HESPER

...BY...

HAMLIN GARLAND

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CHAPTER XVIII.

THE blowing up of the Red Star mill and shaft house shook the entire district with its possibilities of further violence and concealed beneath its dust and smoke the rich discovery in the Kelly mine. The partners had time to calculate chances

"I love you, and I want you to know it."

and plan for the buying in of the property.

The din of controversy was deafening. The labor leaders disclaimed all knowledge of the outrage and roundly condemned it for the foolishly destructive act it really was. Kelly marched in among them like a grizzly bear and stormed thunderously. "You are responsible," he growled. "You sit here and send out appeals to the world while these hounds work their will. Where was Munro and his regulators?"

"They can't be everywhere," explained Carter. "No one supposed such a thing could happen in the daylight."

"Ye're all a set o' chicken heads. Ye've created a power ye can't control. I give ye notice that if ye don't go after the thieves that did this work I'll organize a vigilance committee and take charge of the whole gang of yez." And he strode out of the room, leaving the officers of the union disgraced and angry. He confessed to Raymond on his return that it was a foolish action.

"It was, Matt. You couldn't have done a worse thing. A large number of these dago miners already consider us their enemies, and this will confirm them. We might as well take steps tonight to get our party of the third part in some sort of organization."

All this excitement and worry aided Raymond in tiding over the day, but when midnight came and the committee had slipped away into the night his sense of loss and a feeling of loneliness took possession of him. Ann had announced her intention to return to the Springs at the end of the week, and, though she had vaguely promised to visit the peak again, Raymond was not deceived.

"She's quite right," he admitted to his better judgment. "A mining camp is no place for her or for Nora. Since the destruction of that mill it is even less desirable than before as a place of residence."

While on his way to the bungalow the following afternoon he met Munro accompanying a stranger, a big, blond, handsome fellow in a gray traveling suit and soft hat. His face was plump and his brown beard close clipped, and, though he realized that he was more or less in durance, his eyes were smiling.

Munro called out, "Rob, do you know this chap?"

"I do not."

Munro turned to his prisoner. "I thought you were lying."

The stranger remained untroubled. "I didn't say I knew Mr. Raymond. I merely said that I wanted you to take me to him. Mr. Raymond, I am Wayne Peabody, an old time friend of Miss Rupert. Will you please explain to this knight of the hills that I am in nowise interested in his strike?"

Raymond looked at him keenly. So this was the eastern lover—this fat, fair man. "I think I have heard of you," he began slowly.

Louis' arrival relieved the awkwardness of the moment. "Hello, Mr. Peabody, how did you get here?"

Peabody caught at the boy's hand. "Well, well, Louis, I'm glad to see you. You saved my life. How is Ann?"

"Fine! You ought to see her work. She's brown as oak. Come on, I'll take you to her. Gee, she'll be glad to see you!"

As Peabody excused himself and made off, Munro, with a world of meaning in his voice, softly swore. "Well, if I'd known that, I would have killed him and laid him away under a little rock. She turned me down flat the other day, and it hurt. It hurts worse now that I've seen the other man. I really hoped you were the winner."

"She's out of our world, Jack," replied Raymond, and a large part of his resentment of Munro's impertinence vanished with the knowledge that he was a fellow sufferer in despair.

Munro went on gravely: "She had me going, sure thing. Why, I stopped drinking—just as I told you I would—and I cut off Claire— Say, boy, that was a severe job! She raised dust for a day or two, but when the queen of heaven gave me my jolt I said, 'W'at the good?' and slipped into my old ways. Think of us strutting around the parade ground in front of 'the seats of the visitors' with intent to beat out old Grant, and here we are! I'm policing a mining camp, and you're pawing dirt like a woodchuck. 'What a fall is there, my brother!'"

Raymond did not enjoy Munro's tone and changed the subject. "What are you going to do now?"

Munro ceased to laugh. "I am going to cinch this whole camp a little tighter from this on. I'm going to turn back every nonunion miner. All you fellows who are friendly can go on working just the same, but your men must put themselves on record."

Raymond's face settled into stern lines. "Jack, I don't want to be mixed up in another man's fight. We are on good terms with our hands—they're a lot of cantankerous American citizens anyway and can't be coerced. I warn you not to monkey with our plant."

