The Wings of the Morning

By LOUIS TRACY

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHPTERR.

CHAP. I—The Sirdar, having among her passengers Iris Deane, daughter of the owner of the ship, and Robert Jenks, who is working as a waiter. Is wrecked. II—All are lost save Miss Deane and Jenks, who are cast ashore on an islet in the Pacific. III—Jenks recovers stores and weapons from the wrecked vessel. He finds the skeleton of a European on the island. IV—A cave on the island is fitted up as a habitation. A chart of the island, mysteriously marked, is found on the skeleton. V—Jenks finds a hollow filled with human skeletons, the remains of a mining party. He is rescued from an octopus by Iris while recovering rifles from the wreck of the Sirdar. VI.—Jenks tells Iris that his real name is Anstruther and that, through the machinations of Lord Ventnor, he has been unjustly dismissed from the English army. Lord Ventnor has been mentioned on the Sirdar as affianced to Iris. VII—Iris is attacked by a party of fierce Dyacks (Polynesian natives). They are beaten off by Jenks, three, however, escaping in their boat. The castaways dread their return. VIII—Anstruther prepares to defend Iris and himself, fortifying a ledge of the rock above their cave.

CHAPTER IX.

THE sailor went after those monkeys in a mood of relentless severity. Thus far the regular denizens of Rainbow island had dwelt together in peace and mutual good will, but each diminutive wou-wou must be taught not to pull any strings he found tied promiscuously to trees or stakes. As a preliminary essay Jenks resolved to try force combined with artifice. Failing complete success, he would endeavor to kill every monkey in the place, though he had in full measure the inherent dislike of Anglo-India to the slaying of the tree people.

This, then, is what he did: After filling a biscuit tin with good sized pebbles he donned a Dyak hat, blouse and belt, rubbed earth over his face and hands and proceeded to pelt the wou-wous mercilessly. For more than an hour he made their lives miserable until at the mere sight of him they fled, shrieking and gurgling like a thousand water bottles. Finally he constructed several Dyak scarecrows and erected one to guard each of his alarm guns. The device was thoroughly effective. Thenceforth, when some adventurous monkey, swinging with hands or tail among the treetops in the morning search for appetizing nut or luscious plantain, saw one of those fearsome bogies, he raised such a hubbub that all his companions scampered hastily from the confines of the wood to the inner fastnesses.

During each of the two daily examinations of the horizon, which he never omitted, Jenks minutely scrutinized the sea between Rainbow island and the distant mainland. It was perhaps a needless precaution. The Dyaks would come at night. With a favorable wind they need not set sail until dusk, and their fleet sampans would easily cover the intervening forty miles in five hours.

He could not be positive that they were actual inhabitants of the islands to the south. The China sea swarms with wandering pirates, and the tribe whose animosity he had earned might be equally noxious to some peaceable fishing community on the coast. Again and again he debated the advisability of constructing a seaworthy raft and endeavoring to make the passage. But this would be risking all on a frightful uncertainty, and the accidental discovery of the eagle's nest had given him new hope. Here he could make a determined and prolonged stand, and in the end help must come. So he dismissed the navigation project and devoted himself wholly to the perfecting of the natural fortress in the rock.

That night they finished the rope ladder. Indeed Jenks was determined not to retire to rest until it was placed. He did not care to try a second time to carry Iris to that elevated perch.

One of the first things he contemplated was the destruction if possible of the point on the opposite cliff which commanded the ledge. This, however, was utterly impracticable with the appliances at his command. The top of the rock sloped slightly toward the west, and nothing short of dynamite or regular quarrying operations would render it untenable by hostile marksmen.

During the day his rifles at ninety yards' range might be trusted to keep the place clear of intruders. But at night—that was the difficulty. He partially solved it by fixing two rests on the ledge to support a rifle in exact line with the center of the enemy's supposed position, and as a variant on the outer rest he marked lines which corresponded with other sections of the entire front available to the foe.

Even then he was not satisfied. When time permitted, he made many experiments with ropes reeved through the pulley and attached to a rifle action. He might have succeeded in his main object had not his thoughts taken a new line. His aim was to achieve some method of opening and closing the breech block by means of two ropes. The difficulty was to secure the preliminary and final lateral movement of the lever bolt, but it suddenly occurred to him that if he could manage to convey the impression that Iris and he had left the island the Dyaks would go away after a fruitless search. The existence of ropes along the face of the rock—an essential to his mechanical scheme—would betray their whereabouts or at any rate excite dangerous curiosity. So he reluctantly abandoned his original design, though not wholly, as will be seen in due course.

