THE PILLAR of LIGHT

... By ...
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Author of "The Wings of the Morning"

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CHAPTER IV.

THERE comes a time in the life of every thinking man or woman when the argosy of existence, floating placidly on a smooth and lazy stream, gathers unto itself speed, rushes swiftly onward past familiar landmarks of custom and convention, boils furiously over resisting rocks and ultimately, if not submerged in an unknown sea, finds itself again meandering through new plains of wider horizon.

Such a perilous passage can never be foreseen. The rapids may begin where the trees are highest and the meadows most luxuriant. No warning is given. The increased pace of events is pleasant and exhilarating. Even the last wild plunge over the cascade is neither resented nor feared. Some frail craft are shattered in transit, some wholly shaken, some emerge with riven sails and tarnished embellishments. A few not only survive the ordeal, but thereby fit themselves for more daring exploits, more soul stirring adventures.

When the two girls stood with Stephen Brand in the narrow entrance to the lighthouse, the gravity of their bright young faces was due solely to the fact that their father had announced the serious accidents which had befallen his assistants. No secret monitor whispered that fate in her bold and merciless dramatic action had roughly removed two characters from the stage to clear it for more striking events.

Not once in twenty years has it happened that two out of the three keepers maintained on a rock station within signaling distance of the shore have become incapacitated for duty on the same day. The thing was so bewilderingly sudden, the arrival of Constance and Enid on the scene so timely and unexpected, that Brand, a philosopher of ready decision in most affairs of life, was at a loss what to do for the best now that help, of a sort undreamed of, was at hand.

The case of Jackson, who was scalded, was simple enough. The board of trade medicine chest supplied to each lighthouse is a facsimile of that carried by every seagoing steamship. It contained the ordinary remedies for such an injury, and there would be little difficulty or danger in lowering the sufferer to the boat.

But Bates' affair was different. He lay almost where he had fallen. Brand had only lifted him into the storeroom from the foot of the stairs, placing a pillow beneath his head, and appealing both to him and to Jackson to endure their torture unmoved while he went to signal for assistance.

The problem that confronted him now was one of judgment. Was it better to await the coming of the doctor or endeavor to transfer Bates to the boat?

He consulted Ben Pollard again. The girls were already climbing the steep stairs to sympathize with and tend to the injured men.

"Do you think it will blow harder, Ben, when the tide turns?" he asked.

The old fellow seemed to regard the question as most interesting and novel. Indeed, to him some such query and its consideration provided the chief problem of each day. Therefore he surveyed land, sea and sky most carefully before he replied:

"It may be a'most anything afore night, Misser Brand."

At another time Brand would have smiled. Today he was nervous, distraught, wrenched out of the worn rut of things.

"I fancy there is some chance of the doctor being unable to land when he reaches the rock. Do you agree with me?"

His voice rang sharply. Ben caught its note and dropped his weatherwise ambiguity.

"It'll blow harder, an' mebbe snaw ag'in," he said.

"I shall need some help here in that case, so I will retain the young ladies. Of course you can manage the boat easily enough without them?"

Pollard grinned reassuringly.

"We'm run straight in wi' thicey wind," he said.

So they settled it that way, all so simply.

A man sets up two slim masts a thousand miles apart and flashes comprehensible messages across the void. The multitude gapes at first, but soon accepts the thing as reasonable. "Wireless telegraphy" is the term, as one says "by mail."

A whole drama was flowing over a curve of the earth at that moment, but the Marconi station was invisible. There was no expert in telepathic sensation present to tell Brand and the fisherman that their commonplace words covered a magic code.

Jackson, white and mute, was lowered first. The brave fellow would not content himself with nursing his agony amid the cushions aft. When Bates, given some slight strength by a stiff dose of brandy, was carried with infinite care down three flights of steep and narrow stairs and slung to the crane in an iron cot to be lowered in his turn, Jackson stood up. Heedless of remonstrances, he helped to steady the cot and adjust it amidships clear of the sail.

"Well done, Artie," said Brand's clear voice.

"Oh, brave!" murmured Enid.

"We will visit you every day at the hospital," sang out Constance.

Jackson smiled—yes, smiled—though his bandaged arms quivered and the seared nerves of his hands throbbed excruciatingly. Speak aloud he could not. Yet he bent over his more helpless mate and whispered hoarsely:

"Cheer up, old man. Your case is worse'n mine. An' ye did it for me."

Pollard, with a soul as gnarled as his body, yet had a glimpse of higher things when he muttered:

"D'ye think ye can hold her, mate, whiles I hoist the cloth?"

