The Wings *of* the Morning

By LOUIS TRACY

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHPTERR.

CHAP. I—The Sirdar, having among er passengers Iris Deane, daughter of the owner of the ship, and Robert Jenks, who is working as a walter, 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 heen unjustly dismissed from the English army. Lord Ventnor has been mentioned on the Sirdar as affianced to Iris. VII—Iris's attacked by a party of fierce Dyacks (Polynesian natives). They are beaten off by Jenks, three, however, escaping in their boat. The eastaways dread their return. VIII—Anstruther prepares to defend Iris and himself, fortifying a ledge of the rock above their cave. IX—A rich gold mine, indicated on the mysterious chart of the island, is discovered in the cave. X and XI—The Dyaks attack the island. Among them is an escaped convict, an Indian Mussulman. They discover the hiding place, but are defeated by the Englishman.

CHAPTER XI.

THE sailor knew so accurately the position of his reliable sentinels that he could follow each phase of the imaginary conflict on the other side of the island. The first outbreak of desultory firing died away amidst a chorus of protest from every feathered inhabitant of the isle, so Jenks assumed that the Dyaks had gathered again on the beach after riddling the scarecrows with bullets or slashing them with their heavy razor edged swords.

A hasty council was probably held, and, notwithstanding their fear of the silent company in the hollow, an advance was ultimately made along the beach. Within a few yards they encountered the invisible cord of the third spring gun. There was a report and another fierce outbreak of musketry. This was enough. Not a man would move a step nearer that abode of the dead. The next commotion arose on the ridge near the North cape.

"At this rate of progress," said Jenks to the girl, "they will not reach our house until daylight."

"I almost wish they were here," was the quiet reply. "I find this waiting and listening to be trying to the nerves."

They were lying on a number of ragged garments hastily spread on the ledge and peering intently into the moonlit area of Prospect park. The great rock itself was shrouded in somber shadows. Even if they stood up none could see them from the ground, so dense was the darkness enveloping them.

He turned slightly and took her hand. It was cool and moist. It no more trembled than his own.

"The Dyaks are far more scared than you," he murmured, with a laugh. "Cruel and courageous as they are, they dare not face a spook."

"Then what a pity it is we cannot conjure up a ghost for their benefit. All the spirits I have ever read about were ridiculous. Why cannot one be useful occasionally?"

The question set him thinking. Unknown to the girl the materials for a dramatic apparition were hidden amid the bushes near the well. He cudgeled his brains to remember the stage effects of juvenile days, but these needed limelight, blue flares, mirrors, phosphorus.

The absurdity of hoping to devise any such accessories while perched on a ledge in a remote island, a larger reef of the thousands in the China sea, tickled him.

"What is it?" asked Iris.

He repeated his list of missing stage properties. They had nothing to do but to wait, and people in the very crux and maelstrom of existence usually discuss trivial things.

"I don't know anything about phosphorus," said the girl, "but you can obtain queer results from sulphur, and there is an old box of Norwegian matches resting at this moment on the shelf in my room. Don't you remember? They were in your pocket, and you were going to throw them away. Why, what are you doing?"

For Jenks had cast the rope ladder loose and was evidently about to descend.

"Have no fear," he said. "I will not be away five minutes."

"If you are going down I must come with you. I will not be left here alone."

"Please do not stop me," he whispered earnestly. "You must not come. I will take no risk whatever. If you remain here you can warn me instantly. With both of us on the ground we will incur real danger. I want you to keep a sharp lookout toward Turtle beach in case the Dyaks come that way. Those who are crossing the island will not reach us for a long time."

She yielded, though unwillingly. She was tremulous with anxiety on his account.

He vanished without another word. She next saw him in the moonlight near the well. He was rustling among the shrubs, and he returned to the rock with something white in his arms, which he seemingly deposited at the mouth of the cave. He went back to the well and carried another similar burden. Then he ran toward the house. The doorway was not visible from the ledge, and she passed a few horrible moments until a low hiss beneath caught her ear. She could tell by the creak of the rope ladder that he was ascending. At last he reached her side, and she murmured, with a gasping sob:

"Don't go away again. I cannot stand it."

He thought it best to soothe her agitation by arousing interest. Still hauling in the ladder with one hand, he held out the other, on which luminous wisps were writhing like glowworms' ghosts.

"You are responsible," he said. "You gave me an excellent idea, and I was obliged to carry it out."