Munro laughed. "I'll fight shy, old man, so far as I'm concerned, but these dagoes and Poles are getting watch eyed, and if they stampede they'll run over somebody. You don't believe in me and my cowboys, but the time may come when you'll see that I'm about the only commander in this camp."

"I see that now, Jack. That's why I'm talking to you. But you've started on a line of action that means war with organized society. You had no call to join those jackasses who ran Mackay out of camp. It was none o' your funeral—had nothing to do with the question of wages."

Munro grinned. "He was such an ape."

"Yes, but it started you wrong. Now, I don't know who blew up the shaft house, but if you do your best plan is to cut those outlaws out and turn them back to the authorities."

"I don't know a thing. Of course the union had nothing to do with it. It was done by a few hotheads full of peaches. These mine owners have got to give up their nine hour scheme. We've got 'em dead to rights, for I can drive every nonunion man out of camp if necessary, and my advice to you is, have your men march up and sign our rolls double quick."

"They can do as they please about that. I will bring no pressure to bear on them, but I'd like to ask you as a friend not to make it any harder than you can help for Kelly & Raymond. We've got all we can stagger under now, and the worst thing that can happen to us is delay. We've opened our vein, and we're going to buy in our mine inside of six weeks if nothing prevents."

Raymond walked on to his cabin with a heavier heart than he had carried since he left Barnett's home. Part of this was due to Munro's warning, but the larger part of it sprang from his meeting with Peabody, who was not at all the sort of citizen he had expected Ann's eastern lover to be. He was a man of power, dignity and decision, not an erratic idler like Barnett, and his air of quiet authority sprang from a strong personality securely placed in the world.

Louis came back to the cabin with a sly smile on his face. "What did you

The two men shook hands.

think of Mr. Peabody? Darn him, he's here to get Ann to go back to New York. I don't go, I tell you that!"

"Maybe she won't go?"

"I'm afraid she will," the boy gloomily replied. "He's got some kind of a 'drag' on her. He's been trying to get her, oh, a long time."

Raymond's voice was calm as he asked, "What is his business?"

"Lawyer. He's rich too. Ann wants us both to come over to the Kellys' to dinner. I don't want to go. Do you?"

"She's the captain," answered Raymond. "I reckon we'd better spruce up a bit."

"It makes me tired," the boy went on. "I wanted her to marry you, and then we could all live out here."

A half hour later Ann knocked. "Is any one at home?"

Raymond flung open the door. "We are all at home."

Ann introduced Peabody, who stood by her side, and the two men shook hands rather coldly while she said to Raymond: "Can you take care of Mr. Peabody for the night, and will you come over to dinner? You need have no more scruples, now that Woo is with us."

At the dinner table Ann studied the two men with highly amused interest. Peabody, easy, assured and calmly tolerant, did the talking, while Raymond listened, a little sullenly it seemed to Ann. The New Yorker was most admirable in his consideration for Mrs. Kelly and his interest in everything about him, and yet he did not stir the one he hoped to please. He had always been commonplace to her and was conspicuously so here on the mountain top.

Peabody did not attempt to conceal his intimate relationship with Ann, and every tone of his voice when addressing her was torture to Raymond, who began to talk at last in self defense, addressing himself to Mrs. Kelly as his hostess, leaving Ann free to listen unreservedly to her eastern suitor. The girl understood this mood in Rob, and it touched her.

As they all re-entered the bungalow Peabody rubbed his hands together in delight. "By Jove, this is something like! This chimney carries me back to my hunting lodge in the Maine woods." He was in the midst of a story when a knock at the door announced a visitor.

"Come in!" shouted Raymond, and Munro entered, entirely at his ease, graceful, jocose, making no account of the looks of surprise on the faces of Raymond and his guests.

"Remain where you are!" he called. "The house is entirely surrounded and no nonunion laborer will be allowed to escape."

Raymond mechanically gave him a chair, while Kelly nodded curtly. Ann bowed and said, "Good evening, Captain Munro."

Peabody alone smiled. "Ah, you were my guide up the hill! My guard as well as guide, I take it."

"I'd rather have been your executioner."

"For what reason?"

"Had I known you were coming to get the queen of the peak your blood had stained the heather."

"Good heavens, what an escape! Am I quite safe now?" he asked of Kelly.