Jackson nodded. The request was a compliment, a recognition. He sat down and hooked the tiller between arm and ribs. Ben hauled with a will. The Daisy, as if she were glad to escape the cascades of green water swirling over the rock, sprang into instant animation. The watchers from the lighthouse saw Ben relieve the steersman and tenderly arrange the cushions behind his back. Then Brand closed the iron doors, and the three were left in dim obscurity.

They climbed nearly a hundred feet of stairways and emerged on to the cornice balcony after Brand had stopped the clockwork which controlled the hammer of the bell.

What a difference up here! The sea, widened immeasurably, had changed its color. Now it was a sullen blue gray. The land was nearer and higher. The Daisy had shrunk to a splash of dull brown on the tremendous ocean prairie. How fierce and keen the wind! How disconsolate the murmur of the reef!

Brand, adjusting his binoculars, scrutinized the boat.

"All right aboard," he said. "I think we have adopted the wiser course. They will reach Penzance by half past 2."

His next glance was toward the Land's End signal station. A line of flags fluttered out to the right of the staff.

"Signal noted and forwarded," he read aloud. "That is all right, but the wind has changed."

Enid popped inside the lantern for shelter. It was bitterly cold.

"Better follow her example, Connie," said Brand to his daughter. "I will draw the curtains. We can see just as well and be comfortable."

Indeed, the protection of the stout plate glass, so thick and tough that sea birds on a stormy night dashed themselves to painless death against it, was very welcome. Moreover, though neither of the girls would admit it, there was a sense of security here which was strangely absent when they looked into the abyss beneath the stone gallery. Constance, balancing a telescope, and Enid, peering through the fieldglasses, followed the progress of the Daisy in silence, but Brand's eyes wandered uneasily from the barometer, which had fallen rapidly during the past hour, to the cyclonic nimbus spreading its dark mass beyond the Seven Stones lightship. The sun had vanished seemingly for the day, and the indicator attached to the base of the wind vane overhead pointed now southwest by west. It would not require much further variation to bring about a strong blow from the true southwest, a quarter responsible for most of the fierce gales that sweep the English channel.

Nevertheless this quick darting about of the fickle breeze did not usually betoken lasting bad weather. At the worst the girls might be compelled to pass the night on the rock. He knew that the tug with the two relief men would make a valiant effort to reach the lighthouse at the earliest possible moment. When the men joined him the girls could embark. As it was the affair was spiced with adventure. Were it not for the mishap to the assistant keepers the young people would have enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The new airt of the wind, too, would send the Daisy speedily back to port. This in itself justified the course he had taken. On the whole a doubtful situation was greatly relieved. His face brightened. With a grave humor not altogether artificial he cried:

"Now, Constance, I did not take you aboard as a visitor. Between us we ought to muster a good appetite. Come with me to the storeroom. I will get

"D'ye think ye can hold her, mate?"

anything o[illegible] and leave you in charge of the kitchen."

"And poor me!" chimed in Enid.

"Oh, you, miss, are appointed upper housemaid, and, mind you, no followers."

"Mercy! I nearly lost my situation before I got it."

"How?"

"We met Jack Stanhope and asked him to come with us."

"You asked him, you mean," said Constance.

"And you met him, I meant," said Enid.

"I don't care a pin how you treated Stanhope so long as you didn't bring him," said Brand, "though, indeed, he would have been useful as it turned out."

When lunch was ready they summoned him by the electric bells he had put up throughout the building. It gave them great joy to discover in the living room a code of signals which covered a variety of messages. They rang him downstairs by the correct call for "Meal served."

It was a hasty repast, as Brand could not remain long away from the glass covered observatory, but they all enjoyed it immensely. He left them, as he said, "to gobble up the remains," but soon he shouted down the stairs to tell them that the Daisy had rounded Carn du. He could not tell them, not knowing it, that at that precise moment old Ben Pollard was frantically signaling to Lieutenant Stanhope to change the course of the small steam yacht he had commandeered as soon as the murmur ran through the town that the Gulf Rock was flying the "help wanted" signal.

The officials did not know that Brand was compelled by the snowstorm to use rockets. All the information they possessed was the message from Land's End and its time of dispatch.

Jack Stanhope's easy going face became very strenuous indeed when he heard the news.

The hour stated was precisely the time the Daisy was due at the rock if she made a good trip. Without allowing for any possible contingency save disaster, to the girls and their escort, he rushed to the mooring place of the ten ton steam yacht Lapwing, impounded a couple of lounging sailors, fired up, stoked and steered the craft himself and was off across the bay in a quarter of the time that the owner of the Lapwing could have achieved the same result.

