The Witch of Cragenstone

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CHAPTER XI.

IN June the days are longest. The sun, unwilling to remove its warm gaze from the verdant earth, rich in leafy foliage and gay with bright blossoms, roses hanging full and red, distilling with the honeysuckle sweet odors on the soft air, withdraws its last rays lingeringly, reluctant to give place to gray and somber twilight, that ever stealthily and surely comes following in its wake, bringing the boon to all mankind of a restful hour after the heat and turmoil of a working day.

It was on such an evening that Simon Kempster, having taken the road to the village—the long and less frequented one that ran past the Taunston farmhouse—arrived late at the customary lounging place of the villagers, the Sign of the Red Heart, to find the seat he usually occupied in his favorite corner under the small open window taken by Josiah Taunston, who, pale faced and taciturn, sat there grimly holding his tankard of ale in his hand. To Simon's cheerful greeting he returned a solemn nod, and so occupied was he with his own thoughts that he appeared not to notice or hear the talk of those about him.

On the steps at the door, also in the hallway, groups of idlers stood about, idly discussing the affairs of the village and watching with curious interest the movements of the latest arrival, a French peddler, who, dressed in a tawdry suit of purple velveteen trimmed profusely with tarnished brass ornaments, huge rings suspended from his ears and high russet leather boots, broken and bursting at the soles, was eating supper greedily. Hardly finishing the last morsel, he sprang from his seat, eager to catch the attention of possible purchasers before the darkness set in and they would depart for their homes.

"I give thee greeting, good sirs," he cried as he pulled a heavy cotton bag from under the table and, falling on the floor in the center of the room, opened it to display his wares, eagerly calling on those present to buy.

"Look, kind sirs and pretty gentlemen," he cried in a shrill, wheedling voice, holding up for their gaze a box of plain gold rings. "Surely some one here about hath marriage on his mind, and where can he buy the wedding circlet cheaper? Solid gold and only 10 shillings! Buy, buy! Who will buy?"

His keen glance, searching about the room, fell on Josiah Taunston, who was regarding the peddler's endeavors coldly, a sneer on his face. The fellow quickly gave him his back, so as not to waste even another glance on such an unpromising customer, when he spied Simon Kempster, red faced and conscious, edging near to him.

"What wilt thou, m'sieur—a marriage circlet? By our lady, with thy yellow locks and sturdy limbs I wot thou'd make a bonny bridegroom!"

The idlers about tittered, nudging each other with sly winks, and Simon to cover his confusion fell on his knees on the floor, making a show of examining some trinkets that were in a chamois skin bag.

"'Twere fool's work, Simon, to buy the ring unless thou hast thy sweetheart's sure promise," young Hugh Haggott called from his place near the door.

The wary peddler thought to try another tack. Fumbling among his wares, he soon produced a handful of silver heart shapes strung on fine chains, and, selecting one, he dangled it enticingly before Simon's eyes.

"Happen thou and thy maid have quarreled," he observed, "an' thou would carry one of these to her for a peace gift. 'Twould bring thee luck in thy courting," he added persuasively as he saw a gleam of desire for the gewgaws in Kempster's eyes. "Oh, rare luck, m'sieur, I do promise thee, and only 4 shillings! Half the price I paid for them in the principal mart in Paris!"

Forcing the chain into Simon's hands as if it were a settled fact that he had purchased it, the vender turned his attention to the securing of other customers.

"Silver hearts!" he cried lustily. "Sure harbingers of good luck and a successful wooing! Cheap at 4 shillings! Contains a charm which will cause the most trifling or stubborn maid to o'ercome her scruples and name the wedding day."

In those early days, at that time of superstition and a firm belief in signs and magic, the word charm had a strong attraction. Men loitering about the door drew closer to the man displaying his wares and regarded the silver hearts with interest. Simon delved into his pocket and brought out the 4 shillings.

"I' truth, I ha' not much faith in what thou doth say of the charm," he said, rising awkwardly, with a hot flush on his face, "but as 'tis a pretty trinket I will take one of thee."

"Now who's next?" cried the peddler. "Is this the only gentleman who is to speed well on his wooing?"

He wheeled around suddenly, and, his glance falling again on Josiah Taunston, who was now looking on with much interest, he cried, with an appearance of sympathy: "Solemn visaged sir, mayhap thy sadness is due to the caprice of thy sweetheart. If 'tis so, carry her one of these, and thy troubles are ended. I warrant thee she is thine in less than a fortnight. Diable! These charms have never failed!"

Taunston put down his tankard and lounged over to the man, assuming an appearance of indifference as he handled the trinket.

"And hast had proof of the value of the charm these contain?" he asked in a low, stern tone.

"Aye, marry," cried the vender, "many more than I can tell. I am known from one end of the country to the other by all languishing lovers! Why, fair sir," with convincing honesty of tone and manner, "the nobles buy of me, and I have even been admitted at the court. My love charms are world famed! Step up, m'sieurs, only 4 shillings!" he called.

