

THE L'ESPRESSO

...BY...
HAMLIN GARLAND
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CHAPTER V.

FOR a long time the silence remained unbroken except now and then when the girl bent over the silent figure to ask, "Can I do anything for you?" But she listened with added fear, hoping eagerly for his voice. "Oh, I wish we could do something," she whispered now and again to Louis.

"The boy, worn out with his day's excitement, struggled manfully to keep awake, but as the night deepened he rose about him like a wreath of benumbing incense. His sense of what had taken place dulled, his head bowed and drooped, and at last Ann lowered him to the floor, where he slept, his cheek pillowed upon her feet.

Again the singularity of the chance, the absurd unreality of the situation, came upon the self-contained girl, fitting her to a sort of hysterical laughter. Here now she sat—Ann Rupert, most conventional of persons—in a rude ranch house, alone with a strange, rough man sleeping in a deathlike trance before her.

The minutes elongated like bands of rubber, attenuating the length of quarter hours, and the night stretched away into horrid distance as she sat tensely waiting, hoping each moment for deliverance, expecting each instant to hear the swift beating of hoofs, the hoarse laughter of the men; but only the wind whistled and the wolf howled.

At last immobility became intolerable, and lowering Louis' head to the floor, she gently placed his doubled coat beneath it and with a mighty effort of the will bent again above a man whose pallid man, so tragic in his supineness and whistled:

"Are you still suffering? Can I do anything for you?"

He turned his head slowly and with a glance which made her shiver answered: "No, I have ceased to bleed. I am going to pull through if my pulse keeps down. Won't you take it?"

"Timidly taking his brown wrist in her soft finger tips she tried to count the pulsing of his blood.

He waited a little time in silence, then said: "It's there, but it's weak. Don't you feel it?"

"It is more regular now," she answered.

"I'm not going to die," he continued in a hoarse, flat tone. "I could get up and mount a horse right now, only I'd bleed if I did. I don't want to keep quiet, but I'm going to do it. I can't afford to die now. You've roused me. There's something in the world for me to do."

"You must not talk for me to do."

"You must not talk," she whispered.

"Please—it will do you harm."

She put her hand impulsively on his forehead and felt a chill, and he closed his eyes and lay in silence for several minutes. When she withdrew her hand he murmured: "Leave it there. It's so cool and soft."

"Would you like a wet cloth on your head?"

"No—only your hand—if you don't mind."

Her feeling toward him at the moment was like that she manifested toward her brother. "I don't mind, if it helps you," she answered, but a flush rose to her face.

"The boys will come in soon, and then you can go to bed and rest. I'm sorry to trouble you. You can go now. I'm all right," he said.

"I shall not leave you," she firmly replied.

"You're mighty good," he said simply.

The night wore on interminably. At a little past 3, faint and far, arose the cheerful crowing of a cock. Her heart burned with joy—the morning was near! As she waited the light came and voices, faint and far away, touched her ear, and then slowly, moving in a disorderly squad, the weary fighters of flames came riding down the slope and across the meadow.

The herders did not ride up to the house, as she expected them to do, but turned aside toward the stables, and she could hear them as they dropped their saddles and turned their tired ponies loose. "Surely they will come now." Then all was still save the crowing of the cocks and that sad howling of the wolf on the hill.

Unable to endure the suspense, she tiptoed across the floor and hurried out toward the corral, her heart in her throat with fear of the body on the floor. She ran as silently as possible, as if to avoid raising some decreed animal, and was close upon the men before they saw her.

"What's that?" she heard one quick, keen voice cry out.

Then each man rose from the heap of blankets wherein he lay curled like an arctic dog.

Ann answered them breathlessly, "Come to the house, quick. Mr. Raymond is shot!"

Their responses were like bullets: "Shot! Who shot him?"

"Some one fired out of the darkness—he was standing in the doorway. I'm all alone. He must have helped."