In pursuance of his latest idea he sedulously removed from the foot of the cliff all traces of the clearance effected on the ledge, and, although he provided supports for the tarpaulin covering, he did not adjust it. Iris and he might lie perdu there for days without their retreat being found out. This development suggested the necessity of hiding their surplus stores and ammunition, and what spot could be more suitable than the cave?

So Jenks began to dig once more in the interior, laboring manfully with pick and shovel in the locality of the fault with its vein of antimony.

Rainbow island had given him the one thing a man prizes above all else—a pure yet passionate love for a woman beautiful alike in body and mind. And now it was to endow him with riches that might stir the pulse of even a South African magnate, for the sailor, unmindful of purpose other than providing the requisite cache, shoveling and delving with the energy peculiar to all his actions, suddenly struck a deep vein of almost virgin gold.

To facilitate the disposal at a distance of the disturbed debris he threw each shovelful on to a canvas sheet, which he subsequently dragged among the trees in order to dislodge its contents. After doing this four times he noticed certain metallic specks in the fifth load which recalled the presence of the antimony. But the appearance of the sixth cargo was so remarkable when brought out into the sunlight that it invited closer inspection. Though his knowledge of geology was slight, he was forced to believe that the specimens he handled so dubiously contained neither copper nor iron pyrites, but glittering yellow gold. Their weight, the distribution of the metal through quartz in a transition state between an oxide and a telluride compelled recognition.

Somewhat excited, yet half skeptical, he returned to the excavation and scooped out yet another collection. This time there could be no mistake Nature's own alchemy had fashioned a veritable ingot. There were small lumps in the ore which would only need alloy at the mint before they could be issued as sovereigns, so free from dross were they.

Iris had gone to Venus' bath and would be absent for some time. Jenks sat down on a tree stump. He held in his hand a small bit of ore worth perhaps £20. Slowly the conjectures already pieced together in his mind during early days on the island came back to him.

The skeleton of an Englishman lying there among the bushes near the well, the Golgotha of the poison filled hollow, the mining tools, both Chinese and European; the plan on the piece of tin—ah, the piece of tin! Mechanically the sailor produced it from the breast pocket of his jersey. At last the mysterious sign "32 divided by 1" revealed its significance. Measure thirty-two feet from the mouth of the tunnel, dig one foot in depth, and you came upon the mother lode of this gold bearing rock. This, then, was the secret of the cave.

The Chinese knew the richness of the deposit and exploited its treasures by quarrying from the outer side of the hill. But their crass ignorance of modern science led to their undoing. The accumulation of liberated carbonic acid gas in the workings killed them in scores. They probably fought this unseen demon with the tenacity of their race until the place became accursed and banned of all living things. Yet had they dug a little ditch and permitted the invisible terror to flow quietly downward until its nefarious work was dissipated by sea and air they might have mined the whole cliff with impunity.

The unfortunate unknown, J. S.—he of the whitened bones—might have done this thing too. But he only possessed the half knowledge of the working miner and while shunning the plague stricken quarry adopted the more laborious method of making an adit to strike the deposit. He succeeded, to perish miserably in the hour when he saw himself a millionaire.

Was this a portent of the fate about to overtake the latest comers? Jenks, of course, stood up. He always stood square on his feet when the volcano within him fired his blood.

"No!" he almost shouted. "I will break the spell. I am sent here by Providence, not to search for gold, but to save a woman's life, and if all the devils of China and Malay are in league against me I will beat them!"

The sound of his own voice startled him. What was all the fuss about? With a barrow load of gold he could not buy an instant's safety for Iris, not to mention himself. The language difficulty was insuperable. Were it otherwise the Dyaks would simply humbug him until he revealed the source of his wealth, and then murder him as an effective safeguard against foreign interference.

Iris! Not once since she was hurled ashore in his arms had Jenks so long forgotten her existence. Should he tell her? They were partners in everything appertaining to the island. Why keep this marvelous intelligence from her?

Yet was he tempted, not ignobly, but by reason of his love for her. Once years ago, when his arduous professional studies were distracted by a momentary infatuation for a fair face, a woman had proved fickle when tempted by greater wealth than he possessed. For long he was a confirmed misogynist, to his great and lasting gain as a leader of men. But with more equable judgment came a fixed resolution not to marry unless his prospective bride cared only for him and not for his position. To a staff corps officer, even one with a small private income, this was no unattainable ideal. Then he met with the shame and agony of the court martial. While his soul still quivered under the lash of that terrible downfall Iris came into his life. He knew not what might happen if they were rescued. The time would quickly pass until the old order was resumed, she to go back to her position in society, he to become again a disgraced ex-officer, apparently working out a mere existence before the mast or handing plates in a saloon.

