# With Edged Tools

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN

Author of "The Sowers," "Roden's Corner," "From One Generation to Another," Etc.

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CHAPTER XII.

IT is possible even in Loango to have a fling, but the carouser must be prepared to face, even in the midst of his revelry, the haunting thought that the exercise of the strictest economy in any other part of the world might be a preferable pastime.

During the three days following his arrival Victor Durnovo indulged, according to his lights, in the doubtful pleasure mentioned. He purchased at the best factory the best clothes obtainable; he lived like a fighting cock in the one so called hotel, a house chiefly affected and supported by ship captains. He spent freely of money that was not his and imagined himself to be leading the life of a gentleman. He rode round on a hired horse to call on his friends, and on the afternoon of the sixth day he alighted from this quadruped at the gate of the Gordons' bungalow.

A few minutes later Jocelyn came into the drawing room, where he was waiting, with a brazen face and a sinking heart. Somehow the very room had power to bring him down toward his own level. When he set eyes on Jocelyn, in her fair Saxon beauty, he regained aplomb.

She appeared to be rather glad to see him.

"I thought," she said, "that you had gone back to the expedition?"

"Not without coming to say goodby," he answered. "It is not likely."

Just to demonstrate how fully he felt at ease he took a chair without waiting for an invitation and sat tapping his boot with his whip, looking her furtively up and down all the while with an appraising eye.

"And when do you go?" she asked, with a subtle change in her tone which did not penetrate through his mental epidermis.

"I suppose in a few days now. But I'll let you know all right, never fear."

Victor Durnovo stretched out his legs and made himself quite at home, but Jocelyn did not sit down. On the contrary, she remained standing persistently and significantly.

"Maurice gone away?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"And left you all alone," in a tone of light badinage.

"I am accustomed to being left," she answered gravely.

"I don't quite like it, you know."

"You?"

She looked at him with a steady surprise which made him feel a trifle uncomfortable.

"Well, you know," he was forced to explain, shuffling the while uneasily in his chair and dropping his whip, "one naturally takes an interest in one's friends' welfare. You and Maurice are the best friends I have in Loango."

"Maurice has always spoken of you with gratitude," she said.

"To deaf ears, eh? Yes, he has reason to be grateful, though perhaps I ought not to say it. I have put him into several very good things on the coast, and it is in my power to get him into this new scheme. It is a big thing; he would be a rich man in no time."

He rose from his seat and deliberately crossed the room to the sofa where she had sat down, where he reclined, with one arm stretched out along the back of it toward her. In his other hand he held his riding whip, with which he began to stroke the skirt of her dress, which reached along the floor almost to his feet.

"Would you like him to be in it?" he asked, with a meaning glance beneath his lashes. "It is a pity to throw away a good chance; his position is not so very secure, you know."

She gave a strange little hunted glance round the room. She was wedged into a corner and could not rise without incurring the risk of his saying something she did not wish to hear. Then she leaned forward and deliberately withdrew her dress from the touch of his whip, which was, in its way, a subtle caress.

"Is he throwing away the chance?" she asked.

"No, but you are."

Then she rose from her seat, and, standing in the middle of the room, faced him with a sudden gleam in her eyes.

"I do not see what it has to do with me," she said; "I do not know anything about Maurice's business arrangements and very little about his business friends."

"Then let me tell you, Jocelyn—well, then, Miss Gordon, if you prefer it—that you will know more about one of his business friends before you have finished with him. I've got Maurice more or less in my power now and it rests with you"—

At this moment a shadow darkened the floor of the veranda and an instant later Jack Meredith walked quietly in by the window.

"Enter, young man," he said dramatically, "by window—center."

"I am sorry," he went on in a different tone to Jocelyn, "to come in this unceremonious way, but the servant told me that you were on the veranda with Durnovo, and"—

He turned toward the half breed, pausing.

"And Durnovo is the man I want," weighing each word.

Durnovo's right hand was in his jacket pocket. Seeing Meredith's proffered salutation, he slowly withdrew it and shook hands.