"By the mass! I had a sure proof of their value within the month," he continued, addressing Josiah, but speaking in a loud voice so that all might hear. "At Sterndorf, over the mountain, I was delayed by the storm and had a room in the tavern there next to a gallant gentleman, an English noble, holding high rank at the French court and in high favor with the king, who had missed his way and lay there ill of a pest. All through the hours of his fever and pain he moaned sorely for his ladylove, who, he lamented, was pining for his presence and whom he feared he would ne'er see again. I sold him one of these heart shapes, an', m'sieurs," the peddler announced triumphantly, holding them high aloft in his hand, "that day the storm abated, the next he began to mend, and ere many days he fared forth on his journey. And the first thing I saw as I approached your village, good sirs, was this same gallant riding by the side of a most beauteous lady, both merry an' the light of happy love shining in their eyes. Standing by the wayside, I pulled my hat off to the ground at their approach, an' Sir Godfrey La Fabienne"—he said the name proudly—"with kind civility doffed his hat in return an' gave me pleasant greeting.

"'With all respect and reverence, my lord,' quoth I, 'the love charm hath worked?'

"The lady blushed, and my lord threw me a gold piece.

"'Thou chargest not enough for thy valuable wares, good fellow,' he quoth, 'so I will further compensate thee.'

"An' they rode away close together, laughing gently, and so great was the love and happiness on their faces that I watched them with tears in mine eyes until they entered the forest."

Josiah Taunston, who during this recital had grown pale to the lips, with trembling hands clutched the heart shapes tighter.

"Who'll buy, m'sieurs! Love's magic! Whoe'er buys a heart perforce must soon buy a circlet;" the peddler cried, not seeing his companion's agitation.

"Hast any charm that contains evil?" Josiah said in a voice so low that he almost whispered.

The peddler regarded him curiously.

"Surely," he thought, "that sour visaged wight needs not evil charms. The devil is close enough to him already."

But he answered suavely: "It doth happen that I have small call for those. Most folks are afear of them. Once I had a box of crosses that were said to be possessed of the devil, but they brought me much sickness, sorrow and bad luck, so I soon got rid of them. Gentlemen, step up! Surely there's not only one among ye sweethearting! Who'll buy my wares?" he called out.

"Those crosses, man!" Josiah interposed impatiently. "Wert of gold? Where soldst thou them?"

"Aye, of pure gold. Only the nobility bought them," he replied proudly. "'Twas in Paris I sold them. Ah, good sir," to a timid young Puritan who had approached, "an thou wilt take a golden circlet thou canst have it for 8 shillings. Cheap, dirt cheap, but I am much in need of money."

But the man, shaking his head as if the price were too much, walked away.

"Master, wouldst thou like a silver cross? Diable! There is not much good luck in them!" the vender continued, turning toward Josiah again. But, to his surprise, the man's place was empty, for Taunston, unnoticed by the throng of bystanders that was interested in the peddler and his wares, with glistening triumphant eyes had passed through the doorway and gone out into the night.

CHAPTER XII.

AT about this time Hetty Taunston, having finished her evening task of washing the supper dishes and putting the kitchen in order, sat idly on a little bench beside the doorway of her home. Some pink roses hanging on a bush near at hand attracted her attention. Reaching over, she plucked a handful, then, after bending an ear in the direction her mother had taken to visit a neighbor to assure herself that she was not returning, arranged the blossom coquettishly in the prim little knot of hair wound tightly at the back of her head, saying softly: "When I hear her coming I'll throw them out. Happen she'll not stay long now darkness hath fallen."

Sounds of approaching footsteps crunching the earth heavily fell on her ears, causing the girl to put her hand to her head guiltily. Then as a merry whistle broke out on the evening air she sank back with an appearance of relief, leaving the roses untouched.

"Pah! 'Tis Simon!" she exclaimed. "I might ha' known the sound of his clumsy footfalls! Lord knows I ha' heard them often enough. The callant's forever a-passing!"

Presently Kempster reached the garden gate, paused and, peering through the gloom, saw the glimmer of a white kerchief.

"Hetty, is't thou?" he said as he came toward her.

"Yea, Simon, who else but dreary me, pining all alone?" she said, rising, with an affected sigh. "Wilt enter? The air is chill."

Stepping into the kitchen, she lighted a candle that stood in readiness on a small table and, setting two chairs near the doorway, motioned to her visitor, who stood hesitatingly at the threshold, to be seated and took the other one herself.

"Those pink roses become thee, Hetty," Simon ventured to remark, regarding the young woman affectionately, his eyes glistening with admiration of her fresh beauty.

Under the warmth of his glance Hetty flushed slightly. "Mother would be angered an she saw them," she said.

