The Witch of Cragenstone

By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ,
Author of "In Love and Truth"

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CHAPTER V.

"SIX days of constant rain, my Hetty!"

Margaret Mayland, half sitting, half reclining on a lounge in her bedroom, glanced at her cousin, who sat in a low chair opposite, with a petulant expression on her face.

"Such storms," she continued complainingly, "such deluges of water with blustering winds, I had ne'er thought to witness in this life! 'Twere well thou wert with me, cousin, or I should have died twenty times over of homesickness and megrims."

Hetty sighed sympathetically.

"Last night 'twas awful!" She shuddered and drew her soft gray shawl closer about her shoulders.

"The wind screamed about the house and whistled through the lattices, making such eerie noises that I covered up my head with fright. 'Twas a fearsome night, Margaret, and methought the elements at war affected thee, for thou wert restless in thy dreams."

With an air of mystery about her, Hetty reached over and touched her cousin's arm, saying in a lower voice, "Didst think of witches, cousin, an' hobgoblins?"

"Nay, not of witches," Margaret replied, with a light laugh, "but of a truth the thought occurred to me more than once that 'twas the devil's night and he was holding, forsooth, high revelry with his imps and demons. But if what folks say is true—that witches are his hirelings, having sold their souls to him—I doubt not that many of them also were abroad to rouse the elements and disturb poor mortals."

"Margaret, hist!" Hetty's face grew white, and her eyes opened in fright and horror. "Speak not so frivolously of the uncanny, wicked spirits that dwell in the air or they will do thee evil. Didst never hear of the fate of Sarah Goodwin, a woman in Sterndorf who denied the malevolent spirits who ever hover near us and laughed at witchcraft?"

"Nay, good Hetty," Margaret smiled indulgently, "I have ne'er heard of her. An' so, besides frightful storms, long faces, lonely hours and almost impassable roadways, this country is beset with spooks and witches? Tell me of Mistress Goodwin, good cousin."

Throwing herself at full length on the couch, Margaret prepared to listen. Hetty drew nearer, her face still pale and casting timid, furtive glances all about her.

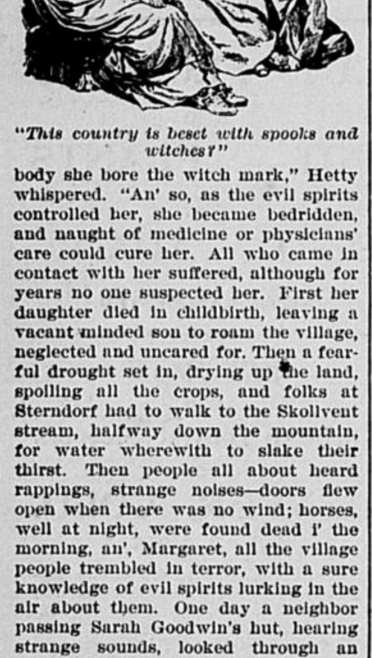
"Lower thy voice, Margaret, or ill may happen us. I see soft mockery in thine eyes, but 'tis e'en so. Why, one warm day last summer," she continued earnestly in her desire to convince her cousin, "two journeymen were mending the spire of our meeting house, and as they worked they discussed the bad effects of evil spirits and said that all witches should be burned, thereby destroying the wicked devils in them."

Hetty's voice trembled. "Just then a burst of thunder rent the air, great black clouds gathered in the heavens, but no rain fell. Lightning such as never was seen before flashed across the sky, striking one of these men to the earth, who in falling brought the other one down with him. The former ne'er spoke again, although he lived, and t'other's arms were powerless to do a stroke of work again."

The blue eyes of Mistress Mayland reflected the seriousness of her cousin's.

"Hetty, thy tale is a tragic one, an' I wot the poor men but ill deserved their fate," she said. "But of this woman, Sarah Goodwin? Sold she her soul to Satan that she became a witch?"

"Ah, lackaday," with a deep drawn sigh, "'twas never known, but on her



"This country is beset with spooks and witches?"

body she bore the witch mark," Hetty whispered. "An' so, as the evil spirits controlled her, she became bedridden, and naught of medicine or physicians' care could cure her. All who came in contact with her suffered, although for years no one suspected her. First her daughter died in childbirth, leaving a vacant minded son to roam the village, neglected and uncared for. Then a fearful drought set in, drying up the land, spoiling all the crops, and folks at Sterndorf had to walk to the Skollvent stream, halfway down the mountain, for water wherewith to slake their thirst. Then people all about heard rappings, strange noises—doors flew open when there was no wind; horses, well at night, were found dead i' the morning, an', Margaret, all the village people trembled in terror, with a sure knowledge of evil spirits lurking in the air about them. One day a neighbor passing Sarah Goodwin's hut, hearing strange sounds, looked through an opening and saw the woman in contortions on the floor, one convulsion following another in rapid succession. White with fear, he ran for the leech, who, after trying every remedy known to medical science, pronounced the woman possessed of devils."