The flash of hatred was still in his eyes when Jack Meredith turned upon him with aggravating courtesy. The pleasant, half cynical glance wandered from Durnovo's dark face very deliberately down to his jacket pocket, where the stock of a revolver was imperfectly concealed.

"We were getting anxious about you," he explained, "seeing that you did not come back. Of course, we knew that you were capable of taking care of yourself."

He was still looking innocently at the telltale jacket pocket, and Durnovo, following the direction of his glance, hastily thrust his hand into it.

"But one can never tell with a treacherous climate like this what a day may bring forth. However, I am glad to find you looking so very fit."

Victor Durnovo gave an awkward little laugh, extremely conscious of the factory clothes.

"Oh, yes; I'm all right," he said. "I was going to start this evening."

The girl stood behind them, with a flush slowly fading from her face. There are some women who become suddenly beautiful, not by the glory of a beautiful thought, not by the exaltation of a lofty virtue, but by the mere practical human flush. Jack Meredith, when he took his eyes from Durnovo's, glancing at Jocelyn, suddenly became aware of the presence of a beautiful woman.

The crisis was past, and, if Jack knew it, so also did Jocelyn. She knew that the imperturbable gentlemanliness of the Englishman had conveyed to the more passionate West Indian the simple, downright fact that in a lady's drawing room there was to be no raised voice, no itching fingers, no flash of fiery eyes.

"Yes," he said; "that will suit me splendidly. We will travel together."

He turned to Jocelyn.

"I hear your brother is away?"

"Yes, for a few days. He has gone up the coast."

Then there was a silence. They both paused, helping each other as if by prearrangement, and Victor Durnovo suddenly felt that he must go. He rose and picked up the whip which he had dropped on the matting. There was no help for it—the united wills of these two people were too strong for him.

Jack Meredith passed out of the veranda with him, murmuring something about giving him a leg up. While they were walking round the house Victor Durnovo made one of those hideous mistakes which one remembers all through life with a sudden rush of warm shame and self contempt. The very thing that was uppermost in his

"Enter, young man," he said dramatically.

mind to be avoided suddenly bubbled to his lips, almost, it would seem, in defiance of his own will.

"What about the small—the smallpox?" he asked.

"We have got it under," replied Jack quietly. "We had a very bad time for three days, but we got all the cases isolated and prevented it from spreading. Of course we could do little or nothing to save them; they died."

Durnovo had the air of a whipped dog. His mind was a blank. He simply had nothing to say. The humiliation of utter self contempt was his.

"You need not be afraid to come back now," Jack Meredith went on, with a strange refinement of cruelty.

And that was all he ever said about it.

"Will it be convenient for you to meet me on the beach at 4 o'clock this afternoon?" he asked when Durnovo was in the saddle.

"Yes."

"All right; 4 o'clock."

He turned and deliberately went back to the bungalow.

There are some friendships where the intercourse is only the seed which absence duly germinates. Jocelyn Gordon and Jack had parted as acquaintances; they met as friends. There is no explaining these things, for there is no gauging the depths of the human mind. There is no getting down to the little bond that lies at the bottom of the well—the bond of sympathy. There is no knowing what it is that prompts us to say, "This man or this woman of all the millions shall be my friend."

"I am sorry," he said, "that he should have had a chance of causing you uneasiness again."

Jocelyn remembered that all her life. She remembers still, and Africa has slipped away from her existence forever. It is one of the mental photographs of her memory, standing out clear and strong amid a host of minor recollections.

"I do not believe," she said, "that you know the risks you are running into. Even in the short time that Maurice and I have been here we have learned to treat the climate of western Africa with a proper respect. We have known so many people who have succumbed."

"Yes, but I do not mean to do that. In a way Durnovo's—what shall we call it?—lack of nerve is a great safeguard. He will not run into any danger."

"No, but he might run you into it."

"Not a second time, Miss Gordon. Not if we know it. Oscard mentioned a desire to wring Durnovo's neck. I am afraid he will do it one of these days."

"The mistake that most people make," the girl went on more lightly, "is a want of care. You cannot be too careful, you know, in Africa."