"Where's Watson?"

"Gone for the doctor."

Shaking loose from his bed, Baker started on the run for the house, but Ann cried out sharply: "Wait! Go quietly. You must not excite him. And, walking beside him, she returned to the house, and in a sort of daze the other herders silently followed. The jangle of Baker's big spurs, familiar and penetrating, called Raymond to a knowledge of his surroundings.

He turned his head and looked at the men in a way that made them shrink and asked: "How's the fire? Did you stop it?"

Baker replied, "Yes, we got her under."

Raymond half closed his eyes. "I'm glad you're here. This lady needs a rest. Somebody did for me. Baker, you and Jones and Skuttle stay here. Perry, you saddle a horse and get Abe and his wife. Miss Rupert, you go to bed; the boys will look after me now. I can't let you wear yourself out for me."

But Ann could not so easily be put aside from her plain duty. "No, I will stay till the doctor comes."

At last, when the wounded man was lying comfortably on a thick pile of blankets and the white light of the morning filled the cabin, Ann yielded to his entreaties, went to her room and threw herself down upon her bed with a sense of having put all her careful, careless girlhood behind her. It was as if she had suddenly been flung

with speed, his joints oiled and frictionless in racing trim.

Braide, a small, smiling, trig young fellow, came out. "What is it all about, Don?"

"Got your tools?"

He pointed at his bag, "Emergency kit."

"Then all aboard!"

Henry leaped out and caught up the bag, while the doctor climbed in beside Barnett on the front seat.

"This looks ominous. How much of a trip is it going to be?"

"Just a short run," answered Barnett as he swung the shining red bulk of the car into Mogalyon avenue, which led directly east over the plain.

Beneath their feet the puff and click of the piston and the purr of cog gears each moment more furious until all sounds fused into a humming roar. The keen air of the morning smote the riders joyfully. The flaming sunlight shined upon them with glowing heat, and backward, beneath them, the road swept like a tawny carpet, while Barnett, watchful, intent, composed, worked the levers and valves with the skill of a practical engineer. When they had crossed the two railroads and were climbing the long, low ridge he casually remarked:

"My foreman, Raymond, is shot, and you've got to pull him through."

"Great Scott, Don, I can't afford the time. I'll take all day. If I'd known—"

"You'd have gone just the same," asserted Barnett calmly. The machine was again running swiftly. "You're here, and you dare not jump out, and you might as well enjoy yourself. This is to be a record run. I'm going to pull in by noon."

Braide was young and a man of red blood and shining eyes. "Very well, go it, old sport! I can stand it if you can." "I'll make it a holiday and charge you double for every hour."

When they had reached the top of the pass between two pinnacled hills, the road could be seen for miles, driving straight into the mist of the mighty Missouri valley.

"It's all the way down grade from here to Omaha," remarked Barnett. "I could make the run in two hours, only I mustn't invite a breakdown."

"You seem to value your foreman."

"He's something more than my foreman. He's a splendid chap. You've met him—the fellow who went on the 'coyote drive' with us."

"Why, certainly I remember him. I've met him at the club. But he was very reticent. I didn't get at him. Was he? How does he come to be your foreman?"

"He's a little slow about telling his own life story, but he's all right. I think I know the cause of this shooting. He got into trouble with a couple of fellows out there, and one of them has done him."

"As they entered upon a particularly smooth stretch of road the man at the wheel relaxed his hold and said, with deep feeling: "I don't mind saying that I'm anxious about Bob."

"I don't mind saying that I'm anxious about Bob."

Released from her benumbing load of responsibility, Ann laid her hand on her brother's arm. "Come, Louis," and together they went out along the little winding path which led to the spring.

"What do you suppose they will do to him?" asked Louis.

Ann turned sick. "Oh, I don't know! Don't speak of it. It's too horrible!"

