HESPER

...BY...

HAMLIN GARLAND

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE morning paper, which the maid brought to Ann while she still drowsed in her bed, contained the news of Louis' arrival at Raymond's cabin and his collapse.

"All the early part of the night," the reporter went on to say, "bands of clamorous men marched from mine to mine, calling upon the gangs to lay down their tools. Only two firms remained unintimidated—Reese Bros. and Kelly & Raymond. In the midst of all this turmoil," said the reporter, "Raymond, one of the men most concerned, was standing guard over a sick boy and would not leave his side for a moment." Ann glowed with a sense of deep obligation to that watcher.

Mrs. Barnett knocked on her door and called, "Have you seen the papers, Ann Marie?"

"Yes."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going up there."

Mrs. Barnett entered. "How can you go, with that mob in possession? You must not go! It isn't safe for you, and I will not consent to have Don go again. Who will protect you?"

Ann flamed with wrath. "Have you no law out here that will protect a girl who goes to nurse her sick brother? I have nothing to do with your idiotic wars. I am going up there as a citizen of New York, not as a partisan of your side in this struggle. I shall not leave that boy there to suffer alone."

"I can't find Don," said Mrs. Barnett. "He must have gone downtown. Some one has just phoned a message from Rob. He says Louis has taken a chill

"Then let us go!" she cried, rising.

and that you are to come, if you can, but not to worry. He is well cared for."

"Can we reach him by telegraph?" asked Ann.

"The operator says there is no direct connection with Skytown, but that the wire from Bozie to the south is uncut. We can try."

"Tell Don to wire Mr. Raymond that I am coming at once, and that I will bring Dr. Braide if possible," answered Ann, alert and self contained.

She rang Dr. Braide's telephone a few moments later and called firmly, "Dr. Braide, I want you to go with me to Skytown"—

His cool, indifferent voice cut her short. "Who is it, please?"

"It is Ann Rupert"—

"Ah!" His voice changed—became swift, eager. "Certainly, certainly, Miss Rupert. I understand. I saw the note about your brother. It will be a privilege. I will run over at once and discuss the best plan for getting there."

Ann was eating her breakfast when the bell rang, and the maid at her order brought the [illegible] ...ning room.

"I am asking a great deal of you, doctor. I will gladly recompense you for any loss of patients," said Ann.

"Please don't trouble about my patients. It is a pleasure for me to serve you. I beg you not to bring it down to so mercenary a plane."

"That's very kind of you, but I must insist on making it a matter of professional service," replied Ann, for he, too, was a suitor, and she liked him, but at this moment she wanted his skill—his training as a physician, not his adoration. This he had insight enough to perceive.

"We can go by the Southern railway and drive from Sage Flat, or we can go over the stage road. In either case we must meet and pass Munro's guard. According to all accounts, he has a complete circle."

"I am not afraid of Munro or his men," she answered. "In fact, they will be our safeguard. I will telegraph to Mr. Munro that we are coming, and he will see that we are protected."

"If you feel that way, then the simplest and quickest route is over the old stage road. With a good span of horses and a light cart we can drive to Bozie by 4 o'clock and reach Skytown before dark."

"Then let us go!" she cried, rising. "I will order a carriage at once and call for you in half an hour."

"I will be ready," he alertly replied.

By means of the telephone Ann ordered the liveryman to harness his best span of horses to a mountain buckboard. "No, I do not need a driver," she sharply answered to his query. "Get them here quick!"

Before she left the receiver Barnett came rushing into the room. "What's all this? Jeannette tells me you're going back to Skytown today."

"In twenty minutes I shall be on the road."

"Alone?"

"No; Dr. Braide is going with me."

"Impossible! You mustn't do it! Our attack is to be made tonight. The whole hill will be a battleground tomorrow."

"I can't help that, Don. I must go to my brother. He needs me all the more. Think of that poor boy lying there burning with fever and a battle going on! Put off your attack. It's all foolish, wicked, anyhow. What good will it do? You will only kill men or get killed yourself."

Dr. Braide was waiting as Ann drew up to his door. He carried a big bearskin robe over his arm and held a medicine case in his hand. "Have you plenty of wraps? It's cold up there, they say. Let me arrange this robe around your feet. Shall I drive?"