"I am careful; I have reason to be."

She was looking at him steadily, her blue eyes searching his.

"Yes?" she said slowly, and there were a thousand questions in the word.

"It would be very foolish for me to be otherwise," he said. "I am engaged to be married, and I came out here to make the wherewithal. This expedition is an expedition to seek the wherewithal."

"Yes," she said, "and therefore you must be more careful than any one else, because, you see, your life is something which does not belong to you, but with which you are trusted. I mean if there is anything dangerous to be done let some one else do it. What is she like? What is her name?"

"Her name is Millicent—Millicent Chyne."

"And what is she like?"

He leaned back and, interlocking his fingers, stretched his arms out with the palms of his hands outward, a habit of his when asked a question needing consideration.

"She is of medium height. Her hair is brown. Her worst enemy admits, I believe, that she is pretty. Of course I am convinced of it."

"Of course," replied Jocelyn steadily. "That is as it should be. And I have no doubt that you and her worst enemy are both quite right."

CHAPTER XIII.

RUMOR met Maurice Gordon almost at the outset of his journey northward. "Smallpox is raging on the Ogowe river," they told him. "The English expedition is stricken down with it. The three leaders are dead."

Maurice Gordon had not lived four years on the west African coast in vain. He took this for what it was worth. But if he had acquired skepticism he had lost his nerve. He put about and sailed back to Loango.

"I wonder," he muttered as he walked up from the beach to his office that same afternoon—"I wonder if Durnovo is among them."

And he was conscious of a ray of hope in his mind. He was a kind hearted man in his way, this Maurice Gordon of Loango, but he could not disguise from himself the simple fact that the death of Victor Durnovo would be a distinct convenience and a most desirable relief.

Thinking these thoughts, Maurice Gordon arrived at the factory and went straight to his own office, where he found the object of them, Victor Durnovo, sitting in consumption of the office sherry.

Gordon saw at once that the rumor was true. There was a hunted, unwholesome look in Durnovo's eyes. He looked shaken and failed to convey a suggestion of personal dignity.

"Hello!" exclaimed the proprietor of the decanter. "You look a bit chippy. I've heard you've got smallpox up at Msala."

"So have I. I've just heard it from Meredith."

"Just heard it! Is Meredith down here too?"

"Yes, and the fool wants to go back tonight. I have to meet him on the beach at 4 o'clock."

Maurice Gordon sat down, poured out for himself a glass of sherry and drank it thoughtfully.

"Do you know, Durnovo," he said emphatically, "I have my doubts about Meredith being a fool."

"Indeed!" with a derisive laugh.

"Yes."

Maurice Gordon looked over his shoulder to see that the door was shut.

"You'll have to be very careful," he said. "The least slip might let it all out. Meredith has a quiet way of looking at one which disquiets me. He might find out."

"Not he," replied Durnovo confidently, "especially if we succeed, and we shall succeed; we shall!"

Maurice Gordon made a little movement of the shoulders as indicating a certain uneasiness, but he said nothing.

There was a pause of considerable duration, at the end of which Durnovo produced a paper from his pocket and threw it down.

"That's good business," he said.

"Two thousand tusks," murmured Maurice Gordon. "Yes, that's good. Through Akmed, I suppose?"

"Yes. We can outdo these Arabs at their own trade."

An evil smile lighted up Durnovo's sallow face. When he smiled his drooping, curtain-like mustache projected in a way that made keen observers of the human face wonder what his mouth was like.

Gordon, who had been handling the paper with the tips of his fingers as if it were something unclean, threw it down on the table again.

"Ye-es," he said slowly, "but it does not seem to dirty black hands as it does white. They know no better."

"Lord!" ejaculated Durnovo. "Don't let us begin the old arguments all over again. I thought we settled that the trade was there. We couldn't prevent it, and therefore the best thing is to make hay while the sun shines and then clear out of the country."

"But suppose Meredith finds out?" reiterated Maurice Gordon, with the lamentable hesitation that precedes loss.

