HESPER

...BY...

HAMLIN GARLAND

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CHAPTER XXIV.

LOUIS came to himself just before midnight and recognized Ann, and though his breath was labored and his face lined with suffering it was good to feel his familiar self reaching out to her from his house of pain.

"How did you get here?" he asked.

"I drove with Dr. Braide."

"I'm pretty sick. I'm glad you came, sis," and he put his hand feebly into hers. "Where's Rob?"

"He's sleeping. You must be quiet now or you'll wake him."

"He's been good to me."

"Sh, dearest," she pleaded. "Don't talk now. Go to sleep."

"I don't want to sleep. I've slept enough. It makes my head ache worse."

In the end the boy ceased to groan and twist and at last slept, but Ann refused to go to bed. Her anxiety and the many questions pressing to be answered engaged her so deeply that she felt no need of sleep. Toward midnight Braide, in despair of inducing her to sleep, stretched himself in a low chair and fell into a doze.

It was exactly 2 o'clock when a single gunshot rang out sharply, like the voice of a sentinel questioning the silent night. As the girl listened tensely, three others, deeper throated, answered in quick succession. Then silence again intervened for a moment, only to be torn by a fusillade, a rat-tat-tat of assault which brought Braide to his feet.

Ann hurried to Raymond, calling sharply, "Rob, they are shooting! Don't you hear them? Quick! Quick!"

Raymond rose to his feet dizzily and looked at her blankly, the mist of sleep thick in his brain. Other shots and cries followed, and though faint and far they cleared his vision. Catching a belt of cartridges from the wall and turning to Braide he sternly asked, "Can you shoot?"

Before Braide could answer another shrill chorus of yells, fierce as the outcry of wolves, arose, a vivid light filled the room, and a second later a dull concussion shook the earth beneath their feet. Ann shrank and cowered, but Raymond, menacingly quiet, remarked: "Well, our turn has come. They've blown up our shaft house."

"Oh, no!" cried Ann. "They wouldn't do that. They daren't do that."

"That's what they've done," he bitterly assured her. Then a thought entered his mind which staggered him. "The men—the men were in the mine!" he shouted and rushed into the darkness.

Ann heard his blows upon the door of the other cabin as he called: "Boys, roll out! The power house is blown up! The men are in the mine! Quick, out with you! Buckle your guns!"

Then the girl recognized Kelly's great voice. He was calling as he ran, "Rob, are ye there?"

"Yes; I'm rousing the boys."

"It's the shaft house."

"It looks that way."

"And the men, lad; the men!"

"I don't know, Matt. I've just got on my feet."

So much Ann heard before the sound of their feet died away down the path. The sleepers in the bunk house began to rumble and clatter about on the bare floors. One by one they emerged, slamming the door behind them.

Once outside the door the women could see the flames growing each moment in power, licking with avid tongues at the confused mass of splintered beams, and on the curtain of red light the forms of Kelly and Raymond played in silhouette as they strove furiously against the destroyer. Their workmen soon joined them, and each moment some hastening rescuer hurtled past the open door and as he ran cursed in bitter frenzy.

"Ann!" called Louis from the bed. Faint as it was, the girl heard his cry and hurried to his side.

"Yes, I'm here, laddie. What do you want? How do you feel?"

"My head aches so. I can't breathe good. He moaned. "Oh, dear, I'm so hot." The voice of his anguish stung Ann to the soul. With a sign to Nora, commanding silence, she closed the door in the hope that no sound from the burning mine would penetrate to the bedside.

Nora hurried back to her cabin, while Braide dropped some helpful drug upon the boy's tongue. When his patient had grown quiet the young physician said: "If you are not afraid, I will go down. Some one may be hurt and my help required."

"Go. I am not afraid," she commanded. "Only remember your first duty is here."

"I do not forget that," he answered. But even as he was collecting his outer clothing and his medicines Raymond flung the door open and entered. His hands were blackened and bleeding, his head was bare, and on his face was a look that thrilled the girl. "Doctor, three wounded men are coming up the hill. They must be made comfortable. Ann, you would better go back to Kelly's. These victims must be sheltered here, and they are not pleasant to see."

Ann felt herself diminishing in power and importance as he spoke. His voice came from the man's world—harsh, inflexible—but she uttered a protest—"Louis!"

