# The Witch of Cragenstone

By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ,

Author of "In Love and Truth"

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CHAPTER XX.

THE dogs tied in the yard at the Mayland farm jumped and barked at the sounds of a man's footsteps approaching as Margaret, opening the door again, stepped out into the moonlit night. Now her appearance was entirely changed, for thrown about her was a long cloak of quilted white silk reaching to the ground, and a hood of the same material covered her soft hair and cast a shadow over the radiant face that was aglow with happiness at the sight of the newcomer.

"Thou laggard!" she exclaimed, going to meet La Fabienne, with hands outstretched. "Didst take thee all of several hours to don thy best attire, foolish Godfrey?"

He regarded her with looks of admiration and content.

"Aye," he replied, "full well canst thou call me that name in earnest, bright eyes, where aught doth concern thee!"

At his words, as if from the return of some unpleasant remembrance, the smile on Margaret's face faded, and, pressing the hand more firmly that still held hers, she led La Fabienne to the middle of the roadway, where there was no shade of trees and where the bright moon, now higher in the sky, hovered over them, casting its radiance down with effulgent sympathy, illuminating them. Throwing back her hood, she raised her head with a sudden, swift motion, and there was an expression of intense seriousness on her face.

"Godfrey," she asked entreatingly, "is my look baleful? Have I wickedness in my glance? Are mine eyes evil?"

With a suppressed exclamation of anger La Fabienne encircled her with his arm.

"Thy glance wicked!" he exclaimed passionately. "Thine eyes evil! Nay, pure soul, rather are they like two stars of heaven, pure and holy, leading men to better thoughts and deeds. More are they like the sun, brightening and warming all that they do rest upon. Damme, but thy question doth cause my choler to rise! Hath any man dared to affront thee? Who spoke of thy looks?"

"'Twas an hour or two since," Margaret began softly. "I was standing

*"Are mine eyes evil?"*

yonder by the sundial, near the path that leads through the pasture from the Taunston farm, when one of the village women, walking through, came upon me. For a few seconds she stood still and stared at me, then, throwing up her arms, ran from me, crying wildly: 'God's protection, 'tis the witch! I ha' looked into her eyes! I will be stricken of the devil!' Godfrey, tell me what it all doth mean."

Her lover's face reflected the seriousness of her own.

"Sweet, this foolish nonsense hath gone to greater measures than I had ever thought it would," he said. "Thy cousin's influence is strong in this community and the superstitions of the people so great that it takes but little tattling to make great stories and to have them all believed. It is that foul fiend Josiah Taunston's scheme to set all against thee, so that thou wilt be forced to abandon thine estate. Then when thou art gone, as next of kin, he would ride in and take possession."

Sir Godfrey's face grew dark.

"The dastard keeps out of my way, or from the very bitterness I hold in my heart against him I would long since have run him through," he said. "But I will deal with him before I leave, for I have sworn that no man may speak evil of thee and live."

"Godfrey!" Margaret's eyes were filled with sudden terror, "promise me that thou'lt not anger him, for any tilting of words between ye, so hot is each against the other, that a conflict would ensue that might end in—death. Smile"—she swept her hand with affected gayety over his frowning countenance—"chase that angry look from off thy face, and now under this bright moon, with the breeze stirring so softly, think only that thou art with me and that tonight is ours."

He drew her closer to him, and they paced slowly up and down under the shadows of the trees.

"Margaret, methinks to journey forth to London in three days. Canst be ready to go with me, sweet?"

At the unexpected announcement a deep flush spread over Margaret's countenance, extending to the roots of her hair.

"Ready to go with thee, Godfrey?" she repeated questioningly.

"Aye, love, as my wife," he replied in a voice touched with emotion, "as my adored, deeply cherished wife—that is how I will take thee, sweet!"

For answer she raised her face to his, and they kissed each other.

"I will go with thee, Godfrey," she said simply.

The moon rose higher in the heavens and seemed to shed a brighter luster on the scene as, pacing slowly up and down, the mistress of the Mayland farm and her lover, talking in low voices, made their plans and arranged for their departure. As there were no servants about the place, Elsbeth taking care of the house and Gaston doing the work among the animals, there was no chance of their intended departure being known. It was La Fabienne's idea to rise before the sun and, with Elsbeth and Margaret, ride down the mountain, leaving the estate in charge of trusty Gaston. By fast riding they could reach London before the dawn of another day and would go at once to the house of La Fabienne's sister, the Lady Grenville, where they would be married and then proceed to Paris.

Margaret saying, with a little shiver, that she would never care to visit Cragenstone again, Sir Godfrey said that they would offer her estate, including house and animals, to a land dealer he knew in London at such a low figure that he would not refuse to buy it.