When they re-entered the cabin Barnett met them with a smile. "The doctor says Bob's all right. He insists that Ann saved his life. You poor girl! What a night that boy let you in for! I didn't know till ten minutes ago that you were here all alone and that Jones and his wife had vanquished. I hope you'll forgive me, Ann."

"Oh, I blame no one but myself," she wearily replied. "I shouldn't have come to this miserable, ghastly region."

"Bob wants to see you. Will you come in and speak to him?"

Ann reluctantly followed Barnett into the inner room where Raymond, who wearily lay on a cot, was propped up, properly clothed, lay stretched on the bed. He was very pale, but his eyes were calm and quiet. He reached a feeble right hand toward her, saying pathetically: "You've been mighty good stranger, far removed from my mind. Without you I would have bled to death."

"I beg you not to give it an annuity's thought. I did very little. Ann couldn't help it."

"You're very round and soft and appealing, like those of a big wounded dog. Don't leave me now. I want you."

She glanced at the young doctor, who stood listening. He nodded as if to say: "Grant his request. He has put his hand away gently as if the clinging fingers were those of a sleeping babe and said, with a return of pity: "I will stay till tomorrow. Now please close his eyes under her palm, and tears of gratitude came stealing down from his brown lashes. For the moment she forgot that she had known him every day; that she, too, was a wounded man, and for a moment forgotten every thought and purpose—and consented to stay because he clung to her and needed her. A hand seized her throat, and an emotion which alienated her from her old self rose within her bosom and for a moment frightened her. In the end it irritated her, but this pity, and yet it could not be shaken off. A deeper self which she had not known insisted that she keep her word to the wounded man, and so for a few days she stayed, and she put a pitying tenderness for him and a disgust and bitterness with herself and her weakness.

On the third day Braide pronounced him out of danger, and then Ann's pity died.

"I am going home," she said to Louis, "and you must go with me. They are going to take the foreman to the Springs, and I cannot leave you here."

Ann could hardly be reasoned with in Barnett's presence, and a sense of irritation caused her to be very distant with him.

"I hope you will soon be able to be removed," she said, ending his glance.

"I don't mind saying that I'm anxious to be sick, and now I must say good-by."

He took her hand in both of his. "I shall miss you, but I won't ask you to stay any longer. You've been very good to me. You'll get at him. You have you go. You will let me see you again, won't you?"

"My cousin intends to take you to his house as soon as you can be moved. He'll send you a slight note. No doubt we shall meet again there."

"I will live in hope of that," he answered gallantly.

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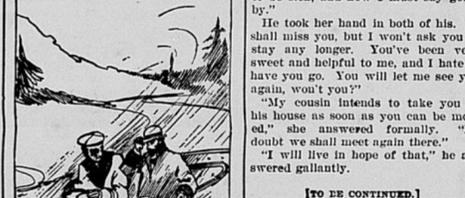
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TO BE CONTINUED.

TWO SCOTCH STORIES.

Origin of the MacIntyres and the Bloody Hand Legend.

My father, says a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, had no end of anecdotes about our ancestors, parts of which I remember, though I was only a scotch boy when I heard them. One occasion were out in a boat when a knot of wood sprang out, causing a serious leak, whereupon one of the party stuck in his finger to fill the hole and then cut it off with his dirk, thus saving the life of the whole party. From this circumstance his descendants were called the MacIntyres, or sons of the carpenter.

Another story which I heard my father tell related to the Tierra del Fuego, which appears in our coat of arms. A doubt having arisen as to which of two brothers a certain estate belonged, it was agreed that he whose flesh and blood should first touch the water, property was to be regarded as the rightful owner. Accordingly the two young men started in two boats for the land in question. One of them, seeing that he was losing the race, when near the shore, cut off his hand with a dirk, and threw it on land, thus establishing his right to the property, as his flesh and blood had touched it first.

SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.

In 1772 It Was That the Courts Declared it to be Illegal.