His amazement was complete when he encountered the redoubtable Daisy bowling home before a seven knot breeze. He instantly came round and ranged up to speaking distance. When he learned what had occurred he readily agreed to return to Penzance in order to pick up the relief lighthouse keepers and thus save time in transferring them to the rock.

In a word, as Enid Trevillion was safe, he was delighted at the prospect of bringing her back that evening, when the real skipper of the Lapwing would probably have charge of his own boat. There was no hurry at all now.

If they left the harbor at 3 o'clock, there would still be plenty of light to reach the Gulf Rock. Ben Pollard, glancing over his shoulder as the Daisy raced toward Penzance side by side with the Lapwing, was not so sure of this. But the arrangement he had suggested was the best possible one, and he was only an old fisherman who knew the coast, whereas Master Stanhope pinned his faith to the Nautical Almanac and the rules.

The people most concerned knew nothing of these proceedings.

When Constance and Enid had solemnly decided on the menu for dinner, when they had inspected the kitchen and commended the cleanliness of the cook, Jackson; when they had washed the dishes and discovered the whereabouts of the "tea things," they suddenly determined that it was much nicer aloft in the sky parlor than in these dim little rooms.

"I don't see why they don't have decent windows," said Enid. "Of course it blows hard here in a gale, but just look at that tiny ventilator, no bigger than a ship's porthole, with a double storm shutter to secure it if you please, for all the world as if the sea rose so high!"

Constance took thought for awhile.

"I suppose the sea never does reach this height," she said.

Enid, in order to look out, had to thrust her head and shoulders through an aperture two feet square and three feet in depth. They were in the living room at that moment—full seventy feet above the spring tide high water mark. Sixty feet higher the cornice of the gallery was given its graceful outer slope to shoot the climbing wave crests of an Atlantic gale away from the lantern. The girls could not realize this stupendous fact. Brand had never told them. He wished them to sleep peacefully on stormy nights when he was away from home. They laughed now at the fanciful notion that the sea could ever so much as toss its spray at the window of the living room.

They passed into the narrow stairway. Their voices and footsteps sounded hollow. It was to the floor beneath that Bates had fallen.

"I don't think I like living in a lighthouse," cried Enid. "It gives one the creeps."

"Surely there are neither ghosts nor ghouls here," said Constance. "It is modern, scientific, utilitarian in every atom of its solid granite."

But Enid was silent as they climbed the steep stairs.

Once she stopped and peeped into her father's bedroom.

"That is where they brought me when I first came to the rock," she whispered. "It used to be Mr. Jones' room. I remember dad saying so."

Constance, on whose shoulders the reassuring cloak of science hung somewhat loosely, placed her arm around her sister's waist in a sudden access of tenderness.

"You have improved in appearance since then, Enid," she said.

"What a wizened little chip I must have looked. I wonder who I am."

"I know who you soon will be if you don't take care."

Enid blushed prettily. She glanced at herself in a small mirror on the wall. Trust a woman to find a mirror in any apartment.

"I suppose Jack will ask me to marry him," she mused.

"And what will you reply?"

The girl's lip parted. Her eyes shone for an instant; then she buried her face against her sister's bosom.

"Oh, Connie," she wailed, "I shall hate to leave you and dad. Why hasn't Jack got a brother as nice as himself?"

Whereupon Constance laughed loud and long.

The relief was grateful to both. Enid's idea of a happy solution of the domestic difficulty appealed to their easily stirred sense of humor.

"Never mind, dear," gasped Constance at last. "You shall marry your Jack and invite all the nice men to dinner. Good gracious! I will have the pick of the navy. Perhaps the admiral may be a widower."

With flushed faces they reached the region of light. Brand was writing at a small desk in the service room.

"Something seems to have amused you," he said. "I have heard weird peals ascending from the depths."

"Connie is going to splice the admiral," explained Enid.

"What admiral?"

"Any old admiral."

"Indeed I will not take an old admiral," protested the elder.

"Then you had better take him when he is a lieutenant," said Brand.

This offered too good an opening to be resisted.

"Enid has already secured the lieutenant," she murmured, with a swift glance at the other.

Brand looked up quizzically.

"Dear me," he cried, "if my congratulations are not belated"—

Enid was blushing again. She threw her arms about his neck.

"Don't believe her, dad," she said. "She's jealous!"

Constance saw a book lying on the table, "Regulations For the Lighthouse Service." She opened it. Brand stroked Enid's hair gently and resumed the writing of his daily journal.

