THE CONQUEST of CANAAN

By BOOTH TARKINGTON,
Author of "Cherry," "Monsieur Beaucaire," Etc.

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some papers he had taken from his pocket. "Will you listen to these memoranda? We have a great deal to go over before 8 o'clock."

Judge Pike stood for a long while where Joe had left him, staring out at the street apparently. Really he saw nothing. Undoubtedly an image of blurring foliage, cast iron, cement and turf, with sunshine smeared over all, flickered upon the retinas of his eyes, but the brain did not accept the picture from the optic nerve. Martin Pike was busy with other visions. Joe Louden had followed him back to his hidden deeds and had read them aloud to him as Gabriel would read them on judgment day. Perhaps this was the judgment day.

Martin Pike had always been prompt. It was one of the things of which he had been proud. In all his life he had never failed to keep a business engagement precisely upon the appointed time, and the courthouse bell changed eight when Sam Warden opened the door for his old employer tonight.

The two young people looked up gravely from the script laden table before them as Martin Pike came into

"Well," he said brokenly, "what are you going to do?"

the strong lamplight out of the dimness of the hall, where only a taper burned. He shambled a few limp steps into the room and came to a halt. Big as he was, his clothes hung upon him loosely, like coverlets upon a collapsed bed, and he seemed but a distorted image of himself, as if, save for the dull and reddened eyes, he had been made of yellowish wax and had been left too long in the sun. Abject, hopeless, his attitude a confession of ruin and shame, he stood before his judges in such wretchedness that in comparison the figure of Happy Fear, facing the courtroom through his darkest hour, was one to be envied.

"Well," he said brokenly, "what are you going to do?"

Joe Louden looked at him with great intentness for several moments, then he rose and came forward. "Sit down, judge," he said. "It's all right. Don't worry."

CHAPTER XXV.

MRS. FLITCROFT at breakfast on the following morning continued a disquisition which had ceased the previous night only because of a provoking human incapacity to exist without sleep. The Tocsin had been her great comfort.

"Yes, young man," she said as she lifted her first spoonful of oatmeal, "you better read the Tocsin!"

"I am reading it," responded Norbert, who was almost concealed by the paper.

"And your grandfather better read it," she continued severely.

"I already have," said the colonel promptly. "Have you?"

"No, but you can be sure I will."

"All right," said Norbert, suddenly handing her the paper. "Go ahead."

"Ha!" exclaimed Mrs. Fliteroft. "Here it is in headlines on the first page. 'Defense Scores Again and Again. Ridiculous Behavior of a Would Be Mob. Louden's'"— She paused, removed her spectacles, examined them dubiously, restored them to place and continued. "'Louden's Masterly Conduct and Well Deserved'"— She paused again, incredulous—"'Well deserved Triumph'"—

"Go on," said the colonel softly.

"Indeed I will," the old lady replied. "Look at the editorials," suggested Norbert. "There's one on the same subject."

"'The best of us make mistakes, and it is well to have a change of heart sometimes.'" Thus Eugene's successor had written, and so Mrs. Fliteroft read. "'An open confession is good for the soul. The Tocsin has changed its mind in regard to certain matters and means to say so freely and frankly. After yesterday's events in connection with the murder trial before our public, the evidence being now all presented, for we understand that neither side has more to offer, it is generally conceded that all good citizens are hopeful of a verdict of acquittal, and the Tocsin is a good citizen. No good citizen would willingly see an innocent man punished, and that our city is not to be disgraced by such a miscarriage of justice is due to the efforts of the attorney for the defendant, who has gained credit not only by his masterly management of this case, but by his splendid conduct in the face of danger yesterday afternoon. He has distinguished himself so greatly that we frankly assert that our citizens may point with pride to'"— Mrs. Fliteroft's voice, at the beginning pitched to a high exultation, had gradually lowered in key and dropped down the scale till it disappeared altogether.

The Tocsin's right about face undermined others besides Mrs. Fliteroft that morning and rejoiced greater, though not better, men than the colonel. Mr. Farbach and his lieutenants smiled, yet stared, amazed, wondering what had happened. That was a thing which only three people even certainly knew, yet it was very simple.