"No, thank you. I will drive."

The horses were marvels. They pushed up the steep, winding road with steady stride, their heads swinging. Not till they entered the canyon did they lag into a walk. The clouds hung low, in great gray masses, covering even the secondary peaks. Patches of snow began to appear at the roadside. It was a bleak, inhospitable and silent world.

"There is something ominous in this stillness," Ann said at last.

"Where do you suppose we will meet Munro's men?"

"Anywhere after we leave the halfway house, according to report."

"You know this man Munro?"

"I've met him."

"Is he as terrible as people think him?"

"He seemed very boyish to me and not at all terrible."

"The morning papers stated that he had assumed absolute control up there, and that his men were drilled in true military fashion."

"So much the better for us," answered Ann, "for he will see that we are protected."

At about 11 o'clock they reached the wide mountain meadow out of which the Bear creek fell. The clouds hung just above their heads, a broad, seamless gray roof.

At the halfway house they found a stage load of people and several freighters, and every man's mouth was agape.

The tavern was a survival of the days when railroads were of the faraway future—a long, low log structure with a roof of dirt out of which dead weeds flaunted. The front room, which swarmed with men in rough clothing, seemed to be a country store and postoffice as well as an eating house. A small, active old woman met Ann with toothless grin. "Step right this way and get out o' the smudge."

Ann followed her into a minute bedroom which opened off the dining room. The old woman began to clatter. "Put off your things here. My, but them's fine furs! Did ye drive up from the Springs? Are you going on to the camp?"

"Yes."

"Waal, you'll find it lively up there! As near as I can learn they mean biz!" she whispered. "Some o' Jack Munro's men are in there now eatin'. They keep a mighty sharp watch on who comes in these days. Soon's you're ready I'll put you and your man down at my end of the table and I'll look after ye."

Ann laid aside her furs, but retained her hat, and as she re-entered the room made a dazzling appeal to those rough fellows, who eyed her with sly side glances.

Braide, already seated, rose to meet her. "We have reached an outpost of the guard and will be interrogated before we leave, I fear."

"I am quite ready to meet them," she replied, bending to her plate. "They can't refuse to let us pass."

The talk at the table was not illuminating. Each man apparently strove to fill his paunch before his fellow. Only one of them seemed to study Ann and her companion with candid interest. This was a small man with a chin beard and an eye as keen as that of a blue jay. As the other men filled up and left the table he came [illegible] and carelessly took a seat near Braide.

"I reckon I've seen you before," he began pleasantly.

"I shouldn't wonder. I'm Dr. Braide of Valley Springs."

"Where you aimin' to go now, if it's a fair question?"

"To Skytown."

"Goin' to treat somebody?" asked the old woman, who was hovering near.

Ann interposed. "Yes, he is going up to treat my brother Louis, who is lying ill at Mr. Raymond's cabin."

The stranger glowed again. "Didn't see nothin' of the sheriff's army on the way, did ye?" Here he winked at Braide.

The doctor smiled. "Not a thing. I don't think they've left the valley yet."

"I'd advise 'em not to. I'm going over to the camp myself, and if you don't mind I'll jest nacherly jog along a rod or two ahead of you—to show you the road."

As he rose to go the stranger said: "If so be it you folks have any influence with Rob Raymond, preach him into joining the movement. It'll be a mighty sight safer for him and a big help to the miners."

After the miner left the room Braide said: "We're in the enemy's country. He was plainly warning us, and his going along is in the nature of an armed guard."

"His escort may be of use to us," replied Ann. "Who was that man?" she asked of the old woman, who fairly whispered her answer.

"That's old Steve Adams. He's boss of this squad. All six o' them men are Munro's pickets."

As Ann and the doctor drove on the clouds began to lift, rolling slowly, ponderously, reluctantly upward from the timbered slopes.

Their guide rode rapidly, signaling the doctor now and then to keep pace with him, and after nearly an hour of fairly level ground the road entered another canyon and crawled upward along a prodigious wall, which beat back the clashing roar of a small but very swift stream of water.

It must have been about 5 o'clock when they rounded the great base of the Black Cone at the head of the canyon and looked away across the big camp and far out upon the valley to the west.

Adams, their guide, was a considerable distance in advance when a couple of horsemen encountered them. After a moment's conference one turned back, and the other came on swiftly.

