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 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 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. XII—An unlucky shot costs Jenks and Iris their water supply. A truce with the savages, the Mussulman speaking Hindoo to Anstruther, acting as interpreter. Mir Jan, the Indian, agrees to aid Anstructer and supply him with water. XIII—Iris and Robert, in the midst of peril, avow their love for each other. The fight coutinues. XIV—Mir Jan is true to his word and aids the beleaguered couple. At the critical moment the three are rescued by the British warship Orient, which has been attracted to the island by the firing. XV—On board the Orient is Sir Arthur Dean, father of Iris, who has been searching for his shipwrecked child. Lord Ventnor is also on board.

CHAPTER XVII.

SIR ARTHUR DEANE was sitting alone in his cabin in a state of deep dejection when he was aroused by a knock, and Robert entered.

"Can you give me half an hour?" he asked. "I have something to say to you before we land."

The shipowner silently motioned him to a seat.

"It concerns Iris and myself," continued Anstruther. "I gathered from your words when we met on the island that both you and Lord Ventnor regarded Iris as his lordship's promised bride. From your point of view the arrangement was perhaps natural and equitable, but since your daughter left Hongkong it happens that she and I have fallen in love with each other. No; please listen to me. I am not here to urge my claims on you. I won her fairly and intend to keep her were the whole house of peers opposed to me. At this moment I want to tell you, her father, why she could never, even under other circumstances, marry Lord Ventnor."

Then he proceeded to place before the astounded baronet a detailed history of his recent career. It was a sordid story of woman's perfidy twice told. It carried conviction in every sentence.

At the conclusion Sir Arthur bowed his head between his hands.

"I cannot choose but believe you," he admitted huskily. "Yet how came you to be so unjustly convicted by a tribunal composed of your brother officers?"

"They could not help themselves. To acquit me meant that they discredited the sworn testimony not only of my colonel's wife, but of the civil head of an important government mission, not to mention some bought Chinese evidence."

"But you are powerless now. You can hardly hope to have your case revised. What chance is there that your name will ever be cleared?"

"Mrs. Costobell can do it if she will. The vagaries of such a woman are not to be depended on. If Lord Ventnor has cast her off her hatred may prove stronger than her passion. Anyhow, I should be the last man to despair of God's providence. Compare the condition of Iris and myself today with our plight on the ledge!"

The shipowner sighed heavily.

"I hope your faith will be justified. If it is not—the more likely thing to happen—do I understand that my daughter and you intend to get married whether I give or withhold my sanction?"

Anstruther rose and opened the door.

"I have ventured to tell you," he said, "why she should not marry Lord Ventnor. When I come to you and ask you for her, which I pray may be soon, it will be time enough to answer that question should you then decide to put it."

It must be remembered that Robert knew nothing whatever of the older man's predicament, while the baronet, full of his own troubles, was in no mood to take a reasonable view of Anstruther's position.

Thus, for a little while, these two were driven apart, and Anstruther disdained to urge the plea that not many weeks would elapse before he would be a richer man than his rival. The chief sufferer was Sir Arthur Deane. Had Iris guessed how her father was tormented she would not have remained on the bridge, radiant and mirthful, while the gray haired baronet gazed with stony eyed despair at some memoranda which he extracted from his papers.

"Ten thousand pounds!" he muttered. "Not a great sum for the millionaire financier, Sir Arthur Deane, to raise on his note of hand. A few months ago men offered me one hundred times the amount on no better security. And now to think that a set of jabbering fools in London should so destroy my credit and their own; that not a bank will discount our paper unless they are assured Lord Ventnor has joined the board! Fancy me, of all men, being willing to barter my child for a few pieces of gold!"

The thought was maddening. For a little while he yielded to utter despondency. It was quite true that a comparatively small amount of money would restore the stability of his firm. Even without it, were his credit unimpaired, he could easily tide over the period of depression until the first fruits of his enterprise were garnered. Then all men would hail him as a genius.

Wearily turning over his papers, he suddenly came across the last letter written to him by Iris' mother. How she doted on their only child! He recalled one night shortly before his wife died when the little Iris was brought into her room to kiss her and lisp her infantile prayers. She had devised a formula of her own:

"God bless father! God bless mother! God bless me, their little girl!"

