder, California folder, Cuban folder, California or Florida folder.
Fare and one-third on Certificate Plan.
Des Moines, Iowa,—Annual Convention Iowa State Teachers' Association, Dec. 28-31
New Orleans, La,—Annual Meeting American Historical Society and American Economical Society. Dec. 28 to Jan 1.
OPEN RATE OF ONE FARE PLUS $2.00 Home seekers' Excursions, West, South, South-east and south-west, Dec 1 and 15, Jan. 5 and 19, Feb. 2 and 16, March 1 and 15, April 5 and 19,
LESS THAN ONE FARE.
One Way, Second-class. Colonists' tickets to points in the South and South west on the same dates as Home seeker's Excursion tickets.
For particulars as to dates of sale, rates, etc., apply to any Illinois Central ticket agent, or address the undersigned.
J. F. MERRY Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, Dubuque, Iowa.

Half Fare Excursion Rates via the M. & O.

Jan. 5 & 19, 1904,	March 1 & 15, 1904,
Feb. 2 & 16, 1904,	April 5 & 19, 1904,

The Manchester & Oneida Railway will sell one way Colonists tickets at one half the one way rate, plus $2.00 to points in Arkansas, Colorado, east of and including Rocky Ford, Ordway and Calahan, Indian Territory, Kansas, to points 100 miles and over west of the Missouri River, Louisiana, Missouri, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Texas.
For further information call on, or write.
49-5m J. L. KELSEY, Traffic Manager.

If you want to have a picnic,
Take Beacom's Picnic Pills
They will regulate your liver
And drive away your ills.
Try them. 25 cents. All druggists. 50tf

Homeseeker's Excursions Via. the M. & O.

Jan. 5 & 19, 1904.	March 1 & 15, 1904,
Feb. 2 & 16, 1904,	April 5 & 19, 1904,

The Manchester & Oneida Railway will sell round trip Homeseeker's Tickets at one fare plus $2.00 for the round trip except rates to Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo and Trinidad, Col., and Cheyenne, Wyo., will be made one fare plus $5.50 for the round trip. No ticket to be sold for less than $9.00.
For children of five and under twelve years of age, tickets will be sold at half of the gross rate.
Tickets will be sold to points in Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Indian Territory, Western Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska, 100 miles west of the Missouri River, Louisiana, except New Orleans and Hammond, Minnesota, Missouri, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Salt Lake City, and Ogden only, Wisconsin and Northern Michigan and Wyoming.
For further particulars enquire of, or address, the undersigned at Manchester Iowa.
J. L. KELSEY, Traffic Manager.

For your liver and stomach ills,
Take Beacom's Picnic Pills,
They will surely do you good
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And make you feel as happy as a clam.
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Every Day in the Year the M. & O.
Are selling round trip tickets,-good for 30 days-to Chicago and Great Western stations, inside of 166 miles at 10% discount. 49tf

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at present is that of
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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.

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Fare and One-third on Certificate Plan.
Ann Arbor, Mich.—Modern Language Assn., Dec. 28-30.
Des Moines, Ia.—Nov. 27-28, Dec. 7-10, 28-31.
Kansas City, Mo. Jan. 19-21
Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 23-25., Annual Convention National Educational Assn.—Department of Superintendence.
Zion City, Ill., Dec. 31 and Jan. 1st. Meeting Christian Catholic Church in Zion.
Columbus, Ohio, January 19-22 Annual Meeting, Custom Cutters Association of America,
47-w6

FARM LANDS!
If you are looking for a home or an investment, do not forget that the best farm lands in the Northwest are along the line of The Minneapolis & St. Louis R. R where crop failures are unknown. Good soil, good climate, good people there Farm values are rising rapidly and the time to buy is NOW.
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A. B. CUTTS,
G. P. A., Ia. Cent, and M.& St. L. R. R.
20tf Minneapolis Minn,

SUCCESS IN THE SOUTH
For Northern Farmers.
Circular No 11 issued by the Passenger Department of the Illinois Central consists of twenty letters written by Northern farmers from nine different Northern states, who are now located at points on the lines of the Illinois Central and Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroads in Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. These letters tell of their success in farming under new conditions and in a new climate; how they like the country and the people; and give just such information as is desired by anyone who is thinking of making a change in location. For a free copy of Circular No. 11, Nos. 11, and a complete set set of Southern Circulars Nos. 1 to 11 inclusive, address the undersigned.
J. F. MERRY,
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