Hetty paused, watching her companion intently to observe the effect of her words. Margaret drew a sharp breath of interest and sympathy.

"And what happened to the poor creature?" she asked. "Was there no one there to free her of the evil that possessed her?"

Hetty shook her head quickly in the negative.

"Nay, Margaret, the whole village was wild with fear, no one but the leech being venturesome enough to go near her. The town council, having great authority in these parts, met in consultation, hastily brought the woman to trial and sentenced her to be burned at the stake!"

Margaret shuddered and covered up her eyes as if to shut out the sight. "An' was this cruel thing done? Burned they the poor creature?" she cried pityingly.

"Aye, Margaret," Hetty replied; "they did so in the presence of a crowd of rejoicing neighbors. And my mother said 'twere well done, otherwise the woman would have spread constant disaster all about her. Mayhap an her evil inclination induced her," she continued mysteriously in a low voice. "Sarah Goodwin had changed human beings into animals, called up the resting spirits of the dead and put the curse of her black magic on those who might have innocently approached her. But, prithee, good Margaret, look not so downcast at the outcome of my tale, for witchcraft among our mountain people hath ever been thought the blackest of crimes, no punishment or torture being considered too great to suffer in expiation. 'Tis a thing with which we have no tolerance, cousin, for of all evil happenings in the world, of a truth, it is the most vicious and malignant."

Margaret shuddered and turned away.

"Methinks thou couldst have chosen a cheerful subject, Hetty, wherewith to while away the hours of a gloomy morning," she said reproachfully.

Rising from the couch, she walked to the window and, throwing open the lattice, looked out of doors.

"Ah, happy day!" she exclaimed. "Sunshine at last! See yonder cloud, cousin. Bright rays are breaking through it. Old Giles was right this morning when he said that the fierce wind had shifted and now lay in the western quarter, promising that we would see the sun before night. Rejoice with me, sweet Hetty."

For a time in silence they watched the beauty of the golden tinted clouds breaking apart and drifting about under the blue sky; then Margaret, whose face expressed great happiness and who seemed unable to contain her high spirits, said: "Art not aweary of the close, damp air of the house? Come, let us walk on the old stone wall by the pasture, for the ground is much too water soaked, and witness for ourselves what havoc the storm hath played."

Hastily procuring a light cape, she threw it over the muslin house dress she wore, and, Hetty following, the girls, refusing to listen to the protests of Elsbeth, who met them on the stairs, against going out of doors on such a morning, stepped out on to the ground, picked their way daintily—with much light laughter—over the wet paths, climbed the wall and, holding hands, ran gayly with the light heartedness of school children set free after long confinement along the top of the broad stone wall.

"I' faith, 'tis worth a pound to get out into the open and breathe fresh air again!" Margaret exclaimed, her blue eyes sparkling and her cheeks aglow.

The ribbon that bound her hair came loose, and in very abandonment of youth and health she threw it away, freeing her heavy masses of hair to the embraces of the wind, which caught it up tenderly, allowing the sun to kiss it with its sparkling rays, gently tossed it about her head; then, as if catching the gay mood of its owner, it grew more playful and roughly swept the tresses before Margaret's eyes, so that she almost stumbled as she ran. A large oak branch hung low over the wall. With a cry of pleasure Margaret caught hold of it and, lifting her feet, swung out into the air and back to the wall again, laughing joyfully at her achievement as she ran on to the end of the wall.

"Margaret!" Hetty exclaimed, running after her cousin, rather breathless at the whole proceeding. "What merry spirit of mischief doth possess thee?"

"Take my hand, sweet cousin, and run some of the Puritan stiffness out of thee," Margaret replied with flushed face and smiling lips. "My blood is coursing through my veins and my heart beats gayly today because the roads are drying up that lead from London to this village. Look not so bewildered, sweet. Thou'lt know anon why thy cousin welcomes wind and sun. See, the clouds are scattering and drifting far away! Come, Hetty, once more!" And, taking her cousin's hand, they ran together to the end of the wall.

"I'm out o' breath, but back again! I'll wager I'll get there before thee, slow Hetty."

She paused a moment, looking toward the house.

"What man is that demanding admittance?" she asked. "Methinks he looks on us with disapproval."

"Thou knowest well 'tis Josiah," faltered Hetty. "Dost think he saw us running, cousin?"

"Aye, even so an he did. What careth thou or I?" Margaret replied indifferently as she proceeded calmly toward the house along the top of the wall, followed by Hetty, now white faced and greatly abashed.