Would it not be a sweet defiance of adversity were he able, even under such conditions, to win her love and then disclose to her the potentialities of the island? Perchance he might fail. Though rich as Croesus, he would still be under the social ban meted out to a cashiered officer. She was a girl who could command the gift of coronets. With restoration to her father and home, gratitude to her preserver would assuredly remain; but, alas, love might vanish like a mirage! Then he would act honorably. Half of the stored wealth would be hers to do as she chose with it.

Yes, this was a possible alternative. In case of accident to himself and her ultimate escape he must immediately write full details of his discovery and intrust the document to her, to be opened only after his death or six months after their release.

The idea possessed him so thoroughly that he could brook no delay. He searched for one of the notebooks taken from the dead officers of the Sirdar and scribbled the following letter:

Dear Miss Deane—Whether I am living or dead when you read these lines, you will know that I love you. Could I repeat that avowal a million times in as many varied forms I should find no better phrase to express the dream I have cherished since a happy fate permitted me to snatch you from death. So I simply say, "I love you." I will continue to love you while life lasts, and it is my dearest hope that in the life beyond the grave I may still be able to voice my love for you.

But perhaps I am not destined to be loved by you. Therefore, in the event of my death before you leave the island, I wish to give you instructions how to find a gold mine of great value which is hidden in the rock containing the cave. You remember the sign on the piece of tin which we could not understand. The figure 32 denotes the utmost depth of the excavation, and the 1 signifies that one foot below the surface, on reaching the face of the rock, there is a rich vein of gold. The hollow on the other side of the cliff became filled with anhydrate gas, and this stopped the operations of the Chinese, who evidently knew of the existence of the mine. This is all the information the experts employed by Sir Arthur Deane will need. The facts are unquestionable.

Assuming that I am alive, we will, of course, be copartners in the mine. If I am dead, I wish one-sixth share to be given to my uncle, William Anstruther, Crossthwaite Manor, Northallerton, Yorkshire, as a recompense for his kindness to me during my early life. The remainder is to be yours absolutely.

ROBERT ANSTRUTHER.

He read this remarkable document twice through to make sure that it exactly recorded his sentiments. He even smiled sarcastically at the endowment of the uncle who disinherited him. Then, satisfied with the perusal, he tore out the two leaves covered by the letter and began to devise a means of protecting it securely while in Iris' possession.

At that moment he looked up and saw her coming toward him across the beach, brightly flushed after her bath, walking like a nymph clothed in tattered garments. Perceiving that he was watching her, she waved her hand and instinctively quickened her pace. Even now, when they were thrown together by the exigencies of each hour, she disliked to be long separated from him.

Instantly the scales fell from his mental vision. What! Distrust Iris! Imagine for one second that riches or poverty, good repute or ill, would affect that loyal heart when its virginal font was filled with the love that once in her life comes to every true woman! Perish the thought!

Laughing at his fantastic folly Jenks tore the letter into little pieces. It might have been wiser to throw the sheets into the embers of the fire close at hand, but for the nonce he was overpowered by the great awakening that had come to him.

"Good gracious! Don't gaze at me in that fashion. I don't look like a ghost, do I?" cried Iris, when near enough to note his rapt expression.

"You would not object if I called you a vision?" he inquired quietly, averting his eyes lest they should speak more plainly than his tongue.

"Not if you meant it nicely. But I fear that 'specter' would be a more appropriate word. Just look at my best gown!"

She spread out the front widths of her skirt, and certainly the prospect was lamentable. The dress was so patched and mended, yet so full of fresh rents, that a respectable housemaid would hesitate before using it to clean fire irons.

"Is that really your best dress?" he said.

"Yes. This is my blue serge. The brown cloth did not survive the soaking it received in salt water. After a few days it simply crumbled. The others are muslin or cotton and have been—er—adapted."

"There is plenty of men's clothing," he began.

"Unfortunately there isn't another island," she said severely.

"No. I meant that it might be possible to—er—contrive some sort of rig that will serve all purposes."

"But all my thread is gone. I have barely a needleful left."

"In that case we must fall back on our supply of hemp."

"I suppose that might be made to serve," she said. "You are never at a loss for an expedient."

"It will be a poor one, I fear. But you can make up for it by buying some nice gowns at Doucet's or Worth's."

She laughed delightedly. "Perhaps in his joy at my reappearance my dear

"Is that really your best dress?"

old dad may let me run riot in Paris on our way home. But that will not last. We are fairly well off, but I cannot afford ten thousand a year for dress alone."

"If any woman can afford such a sum for the purpose you are at least her equal."