Ann's heart glowed with the hope that it might be Raymond with a message from the sick one, but it proved to be Munro. He came up swiftly and, setting his horse upon his haunches, leaped cavalierly to the ground.

"Good evening, lady," he called as he approached the wagon. "Have you journeyed far?"

"How is Louis?" asked Ann quickly, with instant revolt of his assurance.

He felt the impersonal rebuke of her manner and replied simply: "He is better this afternoon, so I hear. I have not had time to call. It is a pleasure to see you again." He fixed his eyes on her companion. "I don't think I know you," he said, with a challenging inflection in his voice.

"I am Dr. Braide of Valley Springs."

Ann explained, "Dr. Braide comes to attend my brother."

Munro's face lost its reckless smile, and he looked worn and pale. "Doctor, I'm glad to meet you."

"We must hurry on," interrupted Ann, warmly impatient of Munro's glances.

Braide chirped to his horses and Munro swung to his seat and followed after. At the foot of the hill he called: "Keep that winding road. It will bring you to the top near Kelly's. I'll meet you there."

The peak was more than quiet—it was silent. It was as if a palsy had fallen upon every ablebodied workman, causing a swift devouring decay to set in.

"What a change!" exclaimed Braide. "I was here just before this trouble began and these hills teemed with men"—

"There is one smoking chimney. It must be the Raymond & Kelly mine." Ann pointed away up the hill.

"How do they keep going?"

"The strikers fear them, and, besides, Munro and Raymond are old acquaintances. I think he protects them."

Raymond was standing at the Kellys' door as they drove up, his face somber, his eyes clouded. He could not speak, so deeply was he moved, but with a nod at Braide and without a word threw back the robes and reached a hand to help her. "How is he?" she asked, with a catching of the breath.

"He is very ill, but I think"— His voice failed him for a moment. "I'm glad to see you, doctor. He needs you."

Everything whirled before Ann. "If he should die—oh, if he should die! It's all my fault!" she wailed. "It's all my fault!" and her numb limbs refused to move.

"Don't say that," he urged. "I've gone over it a thousand times. I don't see that any one is to blame. I know you are not. Come, we must go to him."

In that instant something seemed to pass between them—some invisible, intangible bond was established. Ann put out her hand, and he took it gently between his palms. "Be brave, dear girl," he said tenderly.

She suddenly roused herself and hurried toward the cabin. Mrs. Kelly came to meet her with arms opened wide, her sweet face pale with pity. "Oh, Ann, darlin', we're needin' ye!"

Ann went to her for an instant, then put her aside and knelt beside the bed. Her heart grew icy cold with the horror and the pity of seeing that blithe, boyish face set and livid, the brows grave with the gravity of battle. His eyes were closed, and, at the moment, he appeared to be dying. She caught his lax hand and kissed it passionately. "Louis, speak to me! Speak to sister!"

Her low cry pierced Raymond's heart, and while he stood helpless, sick with sympathetic pain, the doctor took Ann gently by the arm. "Please leave me alone with Louis for a few minutes. Trust him to me."

Raymond turned comforter. "The doctor is right. His case is not decided yet. You must remember how strong and well he has been. He's not the pale slip he was when he came here. Please go over to the house and let Nora make some tea for you," he pleaded, and at last she yielded and, with a final look at the sick boy, went out with Mrs. Kelly.

With that half superstitious confidence which even the most intelligent feel when the doctor is present, Raymond soon followed. He was tired—tired! His long ride to the valley and

"Louis, speak to me! Speak to sister!"

back, his lack of sleep, but especially his anxiety, had worn upon him so that now, when he could shift some part of his responsibility, his steel woven frame began to quiver and his brain to thicken. He sank into a chair and laxly looked at Ann.

"It is sweet to see you," he uttered slowly—"doubly sweet because of Louis. We've done our best, Nora and I. I was in agony for fear you would not come tonight. I didn't want to shirk responsibility or labor—but—I—I wanted you. It's been a long day for me."

Mrs. Kelly explained: "Rob is dyin' for lack o' sleep. That's the truth. He wouldn't leave the boy, and after riding all the day and the night before. But come now, have some tea—both. My mind is easier since the doctor came. Sure I know he will check the fever, never fear that."