And what was it she cried to him from the beach?

"Your own little girl given back to you!"

Given back to him! For what—to marry that black hearted scoundrel whose pastime was the degradation of women and the defaming of honest men? That settled it. Instantly the cloud was lifted from his soul. A great peace came upon him. The ruin of his business he might not be able to avert, but he would save from the wreck that which he prized more than all else, his daughter's love.

The engines dropped to half speed. They were entering the harbor of Singapore. In a few hours the worst would be over. If Ventnor telegraphed to London his withdrawal from the board nothing short of a cabled draft for £10,000 would prevent certain creditors from filing a bankruptcy petition. In the local banks the baronet had about a thousand to his credit. Surely among the rich merchants of the port, men who knew the potentialities of his scheme, he would be able to raise the money needed. He would try hard. Already he felt braver. The old fire had returned to his blood. The very belief that he was acting in the way best calculated to secure his daughter's happiness stimulated and encouraged him.

He went on deck, to meet Iris skipping down the hatchway.

"Oh, there you are!", she cried. "I was just coming to find out why you were moping in your cabin. You are missing the most beautiful view—all greens and blues and browns! Run, quick! I want you to see every inch of it."

She held out her hand and pulled him gleefully up the steps. Leaning against the taffrail, some distance apart from each other, were Anstruther and Lord Ventnor. Need it be said to whom Iris drew her father?

"Here he is, Robert," she laughed. "I do believe he was sulking because Captain Fitzroy was so very attentive to me. Yet you didn't mind it a bit!"

The two men looked into each other's eyes. They smiled. How could they resist the contagion of her sunny nature?

"I have been thinking over what you said to me just now, Anstruther," said the shipowner slowly.

"Oh!" cried Iris. "Have you two been talking secrets behind my back?"

"It is no secret to you, my little girl"— Her father's voice lingered on the phrase. "When we are on shore, Robert, I will explain matters to you more fully. Just now I wish only to tell you that where Iris has given her heart, I will not refuse her hand."

She took his face between her hands and kissed him. Lord Ventnor, wondering at this effusiveness, strolled forward.

"What has happened, Miss Deane?" he inquired. "Have you just discovered what an excellent parent you possess?"

The baronet laughed almost hysterically. "'Pon my honor," he cried, "you could not have hit upon a happier explanation."

His lordship was not quite satisfied.

"I suppose you will take Iris to Smith's hotel?" he said, with cool impudence.

Iris answered him.

"Yes. My father has just asked Robert to come with us—by inference, that is. Where are you going?"

The adroit use of her lover's Christian name goaded his lordship to sudden heat.

"Indeed!" he snarled. "Sir Arthur Deane has evidently decided a good many things during the last hour."

"Yes," was the shipowner's quiet retort. "I have decided that my daughter's happiness should be the chief consideration of my remaining years. All else must give way to it."

The earl's swarthy face grew sallow with fury. His eyes blazed, and there was a tense vibrato in his voice as he said:

"Then I must congratulate you, Miss Deane. You are fated to endure adventures. Having escaped from the melodramatic perils of Rainbow island you are destined to experience another variety of shipwreck here."

He left them. Not a word had Robert spoken throughout the unexpected scene. His heart was trobbing with a tremendous joy, and his lordship's sneers were lost on him. But he could not fail to note the malignant purpose of the parting sentence.

In his quietly masterful way he placed his hand on the baronet's shoulder.

"What did Lord Ventnor mean?" he asked.

Sir Arthur Deane answered, with a calm smile: "It is difficult to talk openly at this moment. Wait until we reach the hotel."

The news flew fast through the settlement that her majesty's ship Orient had returned from her long search for the Sirdar. The warship occupied her usual anchorage, and a boat was lowered to take off the passengers.

The boat swung off into the tideway. Her progress shoreward was watched by a small knot of people, mostly loungers and coolies. Among them, however, were two persons who had driven rapidly to the landing place when the arrival of the Orient was reported. One bore all the distinguishing marks of the army officer of high rank, but the other was unmistakably a globe trotter. The older gentleman made no pretense that he could "hear the east a-callin'." He swore impartially at the climate, the place and its inhabitants. At this instant he was in a state of wild excitement. He was very tall, very stout, exceedingly red faced.

