THE PILLAR of LIGHT

... By ...
Louis Tracy,
Author of "The Wings of the Morning"

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—At daybreak an assistant keeper of the lighthouse, pacing the gallery, discovers in the distance a ship in distance. Stephod Brand agrees to swim to it. Upon reaching the ship he comes in contact with a shark, fights and kills it and goes aboard. He finds the body of a dead man and a strange bundle beneath the sail. Jones, the lighthouse keeper, lowers a basket and hauls Brand and his strange bundle safely up. II—The bundle contains a live baby, of which Jones assumes the care. On a part of the child's clothing are the initials E T. The little one is placed in care of the nurse who has charge of Stephen Brand's child in Penzance. They call the child Enid Trevillion. III—Eighteen years later Constance Brand, daughter of Stephen Brand, and her adopted sister, Enid Trevillion, go to the lighthouse with an old fisherman, Ben Pollard, in a sailboat named Daisy. They are caught in a storm, during which they hear the signal for help coming from the rock. They reach the lighthouse in safety and find that two of the men, Jackson and Bates, have been hurt. Brand sends the men back with him. IV—Jackson and Bates are lowered into the boat, and Pollard starts for Penzance. The Daisy is met by Lieutenant Stanhope, who is devotedly in love with Enid. He has started out for the lighthouse in answer to the signal for help. On meeting the Daisy he turns back to assist with the injured men. V.—From a lighthouse window Enid spies a boat approaching the rock. It is the Lapwing owned by a man named Lawton. Brand discovers that it is sailed by Stanhope. He signals for them not to land, and Stanhope returns to Penzance. The girls spend the night at the rock. VI.—During the night a furious storm renders sleep impossible. At dawn from the lighthouse gallery Brand makes out a ship in great distress. VII.—Charles A. Pyne, a young man on board, throws a rope from the foremast to Brand, and by means of a pulley seventy-eight people are saved before the ship sinks. VIII—Mrs. Vansittart, Pyne's aunt, is strangely moved at sight of Constance. IV—Mrs. Vansittart inquires about Stephen Brand and his daughter and seeks to meet Brand, but fails. X—Stanhope in the Falcon approaches the lighthouse at daybreak in an effort to rescue Enid and Constance, but is unable to land in account of high seas. Brand signals news of the disaster. Constance and Pyne become well acquainted. XI—The Falcon puts back to Penzance, but returns the next day, bringing Mr. Traill, whom Mrs. Vansittart is journeying from America to marry. He sends messages to Mrs. Vansittart and to Pyne, his nephew. XII—Stanhope has signaled from the boat his proposal to Enid. The food is giving out, and starvation threatens, when two boats arrive—the Falcon and another—but even with a raft it is impossible to reach the rock.

CHAPTER XIII.

DISCIPLINE slackened its bonds that night. For one thing, Mr. Emmett fell ill. Although inured to hardship in the elemental strife, being of the stocky mariner race which holds the gruff Atlantic in no dread, he had never before been called on to eat sodden bread, to drink condensed steam flavored with varnish and to chew sustenance from the rind of raw bacon. These drawbacks, added to the lack of exercise and the constant wearing of clothes not yet dry, placed him on the sick list.

Again there were ominous whispers of unfair division in the matter of food. It was not within the realm of accomplishment that the purser, Constance, Enid and others who helped to apportion the eatables could treat all alike. Some fared better than others in quality if not in quantity. The unfortunate ones growled and talked of favoritism.

A crisis was reached when the second officer mustered the night watch.

When one sheep leads the others will follow. A stout German from Chicago asked bluntly:

"Vere's de goot of blayin' at moundin' gart? Dere is bud von ting to gart, und dat is der kidchen."

Community of interest caused many to huddle closer to him. Here was one who dared to say what they all thought. Their feet shuffled in support. The officer, faithful to his trust, was tempted to fell the man, but he thought the circumstances warranted more gentle methods.

"Why are you dissatisfied?" he sternly demanded. "What do you suspect? Are you fool enough to imagine that you are being cheated by people who are dividing their last crust with you?"

"How do ve know dat? Dose girls—dey are chokin' mit Mr. Pyne all der day. Dey can'd do dat und be hungry like us."

"You unmitigated ass!" said the disgusted officer. "There is food here for three people. They have fed eighty-one of us for two days and will keep us going several more days. Can't you figure it out? Isn't it a miracle? Here! Who's for guard and who not? Let us quit fooling."

And the doubters were silenced for the hour.