Iris looked puzzled. "Is that your way of telling me that fine feathers would make me a fine bird?" she asked.

"No. I intend my words to be understood in their ordinary sense. You are very, very rich, Miss Deane, an extravagantly wealthy young person."

"Of course you know you are talking nonsense. Why, only the other day my father said"—

"Excuse me. What is the average price of a walking dress from a leading Paris house?"

"Thirty pounds."

"And an evening dress?"

"Oh, anything from fifty upward."

He picked up a few pieces of quartz from the canvas sheet.

"Here is your walking dress," he said, handing her a lump weighing about a pound. "With the balance in the heap there you can stagger the best dressed woman you meet at your first dinner in England."

"Do you mean by pelting her?" she inquired mischievously.

"Far worse. By wearing a more expensive costume."

His manner was so earnest that he compelled seriousness. Iris took the proffered specimen and looked at it.

"From the cave, I suppose? I thought you said antimony was not very valuable?"

"That is not antimony. It is gold. By chance I have hit upon an extremely rich lode of gold. At the most modest computation it is worth hundreds of thousands of pounds. You and I are quite wealthy people, Miss Deane."

Iris opened her blue eyes very wide at this intelligence. It took her breath away. But her first words betokened her innate sense of fair dealing.

"You and I! Wealthy!" she gasped. "I am so glad for your sake, but tell me, pray, Mr. Jenks, what have I got to do with it?"

"You!" he repeated. "Are we not partners in this island? By squatter's right if by no better title we own land, minerals, wood, game and even such weird belongings as ancient lights and fishing privileges."

"I don't see that at all. You find a gold mine and coolly tell me that I am a half owner of it because you dragged me out of the sea, fed me, housed me, saved my life from pirates and generally acted like a devoted nursemaid in charge of a baby. Really, Mr. Jenks"—

"Really, Miss Deane, you will annoy me seriously if you say another word. I absolutely refuse to listen to such an argument."

For some time they stood in silence until the sailor commenced to reproach himself for his rough protest. Perhaps he had hurt her sensitive feelings. What a brute he was to be sure! She was only a child in ordinary affairs, and he ought to have explained things more lucidly and with greater command over his temper. And all this time Iris' face was dimpling with amusement, for she understood him so well that had he threatened to kill her she would have laughed at him.

"Would you mind getting the lamp?" he said softly, surprised to catch her expression of saucy humor.

"Oh, please may I speak?" she inquired. "I don't want to annoy you, but I am simply dying to talk."

He had forgotten his own injunction.

"Let us first examine our mine," he said. "If you bring the lamp we can have a good look at it."

Close scrutiny of the work already done merely confirmed the accuracy of his first impression. While Iris held the light he opened up the seam with a few strokes of the pick. Each few inches it broadened into a noteworthy volcanic dike, now yellow in its absolute purity, at times a bluish black when fused with other metals. The additional labor involved caused him to follow up the line of the fault. Suddenly the flame of the lamp began to flicker in a draft. There was an air passage between cave and ledge.

They came back into the external glare. Iris was now so serious that she forgot to extinguish the little lamp. She stood with outstretched hand.

"There is a lot of money in there," she said.

"Tons of it."

"No need to quarrel about division. There is enough for both of us."

"Quite enough. We can even spare some for our friends."

The hour drew near when Jenks climbed to the Summit rock. He shouldered ax and rifle and set forth. Iris heard him rustling upward through the trees. She set some water to boil for tea and, while bringing a fresh supply of fuel, passed the spot where the torn scraps of paper littered the sand.

She was the soul of honor for a woman, but there was never a woman yet who could take her eyes off a written document which confronted her. She could not help seeing that one small morsel contained her own name. Though mutilated, it had clearly read—"Dear Miss Deane."

"So it was intended for me!" she cried, throwing down her bundle and dropping to her knees. She secured that particular slip and examined it earnestly. Not for worlds would she pick up all the scraps and endeavor to sort them. Yet they had a fascination for her, and at this closer range she saw another which bore the legend—"I love you!"

Somehow the two seemed to fit together very nicely.

Yet a third carried the same words—"I love you!" They were still quite coherent. She did not want to look any further. She did not even turn over such of the torn pieces as had fluttered to earth face downward.

Opening the front of her bodice, she brought to light a small gold locket containing miniatures of her father and mother. Inside this receptacle she carefully placed the three really material portions of the sailor's letter. When Jenks walked down the hill again he heard her singing long before he caught sight of her sedulously tending the fire.

As he came near he perceived the remains of his useless document. He stooped and gathered them up, forthwith throwing them among the glowing logs.

"By the way, what were you writing while I had my bath?" inquired Iris demurely.