This fooling over, they took seats, and the conversation ran to the prospects of the camp, and Peabody, with a feeling that Kelly was the man of richest experience, persuaded him to tell something of his wonderful career as a trailer of golden pathways.

Raymond sat in silence, while Ann awoke to a delicious excitement in the situation. Before her sat three very direct and forceful lovers regarding each other like tigers, instinct with hate, yet masking it, pretending to honor and good will while bitter jealousy raged beneath. She provoked Munro to the most audacious sayings merely to see Peabody stare, and she flung an appealing word at Raymond now and again as if valuing his opinion above all others, though he made but curt answers, returning to his fire, mystified by her gayety and by her subtlety of byplay. Munro, so far from being depressed by Peabody's presence, was carried quite beyond his usual self, and his reckless compliments had a keen edge. In the end Ann regretted her encouragement of his audacity.

Raymond's guests rose at last, and Ann and Peabody went away together. This cut deeper than all else, and Louis, who took a very pessimistic view of the whole affair, did not comfort him. "She'll go back with him. I can see that," he said. "And she'll want me to go, too, but I won't."

Munro went away outwardly jocular, but inwardly sadder than he had ever been in his life, for his love for Ann was mingled with respect for her mind, her character. Her calm and kindly attitude toward him that night had been a revelation to him.

Peabody on his return found Raymond sitting alone by his fire. Louis was deep in slumber.

"That man Munro is an interesting fellow. What do you know about him?" asked the lawyer.

"Not very much. He's rather secretive. He came here from Sylvanite, I believe."

"His jokes about getting under my ribs were a little grewsome. He struck me as just about mediaeval enough to do it—under proper conditions. Tell me about yourself. Ann has only praise for you. I want to thank you most cordially for your kindness to her and to the boy. He's much improved—less nervous and more manly."

"I doubt if he can be persuaded to leave. He told me tonight that he wouldn't go."

"Well, I'm glad I met you, Mr. Raymond. I shall feel easier about the boy in case we do go east without him."

These cordial, frank and manly words struck an icy chill to Raymond's heart. It was all over then. She had consented to go, and his life was laid waste. He rose unsteadily.

"You must be tired. Shall I show you your bunk?" he asked.

"I believe I will turn in," responded Peabody.

When the young miner returned to his seat beside the fire a big lump of pain filled his throat, and he owned a boyish desire to fling himself down on the floor and sob. He lost all shame of his weakness at length and went out into the night—to be alone with the deepest grief of his life.

CHAPTER XIX.

RAYMOND did not see Ann at breakfast next morning, but sent word by Louis that important work in the mine detained him, and the girl was hurt by the neglect. It was not a cheerful going at best, for Mrs. Kelly was broken hearted and frankly pessimistic.

"You'll never come back," she said. "You'll forget the Kellys—you'll forget you ever lived in a log hut and swept floors."

"Why, Nora, I'm only going to Valley Springs. Maybe I'll come back, and soon."

"You say so, but you are going far. I have two eyes, and I can see. You've broken Rob's heart too. I know why he isn't here this morning—he couldn't bear to see you go, and no more can I."

The tears came to Ann's eyes. Never had such sincerity, such directness of affection, touched her. "I'll come back. I promise you I'll come back unless you come to the Springs to live."

"Come back!" shouted Kelly, who had entered the door. "Why, sure thing! She can't keep away. D'ye think Louis is going to leave the peak? Not for long. He has just been telling me when to expect him." Somehow Kelly's tone helped Ann as well as Nora.

"I am not going back to New York till spring."

"Let me tell you something," Kelly resumed, with ponderous effort at being confidential. "Your Wall street lawyer is all right. He's a man of substance, but Rob is going to sluice a stream of gold out o' this hill that'll make the lawyer chap look like a worn dime."

They reached the Springs without accident, and were greeted as if they had escaped from a robber's cave. Mrs. Barnett and her friends were all greatly excited over the events of the high country, which had been distorted, magnified by the shadows of the clouds, till they were of the most monstrous proportions. Munro was already a bogy—a sort of cowboy Napoleon—and Ann laughed at the questions hurled at her head by the Barnetts when they found she had known and liked the captain of the patrol.