"If Meredith finds out it will be the worse for him."

A certain concentration of tone aroused Maurice Gordon's attention, and he glanced uneasily at his companion.

"No one knows what goes on in the heart of Africa," said Durnovo darkly. "But we will not trouble about that. Meredith won't find out."

"Where is he now?"

"With your sister at the bungalow. A lady's man—that is what he is."

On hearing that Jack was at the bungalow with Jocelyn, Maurice Gordon glanced at the clock and wondered how he could get away from his present visitor. The atmosphere of Jack Meredith's presence was preferable to that diffused by Victor Durnovo. There was a feeling of personal safety and dignity in the very sound of his voice which set a weak and easily led man upon his feet.

But Victor Durnovo had something to say to Gordon which circumstances had brought to a crisis.

"Look here," he said, leaning forward and throwing away the cigarette he had been smoking, "this simiacine scheme is going to be the biggest thing that has ever been run on this coast."

"Yes," said Gordon, with the indifference that comes from nonparticipation.

"And I'm the only business man in it," significantly.

Gordon nodded his head, awaiting further developments.

"Which means that I could work another man into it. I might find out that we could not get on without him."

The black eyes seemed to probe the good natured, sensual face of Maurice Gordon, so keen, so searching was their glance.

"And I would be willing to do it, to make that man's fortune, provided that he was my brother-in-law."

"What the devil do you mean?" asked Gordon, setting down the glass that was half raised to his lips.

"I mean that I want to marry Jocelyn."

And the modern school of realistic, mawkishly foul novelists, who hold that love excuseth all, would have taken delight in the passionate rendering of the girl's name.

"Want to marry Jocelyn, do you?" answered Maurice, with a derisive little laugh. On the first impulse of the moment he gave no thought to himself or his own interests and spoke with undisguised contempt. He might have been speaking to a beggar on the roadside.

Durnovo's eyes flashed dangerously and his tobacco stained teeth clinched for a moment over his lower lip.

"That is my desire and intention."

"Look here, Durnovo," exclaimed Gordon, "don't be a fool! Can't you see that it is quite out of the question?"

"No," he said, "I can't see that it is out of the question. On the contrary, it seems only natural that she should marry the man who is her brother's partner in many a little speculation."

Maurice Gordon, sitting there staring hopelessly into the half breed's face, saw it all. He went back in a flash of recollection to many passing details which had been unnoted at the time; details which now fitted into each other like links of a chain, and that chain was around him. He leaped forward in a momentary opening of the future, and saw himself ruined, disgraced, held up to the execration of the whole civilized world. He was utterly in this man's power, bound hand and foot. He could not say him no, and least of all could he say no to this demand, which had roused all the latent chivalry, gentlemanliness, brotherly love that was in him. Maurice Gordon knew that Victor Durnovo possessed knowledge which Jocelyn would consider cheap at the price of her person.

"I don't think," said Durnovo, who seemed to be following Gordon's thoughts, "that the idea will be so repellent to your sister as you seem to think."

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### Sir Walter Scott's First Brief.

Sir Walter Scott had his share of the usual curious experiences shortly after being called to the bar. His first appearance as counsel in a criminal court was at Jedburgh assizes in 1793, when he successfully defended a veteran poacher. "You're a lucky scoundrel," Scott whispered to his client when the verdict was given. "I'm just o' your mind," returned the latter, "and I'll send you a maukin (i. e., a hare) the morn, man." Lockhart, who narrates the incident, omits to add whether the maukin duly reached Scott, but no doubt it did. On another occasion Scott was less successful in his defense of a housebreaker, but the culprit, grateful for his counsel's exertions, gave him, in lieu of the orthodox fee, which he was unable to pay, this piece of advice, to the value of which he (the housebreaker) could professionally attest: First, never to have a large watchdog out of doors, but to keep a little yelping terrier within, and, secondly, to put no trust in nice, clever, gimcrack locks, but to pin his faith to a huge old heavy one with a rusty key. Scott long remembered this incident, and thirty years later, at a judges' dinner at Jedburgh, he recalled it in this impromptu rhyme:

Yelping terrier, rusty key,
Was Walter Scott's best Jeddart fee.