"What have you done?"

"Arranged a fearsome bogy in the cave."

"But how?"

"It was not exactly a pleasant operation, but the only laws of necessity are those which must be broken."

She understood that he did not wish her to question him further. Perhaps curiosity, now that he was safe, might have vanquished her terror and led to another demand for enlightenment, but at that instant the sound of an angry voice and the crunching of coral away to the left drove all else from her mind.

"They are coming by way of the beach, after all," whispered Jenks.

He was mistaken in a sense. Another outburst of intermittent firing among the trees on the north side of the ridge showed that some at least of the Dyaks were advancing by their former route. The appearance of the Dyak chief on the flat belt of shingle, with his right arm slung across his breast, accompanied by not more than half a dozen followers, showed that a few hardy spirits had dared to pass the valley of death, with all its nameless terrors.

They advanced cautiously enough, as though dreading a surprise. The chief carried a bright parang in his left

They advanced cautiously.

hand; the others were armed with guns, their swords being thrust through belts. Creeping forward on tiptoe, though their distant companions were making a tremendous row, they looked a murderous gang as they peered across the open space, now brilliantly illuminated by the moon.

Jenks had a sudden intuition that the right thing to do now was to shoot the whole party. He dismissed the thought at once. All his preparations were governed by the hope that the pirates might abandon their quest after hours of fruitless search. It would be most unwise, he told himself, to precipitate hostilities. Far better avoid a conflict altogether, if that were possible, than risk the immediate discovery of his inaccessible retreat.

In other words, he made a grave mistake, which shows how a man may err when overagonized by the danger of the woman he loves. The bold course was the right one. By killing the Dyak leader he would have deprived the enemy of the dominating influence in this campaign of revenge. When the main body, already much perturbed by the unseen and intangible agencies which opened fire at them in the wood, arrived in Prospect park to find only the dead bodies of their chief and his small force, their consternation could be turned into mad panic by a vigorous bombardment from the rock.

Probably in less than an hour after their landing the whole tribe would have rushed pellmell to the boats, cursing the folly which led them to this devil haunted island. But it serves no good purpose to say what might have been. As it was, the Dyaks, silent now and moving with the utmost caution, passed the well and were about to approach the cave when one of them saw the house.

Instantly they changed their tactics. Retreating hastily to the shade of the opposite cliff, they seemed to await the coming of re-enforcements. The sailor fancied that a messenger was dispatched by way of the north sands to hurry up the laggards, because the distant firing slackened, and five minutes later a fierce outbreak of yells among the trees to the right heralded a combined rush on the Belle Vue castle.

The noise made by the savages was so great, the screams of bewildered birds circling overhead so incessant, that Jenks was compelled to speak quite loudly when he said to Iris:

"They must think we sleep soundly not to be disturbed by the volleys they have fired already."

She would have answered, but he placed a restraining hand on her shoulder, for the Dyaks, quickly discovering that the hut was empty, ran toward the cave and thus came in full view.

As well as Jenks could judge the foremost trio of the yelping horde were impaled on the bayonets of the cheval de frise, learning too late its formidable nature. The wounded men shrieked in agony, but their cries were drowned in a torrent of amazed shouts from their companions. Forthwith there was a stampede toward the well, the cliff, the beaches, anywhere to get away from that awesome cavern where ghosts dwelt and men fell maimed at the very threshold. The sailor, leaning as far over the edge of the rock as the girl's expostulations would permit, heard a couple of men groaning beneath, while a third limped away with frantic and painful haste.

"What is it?" whispered Iris, eager herself to witness the tumult. "What has happened?"

"They have been routed by a box of matches and a few dried bones," he answered.

There was no time for further speech. He was absorbed in estimating the probable number of the Dyaks. Thus far he had seen about fifty. Moreover, he did not wish to acquaint Iris with the actual details of the artifice that had been so potent. Her allusion to the box of water sodden matches had given him the notion of utilizing as an active ally the bleached remains of the poor fellow who had long ago fallen a victim to this identical mob of cutthroats or their associates. He had gathered the principal bones from their resting place near the well, rubbed them with the ends of the matches after damping the sulphur again and arranged them with ghastly effect on the pile of rubbish at the farther end of the cave, creeping under the cheval de frise for the purpose.