Producing a tremendous telescope he vainly endeavored to balance it on the shoulder of a native servant.

"Can't you stand still, you blithering idiot," he shouted, after futile attempts to focus the advancing boat, "or shall I steady you with a clout over the ear?"

His companion, the army man, was looking through a pair of field glasses.

"By Jove," he cried, "I can see Sir Arthur Deane and a girl who looks like his daughter! There's that infernal scamp, Ventnor, too."

The big man brushed the servant out of his way and brandished the telescope as though it were a bludgeon.

"The dirty beggar! He drove my lad to misery and death, yet he has come back safe and sound. Wait till I meet him. I'll"—

"Now, Anstruther! Remember your promise. I will deal with Lord Ventnor. My vengeance has first claim. What! By the jumping Moses, I do believe— Yes. It is. Anstruther! Your nephew is sitting next to the girl!"

The telescope fell on the stones with a crash. The giant's rubicund face suddenly blanched. He leaned on his friend for support.

"You are not mistaken?" he almost whimpered. "Look again, for God's sake, man! Make sure before you speak. Tell me! Tell me!"

"Calm yourself, Anstruther. It is Robert, as sure as I'm alive. Don't you think I know him, my poor disgraced friend, whom I, like the rest, cast off in his hour of trouble? But I had some excuse. There! There! I didn't mean that, old fellow. Robert himself will be the last man to blame either of us. Who could have suspected that two people—one of them, God help me, my wife—would concoct such a hellish plot!"

The boat glided gracefully alongside the steps of the quay, and Playdon sprang gracefully ashore to help Iris to alight. What happened immediately afterward can best be told in his own words, as he retailed the story to an appreciative audience in the wardroom.

"We had just landed," he said, "and some of the crew were pushing the coolies out of the way when two men jumped down the steps, and a most fiendish row sprang up—that is, there was no dispute or wrangling, but one chap, who, it turned out, was Colonel Costobell, grabbed Ventnor by the shirt front and threatened to smash his face in if he didn't listen then and there to what he had to say. I really thought about interfering until I heard Colonel Costobell's opening words. After that I would gladly have seen the beggar chucked into the harbor. We never liked him, did we?"

"Ask no questions, Pompey, but go ahead with the yarn," growled the first lieutenant.

"Well, it seems that Mrs. Costobell is dead. She got enteric a week after the Orient sailed and was a goner in four days. Before she died she owned up."

He paused, with a base eye to effect. Not a man moved a muscle.

"All right," he cried. "I will make no more false starts. Mrs. Costobell begged her husband's forgiveness for her treatment of him and confessed that she and Lord Ventnor planned the affair for which Anstruther was tried by court martial. It must have been a beastly business, for Costobell was sweating with rage, though his words were icy enough. And you ought to have seen Ventnor's face when he heard of the depositions, sworn to and signed by Mrs. Costobell and by several Chinese servants whom he bribed to give false evidence. He promised to marry Mrs. Costobell if her husband died, or, in any event, to bring about a divorce when the Hongkong affair had blown over. Then she learned that he was after Miss Iris, and there is no doubt her fury helped on the fever. Costobell said that, for his wife's sake, he would have kept the wretched thing secret, but he was compelled to clear Anstruther's name, especially as he came across the other old Johnnie"—

"Pompey, you are incoherent with excitement. Who is 'the other old Johnnie?'" asked the first luff severely.

"Didn't I tell you? Why, Anstruther's uncle, of course, a heavy old swell with just a touch of Yorkshire in his tongue. I gathered that he disinherited his nephew when the news of the court martial reached him. Then he relented and cabled to him. Getting no news, he came east to look for him. He met Costobell the day after the lady died, and the two vowed to be revenged on Ventnor and to clear Anstruther's character, living or dead. Poor old chap! He cried like a baby when he asked the youngster to forgive him. It was quite touching.