In 1772 slavery was declared by the judges to be contrary to the law of England. But during the years immediately preceding this date slaves were sold in England and Scotland. In the previous year a Birmingham paper advertised for sale "a negro boy, sound, healthy and of mild disposition," while in the same year another paper advertised the sale of a short stout negro boy, the price of a negro boy for £22. This is believed to have been the last actual sale of a slave that took place in England.

White slavery was very common in the English colonies in the seventeenth century. Cromwell sold Irish boys, girls and women "by the thousand" and "sold them in the slave markets of Barbados," as may be seen in numerous places in the state papers of the period. In a decree of his royalist opponents in England and Scotland in the same way. A similar fate befell many of the supporters of Monmouth's rebellion in the west of England. In the latter case, as Macaulay tells us, the ladies of the court, including the queen, made large profits on the sales.—London Standard.

Women Must Weep.

"You look discouraged," said a woman to a man. "I am," answered the newly married man. "I have done all in my power to make my wife happy. She can't find anything at home to cry about, so she goes downtown and weeps over the acorn at the matinee."—Washington Star.

Even the lion has to defend himself against flies.—German Proverb.

THE CODE OF HONOR.

Dueling as It Was in France in the Time of Richelieu.

The passion for dueling, which had cost France and killed during the twenty years of Henry IV's reign, was at its height when his son came to the throne. The council of Trent in 1545 had solemnly condemned the practice of single combat, impartially including principals, seconds and spectators in its penalty of excommunication. In 1622 an edict of Henry pronounced the "damnable custom of dueling introduced by the corruption of the century" to be the cause of so many pitiable accidents, to the extreme regret and displeasure of the king and to the irreparable damage of the state, "that we should count ourselves unworthy to hold the scepter if we delayed to repress the enormity of this crime."

A whole series of edicts followed to the same effect, but it was easier to make edicts than to enforce them. Degradation, imprisonment, confiscation of property, loss of civil rights and death were the penalties attached to the infringement of the laws against dueling, and still the practice prevailed. In 1626 Richelieu published a milder form of prohibition. The first offense was no longer capital, a third only of the offender's property was to be confiscated, and the judges were permitted to recognize extenuating circumstances.

A few months later the Comte de Bouteville thought fit to test the minister's patience in this direction. The Place Royale had long been a favorite dueling ground, and De Bouteville traveled from Brussels to fight his second duel there, in the heart of Paris, in deliberate defiance of the king's authority. The result was not encouraging. Montmorency thought he was the count went with his second to the scaffold, and the marked decrease from that time in the number of duels may be attributed either to the moderation used in framing the law or to the inexorable resolution with which it was enforced.—Macmillan's Magazine.

A STORM IN THE JUNGLE.

It Comes With a Roar Like That of a Giant Waterfall.

People who have never been in a jungle talk of the sky as a paler talk of the horizon or a sea-faring man of the offing—as if when you wanted to see it you only needed use your eyes. But in the jungle you don't see the sky—at least you only see a few scraggy patches of it overhead through the openings in the twigs and leaves. Neither do you feel the wind blowing, nor get hurried or dazzled by the sun, nor even see that luminary except by momentary glimpses about midday, from which it follows that a jungle man does not usually pretend to be weatherwise. If he does he is even a greater humbug than the rest of the weather prophets. On the afternoon about which we are speaking I remember setting forth on my walk in the still glow of the tropical calm and wondering rather at the intense stillness of the surrounding forest. Then the air grew cooler and the green of the foliage in front seemed to deepen, and presently there was a sound as of a giant waterfall in the distance. Waterfalls do not, however, grow louder every second, whereas the noise in front did so. Then there was a loud, angry growl, as of a dozen lions. A minute more and the whole jungle began to roar as if fifty squadrons of heavy cavalry were coming up at a gallop. Then came a drop of rain and a peal of thunder which seemed to make the world stop.