"For thy cousin can have naught that doth belong to thee," he announced, with decision.

Their final arrangements being made, their conversation drifted to other matters.

"How truly doth the Scripture speak, dear Godfrey," Margaret said gently, "where it saith that 'one day telleth not what another day bringeth forth.' When thou didst come I did not think to go back with thee. Methought thou would come again for me."

"Margaret, tell me truly, had the conditions been happier, had thy stay here been more pleasant, could thou have let me ride down the mountain without thee?"

"Ah, Godfrey," she replied, with a little fluttering sigh, "I am such a weak woman and so overfond of thee that hadst thou wrung a consent from me to let thee go I wot when I saw thy back turned toward me I would fain forget my promise and in my loneliness and despair run after thee, throw myself in the roadway at thy horse's heels and cry to thee to take me with thee to sunny France, to Paris, the city I love."

La Fabienne laughed a joyful, ringing laugh as he clasped her to his heart. "Sweet, when I set foot in this village and saw the set of churls about where thou hadst taken up thy dwelling I resolved when I would begone to take my sweet love with me. Didst think, Margaret," he cried, with sudden passion, "that I would leave thee, my tender flower, raised under the rays of the warm sun of France, to wither away and perish on this bleak mountain? Nay, love; too close I hold thee in my heart!"

The wind rose and blew colder through the trees. Drawing her cloak closer about her, Margaret clung to her lover's arm.

"'Tis a solemn night, Margaret," he said whimsically, "thou and I alone together on this high mountain top, miles away from those who love us and in reality among a band of evil wishers and enemies—we two, with our troth plighted and our wedding day so near at hand! Is't not enough to make a man stop to consider when he is on the brink of such a serious undertaking? Sweet Margaret," he continued seriously, pressing her hand, "knowing so well thy worth, seeing thy marvelous beauty and having a fine understanding of thy high character, I tremble lest, imperfect man that I am, I may not live up to thy standard; that I may fail to fill thy life so full of happiness as I hope now and pray God I may do."

Margaret laughed a sweet, low, happy laugh.

"Hath finished, foolish Godfrey? Then hear mine answer to thy drivelings! In all the world I love no one like thee. Of thy imperfections I know naught. Thou art part of me. Without thee I would die. When, dear Godfrey, thou art near me, 'tis then the sun doth shine, an' when thou'rt gone all is gray, dull and dark, an' naught is bright until thou dost come again. An', Godfrey, I trust thee entirely. I come to thee willingly to be thine own dear wife, to care for thee, to do thy bidding, to go with thee where'er thy fortunes take thee, hand in hand and heart to heart, and to love thee, Godfrey, until death us do part."

"Speak of naught that can part us, sweet Margaret!" he cried, with eager haste. "Let us talk only of bright hopes, long life, happiness, joy and love!"

"Happiness, joy and love!" she repeated softly.

Suddenly on their ears fell the sound of the steady tramping of many feet. Both drew apart and listened attentively. An officer's voice giving a sharp command was brought to them through the dense stillness of the night by the light wind, and soon they could see across the fields, the full moon illuminating the steel helmets that they wore, a small band of soldiers on their way to the village. Margaret looked at her lover in questioning amazement, and La Fabienne, his face expressing quick suspicion, uttered an exclamation and, running down to the stile, watched the soldiers until they turned the corner and disappeared.

"If 'tis as I think," he muttered, "the villian hath me! I had no thought he would dare aught against us. I have played the fool! Margaret," he cried, going to her with quick strides, "methinks at the sight of soldiery that there may be fighting hereabout, so I would take thee from here speedily. On the morrow be ready ere the sun riseth, thou and Elsbeth, and we will ride away without further delay. Farewell, dear love. God keep thee."

He threw his arms about her protectingly as he led her to the door. At the steps they both paused.

"Margaret," he said seriously, "thou saidst erstwhile thou trusted me. Didst mean it, sweet?"

"Godfrey, I trust thee."

"These are dark times, Margaret, darker mayhap than we know," he said, "but whatever cometh, if things go not our way, trust me. Know that thou art in my heart before all else. And now farewell again. I have business in the village and must give my parting instructions to Gaston."

Margaret's eyes were filled with tears at her lover's earnestness, and as he attempted to leave her she clung to him, sobbing bitterly.

"Godfrey, thy words are ominous," she cried. "Thou knowest something of evil portent. A feeling of fear hath fallen on my heart."

"Take courage, love. Parbleu, Margaret Mayland showing fear of these dull village wights! Didst not hear my promise, sweet, that on the morrow we'd begone before the village is astir?"