For a time a silence fell between them, both looking out of doors at the peaceful night.

Then Simon observed: "At home now when I sit before the door alone o' nights I look at my bushes hanging full of rose blossoms and think how a woman about the house could make good use o' them to beautify herself. As 'tis," with a sentimental sigh and a nervous wriggle, "they wither and die away, the petals blown hither and thither by the wind."

Under the glimmer of the candle his round face wore a pensive expression.

Hetty tossed her head as if she did not understand either look or meaning, exclaiming with disinterested friendliness: "There's Sarah Ann Dugaine, Simon. She maketh her boasts on her love for flowers. Happen thou could get her to wear thy blossoms."

Kempster shook his head.

"I' truth, my mind dwelt not on good Sarah," he said, sighing again. "Nay, Hetty, 'tis thoughts o' some one else that doth disturb my peace—a little black eyed maid as pretty and as graceful as—as"—

Hetty, who had been listening to his words with an alert, suspicious look on her face, grew quite fidgety as she saw him mentally casting about for a suitable comparison.

"Now, Simon, thou hadst best be careful!" she cried hastily in a voice of warning.

At her words the enthusiasm on Kempster's countenance faded away. "I was but thinking on my little young heifer, Hetty, so lost the run o' my words," he concluded lamely.

"There, I knew it!" she exclaimed angrily. "Thou wast going to compare me to thy heifer!"

She sprang from her seat and, hastily pulling in the window casement, said sharply, with no desire to conceal her pettishness: "If thou hast no better talk than that, forsooth, thou'd better be on thy way, Simon. A body 'd love to look like an old cow!" she wound up sarcastically.

To Simon, who saw beauty in everything connected with his snug little farm, Hetty's dislike to his gentle flatteries was always a mystery to him, so he scratched his forehead nervously, knowing that he had offended again unwittingly and wishing from his heart that he had not come, when the reason of his visit occurred to him. Approaching his companion, he thrust his hands awkwardly into his breeches pocket and, pulling out a little packet, handed it to her.

"'Tis a trinket for thee, Hetty." A hot flush was on his face. "There wast a peddler at the Sign of the Red Heart a-selling them, and when I saw the gewgaws I thought at once on thee. Thou'rt so fond of trinkets, Hetty."

Had he succeeded in pleasing her this time? Simon's heart beat rapidly, and he could scarcely breathe with suspense as she slowly undid the wrapping, picked up the chain and hung it on the end of her finger, a dazed expression in her eyes; then she laughed a low, trilling, happy laugh.

"Thou didst buy it for me, Simon?"

"For thee, sweet Hetty."

The honest fellow's voice trembled with feeling, and tears of delight sprang to his eyes at sight of her pleasure. "'Tis a good luck charm for lovers, they say."

"Ha' done, Simon!"

Hetty, dangling the chain and heart before the light of the candle, blushed furiously. "Must do foolish things like spending thy money for trinkets for a cross patch maid who e'er finds fault with thee wi'out adding on thy silly nonsense!"

"Wilt wear it, Hetty?" he whispered, coming nearer.

"Aye, gladly, Simon!" she cried, delighted with the gift, then, undoing the clasp and putting the chain about her white throat, said: "Could—couldst thou fasten it, Simon? My fingers are all thumbs, an' I'm all a-fluster with surprise."

He sprang to her assistance, taking the ends of the chain from her small hands.

"Ah, lackaday," she continued in a lower voice, "I must wear it 'neath my kerchief, I ween, as mother is so wrathful at a body's wearing a gewgaw. She says they are implements of the devil to make maids vain and worldly. Shame, Simon! Thou needst not pinch my neck with thy clumsy manners. Hist! 'Tis mother!"

They sprang apart. Hetty sank into a chair, hastily covering up the chain and pendant, and Simon, bending over an open Bible, turned over the pages slowly, as if intent on looking for a certain verse.

Mrs. Taunston entered, closing the door after her. "Good even, Simon Kempster. The night air groweth chill."

"A fair greeting, good mistress."

Simon pushed a chair toward her. "Yestermorn Josiah told me that some of thy lambs were ill, and I did but stop in to see if they were better of the malady."

The dame seated herself gloomily.

"Ah, woe is me!" she sighed. "All's adversity and trouble! Two more sheep lay down with the disease tonight. But, worse than that, Josiah, my good son, who hath ever had a hearty appetite, for the past fortnight almost refuseth food."

"What doth ail Josiah?" Simon asked with interest.