Then the storm began. The sky above darkened; the trees clattered; the brushwood beneath hissed and howled itself. A deluge of raindrops blotted out the narrow view. Down it came, soaking through the densest leaves under which one fled for refuge, striking the grass and sand with millions of dull thuds, dashing furiously against the leaves as if they were some hostile shields, streaking the air with innumerable perpendicular lines and hurling itself down with the force of bullets.

In such a downpour one may as well walk and get wet as stand still and get wet. Unfortunately one did not know where to walk to. The "circumbendibus system" presupposes the fact that the wagon wheels and wheel tracks can be seen and noted, but when the cart track is no longer a cart track, but "all turned to rushing waters," such tracks cannot be seen, and unless you have a pocket compass you may as well try to fly as to get back to where you came from. When one reads of travelers lost in the backwoods, they always get by the sun—and probably very badly—but when there is no sun what are you to do?—Stan Press.

RUSSIAN PROVERBS.

Rogues are the last of trades. Without cheating, no trading. Every fox praises his own tail. A debt is adorned by payment. A good beginning is half the work. Every little frog is great in his own bog. Trust in God, but do not stumble yourself. Go after two wolves and you will not catch even one. If God doesn't forsake us, the pigs will not take us. The deeper you hide anything the sooner you find it. Be patient for your ancestors, but not for your virtues. Send a pig to dinner and he will put his feet on the table.

THE GIANT INDIANS.

Peculiar Ways of the Onas of Tierra del Fuego.

The Onas, a tribe of Indians inhabiting the narrow strip of Tierra del Fuego island, are physical giants. Their average height is over six feet. A few are six and one-half feet; a few fall below six feet. The women are more corpulent and not so tall. There is no race in the world with a more perfect physical development than the Ona Indians. This is partly due to the topography of the country and the distribution of the game, which makes long marches across the country a necessity. In manly they try far below their physical attainments. In the past their supply of game has been plentiful, and this may account for the lack of inventive genius among them. This lack of progressive skill is portrayed in their home life, clothing and homes. Their children suffer from it, for, contrary to the practice common among most Indians of feeding, dressing and training the children well, the Onas' little ones are mostly naked, poorly fed and altogether neglected. They have abundant material for supplying themselves with clothing and homes, and yet they throw a few branches together, put skins over the windward side and then shiver under the miserable shelter.

Scientists who have made a study of the subject say that the language of the Onas is the strangest ever listened to. Many of the words are not difficult to pronounce, nor is the construction of the sentences difficult, but very few words are interpreted by a sound which it is impossible to produce. The speaker lacks, coughs and grunts, distorting his face in the most inhuman manner, and then passes on to the next stumbling block. The names live principally upon nouns, which in former years was obtained from the guanaco—New York Herald.

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ST. SWITHIN AND RAIN.

The Legend of the Chapel Over the Hermit's Grave.

The superstitions referring to particular days are very numerous. The legend of St. Swithin is an example that will occur to every one.

St. Swithin's day, if you don't rain, 'Tis a sorry day, it will remain. St. Swithin's day, if thou be fair, Forty days 'twill rain me fair.

St. Swithin, bishop of Winchester, according to the author of "The Popular Antiquities," was "a man equally noted for uprightness and humility. So far did he carry the latter virtue that he buried not within the church, but outside the churchyard on the north of the sacred building, where his corpse might receive the eavesdroppings from the roof and his grave be trodden by the feet of passersby. His lowly request was complied with, and in this neglected spot his remains reposed till about 100 years afterward, when a fit of pious indignation seized the clergy at the fact that the body of so holy a member of their order was allowed to occupy such a position, and on an appointed day they all assembled to convey it with great pomp to the adjoining cathedral of Winchester. When they were about to commence the ceremony a heavy rain burst forth and continued without intermission for forty succeeding days. The monks interpreted this tempest as a warning from heaven of the blasphemous nature of their attempt to contravene the dictum of St. Swithin, and instead of disturbing his remains they erected a chapel over his grave."—St. Swithin's christening the apple is a more pertinent way of describing St. Swithin's ralu.