"We will go to meet him, Hetty, and give him greeting."

Josiah Taunston busied himself with tying his horse to a tree until his cousin and sister approached, then, standing erect, regarded them coldly, with an unsmiling expression in his small gray eyes.

"I give thee good day, Cousin Josiah," Margaret said quietly. "How can I serve thee? Wilt enter?"

She threw open the door.

"Thank thee, Cousin Margaret," he replied in a hard, rasping voice. "I but rode up with a message for my sister."

Until then he had ignored Hetty, but now turned upon her suddenly with great sternness in his manner.

"But before I deliver it, Hetty, I would like to ask thee if in thy recent conduct on yonder wall thou bethought thee that the servants were taking notice, also neighbors who might be passing by?"

Margaret, tossing her hair back with her hand, disdained to answer, and Hetty, much crestfallen, replied hastily: "'Twas but the pleasure of an idle moment, Josiah. What message sent my mother?"

"She thinks, as I do, that thou hast been here long enough," he said significantly. "Thy mother hath need of thee."

"I'll go at once, brother," she answered in nervous haste.

"It is well, Margaret," turning again to her. "I would have converse with thee an thou hast this hour idle."

His cousin's face fell slightly, but she said pleasantly: "Thou'rt ever welcome, Josiah. Step into the withdrawing room, and when I have bound my hair I will come to thee. Sweet Hetty," turning to her cousin and embracing her tenderly, "goodby, or better, as we say in France, 'au revoir.' Tell mine aunt that thou hast been a sunbeam in my house to lighten the gloom of the long storm and that I part with thee most unwillingly."

"God be with thee, Margaret," Hetty answered soberly, turning toward home with evident reluctance.

CHAPTER VI.

INHERITING from his mother a hard, unyielding nature, young Taunston, in his life of struggle and trial to keep his farm intact, had obtained what success was his through firm resolve, grim determination and desperate endeavor. Where he could not bend he had broken, and now to gain his ends he knew no other method. So, instead of disguising his disapproval of his cousin's light conduct, he chose rather to place on his pale, gaunt features an expression of hardness and disapproval as he rose stiffly at the sound of the soft rustling of skirts approaching to receive her.

With her hair brushed smoothly back and a prim kerchief crossed over her shoulders, hiding the fair round neck that the dainty cotton frock she wore disclosed, her face calm and serene, but withal a very different creature from the merry young woman who but a moment since had been running on the old wall, Margaret entered quietly and bade her kinsman be seated. He did this awkwardly, appearing ill at ease. Margaret's heart felt chilled. It was all so gloomy here, so cold and solemn. For the moment her thoughts turned toward Paris with bitter longing.

Josiah shifted on his chair and worked his pale lips as though he were at a loss for words and was angered at the fact.

At last Margaret broke the silence. "'Twas a most frightful storm, good cousin. Were thy lands much damaged?"

"Nay," he replied. "Being in the valley, we are protected some. But thou, Margaret, thy lands stretch broadly in the open. Hast thou suffered losses?"

Margaret laughed lightly.

"I' truth, Josiah, I have not given the matter a thought. Farming, I wot, is not a woman's work or else the Lord had given her a better liking for it."

Josiah's small eyes glittered.

"Thou hast spoken the truth!" he cried, the words fairly bursting from his mouth in his eagerness to speak them. "To manage an estate, i' faith, is not a woman's work. Why, cousin, I warrant that these lands under thy management alone in two years would detract in value to one-half. Thy father, Margaret, ever with an eye to thy best interests, gave me the stewardship of thine estate. Didst never occur to thee what his object was in this?"

"He knew, Josiah, that thou wouldst perform thy duties punctually," she replied pleasantly, suppressing a yawn behind her hand, "for thou art known to be a zealous man and one of integrity. I ever feel that I cannot thank thee enough for thy watchful care of mine estate, good cousin."

"Margaret," Josiah said, a dark flush spreading over his countenance, "my mother—in fact, several of thy neighbors have remarked that it is not meet for so young and fair a maid to live alone."

Margaret threw up her head rather defiantly.

"I have good Elsbeth and old Giles," she replied, "an' two better watchdogs ne'er had a maid to guard her. What wouldst thou better, cousin?"

The buckle of her shoe coming loose, she leaned over to fasten it when the cross that she wore on the fine gold chain about her neck fell to the floor.

"My chain hath broken," she cried, "an' I promised dear Hulda that I would wear her gift until I died! Is there a goldsmith hereabout, Josiah?"