"The Elder Brethren!" whispered Constance. "Do they wear long white beards?"

"And carry wands?" added the recovered Enid.

"And dress in velvet cloaks and buckled shoes?"

"And"—

"And say 'boo' to naughty little girls who won't let me complete my diary," shouted Brand. "Be off, both of you. Keep a lookout for the next ten minutes. If you see any signals from the mainland or catch sight of the Lance lot, call me."

They climbed to the trimming stage of the lantern, which was level with the external gallery. Obedient to instructions, they searched the Land's End and the wide reach of Mount's bay beyond Carn du. Save a scudding sail or two beating in from the Lizard and a couple of big steamers hurrying from the east—one a transatlantic transport liner from London—there was nothing visible. In the far distance the sea looked smooth enough, though they needed no explanation of the reality when they saw the irregular white patches glistening against the hull of a Penzance fishing smack.

"Oh, Connie, the reef!" said Enid suddenly in a low voice.

They glanced at the turbid retreat of the tide over the submerged rocks. The sea was heavier, the noise louder, now that they listened to it, than when they arrived in the Daisy, little more than an hour earlier. Some giant force seemed to be wrestling there, raging against its bonds, striving feverishly to tear, rend, utterly destroy its invisible fetters. Sometimes, after an unusually impetuous surge, a dark shape, trailing witch tresses of weed, showed for an instant in the pit of the caldron. Then a mad whirl of water would pounce on it with a fearsome spring and the fang of rock would be smothered ten feet deep.

For some reason they did not talk. They were fascinated by the power, the grandeur, the untamed energy of the spectacle. The voice of the reef held them spellbound. They listened mutely.

Beneath Brand wrote with scholarly ease:

"Therefore I decided that it would best serve the interests of the board if I sent Bates and Jackson to Penzance in the boat in which my daughter"—he paused an instant and added an "s" to the word—"fortunately happened to visit me. As I would be alone on the rock, and the two girls might be helpful until the relief came, I retained them."

He glanced at the weather glass in front of him and made a note:

"Barometer falling. Temperature higher."

In another book he entered the exact records. A column headed "Wind direction and force" caused him to look up at the wind vane. He whistled softly.

"S. W.," he wrote, and after a second's thought inserted the figure 6. The sailor's scale, ye landsman, differs from yours. What you term a gale at sea he joyfully hails as a fresh breeze. No. 6 is a point above this limit, when a well conditioned clipper ship can carry single reefs and topgallant sails in chase full and by. No. 12 is a hurricane. "Bare poles," says the scale.

Slowly mounting the iron ladder, he stood beside the silent watchers. The bay was nearly deserted. No sturdy tugboat was pouring smoke from her funnel and staggering toward the rock.

Northwest and west the nimbus was spreading and lowering.

He did not trouble to examine the reef. Its signs and tokens were too familiar to him. Its definite bellow or muttered threat was part of the prevailing influence of the hour or day. He had heard its voice too often to find an omen in it now.

"This time I must congratulate both of you," he said quietly.

"On what?" they cried in unison, shrill with unacknowledged excitement.

"Ladies seldom if ever pass a night on a rock lighthouse. You will have that rare privilege."

Enid clapped her hands.

"I am delighted," she exclaimed.

"Will there be a storm, father?" asked Constance.

"I think so. At any rate, only a miracle will enable the tug to reach us before tomorrow, and miracles are not frequent occurrences at sea."

"I know of one," was Enid's comment, with great seriousness for her. He read her thought.

"I was younger then," he smiled. "Now I am fifty, and the world has aged."

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Alabama's State Flag.

Over the historic capitol at Montgomery waves not the national flag, but the Alabama flag, and not one Alabamian in a thousand would recognize it if he saw it elsewhere than on the capitol. The flag in question has no history woven into it, for it was not adopted until 1895. It presents a St. Andrew's cross in crimson on a white field. Such a cross is shaped like a letter X, and the books suggest that the apostle Andrew died on a cross of that design. Few if any other states indulge in flags of their own. A flag is the symbol of sovereignty, and state sovereignty is limited by the federal constitution. When we were a part of Georgia we granted to the federal government the executive power of punishing treason, and if any one becomes a traitor to the Alabama flag we might have to call in the federal government in order to punish him.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Tongues of the Balkans.