"Not at all," she replied. "I found him very amusing. No, he was not drunk, and I never saw any weapons upon him. Mr. Raymond considers him a dangerous force because of his zeal to serve the miners. Yes, it is true that Mr. Raymond is the leader of the free miners and that he and Mr. Munro are friends. Yes, Kelly and Raymond have made a strike, but they are unable to get the men they need to work their mine."

Barnett came home looking hard and worn, quite unlike his jovial self, but he greeted Ann warmly. "I am glad to see you here. I want to know all about things up there. Where is Peabody?"

Mrs. Barnett replied: "Dressing for dinner. Hurry, Don; you're late."

After he left them Ann remarked to Mrs. Barnett, "He looks worried."

"He is worried to death. He insists on trying to be the head and front of this citizens' committee of safety. He's chairman of it and is away all hours of the day and night. Do you know the whole city is patrolled?"

"Patrolled! What for?"

"So that the miners cannot come rushing down here some night and burn us all up."

This amused Ann. "How silly! Why should they do that?"

"Because we mine owners live here. It is not a laughing matter to us. Word has come to us through reliable sources that your nice friend Munro has planned a raid, and every young man in the town has been enrolled in the 'home guard.'"

Ann laughed outright at this. "Jeannette, you people have been eating too much lobster salad and ice cream. You're all suffering from nightmare. There isn't a word of truth in what you've been saying."

When Don came down she continued to mock, and all through dinner she perversely defended Munro and listened to Barnett's boastings of what they were going to do to open their mines with entire lack of sympathy.

"I don't pretend to comprehend what you men call business," she said, "but it seems to me that rather than waste millions on a useless war I would allow the miners a few more cents pay just as a matter of economy."

"But it's the principle of the thing. We don't intend to be dictated to by these 'red neckers.' They must come to our terms. I've been deceived in Rob. He and Kelly are playing a two faced game with us."

"I beg your pardon, they are not!" she hotly answered. "They are doing just what you ought to do. They're paying their men good wages and treating them properly."

Peabody put in a word. "If I might venture, I don't know a thing about it except what Munro and Raymond told me, but it seems to me Ann is right. As I understand it, these chaps are contending that in making this change from three shifts of eight hours each you shouldn't lay off a lot of men and put the rest on two shifts of nine hours each at eight hours' pay. Isn't that it?"

"Well, yes; but, you see, it's really a new system altogether."

"But in the change you don't intend to accidentally pay 30 cents or 50 cents or whatever it may be for that extra hour?"

"The pay for a day's work will remain as it is now."

Peabody smiled. "A mere shuffle. Come, be frank. You fellows have fixed up a new deal in which the cards go against the miners. They protest, and now it is a matter of 'gun play,' as you say out here."

Mrs. Barnett looked relieved. "I wish you'd talk him out of it, Wayne."

Peabody, with a lawyer's pleasure, went on with his analysis. "But there's a third party here which is of more interest to me than either you or the unionists, and that is Raymond's party of the third part. They are standing clear for the present, but if you crowd them to the wall they'll take hold, and then, as Kelly said, 'you'll have a wildcat by the tail.' I wish I could wait and see how you come out, but I've got a big case on for the 16th and must be in Washington."

"The whole thing will be settled in a day or two," declared Barnett. "When we go up there again it will be with a thousand men and fully armed."

"That is a harsh arbitrament," said Peabody, with a gravity which was almost solemnity. "I would advise you to settle this case out of court."

Ann interposed. "I think you both take too serious a view of the whole thing. Mr. Raymond laughs over it."

"Mr. Raymond was probably trying to keep you unalarmed," answered Peabody. "And now that you are out of it I do not think it well for either you or Louis to return to it."

Louis uttered indignant outcry. "Oh, see here! I've got to go back. I'm helping Raymond."

"I guess he'll have to stagger along without you, Louis," replied Barnett. "You better not go into this mixup again."

"I'll go back whenever I please."

The dinner was finished with a pleasanter topic, and when the men were alone with their cigars Peabody carelessly remarked: "I'm going to take Ann back with me if she'll go. I don't like the idea of this youngster dragging her into all this filthy turmoil. Why, I found her living in a log cabin with an Irish family—nice people, but no place for her."