"Well, Costobell shook Ventnor off at last, with the final observation that Anstruther's court martial has been quashed. The next batch of general orders will reinstate him in the regiment, and it rests with him to decide whether or not a criminal warrant shall be issued against his lordship for conspiracy."

"What did Miss Deane do?"

"Clung to Anstruther like a weeping angel and kissed everybody all round when Ventnor got away. Well—hands off. I mean her father, Anstruther and the stout uncle. Unfortunately I was not on in that scene. But for some reason they all nearly wrung my arm off, and the men were so excited that they gave the party a rousing cheer as their rickshaws went off in a bunch."

The next commotion arose in the hotel when Sir Arthur Deane seized the first opportunity to explain the predicament in which his company was placed and the blow which Lord Ventnor yet had it in his power to deal.

Mr. William Anstruther was an interested auditor. Robert would have spoken, but his uncle restrained him.

"Leave this to me, lad," he exclaimed. "When I was coming here in the Sirdar there was a lot of talk about Sir Arthur's scheme, and there should not be much difficulty in raising all the brass required if half what I heard be true. Sit you down, Sir Arthur, and tell us all about it."

The shipowner required no second bidding. With the skill for which he was noted he described his operations in detail, telling how every farthing of the first installments of the two great loans was paid up, how the earnings of his fleet would quickly overtake the deficit in capital value caused by the loss of the three ships and how in six months' time the leading financial houses of London, Paris and Berlin would be offering him more money than he would need.

To a shrewd man of business the project could not fail to commend itself, and the Yorkshire squire, though a trifle obstinate in temper, was singularly clear headed in other respects. He brought his great fist down on the table with a whack.

"Send a cable to your company, Sir Arthur," he cried, "and tell them that your prospective son-in-law will provide the £10,000 you require. I will see that his draft is honored. You can add, if you like, that another ten will be ready if wanted when this lot is spent. I did my lad one deuced bad turn in my life. This time, I think, I am doing him a good one."

"You are, indeed," said Iris' father enthusiastically. "The unallotted capital he is taking up will be worth four times its face value in two years."

"All the more reason to make his holding twenty instead of ten," roared the Yorkshireman. "But, look here. You talk about dropping proceedings against that precious earl whom I saw today. Why not tell him not to try any fanny tricks until Robert's money is safely lodged to your account? We have him in our power. Dash it all, let us use him a bit."

Even Iris laughed at this naive suggestion. It was delightful to think that their arch enemy was actually helping the baronet's affairs at that very moment and would continue to do so until he was flung aside as being of no further value. Although Ventnor himself had carefuly avoided any formal commitment, the cablegrams awaiting the shipowner at Singapore showed that confidence had already been restored by the uncontradicted use of his lordship's name.

Robert at last obtained a hearing.

"You two are quietly assuming the attitude of the financial magnates of this gathering," he said. "I must admit that you have managed things very well between you, and I do not propose for one moment to interfere with your arrangements. Nevertheless, Iris and I are really the chief moneyed persons present. You spoke of financial houses in England and on the continent backing up your loans six months hence, Sir Arthur. You need not go to them. We will be your bankers."

The baronet laughed with a whole hearted gayety that revealed whence Iris got some part at least of her bright disposition.

"Will you sell your island, Robert?" he cried. "I am afraid that not even Iris could wheedle any one into buying it."

"But, father, dear," interrupted the girl earnestly, "what Robert says is true. We have a gold mine there. It is worth so much that you will hardly believe it until there can no longer be any doubt in your mind. I suppose that is why Robert asked me not to mention his discovery to you earlier."

"No, Iris, that was not the reason," said her lover, and the elder men felt that more than idle fancy inspired the astounding intelligence that they had just heard. "Your love was more to me than all the gold in the world. I had won you. I meant to keep you, but I refused to buy you."

He turned to her father. His pent-up emotion mastered him, and he spoke as one who could no longer restrain his feelings.