—Westminster Gazette.

### Wastebasket Treasures.

"I have in my employ," said a dealer in autographs, "a number of celebrities' housemaids. Thanks to these young women, I secure at nominal cost many an autographic gem. All I ask of the maids is that they ship me weekly the contents of their masters' wastebaskets. They bale the stuff up in burlap, and every Monday or Tuesday it comes to me by freight. I go over it carefully, making many finds. Here will be a begging letter from a famous author in hard luck. Here in a brief note a great actor will boast of his last success. Here will be a dinner invitation from a celebrated millionaire. Some celebrities, of course, save their valuable letters, and some sell them, but the majority throw into the wastebasket most of the mail they receive, and I, searching the baskets' contents every Monday morning, find my reward in many a letter worth $10 or $20."

### The Bed and the Candidates.

Judge Harlan and James B. McCreary once canvassed Kentucky together as the Republican and Democratic candidates for governor. They traveled about the state on a joint debating trip and in many small mountain places had to sleep in the same bed. They were warm personal friends and so did not object to this intimacy. One night Mr. Harlan got into bed first. Senator McCreary was not far behind, and just as he entered the bed Judge Harlan raised his bulky form and said in his stentorian voice, "McCreary, there is one thing certain—the next governor of Kentucky is in this bed." As he spoke the bed slats broke, and Judge Harlan rolled to the floor. Senator McCreary caught and held himself in bed, and, as Judge Harlan reached the floor, said: "John, you are right. The next governor of Kentucky is still in this bed."

### The Sea Horse.

This fish is found in the Atlantic ocean around the coast of Spain, the south of France, in the Mediterranean and in the Indian ocean. Sea horses are very small and have been found often curled up in oyster shells. The head is much like that of a horse, and the rings around the body and tail resemble those of some caterpillars. The habits of these fishes are singular and interesting. They swim with a waving motion, and frequently wind their tails around the weeds and rushes. They have fins to sustain them in the water, and even in the air. They live on worms, fishes, eggs and substances found in the bottom of the sea.

### Odd Proposal of Marriage.

That celebrated painter of flower and figure subjects, William Hunt, was on one occasion commissioned by a gentleman to paint his portrait in the attitude of kneeling and holding in his hand an open scroll whereon were written a declaration of love and an offer of marriage. The lady to whom this unusual proposal of marriage was sent replied with a chalk drawing of herself with a sheet of paper in her hand, on which was inscribed a laconic "Yes."

### Rubbish Heaps.

In a thousand miles of Europe I saw but one rubbish heap—some old metal cans at Carlsruhe. Everywhere else was a complete absence of all waste or carelessness and, above all, of defacement and roadside uncleanliness. The foul vacant lots and dirty dumps that abound in and about American towns are not to be found anywhere. —Exchange.

### Open to the Warning.

Old Quiverful—And so you want to take our daughter from us—you want to take her from us suddenly, without a word of warning? Young Goslow—Not at all, sir. If there is anything about her you want to warn me against I'm willing to listen.

The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use not of what we have chosen, but of what is forced upon us.

## THE TABLES OF STONE.

**A Curious Calculation From the Talmud and the Bible.**

Did you ever figure on the probable size and immense strength of Moses, basing your calculations on the dimensions of the tables of stone, as given by the Talmudic writers? In the Talmud (folio 38, column S) it is said that the tables of stone upon which the commandments were written were six ells long, six ells broad and three ells thick. In the Bible, Exodus xxxii, 15, we are told that "Moses went down from the mount, and the two tables of the testimony were in his hand."

"Hand," mind you, not hands, though it must be admitted that it would have taken a strong pair of hands to perform the task of carrying them, even on the level. Now, we will put the Talmudic and the Biblical accounts together and apply the mathematical rule. The Hebrew ell or cubit was, at its least estimate, a measure of eighteen inches, which would have made each of the tables a stone block nine feet long, nine feet wide and four and one-half feet thick. If common stone weighed as much to the square foot then as it does now the tables would tip the beam at about twenty-eight tons! Was Moses one of the giants of those days or has some one made a mistake in calculations or in the statement of supposed facts?—Exchange.