Though not so vivid as he wished, the pale glimmering headless skeleton in the intense darkness of the interior was appalling enough in all conscience. Fortunately the fumes of the sulphur fed on the bony substance. They endured a sufficient time to scare every Dyak who caught a glimpse of the monstrous object crouching in luminous horror within the dismal cavern.

Not even the stirring exhortations of the chief, whose voice was raised in furious speech, could induce his adherents to again approach that affrighting spot. At last the daring scoundrel himself, still wielding his naked sword, strode right up to the very doorway. Stricken with sudden stupor, he gazed at the fitful gleams within. He prodded the cheval de frise with the parang. Here was something definite and solid. Then he dragged one of the wounded men out into the moonlight.

Again Jenks experienced an itching desire to send a bullet through the Dyak's head. Again he resisted the impulse. And so passed that which is vouchsafed by fate to few men—a second opportunity.

Another vehement harangue by the chief goaded some venturesome spirits into carrying their wounded comrade out of sight, presumably to the hut. Inspired by their leader's fearless example, they even removed the third injured Dyak from the vicinity of the cave, but the celerity of their retreat caused the wretch to bawl in agony.

The next undertaking was no sooner appreciated by the sailor than he hurriedly caused Iris to shelter herself beneath the tarpaulin, while he cowered close to the floor of the ledge, looking only through the screen of tall grasses. They kindled a fire near the well. Soon its ruddy glare lit up the dark rock with fantastic flickerings and drew scintillations from the weapons and ornaments of the hideously picturesque horde gathered in its vicinity.

They spoke a language of hard vowels and nasal resonance and ate what he judged to be dry fish, millets and strips of tough preserved meat, which they cooked on small iron skewers stuck among the glowing embers. His heart sank as he counted sixty-one, all told, assembled within forty yards of the ledge. Probably several others were guarding the boats or prowling about the island. Indeed, events proved that more than eighty men had come ashore in three large sampans, roomy and fleet craft, well fitted for piratical excursions up river estuaries or along a coast.

They were mostly barelegged rascals, wearing Malay hats, loose jackets reaching to the knee and sandals. One man differed essentially from the others. He was habited in the conventional attire of an Indian Mohammedan, and his skin was brown, while the swarthy Dyaks were yellow beneath the dirt. Jenks thought from the manner in which his turban was tied that he must be a Punjabi Mussulman—very likely an escaped convict from the Andamans.

The most careful scrutiny did not reveal any arms of precision. They all carried muzzle loaders, either antiquated flintlocks or guns sufficiently modern to be fitted with nipples for percussion caps.

Each Dyak, of course, sported a parang and dagger-like creese; a few bore spears, and about a dozen shouldered a long straight piece of bamboo. The nature of this implement the sailor could not determine at the moment.

In the neighborhood of the fire an animated discussion took place. Though it was easy to see that the chief was all paramount, his fellow tribesmen exercised a democratic right of free speech and outspoken opinion.

Flashing eyes and expressive hands were turned toward the cave and hut. Once when the debate grew warm the chief snatched up a burning branch and held it over the blackened embers of the fire extinguished by Jenks. He seemed to draw some definite conclusion from an examination of the charcoal, and the argument therefrom proceeded with less emphasis. Whatever it was that he said evidently carried conviction.

Iris, nestling close to the sailor, whispered:

"Do you know what he has found out?"

"I can only guess that he can tell by the appearance of the burned wood how long it is since it was extinguished. Clearly they agree with him."

"Then they know we are still here?"

"Either here or gone within a few hours. In any case they will make thorough search of the island at daybreak."

"Will it be dawn soon?"

"Yes. Are you tired?"

"A little cramped—that is all."

"Don't think I am foolish. Can you manage to sleep?"

"Sleep! With those men so near!"

"Yes. We do not know how long they will remain. We must keep up our strength. Sleep, next to food and drink, is a prime necessity."

"If it will please you I will try," she said, with such sweet readiness to obey his slightest wish that the wonder is he did not kiss her then and there. By previous instruction she knew exactly what to do. She crept quietly back until well ensconced in the niche widened and hollowed for her accommodation. There so secluded was she from the outer world of horror and peril that the coarse voices beneath only reached her in a murmur. Pulling one end of the tarpaulin over her, she stretched her weary limbs on a litter of twigs and leaves, commended herself and the man she loved to God's keeping and, wonderful though it may seem, was soon slumbering peacefully.