The hymn singer endeavored to raise a chorus. He was not greeted with enthusiasm, but a few valiant spirits came to his assistance. A couple of hymns were feebly rendered—and again silence.

"Say when," observed Pyne calmly when he entered the service room to find Brand trimming the spare lamp.

"Not tonight," said Brand.

"Why not? Hell may break loose at any moment downstairs."

"What has occurred? I heard something of a dispute when the watch mustered at 8 o'clock."

"Things are worse now. One of the men found a gallon of methylated spirit in the workshop."

"Good heavens! Did he drink any of it?"

"He and his mates have emptied the tin. Eight are helplessly drunk, the others quarrelsome. The next thing will be a combined rush for the storeroom."

"But why did not the second officer tell me?"

"He thought you had troubles enough. If he could depend on the remainder of the crowd he would rope the sinners. Says he knows a slave knot that will make 'em tired."

Brand's eyes glistened.

"The fools," he said, "and just as the weather is mending too."

"You don't mean that?"

"Listen."

He glanced up at the glass dome. Heavy drops were pattering on it. They looked like spray, but Pyne shouted gleefully:

"Is it rain?"

"Yes. I was just going to summon the watch to help in filling every vessel. By spreading canvas sheets we can gather a large supply if it rains hard. Moreover, it will beat the sea down. Man alive, this may mean salvation! Tie those weaklings and summon every sober man to help."

With a whoop, Pyne vanished. He met Constance on the stairs, coming to see her father before she stretched her weary limbs on the hard floor of the kitchen.

She never knew exactly what took place. It might have been politeness, but it felt uncommonly like a squeeze, and Pyne's face was extraordinarily close to hers as he cried:

"It's raining. No more canvas whisky. Get a hustle on with every empty vessel."

He need not have been in such a whirl, however.

When the shower came it did not last very long, and there were many difficulties in the way of garnering the thrice blessed water. In the first place, the lighthouse was expressly designed to shoot off all such external supplies; in the second, the total quantity obtained did not amount to more than half a gallon.

But it did a great deal of good in other ways. It brightened many faces, it caused the drunkards to be securely trussed like plucked fowls and dumped along the walls of the entrance passage, and it gave Brand some degree of hope that the rescue operations of the next day would be more successful.

When the rain cleared off the moon flickered in a cloudy sky. This was a further omen of better fortune. Perhaps the jingling rhyme of Admiral Fitzroy's barometer was about to be justified:

Long foretold,
Long last;
Short notice,
Soon past.

And the hurricane had given but slight warning of its advent.

"I feel it in my bones that we shall all be as frisky as lambs tomorrow," said Pyne when he rejoined Brand after the scurry caused by the rain had passed.

"We must not be too sanguine. There is a chance now. I won't deny that, but the sea is treacherous."

"This reef licks creation. At Bar Harbor, in Maine, where a mighty big sea can kick up in a very few hours, I have seen it go down again like magic under a change of wind."

"That is quite reasonable. Any ordinary commotion has room to spread itself in the tideway. Here the tide is broken up into ocean rivers, streams with boundaries as definite as the Thames. The main body sweeps up into the bottle neck of the channel. Another tributary comes round the north of the Scilly isles and runs into the tidal stream again exactly at this point. The result often is that, while little pleasure boats can safely run out into the bay from Penzance, there is a race over the rock that would break up a stranded battleship."

"Say, do you like this kind of life?"

"I have given my best years to it."

Pyne was smoking a pipe, one which Brand lent him. The tobacco was a capital substitute for food, especially as he had established a private understanding with Elsie and Mamie that they were to waylay him when possible and nibble a piece of biscuit he carried in his pocket.

This arrangement was to be kept a strict secret from all, especially from Miss Constance and Miss Enid, while the little ones themselves did not know that the she dragons whom Pyne feared so greatly gave them surreptitious doses from the last tin of condensed milk, retained for their exclusive benefit.

"Do you mind my saying that you are a good bit of an enigma?" he hazarded between puffs.

"It may be so, but I like the service."

"Just so. I was never so happy as when I took a trip as fourth engineer on a tramp in the gulf of Florida. But that didn't signify being tied to a long nosed oiler for the remainder of my days."

"Are you a marine engineer?" inquired Brand, with some show of interest.

"I hold a certificate just for fun. I had a mechanical twist in me and gave it play. But I am an idler by profession."

The lighthouse keeper laughed so naturally that the younger man was gratified. Polite disbelief may be a compliment.

"An idler, eh? You do not strike me as properly classed."