## SARDINES.

**The Way They Are Cooked and Prepared For Market.**

Sardines are caught in nets, and after being well washed the heads are cut off and the fish are sprinkled lightly with salt. After lying for a few hours they are placed on grids in rows almost perpendicular. The frames are then placed in pans containing boiling olive oil. The oil is changed as soon as it becomes too black and dirty for continuing the cooking process.

As soon as the fish are considered sufficiently cooked, they are withdrawn from the pans of oil and the grids are placed on the tables covered with zinc, the surface of the table inclining toward a groove in the center. The oil is thus carried to a vessel prepared to receive it. Round the table stand the women whose business it is to pack the fish closely and uniformly in boxes.

The boxes being full, the fish are covered with fresh oil and the lids are then soldered down. Thus hermetically sealed they are placed in iron baskets and immersed in boiling water. The smaller boxes are thus boiled for half an hour and the larger ones somewhat longer, in proportion to size of box. The fish are then ready for the market. —Pearson's Weekly.

### The Wearing of Hats.

More or less of a modern habit is the constant wearing of hats. Even as late as 1759 Horace Walpole mentions as a matter of course that he never wears a hat. "Remember," he says, writing to a friend notoriously careless about his dress, who was expected home from Holland, "everybody that comes from abroad is supposed to come from France, and whatever they wear at their first reappearance immediately grows the fashion. Now if, as is very likely, you should through inadvertence change hats with the master of a Dutch smack in a week's time we shall all be equipped like Dutch skippers. You see, I speak very disinterestedly, for, as I never wear a hat myself, it is indifferent to me what sort of a hat I don't wear."

### Dangerous.

A contributor to the "Transactions of the Devonshire association" says that when he came to a certain place as vicar he asked whether there were any sick to be visited.

"Oh, no, sir!" was the answer. "Nobody is ever ill in Berrynarbor. There is an old man, to be sure, over ninety, who has taken lately to his bed, but there hain't much the matter with him that I know of."

"I thought to myself," added the vicar, "of the story of the Scotchman who said to his doctor:

"'Ye put a vara long face, doctor. D'ye think I'm dangerously ill?'

"'Na, na,' was the reply. 'I don't think ye're dangerously ill, but I think ye're dangerously old.'"

### The Missing Key.

One telegraph operator was telling another of a quarrel he had had with another at the other end of a wire.

"I gave him fits over the wire for about two minutes."

"What did he say?"

"Did not give him a chance to say anything. I just opened the key and he could not come back at me."

"Goodness," put in a bystander, "wouldn't it be fine if we could work a scheme like that in matrimony? Just open the key and that would be the end of it."—New York Tribune.

### Trees.

Authorities on forestry say that seventy-five years are required for the oak to reach maturity; for the ash, larch and elm, about the same length of time; for the spruce and fir, about eighty years. After this time their growth remains stationary for some years, and then decay begins. There are, however, some exceptions to this, for oaks are still living which are known to be 1,000 years old.

### Possibilities.

"But," protested the first dear girl, "I haven't got the face to ask a favor of him."

"Well," rejoined dear girl No. 2, "you might visit a complexion specialist and have your face remodeled."—Chicago News.

To smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.—Sheridan.

### His Name.

An unpopular man who was refused membership in a certain aristocratic club had the audacity to write to the club secretary demanding the name of the man who blackballed him. The secretary could not resist the chance of sending the following reply: "Sir, I have received your letter demanding the name of the man who blackballed you. His name is Legion."

### All Around the Clock.

"Grandpa says his stay in the mountains last summer did him no good. His room was right off the piazza, and people made love under his window until all hours."

"But couldn't he sleep after the lovers went to bed?"

"No; as soon as the lovers went to bed the children got up."—Harper's Weekly.