Raymond soon put down his cup and rose. "Your drink has done me good, Nora. I will go back to the doctor and see if he needs help. You stay here," he said to Ann, and his voice was intimate and tender. "I will report at once."

When he re-entered a few moments later his tone was cheerful. "The doctor has made his examination and is confident of heading off pneumonia."

Ann's face lit with joy. "Oh, did he say that?" She reached both her hands to him. "Now you can go to sleep. I will watch tonight."

Together they returned to the bungalow, and Raymond, after a moment's conversation with Braide, threw himself on his couch. "Ah, this seems good!" he exclaimed to Ann and fell asleep almost instantly.

She drew the robe over him with careful hands and turned to Braide. "I'm so grateful to you, Dr. Braide. You are to eat supper with the Kellys. I think you would better go over to the house now. I will stay with Louis."

He protested against this, but she had her will. "In case he grows restless," he said at the door, "call me. However, I will return in half an hour probably."

A suffocating throb of tenderness rose in Ann's throat as she bent above Louis' flushed face and listened to his troubled breathing. Raymond lay in profoundest slumber, his face in shadow, but his presence was most palpable and appealing.

Nora came softly in. "Ann, dear, the supper is on the table. Go you along and eat. You're needed to keep the peace."

"Peace between whom?"

"Munro and Matt."

"Is Munro there?"

"He's waiting to see you. Keep him from Matt; he's in a bad temper tonight."

Ann went out with a wrinkle of vexation on her brow.

Munro was waiting just outside the door in the clear, yellow dusk.

"How is the boy?" he asked as she drew near.

"He is better, thank you."

"I'm mighty glad to hear it. I was worried about him on my own account. You see he was brought to me by one of my vedettes, and as he had a great deal of information I kept him with us."

"I hope you didn't ask him to betray his friends?"

"He was ready to talk."

"You shouldn't have listened. He is only a boy."

"It is no more than fair, lady, that one member of your household should be loyal to labor." His eyes burned into hers as he bent toward her. "What has changed you toward me?" he asked, with stern abruptness. "You give me nothing but 'marble brows' these days. What have I done that you shut your door in my face?"

"What you do is of no consequence to me except so far as my brother is concerned."

He was too keen not to perceive his advantage. "No woman can play with me and not get cinched at some part of the game."

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. You were amused with 'the wild man' for a time. You played me against Rob for the fun of it, and then pulled out with Peabody."

Ann recoiled before a certain savagery in his voice, and, with her hand on the latch of the door, answered very slowly: "You interested me, I admit. You're very amusing at this moment, but you have no reason, no right, to say that I gave you the slightest encouragement to—to take this attitude toward me. It is the baldest presumption on your part."

At this moment Kelly opened the door. "Is it you, Ann?" He stepped aside. "Go in, girl, ye're supper's waitin'." Ann slipped in, glad to escape under the great arm which barred Munro's passage. "You stay outside," Kelly said to the young desperado, and his voice was dangerously calm. "I want a word with you. The blood of this night's work will be on your head, mebbe. You can't excuse yourself by sayin' the committee demands it. You are the committee. Man, you're crazy!"

The young leader laughed. "They're the crazy ones, to come up against my men on this hill with a lot of old soaks, one lungers and ex-policemen dead on their hoofs. But don't worry, there'll be no battle—the clatter of a tin can will scare 'em into bug house fits. Now, Matt, let me finish what I came to say. We've been good friends, and I want to keep friends. You're a fair man, but, let me tell you, the boys are getting bitter against you independents in this fight. You have no business to stand out against the union."

Kelly lifted his big fist in a gesture of menace. "Listen to me, Jack Munro. I've been a working miner all me life, whilst you were at school; whilst you were playin' hooky and stealin' plums, and all the years you've been runnin' a roulette wheel I was pickin' at the rocks. If any man is fitted to advise 'tis Matt Kelly and not a play actor and celluloid bunko steerer like y'rself. Go yer ways, Jack Munro, but lave me and mine alone. This ends it. Ye'll have no welcome from the Kellys' door after this night's work, and if ye put so much as the toe of ye're foot across me path I'll kill you for the reckless, murderin' devil that ye are!"