"I have had no chance to thank you for the words you uttered at the moment we quitted the ship. Yet I will treasure them while life lasts. You gave Iris to me when I was poor, disgraced, an outcast from my family and my profession. And I know why you did this thing. It was because you valued her happiness more than riches or reputation. I am sorry now I did not explain matters earlier. It would have saved you much needless suffering. But the sorrow has sped like an eyil dream, and you will perhaps not regret it, for your action today binds me to you with hoops of steel. And you, too, uncle. You traveled thousands of miles to help and comfort me in my anguish. Were I as bad as I was painted your kind old heart still pitied me. You were prepared to pluck me from the depths of despair and degradation. Why should I hate Lord Ventnor? What man could have served me as he did? He has given me Iris. He gained for me at her father's hands a concession such as mortal has seldom wrested from black browed fate. He brought my uncle to my side in the hour of my adversity. Hate him! I would have his statue carved in marble and set on high to tell all who passed how good may spring out of evil—how God's wisdom can manifest itself by putting even the creeping and crawling things of the earth to some useful purpose."

"Dash it all, lad," vociferated the elder Anstruther, "what ails thee? I never heard you talk like this before?"

The old gentleman's amazement was so comical that further tension was out of the question.

Robert, in calmer mood, informed them of the manner in which he hit upon the mine. The story sounded like wildest romance—this finding of a volcanic dyke guarded by the bones of "J. S." and the poison filled quarry—but the production of the ore samples changed wonder into certainty.

Next day a government metallurgist estimated the value of the contents of the two oil tins at about £500, yet the specimens brought from the island were not by any means the richest available.

And now there is not much more to tell of Rainbow island and its castaways. On the day that Captain Robert Anstruther's name appeared in the Gazette, reinstating him to his

"Sweetheart," said her husband.

rank and regiment, Iris and he were married in the English church at Hongkong, for it was his wife's wish that the place which witnessed his ignominy should also witness his triumph.

Soon afterward Robert resigned his commission. He regretted the necessity, but the demands of his new sphere in life rendered this step imperative. Mining engineers, laborers, stores, portable houses, engines and equipment were obtained with all haste, and the whole party sailed on one of Sir Arthur Deane's ships to convoy a small steamer specially hired to attend to the wants of the miners.

At last, one evening early in July, the two vessels anchored outside Palm Tree rock, and Mir Jan could be seen running frantically about the shore, for no valid reason save that he could not stand still. The sahib brought him good news. The governor of Hongkong felt that any reasonable request made by Anstruther should be granted if possible. He had written such a strong representation of the Mohammedan's case to the government of India that there was little doubt the returning mail would convey an official notification that Mir Jan had been granted a free pardon.

The mining experts verified Robert's most sanguine views after a very brief examination of the deposit. Hardly any preliminary work was needed. In twenty-four hours a small concentrating plant was erected and a ditch made to drain off the carbonic anhydride in the valley. After dusk a party of coolies cleared the quarry of its former occupants. Toward the close of the following day, when the great steamer once more slowly turned her head to the northwest, Iris could hear the steady thud of an engine at work on the first consignment of ore.

Robert had been busy up to the last moment. There was so much to be done in a short space of time. The vessel carried a large number of passengers, and he did not wish to detain them too long, though they one and all expressed their willingness to suit his convenience in this respect.

Now his share of the necessary preparations was concluded. His wife, Sir Arthur and his uncle were gathered in a corner of the promenade deck when he approached and told them that his last instruction ashore was for a light to be fixed on Summit rock as soon as the dynamo was in working order.

"When we all come back in the cold weather," he explained gleefully, "we will not imitate the Sirdar by running on to the reef should we arrive by night."

Iris answered not. Her blue eyes were fixed on the fast receding cliffs.

"Sweetheart," said her husband, "why are you so silent?"

She turned to him. The light of the setting sun illumined her face with its golden radiance.

"Because I am so happy," she said. "Oh, Robert, dear, so happy and thankful!"

THE END.

A BRAVE QUAKER LAD.

He Wouldn't Fight, but He Proved He Was Not Afraid.

When the question of courage is once settled it hardly makes a difference what kind it is, whether it is on the battlefield or in the tent. In 1861, says Lippincott's Magazine, the great-grandson of a Quaker who had settled on an island in Lake Champlain was drafted.

"It will be no use," said the young man. "I shall never fight. My mother taught me it is a sin. It is her religion, and my father's, and their fathers'. I shall never raise my hand to kill any one."