Too many languages are spoken in the Balkans. A traveler in that region writes of the babel: "Turkish, Bulgarian, Serbo-Croatian, Roumanian, Armenian, Greek, Albanian, Kulzo-Wallachian, Chingeni, the language of the gypsies; Spaniole, the language of the Jews of Spanish or Portuguese descent, and the language spoken by the German, Austrian, Roumanian and Russian Jews. Add to this Arabic, Persian and Syrian, largely spoken in Constantinople; Italian, on the northeast coast of the Adria; Russian, in the northeastern parts of Roumania; various Austro-Hungarian idioms spoken in Bosnia and Herzegovina and the Caucasian languages of the Circassians and Georgians." Not one of these languages is of common use.

The Lone Star of Texas.

The origin of the Lone Star flag of the republic of Texas is not entirely clear. The claim has been made that it was unfurled in the present territory of Louisiana in 1810, but other searchers cannot find earlier trace of it than the presentation of such a banner to the company of Captain Andrew Robinson in May, 1835. Still another claim is made for a flag unfurled at Velasco Jan. 8, 1836, and said to have been made by a Miss Troutman of Nashville, Ga. One story has it that the star came from the fact that Governor Smith, for lack of a seal, used a brass button from his coat which bore a five pointed star.—St. Louis Republic.

The Word "Capsize."

Etymologists are driven to pure conjecture to explain the origin of the word "capsize." One of them suspects that it comes from the Spanish language, as so many sailors' words do, and may be connected with "cabecear," to nod the head in sleep or to pitch as a ship, and with "capuzar un baxel," to sink a ship by the head—"cabeza" meaning head. Another guess—based on the fact that "capsize" is an English dialect word for moving a hogshead by turning it over alternately on to its two heads—is that the word is simply "cap," a head, and "seize."

Kept Up the Wailing.

In Abyssinia it was once the habit of complainants to stand before the door of the king's palace, loudly appealing to his majesty for help. "So accustomed is the king," wrote one traveler, "to these querulous tones of sorrow that when the rains prevent such as are really distressed from repairing to the capital a set of vagrants is provided whose object it is to raise the cry of artificial sorrow lest he should feel a lonely quietness."

The Price.

Whenever I have heard people railing at the vast fortunes of some of the California millionaires, says an English writer, I have always replied that no man became a millionaire in the early history of California who had not earned his fortune by the risks he had had the courage to face. I remembered an old Irishman named Bill Dunphy bringing home to my mind what these pioneers had encountered when he told me how he and a companion had fared in a journey across the continent. The companion injured his leg. Dunphy had to cut it off with an ax and then, going forward through the dark untraced woods to search for the trail and for food, had to leave his friend behind by the side of a stream and with a single tin of biscuits to keep him up till his friend's return. Then I saw what the pioneers of 1849 had faced, and I felt that they merited such rewards, however great, as fortune had afterward bestowed upon them.

Linen Makes Rice Paper.

The rice plant contributes nothing toward the manufacture of rice cigarette papers but the name. Rice paper as bought by the cigarette merchants of Egypt and Turkey is made from only perfectly new trimmings of linen and mostly comes from English and French mills in Constantinople, Fumen and France. The celebrated Chinese rice paper is made from thin slices of the pith from the canes of a tree about five feet high. A sharp knife pares the pith into cylinders of uniform thickness, which are than unrolled and pressed out into so called rice paper. By the way, Egyptian cigarettes contain no Egyptian tobacco, for since 1890 the cultivation of the tobacco plant has been prohibited. It is for workmanship and the curing of the leaf that the Cairenes are so justly celebrated, but the tobacco they import comes entirely from Turkey.

Freaks of Language.

While a delegation is a bunch of delegates, an amputation is not a collection of amputates or a precipitation a number of precipitates.

A clothesline is a rope to hang clothes on, but hanging checks on a checkline would be both risky and eccentric.

Horse cars are so called because they are drawn by horses, yet no amount of horse hauling could make the ordinary radish a horseradish.

Though an ice chest is undeniably a chest for the retention of ice, no one would think of storing hair in a hair trunk or zinc in a zinc one.

While life insurance provides an indemnity against the going out of one's life, fire insurance does not provide against one's fires going out.

Money paid to a ferryman is ferriage, but money paid to a cabman is not cabbage.—Chicago News.

A Quaint Oath.

The judicial oath in the Isle of Man is so quaint as to deserve printing. It runs thus: "By this book and the holy contents thereof and by the wonderful works that God hath miraculously wrought in heaven above and in the earth beneath in six days and seven nights I do swear that I will, without respect of favor or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this isle justly between our sovereign lord the king and his subjects within this isle, betwixt party and party, as indifferently as the herring's backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish."

On the Slopes of Vesuvius.

