THE CONQUEST of CANAAN

By BOOTH TARKINGTON,

Author of "Cherry," "Monsieur Beaucaire," Etc.

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"Not a bit," replied Eskew. "He went east to college last fall."

"Do they make the boys wear them clothes?" persisted Bradbury. "Is it some kind of uniform?"

"I don't care what it is," said Jonas Tabor, "if I was Henry Louden I wouldn't let him wear 'em around here."

"Oh, you wouldn't, wouldn't you, Jonas?" Mr. Arp employed the accents of sarcasm. "I'd like to see Henry Louden try to interfere with Gene Bantry. Fanny 'd lock the old fool up in the cellar."

The lofty vision lurched out of view.

"I reckon," said the colonel, leaning forward to see the last of it—"I reckon

It was that of a tall gentleman enduring his nineteenth winter.

Henry Louden's about the saddest case of abused stepfather I ever saw."

"It's his own fault," said Mr. Arp—"twice not havin' sense enough not to marry. Him with a son of his own too!"

"Yes," assented the colonel, "marryin' a widow with a son of her own, and that widow Fanny!"

"Wasn't it just the same with her first husband, Bantry?" Mr. Davey asked, not for information, as he immediately answered himself. "You bet it was! Didn't she always rule the roost? Yes, she did. She made a god of Gene from the day he was born. Bantry's house was run for him, like Louden's is now."

"And look," exclaimed Mr. Arp, with satisfaction, "at the way he's turned out!"

"He ain't turned out at all yet. He's too young," said Buckalew. "Besides, clothes don't make the man."

"Wasn't he smokin' a cigareet!" cried Eskew triumphantly. This was final.

"It's a pity Henry Louden can't do something for his own son," said Mr. Bradbury. "Why don't he send him away to college?"

"Fanny won't let him," chuckled Mr. Arp malevolently. "Takes all their spare change to keep Gene there in style. I don't blame her. Gene certainly acts the fool, but that Joe Louden is the orneriest boy I ever saw in an ornery world full."

"He always was kind of mischeevous," admitted Buckalew. "I don't think he's mean, though, and it does seem kind of not just right that Joe's father's money—Bantry didn't leave anything to speak of—has to go to keepin' Gene on the fat of the land, with Joe gittin' up at half past 4 to carry papers, and him goin' on nineteen years old."

"It's all he's fit for!" exclaimed Eskew. "He's low down, I tell ye. Ain't it only last week Judge Pike caught him shootin' craps with Pike's nigger driver and some other nigger hired men in the alley back of Pike's barn."

"You ever hear that boy Joe talk politics?" asked Uncle Joe Davey, crossing a cough with a chuckle. "His head's so full of schemes fer running this town, and state, too, it's a wonder it don't bust. Henry Louden told me he's see Joe set around and study by the hour how to save $3,000,000 for the state in two years."

"And the best he can do for himself," added Eskew, "is deliverin' the Daily Tocsin on a second hand Star bicycle and gamblin' with niggers and riffraff! None of the nice young folks invite him to their doin's any more."

"That's because he's got so shabby he's quit goin' with 'em," said Buckalew.

"No, it ain't," snapped Mr. Arp. "It's because he's so low down. He's no more 'n a town outcast. There ain't ary one of the girls 'll have a thing to do with him, except that rip-rarin' tomboy next door to Louden's, and the others don't have much to do with her neither, I can tell ye. That Arie Tabor"—

Colonel Flitcroft caught him surreptitiously by the arm. "Sh, Eskew!" he whispered. "Look out what you're sayin'."

"You needn't mind me," Jonas Tabor spoke up crisply. "I washed my hands of all responsibility for Roger's branch of the family long ago. Never was one of 'em had the energy or brains to make a decent livin', beginning with Roger—not one worth his salt. I set Roger's son up in business, and all the return he ever made me was to go into bankruptcy and take to drink, till he died a sot, like his wife did of shame. I done all I could when I handed him over my store, and I never expect to lift a finger for 'em again. Ariel Tabor's my grandniece, but she didn't act like it, and you can say anything you like about her for what I care. The last time I spoke to her was a year and a half ago, and I don't reckon I'll ever trouble to again."

"How was that, Jonas?" quickly inquired Mr. Davey, who, being the eldest of the party, was the most curious. "What happened?"

"She was out in the street, up on that high bicycle of Joe Louden's. He was teachin' her to ride, an' she was sittin' on it like a man does. I stopped and told her she wasn't respectable. Sixteen years old, goin' on seventeen!"