His face softened and his hand went to his brow. "I forgot; you are right; we must not endanger him. I will have the men taken to the other cabin."

"Are the men in the mine all dead?"

"We can't tell. The engineer and some of the men on the dump were warned and escaped. The rest are below and out of our reach. We are working desperately to subdue the flames, but we are almost helpless for lack of water."

"It is horrible!"

His voice was very quiet as he said, "Munro shall answer for this!"

"Did he do it?"

"He did not prevent it!" He lifted his eyes to the sky. "It will soon be light, and then we can see to work."

He turned to leave without further explanation, but Ann called to him, "Send us word when you can, won't you?"

"As soon as we know the men are alive I will come and tell you," he promised.

As she watched and waited the day came leisurely, laggardly, over the hills and swarms of excited men and slattern women poured from their shacks and tents and holes in the rocks to acquire in detail the news of this midnight assault on the leaders of the independents. To do them justice, even the most virulent unionists were for the moment moved to sympathetic denunciation. The destruction of property was one thing, the murder of workmen quite another. As for the crews of the nonpartisans, they were ready at the word of a leader to search out and lynch those who laid the train and fired the fuse, but to all of these Raymond gave the same word of command, "Save the men below."

On the heels of this tumult, as if to pile Pelion on Ossa, messengers came shouting through the sunrise: "The deputies have come! The sheriff's army is camped on the park!"

Instantly the throng of idle sightseers swept back toward the town, leaving not so much as a word of well wishing to stand in their places. The ruin of the Kelly mine became a small thing to them, now that the real battle was on.

"Where is Jack Munro?" timorous people asked. "Where are the vedettes?" No one seemed to know, and the officers of the union were in a panic.

The sheriff had, indeed, stolen a march on Skytown and was only waiting for daylight to discover his enemy. This was his capital mistake. Had he pushed against the enemy at that moment, with Munro and his men still on a wild goose chase down the opposite canyon, he might have won the hill in a bloodless charge, but even as he dallied the vedettes came toiling up the trail from the south, weary, but full of fight, and lined out on the northern slope with the fort at their backs. And so at last the two forces of disorder—of passion and prejudice—were set face to face. Battle was now inevitable.

CHAPTER XXV.

AT sunrise Raymond reported to Ann, his face a little softened. "The dynamiter Baker shot has died, but our men are going to live, the doctor says."

"I am very glad to hear that. What of those in the mine? Are they released?"

"No, but the fire is out, and we have cleared the mouth of the shaft. The first level is blocked with rocks and beams. The murderers must have lowered a bomb into the mine with deliberate intent to kill."

"It is horrible to think of them down there in the dark. Did you hear that the sheriff had arrived?"

His eyes darkened. "Yes, the fool! Why didn't he attack at once? Now Munro is intrenched, and they are challenging each other like crowds of schoolboys. The time has come for the governor to take a hand."

"Will he do so?"

"He must or be party to the bloodiest battle ever seen in the mountains. But I must go back," he said and turned away abruptly, leaving the girl with a keen sense of the stress and bigness of his life.

He was indeed badly needed at the mine, for only the men of the second shift and a few of the crews of Reese & Earle remained to help. Each independent mine was held to be in equal danger and to require the services of its most resolute men, and, besides, the certainty of a battle had drawn away the more excitable even of their own men. Kelly was working like a Titan, and his presence, his concentration of effort, inspired every man to his best.

A messenger from Carter met Raymond to assure him that the union had no hand in the outrage, and the young miner sternly answered, "As soon as I

They tore at the rocks and beams.

have rescued my men I will demand that the officers of the union have something to do with finding the hyenas that did do it."

Munro sent a letter by Frank Brown wherein he said, "I can't leave here—the attack may begin at any moment—but I am on the trail, and when I discover the scoundrels I will deliver them to justice."

To this messenger Raymond said: "Tell Jack I want to see him at the earliest moment. This is not a matter for long range adjustment. I want to talk with him."

Brown, with true cowboy unconcern, grinned and said: "Well, you see, Rob, Jack's busy just now. They's a ball on and he's floor manager for our side."

Raymond was in no mood to respond to humor. "Very well. Say to him that when I have dug my men out I will come to him," and something in the tone of this answer stopped the grin on the messenger's face.