Munro reeled under this gusty blast, but recovered himself. "You'll be coming to me for help inside of twenty-four hours, and you'll get it for the sake of Nora and the kids. Good night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

At a French Wedding.

A wedding feast is an important ceremony in France among all classes of society. Even among the very poorest of the Parisians a wedding banquet is the occasion for a reckless expenditure of money in the purchase of wine and viands. In Brittany a wedding is even a more gorgeous affair than in Paris. At a recent wedding ceremony in Brittany the guests numbered 1,200, and three bullocks were slaughtered to provide them with meat. Wine was consumed in large quantities, and in addition forty barrels of cider was consumed.

The Currant.

The currant of commerce is said to be one of the most nutritious forms of food, a pound of the little berries from Greece containing more than three times as much actual nourishment as the same weight of lean beef. "Currants," says one authority, "should really be eaten every day. They contain all the beneficial properties of the apple, but in greater proportion." The most important fact connected with them is that they supply the body with muscle building and nerve sustaining material in a form ready for speedy digestion and assimilation.

Lion of Babylon.

One of the oldest and at the same time most interesting bits of pictorial work which have been preserved from antiquity is that of the lion of Babylon, and so careful was the workmanship that even after the lapse of several thousand years not only the outline, but the color, is very distinct. The figure was used very generally for decorative purposes in ancient Babylon.

Childhood.

Man begins life helpless. The babe is in paroxysms of fear the moment its nurse leaves it alone, and it comes so slowly to any power of self protection that mothers say the salvation of life and health of a young child is a perpetual miracle.—Emerson.

How It Was.

The Magnate—Do you mean to say, sir, that you will charge me $1,000 for this operation if I live and $2,000 if I die? How is that? Great Surgeon—If you die it will be so much easier to collect from the estate.—Life.

Singing For Nothing a Year.

Writing of the trials and tribulations of American singers who go to Europe to gain recognition, Mildred Aldrich in the Theater Magazine says:

"To most singers who have sought recognition abroad there is but one drawback to the European career. It is not love of home that lures them back to the United States. It is money. It looks fine to put 'de l'opera' or 'de l'Opera Comique' on one's visiting card, as is the habit in Europe, but there is another side to it. Many a debutante has sung at the Opera Comique for nothing, some have paid, and some have had the magnificent salary of 200 francs a month (just shy of $40). One of the most prominent debutantes at the opera saw 5,000 francs paid over for her debut, and one woman who was there two years as a regular member of the troupe earned 6,000 francs a year ($25 a week), and she was considered favored. Cities like Bordeaux often get debutantes at 300 francs ($60) a month, and in theaters of that sort singers provide their own costumes, so it is small wonder that, having got one's education, one wants to earn money in the United States."

He Was In Such a Hurry.

A man who has resided in Cairo told this tale as an illustration of the dilatory ways of Arabian trades people:

"A certain gentleman ordered a swing to be erected in his garden for the use of his little boy, aged six. He waited and waited, but the swing never arrived. In due course of time that boy grew up to man's estate and became himself the father of a little boy. When his son was six years old he remembered how his own father had ordered a swing to be made for him. So he called on the tradesman, who lived at his gate, and asked him to send up the swing that had been ordered twenty years before. The man agreed to do so. The little boy becoming impatient after three weeks, his father called again and remonstrated with the Arabian as to his dilatoriness. The indignant tradesman replied that he could not really undertake to serve any one who was in such a fearful hurry."

How to Use Brains.

A head man in a manufactory was watching a drayman tugging at a heavy case one day. The drayman's face was red, and the muscles of his neck were bulging. The overseer, says a writer in the Baltimore Sun, thought it was the right moment to offer practical assistance.

"Wait a minute there," he said. "Let me show you how easy it is when you use a little brain with your muscle." And he grabbed a hook, stuck it into the case, gave a yank and went sprawling into the gutter under the dray. He got up, looked at the hook and said. "Confound it, the handle comes off!"

"Yes, sir," said the drayman respectfully. "My brain told me that, and I didn't use it."

A Lucky Circumstance.