"What did she say?"

"Laughed!" said Jonas, his voice becoming louder as the recital of his wrongs renewed their sting in his soul. "Laughed!"

"What did you do?"

"I went up to her and told her she wasn't a decent girl and shook the wheel." Mr. Tabor illustrated by seizing the lapels of Joe Davey and shaking him. "I told her if her grandfather had any spunk she'd git an old fashioned hidin' for behavin' that way. And I shook the wheel again." Here Mr. Tabor, forgetting in the wrath incited by the recollection that he had not to do with an inanimate object, swung the gasping and helpless Mr. Davey rapidly back and forth in his chair. "I shook it good and hard!"

"What did she do then?" asked Peter Bradbury.

"Fell off on me," replied Jonas violently. "On purpose!"

"I wisht she'd killed ye," said Mr. Davey in a choking voice as, released, he sank back in his chair.

"On purpose!" repeated Jonas. "And smashed a straw hat I hadn't had three months! All to pieces! So it couldn't be fixed!"

"And what then?" pursued Bradbury.

"She ran," replied Jonas bitterly—"ran! And Joe Louden—Joe Louden"—He paused and gulped.

"What did he do?" Peter leaned forward in his chair eagerly.

The narrator of the outrage gulped again and opened and shut his mouth before responding.

"He said if I didn't pay for a broken spoke on his wheel he'd have to sue me!"

CHAPTER II.

MAIN street, already muffled by the snow, added to its quietude a frozen hush where the wonder bearing youth pursued his course along its white, straight way. None was there in whom impertinence overmastered astonishment or who recovered from the sight in time to jeer with effect. No "Trab's boy" gathered courage to enact in the thoroughfare a scene of mockery and of joy.

And now that expression he wore—the indulgent amusement of a man of the world—began to disintegrate and show signs of change. It became finely grave, as of a high conventionality, lofty, assured and mannered, as he approached the Pike "mansion."

It was a big, smooth stone faced house, product of the seventies, frowning under an outrageously insistent mansard, capped by a cupola and staring out of long windows overtopped with ornamental slabs. Two cast iron deer, painted death gray, twins of the same mold, stood on opposite sides of the front walk, their backs toward it and each other, their bodies in profile to the street, their necks bent, however, so that they gazed upon the passerby, yet gazed without emotion. Two large calm dogs guarded the top of the steps leading to the front door. They also were twins and of the same interesting metal, though honored beyond the deer by coats of black paint and shellac. It was to be remarked that these dogs were of no distinguishable species or breed, yet they were unmistakably dogs. The dullest must have recognized them as such at a glance, which was perhaps enough. It was a hideous house, important looking, cold, yet harshly aggressive, and it sat in the middle of its flat acre of snowy lawn like a rich, fat man enraged and sitting straight up in bed to swear.

And yet there was one charming thing about this ugly house. Some workmen were inclosing a large side porch with heavy canvas, evidently for festal purposes. Looking out from between two strips of the canvas was the rosy and delicate face of a pretty girl, smiling upon Eugene Bantry as he passed. It was an obviously pretty face, all the youth and prettiness there for your very first glance, elaborately pretty, like the splendid profusion of hair about and above it, amber colored hair, upon which so much time had been spent that a circle of large, round curls rose above the mass of it like golden bubbles tipping a coronet.

The girl's fingers were pressed thoughtfully against her chin as Eugene strode into view. Immediately her eyes widened and brightened. He swung along the fence with the handsomest appearance of unconsciousness until he reached a point nearly opposite her. Then he turned his head as if haphazardly and met her eyes. At once she threw out her hand toward him, waving him a greeting, a gesture which as her fingers had been near her lips was a little like throwing a kiss. He crooked an elbow and with a one, two, three military movement removed his small brimmed hat, extending it to full arm's length at the shoulder level, returned it to his head with life guard precision. This was also new to Canaan. He was letting Mamie Pike have it all at once.

The impression was as large as he could have desired. She remained at the opening in the canvas and watched him until he wagged his shoulders round the next corner and disappeared into a cross street. As for Eugene, he was calm with a great calm and very red.