The statement may sound passing strange to civilized ears, accustomed only to the routine of daily life and not inured to danger and wild surroundings. But the soldier who has snatched a hasty doze in the trenches, the sailor who has heard a fierce gale buffeting the walls of his frail ark, can appreciate the reason why Iris, weary and surfeited with excitement, would have slept were she certain that the next sunrise would mark her last hour on earth.

Jenks, too, composed himself for a brief rest. He felt assured that there was not the remotest chance of their lofty perch being found out before daybreak, and the first faint streaks of dawn would awaken him.

When the morning breeze swept over the ocean and the stars were beginning to pale before the pink glory flung broadcast through the sky by the yet invisible sun, the sailor was aroused by the quiet fluttering of a bird about to settle on the rock, but startled by the sight of him.

His faculties were at once on the alert, though he little realized the danger betokened by the bird's rapid dart into the void. Turning first to peer at Iris, he satisfied himself that she was still asleep. Her lips were slightly parted in a smile. She might be dreaming of summer and England. He noiselessly wormed his way to the verge of the rock and looked down through the grass roots.

The Dyaks were already stirring. Some were replenishing the fire, others were drawing water, cooking, eating, smoking long thin stemmed pipes with absurdly small bowls or oiling their limbs and weapons with impartial energy. The chief yet lay stretched on the sand, but when the first beams of the sun gilded the waters a man stooped over the prostrate form and said something that caused the sleeper to rise stiffly, supporting himself on his uninjured arm. They at once went off together toward Europa point.

"They have found the boat," thought Jenks. "Well, they are welcome to all the information it affords."

The chief gave some order, at which they all hung back sheepishly. Cursing them in choice Malay, the chief seized a thick faggot and strode in the direction of the cave. Goaded into activity by his truculent demeanor, some followed him, and Jenks, unable to see, but listening anxiously, knew that they were tearing the cheval de frise from its supports. Nevertheless none of the working party entered the excavation. They feared the parched bones that shone by night.

As he had not been able to complete the communicating shaft it was not

The monstrous object crouching in luminous horror.

now of vital importance should the Dyaks penetrate to the interior. Yet he thanked the good luck that had showered such a heap of rubbish over the spot containing his chief stores and covering the vein of gold. Wild as these fellows were, they well knew the value of the precious metal, and if by chance they lighted upon such a well defined lode they might not quit the island for weeks.

At last on a command from the chief the Dyaks scattered in various directions. Some turned toward Europa point, but the majority went to the east along Turtle beach or by way of the lagoon. Prospect park was deserted. They were scouring both sections of the island in full force.

The quiet watcher on the ledge took no needless risks. Though it was impossible to believe any stratagem had been planned for his special benefit, an accident might betray him. With the utmost circumspection he rose on all fours and, with comprehensive glance, examined trees, plateau and both strips of beach for signs of a lurking foe. He need have no fear. Of all places in the island the Dyaks least imagined that their quarry had lain all night within earshot of their encampment.

Jenks slid back down the ledge and gently wakened Iris. She sat up instantly and gazed at him with wondering eyes.

Fearful lest she should forget her surroundings, he placed a warning finger on his lips.

"Oh," she said in a whisper, "are they still here?"

He told her what had happened and suggested that they should have something to eat while the coast was clear beneath. She needed no second bidding, for the long vigil of the previous night had made her very hungry, and the two breakfasted right royally on biscuit, cold fowl, ham and good water.

In this, the inner section of their refuge, they could be seen only by a bird or by a man standing on the distant rocky shelf that formed the southern extremity of the opposite cliff, and the sailor kept a close lookout in that direction.

Iris was about to throw the remains of the feast into an empty oil tin provided for refuse when Jenks restrained her.

"No," he said smilingly. "Scraps should be the first course next time. We must not waste an atom of food."

"How thoughtless of me!" she exclaimed. "Please tell me you think they will go away today."

But the sailor flung himself flat on the ledge and grasped a rifle.

"Be still, on your life!" he said. "Squeeze into your corner. There is a Dyak on the opposite cliff."

True enough, a man had climbed to that unhappily placed rocky table and was shouting something to a confrere high on the cliff over their heads. As yet he had not seen them nor even noticed the place where they were concealed. The sailor imagined from the Dyak's gestures that he was communicating the uselessness of further search on the western part of the island.