### 'Twas Ever Thus.

"I suppose you have found," said the plain citizen, "that every man has his price."

"Yes," replied the lobbyist, "except the man who is worth buying."—Philadelphia Press.

## TENNYSON'S MOODS.

**Eccentric Manner In Which the Poet Received Some Visitors.**

It was an eccentric reception that Sir Henry Rosco was given when he visited Lord Tennyson. The former had been unwilling to intrude on the poet, but consented to accompany a friend, William Summers, who had a note of introduction from Sir Lewis Morris. They found Tennyson at lunch. Sir Henry writes of it: "Tennyson at once asked me to sit by him, while Mr. Summers was held in conversation at the other side of the room by Lady Tennyson. The old man began with the words, 'Your name has been before me at every meal,' at which I expressed great astonishment, not thinking that he had ever heard of me.

"And thereupon he produced a small vial containing saccharin, on the outside of which was an advertisement containing a few lines of some appreciatory remarks respecting saccharin which I had made in a lecture at the Royal institute. This notice I had never seen, and on my return home I wrote to the proprietors requesting them to stop issuing such notices, as I could not have my name used for advertising purposes, and this they did.

"In a few minutes, without further conversation, Tennyson rose and said: 'Well, I must bid you goodby, for I must now lie down. I am going to smoke a cigar and go to sleep.' Upon which he walked out of the room, giving a distant nod to my disconsolate friend, Will Summers, who had come on purpose to interview the poet, but with whom he had not exchanged a single word."

## MATCHES ON MAIL BOXES.

**The Scratcher May Afterward Get a Light on Prison Bars.**

Mr. Smoker, see to it that your Uncle Samuel doesn't catch you striking a match on one of his mail boxes. He'll surely make trouble for you if he can prove that a certain scratch on the metal of one of those gray boxes on the corners was made by your drawing the tip of a lucifer across it.

That's about what the mail carrier told the fellow who is handing you this advice. It was given just after the adviser had stopped, feeling "smoky" after coming out of an office where they wouldn't let him puff the stogie he had in his pocket, to scratch a match on the mail box. He was rather surprised when the mail carrier, coming up to unlock the box, said:

"Don't do that!"

"Why not?" he queried. "I've been doing it for years. It doesn't hurt the box. Other fellows and myself have scratched matches on the top of this mail box for years, and there is only a little worn patch on the metal to show for it."

"Well, go ahead if you want to," sighed the mail carrier. "But remember that, if the inspector sees you, up you go on a charge of defacing government property. And you know that if the inspector ever gets you it's you for scratching matches on the prison bars for a day or so. By-by."—Detroit News.

### How to Arrive.

Man has to be humbugged if one would command him, and he has no use for the humble person. The way to get into a publisher's or editor's office (or indeed any other with a man at the head of it) is with a tremendous show of bounce and swagger.—A Spinster in M. A. P.

### Dog Days and Rabies.

There is not the remotest connection between dog days and rabies; indeed, the records show that the fewest cases of rabies occur in July and August. There are more cases in April, November and December than in any other months.—Springfield Union.

### A Fine Art.

Zabzin—How's this for a neat little work of art? It's worth over $10, but I managed to get it for $1. Jabzin—Where's the art in it? Zabzin—In getting it for $1, of course.

## SOFT CRABS.

**After Shedding the New Shells Hardens With Great Rapidity.**

The supply of soft crabs for market is obtained by catching hard crabs and keeping them until they shed their shells. For this purpose large rectangular floats, made of laths and planking, are employed, and three or four times every day the stock on hand is carefully inspected, all the soft crabs being picked out and packed without delay. They are put into shallow boxes of moist seaweed, from ten to thirty-five dozen in a box, according to the size of the animals. When the packing is done carefully the occupants may be kept alive from sixty to seventy hours after leaving the water.

Crabs have been shipped all the way from the Chesapeake to Canada, arriving at their destination in good condition. In summer, of course, ice is used.

But where soft crabs are concerned it is necessary that they shall reach the market quickly, because their new shells harden with great rapidity. At the end of twelve hours the shells are like parchment, and in three or four days the crab is as hard as ever—hence unfit for use in the form most highly approved by epicures.—New York Herald.