He had not covered a great distance, however, before his gravity was replaced by his former smiling look of the landed gentleman amused by the innocent pastimes of the peasants, though there was no one in sight except a woman sweeping some snow from the front steps of a cottage, and she, not perceiving him, retired indoors without knowing her loss. He had come to a thinly built part of the town, the perfect quiet of which made the sound he heard as he opened the picket gate of his own home all the more startling. It was a scream, loud, frantic and terror stricken.

Eugene stopped, with the gate half open.

Out of the winter skeleton of a grape arbor at one side of the four square brick house a brown faced girl of seventeen precipitated herself through the air in the midst of a shower of torn cardboard which she threw before her as she leaped. She lit upon her toes and headed for the gate at top speed, pursued by a pale young man whose thin arms strove spasmodically to reach her. Scattering snow behind them, hair flying, the pair sped on like two tattered branches before a high wind, for, as they came nearer Eugene, of whom, in the tensity of their flight, they took no note, it was to be seen that both were so shabbily dressed as to be almost ragged.

The girl ran beautifully, but a fleeter foot was behind her and, though she dodged and evaded like a creature of the woods, the reaching hand fell upon the loose sleeve of her red blouse, nor fell lightly. She gave a wrench of frenzy. The antique fabric refused the strain, parted at the shoulder seam so thoroughly that the whole sleeve came away, but not to its owner's release, for she had been brought round by the jerk, so that, agile as she had shown herself, the pursuer threw an arm about her neck before she could twist away and held her.

There was a sharp struggle as short as it was fierce. Neither of these extraordinary wrestlers spoke. They fought. Victory hung in the balance for perhaps four seconds. Then the girl was thrown heavily upon her back in such a turmoil of snow that she seemed to be the mere nucleus of a white comet. She struggled to get up, plying knee and elbow with a very anguish of determination, but her opponent held her, pinioned both her wrists with one hand and with the other rubbed great handfuls of snow into her face, sparing neither mouth nor eyes.

"You will!" he cried. "You will tear up my pictures! A dirty trick, and you get washed for it!"

Half suffocated, choking, gasping, she still fought on, squirming and kicking with such spirit that the pair of them appeared to the beholder like figures of mist writhing in a fountain of snow.

More violence was to mar the peace of morning. Unexpectedly attacked from the rear, the conqueror was seized by the nape of the neck and one wrist and jerked to his feet, simultaneously receiving a succession of kicks from his assailant. Prompted by an entirely natural curiosity, he essayed to turn his head to see who this might be, but a twist of his forearm and the pressure of strong fingers under his ear constrained him to remain as he was, therefore, abandoning resistance and, oddly enough, accepting without comment the indication that his captor desired to remain for the moment incognito, he resorted calmly to explanations.

"She tore up a picture of mine," he said, receiving the punishment without apparent emotion. "She seemed to think because she'd drawn it herself she had a right to."

There was a slight whimsical droop at the corner of his mouth as he spoke, which might have been thought characteristic of him. He was an odd looking boy, not ill made, though very thin and not tall. His pallor was clear and even, as though constitutional; the features were delicate, almost childlike, but they were very slightly distorted, through nervous habit, to an expression at once wistful and humorous; one eyebrow was a shade higher than the other, one side of the mouth slightly drawn down; the eyelids twitched a little, habitually; the fine, blue eyes themselves were almost comically reproachful—the look of a puppy who thinks you would not have beaten him if you had known what was in his heart. All of this was in the quality of his voice, too, as he said to his invisible captor, with an air of detachment from any personal feeling:

"What peculiar shoes you wear! I don't think I ever felt any so pointed before."

The rescuing knight took no thought of offering to help the persecuted damsel to arise; instead he tightened his grip upon the prisoner's neck until, perforce, water—not tears—started from the latter's eyes.

"You miserable little muff!" said the conqueror. "What the devil do you mean making this scene on our front lawn?"

"Why, it's Eugene!" exclaimed the helpless one. "They didn't expect you till tonight. When did you get in?"

"Just in time to give you a lesson, my buck," replied Bantry grimly. "In good time for that, my playful stepbrother."

He began to twist the other's wrist, a treatment of bone and ligament in the application of which schoolboys and even freshmen are often adept. Eugene made the torture acute and was apparently enjoying the work when suddenly, without any manner of warning, he received an astounding blow upon the left ear, which half stunned him for the moment and sent his hat flying and himself reeling, so great was the surprise and shock of it. It was not a slap, not an open handed push—nothing like it—but a fierce, well delivered blow from a clinched fist with the shoulder behind it, and it was the girl who had given it.