When the conversation ceased he hoped the loud voiced savage would descend. But no! The scout looked into the valley, at the well, the house, the cave. Still he did not see the ledge. At that unlucky moment three birds, driven from the trees on the crest by the passage of the Dyaks, flew down the face of the cliff and began a circling quest for some safe perch on which to alight.

Jenks swore with an emphasis not the less earnest because it was mute and took steady aim at the Dyak's left breast. The birds fluttered about in ever smaller circles. Then one of them dropped easily on to the lip of the rock. Instantly his bright eyes encountered those of the man, and he darted off with a scream that brought his mates after him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PECULIAR CURRENCY

SKINS OF ANIMALS PROBABLY THE FIRST FORM OF MONEY.

Then Came the Pastoral Age, With the Animals Instead of Their Pelts as a Medium of Exchange—Shell, Leather and Metal Tokens.

There was a time when neither coin nor even metals in the rough were in use among mankind as a circulating medium. Numismatics, as a rule, go no farther back than 800 or 900 years before the Christian era to the stamped pieces of metal circulated among the Greeks and Lydians.

It may be of interest to glance at some of the early forms of currency and at the strange substitutes for money still in use among barbarous peoples.

The earliest substitute for coin currency used by man is believed to have been the skins of animals. This medium of exchange was employed by the ancient Russians and also by the first settlers of this country. Certain tribes of the Alaskan Indians today use the pelts of bears and foxes for currency.

The pastoral age succeeded the hunting age, and men began to use animals themselves instead of their skins for a circulating medium.

The animals principally employed were sheep and oxen, their relative value being determined by the ancient Romans at ten sheep for one ox, which standard is still recognized among the Mongol tribes. Traces of this custom are still visible in the Irish and Icelandic laws.

Among the early Teutonic races fines were often paid in cattle, and the Zulus and the Kaffirs in this year of grace make use of this old time medium.

A direct link between this practice and the use of metal coins for money is found in the currency of the early Romans, who used pieces of brass clipped off from a mass.

Later, in the time of Servius Tullius, the brass was coined and marked with the figure of an ox. An interesting little bit of etymological lore is connected with this custom, for the Latin word for money, pecunia—whence our modern term pecuniary—was derived from pecus, cattle.

Metal money was used, however, long before the time of the Romans. As far back as the days of Abraham the Egyptians used gold and silver for currency. It was counted by weight and not by face value.

The Hebrews had "jewel money" in addition to shekels and talents and drams of gold and silver. On the Egyptian tombs gold is represented as being weighed in rings for commercial purposes, rather an improvement, it may be considered, on the earlier metal lump.

Before the introduction of coined money into Greece skewers or spikes of iron and copper constituted the currency six making a dram or handful.

This iron money continued in use among the Spartans for many centuries, and Plutarch tells us that to a great quantity and weight of this but a small value was assigned, so that to lay up ten minae, a little over £31, a whole room was required, and to remove it nothing less than a yoke of oxen.

In certain parts of Central Africa iron spikes are still used, after the Spartan fashion, and, according to Adam Smith, it was not so long ago that nails were used as a subsidiary coin in Scotland; hence, perhaps, we obtain the term "tenpenny nail"—i. e., ten for a penny.

During the commercial supremacy of Carthage the common currency used by her merchants and sailors both in their trade at home and with foreign nations was pieces of leather stamped with the arms of the powerful republic.

The currency of the Aztecs consisted of transparent quills of gold dust, of bits of tin cut in the form of a T and of bags of cocoa containing a specified number of grains. "Blessed money," exclaims the old annalist, Peter Martyr, "which excepts its possessor from avarice since it cannot be long hoarded or hidden under ground."

The earliest coinage in America was the famous "hog money" made in 1612 for the Virginia company at the Summer islands, now the Bermudas. The coin was of brass, with the legend "Sommer Islands" and a "hogge on one side in memory of the abundance of hogges which were found on the first landing."

The currency of the early colonists was a very mixed one. At one time musket balls passed for change at a farthing apiece and were a legal tender for sums under a shilling. Corn, beans, codfish and peltries were also legal tender.

Wampum, the shell bead money of the Indians, was the currency most in use, however, being accepted by the colonists as a convenient token.

There were two kinds of this shell money—"wampumeag," which was white and made from the conch or periwinkle, and "suckanock," which was dark purple and made from the hard shell clam. The purple was worth twice as much as the white. The shell was broken in pieces, rubbed smooth on a stone till about the thickness of a pipestem, then pierced with a drill and strung into necklaces, bracelets and belts.