In the house of commons no incident is greeted with more hearty laughter than that of a member who, after an eloquent oration, plumps down on his silk hat on the bench behind him. A young member who had just made his maiden speech sat upon his new silk hat. There were roars of laughter. An Irish member immediately arose and gravely said, "Mr. Speaker, permit me to congratulate the honorable gentleman upon the happy circumstance that when he sat on his hat his head was not in it!" This remark upset the dignity of the house, and the speaker called "Order, order," amid roars of laughter.

Safe For a Short Distance.

A young man who is blessed with a Scotch kinsman need never fear that he will be allowed to hold too high an opinion of himself.

"What do you think of my project to study law?" asked young Witherby of his great-uncle, Robert Donaldson, a person whom he was desirous to propitiate.

"I should call it a vera harmless amusement," said Mr. Donaldson dryly after a comprehensive survey of the young man's fatuous face and gay attire, "if not carried too far."

Honesty.

Let honesty be as the breath of thy soul and never forget to have a penny when all thy expenses are enumerated and paid; then shall thou reach the point of happiness, and independence shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet and crown; then shall thy soul walk upright, nor stoop to the silken wretch because he hath riches, nor pocket an abuse because the hand which offers it wears a ring set with diamonds.—Franklin.

Queer Justice.

Prison Visitor—My friend, you ought not to complain. You are here to satisfy the demands of justice. Prisoner—Not much I am. For months my creditors kept urging me to raise money and then when I raised a check they put me in jail. I'm blamed if I can see how you call that justice.

Public Speakers.

There are only two kinds of speakers. The first is the man who is making a good speech and won't finish. The second is the man who is making a bad speech and can't finish. The latter is the longer.—Illustrated London News.

The Original Lobbyist.

The lobbyist was a conspicuous part of the first government established by Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. He was a serpent.—Washington C. H. Record.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn at no other and scarcely at that.—Franklin.

Caustic.

"And you are ready to forgive your daughter for eloping with me, sir?"

"Yes, I'll treat her kindly. The poor girl will be sufficiently punished in having you for a husband."—Cleveland Leader.

Paradoxical.

Brown—Walking down this steep hill is pretty trying, isn't it? Green—It is, indeed; it is regular uphill work.

Good Nature May Be Costly.

"Don't look so glum, Pilkerton. Use cheery words. They cost nothing."

"Cost nothing! If I speak ten cheery words to my wife, she asks me for some money."

A Little Misunderstanding.

"Sir, your son's performance on the French horn is execrable. It will drive everybody from my house. You told me he was a teacher."

"I did not. I said he was a tooter."

Men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit and seldom draw to their full extent.—Walpole.

Letters In England Not Private.

You cannot regard any letter you may send through the post as being private. The government has a legal right to open any letter or parcel passing through the post and is also entitled, of course, to use any information thus obtained in furtherance of the interests of the law. At one time the official and secret opening of "private" letters was of such common occurrence that postoffice employees were sent to France to take lessons from an expert in the art of opening and resealing letters. In 1812 the postmasters of Manchester, Nottingham and Glasgow were instructed to "open all such letters as should appear to be of a suspicious nature and likely to convey seditious information," and so recently as fifty years ago there was an agitation to deprive the government of the right to open letters passing through the post. The agitation failed, however, so that your letters are still liable to be opened, and the law would be on the side of the official opener.—London Answers.

Snake Hunting With Noses.

When the Australian aborigine is pushed and can find no other game, he catches snakes for food. With his wonderful brown eyes he can see the faintest trail where a snake has zigzagged through the dry moss and leaves. At nighttime his broad nostrils take up the chase, and, stooping down among the bushes, with a tough forked stick in his hand to support him, he follows the track as unerringly as a bloodhound. When he runs a snake to earth, if he cannot surprise it in the open and kill it by a sudden blow of his stick, he squats over its hole, making a low hissing or whistling sound with his lips. Soon the snake puts its head out of the hole and peers round. In an instant the forked stick descends and fixes it to the ground by the neck, and the black fellow, seizing it behind the head, so that it cannot bite him, drags it out of the hole and either twists its head off or pounds it on the ground till its back is broken.

Humanity and Machinery.