THE MOON'S PHASES.

The Phases of the moon are caused by its relative position to the earth and the sun, so that when it is full moon in one part of the earth it is full moon in all parts of the earth, and so for all its other phases. The moon revolves around the earth once in twenty-seven days, though on account of the earth's revolution around the sun the mean duration of the lunar month—that is, the time from new moon to new moon—is twenty-nine days, twelve hours and forty-four minutes. The "waning moon" is that half of the lunar month during which the moon shines least at night.

A Cold, Hard Snub.

"Excuse me, madam," he said, "but—sh—your remembrance, in the restaurant after the theater the other night you were kind enough to notice me. I hope I am not mistaken in supposing that your interest was ah—not altogether—"

"Oh, not at all. I remember now. I thought for a moment that you were the coachman my husband discharged a few weeks ago for trying to make love to the cook, and I wondered how you could afford to eat in such an expensive place?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE NATION'S TIMEKEEPER.

Americans get their correct time from a little room in the naval observatory, located on Georgetown heights, in the suburbs of Washington. The observatory was originally intended to detect errors in ship chronometers and to regulate them properly. This work constitutes one department at the institution, but perhaps its most important function is that of being the nation's timekeeper.

ADULTERATION.

With all the various forms of food adulterations on the market, it is pleasing to note that the bread we eat is as yet pure and unadulterated. Don't you know that we have a federal law requiring the branding of all mixtures sold as wheat flour?

Quaker Mill Flour

It is made from the pick of the choicest wheat grown, in a modern mill, by expert millers, and is absolutely pure. All Quaker Mill products are pure products.

\$1,000.00

Reward to you can prove that we adulterate any of goods. Call for the flour that's made at home.

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LOOK BOYS!

A chance to make EASY MONEY



Have you got the notion it's hard for a boy to make money after school hours? If you know how thousands of boys make all the money they need by a few hours' easy work a week, wouldn't you jump at the chance of doing it yourself? There's no secret about it—these boys sell

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Friday afternoon and Saturday. Some make \$15 a week. All make something—depends on the boy. It won't cost you a cent to try it, anyway. Ask us to send you the complete outfit for starting in business, and to free copies of The Post. Sell these Posts at 5c the copy, and with the 5c you make buy further supplies at wholesale price. Besides the profit made on every copy we give prizes when you have sold a certain number of copies. Further,

\$250 in Extra Cash Prizes

each month to boys who do good work. Your chance of getting some of this money is just as good as that of any other boy who sells The Post.

The Curtis Publishing Company, 425 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

RAILROAD Time Cards.

Manchester & Oneida Rv.

TIME TABLE.

Train No. 1, leaves Manchester at 6:00 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 8:30 a. m. Connects with the north-bound C. M. & St. P. train at Oneida at 8:30 a. m. Leaves Manchester at 6:30 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 9:00 a. m. Connects with the north-bound C. M. & St. P. train at Oneida at 9:00 a. m.

Train No. 2, leaves Manchester at 8:45 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 11:15 a. m. Connects with the north-bound C. M. & St. P. train at Oneida at 11:15 a. m.

Train No. 3, leaves Manchester at 11:30 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 2:00 p. m. Connects with the north-bound C. M. & St. P. train at Oneida at 2:00 p. m.

Train No. 4, leaves Manchester at 2:15 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 4:45 p. m. Connects with the north-bound C. M. & St. P. train at Oneida at 4:45 p. m.

Train No. 5, leaves Manchester at 5:00 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 7:30 p. m. Connects with the north-bound C. M. & St. P. train at Oneida at 7:30 p. m.

Train No. 6, leaves Manchester at 7:45 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 10:15 p. m. Connects with the north-bound C. M. & St. P. train at Oneida at 10:15 p. m.