"Some information about the mine. On second thoughts, however, I saw it was unnecessary."

"Oh, was that all?"

"Practically all."

"Then some part was impracticable?"

He glanced sharply at her, but she was merely talking at random.

"Well, you see," he explained, "one can do so little without the requisite plant. This sort of ore requires a crushing mill, a smelting furnace, perhaps big tanks filled with cyanide of potassium."

"And of course, although you can do wonders, you cannot provide all those things, can you?"

Jenks deemed this query to be unanswerable.

They were busy again until night fell. Sitting down for a little while before retiring to rest, they discussed for the hundredth time the probabilities of speedy succor. This led them to the topic of available supplies, and the sailor told Iris the dispositions he had made.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"I love you!"

PAWNBROKERS.

They Are, Says One of Them, the Soul of Generosity.

When a New York policeman recently borrowed jewelry of a pawnbroker on his beat to wear to a "party," the story led to much comment. In the opinion of the pawnbroker most of the gossip was entirely uncalled for.

"People are making a tremendous fuss about that little deal," he said. "They seem to think it one of the wonders of the age for a pawnbroker to lend anything unless he gets big interest on it. Pawnbrokers are really the soul of generosity. I make loans every week. Of course I don't let things out indiscriminately. A fellow that can touch me for the use of an umbrella or a diamond ring for the night has to be pretty well known as a square chap who is not going to run off with the goods. There are a number of such men around in this part of town, and when they stand in need of some special convenience that I happen to be able to supply to them from my stock of unclaimed pledges I am glad to accommodate them. The stuff always comes back safe, accompanied by a little tip, so I don't lose anything by trusting my friends.

"I have one woman on my list of borrowers. She and her family have traded here for years. One day she pawned her opera glasses and never got them out, and since then whenever she has a chance to go to the play she asks for the loan of a pair of glasses. She is too good a customer to be refused a little favor like that, so of course gets them. In the capacity of a public benefactor I have loaned overcoats, gloves, walking sticks, rings and about everything else known to the masculine get-up. Those loans are made to friends and reliable people only, and no grafters need apply."—New York Post.

INAUGURATION BALLS.

The First Was Madison's, Saturday Evening, March 4, 1809.

Four hundred guests, as all the contemporaneous accounts agree, gathered at the first inauguration ball, which took place on the evening of Saturday, March 4, 1809, at Mr. Long's hotel, on Capitol hill, in celebration of the accession to the presidency of James Madison. Each of the three presidents who had preceded him in office had been permitted to close the day of his inauguration by going early to bed. General Washington and John Adams had been inaugurated at temporary capitols, and Thomas Jefferson would have rebelled against a ceremony plainly modeled upon the customs of royalty, but when Madison's inauguration came the new federal city had been a visible fact for nine years and was determined to assert a right to enjoy itself. Even in doing so it followed a habit always hitherto associated with the celebration of the coronation of kings.

Royal customs were really the only ones the people knew, for every American in Washington over thirty-two years of age had been born the subject of a king, and the new order of things had not given birth to new ideas of how to manifest rejoicing. Moreover, if the method chosen seems to some to have been an imitation of monarchical customs, they should reflect in extenuation that it is an instinct of man coequal with his feeling the sensation of pleasure to show his joy by dancing. So an official ball closed the day of Madison's inauguration and has closed the inauguration day of every president who has succeeded him.—Gaillard Hunt in Century.

Pious Parrots.

Parrots are such close observers and keen mimics that it would be surprising if birds in the households of clergymen and ministers did not repeat special phrases at proper times. Indeed, it would be as well not to hold family worship with a speaking parrot in the room. There was no harm in the bird that sang in good time and tune "There Is a Happy Land." But other feats of imitativeness might easily offend. Parrots uttering responses or bits of the creed or scraps of prayer, as several have been known to do, especially at unseasonable moments, are apt to vex rather than amuse, though, of course, the birds do not mean to be irreverent. A bishop's parrot used to ejaculate "Let us pray," sometimes in devout tones, at other times mockingly.

TRAVELING IN RUSSIA.

The Sleeping Cars and the Steamers on the Volga.

The sofas of our staterooms on the Volga river steamer, while pleasant enough to sit on, were devoid of the other trappings which in these degenerate days are thought necessary to a night's rest, and we had not yet learned the peculiarities of Muscovite travel.

The old fashioned Russian travels with his own gear and makes himself comfortable according to his own ideas, and they are by no means narrow. A place to sleep on is provided. The rest he brings. On the Russian sleeping cars those who have not their own bedclothes and who wish to undress and go to bed in the American fashion can have all that is requisite for 50 cents. The porter on demand brings a linen sack, whose seal he cuts in your presence with considerable ceremony and from which he produces a pillow, blankets and sheets of beautiful fine linen. This was the system on our boat, and our minds were soon at rest.