The English, French and Dutch settlers all used wampum, the value being fixed in 1640 at six beads for a penny. The strings were called fathoms and varied in value from 5 to 10 shillings.

Shell money has played quite an important part in the world's commerce. The small hard shell known as the cowrie is used today in India, the Indian islands and Africa in the place of subsidiary coin.

In 1881 more than 1,000 tons of these shells were brought from India to Liverpool to exchange for palm oil. Their value in Bengal is 3,200 to the rupee, or about seventy to the cent.

The list of what may be termed curious money is an extensive one. Salt is used in Abyssinia and whales' teeth in the Fiji islands. In some of the south sea islands red feathers form the currency. Among the native Austrians greenstone and red ocher are used. Female slaves form the standard of value in the retired districts of New Guinea.

In the rural parts of Norway corn is used for coin. Pieces of silk pass as currency in China and cakes of tea in Tibet. At the great fairs of lower Novgorod, in Russia, tin is the accepted standard of value. In the British West Indies pins, a slice of bread and a pinch of snuff all have a purchasing power, while on the African coast axes are the currency most in vogue.

The strangest coin of all, however, is the ideal money spoken of by Montesquieu as being found in certain parts of Africa. This singular currency is called "ma conte," but is purely a sign of value without a unit.—Clinton Montague in Forward.

A FIRE IN BURMA.

It Destroyed a Village, and the Inhabitants Enjoyed It.

It is not easy to guess what a native of Burma would think of the quick action and speed of an American fire engine and its company. What an American thought of Burmese custom at such time of need is recorded by Mr. E. D. Cuming in his book, "In the Shadow of the Pagoda." Mr. Cuming was interested in a mill situated near a small Burmese village. One morning a fire broke out among the lightly built bamboo huts and rapidly spread.

I ordered out the little mill fire engine, had the hands summoned and ran the engine to the burning village, says Mr. Cuming. It was blazing as only bamboo and dhunny thatch can blaze. One house after another caught in rapid succession. The men at the engine pumped until they were tired out, and then I called on the villagers to relieve them.

No one moved save to urge others. I called again. An old man who was a petty government official, and so probably felt a slight responsibility, rose, girded up his loins and called for men. His son and one other got up unwillingly, carefully laid aside their cheroots and took hold of the handles. The rest of the population squatted and laughed.

I turned to and worked, though weak from a long fever. The old man soon pumped himself out, and when he left the others left. I pounced on two men and made them take hold. As they began to work a flight of paddy birds streamed overhead. The flames gleamed rosy on their white feathers.

"Red paddy birds! Look! Red paddy birds!" shouted the population. This was too much for the men at the handles. They squatted on their heels and stared up in delighted astonishment. I grew desperate.

"Whose house is that?" I asked, pointing to one just threatened.

"Your honor, that is the house of Pho Foo."

"Where is he?"

"Here," pointing to one of the men I had driven to pump. He was crouched on the root of a tree, smoking.

"Is that your house?" I asked him. He nodded and smiled pleasantly.

"It will be on fire in a moment."

"Yes, your honor, I think so," he responded affably, looking at his dwelling with a disinterested air.

I burst out laughing, and the natives joined, rocking to and fro, roaring with amusement, as if the idea of trying to put out a fire was the greatest joke in the world. I told the men to coil up the hose and take the engine home, and I resolved not to spoil the innocent pleasure those light hearted people took in witnessing the destruction of their village.

Some People Are Blind to Chances.

It is a dangerous thing to wait for opportunities until it becomes a habit. Energy and inclination for hard work ooze out in the waiting. Opportunity becomes invisible to those who are doing nothing or looking somewhere else for it. It is the great worker, the man who is alert for chances, that sees them.

Some people become so opportunity blind that they cannot see chances anywhere—they would pass through a gold mine without noticing anything precious—while others will find opportunities in the most barren and out of the way places. Bunyan found opportunity in Bedford jail to write the greatest allegory in the world on the untwisted paper that had been used to cork his bottles of milk. A Theodore Parker or a Lucy Stone sees an opportunity to go to college in a chance to pick berries. One boy sees an opening to his ambition in a chance to chop wood, wait on table or run errands, where another sees no chance at all. One sees an opportunity to get an education in the odds and ends of time evenings and half holidays, which another throws away.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

Took Advantage of the Occasion.