"That's the singular part of it. She seems to enjoy it. She wrote Jeannette from up there pretty regularly, and she out and out said she liked it. And she is gay as a bird—she's lost some of her fat—I never saw her looking fitter."

Peabody mused. "She is changed. I can't quite make out why or how. She was like a schoolgirl for spirits last night. Do you suppose it's the high altitude?"

"My dear chap, I suspect it is a man, and I fear it is Munro," said Barnett.

"I hope not, for her sake."

"I do, too, and for your sake; but I've seen too many women go to pieces in that way to feel any assurance. It wouldn't have been so bad if she'd taken up with Raymond, for he is a fine fellow aside from his present stand; but there, again, he was too respectful, too near her own type. It needed a wild devil like this cowboy captain to stir her imagination."

Peabody's cigar was broken between his fingers. "Don, you scare me!"

Barnett, having fairly crushed his friend, now tried to comfort him. "All this may be a wrong diagnosis, and I hope it is, but if I were you I would go to her and use words that would startle her. She needs the strong hand."

Peabody rose, all the quizzical lines of his face lost in a plexus of doubt and hesitation.

Ann wondered at the change in Peabody, but had no chance to speak to him for some minutes, for a couple of young men were detailing their stern plans for invading Skytown.

The large library was soon filled with people who had heard of Ann's return from the peak, and the girl was profoundly amused to find herself taken for a fount of wisdom concerning the miners' war and their demands. The feeling against the camp was savage, and the men were loud in denunciation of the governor of the state, who had refused to order out the militia. "He is as bad as Munro, an absolute anarchist," declared one man, whose strident voice dominated all the others.

One by one the guests dropped away, and at last only the Barnetts and Ann and Peabody were left in the library.

At a signal from Mrs. Barnett Don sauntered out of the room as if on some errand and forgot to return. A few moments she, too, begged to be excused "for a moment" and was seen no more.

Both Ann and Peabody understood these actions, but as he was intent on making an appeal to her and she knew there was no escape from it they faced each other with a tensity of emotion which seemed impossible a moment before.

Ann broke the silence. "How indelicate of them!"

"How considerate, say I, for I want to talk with you," he hurried on. "I want you to go back with me, Ann, as my wife. I can't go back alone. I have missed you horribly. Dear girl, answer me, are you ready to go?"

Ann remained silent, her mind running over for the hundredth time the advantages, the duties involved, while his plea proceeded, earnest and manly, but leaving her cold. It permitted her to calculate, to criticise. He had much to give her. He was a man of large income, of unquestioned power, and his home was spacious. She liked him, she respected him very highly, she admired him, but—

The girl's dream was not yet faded out of her soul. She hoped—faintly, foolishly hoped—for a return of the glow, the mystery, the flooding, transforming power of a love that was more than respect, more than honor and admiration.

She found herself saying: "I know, Wayne, we seem suited to each other—all our friends would say so—but I'm not so sure of it. It is silly in me, but I am still wanting to be sure. I don't care for you as I ought to do. I'm no longer a schoolgirl; I know what marriage means, and unless I can feel differently from the way I do now I shall not marry."

"Have you met any one else who rouses this other—emotion?"

She flushed. "I don't know. I am not sure."

He sank back in his chair, heavy and inert. The muscles of his cheeks drooped, giving him the aspect of a man of fifty. "Don't throw yourself away. Ann, for God's sake, assert your common sense! If you cannot come to my home, don't waste your beauty, your culture, on some savage. It hurts me to see you out here living among these sordid men"—

She interrupted him. "There is another inexplicable thing. This life has interested me. It has developed in me a capacity for physical effort that I didn't know I had. It will seem ab-

"I can never marry you."

surd to you, but I have grown to love sweet, little, patient Mrs. Kelly. I like grand old Matt. I like the rude walls and the 'handmade stoves,' as Matt calls the fireplaces"—

"And the tall young miner?" Peabody suddenly interrupted to ask, and, leaning toward her, a flash of insight in his eyes, "Or is it the handsome, daredevil Munro?"

A swift flush rose to her face, she lost speech, her eyes fell. "Yes—I—I like them, too," she said. "They interest me. They are vital, unconventional, real."