I afterward inspected the lower decks of the ship and saw the way the third class passengers were cared for. It was primitive, but clean and wholly suited to the customs of the people. Each person was provided with a spotless board shelf to sleep on by night and sit on by day, and he made himself as happy or as uncomfortable as he chose. Most of the passengers seemed to take traveling as a migration, to judge by the pots and kettles, furniture, blankets and clothing stowed about them—"everything but the kitchen stove," that important but dangerous article being replaced by the ship's galley, with its bountiful hot water always ready for the eternal teamaking.—Captain T. Bentley Mott, U. S. A., in Scribner's.

As the Train Rolled North

By FRANK H. SWEET

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When the Southern Palm Limited drew out from Jacksonville, northbound, there were two young men on board under widely different circumstances. One was crouching upon the second step of a Pullman, forward, with his eyes fixed grimly upon the door through which the conductor would pass on his round of ticket collecting. The other was in the observation car at the rear of the train, two seats from the end, staring at an open letter with eyes widened in despair, horror and desperation.

This train made few stops, but at the first station, in obedience to a signal from the bell cord, it slowed down sufficiently for the conductor and brakeman to thrust the man from the second step of the Pullman; then it shot ahead at full speed to make up the few seconds lost. The tramp remained standing where he had dropped, his face now keen and alert, and his right arm upraised. As it swept by the train brushed his clothing and the wind of it stirred his rough, unkempt hair and beard. Three cars passed; then came the observation car. Suddenly his hand closed like a vise upon the rear railing, his body swung out and writhed for a few moments in midair, then his feet caught, and he drew himself in by sheer force of muscle and nerve to the same crouching position he had occupied on the Pullman forward.

THE TRAMP'S RIGHT ARM CLOSED LIKE A STEEL BAND AROUND THE OTHER.

Inside the car the other man was now tearing the letter into the most minute fragments, as if striving to annihilate its contents. When the pieces were too small for further reduction they swept through the open window and were scattered thinly over a half a mile of the roadbed. The man rose and glanced about the car. It was almost empty, and the other passengers were buried in papers or books. He turned back quickly, opened the door, and with a light spring threw himself from the train, but not to the ground! Just as he sprang, the tramp flung himself out suddenly, with nothing but his left hand grasping the rail. As the two bodies came together the tramp's right arm closed like a steel band around the other, while the weight of it bore them down, down, until their legs almost swept the mocking rails of the roadbed.

Not many men—not one in a thousand—could have sustained such a weight in such a position, swinging from side to side under the motion of a train going at fifty miles an hour, but gradually, little by little, the left arm contracted and drew them up, up and in until finally, with a last desperate effort, they were both crouching upon the rear platform, white, gasping, too exhausted to stand or speak.

The well dressed man recovered first. The horror was still in his eyes, but with it was something more. Perhaps that instant in midair, with death in front, had made him see more clearly; perhaps his miraculous rescue had made possible the greater rescue from himself. As he rose staggeringly the tramp's arm went out in feeble protest, but a hand fell upon the arm gently.

"No need of that now, my friend," the still white lips whispered. "I am awake and in my right mind. I shall never attempt anything like that again."

The train began to slacken, and at that moment the door opened and the conductor came out. They were passing over a short piece of road where repairs were being made, and slow speed was necessary. The conductor nodded to his passenger, but seemed surprised at his disheveled appearance. Then his gaze fell upon the tramp, and his face darkened.

"You here," he exclaimed, "after being put off once too? And, from the looks of this young man, you have been up to more than stealing a ride this time. I"—

There was a sudden jerk, which intimated that the train was about to increase its speed. The conductor caught the tramp by the shoulder and with a quick twist sent him from the train. The passenger uttered an angry cry of remonstrance and tried to stay the act, but too late. As the train gathered headway they saw the tramp go plunging and staggering down a steep embankment, at the bottom of which he righted himself and waved his hand cheerfully at the receding train.

Five minutes later the young man was back in the car, two seats from the end, still dazed and white. Suddenly the door at the forward end opened, and a girl entered, holding a paper in her hand. She came straight to him.

"Robert, what does this awful thing about you mean?" she exclaimed. "I suppose you have seen the paper."

He was holding to the back of the seat for support, his face drawn and haggard.

"No, you needn't show it to me, Helen," he answered. "I have not seen the paper, but I know what it contains. It is true. I only discovered it myself a short time ago. I was given my mail as we left the hotel and slipped it into my pocket. I did not read it until I left you and your mother and came back to the observation car just now. It was all in a letter from my partner."