As her head still drooped on his shoulder and she did not reply, he repeated:

"Didst thou not hear me, Margaret?"

She raised her head, and, although there was an expression of strength and resolution in her eyes, her lips trembled.

"Aye, I heard thee, and at sunrise dressed for the journey thou wilt find me at the door. God be with thee, Godfrey."

"In a few short hours we will ride away," he said, with affected gayety. "Farewell again, and once again farewell," embracing her tenderly. "And now, so much I have to do, perforce I must be gone."

Putting her inside the door and closing it, he walked quickly down the path toward the forest, and when he reached it he had to grope his way to keep from stumbling, for the moon went under a cloud, and a dark shadow fell athwart the mountain.

CHAPTER XXI.

AT the Sign of the Red Heart La Fabienne found a scene of unusual excitement and commotion—soldiers just arrived and moving about jesting among themselves or calling roughly for bed and supper; the busy landlord cursing and giving angry, excited orders to a simpering housemaid, and horse boys, agape with admiration of the scarlet coats, glittering cuirassiers and helmets of the newcomers—for soldiery was an unusual sight in Cragenstone—were hurriedly piling hay in the corners of the large, low roofed kitchen for the men to sleep upon. Catching a glimpse of Sir Godfrey making his way through the throng to the foot of the narrow staircase, his host ran after him and, touching him on the shoulder, whispered anxiously, "My lord."

La Fabienne paused.

"I have been forced to put the young officer in charge of these men into thy room for the night," the innkeeper said. "He will not annoy thee, sir. We ha' spread a rough pallet in the farthest corner, an' thy man Gaston hath consented to lie in the stable for the night."

The excited man rubbed his hands together propitiatingly.

"Thou'rt ever generous, my lord, and readier with thy gold than most, so I would not offend thee, although there are some as say thy presence in my house doth bode me evil," he ventured to add.

Suppressing the inclination toward anger that he felt, La Fabienne said hastily.

"Say no more, good host. The man may lie in the corner for aught I care, and the worst I wish him is that he may rest easy on his pallet," he concluded indifferently as he walked away. "When thou canst get thy breath, send me a tankard of ale. I will drink in my room tonight."

The landlord, whose mind was greatly relieved, after profuse bows withdrew hastily, and Sir Godfrey, alone on the dark, crooked stairway, where there was no need of hiding the deep feeling that stirred him by forcing a calm exterior, paused, thinking deeply, great anxiety showing itself on his countenance.

"'Tis well, good landlord, that thou didst give me the proper man, who happen hath a taste for home brew that taken in quantities enough may loosen his tongue," he said under his breath. "If my suspicions are correct, that these men have been sent here to get evidence against Margaret upon Josiah Taunston's representations and then to take her into custody, by my faith, tomorrow at sunrise is not one hour too early for us to ride away. Fool, fool that I have been to treat the deep laid schemes of that villian with such contempt! Diable! Almost—almost, I say, the net he threw did catch us in its meshes!"

A few steps brought him to his room, and, throwing open the door, he saw by the flickering light of the candle a man of about twenty-five years of age, a dandified looking fellow, with weak blue eyes and light hair, strutting proudly up and down the room in the riding suit that Sir Godfrey had thrown off before his visit to Margaret. The officer, being a man of lower stature than La Fabienne, the long leather boots reached fairly to his hips, and his sword, that he had just adjusted, clanked against them as he walked. At the sudden appearance of their owner he fell back against the wall, with pale face, hanging jaw and a look of great abashment on his countenance.

La Fabienne entered with easy familiarity, giving the discomfited captain, who at once began to tug at his boots in a desperate endeavor to get them off, a word of friendly greeting.

"Pardon, my lord. I long have wanted such a suit," the fellow explained in great confusion, "an' I but took the opportunity, without meaning offense, of seeing how the fashion would become me."

La Fabienne regarded him with an appearance of the utmost satisfaction and good humor.

"And so well it suits thee, good fellow, and becomes thy dashing style," he said, "that methinks 'twere a pity to deprive thee of it. Thou may keep it and welcome."

Walking to the small window, he threw open the lattice.

"By the mass, but it's warm in here! Such holes as they have cut out to let the air in one can hardly get his hand through!"

The soldier, who had accepted the suit with many expressions of pleasure and gratitude, now approached La Fabienne, but at that moment, a housemaid entering with the ale, he turned about suddenly, drew himself up to his highest stature and strutted before her conceitedly.

Smiling at his airs, his companion took the tankard, bade the girl bring up another, and, inviting his new acquaintance to drink with him, they sat down on the bench together.