Despite the danger to which they are exposed from 250,000 to 160,000 people live upon the slopes of Vesuvius, besides the 500,000 inhabitants crowded into Naples. The reason is that the fertility of the soil is perennial, the peril only occasional. The volcanic ejecta are rich in alumina, silica, magnesia, lime, potash and iron, which by their decomposition go to make splendid land. Some of the best vines in Italy grow on the skirts of Vesuvius. If the volcano were away not one-tenth of the many cultivators could subsist in the same area.

An International Difference.

In France.—The Girl's Father—And now, having settled the financial matters to our mutual satisfaction, I will speak to my daughter, and you may present yourself to her in the character of fiance.

The Suitor—Monsieur is graciousness itself.

In America.—The Girl—Papa, Harold and I are engaged and will be married.

The Girl's Father—Well, I suppose it's all right. Does he look like anybody I know?—Judge.

Adaptation.

To wade in marshes and sea margins is the destiny of certain birds, and they are so accurately made for this that they are imprisoned in those places. Each animal out of its habitat would starve. A soldier, a locksmith, a bank clerk and a dancer could not exchange functions. And thus we are victims of adaptation.—Emerson.

Keeping a Secret.

Banquo—I say, old man, can you keep a secret? Well, Smiggins told me in confidence that— Elmore—Hold on! Can you keep a secret? Banquo—I? Why, yes; certainly. Elmore—Then you'd better do so.

Pretty Thin.

Landlady—How did you find your bed? Lodger—Well, I don't think that the mattress will ever need to be operated on for the removal of superfluous hair.—New York Press.

Sorrow has not been given to us for sorrow's sake, but as a lesson which we are to learn somewhat, which once learned it ceases to be sorrow.—Carlyle.

Sacredness of the Mantilla.

Many attempts are being made in London and in Paris to adapt the Spanish mantilla to our use. To the Spanish women the mantilla stands for all that is national and characteristic, and so intimate a part of herself is the mantilla deemed that it is even held sacred by law and cannot be seized for debt.—London Country Gentleman.

A Clever Wife.

Friend—Didn't your husband rave when you showed him the dressmaker's bill? Wife—Rather. Friend—And how did you quiet him? Wife—I showed him the milliner's account, and then he became simply speechless.

Got Acquainted.

Jones—I suppose you know more about that horse you got of Deacon Smith last week than when you made the trade? Brown—Yes, and I know a lot more about Deacon Smith now than I did then.

To him that has no employment life in a little while will have no novelty, and when novelty is laid in the grave the funeral of comfort will soon follow.—Anon.

Worked Out.

They were talking about futility and for some reason known only to each other failed to agree. Finally she asked:

"Well, now, suppose you give me an example of what you call futility."

"All right," said he. "Multiply 3,040 by 721."

She took a pencil in her hand, seized a piece of paper and after a few minutes of diligent figuring announced the result.

"It is 2,845,666," said she.

"Divide that by 2," he continued.

"It is 1,422,533," she said.

"Very well," said he. "Now add 7 to that and then subtract 1,422,540 and tell me what you get."

"The result is 0," said she after further figuring.

"Well, that's what I call futility," said he, with a laugh. "You've covered a sheet of paper with figures to arrive at nothing."

Whereupon she became so angry with him that she refused to argue any further on the subject.—London Sphere.

The Formation of Coal.

Many different theories are held by geologists to account for the formation of beds of coal between strata of rock. The simplest of them is that vast masses of wood, such as grew in the carboniferous age of the earth's development, were sunk under the sea, that deposits of silt upon them changed to rock and that by some upheaval of the earth the bottom of the sea was lifted above sea level. Such upheaval occurred in remote geologic ages in the Mississippi valley, all the central parts of which were undoubtedly at one time covered with water and formed an arm of the sea. The one thing certain about coal is that by one process of nature or another it has been converted from the giant trees which grew in the carboniferous age of geology. How many thousands or millions of years that was nobody knows. All that is known about the duration of different geologic ages of the world is that they were long.

Dramatic Detail.

Sir Henry Irving was accustomed to visit at the home of Miss Friswell, author of "In the Sixties and Seventies," in which volume appears the following anecdote: "My mother often used to point out little details that had been overlooked. I remember one in 'The Bells,' which my mother told Mr. Irving on the first night when he returned to our house to supper. People who have seen the play may remember that the first scene is a small inn and that there is supposed to have been a deep fall of snow. The inkeeper, Matthias (Irving), walked in on that first night in ordinary black boots, with no snow upon them. My mother spoke of it, and afterward Matthias wore high black boots and stood on the mat while the snow was brushed off. Remarks were made in the papers as to Mr. Irving's attention to the minutest details, and this was cited as an instance."