"Yes; old Adam Browdie, next the Sign of the Red Heart in the village," he answered. "But, cousin, it were ill for thee to ornament thyself with that unholy papist cross. 'Tis our belief that such forms are for the use of idol worshipers and are instruments of the devil. Already the village folk talk of the cross of gold thou doth wear so publicly with disfavor."

With a sudden movement he rose and came to her side, standing over her sternly.

"Burn it, Margaret! Burn the emblem that doth menace the salvation of thy soul! Burn the wicked trophy!" he commanded.

Margaret slipped the chain and cross into the bosom of her dress. "Be seated, Josiah," she said coldly, "unless thy visit is done and thou wouldst go on thy way."

"Just a moment longer." He walked across the room and resumed his seat. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, and he spoke with an effort.

"I would further remonstrate with thee. Last night, Margaret, my mother, who doth love thee with a mother's love, ever holding thy best interests close to her heart, and I sat talking of thee until late into the night. We spoke kindly of thy beauty of face and form, but agreed that we liked not thy gay and frivolous taste in dressing. Then my mother, loving thee so truly, made excuses for thee, saying that thy father wronged thee when he sent thee to thine aunt in Paris to grow up in the worldly ways of that wicked city, where all the women are vain and frivolous and all the men poltroons, blackguards"—

"I deny that all the men are poltroons and blackguards!" Margaret cried, her face flushing with anger. "Heed thy words, Josiah!"

He went on in his cold, immovable way, as if she had not spoken:

"An', though we fully realize his mistake in that particular, we rejoice in thy father's wisdom that ordered thy return to thy native land when thou had reached thy majority, here to spend the remainder of thy days."

Margaret made no response, but sat before him quietly, indifferent to his words, finding him even more tiresome than usual and inwardly wondering when he would consider it expedient to take his departure, and Josiah, mistaking her silence for acquiescence and approval of his remarks, took courage to advance a step farther in his deep rooted scheme to win the young mistress of the Mayland farm.

"Hast ever thought, Margaret, what idea thy father had in his mind when he did select me for the manager of thine estate?"

"Thou didst ask me that before, and i' truth, good cousin, I am fain to confess that I ne'er gave much thought on the subject," Margaret replied indifferently. "Perchance he knew of thy good business ability and that thou wouldst order all things well for his daughter's benefit."

Josiah, leaning forward, spoke impressively.

"His idea was that I should learn the land, so that one day I would be master here. Knowest thou that he named me for thy husband, cousin?"

"Nay, 'tis not so," Margaret cried excitedly, rising and confronting him, "or else it would be so stated in his documents. In them it is most clearly writ that only at my death, should I die without issue, art thou successor here!"

"Calm thyself, good cousin. The thought is new to thee, and therefore thou'rt disturbed. To me," he added in a low voice, "this thought hath been food and drink since thy father—I mean," hastily correcting himself—"since first I saw thee."

He rose and came to her.

"Take time to think on the words I ha' just spoken. Pray for guidance to see the wisdom of accepting the love and protection of a true hearted, righteous and God fearing man, Margaret, an' thrust not aside carelessly the offer of marriage he now makes to thee."

She lifted her head hastily as if to speak, but Josiah stopped her with a stern, peremptory motion of his hand.

"Nay, cousin, answer not now. Such grave consideration as is now before thee takes time to think on. I'll speak with thee on the subject again when thou hath let the thought of me in the position of thy husband dwell longer in thy heart. God guide thee to a right decision. Fare thee well, Margaret Mayland."

She courtesied stiffly, and he, after inclining his head, strode through the open doorway and, mounting his horse, rode toward the village.

At the sound of the closing of the door Margaret ran to the window and threw open the lattice, exclaiming with a shiver: "'Tis damp and musty in this room, or else 'tis my cousin's proposition that hath chilled me. I'll let the sunshine in, and Giles can put some logs to burn in the chimney place. Prithee, the room must be warm and cheerful for Godfrey, who," she whispered happily, "now that the storm is broken, will come ere nightfall."

For a time she looked out of doors, humming a gay tune lightly, then, leaving the room, ran up the stairs and, bursting into the chamber where Elsbeth was sitting mending linen, stood before her with flushed face and sparkling eyes.

"What frock shall I wear for Godfrey, Elsbeth?"

"Sir Godfrey hath come?" The woman laid down her work and looked at Margaret in surprise, who answered petulantly: "Nay, dullard. How could he travel in such awful storms o'er mountain roads he knows not?"

She drew a piece of paper from her bosom, reading slowly, "'Tuesday I shall reach the inn at Hackvon, lay there one night and wilt be with thee on the morrow, Wednesday.'"

She raised the paper to her lips.