WINTER VISITORS WEEK END RATES DURING SEASON 1906-1907.

via Chicago Great Western and Manchester & Oneida Railways to any Chicago Great Western station 180 miles or more distant from Manchester at one fare plus two dollars for the round trip.

Tickets will be on sale Saturdays and Sundays, Nov. 3rd and 4th to Dec. 16th inclusive, and January 5th to March 31st inclusive, limited to seven days including date of sale; tickets to be good going and returns on any train scheduled to stop at destination.

EXTENTION OF LIMIT.

The above limit may be extended for ten days for less at destination upon payment of one third of the one way fare, effective from destination to the selling station.

Half of the above rates will apply to children of five and under twelve years of age. J. L. KELSEY,
45-w21 Traffic Manager.

WINTER VISITORS' WEEK END RATES

During season 1906-1907, via Manchester & Oneida and Chicago Great Western Railways to Dubuque, Iowa, at a rate of one fare for the round trip.

Half of the above rate will apply to children of five and under twelve years of age.

Dates of sale-train leaving Manchester 2:00 p. m. Saturdays, 7:15 a. m. and 2:00 p. m. Sundays, Nov. 3d to Dec. 16 inclusive and Jan 5th to March 31st, inclusive, limited to return on all trains Mondays following date of sale.

The same rates are in effect on Saturdays and Sundays limited to Monday from Dubuque. J. L. KELSEY,
41-6mo. Traffic Manager.

INTERNATIONAL LIVE STOCK EXPOSITION

Chicago, Ill., December 1-3, 1906. For the above occasion the Manchester & Oneida Ry. will sell round trip tickets to Chicago and return, at a rate of one fare plus $2.00 for round trip, on Dec. 1 to 5, 1906; tickets limited to return until December 10th. J. L. KELSEY,
42-8wks Traffic Manager

LOW RATES TO THE WEST AND SOUTHWEST.

On the first and third Tuesdays of each month until March 1907 inclusive, the Chicago Great Western Railway will sell one way Colonist tickets at nearly half fare to points in Arkansas, Colorado, Indian Territory, Kansas, Louisiana, Mexico, Missouri, Nebraska, New Mexico, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Texas and Wyoming. For further information apply to the Great Western Agent. 45 w8

J. P. ELMER, G. P. A. St. Paul, Minn

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

SPECIAL ONE SECON-CLASS COLIONST RATES TO THE WEST AND SOUTHWEST,

On first and third Tuesdays November to March 1907, via Manchester & Oneida and Chicago Great Western Rys. at one half of the regular first class limited rate plus $3.50 Minimum rates via Missouri River $10.50.

For further information call on or address the undersigned at Manchester Iowa. J. L. KELSEY,
42-11w Traffic Manager.

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Read Wherever the English Language is Spoken.

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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

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.

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LEADING TAILOR

Just received a new stock of

Woolens for fall Suitings and Overcoats

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.


# 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 a. 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.

TRAIN WILL STOP ONLY AT

Bainnap's Crossing, Platform at Quaker Mill Switch Franklin Street Crossing, Style Crossing, Miller's Crossing, Twin Crossing, Westbrook Crossing.

## ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

| WEST BOUND —Arrive— | MAIN LINE | EAST BOUND —Leave— |
|---|---|---|
| No 1* 11:34 pm | ..Fast Train.. | No 2* 1:41 a m |
| No 401 11:44 pm | Fhro Express.. | No 402 8:41 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.322 5:45p.m | ...*Passenger.. | No.325 9:00 a.m |
| No 334 6.15a.m | ...†Passenger.. | No.335 8:00 p.m |
| No. 320 1:00p.m | ...*Freight.... | No.321 8:00 a.m |
| No. 360 1:00p.m | ...†Freight.... | No.8 03:15 p.m |

All above trains carry passengers.
* ally.
† ally 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.....4:09 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.....2:32 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.

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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.

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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. 50tf

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