With Edged Tools

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CHAPTER X.

THE short equatorial twilight was drawing to an end, and all nature stood in silence, while night crept up to claim the land where her reign is more autocratic than elsewhere on earth. There was a black night above the trees, and a blacker beneath.

A sportsman was abroad. He was creeping up the right hand bank of a stream, his only chance lying in the noise of the waters which might serve to deaden the sound of broken twig or rustling leaf.

This sportsman was Jack Meredith, and it was evident that he was bringing to bear upon the matter in hand that intelligence and keenness of perception which had made him a person of some prominence in other scenes where nature has a less assured place.

Since sunset he had been crawling, scrambling, stumbling up the bank of this stream in relentless pursuit of some large animal which persistently kept hidden in the tangle across the bed of the river. The strange part of it was that when he stopped to peep through the branches the animal stopped, too, and he found no way of discovering its whereabouts.

Once Meredith was able to decide approximately the whereabouts of his prey by the momentary shaking of a twig. He raised his rifle and covered that twig steadily; his forefinger played tentatively on the trigger, but on second thought he refrained. He was keenly conscious of the fact that the beast was doing its work with skill superior to his own. In comparison to his, its movements were almost noiseless.

It was terrifically hot and all the while night was stalking westward on the summits of the trees with stealthy tread.

At last he came to an open space made by a slip of the land into the bed of the river. When Jack Meredith came to this he stepped out of the thicket and stood in the open awaiting the approach of his stealthy prey. The sound of its footfall was just perceptible, slowly diminishing the distance that divided them. Then the trees were parted and a tall, fair man stepped forward on to the opposite bank.

Jack Meredith bowed gravely, and the other sportsman, seeing the absurdity of the situation, burst into hearty laughter. In a moment or two he had leaped from rock to rock and come to Meredith.

"It seems," he said, "that we have been wasting a considerable amount of time."

"I very nearly wasted powder and shot," replied Jack, significantly indicating his rifle.

"I saw you twice and raised my rifle. Your breeches are just the color of a young doe. Are you Meredith? My name is Oscard."

"Ah! Yes, I am Meredith. I am glad to see you."

They shook hands. There was a twinkle in Jack Meredith's eyes, but Oscard was quite grave. His sense of humor was not very keen, and he was before all things a sportsman.

"I left the canoes a mile below Msala and landed to shoot a deer we saw drinking, but I never saw him afterward. Then I heard you, and I have been stalking you ever since."

"But I never expected you so soon. You were not due till—look!" Jack whispered suddenly.

Oscard turned on his heel, and the next instant their two rifles rang out through the forest stillness in one sharp crack. Across the stream, ten yards behind the spot where Oscard had emerged from the brush, a leopard sprang into the air five feet from the ground, with head thrown back and paws clawing at the thinness of space with grand free sweeps. The beast fell with a thud and lay still, dead.

The two men clambered across the rocks again, side by side. While they stood over the prostrate form of the leopard, beautiful, incomparably graceful and sleek even in death, Guy Oscard stole a sidelong glance at his companion. He was a modest man, and yet he knew that he was reckoned among the big game hunters of the age. This man had fired as quickly as himself, and there were two small trickling holes in the animal's head.

While he was being quietly scrutinized Jack Meredith stooped down and, taking the leopard beneath the shoulders, lifted it bodily back from the pool of blood.

"Pity to spoil the skin," he explained as he put a fresh cartridge into his rifle.

Oscard nodded in an approving way. He knew the weight of a full grown leopard, all muscle and bone, and he was one of those old fashioned persons mentioned in the Scriptures as taking a delight in a man's legs—or his arms, so long as they were strong.

"I suppose," he said quietly, "we had better skin him here."

"Yes."

They laid the skin out on the trampled maidenhair and contemplated it with silent satisfaction. In the course of their inspection they both arrived at the head at the same moment. The two holes in the hide, just above the eyes, came under their notice at the same moment, and they turned and smiled gravely at each other, thinking the same thought—the sort of thought that Englishmen rarely put into intelligible English.

"I'm glad we did that," said Guy Oscard at length; suddenly, "Whatever comes of this expedition of ours—if we fight, as we probably shall, before it is finished—if we hate each other ever afterward, that skin ought to remind us that we are much of a muchness."