Machinery is the cornerstone of modern society, the very foundation on which law, science, ethics, the arts, even the state itself, rests. It is so new that we do not yet know its poetry. We do not yet understand. Only two generations have lived beside the highway of steam; only one has seen the Bessemer converter transform the blacksmith into the master builder of ships and towers. The sewing machine, the far speaker, the typewriter, are common things of today, accepted as a matter of daily convenience, and yet are they teachers of the people. Machines that come close to our lives and homes insensibly teach truth, precision, the adjustment of universal laws to human needs, respect for that wise American idea that labor saved is labor released for higher and nobler toil. The machine is the head master of the high school of the race.—Reader Magazine.

"Auld Robin Gray."

A ballad that won instant fame against the expectation and even the wish of its author was "Auld Robin Gray," written by Lady Anne Lindsay about the end of the eighteenth century merely for her own satisfaction to replace the coarse verses of an old melody that pleased her. She sang charmingly, and the new ballad soon came into favor. Great was the curiosity aroused as to the author of this pathetic song, in whose simple verses all the elements of a heartrending tragedy are contained, but Lady Anne, modest and retiring by nature, preserved silence for many years, smiling, no doubt, at the controversy that raged so hotly. In the course of it her ballad was attributed by some disputants to David Rizzio, declared by others to be a genuine sixteenth century production and finally made the subject of a twenty guinea prize to be bestowed on anybody acute enough to bring to light the veritable author.—Cornhill Magazine.

Cigars Few Can Afford.

"A long, low strip of land, a valley between high hills, lies five miles outside of Havana, and there," said a cigar salesman, "the best tobacco in the world is grown. The name of the place is Abajo, and the Vuelta Abajo crops are always bought up two or three years in advance of their planting. They yield only 35,000 cigars annually. These cigars sometimes sell as high as $150 a hundred—$1.50 apiece. Vuelta Abajo cigars are only smoked by kings and billionaires. There are many fake Vuelta Abajos on the market, but the real thing, once smoked, can never be mistaken, for there is no other tobacco in the world with an aroma at once so powerful and so delicate."—New York Press.

Eat Less and Eat It Slowly.

Economic methods of eating are so important and so axiomatic that it really occasions some surprise that more is not known about the matter. Horace Fletcher, in his famous A B Z books on nutrition, very wisely insists upon the necessity of slow mastication with abundant insalivation. It is really astonishing how badly people use the teeth nature gave them for this purpose. Children naturally bolt their food, so it is said, and adults retain the habit. Not having the digestive power of cats or dogs, which naturally bolt their food, it results that much of our food is undigested and wasted.

A Good Excuse.

After the Duke of Wellington's victorious campaigns the University of Oxford complimented the duke himself and his principal officers by conferring upon them the honorary and not very appropriate degree of doctor of civil laws. At that time the fees were heavy, and one of the distinguished soldiers, who had gathered more honor than profit in the wars, declined the proffered degree in the following verse:

Oxford, I know you wish me well,
But prithee let me be.
I can't, alas, be D. C. L.
For want of £ s. d.

Tradition.

What an enormous "camera obscura" magnifier is tradition. How a thing grows in the human memory, in the human imagination, when love, worship and all that lies in the human heart are there to encourage it, and in the darkness, in the entire ignorance, without date or document, no book, no Arundel marble, only here and there some dull monumental cairn.—Carlyle.

Violence.

Violence ever defeats its own ends. Where you cannot drive you can always persuade. A gentle word, a kind look, a good natured smile, can work wonders and accomplish miracles. There is a secret pride in every human heart that revolts at tyranny. You may order and drive an individual, but you cannot make him respect you.—Hazlitt.

Savages and Snuff.

The habit of snuff taking has been confirmed among savage tribes for ages past. In South Africa it is used among Swazis, Basutos and Matabeles. Every Zulu today, even in towns, carries a little square box suspended around his neck by a piece of string or gut, and the snuff spoon (for they do not indulge in the homely "pinch"), carved out of sheep's bone, often ornamented with intricate geometrical designs and for convenience carried hanging downward through a slit in the lobe of the ear. The Zulu regards the lobe of his ear as a useful receptable for various small articles he meets with. The umfaan, or house boy, universally met with in Natal, has a penchant for safety pins, which have to be carefully hidden from his sharp eyes. Even then he is usually to be seen, after going through the rooms, with a string of these pins suspended from each ear until they reach his shoulders.

Neckties as Railway Signals.