"It's the fact, nevertheless. My grandfather was pleased to invest a few dollars in real estate on the sheep farm where Manhattan avenue now stands. My uncle has half; my mother had the other half."

"Are both of your parents dead?"

"Yes; years ago; lost at sea, too, on my father's yacht."

"What a terrible thing!"

"It must have been something like that. I was only six years old at the time. My uncle lost his wife and child, too, when the Esmeralda went down. It nearly killed him. I never thought he would marry again, but I suppose he's tired of being alone."

"Probably. By the way, now that you mention it, Mrs. Vansittart wished to see me yesterday. I could not spare a moment, so I sent her a civil message. She told Constance that she thought she knew me."

"Hardly likely," smiled Pyne, "if you have passed nearly the whole of your life in lighthouses."

"I did not quite mean to convey that impression. I knew a man of her late husband's name, many years ago."

"She is a nice woman in some ways," said Pyne reflectively. "Not quite my sort, perhaps, but a lady all the time. She is not an American. Came to the States about '90, I think, and lost her hubby on a ranch in California. Anyhow, the old man is dead stuck on her, and they ought to hit it off well together. The Vansittart you knew didn't happen to marry a relative of yours?"

"No. He was a mere acquaintance."

"Odd thing," ruminated Pyne. "It has just occurred to me that she resembles your daughter—your elder daughter—not so much in face as in style. Same sort of graceful figure, only a trifle smaller."

"Such coincidences often happen in the human family. For instance, you are not wholly unlike Enid."

"Hully gee," said Pyne, "I'm too run down to stand patting."

"Likeness is often a matter of environment. Characteristics, mannerisms, the subtle distinctions of class and social rank, soak in through the skin quite as sensibly as they are conferred by heredity. Take the plowman's son and rear him in a royal palace, turn the infant prince into a peasant, and who shall say when they reach man's estate, 'This is the true king.' You will remember it was said of the Emperor Augustus, Urbem lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit ('He found the city brick; he left it marble'). The same noble result may be obtained in every healthy child properly educated."

The college bred youth had not entered into any general conversation with Brand before. He had the tact now to conceal his astonishment at the manner of his friend's speech.

"You fling heredity to the winds, then?" he asked.

Brand rose to his feet, as was his way when deeply moved.

"Thank God, yes!" he cried.

A faint hoot came to them through the chortling of the wind.

"One of our visitors," shouted Brand, "and here we are gossiping as though snugly seated in armchairs at the fireside."

He hurried to the gallery, putting on an oilskin coat.

"We must win through, and I guess I'll play ball with my father-in-law," quoth Pyne to himself as he followed.

This time it was the Falcon alone, and she signaled with a lamp that it was deemed best to defer active operations until the following afternoon. The tide at dawn would not suit.

She went off, and the two men returned to the grateful shelter of the service room.

Brand forbade further talk. Pyne must rest now and relieve him at 3 o'clock. The youngster needed no feather bed; he was asleep in amazingly quick time. There is a supperless hunger which keeps people awake at night with a full larder in the house. The crude article differs from the cultured one so greatly that the man who hungers of necessity cannot sleep too much.

Thus far the inhabitants of the lighthouse had been given quite enough nutriment to maintain life. There was no reason why any, even the most delicate, should be in real danger during the next forty-eight hours. But scientific reasoning and the animal instincts of mankind clash at times; in that lay the danger whose sullen shadow was deepening the lines in the corners of Brand's eyes.

Every hour the officer on duty and some men of the watch visited him to report that all was well below. Some of the less drunken mutineers were pitifully sober now; the others were maudlin. Beyond the few words exchanged on this and kindred topics he was left alone with his thoughts throughout the silent watch. Pyne slept heavily. Glancing at times at the youngster's stalwart figure and firm, handsome face, Brand found himself reviewing the buried years. He thought of the days when he, too, looked forth on the world with the stern enthusiasm of triumphant youth.

Long forgotten ghosts were resurrected, shattered ideals built up again. He wondered, if the decades rolled back, would he decide a second time to abandon the fine career which lay at his feet and withdraw his grief and his talents to the seclusion of lonely rocks and silent headlands.

He had been happy, as men count happiness, during the decades. No cloud had arisen to mar the complete content of his life. The blossoming of the girls into delightful womanhood was an increasing joy to him, and it was passing strange that his little household should be plunged into a whirlpool of events in the very hour when their domesticity seemed to be most assured. The changeful moods of the elements found no counterpart in his nature. He, knowing the sea, did not expect it to remain fixed in one aspect. Whether in calm or storm, the contrary would surely happen ere many days had passed. But life was a different thing. How came it that at the very close of so many years of association with the fickle ocean she should play such a trick on him and his daughters, infold them with perils, snatch them from the quiet pleasures of the life they had planned for the future and thrust upon them, even if they escaped with their lives, a publicity which he, at any rate, abhorred and even dreaded?