J. L. KELSEY, Gen. Traffic Manager.

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

—THAINS WILL STOP ONLY AT—
Belknap Crossing, Platform at Quaker Mill Street, Franklin Street Crossing, 5th Crossing, No. 10 Crossing, Twin Crossing, Westbrook Crossing.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R. TIME TABLE.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No. 1, 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train.	No. 2, 1:41 a. m.
No. 4, 11:44 p. m.	Local Express.	No. 6, 3:50 a. m.
No. 5, 11:58 p. m.	Local Express.	No. 7, 4:04 a. m.
No. 8, 12:12 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 9, 4:18 a. m.
No. 11, 12:26 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 12, 4:32 a. m.
No. 14, 12:40 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 15, 4:46 a. m.
No. 17, 12:54 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 18, 5:00 a. m.
No. 20, 1:08 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 21, 5:14 a. m.
No. 23, 1:22 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 24, 5:28 a. m.
No. 26, 1:36 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 27, 5:42 a. m.
No. 29, 1:50 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 30, 5:56 a. m.
No. 32, 2:04 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 33, 6:10 a. m.
No. 35, 2:18 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 36, 6:24 a. m.
No. 38, 2:32 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 39, 6:38 a. m.
No. 41, 2:46 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 42, 6:52 a. m.
No. 44, 3:00 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 45, 7:06 a. m.
No. 47, 3:14 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 48, 7:20 a. m.
No. 50, 3:28 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 51, 7:34 a. m.
No. 53, 3:42 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 54, 7:48 a. m.
No. 56, 3:56 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 57, 8:02 a. m.
No. 59, 4:10 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 60, 8:16 a. m.
No. 62, 4:24 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 63, 8:30 a. m.
No. 65, 4:38 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 66, 8:44 a. m.
No. 68, 4:52 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 69, 8:58 a. m.
No. 71, 5:06 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 72, 9:12 a. m.
No. 74, 5:20 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 75, 9:26 a. m.
No. 77, 5:34 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 78, 9:40 a. m.
No. 80, 5:48 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 81, 9:54 a. m.
No. 83, 6:02 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 84, 10:08 a. m.
No. 86, 6:16 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 87, 10:22 a. m.
No. 89, 6:30 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 90, 10:36 a. m.
No. 92, 6:44 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 93, 10:50 a. m.
No. 95, 6:58 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 96, 11:04 a. m.
No. 98, 7:12 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 99, 11:18 a. m.
No. 101, 7:26 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 102, 11:32 a. m.
No. 104, 7:40 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 105, 11:46 a. m.
No. 107, 7:54 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 108, 12:00 p. m.
No. 110, 8:08 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 111, 12:14 p. m.
No. 113, 8:22 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 114, 12:28 p. m.
No. 116, 8:36 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 117, 12:42 p. m.
No. 119, 8:50 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 120, 12:56 p. m.
No. 122, 9:04 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 123, 1:10 p. m.
No. 125, 9:18 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 126, 1:24 p. m.
No. 128, 9:32 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 129, 1:38 p. m.
No. 131, 9:46 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 132, 1:52 p. m.
No. 134, 10:00 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 135, 2:06 p. m.
No. 137, 10:14 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 138, 2:20 p. m.
No. 140, 10:28 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 141, 2:34 p. m.
No. 143, 10:42 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 144, 2:48 p. m.
No. 146, 10:56 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 147, 3:02 p. m.
No. 149, 11:10 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 150, 3:16 p. m.
No. 152, 11:24 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 153, 3:30 p. m.
No. 155, 11:38 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 156, 3:44 p. m.
No. 158, 11:52 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 159, 3:58 p. m.
No. 161, 12:06 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 162, 4:12 p. m.
No. 164, 12:20 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 165, 4:26 p. m.
No. 167, 12:34 a. m.	Local Express.	No. 168, 4:40 p. m.
No. 170		