"Art fond of ladies, good sir?" the captain inquired, with a roguish shake of his blond head. "I warrant that wench was not ill looking, barring the wart on her chin."

It being his turn, he lifted the tankard and after taking a long draft held it on high, exclaiming with dramatic emphasis, "Whate'er of faults John Bingall hath, a slow eye for a fair lass can ne'er be counted amongst them."

The housemaid returning with the second order, he waved his hand toward La Fabienne with a graceful motion and, still holding the ale above his head, cried gayly:

"Women, lovely women! Let us drink to the ladies, Sir Roommate."

Sir Godfrey echoed his companion's boisterous laughter with an appearance of great enjoyment as the maid, blushing and simpering, left the room.

By now the house below had fallen into complete quietness, the only sounds audible being the loud breathing of the soldiers, who lay about on the straw asleep.

"Thy men rest heavily and breathe as if greatly fatigued," La Fabienne observed after further conversation of a light nature regarding the captain's pet theme—women. "Didst march far today?"

"From Sterndorf," he answered, with darkening face.

"Beshrew my heart! But this country must ha' been intended for wild beasts with claws instead of human beings with only hands and poniards. Our orders came to march at once across the footpath over the mountain, and such crawling, climbing, tearing and cutting our way none will ever know."

"'Twas well when so weary that thou found the Sign of the Red Heart to rest at ere thou pursued the rest of thy journey," his companion observed quietly.

The captain glanced up quickly.

"Oh, we have reached our destination," he said. "We have business in this village on the morrow."

"I' faith, a stranger just arrived, as I am, hath had little chance to hear of the happenings round about," La Fabienne observed carelessly. "But this sober peopled village looketh not like a warring center. Here, good fellow, finish thine ale," he cried as the officer, opening his mouth to speak, was about to ask him a question, "so that I can offer thee some red wine that I have in yonder flagon on the table. So thou'rt not on thy way to join comrades?"

The captain finished his ale as directed, and the empty pewter tankard came down on the bench with a ringing sound.

"My business in the village," he said, lowering his voice and looking toward the door apprehensively, "hath a deal of secrecy about it, as my first and most important instructions were to hold converse with no one but the members of the council."

Sir Godfrey rose and, bringing the jug of wine, commenced to ply the man with liquor, laughing and jesting merrily as he did so.

At last the captain, who was very weary from his long day's march and whose face was red from excess of drinking, cried that he had had enough and must keep his senses, as he and his men were under orders to rise at daybreak.

"Uds daggers!" he continued under his breath, with a drunken laugh. "An the witch escapes any other way than up i' the air astride a broomstick I lose the king's favor."

"Thy business here concerneth a witch?" his companion questioned carelessly.

The captain was hiccoughing slightly, and he reeled and almost fell as he tugged at his boot.

"Beshew me, yes. Such devil's work and devil's luck as hath been mine this day doth keep me cursing. Two long weeks we have been buried in Sterndorf, an' just as we were expecting instructions to go back to London we were ordered here to capture some old beldam who hath been doing serious pranks and stirring up devils in the community."

"An old woman!" La Fabienne looked up eagerly. "Hast thou her name, man?"

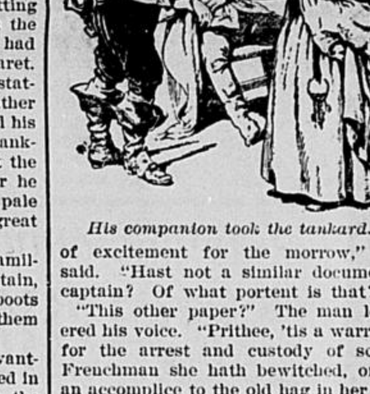
The captain fumbled among his papers and, drawing forth a sheet of parchment, spelled out with difficulty the name—"Margaret Mayland, accused by Josiah Taunston and Adam Browdie," he read slowly.

"And so thou takest the witch at daybreak?" La Fabienne observed lightly. "What reason for such haste, good fellow?"

"I know not the reason of such haste, good sir. Diable! A soldier asks not reasons, but obeys orders."

La Fabienne yawned.

"Thy tale, forsooth, hath a touch of interest in it, friend, with a promise



*His companion took the tankard.*

of excitement for the morrow," he said. "Hast not a similar document, captain? Of what portent is that?"

"This other paper?" The man lowered his voice. "Prithee, 'tis a warrant for the arrest and custody of some Frenchman she hath bewitched, or is an accomplice to the old hag in her bedevilment, I wot not which. My information is but vague."

He stretched out his arms and rubbed his eyes sleepily.

"Methinks he doth live with her at the house. Our orders, however, are to take the woman first."