By 9 o'clock they reached the camp at Msala. Victor Durnovo was still at work superintending the discharge of the baggage and stores from the large trading canoes. They heard the shouting and chattering before coming in sight of the camp, and one voice raised angrily above the others.

"Is that Durnovo's voice?" asked Meredith.

"Yes," answered his companion curtly.

It was a new voice, which Meredith had not heard before. When they shouted to announce their arrival it was suddenly hushed, and presently Durnovo came forward to greet them.

Meredith hardly knew him, he was so much stronger and healthier in appearance. Durnovo shook hands heartily.

"No need to introduce you two," he said, looking from one to the other.

"No; after one mistake we discovered each other's identity in the forest," answered Meredith.

Durnovo smiled, but there was something behind the smile. He did not seem to approve of their meeting without his intervention.

The three men walked up toward the house together. It was a fair sized house, with a heavy thatched roof that overhung the walls like the crown of a mushroom. The walls were only mud, and the thatching was nothing else than banana leaves, but there was evidence of European taste in the garden surrounding the structure and in the glazed windows and wooden door.

As they approached the open doorway three little children, clad in very little more than their native modesty, ran gleefully out and proceeded to engage seats on Jack Meredith's boots, looking upon him as a mere public conveyance. They took hardly any notice of him, but chattered and quarreled among themselves, sometimes in baby English, sometimes in dialect unknown to Oscard and Meredith.

Two rifles rang out through the forest stillness.

"Hush," said the latter, when they were seated and clinging with their little dusky arms round his legs, "are the very rummest little kids I ever came across."

Durnovo gave an impatient laugh and went on toward the house. But Guy Oscard stopped and walked more slowly beside Meredith as he labored along heavy footed.

"They are the jolliest little souls imaginable," continued Jack Meredith. "There," he said to them when they had reached the doorstep, "run away to you mother—very fine ride—no, no more tonight! I'm aweary, you understand, aweary!"

"Aweary, awe-e-e-ary!" repeated the little things, standing before him in infantile nude rotundity, looking up with bright eyes.

"Aweary, that is it. Good night, Epaminondas; good night, Xantippe! Give ye good hap, most stout Nestorius!"

He stooped and gravely shook hands with each one in turn, and, after forcing a like ceremonial upon Guy Oscard, they reluctantly withdrew.

"They have not joined us, I suppose?" said Oscard as he followed his companion into the house.

"Not yet. They live in this place. Nestorious, I understand, takes care of his mother, who in her turn takes care of this house. He is one and a half."

Guy Oscard seemed to have inherited the mind inquisitive from his learned father. He asked another question later on.

"Who is that woman?" he said during dinner, with a little nod toward the doorway through which the object of his curiosity had passed with some plates.

"That is the mother of the stout Nestorius," answered Jack—"Durnovo's housekeeper."

He spoke quietly, looking straight in front of him; and Joseph, who was drawing a cork at the back of the room, was watching his face.

There was a little pause, during which Durnovo drank slowly. Then Guy Oscard spoke again.

"If she cooked the dinner," he said, "she knows her business."

"Yes," answered Durnovo, "she is a good cook, if she is nothing else."

It did not sound as if further inquiries would be welcome, and so the subject was dropped with a silent tribute to the culinary powers of Durnovo's housekeeper at the Msala station.

The woman had only appeared for a moment, bringing in some dishes for Joseph—a tall, stately woman, with great dark eyes, in which the patience of motherhood had succeeded to the soft fire of West Indian love and youth. She had the graceful slow carriage of the creole, although her skin was darker than that of those dangerous sirens.

"They call me," she had said to Jack Meredith in her soft, mumbled English a fortnight earlier, "they call me Marie."

The children he had named after his own fantasy, and when she had once seen him with them there was a notable change in her manner. Her eyes rested on him with a sort of wondering attention, and when she cooked his meals or touched anything that was his there was something in her attitude that denoted special care.

Joseph called her "missis," with a sort of friendliness in his voice which never rose to badinage nor descended to familiarity.

The man who had found the simiacine was eager, restless, full of suspicion. To the others the scheme obviously presented itself in a different light. Jack Meredith was dilettante, light hearted and unsatisfactory. It was impossible to arouse any enthusiasm in him, to make him take it seriously. Guy Oscard was gravely indifferent. He wanted to get rid of a certain space of time, and the African forest, containing as it did the only excitement that his large heart knew, was as good a place as any. The simiacine was, in his mind, relegated to a distant place behind weeks of sport and adventure such as his soul loved.