In this swift interchange of highly emotionalized thought they had forgotten where they sat and all knowledge of time had failed them. Ann glanced at the clock and rose, but Peabody said: "Please don't go! We will never have a more important subject to discuss." She sank back into her chair and he went on quite calmly, his eyes very grave and sweet. "Ann, I want you to be happy. I am not the kind of lover who would make his bride a captive to her own sorrow."

She shook her head sadly, but decisively. "You do not understand me, but no matter. This you must understand. I admire you, and I like you, but as I feel now I can never marry you. I'm sorry, but you must go back alone."

He took his dismissal quietly, but he suffered. His voice was tremulous with passionate regret as he bowed over her hand. "I accept your verdict, Ann, and I can only hope that your new light may not lead you into a slough of despond."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A GOOD IDEA OF SPACE.

It Is Given by a Contemplation of the Star Sigma Draconis.

Stars or planets are said to be "fixed" when they are separated from us by a distance so great that a change in their orbits makes no perceptible difference in their positions, even though such "fixed" bodies may travel an orbit 100,000,000 miles in circumference in the course of a year. These "fixed" stars may be only a few paltry millions of miles away or they may be billions or even trillions of miles from the pygmy planet upon which we have our being. The most distant of all the orbs, as far as astronomers know, is the fixed star Sigma Draconis, which is separated from us by a distance so great that millions and billions of miles are only as inches and feet compared to the miles which intervene between our earth and the sun. Astronomers are noted for their propensities for indicating stellar distances with robust and well developed strings of figures, but in the case of Sigma Draconis the distance is so great that figures fail to give any conception whatever.

Light travels at the rate of 186,330 miles per second, and, reckoning the day at twenty-three hours fifty-six minutes and four seconds in length and the year at 365¼ days, an astronomical light year will equal 5,864,066,148,330 miles. The above figures, which represent the distance which light will travel in a year, when multiplied by 129 give us the distance to Sigma Draconis, or, in other words and figures, that star is 129 light years, or 756,000,000,000,000,000,000 miles, from us! If Sigma had been blotted out of existence before our Revolutionary war began, its light would still be shining as though the star were yet in place!

She Knew Best.

Visitor—Tell me now, professor, are you suffering much from your headache? Professor (to his wife)—Say, Amelia, do I suffer much from my headache?—Fliegende Blatter.

HEDGEHOGS.

Venom of the Most Poisonous Snakes Does Not Affect Them.

An interesting fact about hedgehogs that perhaps not many persons know is that the bites of even the most poisonous serpents have no effect on them whatever. Mr. Lenz, a naturalist, once watched a fight between a hedgehog and a viper and gives a most interesting description of it. He says that when the hedgehog came near the snake she began to smell it, for the sight of these animals is so poor that they depend almost entirely on the sense of smell, and then she seized its head with her teeth.

In a moment the snake had freed itself and, darting at the hedgehog, bit it several times, but the little animal did not seem to mind the bites at all, and when the snake was tired out with its efforts she again seized its head, which she ground beneath her teeth, poisonous fangs and all. Then she devoured almost the whole of its body.

M. Lenz also tells of a pet hedgehog that he kept in his house in a large box. Several times he put some adders into the box, which the hedgehog did not seem to fear at all, but attacked them fiercely and, as in the case of the other, was never in the least affected by their poisonous bites.

A man who had a pet hedgehog in his possession for a long time says that he had often seen it throw itself off the top of a wall fourteen feet in height. Without pausing a moment it would contract itself into a soft, fluffy ball and fall to the ground so lightly that almost immediately it would unfold itself and run off.—Chicago Chronicle.

DIVISIONS OF TIME.

Measurements of the Days, Months and Years.

A "solar day" is measured by the rotation of the earth upon its axis and is of different lengths, owing to the ellipticity of the earth's orbit and other causes, but a "mean solar day" is twenty-four hours long, as reckoned by the timepieces.

An astronomical day commences at noon and is counted from the first to the twenty-fourth hour. A "civil day" commences at midnight and is counted from the first to the twelfth hour, and then again commences with one and finishes with twelve. A "nautical day" is reckoned the same as the "civil day," only that the reckoning is begun at noon instead of at midnight.