The soldier, having loosed his tongue by his many and frequent potations, continued with an air of mysterious secrecy. "I' truth, if they attempt to escape they will find that all the roads leading from the village are guarded."

"Ha! Is't so?"

La Fabienne's manner betrayed such ill concealed astonishment and agitation that had his companion's senses not been dulled the fact would not have escaped his notice.

"Aye, comrade, by Puritans heavily armed and with orders to take them dead or alive. So, I ween, the poor devils' case hath not much of hope in it."

By the uncertain light of the candle La Fabienne's face looked extremely white. Rising suddenly, he untied the lace bow at his throat.

"Come, let's to bed, good captain. I must rise with thee at the dawn!" he cried boisterously. "Methinks 'twere rare sport to see a witch taken. What punishment is meted out to such?"

"'Sdeath, hanging or burning," the other replied carelessly.

"Of a surety the king will interfere." La Fabienne's hand trembled as he unbuckled his sword.

"Nay!" the officer cried hastily. "Thou'rt wrong there, friend! The king bothers not his head with such small kind as dwell hereabout. Why, his majesty's as variable as a woman, going from one side to the other as often as the wind changeth. Just now he's all for the papists, an' if there is a thing he is more against than another it is witchcraft. Uds blood! At the last burning at Sterndorf the woman's brother appealed to him, and the king sent word back that they could all burn each other up an they so willed for aught he would interfere, and 'twould be a good riddance when 'twas over. He's changeable, but as a rule thou canst count on his not interfering at a witch burning."

"God's pity!" exclaimed La Fabienne under his breath. Then he continued hastily, seeing the man had grown more communicative, "The witch, methinks myself, 'twere well to capture, but the Frenchman of whom thou spokest, what want they of him?"

"It seemeth he hath great influence both at home and abroad," the captain whispered, looking furtively at the closed door. "If they can hold him safely in prison until the woman is tried and executed they will let him go, or mayhap prefer charges against him and bring him to trial also."

He threw himself down wearily on the pallet of straw in the corner.

"Poor devil!" observed La Fabienne lightly. "But 'tis ever the way of those that consort with evil. Marry! The wretch is fairly caught in the trap these God fearing Puritans have set for him."

His companion grunted a sleepy response.

"If 'tis as thou hath stated, that all the roads are stoutly defended but the footpath through the mountain forest"—La Fabienne eyed the man narrowly—"the witch's accomplice, happen he got wind of his intended arrest, hath small hope of escape."

The captain laughed a drunken laugh of enjoyment; then, raising up in bed on his elbow, he said:

"My lord, 'tis truth thou speakest. The man is fairly caught. But if the wretch had knowledge of the hardships my men and I have endured today he would prefer the hanging that the people have in store for him to attempting escape through the forest. By blood and nails, it was an awful ordeal, an' but for the fact that it was as difficult to retrace our steps as to proceed, my fellows would have refused to advance. A curse on this scraggy top notch of nowhere!" he cried. "Tomorrow, our work done, we march down yon mountain road to London, or I'm but half a man and know not mine own will!"

As his companion did not reply or seem inclined to hold further converse, the captain stretched himself out on the pallet at full length and, throwing an arm up over his head, was soon sleeping soundly.

La Fabienne waited, making sure that the prostrate man was unconscious of all else but his dreams, then threw himself hopelessly into a chair and let the pent up feelings in his heart break through the quiet mask he had worn on his face, and an expression baffled and desperate took its place, while under his breath he cursed himself roundly for his stupid lack of foresight and his contempt for Josiah Taunston's plotting. Springing to his feet, he paced lightly up and down the room like one bereft. Once he paused at the aperture and looked long in the direction of the Mayland farm, the tops of the tall trees in the forest being all that was visible, then strode fiercely across the room again as if unable to contain his emotions. Unlocking a chest that stood in the corner, he removed from it to his person a bag of gold and a brace of pistols, put on his hat and cape and noiselessly buckled on his sword.

"If I allowed her to attempt the forest she would die," he said under his breath, "and if I told her of my intention she would not let me go alone. Oh, God, 'tis hard!" He shook his head hopelessly.

The candle, now burned down to the edge of the socket, threw weird, smoky rays on La Fabienne's white face as he seated himself, in great perplexity and sore distress, upon the wooden bench.

"Margaret, oh, my love! God help me! There is no other way," he said after a few moments' consideration, and as his bent head fell forward on his hands the candle near him spluttered and went out as if in very sympathy for his sorrow and despair. Rising, he groped his way to the door, down the stairway and out of the house so silently that no one, not even the innkeeper, sleeping in his chair by the chimney place, heard him or knew that he had gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Why the Mystery Tale Succeeds.