"Don't you dare to touch Joe!" she cried passionately. "Don't you lay a finger on him!"

Furious and red, he staggered round to look at her.

"You wretched little wildcat, what do you mean by that?" he broke out.

"Don't you touch Joe!" she panted. "Don't you"— Her breath caught and there was a break in her voice as she faced him. She could not finish the repetition of that cry, "Don't you touch Joe!"

But there was no break in the spirit, that passion of protection which had dealt the blow. Both boys looked at her, somewhat aghast.

Eugene recovered himself. He swung round upon his heel, restored his hat to his head with precision, picked up his stick and touched his banjo case with it.

"Carry that into the house," he said indifferently to his stepbrother.

"Don't you do it!" said the girl hotly between her chattering teeth.

Eugene turned toward her, wearing the sharp edge of a smile. Not removing his eyes from her face, he produced with deliberation a flat silver box from a pocket, took therefrom a cigarette, replaced the box, extracted a smaller silver box from another pocket, shook out of it a fusee, slowly lit the cigarette—this in a splendid silence, which he finally broke to say languidly, but with particular distinctness:

"Ariel Tabor, go home!"

The girl's teeth stopped chattering, her lips remaining parted; she shook the hair out of her eyes and stared at him as if she did not understand, but Joe Louden, who had picked up the banjo case obediently, burst into cheerful laughter.

"That's it, Gene," he cried gayly. "That's the way to talk to her!"

"Stow it, you young cub," replied Eugene, not turning to him. "Do you think I'm trying to be amusing?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'stow it,'" Joe began, "but if"—

"I mean," interrupted the other, not relaxing his faintly smiling stare at the girl—"I mean that Ariel Tabor is to go home. Really we can't have this kind of thing occurring upon our front lawn!"

The flush upon her wet cheeks deepened and became dark. Even her arm grew redder as she gazed back at him. In his eyes was patent his complete realization of the figure she cut, of this bare arm, of the strewn hair, of the fallen stocking, of the ragged shoulder of her blouse, of her patched short skirt, of the whole disheveled little figure. He was the master of the house, and he was sending her home as ill behaved children are sent home by neighbors.

The immobile, amused superiority of this proprietor of silver boxes, this wearer of strange and brilliant garments, became slightly intensified as he pointed to the fallen sleeve, a rag of red and snow, lying near her feet.

"You might take that with you?" he said interrogatively.

Her gaze had not wavered in meeting his, but at this her eyelashes began to wink uncontrollably, her chin to tremble. She bent over the sleeve and picked it up before Joe Louden, who had started toward her, could do it for her. Then turning, her head still bent so that her face was hidden from both of them, she ran out of the gate.

Ariel ran along the fence until she came to the next gate, which opened upon a walk leading to a shabby, meandering old house of one story, with a very long, low porch, once painted white, running the full length of the front. Ariel sprang upon the porch and disappeared within the house.

Joe stood looking after her, his eyelashes winking as had hers. "You oughtn't to have treated her that way," he said huskily.

"Pick up that banjo case again and come on," commanded Mr. Bantry tartly. "Where's the mater?"

Joe stared at him. "Where's what?"

"The mater!" was the frowning reply.

"Oh, yes, I know!" said Joe, looking at his stepbrother curiously. "I've seen

"Don't you dare to touch Joe!" she cried.

it in stories. She's upstairs. You'll be a surprise. You're wearing lots of clothes, Gene."

"I suppose it will seem so to Canaan," returned the other wearied1y. "Governor feeling fit?"

"I never saw him," Joe replied, then caught himself. "Oh, I see what you mean! Yes, he's all right."

They had come into the hall, and Eugene was removing the long coat, while his stepbrother looked at him thoughtfully.

"Gene," asked the latter in a softened voice, "have you seen Mamie Pike yet?"

"You will find, my young friend," responded Mr. Bantry, "if you ever go about much outside of Canaan, that ladies' names are not supposed to be mentioned indiscriminately."

"It's only," said Joe, "that I wanted to say that there's a dance at their house tonight. I suppose you'll be going?"

"Certainly. Are you?"

Both knew that the question was needless, but Joe answered gently:

"Oh, no, of course not." He leaned over and fumbled with one foot as if to fasten a loose shoestring. "She wouldn't be very likely to ask me."

"Well, what about it?"

"Only that—that Arie Tabor's going."

"Indeed!" Eugene paused on the stairs, which he had begun to ascend. "Very interesting."