The recruiting officer took no notice.

"We'll see about that later," said he.

The regiment went to Washington, and the Quaker boy drilled placidly and shot straight.

"But I shall never fight," said he.

Word went out that there was a traitor in the ranks. The lieutenant conferred with the captain, and all the forms of punishment devised for refractory soldiers were visited on this lad. He went through them without flinching, and then he was taken before the colonel.

"What does this mean?" demanded the officer. "Don't you know you will be shot?"

The Quaker smiled a little. He had steady eyes and a square chin.

"That is nothing," he said. "Thee didn't think I was afraid, did thee?"

The prisoner went back to the guardhouse, and the colonel sought out President Lincoln.

"Why, that's plain enough," said the president. "There's only one thing to do. Trump up some excuse and send him home. You can't kill a boy like that, you know. The country needs all her brave men, wherever they are. Send him home."

So the Quaker went back to the island, to life and duty as he saw them, and his children tell the story.

CAMPHOR BYPRODUCTS.

How They Are Obtained From Every Part of the Tree.

Every part of a camphor tree, even to the leaves, contains camphor. The forests are not confined to Formosa alone, but are also found in Japan proper. Camphor is found in the form of crystals in the wood tissues and is separated from the crude oil by double distillation. From the first distillation is secured an oxidized product, camphogenotol, the principle of the camphor oils of commerce. The crude camphor is a dark colored substance, fusing at 170 degrees C.

Among the byproducts may be mentioned crude camphor oil, which comes out simultaneously with the camphor; white oil, obtained by sublimating the crude oil and used in the manufacture of soap. Red oil also is obtained from the crude camphor oil as well as black oil, which is extensively used in the preparation of varnishes. A turpentine is secured from the white oil that is in great demand for medical and industrial purposes. From red oil is obtained the product known as saffrol, employed to a considerable extent in the manufacture of perfumery and also soap, and a disinfectant is also distilled from red oil after the addition of other substances claimed to kill the cholera bacillus. Another product is an insecticide, which when mingled with 100 parts of water destroys insects injurious to farm crops.—Scientific American.

The Eye of the Shark.

The eye of the shark is small, long and narrow, closely resembling that of a pig. All observers have agreed in attributing to it a sly and malicious expression, but this must to some extent be taken as a flight of fancy. The only real reason for attributing to the shark a savage disposition is that, like the wolf, he has no pity whatever for a comrade in distress and that a wounded shark will be instantly attacked and devoured by his companion. This is indeed an evil trait in the creature and can only be excused on the ground of his prolonged fasts and the overmastering demands of his appetite.—London Standard.

Wolf, Camel and Bear.

The only two animals besides the wolf for which domesticated animals never seem able to conquer their aversion are the camel and the bear. The former is a case of pure natural aversion. It has been noticed that when the camels in a traveling menagerie have been tethered at any particular spot horses will shy and refuse to go near it, even after the camels have gone on their way with the rest of the show to another town.—Country Life.

Hair Color.

In the case of horses where the skin has been abraded by the harness if the galled region is left to itself the hair will grow in, but be colorless, while if oil is applied freely to the abrasion hair of a dark or normal color will be produced, thus indicating that the color is ordinarily due to the secretions of the skin sinking down as a sediment to the base of the hair follicle, where it is absorbed by the shaft of the hair.

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Don't Overlook It

CHAPTER I.

ALL the long Sabbath day a mist hung over the mountain so heavy and gray that twilight came on almost unperceived. In the quaint old English village of Cragenstone, situated near the topmost peak of this particular mountain, the early evening services were just being completed in the meeting house, a wooden structure that stood prominently on an elevation of rocks and sand in the center of the village, with its sharp steeple rising dark and stern above the shadows of the gathering gloom. Droning voices chanting an anthem were heard. Then the door was opened and the congregation filed out in reverent silence down the rocky pathways leading to their several homes, nodding seriously to each other when the time of parting came.