"No one can say," she answered, "but methinks 'tis the sight of so much wicked vanity and worldly display that our cousin hath seen fit to bring into this hitherto reverent village that hath upset Josiah. Ah, lackaday, such scenes as we perforce must witness! Why, just tonight in going to the village I took the short path through the Mayland farm, and there before the door sat this papist lover of Margaret in a suit of lavender satin trimmed with gilt needlework, stringing a lute, and she, standing by with her hand on his shoulder, was humming the air of some French song. Both were so intent upon their wicked music that they did not even see me, Margaret's aunt. Such a sight sickened me, and I lamented my slothfulness in taking the short way. To be a constant eyewitness of such foolishness, as perforce Josiah is, can ne'er help grieving him. Prithee, a pious, God fearing man, as he is well known to be, feels a responsibility for his cousin's soul and resents her cool and brazen determination to go her evil way."

"Nay, good dame," Simon ventured to reassure her, "thou must ha' no fears for the loss of Mistress Mayland's soul, for I warrant thee that the spirit that must dwell in such a beautiful body could ne'er find else but a place in heaven."

"There, that is the way wi' the men," cried the woman angrily—"ever seeing outward signs, which are devil's snares, and attributing them to the work of the good Lord!"

Her eyes, glaring around wrathfully, chanced to catch a glimpse of the roses dangling from Hetty's little knot of black hair, which that maid in her pleasure at Simon's gift had entirely

"Couldst thou fasten it, Simon?"

forgotten to remove. Her mother was at her side in an instant, tore the flowers out, threw them on the floor and stamped on them.

"Thou vain, wicked, empty head!" she cried shrilly. "Thy only thought to lay snares for the senses o' men, forgetting thy father in heaven! Thou'd like to copy the wanton ways of thy cousin, wouldst thou, so that thy good brother could have more cause for grieving an' be kept longer at his prayers?"

Hetty, who was really terrified at her mother's anger, began to weep gently. Mistress Taunston strutted to the large cupboard at the other end of the room to hang up her bonnet, and Simon, troubled beyond expression at the sight of Hetty's tears, contrived to slip a crumpled piece of paper into her hand, whispering quickly: "Happen this will comfort thee, sweet. I writ it at the tallow chandler's on my way up here. 'Tis good verse, Hetty, and of marvelous rhyme. Fare thee well, sweet."

Then, taking up his hat, he strode to the door, calling his adieus loudly to the older woman, who answered in a muffled voice from the interior of the cupboard.

Once safely in her room, Hetty drew the wooden bolt across the door and, sitting down before the piece of glass that constituted her mirror, removed her kerchief and with sparkling eyes looked at her white throat encircled by the silver chain.

"If mother e'er sees it she will burn it," she whispered, looking toward the door to make sure she had secured it against intruders. "Now for Simon's missive. For all he loves his farm, methinks he is not entirely lacking in sentiment. Mayhap 'tis a love verse."

Undoing the crumpled piece of paper, Hetty deciphered the writing with great difficulty:

> To swete Hetty I fane
> Would bring a chane,
> With a love charm of a hart
> That will never—no, never—let us part.

Hetty walked to the window and lifted her flushed, pleased face to the calm star lit sky.

"Methought never to have liked that clumsy Simon so well," she whispered. "His comparisons were e'er so homely I much misliked him, but now that he can write such love verses I ween that he is not without good parts."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bluebeard.

"Who was the original Bluebeard?" asks a writer in the London Chronicle. He continues: "We owe the familiar Bluebeard of the pantomime to Charles Perrault, the Frenchman who published in 1696-97 his immortal stories of 'Bluebeard,' 'The Sleeping Beauty,' 'Little Red Riding Hood' and 'Cinderella.' But it is very uncertain who, if anybody, was Perrault's model for Bluebeard. Some have supposed that it was our Henry VIII., others that the tale is a lampoon upon the castle lords of knight errantry days in general. Perhaps the favorite candidate has been Giles de Rais, marshal of France, who was hanged and burned in 1440 for an awful series of crimes. During fourteen years he was believed to have kidnaped about 150 children, tortured them, sacrificed them to the devil, burned their bodies and buried their bones in his castle grounds. But the resemblance between his tale and Bluebeard's is too slight to be convincing."

An Unmarried Widow.

It would appear that the standard of happiness of at least one African widow in Manhattan had reached high water mark, judging by this advertisement published a few days ago:

> Widow, colored, age 34, with high school training, vocalist, excellent cook, desires a husband same age or younger; awful extremely fair, clean, sober, moral and never been married. Address WIDOW.

The following personal, printed in a metropolitan newspaper the other day, deserves a class by itself:

> A European gentleman wishes to meet an American who is the typical daughter of all that is most admirable in our age; one gifted with the bold frankness of understanding, the enthusiasm of expectancy, the merry cheerfulness of superiority, the psychical and physical alertness of those of tomorrow; the worldly independence of this optimist must be duplicated; view, matrimony.
> FESTINA LENTE.

—New York Press.

Knives For Brides.