"I thought," continued Joe hopefully, straightening up to look at him, "that maybe you'd dance with her. I don't believe many will ask her—I'm afraid they won't—and if you would, even only once, it would kind of make up for"—he faltered—"for out there," he finished, nodding his head in the direction of the gate.

If Eugene vouchsafed any reply it was lost in a loud, shrill cry from above, as a small, intensely nervous looking woman in blue silk ran halfway down the stairs to meet him and caught him tearfully in her arms.

"Dear old mater!" said Eugene.

Joe went out of the front door quickly.

[CONTINUED.]

FEMININE INFLUENCE.

Nowhere Is It More Felt and Less Recognized Than In France.

There is still in every Frenchman a great deal of the oriental way of looking at woman.

And the French wife knows it, but she goes on helping her "man," be she duchess or midinette. She will forgive again and again; she will let him squander her dot and will learn how to do with fewer frocks (the delight of every Frenchwoman) in an ever pitiful attempt to patch up the fortune and happiness he has wrecked. If she happen to be a shopman's wife he needs no bookkeeper or manager; she will be there from morning till night, the slave of the ledger, careful of every centime, while he, too, often will leave the heavier part of the business in her capable hands and turn his attention to a domino party at the nearest cafe. If she be a peasant's wife no one on the farm will slave harder than she. There is scarcely any labor which she will not undertake.

In every sphere woman is too often the man of the house. Nowhere is feminine influence more active, more felt and less recognized than in France, and nowhere among the civilized nations is man more dependent on woman, more attached to her and less respectful.—London Mail.

Speed of Sounds.

"Judge David Torrence of Derby, Conn.," said a New Haven man, "uttered many an epigram from the bench. In a case concerning a noise nuisance a scientist was once testifying before him about the speed of sound.

"'Sound,' said the man, 'travels at the rate of 400 yards a second.'

"'All sound?' asked Judge Torrence.

"'All,' replied the scientist.

"The judge smiled.

"'I'm sure you're wrong,' he said. 'I have noticed a great difference between the speed of certain kinds of sound. Thus, slander travels at the rate of quite 1,000 yards a second; flattery, 500 yards, while truth makes only a few feet a second, and, slow as its progress is, truth often fails to reach the goal, no matter how short the distance.'"—Indianapolis Star.

On Barton's Reef

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

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A DEAD animal ain't giner'lly wurth more'n what his pelt will bring in the open market, minus the 'fees an' commissions of them rascally agents who come down here to swap trade with us an' get the lion's share, an' the jackass', too—me an' the rest of the hunters down here bein' mostly the jackasses—but a live animal is an onsartain commodity that has what Captain Kennelly calls "possibilities." I'm meanin' by that that an old diamond back rattler's skin an' teeth an' rattles ain't wurth much more'n $5 down here, but a live rattler shipped up north in a cage may bring $25, an', ag'in, it may be knocked down for an even hundred.

So Captain Kennelly ain't never been in the killin' bisness. An' I was brung up by Captain Kennelly! "Live an' let live," that's been our motto, an' we've waxed fat—the captain weighs 200, an' I ain't far behind—an' wealthy, not millionaires exactly, but middlin' well to do.

We ain't never regretted bein' kind an' consid'rate to the animals an' birds—never except onct, an' then the captain said 'twas my fault. I ain't disputin' him in that, but there is room for a diff'ence of opinion.

We'd been up the Caloosahatchie one winter tryin' to bag snakes, birds an' other creepin', crawlin' an' flyin' critters when we got wind of a mighty big, sassy mountain lion rendoovooin' up near Wadin' Landin'. The captain decided at onct that we'd bag the critter. Mountain lions was bringing pretty handsome prices then—the Floridy variety bein' a little underpriced, for they ain't no bigger'n a good size dog.

The captain an' I sailed up the Caloosahatchie an' went campin' on that big fellow's trail, an' before a fortnight we had him clip an' clean aboard the Marthy Ann, tied toe an' nail an' a-roarin' in a box on deck as though he'd like to eat us alive. We was mighty tickled at our prize, an' we figgered on a couple of hundred apiece when we landed him north.

The Marthy Ann warn't much of a sailboat, but she was a lubberin' old craft that did dooty for us for well nigh a dozen years. When we set sail down the Caloosahatchie the captain says:

"Steve, can't you take the Marthy Ann to Charlotte Harbor alone? You can hand the critter over to the railroad people there an' get a receipt for him. I want to get off at Fort Myers an' run up a spell to see Cousin Obadiah. He's real sick, they say."