"You men," said Durnovo eagerly, "don't seem to take the thing seriously."

"I," answered Meredith, "intend, at all events, to take the profits very seriously. When they begin to come in, J. Meredith will be at the above address, and trusts by a careful attention to business to merit a continuance of your kind patronage."

Durnovo laughed somewhat nervously. Oscard did not seem to hear.

"It is all very well for you," said the half caste in a lower voice. "You have not so much at stake. It is likely that the happiness of my whole life depends upon this venture."

A curious smile passed across Jack Meredith's face. Without turning his head he glanced sideways into Durnovo's face through the gloom. But he said nothing, and it was Oscard who broke the silence by saying simply:

"The same may possibly apply to me."

There was a little pause, during which he lighted his pipe.

It did not seem to occur to any of them that the only person whose individuality was still veiled happened to be Jack Meredith. He alone had said nothing. He it was who spoke first, after a proper period of silence.

"It seems to me," he said, "that we have all the technicalities arranged now. So far as the working of the expedition is concerned we know our places, and the difficulties will be met as they present themselves. But there is one thing which I think we should set in order now. I have been thinking about it while I have been waiting here alone."

The glow of Victor Durnovo's cigar died away as if in his attention he was forgetting to smoke; but he said nothing.

"It seems to me," Jack went on, "that before we leave here we should draw up and sign a sort of deed partnership. Of course we trust each other perfectly—there is no question of that. But life is an uncertain thing, as some earlier philosopher said before me; and one never knows what may happen. I have drawn up a paper in triplicate. If you have a match I will read it to you."

Oscard produced a match and, striking it on his boot, sheltered it with the hollow of his hand while Jack read:

"We, the undersigned, hereby enter into partnership to search for and sell to our mutual profit the herb known as simiacine, the profits to be divided into three equal portions, after the deduction of one-hundredth part, to be handed to the servant, Joseph Atkinson. Any further expenses that may be incurred to be borne in the same proportion as the original expense of fitting out the expedition—namely, two-fifths to be paid by Guy Cravener Oscard, two-fifths by John Meredith, one-fifth by Victor Durnovo.

"The sum of £50 per month to be paid to Victor Durnovo, wherewith he may pay the thirty special men taken from his estate and headquarters at Msala to cultivate the simiacine, and such corn and vegetables as may be required for the sustenance of the expedition; these men to act as porters until the plateau be reached.

"The opinion of two of the three leaders against one to be accepted unconditionally in all questions where controversy may arise. In case of death each of us undertakes hereby to hand over to the executor of the dead partner or partners such moneys as shall belong to him or them."

At this juncture there was a little pause while Guy Oscard lighted a second match.

"And," continued Jack, "we hereby undertake severally on oath to hold the secret of the whereabouts of the simiacine a strict secret, which secret may not be revealed by any one of us, to whomsoever it may be, without the sanction, in writing, of the other two partners."

"There," concluded Jack Meredith. "I am rather pleased with that literary production. It is forcible and yet devoid of violence. I feel that in me the commerce of the century has lost an ornament. Moreover, I am ready to swear to the terms of the agreement."

There was a little pause. Guy Oscard took his pipe from his mouth, and while he knocked the ashes out against the leg of his chair he mumbled, "I swear to hold to that agreement."

Victor Durnovo took off his hat with a sweep and a flourish, and, raising his bared brow to the stars, he said: "I swear to hold to that agreement. If I fail, may God strike me dead!"

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Dose—One Dimeful.

"How big a dose do I need?" asked the customer of the old fashioned druggist

"Oh, I guess a heaping dimeful will be about right," was the reply.

"A dimeful?" echoed the customer. "You mean a dime's worth, don't you?"

"No, I don't," said the druggist. "A dime's worth would be two ounces, and you'd never survive such a quantity as that. I mean for you to take a dime and pile on it as much of this powder as will stick. Then you have the proper dose. Measuring medicine on a dime is a method as old as United States currency and almost as reliable. There are certain powders that can be measured more accurately that way than any other, and among us old timers who have been used to meeting emergencies 'a dimeful' is a common direction."