Reporters drifted up, made hasty notes and passed on, lured by the more important material disclosed in the opposition of ranked and ready warriors on the hill. Only Dolan stayed, eager and sympathetic, fetching coffee from the cook house and lending such other aid as he could, so deeply concerned with this tragic deed that he seemed wastefully negligent of his own affairs. Seizing an opportunity for a private word, he began, in a low voice: "Rob, I know who led this thing. The union had nothing to do with it. It was done by a lot of Curran's spittoon cleaners. The fellow that Baker killed is from the Springs. I've seen him around Curran's."

"Do you think so?"

"I know it. When you want me to tell you what I know I'll do it; only not now. Wait till the militia takes possession."

"Will the militia come? Has the governor ordered it out?"

"He's got to order 'em out now. He's a dead duck, anyway."

Raymond returned to his work beside Kelly, and together they tore at the rocks and beams, magnificent in their leadership. An hour later all was ready, and into the heavy, shifting smoke which rose from the smoldering debris at the first level Kelly and his young partner descended to extinguish the burning timbers, to clear away the fallen rock and to signal to the imprisoned men below.

Again and again they were forced to lie flat on their faces with their lips touching the earth in order to breathe; but at last the smoldering material was all hoisted, the mine cleared, and they were able to look about them, dizzy, but exultant. The iron beams had caught and held a huge mass of rock which the concussion had shaken from the mouth of the mine, and to dig through this was the task that now confronted them; but the air of the shaft having cleared, volunteers thickened, and the exhausted leaders were able to rest their aching limbs and listen for signals.

They were mightily cheered by the faint but unmistakable sound of knocking. The imprisoned ones were calling in the well tried fashion—by hammering on the rock with their sledges. They beat cheerfully, as if seeking to reassure their rescuers.

An hour later the rescuers could hear the voices of those beneath, and it was hardly more than [illegible] began to lift them out two by two in the big bucket.

Ann, hearing their shouts, came down the path with Nora to meet them. Kelly's eyes were dim with tears, and Ann's heart went out to him as he shouted, "They are all here, and unhurt!"

"But you are hurt?" she asked Raymond, with anxious, timorous voice, peering at his torn and trembling hands.

"No—only tired. How is the patient?" he asked as they started toward the cabin together.

"He is awake, but his pulse is still rapid, and he is very restless."

"What does the doctor say?"

"He insists there is no danger. I think he means it. But, oh, that poor boy is so sick!" She checked herself. "This will be a very serious loss to you, will it not?"

He strove to answer lightly. "Oh, yes; but our vein is there just the same. Luckily they couldn't blow that away."

At the door of the bungalow he turned. "I must leave you for a time. I must repair damages"—he looked at his hands and arms—"and I want to talk with my men."

Raymond found his men in the barrack, discussing with characteristic calmness the general situation while waiting for their dinner. And when Perry shouted "grub pile" in cow camp phrase each man bustled to his place with cheerful clatter. Raymond drew up with the rest, and for a few minutes no word spoken referred to the disaster.

As the first man, well filled, pushed back his chair Raymond called out: "Boys, I want to say a word before any of you go out. A council of war is necessary at this minute."

Those who had risen took seats again, and all faced his way. As he looked at them his throat filled with a realization of their loyal service, and he could not find voice for a few moments, but sat with bowed head, rolling a bit of bread between his fingers. At last he resolutely cleared his throat and began harshly: "Well, boys, the game halts right here. You see where Kelly & Raymond are—they're flat. We've got a good mine if we could work it, but we can't. Just about every dollar we had to spare went into that machinery, and our ore shipments were just beginning. I've been doing a little figuring, and I find we can pretty near pay all that's due you, but we can't do any more. If this strike were settled we might get somebody to come in and help us put up a new power plant, but as things shape up at this present time we're 'up a stump,' as they say back in Ohio. So I guess we'll have to let you go." There was a movement among the men which he felt as a protest, but he continued: "I hate to do this, especially now in the winter, but you can see how it is. If I were in your places I would go to Reese and the other independents and stick by 'em; help them fight this thing through on fair play lines."

His slight pause brought no response. When he began again his voice was softened. "And, boys, ride up and tell Matt a good word. He's hard hit."

His voice trembled dangerously, and he was forced to stop.

The tension was eased away by Nary, one of the older men, who broke out with deep lunged profanity in order to conceal his good heart.