I warn't goin' to stand in the way of the captain's seein' his sick cousin, so I answered with affermashun an' said I'd run back to Fort Myers in a couple of days an' pick him up. The captain was mighty pleased, but when I landed him at Fort Myers he sort of suspishioned somethin' an' said:

"You think you can manage it alone all right, Steve?"

"I'll land this old patriarch in Charlotte Harbor before night or I'll drown him in the gulf tryin' it," I answered promptly.

I didn't know that I was makin' a pretty sure guess of what I'd be doin' before sundown. I jest hove off from the dock an' turned the Marthy Ann's nose toward the gulf. I ain't much of a deep water sailor, but I knew the coast up to Charlotte Harbor tol'rably well an' I didn't have no misgivin's.

That lion was mighty quiet-like at first, but when we got away from the land an' he began to sniff the salt air of the gulf he sort of got oneasy. He was gettin' out of his element, an' he felt sort of homesick. Mebbe it was seasickness. I dunno which. Anyhow, he roared an' whined an' scratched to beat the band. He jest kept me company with his noise, an' I didn't have no time to get lonesome. Onct or twice he got so scratchy that I took a look at his cage to see if 'twas all right.

Barton's reef is jest ten miles sou'west of Charlotte Harbor—a nasty little, treach'rous shoal that sticks out of water at low tide an' keeps out of sight at flood. 'Tain't charted, an' sometimes a ship trips up on it an' jest nachurally rips herself to pieces tryin' to get off ag'in.

I don't know what made me forget Barton's reef, for I'd been round it a dozen times, an', come to think of it now, I'd been nigh wrecked on it onct or twice. I ain't got no excuse to make except that lion must have made me forgetful by his everlastin' roarin'.

First thing I knowed a puff of wind keeled the Marthy Ann over, an' before I could ketch her up ag'in we struck somethin'. It was only sand an' mud, but the keel stuck there, an' the next wind slambanged the old lubberin' craft clean over on her side. I wasn't lookin' for the shock an' pitched headforemost through the air an' landed 'bout twenty feet away.

When I went down into the water I expected to find bottom somewhere less than a mile or two, but the sudden way in which I stopped showed me that I was on Barton's reef. I was standin' on my head in 'bout a foot of water. There was some mud, an' that made sticky standin', but when I finally got my head out of it an' the water cleaned out of nose an' mouth the Marthy Ann had drifted away in deep water.

I ran after her, but she was holdin' her own so tantalizin'-like that I couldn't gain an inch. I swam roun' for some minutes, an' then to save my life I turned back to the reef. I could see the bare back of it jest shinin' above the gulf not more'n ten yards away. I ain't much of a swimmer, but I made double quick time to that reef.

I hadn't thought much 'bout that lion all this time, so excited was I over the loss of the Marthy Ann, but now I jest gasped for breath an' hove a sigh of relief. If I'd lost the Marthy Ann, I'd saved the lion. There he was crawlin' out of the water upon the reef as limp an' frightened as a water rat with a dog on his trail. His big cage was floatin' away with the tide, runnin' a close race for shore with the capsized boat.

I saw how things had happened. The Marthy Ann had dumped the cage an' lion on the reef, an' the blow had bust open the slats, an' there you are! The lion was free to go an' come. When I swam to the reef he had full possession, but he was so wet an' frightened that he jest sat there an' shivered an' roared.

"You great, big onery coward," I says, shakin' my fist at him. "You ain't got away yet, an' I'll keep you here until the captain comes for us."

The reef warn't more than fifty feet long and twenty wide, but there was room enough for both of us. I crawled up an' tried to dry my clothes. At first the lion noticed nothin', but roared for help. Then he got a sight of me an' slunk to the other end of the reef.

"You keep there," I says, feelin' better by talkin' to him as if he was a human bein', "an' don't you come on my end."

We both felt better after we got dried off a bit. The sun was pretty hot an' it scorched the water up like a hot iron. First thing, then, that big critter began to lick himself, an' then he eyed me out of the corners of his eyes. I didn't partic'lar like the way he did it. It seemed as if he grinned an' then shook his head to show me that he warn't hurt.

Well, I suppose nothin' would have happened if the tide hadn't come up an' made Barton's reef look like a turtle's back. The water jest rose up higher an' higher, an' every minit we had to move closer together.