Envy In the Garden.

"I have done nothing but blush all day," complained the rose, "and still that idiot of a poet goes on talking of the modest violet, as if there were not others."

Forethought.

"That fellow Mulkley you were engaged to at one time may have some of your old love letters, may he not?" asked the husband. "And aren't you afraid he might be cad enough to"—

"Not a bit," replied the wife decisively. "He knows I've got a trunkful of his love letters to reciprocate if he ever does."—Judge.

Helped His Ambition.

"Thank you, judge," said the prisoner sentenced to thirty days on bread and water.

Seeing that the magistrate was puzzled, he explained that he long had desired to try the simple life, but lacked the courage to begin. — Philadelphia Ledger.

An Exception.

Mrs. Peagreen—Is 13 always an unlucky number?

Not when you hold all of the trumps in a game of whist.—Kansas City Independent.

The Caserta Camellia Tree.

In the days of its glory the palace at Caserta of the king of Naples had among its features a so called English garden, made in 1782 by order of Marie Caroline of Austria. It was bright with flowers and wonderful rare oriental plants and trees, so that it was renowned throughout the world, but the crown and glory of all consisted in a camellia tree, a plant then unknown in Europe. The seeds were collected as though flakes of gold, and the queen used to give them and cuttings of this camellia as presents to her friends. These cuttings were most highly prized, and thus it has become a European flower, so much so that the exportation of camellias is an extensive industry in central Italy, and in Germany there are vast fields of them. In its palmy days the Caserta plant had eight branches, the largest of which was twelve inches in diameter, the whole being thirty feet high. This mother plant was in a flourishing condition up to a few years ago, but lately the gorgeous garden has been allowed to fall into decay, and with it the glorious camellia.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Rewards of Literature.

A very talented and well known writer—successful, too, in the popular estimation—tells me: "I know a man who spent fifteen years' leisure in getting the material for his best book and writing it over three times, then offered it to almost every publisher in America, meeting with refusal by all, and finally sold it to a London publisher for £50, had it republished in America some years afterward, got a few dollars before the publishers failed and as his last royalty received just 2 cents, which was exactly 10 per cent of the last sum due him. I am the man, but I don't publish the fact nor feel inclined to brag about it nor to complain, for that would be useless and would only cheapen my wares in the literary market. The book paid me, by accurate calculation, 33⅓ cents a week for the fifteen years' work."—Papyrus.

Birds Have Favorite Plants.

Like man, birds have their favorite plants. It has been discovered that the goldfinch is passionately fond of apple blossom. This may be because its favorite building site is in the lichen covered forks of apple trees, but apart from such attachment the bright little finch frequently spends hours tearing the petals into tiny fragments. Though the nightingale never builds in the thorn boughs, it loves to sing on may laden branches, often in the very midst of the fragrant blossoms. It is somewhat peculiar that most birds avoid the cow parsnip, owing, no doubt, to the unpleasant greenish smell emitted by this umbelliferous plant. Small birds very often build in less secure places, but the parsnip, gigantic and strong as it is, is left severely alone.—London Opinion.

What Makes the Trout Shy?

The shyness of the summer trout of the still springhole is due not entirely to his keen eye trained by the quietude of transparent waters. It is to be credited more to his gregariousness. The cool places and deeper pools of the trout stream are apt to be few and hive the fish in schools. If the school number, say, fifty fish it means a hundred watchful eyes and a collective shyness adjusted to that of the most timid fish of the fifty, whose sudden dash to safety gives the warning signal to all. A single nervous trout—and there are usually several—is thus enough to scatter a big school in a flash and baffle the hopes of the angler.—Clarence Deming in Outing Magazine.

Tobacco Leaves.

A scientist writes: "The essential quality for which tobacco is smoked or chewed lies not really in the leaves themselves, but is contained in thousands of hollow knobbed hairs which cover their surface. The vital nicotine is garnered in these pear-like balls, but as it is impossible to shave off these hairs and would be a scarcely commendable achievement if it could be undertaken it becomes necessary to preserve the whole foliage for commercial purposes."

Where the Money Came From.

Batchellor—That's a good cigar you're smoking, Popley—Yes, that's a fine tencenter you gave me. Batchellor—I gave you? I guess not. Popley—Oh, yes, I'm sure it was your money paid for it. The only money I found in our baby's bank this morning was the dime you put in yesterday.—Catholic Standard and Times.