"Thus reads his missive, Elsbeth. Thou'lt remember that the storm rose wild Wednesday, now six days gone by. An' so, ah, me," she sighed dismally, "poor Godfrey hath been imprisoned all these dreary hours in that foul tavern, the Puritan, where we were forced to rest when we journeyed hither." For a moment she was silent. "But the storm hath broken and set him free!" she cried triumphantly, lifting her radiant face to the sunlight. "And now, I promise thee, he rideth fast to Cragenstone!"

Suddenly she grew more serious and, seating herself on a little stool at Elsbeth's feet, rested her elbows on the woman's lap above the mending, covered her face with her hands and appeared to be in deep thought.

"What thinkest thou, Elsbeth, of my cousin Josiah?" she asked after a time.

"He hath the appearance of an upright man and godly," the other replied

"Take time to think on the words I ha' just spoken."

thoughtfully, "but, I ween, hard and stern, even above his kind, who, with their long, sad faces, do dwell upon this mountain."

"He asked this morning to wed with me," Margaret observed quietly.

"What saidst thou?" Elsbeth exclaimed, indignation in her tone and glance. "The sour visaged churl, to want my bonny Margaret! Didst tell him of Sir Godfrey?"

"Nay," blushing softly. "There are few to whom I care to say that name. I would have told Josiah, 'Nay, nay, nay!' and thrice more nay and sent him roundly to the right about on the instant for his presumption, but he would not take mine answer, and, forsooth, commanding me harshly to let thoughts of him dwell in my heart until his haughty lordship would speak with me on the subject again, he took his departure. It was this manner. Look, Elsbeth."

Rising to her feet, Margaret strode with stiff awkwardness toward the door.

"Ugh!" with a shudder. "I was forced to open the lattice to let the sunlight in after he left, the room had grown so damp and cold from his chilling presence! So thou'lt not give thy consent for thy Margaret's marriage with him, Elsbeth?" teasingly.

Elsbeth shook her head in a knowing manner.

"Forsooth, pretty, I trow thou'lt wed thy lover that rideth here anon, that thy young heart is set on, with my consent or without it, but," she continued thoughtfully, "ever will it seem strange to me that such a hard man as thy cousin Josiah doth appear to be should have a desire for anything so soft as the love of a woman."

"Prithee, forget his gloomy face," Margaret interrupted crossly; then, coming and sitting at Elsbeth's knee again, said coaxingly: "Let's talk of—Godfrey! Oh, Elsbeth, such bonny times, such happy hours as we will have together!" she exclaimed, with clasped hands and quick drawn breath. "Sweet Godfrey, to come so soon! He told me on the eve before I left—when we were both so sad; hath forgotten, stupid Elsbeth?—that he had business in London which would shortly bring him across the channel and that he would in probability visit me ere I were well settled on mine estate. Oh, Elsbeth, I could wring my hands with sorrow that the cruel storm rose and kept him from me six long days, and then again I could sing until I burst my heart for very joy that I shall see him today ere nightfall."

Rising suddenly, she went to the open window and, throwing out her arms, cried earnestly: "Oh, warm winds, whispering winds, bring me word that Godfrey now rideth safely up the mountain road—my Godfrey, whom I love!"

For answer the rough breeze tossed her hair about and blew the white points of her kerchief over her face.

"Ah," she murmured softly, "I need not thy fickle confirmation, shifting winds! My heart, that is ever my best guidance, doth give me assurance that he'll come tonight! What frock shall I wear, dull Elsbeth, with no thought above thy mending? Shall I do him honor and receive him as a stately Parisian lady in my silken gown of peachblow hue with feathers waving high above my head, or shall I let him take me to his heart as a simple mountain maiden with smooth hair, gray homespun frock and sober countenance? Whichever way, good Elsbeth, will Godfrey like me best?"

Elsbeth, enjoying the girl's happy mood, smiled indulgently.

"An my opinion were worth the giving in such a case," she replied, "methinks Sir Godfrey will see only the happy light in thy blue eyes and thy red lips when first he cometh."

"Elsbeth!" Margaret shook her finger at her companion, laughing lightly. "Thou hath surely had a lover, although thou hast ever denied it, or else how knowest thou so well their ways? Come, I'll wear my peachblow silk, bedeck myself in the grandest fashion and receive my Godfrey in the withdrawing room with all the honors I would bestow upon the king were he to visit me. The king!" she exclaimed, with a disdainful toss of her head. "Forsooth, what is a king compared to Godfrey?"

The sight of the complete adoration of her charge for this man caused a feeling of pain to strike the elder woman's heart, and as she unfastened the lacing of Margaret's bodice she felt compelled to say:

"Methinks 'twere not well, sweet, to fasten thy heart so entirely on a man not yet thy husband. An old woman with much experience of the world doth know that many men, especially worldly men of fashion as Sir Godfrey La Fabienne, woo a maid with mad hot love, then ride away, leaving her to cure a broken heart."