The custom of giving knives to brides was formerly a common practice, when it was fashionable for women to wear knives sheathed and suspended from their girdles. A wedding offered an opportunity of presenting something novel or ornamental in the cutlery line, and frequent reference to such presents occurs in the plays of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the "Witch of Edmonton," 1648, for instance, the bride is described as wearing "the new pair of Sheffield knives, fitted to one sheath." A list of trinkets usually worn by ladies about 1560 includes girdles, knives, purses and pin cases. In Dekker's "Match Me In London," 1631, the bride says to her jealous husband:

> "See, at my girdle hang my wedding knives;
> With these dispatch me."

Indignation.

Law Notes relates that Albert E. Pillsbury, former attorney general of Massachusetts, on visiting the birthplace of Horace Greeley in Amherst, N. H., noticed that there was no placard about the place to inform the public of its historical interest. Accordingly he himself tacked on the house a card which read: "This is the birthplace of Horace Greeley." While he was engaged at this task a passing native paused to read the card, and, turning to Mr. Pillsbury, he remarked with some acidity: "The gall of some of you fellers that hev made money in the city is fairly sick'nin'. What do you suppose folks here care whether you was born on this farm or some other farm? Them's my sentiments, Mr. Greeley, and don't you forgit it!"

Carried It With Him.

A short time ago a burial took place at sea from one of his majesty's cruisers. As there were no leads with the stores large pieces of coal were attached to the body in their place. All the crew were summoned on the quarter deck for the burial. Just as the body was being lowered Pat burst out laughing. Next morning the chaplain sent for Pat and asked for an explanation of his laughter at such a very solemn time. "Sure now," replied Pat, "Oi've heerd o' many a wan goin' below, but Oi've niver seen wan take 'is coal with un afore."—London Tatler.

Anonymous.

A Birmingham churchwarden was reading at a vestry meeting a list of subscriptions to the parochial funds. The list began as follows: "The vicar, a guinea; Mrs. ——, half a guinea; an anonymous donor, myself, 25 shillings."

Irresistible.

She—How do you suppose his Satanic majesty succeeded in tempting Mother Eve? He—More than likely he told her that apples were good for the complexion.

Covetousness swells the principal to no purpose and lessens the use to all purposes.—Taylor.

A Remarkable Dwarf.

Perhaps the most remarkable dwarf on record was Sir Jeffrey Hudson, the little fellow whom Scott introduces in "Peveril of the Peak." He was born in Rutlandshire, England, in 1619.

When eight years of age he was presented by the Duke of Buckingham to Queen Henrietta in a cold pie. He afterward became attached to the court of Charles I. At one of the court masks the king's porter, a man of gigantic size, who used to torment the little dwarf, pulled from one pocket a loaf of bread and from the other Jeffrey, much to the surprise and amusement of the company present. Jeffrey was at this time only eighteen inches in height.

He remained at this stature until he was thirty years of age, after which a curious exception to the laws of growth took place, since Jeffrey rapidly grew to be three feet nine inches in height, whereas most men do not grow a quarter of an inch after the age of thirty. This dwarf had an enormous head and very large hands and feet; otherwise his proportions were symmetrical, and his face was considered handsome.—Youth's Companion.

The Useful Donkey.

In Syria, says a traveler, I saw a donkey put to an extraordinary use. One evening just before the dinner hour in our tent the Arab cook rushed hurriedly out of the door of the kitchen tent with a glass carafe in his hand. He went up to the row of donkeys, horses and packages tethered close by. Seizing the tail of the smallest of the donkeys, he hastily thrust it into the carafe, gave it two or three vigorous turns inside the bottle and then as quickly removed the unconcerned tail. Thus he had cleansed the water bottle for our dinner. It is in Syria also that the strange fashion exists of shaving the donkeys' coats in different ways, much as a lady of fashion shaves her French poodle. A choice breed of donkeys, known as "Bagdad mules," is much cherished in the neighborhood of Damascus. Their long, hairy coat, usually of pure white or pale gray, admits of fantastic clipping.

Money Hotel Cashiers Dislike.

"It is a curious habit the great American public has of wanting the kind of money that hotel cashiers dislike and have the least of," said one of those useful functionaries. "Many are the times each day that I am called upon, by ladies especially, for fifty cent pieces. Quarters won't answer. They want half dollars, though why that particular coin I've never been able to understand. No cashier cares to keep halves on hand, but always maintains a good stock of quarters and dimes, for the reason of their greater convenience. Many of the guests also beg for two dollar notes despite the fact that of all forms of currency they are the most objectionable. We never take them voluntarily and pay them out as fast as they come in."—Washington Post.

Ponderous Handel.

Handel was very large, weighing over 200 pounds. His figure was unwieldy and he rolled from side to side as he walked. His hands were so thick and ponderous that people wondered how he could play the harpsichord or organ at all. His face was red and coarse, with a long nose, thick lower lip and full chin with a dimple in it. His eyes were prominent and eyebrows very full. He was a monstrous eater and at times drank heavily. His conceit was stupendous, and he always entertained the idea that there was no music to be compared to his own. He was boorish in manner, quick in temper, and when irritated would sometimes give utterance to a robust oath in the German language. His contemporaries said he looked like a porter.