"Well, I don't know how the rest of you feel, but I want to turn right in and put this mine into shape again and lynch the dogs that blew us up!"

Raymond lifted his hand. "Hold on, boys. Don't be too quick on the trigger. Keep cool till I ride up on the hill and take a look around and have a little talk with Munro. We must rally all the independents, which will take time, and, besides, you must remember I have a very sick boy on my hands, and there is Baker, who needs care. Don't rush. Let me go up and see what the sheriff seems likely to do. As I've told you before, I've no theory about the labor question. I never was up against it before, and I'm a little uncertain. I've always believed in the best man winning. I picked you fellows because you were likely chaps. I'm paying you the highest wages going because you earn it. You're satisfied, you say, and I don't see why we are not privileged to go ahead in our own way. I haven't felt any need of going into this fight for the benefit of the crowd till now. It looks now as though we should take a hand. Anyhow, we'll give Munro another chance to do us justice, and if he don't, then—well, we'll try some other plan." He shook off this disagreeable cloak of doubt. "But be that as it may, boys, I shall never forget the good work you've done for me when you knew the crowd was against you."

As they stepped out into the warm afternoon sun Kelly, with a jocular note in his voice, remarked, "Well, Robbie, we're gents at leisure. Nothing to do now but play the nurse"—here his voice swiftly changed—"or do battle."

"If it were not for the women and the sick I'd fight. We have nothing to lose now, and the boys are hot for it. Have you been up the street?"

"No, I have not."

"I don't see what we can do with these two wounded men and the boy and the women on our hands. Matt, the real heart of this opposition is now in one man. If he were taken away these rowdy miners would scatter like grouse."

Kelly turned quickly. "You mean Munro?"

"I do! I'm going up to have an interview with him."

Kelly laid a big hand on his arm. "You're takin' a big risk. Let me go instead."

"No, you must stay here. I am going, and I am going unarmed. I am safer with empty hands, Matt. They will not shoot an unarmed man. I'm going to make one more appeal to Munro."

Mounting his horse, Raymond rode rapidly out along the ridge toward the hill on which the fortification stood. He passed now and then a group of men who knew him, and while one or two greeted him pleasantly all the others met his glance with menace. He felt the hot breath of their hate, but passed on without haste, regretting his action in leaving his revolvers behind him.

The camp had eaten its midday meal—for even in times of war men must eat; the miners had hastily devoured their rough food and were swarming on the hillside overlooking the sheriff's encampment. The vedettes were bivouacked in a small grove of firs to the left and a little below the fort (which was merely a log corral banked with dirt), and Munro was directing the shovel brigade at work on the walls of the redoubt, which was growing rapidly under the brisk movement of chattering miners.

As Raymond neared the crowd of onlookers he recognized Denver Dan and one or two other horsemen, but for the most part the spectators were strangers and plainly hostile.

He had drawn rein to pass to the left when Brock stepped forth on foot and roughly called out:

"What's your business up here?"

"I want to find Munro."

"Well, you go back to your shack and keep out of this."

Raymond smiled. "When did you become roadmaster?"

Brock raised his voice so that the rapidly gathering crowd might hear. "Here's the spy that warned the sheriff not to come on the freight train. Here's the man that ruined our plans. You can't deny that," he said, laying a hand on the horse's rein.

"I don't intend to deny it," replied Raymond, facing the lowering faces of the close packed throng as a mastiff might face a pack of coyotes, "and, what's more, I don't intend to apologize for it."

"Lynch him!" shouted some fellow at the back. "Lynch the spy!"

Raymond had been in danger many times in his life, but never had he looked down into such hate inflamed faces as now encircled him. The old reckless heart came back to him. He lifted his voice in appeal: "Have I a friend here? If I have, let him throw me a gun! I want to go fighting!"

"Here you are!" called a stranger, and a big, glittering revolver came whirling over the heads of the mob.

Raymond caught it deftly, and with the touch of its handle to his palm his eyes narrowed and his white teeth set: "Now let the dance begin! Some of you will cross the range with me!"

Denver Dan attempted a diversion. "Look out, fellers; here comes Jack!"

Munro's name and the pistol in Raymond's hand induced a pause. The foremost of the assailants turned toward the captain of the vedettes, riding swiftly to the rescue. "What's going on here?" he shouted as he reached the outskirts of the crowd.