He harbored no delusions on this point. He knew that the drama of the Gulf Rock was now filling the columns of newspapers all over the world. He and his beloved girls would be written about, discussed, described in fulsome language, pictured by black and white artists and eulogized by wideawake editors eager to make much of a topic dear to the public mind.

On the rock they were undoubtedly in grave danger. Death confronted them—death at once extraordinary and ghastly. No tyrant of the middle ages, with all his paraphernalia for wringing truth or lies out of cringing wretches, had devised such a fate as threatened if the inconstant sea should choose to render the reef altogether unapproachable for many days. Yet if help came he and those dear to him were already steeped in unavoidable notoriety, bringing in its train certain vague disabilities which he had striven to avoid for over twenty years.

And all this because one fierce gale out of the many he had endured sprang into being at a moment when his mates were incapacitated and his daughters happened to pay him a surprise visit.

"It is an insane freak of fortune," he muttered, "so incomprehensible, so utterly out of focus with common events, that if I were a superstitious man I should regard it as betokening the approach of some great epoch in my life. Surely, a merciful Providence would not bring my girls here to subject them to the lingering torture of hunger and thirst. I must not think of it further. That way lies madness."

There was at least one other troubled soul on the rock which divined some sinister portent in the storm. Mrs. Vansittart, even at this moment, was staring into the black void with questioning eyes.

He resolutely threw back his head as if he would hurl into the outer darkness the gibbering phantom which whispered these words of foreboding. Although the lamp needed no attention just then, he climbed to the trimming stage merely to [illegible] ideal action. He [illegible] adjustment, and, to judge how the weather was shaping, went out into the gallery to look at the distant lights.

The three quick flashes of the Seven Stones lightship were very clear. That was a good sign. The wind came from that quarter, and, blustering though it was, driving gigantic waves before it into the loud embrace of the reef, it maintained the good promise of the last few hours.

Seeking the comparative shelter of the east side, he gazed steadily at the Lizard. Its two fixed electric beams, nearly in line with the Gulf Rock, were dull and watery. A local squall of rain was sweeping down from the land. Changeable, threatening, unsettled—the meteorologist might apply any of these terms to the prevalent conditions.

Far out in the channel he saw the twinkling masthead lights of several steamers. Blow high or low, mails must travel and vessels put to sea. On such a night at other times he would re-enter the lighthouse with a cheery sense of its comfort and homelike aspect. Now he dreaded the brilliant interior of the service room. Its garish aspect ill accorded with the patient misery, the useless repinings, the inebriate stupor which crouched beneath. If he and those committed to his charge were to be saved either the sea must be stilled or another miracle of the loaves and fishes enacted.

There, alone on the gallery, amid the din of howling wind and ceaseless plaint of the waves, he seemed to be

She was crying softly.

apart, cut off from the sufferings within. He lifted his eyes to the somber arch of the heavens. Men said the age of miracles had passed. Pray God it might not be so!

When Brand went out the sudden rush of cold air through the little door leading to the balcony aroused Pyne.

That young gentleman was rudely awakened from a seriously vivid dream. He fancied that Constance and he were clinging to the tail of an enormous kite, which had been made to hover over the rock by a green imp seated in an absurdly small boat.

They were solemnly advised by other gnomes, imps with sparkling, toadlike eyes, to intrust themselves to this precarious means of escape, but the instant they dropped off the ledge of the gallery their weight caused the kite to swoop downward. The resultant plunge into the ocean and Constance's farewell shriek were nothing more terrifying than the chill blast and whistle of the air current admitted by Brand, but Pyne did not want to go to sleep again. He did not like emerald hued spirits which arranged such unpleasant escapades.

He straightened his stiff limbs and sat up.

He was about to feel in a pocket for his pipe—he experienced the worst pangs of hunger after waking in such fashion—when he saw a woman's head and shoulders emerging out of the stairway.

At first he thought it was Constance, and he wondered why she had muffled her face in the deep collar of a cloak, but the visitor paused irresolutely when her waist was on a level with the floor.

She uttered a little gasp of surprise.

"You, Charlie?" she cried. "I thought you slept in the kitchen?"