The solemn stillness of a Puritan Sabbath day pervaded the atmosphere, and all felt its influence, from old Father Farrish, with homespun suit and gray wool stockings, leaning heavily on his staff, to pretty Hetty Taunston, who walked slowly at her mother's side, forcing a look of seriousness on her dimpled face and dropping her eyelids demurely to cover the brightness of her sparkling eyes as she passed young Simon Kempster, who stood waiting at the door, his gaze intent upon her. Mistress Taunston, her best gray bonnet projecting well over her austere countenance and tied securely under her chin, rested her hand proudly on the arm of her son Josiah, who, tall, spare and grim visaged, strode on in silence, the grave solemnity of his manner giving evidence of his firm belief in the strict and narrow teachings of the Puritan sect to which he belonged.

The mist of the day had lifted, and through the breaking clouds overhead an early evening star was bravely endeavoring to send down a gleam to lighten the path of the wayfarer when mother and son entered the gateway before their home, a low, rambling farmhouse built securely of logs and cement. Pausing at the door, Mistress Taunston, with her hand on the latch, bent forward and looked down the dark roadway with a searching glance.

"Hetty! That trifling maid!" she exclaimed in a tone of vexation. "I should not ha' granted her request to walk with Cynthia Camett, for I might ha' known the twain would loiter on the way, indulging in idle chatter and forgetting the holy day."

"Fret not, mother," Taunston said in a repellant voice, harsh and discordant, "and enter, for I am chilled with the dampness of the night. No harm can befall the girl, who doth but desire to exchange greetings quietly with her friends."

Accustomed to do her son's bidding at the slightest word, his mother lifted the latch, and soon the flickering light of several candles disclosed the living room of the farmhouse—the large kitchen.

Throwing his hat and cloak on a bench near at hand, Taunston sank into a seat on the high backed settle in the chimney place, stretching out his legs shiveringly to receive the heat from the burning logs, observing his mother's movements in silence as she removed her bonnet and cap, then drew forward a small pine table, scrubbed to shining whiteness, and laid a Bible upon it. Seeing that she was about to become absorbed in reading the customary evening chapter, he observed suddenly, with an ill concealed attempt at carelessness, "Our cousin Margaret must be on her way by now, mother."

"Her missive sent to us by special messenger doth state that she arrived safely in London," his mother replied, lifting her glance from the page, "and that she would proceed on her way speedily. The frost coming out of the roads and recent heavy rains combine to make traveling tedious, as thou dost know, Josiah. But I expect within the week to welcome thy cousin back to the village of her birth."

She shook her head, sighing dolefully, "I wot 'twill be but a sad homecoming for the maid, with no father here to greet her."

"Her house and lands are in readiness for her to take possession," Josiah interposed gravely.

"Aye, thou hast been a good steward, my son," she replied, "since thine uncle, showing rare wisdom in his dying hour, chose thee to manage his daughter's estate."

She sat erect in her chair, speaking earnestly.

"For who in this rocky country hath broader pasture lands, better sheep and cattle, finer horseflesh, an' whose hirelings are trained to labor with more economy and speed? In the two years thou hast been in charge of her estate, Josiah, thou hast proved thyself untiring in thy zeal and worthy."

"I had my yearly stipend that was not ungenerous, mother."

"Thou hast been faithful and zealous for thy cousin's interests," his mother asserted, with stern emphasis, disregarding his observation entirely, "an' thou should have a reward, my son. Forsooth, thou art entitled to a rich reward," she repeated.

The ungainly fellow moved uneasily on the settle, a dull red glow of color mounting to his forehead.

"Lately I ha' thought," he said, with slight hesitation, "that mayhap our cousin Margaret would be much changed after her long sojourn in France. Belike she may return to find us dull and our ways too quiet for her taste. Have such thoughts e'er come to thy mind, mother?"

"Nay, not to speak on," she replied, "for I know that thy cousin will realize her obligations to thee and unless her early teachings are entirely swept away will heed the advice of her aunt and listen to her counsels with respect."

She raised her hand and shook her finger sternly.