The mystery element enters to a greater or less degree into fiction of every kind. Indeed, it is the base of all literary interest. Primarily we read a story "to see how it comes out," and, other things being equal, the story in which the element of suspense by deft construction and subtle shaping is most successfully maintained will be the most universally satisfying and popular. The mystery tale of today is a story in which the element of suspense is deliberately enlarged and emphasized until it dominates every other consideration in the story. Characterization, atmosphere, emotional values—all become subordinated to the great business of plot development. The marshaling of incident, the succession of climaxes in crescendo order, the cumulative sweep of the narrative while the secret of the outcome is carefully withheld, is the affair here. Like a periodic sentence of titanic size, the tale is unrolled until with the concluding paragraphs the meaning of all that has gone before is made clear.—Lee F. Hartman in Harper's Weekly.

### Facts About Bananas.

Under very favorable circumstances a banana plant may give a stem of fruit in nine months, but it generally takes from fifteen to eighteen months for the average plantations to be in full bearing. The life of a plantation varies according to the fertility of its soil and topographical situation. Some soils may need a rest in six or seven years, while others may last practically forever, as in cases where periodically enriched by alluvial deposits. Sandy loam, through which water or rain will freely percolate, is the best soil for bananas. The stalk needs a large amount of rainfall for its successful development, but water must not be allowed to remain on the surface or immediately under the surface of the soil surrounding it, lest the water be heated by the tropical sun and become stagnant, in which case it will kill the plant.—Chicago Journal.

### Toothbrushes.

"In the straight toothbrush one thigh bone of a beef twelve inches long and four in diameter will cut four perfect blanks. The same bone will cut only two of these fancy curved pieces. That's one thing that makes the difference in cost between plain and fancy," said a manufacturer. "When the bone is cut to length and shaped, bristles are hand drawn by wire or thread through the brush part, each group of bristles having its own leader. Then they are securely fastened, and the work is finished. When the bristles first go in they are fully three inches long. After being firmly secured they are cut down to the size required. What bristle is best? Well, in some respects that's a matter of taste. It is all hog bristle, but whether soft or hard depends on the user."

### Diplomat and Philosopher.

A story is told in Paris of a diplomatist who represented a South American republic a few years ago. There had been so many revolutions at home that the financiers there had no time to send him his salary, but he took this misfortune philosophically, sold all the furniture of the legation except a bed, a table and some chairs and occupied one room with his principal attache, who cooked the meals. Any one who called early on the minister would probably find him cleaning the boots. "What would you have?" he would say, waving a boot expressively. "My poor country is in another crisis and has forgotten us again, but when I go back I shall make a revolution and appoint myself president. Then we shall have our reward for all this self denial."

## JUST TEA LEAVES.

### The Spectacle They Present Under a Powerful Microscope.

"Have a look," said the histologist. And he rose from the beautiful, delicate microscope, and his companion took his place.

There was a little fiddling and adjusting of tiny screws. Then the tyro said:

"Ugh! Ghastly! What have we here—a railroad wreck?"

"You are looking," answered the histologist, "at a part of the remains of a Ceylonese caterpillar."

He withdrew that slide and put another in its place.

"Another tragedy?" the tyro asked.

"The remnants of a beetle," the histologist replied.

A third slide was placed beneath the lens.

"This," said the tyro, "should be a battlefield."

"It is only," returned the scientist, "a commingling of the desiccated fragments of a fly, a centiped, a moth and a slug."

The tyro yawned.

"Histology is interesting," he said in a bored voice. "Where did you get these specimens?"

"Out of a packet of tea."

"A packet of tea? What kind of tea?"

"Ordinary tea."

"Heavens! I am a tea drinker. Explain yourself."

The histologist, smiling, said:

"Tea grows on bushes. The leaves are plucked by hand. Imagine yourself stripping rosebush after rosebush, miles on miles, of their leaves. Well, that is what tea picking is like.

"The native pickers work fast. They pick as many as twenty-five pounds of leaves a day—a bundle bigger than a man.

"Now, the tea plant is the prey of a hundred insects, and the picker in his haste doesn't pause to brush off each leaf or to wash it, for he works, as we say, by piece work.

"The picked leaves are dried on charcoal fires. They shrivel under the heat and the insect, larvae and chrysalids among them change to dust. This dust looks to the ordinary eye like leaf fragments, but under the microscope it looks, as you remarked, like an insect railroad wreck or a pygmy battlefield. It tastes like—but you know as well as I do what it tastes like."

"Tomorrow," said the other, "I am going to bring some of my wife's tea here to examine with you."—New York Herald.