The One Rule.

At a club where card playing was prohibited four members smuggled in a pack and, calling the waiter aside, asked him if he had ever known the rule broken. His reply was, "All the years I have been here I have known every rule broken except one—that of giving of tips." The game proceeded.

Thoughtful.

"Are you sure the sick man wanted me?" asked the physician, reaching for his hat.

"He didn't mention your name, but he's screamin' for some one that'll put him out of his misery, and I thought of you right away."—Houston Post.

Didn't Wait.

"Were you frightened when you arose to make your first speech?" "What should frighten me?" "The audience." "The audience left as soon as my name was announced."

A Hopeless Case.

"I am in favor of spelling reform."

"Glad to hear it. Come around and give my stenographer a few points, won't you?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A proper secrecy is the only mystery of able men. Mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones.

An Incident of Life In New York.

The street beggar with pockets lined with money is a fairly familiar figure of city life, but one of the free dispensaries reports an instance of an attempt to get free medicine on the plea of poverty that deserves a place in the catalogue of good stories of graft. A middle aged woman appeared the other day and got a prescription, after which she took her place in the line of persons waiting to have their medicine made up by the apothecary. This particular woman, it should be said, had given satisfactory answers to all the questions put to her designed to show whether she was a proper subject for charity. Suddenly there was a cry: "I'm robbed! I'm robbed!" The victim was this woman, who so far forgot her previous professions as to assert that her pocket had been picked and that the thief had got away with $90. Then she lost the opportunity to get free medicine, thus adding, in her view, insult to injury.—New York Post.

Why Larks Are Easily Caught.

No bird is so easily netted as the lark; he generally starts from the ground just before the lower edge of the net touches him and invariably mounts perpendicularly. This characteristic propensity to ascend at once may be observed by any person who "treads up" a lark in a field and satisfactorily illustrated by releasing, at the same moment, a newly captured lark and a sparrow from a cage or hat within the precincts of a room. While the sparrow will fly off horizontally, dash himself against the window and lie almost stunned from the shock, the lark will almost always mount upward to the ceiling and flutter there for a time in vain efforts to reach the sky before he attempts any other mode of exit; but this habit is fatal to him in the netting season. He would generally be able to escape, as indeed the bunting or clod bird, the sparrow and the linnet constantly do, by flying straight forward; but ascending, as he does, directly from the ground the moment his wings have touched the upper part of the net it is suffered to drop suddenly, and his capture is rendered inevitable.—London Standard.

Goethe's Last Moments.

The story of the deathbed of Goethe reveals a striking picture of fortitude, artistic calm and intellectual activity under the chilling dews of death. The information is gathered from a letter written on March 23, 1832, the day after Goethe's death, by Fraulein Louise Seidler, an art student and close friend of the poet's family. On the evening before his dissolution, with an icy coldness taking possession of him and the death rattle beginning to be audible, Goethe, with his charming daughter-in-law by his side, would talk of nothing but his pet theory of color, of the treaty of Basle, of his desire that the children should go to the theater, of his plans for the near future. As sleep did not come with the night, he called for a newly published volume of history, and covered his inability to read it with a joke. Even at 7 o'clock the next morning, just three and a half hours before he died, he sent for a portfolio to talk optics and was setting himself to classify some papers when the last agony seized him. He then lay motionless, notwithstanding its violence, till respiration ceased and the heart stood still.—London Globe.

How to Handle Your Horse.

Decision should never in handling horses be confounded with unwise determination to have things your way. In this application it means the faculty of doing the right thing at the right instant and may be cultivated by frequent practice with all sorts of horses, and of course no hands were ever developed by handling any one animal or any one kind of a horse. It is decision that gives the hand the moment the horse yields; that uses the roughest methods at a pinch, for hands are by no means always delicate of touch; that frustrates the most determined attempts of kicker, rearer or bolter; that picks the best road; that makes the animal carry himself to the best advantage for the purpose of the moment. Decision is very close to intuition in effect. Decision dominates the situation at many critical moments, and the horse is quick to discern and to presume upon its absence. There is no such thing as a safe partnership with a horse. You must be the master or he will be, to your certain future discomfiture.—F. M. Ware in Outing Magazine.