A barrister with a long experience of Irish juries tells the following amusing story as illustrating their eccentricities:

A man was charged with committing a murderous assault upon another as a result of some political differences.

The assault having been committed at night, there appeared to be some difficulty in identifying the assailant, and, as a matter of fact, the counsel for the defense made out an excellent case for the prisoner, calling witnesses to testify that he was nowhere near the spot where the assault took place on the night in question.

Everybody concerned fully expected that the jury would bring in a verdict of acquittal, yet to the general astonishment the foreman announced that the prisoner had been found guilty. "But," he added, observing the general consternation created by his statement, "not guilty of this assault, me lord. This is the spalpeen who stole Biddy McCarthy's pig last year, and we foind him guilty of that!"

West Point's Battle Monument.

On the shaft of Battle monument at West Point appears the following inscription: "In memory of the officers and men of the regular army of the United States who fell in battle during the war of the rebellion this monument is erected by their surviving comrades." On the pedestal of the monument appear the names of all the officers of the regular army who were killed in action in the civil war or who died as a result of wounds received in action. The names of all enlisted men who were killed in action or who died as a result of wounds appear on bronze girdles surrounding granite spheres which form a part of the base of the monument. The shaft is surmounted by a figure of Victory designed by Frederick Macmonnies.

Brain Work and Longevity.

A medical man who gave evidence in a chancery division case testified as to the connection between brain work and longevity in a way that charmed the lawyers and will charm other brain workers. One-third of the laborers in rural districts, he is reported as saying, die of brain softening, and the average vegetative rural laborer dies much earlier than the hard thinking lawyer simply because his brain rusts from lack of exercise. "The use of the brain prolongs life." There is much in this, no doubt, and we believe that thorough statistics as to lunacy would astonish those who imagine that it is the wear and tear of high pressure thinking and excitement that more than anything else sends men mad. But some discount surely must be allowed in the case of lawyers, for instance—for the fact that the weaklings are killed or frightened off early, while in the country air even a man of poor stamina and insufficiently fed can vegetate for a long time; also worry must be reckoned with. If hard brain exercise does not kill, chronic brain worry will, and the two are too often associated nowadays.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Kind Neighbors.

When Miss Jenkins, after spending fifty-six years in the city of her birth, decided to buy a small farm in the country she determined to miss none of the delights of farming life.

"I'm going to have a steady horse and two cows and some hens," she announced to her brother, to whom she proudly displayed her new property. "The Adams boy from the next house will help me about everything. He'll drive the cows and milk and teach me how to harness, and of course I shall feed the hens and the little pig."

"The little pig!" echoed her brother. "Do you propose to keep a pig? And where, I should like to know?"

"There's room for a small pigpen back of the barn, away from the road and everything," said Miss Jenkins calmly. "Mr. Adams has some cunning little pigs, and that is what I wish. And I asked the Adams boy if he thought when the pig had outgrown the pen I could find some one to take him and give me another little one in exchange, and he seemed sure I could. You've no idea, brother, how obliging the people are here in the country."

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis writes of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Physically he was a very small man, holding himself stiffly erect—his face insignificant as his figure, except for a long obstinate upper lip ('left to me,' he said one day, 'by some ill conditioned great-grandmother'), and eyes full of a wonderful fire and sympathy. No one on whom Dr. Holmes had once looked with interest ever forgot the look—or him. He attracted all kinds of people as a brilliant excitable child would attract them. But nobody, I suspect, ever succeeded in being familiar with him. I remember one evening that he quoted one of his poems, and I was forced stupidly to acknowledge that I did not know it. He fairly jumped to the bookcase, took out the volume and read the verses, standing in the middle of the room, his voice trembling, his whole body thrilling with their meaning. 'There,' he cried at the end, his eyes flashing, 'could anybody have said that better? Ah-h!' with a long indrawn breath of delight as he put the book back."

Fruits as Food.

According to a celebrated health expert, blanched almonds give the higher nerve or brain and muscle food, and the man who wishes to keep his brain power up would do well to include them in his daily bill of fare. Juicy fruits give the same in less proportion and are eaten by all men whose living depends on their clear headedness. Apples supply the brain with rest. Prunes afford proof against nervousness, but are not muscle feeding. They should be avoided by those who suffer from the liver. But it has been proved that fruits do not have the same effect upon everybody. Some men have never been able to eat apples without suffering the agony of indigestion; to others strawberries are like poison.