"No, Mrs. Vansittart," he said. "I am assistant keeper, and I am here most all the time with Mr. Brand. But what in the name of goodness"—

"I was restless," explained the lady hurriedly. "If I had remained another minute among those women I should have screamed aloud. How peaceful you are here! Where is Mr. Brand?"

"Guess he's gone outside to squint at the weather. But come right in. I can offer you a chair. Mr. Brand wants to see you, and this is a quiet time for a chat."

"How does he know me? What did he say?"

Mrs. Vansittart pressed her left hand to her breast. With the other she kept the high collar over her mouth and cheeks. Pyne could only see her eyes, and the alarmed light that leaped into them increased his astonishment at her unexpected presence.

"It seems to me," he answered, "that if you just walk up four more steps and sit down you can ask him all those things yourself."

"Were you speaking of me to him?"

"I did happen to mention you."

"And he said he knew me?"

"No, ma'am. He said nothing of the sort. But, for mercy's sake, what mystery is there about it?"

"Mystery! None whatever. I was mistaken. I have never met him. I came now to explain that to him. Oh"—

She dived suddenly as the gallery door opened. Brand caught a fleeting glimpse of her vanishing form.

"Who was that?"

Pyne had found his pipe and was filling it with tobacco.

"Mrs. Vansittart," he answered.

"Paying her long deferred visit, I suppose. She chose a curious hour."

"So I thought. But she just popped her head in to tell you that she didn't know you at all."

Brand smiled.

"Poor lady!" he said. "She, like the rest of us, is perturbed and uneasy. I imagine she is of a somewhat hysterical temperament."

"That's so," agreed Pyne.

There were puzzling discrepancies in Mrs. Vansittart's explanation of her untimely appearance. Evidently she did not expect to meet him there. She thought she would find the lighthouse keeper alone. The ready deduction presented itself that when she did encounter Brand she did not wish any third person to be present at the interview.

That Constance's father had no cause to look at matters in the same light he was quite certain. Anyhow, it was not his affair, and he declined to trouble his head about Mrs. Vansittart's vagaries.

So the young philosopher lit his pipe and delivered a dictum on the sex.

"Some women," he said, "are made up of contradictions. She is one. I have known her for some time, and I thought nothing could feaze her. But there must be a sort of society crust over her emotions, and the wreck broke it. Now, for my part, I like a woman with a clear soul, one in whose eyes you can catch the glint of the inner crystal."

"They are rare," said Brand.

"I suppose so. Indeed, it used to be a mere ideal of mine, built up from books. But they exist, and they are worth looking for."

He waited, lest perchance the other man should take the cue thus offered, but Brand, for the twentieth time, was poring over the records of the days which followed the hurricane reported by a former keeper. The American pursed his lips.

"He has had a bad time with a woman once in his life," he mused. "It must have been Constance's mother, and that is why he doesn't believe in heredity. Well, I guess he's right."

Had he seen Mrs. Vansittart cowering on her knees outside her bedroom door, he might have found cause for more disturbing reflections. She was crying softly, with her face hidden in her hands.

"Oh, I dare not! I dare not!" she moaned. "I am the most miserable woman in the world. It would have been better if I had gone down with the vessel. The Lord saved me only to punish me. My heart will break. What shall I do? Where shall I hide?"

And her sobbing only ceased when the noise of ascending footsteps drove her into the company of sorrowful women, who would nevertheless have forgotten some of their own woes did they but realize her greater anguish.

[CONTINUED.]

Jack Tar, Humorist.

There's never any telling what our bluejackets will do when "out for a lark." A number of them were in Londonderry a week or two ago, and a couple of them, walking along Foyle street, noticed a woman standing on the footpath with a baby in her arms. One of the "tars" in passing snatched the baby out of her arms and made off at full speed toward the Great Northern railway. For a moment the astonished mother stood in bewilderment. She then raised an alarm and ran screaming after the bluejacket. He was joined by others, who seemed to appreciate the joke immensely. The whole body rushed through street after street, the mother still pursuing. In Ferryquay street the "tars" halted, dashed into a shop, bought a perambulator, placed the child in it and retraced their steps at a rattling pace until they met the infuriated mother. They then pulled up, quieted her fears and handed her over her child in the handsome new perambulator, which she wheeled off in pride and triumph, the bluejackets meantime cheering.—London Answers.

What "Paste" Is.