Big Benefits at London Theaters.

Betterton, in 1709, when his salary was £4 a week, had a benefit and received £70 as his share of the receipts and £450 in the shape of donations. The biggest benefit performances of modern times have taken place at Drury Lane. That for Ben Webster, held in March, 1874, realized £2,000; the profit on the Buckstone celebration, in June, 1876, was £1,200; for the Nellie Farren benefit performance, in March, 1898, there was obtained £7,260, though half of this amount was secured from private donations, which flowed in when it was known that the Messrs. Rothschild had volunteered to invest what sum was realized, give the popular comedienne an annuity and, on her death, grant the theatrical charities half of the capital.—London Chronicle.

To Insure Privacy of Mail.

All private and confidential correspondence, according to a postoffice inspector, should either be sealed with wax or else addressed and stamped on the back instead of the front. Sealing with wax is an excellent insurance of privacy, but it is a difficult and awkward operation, and wax and a match, candle and seal are not always at hand. The other method is much the better. After fastening down the flap of the envelope firmly, affix the stamp across the flap's junction and write the address across it as well. Then it is absolutely impossible to steam open the letter and close it again in such a way as to escape detection.

The Creole.

A pure creole is a person born in Louisiana of French or Spanish parents. It is a mistaken idea to suppose that a creole has negro blood in his veins. A creole negro is one whose forefathers were owned by the early French and Spanish settlers and who spoke a corruption of those languages known as "gumbo." Their descendants are the creole negroes and should never be conflicted with creoles in the true sense of the term.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Why, Indeed?

At an examination of Sunday school children the following was one of the questions put upon the blackboard: "Why did your godfathers and godmothers promise these things for you?" The answer of a bright girl, written neatly on the slate, was, "Why, indeed?" She got marks.—Christian Life.

Not to Blame.

Father (sternly)—Now, Sophia, something must be done to reduce your expenses. You are actually spending more than your allowance.

Daughter—It isn't my fault, father. I've done my best to get you to increase it.—Brooklyn Life.

Doubtful.

Lady (in dry goods store)—And is this color also genuine? Salesman—As genuine as the roses on your cheeks, miss. Lady—H'm! Show me another one.—Kleines Witzblatt.

Just Badness.

Father—That kid ought to have a spanking! He's altogether too precocious; knows more than I do! Mother—But, dear, I wouldn't call that precocious.—Detroit Free Press.

Only the illiterate and the social elect can afford to treat the language recklessly.—Brainerd.

Stammer to Yourself.

To the many correspondents who have written inquiries and suggestions as to a cure for stammering we may state that this is not a medical bureau. This writer gave his own method of curing his own particular nervous disorder, which is probably shared by many of his fellow men. Let it be repeated in answer to many who seem to have seen the problem and missed the solution. Consume your own smoke. If you must stammer, try to stammer to yourself. When you have tut-tutted and gar-gurred sufficiently to yourself, you will be ready with the word. It is quite astonishing how soon the inaudible stammer becomes unnecessary and the word is whipped out! But there are some men who hug a stammer—stammering always in the right place—lifting curiosity to tiptoe in the listener. Charles Lamb stammered, but always in the right place, as when he went to buy cheese (the story may be quite untrue). The shopman offered to send it home. Lamb inspected it. Then he asked for a bit of string. "I think," he said, "I could l-l-l-l-ead it home." — London Spectator.

Not a Clothes Peg.

Peggie Newton had been a faithful household drudge for years, and had not grumbled much when her wages were occasionally passed over. But as time went on, and her salary fell more and more into arrear, she ventured to ask for something "on account."

"Why, haven't I paid you your wages lately, Peg? How careless of me," her mistress said. "I'm sorry I have no money in the house just now, but here's a smart cloak that I've ceased to wear, and which is only a wee bit out of fashion. You'll take it in lieu of wages, won't you?"

"No, ma'am, I'm sure I shan't," said Peg, wrathfully eying the faded old cloak. "A peg I may be by name, but I won't be the sort of peg that people hang castoff clothes on—not if I know it."—London Answers.

Old Whist Terms.