Punishments In Early Days.

The following extracts from early records give us a glimpse of some of the singular punishments in vogue in old New England:

"In 1639 Dorothy Brown, for beating her husband, is ordered to be bound and chained to a post."

"In 1613 the assistants order three Stoneham men to sit in the stocks on lecture day for traveling on the Sabbath."

"In 1651 Anna, wife of George Ellis, was sentenced to be publicly whipped for reproaching the magistrates."

"In 1658, for slandering the elders, she had a cleft stick put on her tongue for half an hour."

An Odd Sermon.

It seems doubtful if there is anything more crooked than the following title of a pamphlet published in 1703: "The Deformity of Sin Cured; a Sermon Preached at St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, Before the Prince of Orange, by the Rev. J. Crookshanks." The pamphlet was sold by Matthew Dentor at the Crooked Billet near Cripple gate. The words of the text are, "Every crooked path shall be made straight," and the prince before whom it was read was deformed.

Linen Paper.

The only real linen paper made in the United States is that used for government documents. All the so called linen papers are largely made from cotton rags with some linen mixed in. The reason for this is that it is extremely difficult to separate cotton and linen rags. The government gets around this difficulty by using nothing but clippings from collars and shirts.

His Lamp.

Teacher (of east side school)—I wonder how many of you remember the pretty story of Aladdin and the wonderful lamp I told you last week. Billy Bleecker, can you tell me why our little friend Aladdin rubbed his lamp? Billy Bleecker (vaguely)—If he wuzn't gettin' sleepy he must 'a' had a cinder in it.—Puck.

Caustic.

Scene—Train stopping at small roadside station. Irritable Old Gentleman—What on earth do they stop at a station like this for? Objectionable Passenger (alighting)—To allow me to get out. Irritable Old Gentleman—Ah! I see it has its advantages, then?

Up Against It.

"Snobson says he'd rather be alone than in unpleasant company."

"But the worst of his case is, he can't escape even then!"—Detroit Free Press.

Agreed.

The Herr—It is of no use. We must get a separation. The Frau—That is what I say. Isn't it beautiful how we agree?

Love.

We never can say why we love, but only that we love. The heart is ready enough at feigning excuses for all that it does or imagines of wrong, but ask it to give a reason for any of its beautiful and divine motives, and it can only look upward and be dumb.—Lowell.

A Kindly Provision of Nature.

"The codfish," said the professor, "lays considerably more than 1,000,000 eggs."

"It is mighty lucky for the codfish that she doesn't have to cackle over every egg," said the student who came from a farm.

Not Guilty.

Lawyer—You say you left home on the 20th. Witness—Yes, sir. Lawyer—And came back on the 25th? Witness—Yes, sir. Lawyer (severely)—What were you doing in the interim? Witness—Never was in such a place.

We are all wise. The difference between persons is not in wisdom, but in art.—Emerson.

The Rise In the River.

It is little short of astonishing to see how little water is required to float the southern river steamers, a boat loaded with perhaps a thousand bales of cotton slipping along contentedly where a boy could wade across the stream. Once, however, the Chattahoochee got too low for even her light draft commerce, and at Gunboat shoals a steamer grounded. As the drinking water on board needed replenishing, a deck hand was sent ashore with a couple of water buckets. Just at this moment a northern traveler approached the captain of the boat, and asked him how long he thought they would have to stay there.

"Oh, only until that man gets back with a bucket of water to pour into the river," the captain replied. Presently the deck hand returned, and the stale water from the cooler was emptied overboard. Instantly, to the amazement of the traveler, the boat began to move.

"Well, if that doesn't beat thunder!" he gasped.

The fact was that the boat, touching the bottom, had acted as a dam, and there was soon backed up behind her enough water to lift her over the shoal and send her on down the stream.—Harper's Weekly.

A Remarkable Career.

General Sam Houston was not only a great Texan, but probably the most striking and commanding figure which has yet appeared in the public life of the far southwest—born in Virginia, taken to Tennessee at an early age, whence, while yet in his teens, he went to war with Andrew Jackson against the Creek Indians; desperately wounded in the battle of the Horseshoe Bend; adjutant general of Tennessee and a representative in congress from that state; governor of Tennessee in his youth; married, separated from his wife in two months, resigning immediately as governor, self exiled for years among the Cherokee Indians, emigrating to Texas in 1832; member of the convention of 1836, which declared Texas to be an independent republic; general and commander in chief of the army which achieved independence at San Jacinto; twice president of the republic, United States senator and governor of the state.—C. A. Culberson in Scribner's.