"Elsbeth!" exclaimed Margaret sharply. "Cease thine idle chatter and dare not cast thy vile insinuations against Sir Godfrey in my presence."

Her face flushed, tears filled her eyes, and she took the lacings out of Elsbeth's hands as though she no longer wished her aid, walking from her.

"Forgive me, sweet Margaret." Elsbeth followed her anxiously, regret at her words showing in her countenance. "'Tis but my love for thee that gives me false anxiety, bonny, for thy happiness is my happiness, an' thy sorrow more than my sorrow."

For a time Margaret was silent; then she said with great seriousness: "Elsbeth, never again express doubt of Sir Godfrey. Doubt that the sun riseth to light the earth; doubt that night falls upon the day; doubt thy love for me, but never cherish such thoughts as thou didst give voice to a moment since against Sir Godfrey La Fabienne—a man," she continued in a low, passionate voice, "so much to me, so deeply rooted in my affections, that I could die for very joy of loving him. Were the earth to divide us, Elsbeth, we are one—one heart and one soul forever!"

Then, after a deep felt silence, she added in brighter tones, "But, prithee, come, the peachblow gown an' happy faces, for this is a joyful day, good [illegible]"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ON THE OCEAN'S FLOOR.

How It Feels to Go Down Into the Sea In a Diving Bell.

How it feels to go down into the sea in a diving bell is described as follows by one who made the descent: "Putting on a pair of stockings, leggings and heavy boots, I jumped on to the seat when the huge bell—it weighed forty tons and was as large as a good sized room—was swung by the powerful crane over the staging, and gradually we were lowered into the sea. The sensation at first was very strange. As we entered the water, which was driven out of the bell by compressed air, there was a distinct buzzing sound in the ears and head. I was told to hold my nose and blow through it, and I did so. Slowly we descended and at last reached the bottom, some fifty feet below the surface. The bell in question was seventeen feet long and ten feet wide. There were six of us in it. It was lighted by electricity and was almost as bright as day. We first landed on a bed which the divers had previously leveled. The moment the bell touched the ground there was perhaps about two feet of water in it. This was quickly driven out by the compressed air, when we walked on comparatively dry ground with the sea all around us.

"By sending signals up to the man in charge of the great crane to which the bell is attached the apparatus can be moved as its occupants wish. After inspecting the smooth bed on which the bottom blocks are laid we went out to sea and, landing on the bottom again, obtained some idea of the difficulties of digging a foundation on the floor of the ocean. It was ragged and rocky. Four men work in a bell under a pressure of twenty-seven pounds to the square inch for three hours at a time, digging up the ground until it is perfectly smooth and level. The material is thrown into a large wooden box swung in the center of the bell.

"Climbing to our seats again, the man gave the necessary signals, and away we went, all under water, of course, until we landed once more upon the stones just placed in position. The electric lights in the bell are placed close to the thick little glass windows. When we stayed on the bottom quietly for a little while the fish darted at the light, but at the noise of a shovel they quickly disappeared."

BITS FROM THE WRITERS.

A man never loves a woman so well as when he has been able to come to her rescue.—Alice Woods Ullman.

The man with an opinion is shunned as though he carried about him the germs of infectious disease.—Alfred Sutro.

I never can make out why those candid people who always say what they think have such unpleasant thoughts.—Sarah Grand.

Unless a man believes in himself he may as well be buried immediately for all the work he is going to do in the world.—Sidney Allnutt.

The man who hopes for nothing will generally attempt nothing. "Tomorrow" should always fling its light of promise upon "today."—Rev. Silas K. Hocking.

Since the garden of Eden men have taken a good deal mo' pleasure in layin' blame on thar wives than in layin' blame on the devil.—Ellen Glasgow.

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "what passes for a philosopher is simply a man dat kin stand bein' hurt without hollerin'."—Washington Star.

EASTER CUSTOMS.

Curious Observances of the Past and Present In England.

Some of the old Easter customs in England are curiously barbaric, and even at the present time the observance of this particular festival is surrounded with more or less superstition, just enough to lend to it the charm of mystery.

Twentieth century maidens don bright yellow garters, secure in their belief that they will be engaged before the year ends. Others give their tresses "a hundred strokes three times" with the brush while thinking intently of their heart's desire. And who does not take good care to wear their new things on Easter day?

Among the earliest of Easter customs are the following:

At Queen's college, Oxford, a herring placed by the cook to simulate a man on horseback is set on a corn salad and brought to the table. This is supposed to represent a red herring riding away on horseback and is the last vestige of the once popular pageants of rejoicing for the end of the Lenten fast.