Brock was ready. "Here's the man who has played with our plans all along, pretending to be neutral when he was nothing but a dirty, slinking spy from the very beginning."

"Liar!" shouted Raymond, and his boot toe caught the ruffian in the mouth and he staggered back among his fellows with a hoarse cry. For a moment he was dazed, then, raging, furious, his mouth streaming with blood, he jerked his revolver from its holder, intent to kill, but a hand clutched his

"Liar!" shouted Raymond.

arm, and Munro, spurring his horse into the mass of irresolute men, called out: "Brock, I'll kill you if you shoot—this is a friend of mine—you know that! He's stood out against us all along, but he's been on the square. I sent him to the Springs myself."

Brock wiped the blood from his lips. "Mebbe you asked him to wire the sheriff last night. He admits he sent a messenger to warn him."

Cries of frenzied rage broke forth again, and the crowd surged against the two horses. Furious, throaty cries broke forth.

"Kill him!" "Hang him!"

Munro blew a signal to his men, and his voice rang out clear and sharp. "The first man that reaches a hand out of that circle loses it. If any lynching is done, I preside over it. Dan, come in here—you, too, Cook."

The two cowboys spurred their horses into the circle, and the four armed and resolute men faced the angry mob and held it at bay. Raymond, even in this hour of danger, regretted Munro's assistance; it put him under an obligation which weakened him. With his mind filled with conflicting considerations, he waited while the swift clatter of a hundred hoofs drew near and a squad of Munro's picked men surrounded their captain.

When they were clear of danger Raymond drew rein toward Munro. "Jack, you saved my scalp today, and I'm grateful; that's why I don't want to see you in the hands of the sheriff. I want you to pull out this minute. Come, now, this is the last appeal. Fly the coop. If you don't, they'll hang you. What do you hope to accomplish? Face the situation. You are the one to hit the trail, and hit it like a wolf. What do you hope to do?"

"I expect to hold this camp until the syndicate yields to the demands of the miners or until the governor interferes."

"Then what?"

"Then I step down and out."

"Suppose the sheriff attacks tonight?"

"I will send him back a-whirling. And now let me take an inning. You mustn't come up here again. I can't answer for what would happen next time. You stay where you are, and—listen! Take care of yourself. So long, and take good care of the lady."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ODD THINGS ABOUT WORDS.

When the Word "Lunch" Was First Used It Meant a "Lump."

A "lunch," etymologically, is just a lump. In the sixteenth century a "lunch of bacon" meant merely a slice or hunk of it. So Burns speaks of bread and cheese "dealt about in lunches," and Scott records that "little Benjie was ramming a huge luncheon of pie crust into his mouth." While in modern times "lunch" is an abbreviation from "luncheon," the latter was originally an elongation of "lunch." A philologist shows how the old "noon shenk," noon drink, came to mean noon eating, and to appear as "nunsheon," and the development thereafter of "luncheon" from "lunch" was very natural.

Curious changes of words sometimes take place between two languages. Thus English has borrowed the French "poseur" and has given to France "snob" in trade. Frenchmen have a way of taking a polysyllabic word and using half of it. Thus of "steeplechase" they have appropriated the "steeple," and now the French sportsman speaks of "mounting a steeple" when he means to ride a race over the customary obstacles. A smoking jacket is with him a "smoking" and a sleeping car is a "sleeping."

Inspired a Noble Poem.

It was the daguerreotypist Hesler of Chicago who inspired Longfellow to write "Hiawatha." Mr. Hesler was one of the most eminent of his profession, and in 1851 the London world's fair awarded him the prize medal for daguerreotypes. One of them, a picture of the falls of Minnehaha, came into the poet's possession and furnished immediate inspiration for the poem. In testimony of his debt to Mr. Hesler Longfellow sent him a bound volume of his poems with his signature and compliments on the fly leaf.

How He Remembered It.

When they met on Chestnut street after some months in which they hadn't seen each other the one chap told the other he had taken a little house in Germantown and was there with his lares, penates and coal bill. "Come up and see me some evening—any evening. We're rarely out, you know, and, then, we have a telephone, so you can let us know when you're coming."

"I suppose your name is in the telephone directory?" queried the other.