The girl looked at him, her lips trembling, but she smiled. "I know it is not true, Robert," she declared positively, "not a word of it. I have known you ever since we went to school together, and you are utterly incapable of a thing like that. You have not read the paper, so you do not understand. Why, Robert"—her voice quivered with indignation—"the paper says you stole half a million dollars, and from poor people, mostly people whose means of support it was. It's absurd. You have been with us the last three months, and this has all happened within that time."

"But don't you see it's just the same, Helen," he said gently. "The money was intrusted to me, and I am the sole one responsible. If I neglected the trust and allowed my partner an opportunity to do the rest I am really the one to blame."

"I say you are not," she interrupted emphatically. "Maybe it was unbusinesslike and maybe you are legally responsible—I do not know about that. But I do know you are no more guilty than I am in the way the paper puts it. Of course you will let every cent of your property go toward paying these poor people, and if it isn't enough we will pay the rest off just as fast as we can earn it."

"Helen, Helen!" he remonstrated sharply. "You must not talk like that. You do not understand. We cannot be married now. Why, dear, I may be arrested."

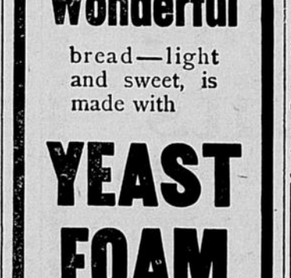
"All the more need you will have for my help, then," she replied quickly. "If I am to be a helpmeet there will never be more occasion for it than now. We will be married just as soon as we reach Washington, just as we planned, and then we will work together to live this thing down. Why, Robert!"

For the young man's head had suddenly dropped to the back of the seat, and his shoulders were heaving convulsively. She sank to the seat beside him, slipping one of her hands into his, stroking it softly until he should regain control of himself.

And miles behind them on the track sat a tramp waiting for the next freight.

"Ask mcht for Queen B Curry Comb."

STRANGE ADVICE!



Dr. G. G. Green gives alert personal attention to his great humanitarian contract.

¶In our Almanac for many years past we have given unusual advice to those afflicted with coughs, colds, throat or lung troubles or consumption. We have told them if they did not receive any special benefit after the use of one 75-cent size bottle of German Syrup, to consult their doctor. ¶We did not ask them or urge them to use a large number of bottles, as is the case in the advertising of many other remedies. Our confidence in German Syrup makes it possible for us to give such advice. ¶We know by the experience of over 35 years that one 75-cent bottle of German Syrup will speedily relieve or cure the worst coughs, colds, bronchial or lung troubles—and that, even in bad cases of consumption, one large bottle of German Syrup will work wonders. ¶New trial bottles, 25c.; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

For saleby ANDERS & PHILIPP.

"Ask mcht for Queen B Curry Comb."

Light bread is digestible.

Sweet bread is nutritious.

Wonderful bread—light and sweet, is made with

YEAST FOAM

Yeast Foam is *the wonderful yeast* that took the First Grand Prize at the St. Louis Exposition and is sold by all grocers at 5c. a package—enough to make 40 loaves. Send a postal card for our new illustrated book "Good Bread: How to Make It."

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
CHICAGO, ILL.

"Ask mcht for Queen B Curry Comb."

Why do you fret and grumble,
Why don't you take a tumble,
Use Beecom's Picnic Pills,
They will drive away your ills.
Try them. 25 cents. All druggists. 50tf

Music as a Profession.

Unless a man is rich he ought to be regarded as a criminal if he permits his sons or daughters to become musicians. In the musical profession there are a few prizes not of the largest, but for the largest number of interpretative artists the life is one of drudgery—the drudgery of learning, the drudgery of pushing oneself into notice and after all the continual drudgery of playing or singing just the music the public wants. I recommend no one to enter such a profession unless he or she loves music to such a degree that the drudgery is a pleasure.—John F. Runciman in Saturday Review.

Her Mental Exercise.

"Why does your wife belong to so many clubs and debating societies?"

"Well," answered Mr. Meekton, "I think Henrietta feels the need of mental exercise. She likes to get away from home and be among people where she can't have her own way without an argument."—Washington Star.

"Ask mcht for Queen B Curry Comb."

RAILROAD Time Cards.

Manchester & Oneida Ry.

TIME TABLE.

Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 5 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 5:30 a.m. Connects with west bound C. G. W. No. 5. Returning leaves Oneida at 5:35 a. m arrives at Manchester at 6:05 a. m

Train No. 4, leaves Manchester at 7:15 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 7:45 a. m., connects with east bound C. G. W. No. 6. Returning leaves Oneida at 7:50 a. m., arrives at Manchester at 8:20 a. m.