"Red neckties are always worn by foreign brakemen and conductors. Ever notice it?" said a railroader.

"No. Why is it?"

"As a safety device," was the reply. "These red neckties that flash upon your gaze on the railroads of Italy, France, Germany and England are not a sign that the people have a gay taste, but that they are cautious and prudent.

"The neckties are supplied free by the railroad companies for use as danger signals in emergency. Thus, no matter when or where an accident may happen, there is no need to search or scramble for a red flag, but the brakeman whips off his red necktie and waves it frantically aloft."—Minneapolis Journal.

Kentucky's Names.

Kentucky is known as the Corn Cracker State from a game bird enjoying the same name which was formerly found in great abundance in most parts of the state. It is also called the Blue Grass State, from the belt of land running through the center, in which this variety of grass grows to great perfection. In the early days of our history it was known as the Dark and Bloody Ground, being so termed by the Indians. It was then a debatable land between the Indians living north of the Ohio and those living in the mountains of Tennessee and Georgia, a sort of battleground for these tribes, which fact gave it the name long before it was settled by the whites.

Planets With Three Suns.

The people inhabiting the planets in the solar system of Gamma have no need of electricity, gas, oil or other kind of artificial light. In those favored worlds they have continuous daylight and probably have no idea of a land like ours which is alternately bathed in sunlight and plunged into darkness. The Gammanean planets are so situated that as soon as one of their three suns begins to decline another appears in sight. Each of these three suns is of a different color—red, yellow and blue.

FIRST POPULAR EXCURSION TO

MINNEAPOLIS and ST. PAUL,

VIA THE

Manchester & Oneida and Chicago Great Western Rys.

Tuesday, May 22, 1906,

Under the auspices of the Congregational Ladies' Society of Manchester.

$3.00 for the ROUND TRIP.

Train leaves Manchester at 5:00 a. m Tuesday, May 22. Arrives St. Paul 12:40 p. m., Minneapolis 1:15 p. m. Returning, train leaves Minneapolis Wednesday, May 23, 10:45 p. m., and St. Paul 11:20 p. m., arrives Manchester Thursday, 8:30 a. m., 24th.

ATTRACTIONS.

Fort Snelling Lake Minnetonka, Minnehaha Falls, Stillwater and the State House, also the beautiful Parks and Lakes reached by electric lines.

Committee of the Ladies' Congregational Society.

J. L. KELSEY, Traffic Mgr. M. & O. Ry. J. P. ELMER, G. P. A., C. G. W. Ry.

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Also Flower and Garden Seeds and all kinds of Bedding Plants.

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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 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 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 2:00 p. m. arrives at Oneida at 2:30 p. m. connects with C. G. W., No. 4, east bound, and No. 9, west bound. Returning leaves Oneida at 3:22 p m arrives at Manchester at 3:45 p m.

Train No 10, leaves Manchester at 4:45 p. m. arrives at Oneida at 5:15 p. m. Connects with south bound C. M. & St. P., No. 21. Returning leaves Oneida at 5:25 p. m., arrives at Manchester 5:45 p. m.

J. L. KELSEY, Gen. Traffic Manager

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

TRAINS WILL STOP ONLY AT

Bishnap's Crossing, Platform at Quaker Mill Switch, Brick in Street Crossing, Sly's Crossing, Miller's Crossing, Twin Crossing, Westbrook Crossing.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No 1* 11:31 pm	..Fast Train..	No 2* 1:41 a m
No 401 11:44 pm	Thro Express.	No 402 3:41 a m
No 33 †5:53 p m	....Clipper...	No 34 †8:55 a m
No 5 † 8:30 a m	Local Express	No 6 † 11:18 a m
No 3 2:40 p m	Day Express.	No 4 3:38 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 an' Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No.322 5:45 p.m	...*Passenger..	No.345 9:00 a. m
No 334 5.15 a.m	..†Passenger..	No 335 3:00 p. m
No. 360 1:00 p.m	.. *Freight....	No.360 3:15 p. m

All above trains carry passengers.

*Daily.

†Daily Except Sunday.

H. G. PIERCE, Station Agt

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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.

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RY.

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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.

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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 land in Kentucky, West Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, and how the Illinois Central Railroad, for homeseekers and investors, address the undersigned.

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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.

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