'Ask mcht for Queen B Curry Comb'

A FAMOUS REMEDY

"I cured MY cough with German Syrup!"
He wrote to Dr. G. G. Green;
"An' as true as I tell you, doctor dear,
I'm feelin' finer than ever I've been!"

¶The poor consumptive should not be the victim of experiment, as he often is, but the moment the dread disease manifests its presence he should be given Boschee's German Syrup—a pure, non-alcoholic medicine that is made specially for the cure of consumption, and has a world-wide fame as a certain remedy for catarrh, colds, coughs, croup, sore throat and all bronchial affections in old and young. ¶It is sold in all civilized countries, and has been famous as a consumption cure for almost half a century. ¶Trial bottle, 25c. Big bottle, 75c. At all druggists throughout the world.

For saleby ANDERS & PHILIPP.

'Ask mcht for Queen B Curry Comb.'

You Must use YEAST FOAM

The Wonderful Yeast

If you want to make Bread that is Bread

Yeast Foam is the yeast that took the First Grand Prize at the St. Louis Exposition. Sold by all grocers at 5 cts. a package—enough for 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 Beacom's Picnic Pills,
They will drive away your ills
Try them. 25 cents. All druggists. 50tf

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 3:20 p m arrives at Manchester at 3:45 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, Westbrook'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 pm.	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 6:00p.m	...†Passenger..	No.305 9:10 a. m
No 334 8.40a.m	..†Passenger...	No.335 6:20 p. m
No. 360 1:00p.m	....†Freight....	No.360 3:30 p. m

All above trains carry passengers.
*Daily.
†Daily ExceptSunday.
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.

"Ask mcht for Queen B Curry Comb."

"Ask mcht for Queen B Curry Comb.'

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 20 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.

'Ask mcht for Queen B Curry Comb."

INVESTMEMTS IN SOUTHERN LANDS

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, Mississippi 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.

"Ask mcht for Queen B Curry Comb."

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 syymtoms 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.

"Ask mcht for Queen B Curry Comb."

Illinois Central Excursion Rates.

Excursion tickets will be sold by the Illinois Central, to the points, and at rates, as follows:

FARE AND ONE-THIRD ON CERTICATE PLAN.

Dubuque, Iowa, Meeting of Iowa Electrical Association, and Association of Electric Railways. April 19-20.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa., Meeting Grand Lodge A. O. U. W., of Iowa. May 9-11

Council Bluffs, Iowa, Convention Iowa State Retail Grocers' Association, May 9-11.

Council Bluffs, Iowa, Convention, Iowa State Federation of Labor May 9-12.

Waterloo, Iowa, Iowa Federation Women's Clubs, May 10-12.

Sioux City, Iowa, Iowa State Conventions Congregational and Episcopal Churches, May 16-19.

ONE FARE PLUS $2.00.

Home-seekers' Excursions, West, South, South east and South-west, April 18.

Denver, Colo., Annual Convention American Stock Growers' Association, May 9-18.

ONE FARE PLUS 50 CENTS.

Council Bluffs, Iowa, Iowa State Firemen s Tournament, June 6-9. Fare and one-third from points within fifty miles.

ONE FARE.

Oskaloosa Iowa, State G. A. R. Encampment May 16-18.

LESS THAN ONE FARE.

Portland, Ore., San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego, Cal.—Lewis & Clark Centennial Exposition at Portland, and other meetings at above points. Tickets on sale on certain dates every month until and including September, limited to ninety days for return, not to exceed November 30th Write for rates and illustrated folders about the Portland Exposition.

Denver, Colo.—International Epworth League Convention, July 5-9. Through Tourist Sleepers to Denver July 3rd. Write for circulars quoting rates and giving particulars, also folders descriptive of Denver and other Colorado resorts.

ONE-WAY SECOND-CLASS RATES LESS THAN REGULAR FARE.

Colonists' tickets to principal points in California, Washington, Oregon, Montana and Utah, on sale daily until May 15, 1905.

Settlers' tickets to points in the Southeast. On sale April 18.

Settlers' tickets to certain points in Minnesota, South Dakota, North Dakota and Canada, on sale every Tuesday in March and April.

THREE-FOURTHS OF ONE FARE.

Special Round Trip Home-seekers' Excursions to points Southwest and in the States of Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. On sale April 18, limited to twenty-one days.

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'l Pass. Agent
Dubuque, Iowa.