It was erstwhile a habit in English towns for the boys after the Easter service to run into the street and snatch the buckles from the shoes of the girls whom they were able to catch.

Easter Monday, however, it was turn about, and the women chased the men. If the men refused to pay a sixpence or happened to wear boots the women tried to snatch their hats, and to recover a hat cost a sixpence.

In some old towns great cakes were brought to church and there divided among the young people.

A singular Easter custom was that of "lifting and weaving." A man sitting contentedly in his home was surprised by the servants and women of his household, who entered bearing a great armchair lined with white and decorated with ribbons and favors. The man was forced to sit in the chair and be lifted by the women, to each of whom he must give a sixpence. On a day in Easter week, either Monday or Tuesday, the man lifted the women with similar attendant ceremonies.

Edward I. was lifted in his bed by his ladies and maids of honor, and a record shows the payment made by him to have been some $2,000 in sixpences.

In older days in England monks at Easter acted plays in churches, the favorite subject being the resurrection. Not only were these plays enacted in the churches on these festival days, but there was dancing, particularly in the French cathedrals.

Even the sun, it is said, dances on Easter day.

In Ireland great preparations were made for the last day of Lent. Holy Saturday, about 9 o'clock, a hen and a piece of bacon were put in the pot, and at 12 there were eating and much merrymaking. At 4 all rose to see the sun dance in honor of the resurrection.

Your Habitual Expression.

What kind of an expression do you wear habitually? Is it sour, morose, repellent? Is it a mean, stingy, contemptible, uncharitable, intolerant expression? Do you wear the expression of a bulldog, a grasping, greedy, hungry expression, which indicates an avaricious nature? Do you go about among your employees with a thundercloud expression, with a melancholy, despondent, hopeless look on your face, or do you wear the sunshine expression which radiates good cheer and hope, which indicates a feeling of good will and of helpfulness? Do people smile and look happier when you approach them, or do they shrink from you and feel a chilly goose flesh sensation come over them as they see you approach?

It makes all the difference in the world to you and to those whom you influence what kind of an expression you wear.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

A DANISH BOARHOUND.

He Was a Jealous Brute and Carefully Guarded His Mistress.

During a visit to a friend in the country Sir Henry Hawkins had an adventure with a boarhound which he describes in his "Reminiscences:"

There was an enormous Danish boarhound which had, unperceived by us, followed Mrs. Harlstone from the library. He pushed by without ceremony and proceeded until he reached the lady, who was some distance in advance. He then carefully took the skirt of her dress with his mouth and carried it like an accomplished train bearer until she reached the bottom of the stairs and the garden, when he let go the dress and gazed as an interested spectator.

But before we parted from Mrs. Harlstone and while I was talking to her I felt my hand in the boarhound's mouth, and a pretty capacious mouth it was, for I seemed to touch nothing but his formidable fangs. So soft was the touch of his fangs that I was only just conscious my hand was in his mouth by now and then the gentlest reminder. I knew animals too well to attempt to withdraw it, and I preserved a calm more wonderful than I could have given myself credit for.

While I was wondering what the next proceeding might be Mrs. Harlstone begged me to be quite easy and on no account to show any opposition to the dog's proceedings, in which case she promised that he would lead me gently to the other side of the lawn and leave me without doing the least harm.

As I was being led away Mrs. Harlstone said: "Do exactly as he wishes. He is jealous of your talking to me, and any one who does so he leads away to the other side of the garden."

Having conducted me to the remotest spot he could find, he opened his huge jaws and released my hand, wagged his tail and trotted off, much pleased with his performance.

YOUR DAILY TASK.

Bring Your Whole Self to It With All Your Powers Intact.

It makes all the difference in the world in results whether you come to your work every day with all your powers intact, with all your faculties up to the standard; whether you come with the entire man, so that you can fling your whole life into your task, or with only a part of yourself; whether you do your work as a giant or as a pygmy. Most people bring only a small part of themselves to their tasks. They cripple much of their ability by irregular living, bad habits in eating and injurious food, lack of sleep, dissipation or some other folly. They do not come to their tasks every morning whole men. A part of themselves and often a large part is somewhere else. They left their energy where they were trying to have a good time, so that they bring weakness instead of power, indifference and dullness instead of enthusiasm and alertness, to the performance of the most important duties of their lives. The man who comes to his work in the morning unrefreshed, languid and listless cannot do a good, honest day's work, and if he drags rotten days into the year how can he expect a sound career or a successful achievement?

Good work is not entirely a question of will power. Often this is impaired by a low physical standard. The quality of the work cannot be up to high water mark when every faculty, every function and every bit of your ability is affected by your physical and mental condition. You may be sure that your weakness, whatever its cause, will appear in your day's work, whether it is making books or selling them, teaching school or studying, singing or painting, chiseling statues or digging trenches.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

Pensioning Judges In England.