### An Amended Quotation.

Miss Ida Tarbell's first journalistic experience was as editor of the Chautauqua. Her predecessor on the journal, once editor of the Oil City Derrick, had established the custom of heading with a quotation the column in which he made brief mention of the news of the day. Miss Tarbell followed his habit and bent her mind to the task of supplying suitable quotations. Once upon a time she set down, as plain as pen could set it:

"The meek eyed morn appears, mother of dews."

Then she went home, pardonably proud of knowing her Thomson so well, and at the head of the column next day she read:

"The weak eyed worm appears."—Washington Post.

### A Lack of Firmness.

A very matter of fact Scotchman called to see a neighbor, an old Irishwoman, who had been ailing for some time, when the following conversation took place at the door:

"And how do you find yourself today, Bridget?"

"Sure, your honor, I'm mighty bad. This shocking weather'll be the end of me. I'll be a dead woman before long."

"Hoots, toots, woman! Ye've been saying that for the last twenty years! I'll tell ye what it is—ye want firmness o' mind. Fin' a day for yer deeing and stick tae it!"

### When Hats Were Unknown.

In ancient days hats were unknown, men having hoods attached to their outer garments, which they wore or discarded at pleasure. Stow, the old historian, says that nobody wore anything else except the lord mayor of London, who sometimes donned a hat on state occasions. In the reign of King Henry VII., he says, the citizens began to wear "flat caps knit of woolen yarn, black, but so light that they were obliged to tie them under their chins, for else the wind would be master over them."

### Death by Lottery.

Among other complications of Chinese law and its execution is a unique and rather racy method of dealing with prisoners by lottery. Once a year the vermilion pencil of imperial authority is waved over a chart on which the names of convicted criminals are written, and those which it includes in a haphazard sweep are executed forthwith. The rest are either reprieved altogether or their executions are postponed for another year.

### Something Wrong.

"Dear Pop," wrote the boy from the art school, "don't send me any more money. I have saved half that which you sent me last month." "Come home," wired the old man; "you'll never make an artist."—Puck.

### Encouragement.

De Laye—I'm a mum-mum man who nun-nun never says dud-dud die, dud-dud don't you know? Mrs. Goode—Well, never mind; you certainly try hard enough to do so.—Life.

Pay as you go and quit going so much.—Dallas (Tex.) News.

### A Bishop's Pun.

Henry Niles Pierce, Episcopal bishop of Arkansas, was as inveterate and clever a punster as the noted English divine, Sydney Smith. On one occasion a lady in expressing her admiration of his erudition exclaimed:

"Why, bishop, you are a perfect ocean of learning."

"No, madam," was the modest rejoinder, "I'm only a part of the see of Arkansas."

### A Cuckoo That Stutters.

Even the cuckoo, which has no home, is strangely faithful to locality. In an Essex district an old cuckoo, known to the whole place by a distinctive stammer in his speech, was seen and heard regularly in the same parish for seven consecutive years.—London Outlook.

### Her Idea.

Mr. Settledown—I'd prefer to stay at home once in awhile. My idea of domestic bliss was to have a home of our own. Mrs. Settledown—Exactly, and some place else to go to.

Admiration is the daughter of ignorance.—Franklin.

### Light and Sound.

Light travels so vastly much faster than sound that there is no comparison between their velocities. The velocity of light is about 190,000 miles a second. At this speed light will travel about eight times around the earth in a second, and light starting from the sun will traverse the 93,000,000 miles of space intervening between the sun and the earth in eight minutes. So it is seen light flashes from one part of the earth to another, even the most remote, instantaneously, or practically so. Sound travels worse than a snail's pace as compared with light, going only about 1,100 feet in a second, or about a mile in five seconds, or twelve miles in a minute. These facts are noticed, though not always understood, by any one who sees a gun fired only a few hundred yards away. The flash and the puff of smoke are seen instantaneously; the report of the gun always comes perceptibly later, the time intervening being greater or less, according to the distance.

### Catching the Early Spider.

One must be an early riser if he would photograph a spider's web, for the delicate fabric must be taken when the dew is yet on it, so that the outlines will be in sharp relief. The best success is obtained when the webs are on pine trees, and spiders seem to favor these trees because of the shelter they afford. Look on the least exposed side of the tree for your web, for instinct teaches the little creatures to make their homes where the strong winds do not strike. In taking the picture the lens should be brought very near the web, in order to make the threads as large as possible. I have photographed a spider's web with a 4 by 5 camera and with a 6½ by 8½ instrument, having equally good success in each case. It is well to have a rubber focusing cloth and to keep it over the camera all the time, for the person who hunts spiders' webs early in the morning must be prepared for dampness.—Suburban Life.