"Paste" from which imitation precious stones are made is widely known, but few are acquainted with the ingredients, though it is generally understood that the paste gains its brilliance from the lead it contains. Formulas vary for the paste, but all contain rock crystal, red lead, carbonate of potash, borax and white arsenic. It is required that these articles shall be of a high grade of purity, as there is a considerable waste, so that the gems made from "strass," as the composition is technically known, are by no means inexpensive. The lead gives to the strass its brilliancy, while the rock crystal contributes brilliancy. A paste diamond cannot scratch glass and is thus easily detected, but colored stones are made of crystal alone that are considerably harder than glass. In the making of these a crystal stone is hollowed out and filled with some colored liquid, the orifice being closed with a plug of crystal, which is ground down so that there is no trace of the junction.

Why the Eggs Didn't Hatch.

A famous Michigan egg raiser occasionally sells some of his product to his grocer, and some smart town people who thought they could get his eggs for hatching cheaper by buying from the grocer were disappointed when they found that none of the store eggs hatched out. Some one told the old man about the disappointment, and he expressed no surprise. He only said: "They should come to me for their setting eggs. Whoever hear o' buying settin' eggs in a grocer shop? When I sell eggs for eatin' I just dip the ends in boiling water—kill the germ. Them was eatin' eggs the grocer had. If these people want settin' eggs they should come to me honest like."

Eating Snails.

Four Britons ate snails at a French restaurant in Brighton, England, not long ago. Their experiences are described as follows: "In due course the plates appeared, each bearing half a dozen snail shells of a dingy white. A slender two pronged fork accompanied each dish. With this the snails were jerked out, their big black horns coming first, accompanied by a small eruption of gravy. One of the experimenters looked critically at the uninviting object at the end of his fork, then he shut his eyes and popped it into his mouth. His teeth met on something yielding, but tough, rather suggestive of india rubber. All four epicures manfully ate their six snails."

Baking Bread.

The action of yeast on dough converts some of the starch into sugar. Then the sugar is made into carbonic acid gas and alcohol. When the dough is baked the alcohol is driven off. If the bread is underbaked some of the yeast may remain unkilled, and such bread by being kept may have more of its starch changed into sugar. Thorough baking kills all yeast, and keeping of such bread does not cause any ripening. Stale bread is more digestible than new bread solely because it is more easily masticated.

Children and Influences.

The reason why children so easily contract the mien, gestures and habits of their surroundings is that they have no power of resistance—everything outside them is stronger than themselves, and they have to borrow from all outward influences for their own growth; hence they are good, cheerful and contented or bad, morose and discouraged, just according to their surroundings.—Maeneholtz-Bulow.

A Curious Watch.

In the year 1764 a handsome and curious present was made to George III. by Arnold, a celebrated London watchmaker. It was a repeating timepiece, set in a ring, and was about the size of an old fashioned silver three cent piece. Though it weighed less than five pennyweights, it was composed of 120 different pieces and was provided with the first ruby cylinder ever made. For this little mechanical marvel Arnold received from the king a present of 500 guineas.

The Tailor Knew.

"I should like," the man cautiously explained to his tailor, "to have a little pocket, a very, very small pocket, one you could hardly see, you know, put somewhere, say in the hem of my trousers or in the waistband, eh, where it couldn't be so easily found. You understand?"

"I see," said the tailor. "You are married now."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Warning to Bearded Men.

"It is well that old men should wear beards," said a physician, "for when one becomes old one should be spared the exertion of daily shaving. But I would like to issue a warning to all beard wearers. I would like to shout 'Keep your beards dry!' in a voice loud enough to be heard around the world. Were those words heeded many cases of sore throat, cold and influenza would be avoided, and many deaths would be indefinitely put off. So many men with beards neglect when they wash their faces to wipe their beards dry! A beard a foot long demands a lot of toweling. It should be toweled after every wash a good five minutes. Otherwise it is damp. The owner goes about with this damp thing upon his delicate and sensitive throat. Then, if he takes tonsilitis or influenza, he blames the American climate. There are too many damp beards among us. Too many men, washing their faces three or four times a day, have their beards damp and clammy a good three hours daily."—New York Press.

Maine's Female Warrior.

During the war between the states when it became necessary to draft men for the army a recruiting officer, Parker Mears by name, went to an island off the coast of Maine called Loud's island. It claimed to be a plantation. As the boat neared the shore a tall, brawny female, the mother of several stalwart sons, appeared on the rocks and as the officer set foot on shore sternly demanded his business.

"After men for Uncle Sam," he answered.

She immediately began to pelt him with big, hard potatoes, and they came so fast and furiously that he was obliged to flee to the boat and row away as fast as possible. Mr. Mears, when a little excited, stuttered badly. Relating the experience, he ended with, "G-g-give her po-po-po-po-tatoes enough a-a-and sh-sh-she'll t-t-t-take Ri-Ri-Richmond."—Boston Herald.