It is considered an essential condition of the English court system that the judges shall be absolutely independent financially; that their salaries shall be so large and provision for their future shall upon their retirement be so ample they need at no time of their service have any monetary anxiety. There are now no fewer than eight ex-judges in receipt of total pensions amounting to $121,662.50 a year. A judge who continues on the bench after completing fifteen years' service really does his work for $7,299.75 a year, the difference between his salary and pension. The lord chancellor is entitled to a pension of $24,332.50 a year for life, however short his tenure of the chancellorship.

The King of Korea.

Only the king of Korea may raise goats or have round columns and square rafters to his house or wear a coat of brilliant red. Only the king may look upon the faces of the queen's hundreds of attendant ladies or have any building outside of which there are more than three steps. Four steps would be high treason and would cost their owner a traitor's death.

His Mistaken Idea.

"But, my dear," remonstrated Mr. Meekun, "there's a good deal to be said on both sides."

"No, there isn't," answered his spouse. "I've told you what I think about it, and that's all that is going to be said."—Chicago Tribune.

The Reason.

Ethel—What did you say to papa last night? Ferdy—N-othing. I was so scared that I didn't open my mouth. Ethel—Oh, that accounts for it! He said you impressed him very favorably!—Home Notes.

Ralph Waldo Emerson's Stove.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was a man of rare integrity and very particular about small things. One day a new cooking stove had been provided for his house, and, although the stove came very highly recommended, it proved thoroughly unsatisfactory and most provoking, as it did everything but what it was expected to do. After awhile the family was in despair, and some one suggested sending it to auction.

"What!" exclaimed Emerson. "Transfer our own perplexity to another pair of shoulders? No, never, unless the stove is labeled 'Imperfect.'"

And so "Imperfect" it was labeled and sold at a great discount.—Boston Herald.

The Oldest Book.

Max Muller said that the Brahmans in particular pride themselves on the age of their Vedas, which, according to some critics, date from 6000 B. C.; according to others, from 1200 or 1500 B. C. Even this more moderate date is far beyond that of the Old Testament or any other sacred book, so that to the Brahmans must be given the credit, if credit there be, of possessing the oldest, the most remote and consequently the most difficult of the sacred books of the world.

Deferred.

"What," asked the youth, "was the happiest moment of your life?"

"The happiest moment of my life," answered the sage of Sageville, "is yet to come."

"When do you expect it?" queried the inquisitive youngster.

"When people cease to ask fool questions," replied the philosophy dispenser.—Chicago News.

H. L. Main,
Hopkinton, Iowa.

Oxfords and Sandals

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.

H. L. MAIN,
Hopkinton, Iowa.

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 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.

—TRAINS WILL STOP ONLY AT—

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

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* 3:18 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 3:30 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.

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.

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't Agent I. C. R. R.
Dubuque, Iowa.

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.

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

Illinois Central Excursion Rates.

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

SUMMER TOURIST RATES.

Tickets on sale daily during the summer months to St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn; Hot Springs and Deadwood, So. Dak.; Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, and Glenwood Springs, Colo.; Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah; and many other Summer Resorts both East and West, limited to Oct. 31st. Also to Yellowstone Park, limited to ninety days. Write for rates.

FARE AND ONE-THIRD ON CERTIFICATE PLAN.

Cedar Falls, Ia., Iowa State Normal Summer School, June 10, July 21. Tickets on sale only on certain dates.

ONE FARE PLUS $2.00.

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

Tickets on sale the first and third Tuesday of each month until October. To certain points in Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota, North Dakota, Canada and the Northwestern States. Tickets will be sold every Tuesday until October 31st.

Baltimore, Md., International Convention United Society of Christian Endeavor, July 5-10.

Buffalo, N. Y., Meeting Grand Lodge, B. P. O. Elks, July 11-13.

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.

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.

Cheap Excursion to Chicago and Return, June 17, via the I. C. R. R.

The I. C. R. R. will run an excursion to Chicago June 17th at a rate of $5.00 for the round trip. Tickets limited to return June 26. See regular newspapers notices and bills.

P. G. Pierce, Agt.

SUMMER EXCURSION RATES

Via the M. & O. to Summer Tourist Points, North, East, South and West.

Commencing June 1st and continuing daily thereafter until September 30, 1905, the M. and Oneida Ry. Co. will sell round trip summer tourist tickets good to return until October 31st at greatly reduced rates with stop over privileges on nearly all roads. For further information call on or address the undersighed at Manchester Iowa.

J. L. Kelsey,
Traffic Mgr.