The following passage is from the Adventurer, No. 35, March 6, 1753:

"On Sunday last a terrible fire broke out at Lady Brag's, occasioned by the following accident: Mrs. Overall, the housekeeper, having lost three rubbers at whist running without holding a swabber (notwithstanding she had changed chairs, furzed the cards and ordered Jemmy, the footboy, to sit cross legged for good luck), grew out of all patience and, taking up the devil's books, as she called them, flung them into the fire, and the flames spread to the steward's room."

Swabbers are the ace of hearts, the knave of clubs and the ace and the deuce of trumps at whist. To furz or fuzz is to shuffle the cards very carefully or to change the pack.—London Notes and Queries.

Why Rain Clouds Are Black.

The color of a cloud depends on the manner in which the sunlight falls upon it and the position of the observer. It will be noticed that high clouds are always white or light in color, and this is because the light by which they are seen is reflected from the under surface by the numberless drops of moisture which go to form the cloud. Heavy rain clouds, on the other hand, are found much nearer the earth, and so the light falls on them more directly from above, giving a silver lining to the cloud, though the undersurface appears black owing to the complete reflection and absorption of the light by the upper layers. Seen from above by an observer in a balloon, the blackest rain clouds appear of the most dazzlingly brilliant white.

Tennis and Lawn Tennis.

There are thousands who imagine that tennis and lawn tennis are identical. In America tennis, the mother game, is always known as court tennis, whereas lawn tennis is generally known as "tennis." The games are in many respects very different. The court, which in lawn tennis is open, in tennis is closed at the back and sides by the walls, and almost invariably above by a roof. There is a considerable amount of play off the back and side walls. The balls are harder than lawn tennis balls, being, in fact, of the consistency of cricket balls. Hence the rackets are heavier and the gut is thicker.—Fry's Magazine.

Songs and Sentiment.

It is a singular fact that in proportion to the wealth of melody of a nation so does its emotional side develop. Remarkable instances of this are to be found in the United Kingdom. In Scotland, Ireland and Wales, countries rich in national songs, the emotional nature is strong. In England, where the melodies, if sweet, at any rate are not so touching and appealing, sentiment is slight.—Liverpool Courier.

The History of Man.

The ecclesiastical authorities divide the history of man into six ages: First, from Adam to Noah; second, from Noah to Abraham; third, from Abraham to David; fourth, from David to the Babylonish captivity; fifth, from the captivity of Judah to the birth of Christ; sixth, from the birth of Christ to the end of the world.

Typhoid.

By boiling all the water and sterilizing all the milk and thoroughly cooking all the vegetables and killing all the flies the average person may become fairly immune from typhoid fever.

Illinois Central

Excursion Rates

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

TOURIST RATES.

Tickets on sale commencing November 1, 1906, and daily during the winter with long limit, to Hot Springs, Ark., Vicksburg, Miss., Gulfport, Miss., Hammond, La., New Orleans, La., Havana, Cuba; Colon, Panama, and many other points in Mississippi, Louisana, Florida, Cuba, Porto Rico, Texas, Mexico, Arizona, Colorado and California.

Write for rates and free folders or booklets about any of these points.

ONE AND ONE-THIRD FARE ON CERTIFICATE PLAN.

Cedar Rapids, Ia., Iowa State Dairy Association, Nov. 7-9.

Albert Lea, Minn., Celebration Fiftieth Anniversary of Dano-Norwegian Baptist Churches, Nov. 15-18.

OPEN RATE OF ONE AND ONE THIRD FARE.

Home-visitors' excursion to certain points in Indiana, Ohio and other eastern states on sale Oct. 19, limited to thirty days.

Council Bluffs, Ia., Reunion Army of the Tennessee, Nov. 8 and 9.

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.

Homeseeker's Excursion rates south, southeast, and southwest on sale first and third Tuesdays of each month until and including November 1906.

LESS THAN ONE FARE.

One way, second-class Colonists' Rates, to certain points in Montana, Utah, Idaho, British Columbia, Alberta Washington, Oregon, Arizona and California. Tickets on sale daily until Oct. 31st.

One way, second-class Colonists rates West and Southwest, to certain points in the state of Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana Oklahoma, Indian Territory and New Mexico, on sale first and third Tuesdays November to March inclusive.

Vicksburg, Miss., Dedication of Iowa Monuments in National Military Park, Nov. 14-15.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Dedication of Iowa Monuments in National Military Park, Nov. 19-20.