Orange Trees.

An orange grove in full bearing is one of the most delightful sights the eye can witness. The trees are a beautiful shape if left as nature made them. The limbs come nearly to the ground, so close that an orange picker goes under the tree flat on his back and often cuts 100 oranges from the tree before he comes out. Oranges are never picked, but are cut off with shears having a spring between the handles. An orange that has no stem on it is considered a "cull" and is not packed by a first class packer.

A Chance For Science.

"Scientists have discovered that a caterpillar can eat 600 times its weight of food in a month."

"Say," replied the dyspeptic billionaire, "I wonder if the scientists have ever done any experimenting in the way of grafting caterpillars' stomachs on other things?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

That Cozy Feeling.

The Visitor—What a delightfully snug little flat you have! The Renter—Isn't it? When we open the door we're in the middle of the room, and when the sunshine comes in we have to move some of the furniture out.—Chicago Tribune.

Cleverly Evaded.

A wealthy Australian squatter in order to protect his six daughters from fortune hunters left his property to them in equal shares, but decreed that if either married without the consent of the trustees she should forfeit her share to her sisters. When the case came up at Sydney it was found that the six sisters had all married without permission, and thus each had forfeited her share in the property to her sisters, a state of affairs which the ladies doubtless considered highly satisfactory.

Neglected Opportunities.

"I wonder," said Farmer Corntossel, who had just returned from a trip to the big city, "why so many young men insist on not gettin' rich."

"What do you mean?" asked his wife.

"They all want to be lawyers or doctors instead o' bein' restaurant waiters or policemen."—Washington Star.

His Chance.

He (moodily)—Ah, tell me truly, is there anything that hasn't been said already on the subject of love? She (softly)—Probably not, but I am sure, very sure, indeed, everything on the subject hasn't been said to me.—Puck.

The Difference.

Tim—I'm feeling fine this morning. I was up with the lark. Jim—I'm not feeling so fine this morning. I was up with the lark last night.—Detroit Free Press.

An excess of levity is as impertinent as an excess of gravity.—Hazlitt.

Down and Up.

"Wot did yer tell de judge?"

"Dat everybody wuz tryin' to keep me down."

"An' what did he do?"

"Sent me up."—Exchange.

Baking Watches.

"I will be with you in a moment. I must finish the baking of this batch of watches first."

The speaker was a jeweler. He said as he worked:

"I suppose you are surprised at the idea of watch baking. I will explain. The machinery of a watch is delicate, yet it must work the same in winter as in summer, the same in Russia as in Cairo, the same in the Sahara as in Iceland. There is only one way to accomplish this—the watch must be regulated to heat and cold.

"I am regulating these watches to heat. Afterward, in a refrigerator, I will regulate them to cold. Then when they go out in the world they won't disgrace themselves in any climate. Chronometers must be regulated more carefully than watches. They are often kept for weeks in temperatures that are now zero and now 120 degrees."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Incentives to Marriage.

Apparently the German town of Haschmann does not believe in a state of single blessedness. Annual prizes are offered to the men who wed the ugliest, the most deformed and the oldest women in the town. Eighty dollars is paid to the man who marries the ugliest, while but $60 is the reward for the one marrying the cripple. All women over forty who have been jilted at least twice bring their spouses sums which vary according to the state of the fund, which was left by a rich resident of the town. The average price paid is $50 to each unless they should be unusually numerous, while the trustees are empowered to pay a larger sum when, in their judgment, it seems wise to hold forth a special inducement to procure the marriage of some particularly unfortunate woman.

Curiosities About Wood.

The strongest wood which grows within the limits of the United States is that known as nutmeg hickory, which flourishes on the lower Arkansas river. The most elastic is tamarack, the black or shellbark standing not far below. The wood with the least elasticity and lowest specific gravity is the Fiscus aurea. The wood of the highest specific gravity is the blue wood of Texas and Mexico. The heaviest of the foreign woods are the pomegranate and the lignum vitae, and the lightest is cork. Four hundred and thirteen different species of trees grow in the various sections of the country, and of this number sixteen, when perfectly seasoned, will sink in water. These woods of high specific gravity grow mostly in the arid regions of New Mexico, Arizona and Nevada.

No Reason For Two Trips.

Patrick's wife was "ailing," and Patrick put on his Sunday best and walked four miles to the doctor's house to tell him about her.

"Now," said the doctor, when he had heard all Patrick had to say and had prepared some medicine, "here is something for your wife. I've written the directions on the bottle and I want her to try it faithfully for a fortnight. Then, if it doesn't relieve her, come to me again and I will give you another prescription."