Earthquakes.

No prediction can be made safely as to future earthquakes in any particular region. If any conjecture is warranted, it is merely that regions which are known to have contracted the earthquake habit are, on the whole, more likely to quake in the future than are regions which have long been free from seismic disturbances. No part of the continent seems less likely to be shaken than the Mississippi basin. Yet there were disastrous earthquakes about the mouth of the Ohio river in 1811-13. Regions covered with thick layers of clay, sand, gravel, glacial drift, etc., like much of the basin of the upper Mississippi, are less likely to suffer severely than those where solid rock comes to the surface, for the loose material acts as a cushion to deaden the vibrations which come to the surface from the solid rock below.—The World Today.

Wore Out His Finger.

There was a brakeman on the Colorado Midland railroad who years ago lost his index finger on his right hand. One day a lady passenger who had been much interested in the wonderful works of nature the brakeman had pointed out to her along the road noticed the stub finger. When the conductor came through the car she said to him:

"Excuse me, sir, but can you tell me how the brakeman lost his forefinger? He seems to be such an accommodating fellow."

"Yes, mum, that's just it. He is so accommodating that he wore that finger off pointing out the scenery along the line," said the conductor.—Denver News.

Contracted Quarters.

The sort of conversation in which Martha Hackett often indulged was peculiarly trying to her cousin, Mr. Lane. "Martha's been here all the morning," said Mrs. Lane wearily at dinner one night. "She talked on and on about things that didn't amount to anything and were all disconnected. I endured it as well as I could, but it does seem sometimes as if she was wandering in her mind."

"Well, there's one thing," said Mr. Lane grimly, "you needn't ever worry about her going far if that's where she's wandering."—Youth's Companion.

Cut It.

"Yes," said the college student, "dad got the idea that I was cutting up too much, and so he cut in and threatened to cut down my allowance unless I took a brace. I felt all cut up at first, but I didn't want my allowance cut off or cut into just for a little funny business, and so I cut it out." And the listening foreigner remarked. "What did the young man say?"—Somerville Journal.

Breaking It Gently.

Captain of Steamer—Madam, it gives me great pain to be obliged to tell you that your little boy's hat has blown overboard. Fond Mother—Why, I thought it was tied on with a string! Captain—Yes. That was just the trouble. The string did not break.

Corrected.

"Miss Isabel, you are not at all like other girls."

"That is not a compliment, Mr. Spooner. You should say that other girls are not at all like me."

Quite Proper.

Little Rollo—Pop, what is an upright piano? Pop—One that plays only sacred music, my son.—Woman's Home Companion.

WAPSIE VALLEY FAIR
Central City, Iowa, Sept. 10 to 14.
For this occasion the I. C. R. R. will sell excursion tickets to Central City and return at a rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip. Tickets sold Sept. 10 to 14. Limited to Sept. 15 for return.
H. G. PIERCE, Agt.

DELAWARE COUNTY FAIR.
Manchester, Iowa, Sept. 4 to 7.
For this occasion the I. C. R. R. will sell excursion tickets to Manchester and return from points within 50 miles at a rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip. Tickets sold Sept. 3 to 7, limited to Sept. 8 for return.
H. G. PIERCE, Agt.

HARVEST HOME PICNIC
Coggon, Iowa, August 30-06.
For this occasion the I. C. R. R. will sell excursion tickets to Coggon and return, at a rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip. Tickets sold August 30, limited for return until August 1.
H. G. PIERCE, Agt.

THOMAS ORCHESTRA CONCERTS.
Waterloo, Iowa, Sept. 3rd to 8th.
The Chicago Great Western Railway will on Sept. 3rd to 8th inclusive sell tickets to Waterloo at one fare for the round trip. Return limit Sept. 10th. Other attractions. Apply to any Great Western agent or J. P. Elmer, G. P. A., St. Paul, Minn., for further information.
34 w2 S. Grove, G. A. A.

Illinois Central

Excursion Rates

Excursion tickets will be sold by the Illinois Central, to the points, and rates as follows.

SUMMER TOURIST RATES

Tickets on sale daily during the summer months to St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn.; Hot Springs and Deadwood, So. Dak.; Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, and Glenwood Springs, Colo.; Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah; Seattle and Tacoma, Wash.; Portland, Ore.; Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco, Cal., and many other summer resorts both east and west, limited to Oct 31st. Also to Yellowstone Park, limited to 90 days. Write for rates.