"Well, no, not yet, as we've just got the telephone, but our number is—is—really it's funny, but just this minute I can't—it's something like— Ding it all, it's strange I forget that number, for just on purpose I multiplied it by two and divided the result by four, so as to enable me to remember it, and I can't recall the first thing about it. Ever know the like? I'll write you the number."—Philadelphia Record.

Clothes and Conduct.

Every man and every woman feels the influence of clothes and appearance upon conduct. You have heard of the lonely man in the Australian bush who always put on evening dress for dinner so that he might remember he was a gentleman. Addison could not write his best unless he was well dressed. Put a naughty girl into her best Sunday clothes, and she will behave quite nicely; put a blackguard into khaki, and he will be a hero; put an omnibus conductor into uniform, and he will live up to his clothes. Indeed, in a millennium of free clothes of the latest fashion we shall all be archangels.—London Chronicle.

Diagnosis of Headache.

"There are more than fifty kinds of headache," said a physician, "and sufferers from the more common forms may cure themselves by locating the cause and treating themselves accordingly. The more frequent forms are a dull pain across the forehead, due to dyspepsia; a pain in the back of the head, due to the liver; a bursting pain in both temples, due to malnutrition; an ache on the top of the head, as though a weight pressed on the skull, due to overwork; an ache between the brows just above the base of the nose, due to eye strain."

Stale Brains.

Of course there is no future for stale brains or for a man who stands still and ceases to grow. He is old who thinks he is old and useless who thinks he is useless. When a man has ceased to grow he begins to die, and many people are half dead at fifty, not because of their age, but because of their mental attitude, because of the way they face life.—Success Magazine.

The Honeymoon Over.

"No one comes to see me," said she wearily, "like they did before I was married."

"Speaking of that fact," said he, "I used to call on you seven evenings in the week at that time. But I am as bad off as you—I now have nowhere to go."

Too Much Levity.

Kilduff—For a bill collector young Dunn displays considerable ill timed levity. Skidmore—In what way? Kilduff—When he comes after an account he says cheerfully, "Did you want to see me today?"

Corroborative.

"This," exclaimed the orator, "is a decadent nation! As before the fall of Rome everything was rotten, so today in our erstwhile fair land everything"—

Just here an egg struck him fairly.

His nostrils dilated.

"I desire," he continued, "before retiring to add that this egg is corroborative evidence."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Case For Sympathy.

"I have three children, who are the very image of myself," said Jones enthusiastically.

"I pity the youngest," returned Brown quietly.

"Why?" asked Jones.

"Because he is the one who will have to resemble you the longest," said Brown.—Tit-Bits.

Freaks of the Avalanche.

One still January night a number of people in a tiny Swiss hamlet of the Canton Valais quietly abandoned their homes, and shortly before midnight the avalanche broke loose with plunging roars. It started many others in its downward roll, left the usual track, broke through and destroyed an old straggling larch forest and completely buried a big chalet in which twenty-six persons had taken refuge. Of these nineteen were killed and seven saved. This avalanche found a final resting place in a lake which its broken masses struck with terrific impact, causing thousands of fish to rise to the surface, quite dead. This reminds me that yearly tens of thousands of chamois, foxes, marmots and all kinds of birds, including even the lordly eagle himself, are destroyed by avalanches and their attendant hurricanes. Last season at Andermatt a superb mountain eagle was dug out of an avalanche alive, together with the sheep upon which it had been preying.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Romantic Air of Frisco.

San Francisco is permeated with an air of romance and adventure. Nowhere may one turn without being reminded of the legends that have been woven around the forty-niners and their immediate followers. The names of the streets and of the business blocks, such as Kearney, Sutter, Montgomery, Dupont, Flood, Crocker and Sharon, bring to the mind of the visitor long forgotten stories of riot or adventure and of fortunes whose vastness once excited his wonder or made him incredulous. To read the words that are painted upon the street cars of San Francisco is to be carried back in fancy to the time when the city was peopled only by those who, having turned from all else that men hold dear, had gone in search of fortune and found it, always just as they were about to give up in despair and die of starvation or succumb to the hardships with which human endurance could no longer cope.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Lincoln's Bar Record.