The lion didn't like gettin' his paws wet an' was for retreatin' toward me, an' I didn't fancy closer quarters with him an' jest stayed as near my edge of the reef as I dared.

Now, as I have remarked, the Floridy mountain lion ain't no kind of a fighter, but when he's cornered I've some respect for him. I saw right away that trouble was a-brewin'. When the reef got too small to hold both of us one or t'other had to git, an' I didn't fancy bein' the one to go a-floatin' adrift on the gulf in that latitude.

"Now, you great big yellow cuss," I said, addressin' his lionship, partly to keep up my courage, "I ain't huntin' for trouble, but if you seek it I'll do my best to make things mighty onpleasant for you on this little sand speck."

Right then a change come over the critter. He seemed to accept the challenge an' began to growl and crouch. I jest faced him an' got ready for his spring. But the tide comin' up from behind lapped a wave over his tail an' made him turn roun' like a shot. He crept an inch closer an' watched for things to develop.

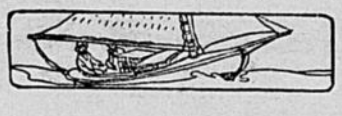
We hadn't more'n five feet between us, an' I was tremblin' most as much as that big brute when somethin' bobbed up near the reef. We both looked at it, an' when I saw it was the lion's old wooden cage floatin' back ag'in I jest made up my mind to jump for it. It was a pretty hefty box an' big enough to carry me.

I edged away toward it, an' when it was as nigh as I thought it would come I waded out in the water an' made a grab for it. By lyin' slantwise on it, with my feet in the water an' my head 'bout three feet above it, I was tol'rably comfortable, an' I addressed myself to the marooned critter ag'in:

"Now you kin have the reef an' all that goes with it. I'm off for the Floridy coast or a trip to sea. Anything's better'n bein' drowned on that reef or bein' chewed up by a cowardly lion."

I guess my words sort of startled him, for he growled an' whined an' seemed anxious to accompany me. He was sort of sorry at my desertin' him. At any rate he crouched down on the reef, his tail in the water an' his head mighty close to the other edge of the reef, an' then I saw him spring an' shoot through the air just like a skyrocket.

There was a crash an' disturbin' un-



I pitched headforemost through the air.

dulashion of the gulf. I saw stars an' sharks an' numerous other onpleasant things. When I got a grip on the floatin' box ag'in I was half drowned, an' that old lion was hangin' for dear life on the other side of it. He was 'bout as frightened as I was. His paws was within two feet of my hands, an' I could feel his breath fannin' my cheeks, but he warn't fer fightin' any more.

We hadn't improved our positions much, for that wabbly old craft warn't built for two. Both of us couldn't keep our balance at onct. When the lion was up I was down, an' when I bobbed up above the gulf his head went under. We went seesawin' like this for some time, neither one able to catch his breath.

Then it occurred to that tarnal critter that I was tryin' to duck him, an' he began to hit out at me, snappin' an' snarlin' fit to give one the shakes. After pawin' some of the hide off my hand he got more brave an' tried to climb over on my side. That was his ondoin', for the box tripped clean over an' landed both of us in the water. The box floated away, an' we had to make a swim for it.

I got there first, for I had begun to scent sharks. I dreaded 'em worse'n all the lions in Floridy. I jest yelled an' jumped up on the box an' tried to hold my feet in the air. I kicked an' splashed to frighten the lion away, but he was game. He came on like a paddle wheel, churnin' the water into a terr'ble foam.

He struck the box ag'in with a bang, an' over we went onct more, turnin' a clean somersault in the water. I went down pretty nigh to the bottom of the gulf an' then bumped up agin the box so hard that I had a headache for a week after.

The lion was there ahead of me, an' he took a turn at fightin' me off. I saw he was gettin' on to the game. The box was a good boat for one, but too small for two. One or t'other had to keep off, an' as possession is half the law the big yellow cuss was goin' to hold on to his advantage. I couldn't get a hold of the box without gettin' a swipe that ripped up a yard of human hide.

I saw somethin' in the water a little way ahead that made matters worse. It was a shark comin' to see what all the disturbance was 'bout. He was sailin' along like a revenoo cutter after harbor thieves. I knowed then 'twas a question of shark or lion.

An' I chose the lion! If I could knock him off, the shark might be satisfied with him an' leave me alone for a spell. I jest made for that box an' put up the fight of my life. It was give an' take, an' no quarter for the vanquished.