A "calendar month" varies from twenty-eight to thirty-one days. A "mean lunar month" is twenty-nine days, twelve hours, forty-four minutes, two and two-thirds seconds. A "year" is divided into 365 days. A "solar year," which is the time occupied by the sun in passing from one normal equinox to the other, consists of 364.24244 days, which is equal to 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 49.536 seconds.

A "Julian year" is 365 days even. A "Gregorian year" is 365.2425 days. The error in the Gregorian mode of time reckoning amounts to but one day in each 3,571 years.

A Good Eater.

When Gustavus of Sweden was besieging Prague, a boor of extraordinary aspect gained admittance to his tent and offered, by way of amusing his majesty, to devour a large hog in his presence. Old General Konigsmarck, who was in attendance, at once suggested that the man with the Gargantuan appetite should be burned as a witch, whereupon the boor, whose feelings were hurt by this observation exclaimed, "If your majesty will but make that old gentleman take off his sword and spurs, I will eat him before I begin the pig." This was accompanied by such a "hideous expansion of the jaws and mouth" that the general, though he had given his "proofs" on many a field, turned pale and fled incontinently to his tent.

Two Handles.

Everything has two handles—the one soft and manageable, the other such as will not endure to be touched. If, then, your brother do you an injury, do not take it by the hot hard handle, by representing to yourself all the aggravating circumstances of the fact, but look rather on the soft side and extenuate it as much as is possible by considering the nearness of the relation and the long friendship and familiarity between you—obligations to kindness which a single provocation ought not to dissolve. And thus you will take the accident by its manageable handle.—Epictetus.

THEY ARE VERY UGLY.

The Korean Women Are the Homeliest In the World.

I think the assertion may safely be made that the women of Korea are the most unattractive in the world. One of my chief occupations during my stay in the little Hermit Kingdom has been making a diligent search for a passably pretty face. I have failed to find one. It is not that they haven't pretty eyes. They have—eyes of softest brown and gentlest expression. It is not that their features are coarse or irregular, for, while this may be true of many, it is not by any means true of all, and I have caught glimpses of as delicately molded features at Seoul as in any other part of the world.

But the Korean woman is just ugly. She may have fine eyes, she may have a pretty little nose and mouth and other features that in themselves are not at all unattractive, but as she is put together and as her mental life has made her she is ugly.

One doesn't ordinarily see much of the women of the better class in this strange little land; but, being admitted, as I have been, to the imperial palaces and several houses of high degree, I have been at least able to receive impressions. The women who are to be seen on the streets of the cities are usually slaves or servants of a low order; but, whatever they are, they, each and every one of them, look as if they had hurried out into the street without taking time to dress themselves properly.—Ladies' Weekly.

A Moorish Legend.

A certain sultan one morning commanded his prime minister to take a census of all the stupid people in his empire and let him have the correct list. The vizier set to work, and at the head of the list, which was a very long one, he placed the name of his sovereign. The latter happened to be in a good humor and merely inquired how he came to merit that distinction.

"Sire," the minister replied, "I have entered you on the list because only two days ago you intrusted large sums of money, for the alleged purpose of buying horses abroad, to a couple of men who are entire strangers and who will never come back again."

"Is that your opinion? But suppose they do?"

"Then I will erase your name and place theirs at the head of the list."

WOMEN'S SENSES.

They Are, It Is Said, Less Acute Than Those of Men.

The man, when his tooth was pulled, yelled hoarsely. The next patient, a woman, bore the pain of three extractions with silent fortitude.

"Yes," said the dentist, "women endure the pangs of tooth pulling better than men, but they deserve no praise on this account. They feel the pain less. Experiments have frequently been made to test the acuteness of the masculine and feminine senses. A series of experiments were made in New York city, and they were interesting and conclusive.

"First, taste was tried. The male subjects could detect in water the presence of the sixtieth part of a grain of gall. The women couldn't distinguish the gall in a smaller quantity than the twentieth of a grain. The men's taste was three times keener than the women's.

"Next, smell. The men smelled the presence of the hundredth part of a grain of prussic acid. The women were unconscious of the acid till a quantity five times greater was set before them. In smell the men were five times the women's superiors.

"Men heard a watch ticking at a distance of ten yards; women could only hear it at a distance of two yards. The males again, you see, were five times the better. It was the same thing with sight and with touch. The men saw five times better. They felt five times more keenly and delicately.