In his twenty-three years at the bar Lincoln had no less than 169 cases before the highest court of Illinois, a record unsurpassed by his contemporaries. He appeared before the United States circuit and district courts with great frequency, he was the most indefatigable attendant on the Eighth circuit and tried more cases than any other member of that bar, he was attorney for the Illinois Central railroad, the greatest corporation in the state and one which doubtless had its choice of legal talent; he was also counsel for the Rock Island railroad and other corporations and individuals with important legal interests at stake, he was sought as legal arbitrator in the great corporation litigations of Illinois, and he tried some of the most notable cases recorded in the courts of that state.—Frederick Trevor Hill in Century.

Mental Poise and Health.

People who reach extreme old age are, as a rule, pretty well balanced physically and mentally. A poised life is serene, and serenity and harmony tend to longevity. The mind that is not well balanced is constantly jangled and out of tune. There is a constant jarring which racks the whole human machinery. There is discord in an unbalanced life, and discord is always destructive—deadly. The well poised, dignified life is not thrown off its center quickly. The man who goes all to pieces over trifles is one sided. There is a momentum in a poised, balanced nature which steadies its progress and helps hold it on its chosen track.

Hot temper, constant mental confusion and disorder are vitality sappers—life shorteners.—Success Magazine.

The Natural Way.

A philanthropic person heard of a negro family that was reported in destitute circumstances, and, calling at their domicile, he found the report true. The family consisted of the mother, a son nearing manhood's estate and two young children. The benevolent old gentleman after hearing the mother's story gave her eldest son $1 to get a chicken for the Thanksgiving dinner and took his departure. No sooner was he gone than the negress said to her son, "Sambo, you done gib me dat dollah and go get dat chicken in de natchral way!"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Odd Graveyard Inscriptions.

At Worcester, England, the slab erected over a departed autioneer is inscribed with a single word, "Gone." In Sussex the initials and date of the death of the deceased are followed by two words, "He was." The most remarkable inscription is at Cane Hill cemetery, Belfast, where the inscription says, "Left till called for."

Usually Effective.

"Sometimes," said the merchant, "I feel like the poet who wanted a lodge in some vast wilderness. I yearn for solitude and silence."

"Well," replied his friend sympathetically, "it's an expensive taste to gratify, but you might start in by taking your advertisement out of the newspapers."—Washington Star.

A Trifle Better.

Professor—Pray excuse me for keeping you waiting for a few minutes, gentlemen. Unfortunately I have come without the manuscript of my lecture, but I have sent my little boy for it. Little Boy (entering the hall)—Mother says she can't find the manuscript of your lecture, but I've brought the book you copied it from.

Mohammedan Sects.

Mohammedans divide themselves into two principal sects—Shiah and Sunni, the Persians representing the bulk of the former, the Turks of the latter. The chief points on which they differ are the condition of the soul after death and the succession of caliphs. "The Sunni belief is that there is one immortal God, whose works are without beginning or end, and that he will be visible to the souls of the blessed, while the Shiahs deny the immortality of the soul and maintain that the coexistent principles of Zoroaster will forever contend for the mastery." With regard to the prophet's successors, the Sunnis claim that the lawful successor of Mohammed was Abu Bekr and after him Omar, Osman and Ali, nephew and son-in-law of Mohammed. The Shiahs, however, reject the first three and hold that Ali was the only legitimate successor. Shiahs pray but three times a day and enjoin pilgrimages to Nejef, Kerbela, Kazimain, Meshed (Persia), Samara and Kum as well as to Mecca and Medina. Sunnis make pilgrimages only to the two latter cities and pray five times a day. From this it can be readily understood that the circumstances of the Turks being in possession of the shrines of Nejef (Meshed Ali), Kazimain and Kerbela is most displeasing to devout Shiahs.—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Benefit.

She—So you really imagine that smoking benefits you. He—I know it does. My mother-in-law leaves the room the minute I light my pipe.

It Looks That Way.

Apropos of the distinction between an amateur and a professional, is a man a professional if he marries for money?—Life.

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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. 8. Returning leaves Oneida at 7:5[illegible] a. m., arrives at Manchester at 8:2[illegible] 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 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

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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
No401 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 and Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No.322 5:45p.m	...†Passenger..	No.305 9:00 a.m
No 334 5.15a.m	..†Passenger..	No.335 6:00 p.m
No. 360 1:00p.m	... †Freight....	No.360 3:15 p.m

All above trains carry passengers.
*Daily.
†Daily ExceptSunday.

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No. 3 Runs to Omaha only.
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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
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C. A. Robinson, Agent, Oneida.

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