"But think not it was with my consent that Andrew Mayland sent Margaret away to his sister in Paris," she said, "there to remain until she was twenty-one. I tell thee, Josiah, that Andrew wronged his only child, who should have been raised there in yonder gray stone house, built by her grandfather, and allowed to grow to womanhood among her own kind and in the God fearing ways of her kinsfolk. Education, forsooth! Can Hetty not read and write and do her numbering skillfully? Prithee, 'tis enough knowledge for a maid! As my good father, now dead, hath often said, 'Fill thy daughter's heart with a dread of

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Hopkinton, Iowa.

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We have just received the most complete line of Oxfords and Sandals ever before offered in Hopkinton. These are eastern styles and up-to-date in every respect. Come in and examine them and you will be pleased.

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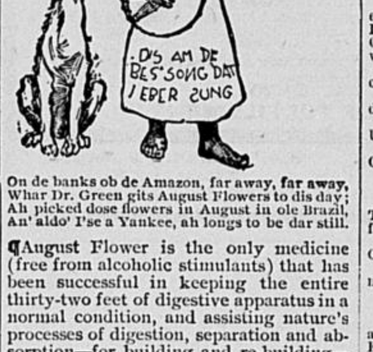

On de banks ob de Amazon, far away, far away,
Whar Dr. Green gits August Flowers to dis day;
Ah picked dose flowers in August in ole Brazil,
An' aldo' I'se a Yankee, ah longs to be dar still.

¶August Flower is the only medicine (free from alcoholic stimulants) that has been successful in keeping the entire thirty-two feet of digestive apparatus in a normal condition, and assisting nature's processes of digestion, separation and absorption—for building and re-building—by preventing ALL irregular or unnatural causes which interrupt healthy and perfect natural processes and result in intestinal indigestion, catarrhal affections (causing appendicitis—stoppage of the gall duct), fermentation of unhealthy foods, nervous dyspepsia, headache, constipation and other complaints, such as colic, biliousness, jaundice, etc.

¶August Flower is nature's intended regulator. Two sizes, 25c, 75c. All druggists.

For sale by ANDERS & PHILIPP.

RAILROAD Time Cards.

Manchester & Oneida Ry.

TIME TABLE.

Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 5:15 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 6:05 a. m. Connects with west bound C. G. W. No. 5. Returning leaves Oneida at 5:40 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 9:24 a. m. Connects with the north bound C. M. & St. P., No. 22. Returning leaves Oneida at 9:25, 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 3:22 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 5:25 p. m., arrives at Manchester 5:45 p. m.

J. L. KELSEY,
Gen. Traffic Manager.

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

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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* 8:42 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 † 9:00a 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 3:80 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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"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
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Compound Vapor a[illegible] poo Baths.

Baths

Vapor and Shampoo.

Most cases are by poiso[illegible] retions, clog the of NATURE. The name a[illegible] the syymto[illegible] may be differe[illegible] but the cause [illegible] disease can [illegible] ually be trace[illegible] to the imperfect action of the millio[illegible] of pores of the human body. A bath [illegible] accordance with scientific requir[illegible] ments is the best preventative a[illegible] remedy known. The methods emplo[illegible] ed by me are the most scientific ev[illegible] invented or discovered for dispelli[illegible] disease. Results tell the story. Gi[illegible] me a trial. This is the Conant syst[illegible] of baths. A competent lady attend[illegible] in charge of the ladies department. Office and bath rooms on Frankl[illegible] street. opposite Globe Hotel.

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Use Beacom's Picnic Pills,
They will drive away your ills
Try them. 25 cents. All druggists.

Illinois Central

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Cedar Falls, Ia., Convention Total Abstinence Union of Iowa, June 15.
Cedar Falls, Ia, Iowa State Normal Summer School, June 10, July 21. Tickets on sale on certain dates.

OPEN RATE OF ONE AND ONE-THIRD FARE.

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Niagara Falls, N. Y Annual Meeting Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, June 20-23.
Toronto, Ont., Triennial International Sunday School Convention, June 20-27.
Baltimore, Md., International Convention United Society of Christian Endeavor, July 5.
Buffalo N. Y., Meeting Grand Lodge, B. P. O. Elks, July 11-13.

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
Cedar Rapids, Ia., State Convention United Commercial Travelers of America, June 9-10.
Milwaukee, Wis, Head Camp Modern Woodmen of America, June 17-24.

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