Train No. 6, leaves Manchester at 8:45 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 9:14 a. m. Connects with the north bound C. M. & St. P., No. 22. Returning leaves Oneida at 9:20, arrives at Manchester at 9:50 a. m.

Train No. 8, leaves Manchester at 2:00 p. m. arrives at Oneida at 2:30 p. m. connects with C. G. W., No. 4, east bound, and No. 9, west bound Returning leaves Oneida at 5:45 p m arrives at Manchester at 5:27 p m.

Train No 10, leaves Manchester at 4:45 p. m. arrives at Oneida at 5:15 p. m. Connects with south bound C. M. & St. P., No. 21. Returning leaves Oneida at 5:30 p. m., arrives at Manchester 6:00 p. m.

J. L. KELSEY,
Gen. Traffic Manager.

Through tickets for sale at Manchester to all points in North America.

—TRAINS WILL STOP ONLY AT—

Belknaps Crossing, Platform at Quaker Mill Switch, Franklin Street Crossing, Sly's Crossing, Miller's Crossing, Twin Crossing, West brook's Crossing.

"Ask mcht for Queen B Curry Comb."

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No 1* 12:13 a m	..Fast Train..	No 2* 3:42 a m
No 3* 2:18 p m	Thro Express..	No 4* 3:16 p m
No 33 †6:05 p m	....Clipper....	No 34 †9:00 a m
No 5 † 9:00 a m	Local Express	No 6† 8:40 p m
No 93† 2:00 p m	..Way Freight.	No 94 11:45 a m

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

North Bound —Arrive—	Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No.306 6:00 p.m	...†Passenger..	No.305 9:10 a.m
No 334 8.40 a.m	...†Passenger..	No 335 5:20 p.m
No. 360 1:00 p.m	... †Freight....	No.363 3:30 p.m

All above trains carry passengers.
*Daily.
†Daily Except Sunday.

H. G. PIERCE, Station Agt

No. 5 Runs to Sioux City only.
No. 3 Runs to Omaha only.
No. 1 has connections to Omaha, Sioux City and Sioux Falls and No. 2 from same points.

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NEW SHORT LINE

Omaha - Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Illinois Central between Omaha and Fort Dodge in connection with the Minneapolis and St. Louis between Fort Dodge and Minneapolis and St. Paul, also inaugurated January 28, 1900

THE LIMITED	Lv. Omaha 7.00 p. m. Minneapolis 7.45 a. m.	Lv. St. Paul 8.00 p. m. Lv Minneapolis 8.30 p. m.
	Ar. St. Paul 8.00 a. m	Ar. Omaha 8.15 a. m.

A fine vestibule night train, daily, carrying through Pullman sleeping car and coaches.

THE EXPRESS	Lv. Omaha 7.00 p. m.	Lv. St. Paul 9.00 a. m.
	Ar. Minneapolis 8.00 p. m	Lv Minneapolis 9.30 a. m.
	Ar. St. Paul 8.25 p.m.	Ar. Omaha 9.40 p. m.

Fast day train, daily except Sunday, carrying throughparlor car and coaches.

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CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RY.

"The Maple Leaf Route."

Time card, Oneida, Iowa.

Chicago Special, Daily, Going East.....7:47 a.m
Day Express daily.....2:39 p m
Way Freight daily ex. Sunday.....11:30 a m
Going West, North and South.
Way Freight, daily ex. Sunday.....11:20 a.m
Day Express daily.....:16 p m
St Paul & Kansas City Exp. daily...5:31 a m
For information and tickets apply to
C. A. Robinson, Agent, Oneida.

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Such investments are not speculative. The South is not a new country. Market and shipping facilities are adequate and first class. The climate is mild and favorable. Notwithstanding these and other advantages, southern lands are selling for prices far below their real value, and at present prices net large returns on the investment. For a free set of circulars Nos. 1 to 10, inclusive, concerning the possibilities of lands in Kentucky, West Tennessee, Mississipi and Louisiana, on and near the Illinois Central Railroad, for homeseekers and investors, address the undersigned.

J. F. MERRY,
Ass't Gen' Pass'r Agent I. C. R. R.
Dubuque, Iowa.

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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. Respectfully 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 Q. D. GATES.

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WE HAVE

A very large stock of Felts, Overs, German S , Leggons and Overshoes bought at the right pric

- WE HAVE -

The Exclusive sale on E. E. Stout's Patent Snag Proof Footwear.

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Hopkinton, Iowa.