My, how we spit an' tore an' cuffed each other! It was like a cat an' monkey tied up in a bag. We didn't stand on any rules, but jest fought fit to kill an' never knowed how much we was tearin' each other to pieces.

But I hadn't forgot that shark. I jest kept a weather eye on him an' tried to twist the box roun' so he'd come up under the lion an' not on my side. I guess the battle would have gone hard with both of us an' the shark would had a dinner of lion meat an' human legs if rescoo hadn't come in the nick of time.

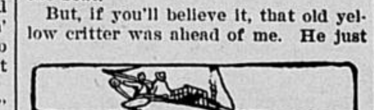
I heard a voice call over the water in the captain's drawl. "Hello, Steve! What you tryin' to do? Don't kill that lion. Part of him belongs to me."

I jest twisted roun' mighty scared, for I thought I must be a-dreamin', an' there was Captain Kennelly in the Marthy Ann, sailin' straight down upon us.

"Good Lord, captain!" I says. "I'm nearly tuckered out."

Then I dropped the box an' swam for the boat.

But, if you'll believe it, that old yellow critter was ahead of me. He just



My, how we spit an' tore an' cuffed each other!

leaped from the box to the deck of the Marthy Ann an' was ragin' an' roarin' up an' down it when I crawled aboard.

"Steve, this is bad work," said the captain. "I thought I could trust you better'n that. If I hadn't felt suspishous 'bout you an' come down jest in time to find the Marthy Ann floatin' away on her sides we'd lost our prize an' the boat too."

I didn't have breath for any reply then, but I felt mighty like explodin' an' sayin' somethin' that would hurt the captain's feelin's. But I didn't, an' later I forgot all 'bout it in the excitement of capturin' an' cagin' that old lion ag'in—the cause of all the trouble. He seemed to think he owned the Marthy Ann, an' we had a long tussle to convince him of his error.

Makes a Difference.

"George told me today he loved me more than his very life."

"Nonsense. All the young men say that."

"That may be true. But they all don't say it to me."

He removes the greatest ornament of friendship who takes away from it respect.—Cicero.

THE PASSION PLAY.

Its Origin, According to the Tradition of Oberammergau.

According to local tradition, the origin of the Oberammergau Passion play was as follows: When in the year 1633 a deadly plague threatened to depopulate the districts of Partenkirchen, Escheloke and Kohlgrub, which are separated from Ammerthal, or the valley of the Ammer, by a rampart of mountains, the Ammerthalers succeeded for a time in protecting themselves against the dread contagion, but one day a native who had been working all summer at Escheloke evaded the quarantine and entered the Ammerthal by a secret path in order to celebrate an annual church festival with his family. Two days afterward he was a corpse, and in less than three weeks the plague had carried off eighty-four of the Ammerthalers.

Despairing of all human succor, the terrified survivors addressed themselves to God and registered a solemn vow that if he heard their prayer and removed the scourge they would represent, every ten years, "for thankful remembrance and edifying contemplation, and by the help of the Almighty, the sufferings of Jesus, the Saviour of the world."

Not a single person died of the plague after the vow was made, though many were affected by it. The first representation of the Passion play in fulfillment of the vow of these simple villagers took place at Oberammergau in the following year, and it has been repeated every ten years without a single omission.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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Manchester & Oneida Ry.

TIME TABLE.

Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 6:15 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 6:40 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 7:45 a. m. connects with east bound C. G. W. No 6. Returning leaves Oneida at 7:40 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. & t. 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. & t. P., No. 21. Returning leaves Oneida at 5:28 p. m., arrives at Manchester 5:45 p. m

J. L. KELSEY,
Gen. Traffic Manager.

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ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R. TIME TABLE.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No 1* 11:34 pm	..Fast Train..	No 2* 1:41 a m
No401 11:44 pm	Thro Express..	No 402 3:41 a m
No 33 †5:58 p m	....Clipper....	No 34†8:55 a m
No 5 †8:10a m	..Fast Mail..	No 6† 11:18a m
No 3 2:40 p m	.Day Express.	No 4 3:38 p m
No 21 7:34 a m	Ft Dodge Ex	No 22 7:50 p m

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

North Bound —Arrive—	Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No.322 5:45p.m	..†Passenger..	No.305 9:00 a. m
No 334 8.00a.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.
* aily.
† aily ExceptSunday.

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No. 3 Runs to Ft. Dodge only.
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