"Now, docther, see here," said Patrick, standing straight and looking grimly at the physician. "If you have your doubts o' this curin' Mary, as it's ivident you have by the way you spake, why don't you give me first what you're goin' to give me last?"

Torpedo Boats.

Torpedo boats do not ram the vessels against which they operate; they simply discharge self propelling torpedoes which, if they strike the vessel, explode and sink or otherwise damage it. Then, if not sunk by the enemy's fire, the torpedo boat runs away and after taking on more torpedoes is ready for service again. Torpedo boats are built very light and of enormous speed. They cannot resist gun fire and are easily sunk if hit even by comparatively light shot; therefore they operate to best advantage in the night, so that the threatened fleet has to be very wide awake with its searchlights and its light guns.

Two Tales of Macready.

It is not always well to strut and fret one's little hour upon the stage too realistically. Macready, who threw himself into his acting heart and soul, used to tell funny stories about the effect of his easy, colloquial manner upon the players collected for his company in small provincial towns. Once in the play of "William Tell" he turned to one of these stupid rustics and put the question, "Do you shoot?" so naturally that the man was quite thrown off his guard, and, to his horror, replied, "A little, sir, but I've never had a go with one of them crossbows." Another time in "Virginius" he asked, "Do you wait for me to lead Virginia in, or will you do so?" only to be greeted unexpectedly by the actor who played Icilius with, "Why, really, sir, I don't care; just as you do it in London."

Sennit.

In Polynesia and the Pacific islands generally the outer husk of the cocoa nut is braided into strands of uniform texture, known to the natives as sennit and used by them for a variety of purposes. The framework of their houses is held together by braided sennit, and the strakes of their boats are united by it. It is the staple from which string is made to bind the adze blade to its handle and to tie the different parts of their implements securely together. In short, whatever things are nailed or screwed or pegged or glued in other lands are tied together with sennit by the south sea islander.

One Legged Dinner Party.

A certain gentleman, the possessor of a cork leg, living in one of the London suburbs annually gives a dinner to a dozen owners of a like substitute. In the center of the table are grouped four crutches, around which twine festoons of flowers; miniature legs in ivory compose the handles of the knives and forks, while the piece de resistance is invariably a magnificent turkey that has been deprived of a leg before being brought to table.

English Fish Laws.

Fish, because of its tendency rapidly to decompose, holds a peculiar position among foods. In England it is the subject of a special act of parliament. So long ago as 1698 men knew the evil consequences resulting from eating mackerel of uncertain post mortem age, so they passed an act providing that except during the hours of divine service this fish could be sold on Sunday. That act has never been repealed.

Making It Plain.

Sapleigh—Oh, I say, Miss Hammerton, why is it that you are always out when I call? Miss Hammerton—Because I'm foolish, I suppose. Sapleigh—I—er—beg pardon! Miss Hammerton—Well, you know the old saying, "A fool for luck."

Japanese Painting.

The Japanese, with their natural, unsophisticated view of life, have ever sought in their art to mirror what a great painter and critic has termed "men's primordial predilections." Art, however, that seeks to embody pleasures founded on the unchanging properties of human nature must have a past as well as a future, must be able to look backward as well as forward. Not one's life labor, but that of many generations, is required. No people have better understood this than the Japanese. They have also clearly perceived that no art that is not true to the changeless element in man can endure, while, on the other hand, any subject, however trivial, can be made eternally attractive if only treated in accordance with aesthetic law.

Japanese painting delights us by its delicate fancy, its poetry, its freedom, its spirit, but what gives these qualities special and enduring charm, what makes the play of fancy never wearisome, the liberty never mere license, is that they find expression in and through a framework of design so finely conceived that in it we see reflected as in a mirror the fundamental principles which govern all true art.—W. M. Cabot in Atlantic.

Power of Fashion.

Though we can neither tell whence fashion comes, nor how, nor what it will do next, nor why it was yesterday one thing, today is something else and tomorrow will be different, nor why it always has been, is now and probably always will be obeyed, it moves steadily forward into that realm of common sense where beauty and utility blend in perfect harmony and ever keeps step with the progress of civilization and culture. No garment can please the man of refined and cultivated taste, however correct it may be in fit, however well it may be tailored or however excellent the materials may be of which it is made, unless it is fashionable, even though it violates no law of art and of itself is a thing of beauty, for without that indescribable something that only fashion can give it is like a flower without fragrance or a tune without music.—Sartorial Art Journal.

BEAU BRUMMEL.

Some Incidents In the Life of This Noted English Fop.