ONE AND ONE-THIRD FARE ON CERTIFICATE PLAN.

WATERLOO, IA., Conference Churches of God, Aug. 21-26. Iowa Conference Young People's Alliance and Women's Missionary Society, Aug. 22-28.
DENISON, Ia., Iowa District Evangelical Lutheran Synod, Aug. 22-28.
CEDAR RAPIDS, Ia., Northern Dental Society, Sept. 11-13.

OPEN ONE AND ONE-THIRD FARE

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., State Association of County officials, Aug. 21-23.
MEMPHIS, Tenn., National Baptist Convention (colored) Sept. 12-19.

ONE FARE PLUS $2.00

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSION rates to certain points in Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, North and South Dakota, Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan, on sale each Tuesday until and including December, 1906.
HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSION RATES SOUTH, SOUTHEAST AND SOUTHWEST on sale first and third Tuesdays of each month until and including November 1906.
TORONTO, Ontario, Sovereign Grand Lodge Odd Fellows, Sept. 15-22

ONE FARE.

MEXICO CITY, Mex., International Geological Congress Sept. 6-13.
LOS ANGELES, Cal., National Baptist Convention, Sept. 12-19

LESS THAN ONE FARE.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Supreme Lodge K. of P., Oct. 15-25. (Write for special K. of P. Folder.)

For particulars as to dates of sale, rates, etc., apply to any Illinois Central Ticket Agent, or address the undersigned.

H. J. PHELPS,
Division Passenger Agent,
Dubuque, Iowa.

Illinois Central R. R

Annual Stockholders' Meeting at Chicago, Oct. 17. Personal Attendance of Individual Holders Desired.

FREE TICKET TO THE MEETING

Public notice is hereby given that the regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Illinois Central Railroad Company will be held at the Company's office in Chicago, Ill., on Wednesday, Oct 17 1906, at 12 o'clock noon.

To permit personal attendance at said meeting there will be issued

TO EACH HOLDER OF ONE OR MORE SHARES

of the capital stock of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, as registered on the books of the Company at the close of business on Monday, Sept 24, 1906, who is of full age,

A TICKET ENABLING HIM OR HER TO TRAVEL FREE

over the Company's lines from the station on the Illinois Central Railroad nearest to his or her registered address to

Chicago and Return

such ticket to be good for the journey to Chicago only during the

FOUR DAYS IMMEDIATELY PRECEDING

and the day of the meeting, and for the return journey from Chicago only on the day of the meeting and the

FOUR DAYS IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING

when properly countersigned and stamped during business hours on or before Saturday, October 22, 1906—that is to say between 9 a. m. and 4 p. m.—in the office of the Assistant Secretary, Mr. W. G. Bruen in Chicago. Such ticket may be obtained by any holder of stock registered as above, on application in writing to the President of the Company in Chicago, but each stockholder must individually apply for his or her ticket. Each application must state the full name and address of the Stockholder exactly as given in his or her Certificate of Stock, together with the number and date of such certificate. No more than one person will be carried free in respect of any one holding of stock as registered on the book of the Company.

A. G. HACKSTAFF, Sec'y.
34 4

RINGLING BROS CIRCUS
Dubuque, Iowa, Sept. 3rd.
For the above occasion the I. C. R. R will sell excursion tickets to Dubuque and return at a rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip. Tickets sold Sept. 3rd, limited to return until Sept. 4th.
H. G. PIERCE, Agt.

LOOK HERE!

If you want a
FIRE PROOF SAFE
of the best make, see E. J. Conger, Manchester, or write him to call upon you and submit styles and prices. None better.
Respectfully,
E. J. CONGER.

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 location and we can fit you out right.

In the Fargo Express Bdg.

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 5:47 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. 6. 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 9:22, 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 5:28 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

Belknap's Crossing, Platform at Quaker Mill Switch, Franklin street Crossing, Sly's Crossing, Alber'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 3 †5:51 p m	...Clipper...	No 3418: 55 a m
No 5 † 8:00 a m	..Fast Mail ..	No 6† 11:18 a m
No 9 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.222 5:45 p.m	...†Passenger..	No 365 6:00 a.m
No 315 5:15 a.m	..†Passenger..	No 325 8:00 p.m
No. 60 1:00 p.m	..†Freight...	No.260 3:15 p.m

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

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

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RY.
"The Maple Leaf Route."

Time card at Oneida, Iowa.

Chicago Special, Daily, Going East.....7:48 a.m
Day Express daily.....4:18 p m
Way Freight daily ex. Sunday.....11:25 a m
Going