Shiloh, Battlefield, Dedication of Iowa monuments Nov. 23.

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.

THE NEW YORK WORLD.

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The Thrice-a-Week World, now that a great Presidential campaign is foreshadowed, hopes to be a better paper than it has ever been before, and it has made its arrangements accordingly. Its news service covers the entire globe and it reports everything fully, promptly and accurately. It is the only newspaper, not a daily, which is as good as a daily, which will keep you as completely informed of what is happening throughout the world.

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SPECIAL ONE WAY SECOND CLASS RATES WEST AND SOUTHWEST.

November 6 and 20, December 4 and 18, January 1 and 15, February 5 and 19, March 5 and 19.

On the above dates the I. C. R. R. will sell one way colonist tickets to points in Arkansas, Colorado, Indian Territory, Kansas, Louisiana, Mexico, Missouri, Nebraska, New Mexico, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Texas and Wyoming. These tickets are sold to certain points in each state. For particulars inquire of the undersigned.

H. G. PIERCE, Agt.

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If you want a

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of the best make, see E. J. Conger, Manchester, or write him to call upon you and submit styles and prices. None better.

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Just received a new stock of

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in all the newest styles. We also have a

Swell Lot of Trousers Patterns

that we are making up at a reasonable price. We fit the hard to fit, also put style in our garments. Come in and talk it over with us. We will treat you right.

We do cleaning, pressing and repairing.

Tailor shop two doors north of Delaware County Bank.

FRANKLIN STREET.

WEEK END EXCURSION RATES

Via I. C. R. R. Week end excursion tickets will be sold to certain points on I. C. R. R on Saturdays and Sundays, November 3rd to December 16th inclusive and January 5th to March 31st, 1907, inclusive. For further particulars apply to the undersigned.

Respectfully,
H. G. PIERCE, Agt.

WINTER VISITORS WEEK END RATES DURING SEASONS 1906-1907.

via Manchester & Oneida and Chicago Great Western Rys. to Waterloo, Iowa, at rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale train leaving Manchester 2:00 p. m. Saturdays, and all trains Sundays Nov 3d to Dec. 15th, and Jan 5th to March 30th limited to return until Monday night following.

42-11w J. L. KELSEY, Traffic Manager.

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 7:48 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.

TRAIN WILL STOP ONLY AT

Bishop's 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
No401 11:44 pm	Thro Express.	No 403 3:41 a m
No 33 †5:53 p m	....Clipper....	No 34†8:55 a m
No 5 ‡ 8:30 a m	..Fast Mail..	No 6† 11:18a m
No 3† 2:40 p m	.Day Express.	No 4 3:38 p 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.822 5:45p.m	...†Passenger..	No.305 9:00 a.m
No 334 6.15a.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 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, Oneida, Iowa

Chicago Special, Daily, Going East.....7:48 a.m
Day Express daily.....4:00 p.m
Way Freight daily ex. Sunday.....11:45 a.m
Going West, North and South.
Way Freight, daily ex. Sunday.....11:25 a.m
Day Express daily.....2:12 p.m
St Paul & Kansas City Exp, daily.....5:47 a.m

For information and tickets apply to
C. A. Robinson, Agent, Oneida.

Compound Vapor and Shampoo Baths.

Baths

Vapor and Shampoo.

Most all diseases are caused by poisonous secretions, which clog the wheels of NATURE.

The name and the symptoms may be different but the cause of disease can usually be traced to the imperfect action of the millions of pores of the human body. A bath in accordance with scientific requirements is the best preventative and remedy known. The methods employed by me are the most scientific ever invented or discovered for dispelling disease. Results tell the story. Give me a trial. This is the Conant system of baths. A competent lady attendant in charge of the ladies department.

Office and bath rooms on Franklin street, opposite Globe Hotel.

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Successor to Geo. H. Keyes.

Hesner's Shop is the place to get a SQUARE DEAL IN

BLACKSMITHING

All of the old customers, who patronized me when I ran the independent blacksmith shop on the West side, are invited to again give me their work. I am now the proprietor of the shop on Franklin street, formerly owned by George H. Keyes.

A. J. HESNER.

Why do you fret and grumble,
Why don't you take a tumble,
Use Beacom's Picnic Pills,
They will drive away your ills
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