An English paper prints a number of stories of Beau Brummel, some of which perhaps are not generally known. At the Pavilion, at Brighton, he ordered the footman to empty his snuffbox into the fire because a bishop had taken a pinch unasked. A man whom he had met at dinner offered him a lift in his carriage to Lady Jersey's ball. "Thank you exceedingly," said the Beau, "but how are you to go? You would not like to get up behind, and I cannot be seen in the same carriage with you." He made no secret of his humble birth and when asked about his parents declared that "the poor old creatures both cut their throats years ago eating peas with a knife." Once at least Brummel met his match. He was playing hazard at Brooks', when a well known alderman, a brewer, was one of the party. "Come, Mashtub," said Brummel, who was the caster, "what's your set?" "Twenty-five guineas," was the reply. "Well, then, have at the mayor's pony," said Brummel, who proceeded to cast, and by a run of luck won the stake twelve times in succession. Pocketing the money, he thanked the brewer and promised that in future he would drink no one's porter but his. "I wish, sir," replied the brewer, "that every other blackguard in London would tell me the same."

AN AID TO HEARING.

Opera Glasses Help the Ears as Well as the Eyes.

"Hurry them along, please," said the woman customer as she left a pair of opera glasses for repairs at a Chestnut street store. "I can't hear well at the theater without them."

Another customer who was waiting smiled when the woman left at her apparent mistake. "She meant she could not see," he observed.

"No," rejoined the optician; "she meant just what she said. Opera glasses are an aid to hearing as well as to sight. You can prove it any time you are seated well toward the rear in a theater by training the glasses on a singer. As long as you keep the singer under scrutiny with the glasses you will be able to follow the words of the song with ease. Drop the glasses and you will notice a difference. It will require more or less of a strain to catch the enunciation distinctly.

"By the use of opera glasses a theater patron is enabled to note distinctly every movement of a singer's lips, and the unconscious 'lip reading' greatly aids the sense of hearing. If you ever attend a public meeting where it is impossible to get close to the speakers provide yourself with opera glasses, and you will be surprised how greatly they will aid you in hearing."—Philadelphia Record.

CHANGING THE SUBJECT.

What Lincoln Said When Harvey Ended a Two Hours' Talk.

The late Hon. Charles W. Slack told the following of the Hon. Peter Harvey, the friend and biographer of Daniel Webster:

Mr. Harvey was a large man with a small voice and that pomposity of manner that many very diffident men possess. Above everything he valued and prided himself upon his friendship with the "great expounder."

The first year of the War of the Rebellion he went to Washington, and on his return was asked how he liked President Lincoln.

"Well," he said, "Mr. Lincoln is a very singular man. I went on to see him, and told him that I had been an intimate personal friend of Daniel Webster; that I had talked with him so much on the affairs of the country that I felt perfectly confident I could tell him exactly what Mr. Webster would advise in the present crisis, and thereupon I talked to Lincoln for two solid hours, telling him just what he should do and what he should not do, and, will you believe it, sir, when I got through all Mr. Lincoln said was, as he clapped his hand on my leg, 'Mr. Harvey, what a tremendous great calf you have got.'"—Boston Herald.

Hard on Norah.

Scene: The Wilsons' dining room.

Norah, the slovenly cook, puts her head in at the door.

Norah—Plaze, ma'am, will ye be afther tellin' me whin I'm to know whether th' puddin's baked or not?

Mrs. Wilson—Stick a knife into the middle of it, and if the knife comes out clean the pudding is ready to send to the table.

Mr. Wilson—And, Norah, if it does come out clean stick all the rest of the knives in the house into the pudding.—Woman's Home Companion.

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 2:10 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, Sly's Crossing, Miller's Crossing, Twin Crossing, Westbrook'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 p m	Thro Express.	No 4* 3:18 p m
No 33 †6:05 p m	....Clipper...	No 34 †9:00 a m
No 5 † 9:00 a m	Local Express	No 6† 8:40 p m
No 93† 2:00 p m	.Way Freight.	No 94 11:45 a m

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

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

All above trains carry passengers.
*Daily.
†Daily Except Sunday.
H. G. PIERCE. Station Agt.

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

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.

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.

Compound Vapor and Shampoo Baths.

Baths

Vapor and Shampoo.

Most all diseases are caused by poisonous secretions, which clog the wheels of NATURE. The name and the symptoms may be different, but the cause of disease can usually be traced to the imperfect action of the millions of pores of the human body. A bath in accordance with scientific requirements is the best preventative and remedy known. The methods employed by me are the most scientific ever invented or discovered for dispelling disease. 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.

G. D. GATES.

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

Illinois Central Excursion Rates.

Excursion tickets will be sold by the Illinois 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. 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.

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 undersigned at Manchester Iowa.

J. L. Kelsey,
Traffic Mgr.

Notice of Appointment of Administrator.

STATE OF IOWA, Delaware County } SS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as Administrator of the Estate of James McLaughlin late of Delaware county, Iowa, deceased. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them, duly authenticated, to the undersigned for allowance.

J. J. O'MEARA, Admr.

Dated July 5, 1905.
Bronson, Carr & Sons,
Attorneys For Estate.