John Doe Proceedings.

"John Doe" proceedings were abolished by law in Great Britain in 1852. Previous to that time John Doe had figured in the old fashioned ejectment action for the recovery of the possession of land, together with damages for the wrongful withholding thereof. For various reasons of convenience and history dating from the reign of Edward III, A did not proceed against B directly in such a case. Instead A delivered to B an entirely false statement from the fictitious "John Doe" that A had devised the land to "John" for a term of years, and "John" had been ousted from it by the equally fictitious "Richard Roe." Then Richard informed B that he was not going to defend the action himself, but B must do it, and so on. Occasionally, by way of variety, "John Doe" gave place to one "Goodtitle."

More Wages for 25,000 Persons.

Fall River, Mass., June 22.—The cotton manufacturers of this city have granted the operatives a 14 per cent increas in wages. About 25,000 hands are benefited.

HOCKADAY'S
Meat -:- Market

Having purchased the meat market busines of A. Born, I wish to announce that I am ready to supply the best of

ALL KINDS OF MEAT.
Home Rendered Lard, 10c.
Phone 261.
O. U. HOCKADAY, Prop
19w13

Bedding - Plants
Also Flower and Garden Seeds and all kinds of Bedding Plants.
C. L. ADAMS, Florist.

A. L. SEVERTSON
THE
LEADING -:- TAILOR
Makes suits and overcoats up-to-date. Now is the time to be looking around for a
SPRING SUIT
You will need one before long.
Our New Spring Stock
Is complete in all the late styles, and we carry the biggest and best line of woolen piece goods in this vicinity. Come in and look us over in our new locoation and we can fit you out right.
In the Fargo Express Bldg.
A. L. SEVERTSON.

RAILROAD Time Cards.

Manchester & Oneida Ry.

TIME TABLE.

Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 5:15 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 5:40 a. m. Connects with west bound C. G. W. No. 5. Returning leaves Oneida at 5:57 a. m. arrives at Manchester at 6:15 a. m.

Train No. 4, leaves Manchester at 7:15 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 7:40 a. m., connects with east bound C. G. W. No. 8. Returning leaves Oneida at 7:48 a. m., arrives at Manchester at 8:10 a. m.

Train No. 6, leaves Manchester at 8:55 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 9:20 a. m. Connects with the north bound C. M. & St. P., No. 22. Returning leaves Oneida at 9:32, 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 2:35 p. m. arrives at Manchester at 3:00 p m

Train No 10, leaves Manchester at 4:45 p. m. arrives at Oneida at 5:25 p. m. Connects with south bound C. M. & St. P., No. 21. Returning leaves Oneida at 5:38 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

Bellstap' Crossing, Platform at Quaker Mill Switch, Franklin 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* 11:34 pm	..Fast Train..	No 2* 1:41 a m
No 401 11:44 pm	Thro Express..	No 402 3:41 a m
No 33 15:53 p m	..Clipper....	No 34 18: 55 a m
No 5 † 8:00 a m	Local Express	No 6 † 11:18 a m
No 3 2:40 p m	Day Express.	No 4 3:28 a m
No 21 7:27 a m	#4 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 305 9:00 a. m
No 334 6.15 a.m	..Passenger..	No 333 6:00 p. m
No. 360 1:00 p.m	..*Freight ...	No. 3603:15 p. m

All above trains carry passengers.
Daily.
Daily Except Sunday.
H. G. PIERCE, Station Agt

No. 5 Runs to Sioux City only.
No. 3 Runs to Omaha only.
No. 1 has connections to Omaha, Sioux City and Sioux Falls and No. 2 from same points.

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RY.

"The Maple Leaf Route."

Time card, Oneida Iowa.

Chicago Special, Daily, Going East.....7:48 a.m
Day Express daily.....4:13 p.m
Way Freight daily ex. Sunday.....11:25 a m
Going West, North and South.
Way Freight, daily ex. Sunday.....11: 5 a.m
Day Express daily.....3:44 p.m
St Paul & Kansas City Exp. daily.....5:47 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 6, inclusive, concerning the possibilities of land in Kentucky, West Tennessee, Mississipi and Louisiana, on and near the Illinois Central Railroad, for homeseekers and investors, address the undersigned.
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Why do you fret and grumble,
Why don't you take a tumble,
Use Beacom's Picnic Pills.
They will drive away your ills
Try them 25 cents. All druggists.

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All kinds of exterior and interior painting. A specialty made of Carriage painting. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.
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