### The Term "Greenhorn."

The term "greenhorn" originated in this way: The pioneers of the west were much given to hunting deer. It was a fact known to early settlers that when the horn of a fawn began to grow there was a ring of green hair around the spot. It was considered a disgraceful thing for a hunter to kill a fawn, a cruel act, and the killing time was regulated by the growth of the horn. There was a sort of unwritten law that no one should kill a male fawn before its horn could be seen. A person who was so unthoughtful as to kill a deer under the proper age was called a "greenhorn." He was so named because the young horn of the deer and the hair around it were still green. The use of the appellation gradually spread until it was applied to all raw or inexperienced youths or persons easily imposed upon.

### Pepys and the Cook Maid.

There was a servant problem in the seventeenth century, but it was solved in a rough and ready fashion. Pepys records on April 12, 1667, that he came home, "saw my door and hatch open, left so by Luce, our cook maid, which so vexed me that I did give her a kick in our entry and offered a blow at her."

Two days afterward (Lord's day) Pepys writes this: "Took out my wife and the two Mercers and two of our maids, Barker and Jane, and over the water to the Jamaica house, where I never was before, and there the girls did run for wagers over the bowling green, and there with much pleasure spent little, and so home." Luce was not there, but the other maids were treated as members of the family.

### Small Coins.

The natives of the Malay peninsula have in use the very smallest current coin in the world. It is a sort of wafer made from the resinous juice of a tree and is worth about one ten-thousandth of a penny. The smallest metal coin in circulation at the present day is the Portuguese three reis piece, worth twelve one-hundredths of a penny. The smallest coin circulating officially in any part of the British empire is the five millesima piece of Gibraltar, worth about half a farthing.

### Saved His Own Name.

After a recent bank holiday in London one of the police courts the next morning had among its "drunk and disorderly" prisoners a man who said he was William Shakespeare. "Is that your real name," asked the judge, "or just your nom de guerre?" "Well, your honor," replied the prisoner, "it is true that I was not christened William Shakespeare, but, you see, I hated to bring dishonor and disgrace upon a respected name."

### How She Guessed.

Landlady—That new boarder is either married or a widower. Daughter—Why, mamma, he says he is a bachelor. Landlady—Don't you believe it. When he opens his pocketbook to pay his bill he always turns his back to me.

### Disappointed.

Newed—Alas, I am a disappointed man. My wife cannot sing. Oldwed—Can't sing! Why, man, that ought to be a cause for rejoicing. You are to be congratulated. Newed—Yes; but the trouble is she thinks she can.

### The Dark Ages.

Soph—Why did they call the middle ages the dark ages? Junior—Because the women kept their ages dark? Soph—No; because there were so many knights.—Columbia Jester.

### How He Saved Him.

Hewitt—That fellow saved me from bankruptcy. Jewitt—How was that? Hewitt—He married the extravagant girl I was engaged to.

### A Domestic Tragedy.

Divorces are frequently pronounced in America on the ground of incompatibility of temper. In England we do not go so far as that, but I have just heard of a case where an old family servant who married the gardener separated from her husband on exceedingly slight grounds. She said that he would insist on the glasses being turned upside down on the sideboard and that there should be antimacassars on the dining room chairs. And so, as they could not agree, the unhappy pair separated. — London News.

### A Friendly Suggestion.

An old man in a Scotch village had a big eight day clock which needed repair, so he took it on his back to carry it to the watchmaker's. As he went along the village street an acquaintance met him, glanced at him and passed on. After he had got about fifty yards away his friend called out to him, "Hi!" Back went the old man laboriously to where the other stood. "Man," said his friend, "would it not be far handier if ye carried a watch?"


# RAILROAD Time Cards.

## Manchester & Oneida Ry.

### TIME TABLE.

Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 5:00 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 3:30 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 9:15 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 3:29 p. m. arrives at Manchester at 3:45 p. m.

Train No 10, leaves Manchester at 5:15 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, 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* 3:16 p m |
| No 33 †6:05 p m | Clipper | No 34†9:00 a m |
| No 5 † 9:00a m | Local Express | No 6† 8:40 p m |
| No 93† 2:00 p m | Way Freight | No 94 11:45 a m |

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

| North Bound Arrive | Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester | South Bound Leave |
|---|---|---|
| No.306 6:00p.m | †Passenger | No.305 9:10 a.m |
| No 334 8.40a.m | †Passenger | No.335 6:20 p.m |
| No. 360 1:00p.m | †Freight | No.3603:30 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.....11:30 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'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.

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 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.

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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 undersighed at Manchester Iowa.

J. L. Kelsey, Traffic Mgr.

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## Residence Property for Sale.

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