"These experiments explain in a way the apparent anomaly of woman's wondrous fortitude to pain. Woman's senses being less acute, she is less affected by pain than man."—Exchange.

THE OYSTER.

It Was Eaten by Riparian Man Thousands of Years Ago.

It was Dean Swift who remarked that "he was a bold man that first ate an oyster," but neither Dean Swift nor any other lover of good eating has been able to find records of any time, however ancient, when oysters were not eaten, while there is ample proof that thousands of years ago riparian man not only consumed these bivalves, but was very fond of them. Thus the "kjoekkenmoeddinger" or "kitchen refuse" along the Scandinavian coasts exhibits huge hills of oyster shells from which prehistoric men ate this succulent mollusk at their feasts in the days of Thor and Odin. There is, of course, an interesting tradition which relates how, in those prehistoric days a man clad in the skins of wild beasts ran barefooted along the shore of the sea. Suddenly he caught his foot in an oyster shell, which, as it instantly closed upon him, caused him so much pain that he seized a stone to dislodge the strange foe that clung to him so tenaciously. After accomplishing his purpose he raised his hand, moist with the juice of the oyster, to his lips, with results that were so pleasing to his palate that he promptly proceeded to eat the entire bivalve. Thus, it is said, did man first discover the gustatory delights contained within an oyster shell.

The Stomach Ache.

For genuine stomach ache—that is, pain in the true stomach—you must blame the digestion. If the pain often occurs one may be sure that a serious state of chronic indigestion obtains. Then of course it is very necessary to take advice directed to that one case. But for a solitary attack there is nothing better than getting rid of the stomach contents. They cannot possibly do good and may greatly upset the system. Warm salt and water is a simple domestic emetic. When there are acid risings and burnings in the throat a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of sodium in water, taken in divided doses, may be tried.

The Adirondack Lakes.

One of the most striking phenomena of the Adirondack region is the carrying power of the human voice in still weather upon the lakes great and small. Persons ashore easily hear the ordinary conversation of others who are so far out upon the lake as to be indistinguishable, and as a great many Adirondack visitors habitually violate the law touching the slaughter of deer all such offenders are extremely careful not even to whisper a word that might betray their guilt when rowing upon the lakes.

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RAILROAD Time Cards.

Manchester & Oneida Ry.

TIME TABLE.

Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 5:00 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 5:30 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 7:54 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 9:45 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 Manche[illegible] at 4:45 p. m. arrives at Oneida [illegible] p. m. Connects with south [illegible] C. M. & St. P., No. [illegible]. Re[illegible] Oneida at 5:25 p. [illegible] arr[illegible] Manchester 5:45 [illegible] m.

J. L. KELSEY,
Gen Traffic Manager.

Thro[illegible] tic[illegible] s f[illegible] sale [illegible] Manchester to all poin[illegible] s in [illegible] orth [illegible]

TR[illegible] NS [illegible] TOP ONLY AT—

Belk[illegible] Crossing, Platform at Quaker Mill Switch [illegible] Street Crossing, Ely's Crossing, M[illegible] Crossing, Twin Crossing, West roo[illegible]

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No 1* 11:34 pm	..Fast Train..	No 2* 1:41 a m
No 401 11:44 pm	Thro Express..	No 402 3:41 a m
No 33 †5:54 p m	....Clipper....	No 34 †8:55 a m
No 5 † 8:20 a m	Local Express	No 6† 11:18 a m
No 3 2:40 p m	.Day Express.	No 4 3:58 a m
No 21 7:27 a m	Ft Dodge Ex	No 22 7:50 p m

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

North Bound —Arrive—	Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No. 322 5:45 p.m	...†Passenger..	No. 365 9:00 a.m
No 334 8.15 a.m	..†Passenger..	No. 335 6:00 p.m
No. 360 1:00 p.m	... †Freight....	No. 360 3:15 p.m

All above trains carry passengers.
*Daily.
†Daily Except Sunday.

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

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Chicago Special, Daily, Going East.....7:47 a.m
Day Express daily..........................2:29 p m
Way Freight daily ex. Sunday..........11:20 a m
Going West, North and South.
Way Freight, daily ex. Sunday.........11:20 a.m
Day Express daily.............................:16 p.m
St Paul & Kansas City Exp, daily......5:31 a.m
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