The Tocsin was part of the judge's restitution.

"The controlling interest in the paper, together with the other property I have listed," Joe had said, studying his memoranda under the lamp in Roger's old studio, while Martin Pike listened with his head in his hands, "make up what Miss Tabor is willing to accept. As I estimate it, their total value is between a third and a half of that of the stock which belonged to her."

"But this boy—this Fliteroft," said Pike feebly; "he might"—

"He will do nothing," interrupted Joe. "The case is 'settled out of court,' and even if he were disposed to harass you he could hardly hope to succeed, since Miss Tabor declines either to sue or to prosecute."

The judge winced at the last word. "Yes—yes, I know, but he might—he might—tell."

"I think Miss Tabor's influence will prevent. If it should not—well, you're not in a desperate case by any means. You're involved, but far from stripped. In time you may be as sound as ever. And if Norbert tells there's nothing for you to do but to live it down." A faint smile played upon Joe's lips as he lifted his head and looked at the other. "It can be done, I think."

It was then that Ariel, complaining of the warmth of the evening, thought it possible that Joe might find her fan upon the porch and as he departed whispered hurriedly, "Judge Pike, I'm not technically in control of the Tocsin, but haven't I the right to control its policy?"

"I understand," he muttered. "You mean about Louden—about this trial"—

"That is why I have taken the paper."

"You want all that changed, you mean?"

She nodded decisively. "From this instant, before morning."

"Oh, well, I'll go down there and give the word." He rubbed his eyes wearily with big thumbs. "I'm through fighting. I'm done. Besides, what's the use? There's nothing more to fight."

"Now, judge," Joe said as he came in briskly, "we'll go over the list of that unincumbered property, if you will."

This unincumbered property consisted of Beaver Beach and those other belonging of the judge which he had not dared to mortgage. Joe had somehow explained their nature to Ariel, and these, with the Tocsin, she had elected to accept in restitution.

"You told me once that I ought to look after my own property, and now I will. Don't you see?" she cried to Joe eagerly. "It's my work!" She resolutely set aside every other proposition, and this was the quality of mercy which Martin Pike found that night.

There was a great crowd to hear Joe's summing up at the trial, and those who succeeded in getting into the courtroom declared that it was worth the struggle. He did not orate,

"I understand," he muttered. "You mean about Louden"—

he did not "thunder at the jury," nor did he slyly flatter them. He did not overdo the confidential, nor seem so secure of understanding beforehand what their verdict would be that they felt an instinctive desire to fool him. He talked colloquially, but clearly, without appeal to the pathetic and without garnitures, not mentioning sunsets, birds, oceans, homes, the glorious old state or the happiness of liberty, but he made everybody in the room quite sure that Happy Fear had fired the shot which killed Cory to save his own life. And that, as Mr. Bradbury remarked to the colonel, was "what Joe was there for!"

Ariel's escort was increased to four that day. Mr. Ladew sat beside her, and there were times when Joe kept his mind entirely to the work in hand only by an effort, but he always succeeded. The sight of the pale and worshiping face of Happy Fear from the corner of his eye was enough to insure that. And people who could not get near the doors, asking those who could, "What's he doin' now?" were answered by variations of the one formula, "Oh, jest walkin' away with it!"

Once the courtroom was disturbed and set in an uproar which even the judge's customary threat failed to subdue. Joe had been talking very rapidly and having turned the point he was making with perfect dexterity, the jury listening eagerly, stopped for a moment to take a swallow of water. A voice rose over the low hum of the crowd in a delirious chuckle, "Why don't somebody 'head him off?'" The room instantly rocked with laughter, under cover of which the identity of the sacrilegious chuckler was not discovered, but the voice was the voice of Buckalew, who was incredibly surprised to find that he had spoken aloud.

The jury were "out," after the case had been given to them, seventeen minutes and thirty seconds by the watch Claudine held in her hand. The little man, whose fate was now on the knees of the gods, looked pathetically at the foreman and then at the face of his lawyer and began to shake violently, but not with fright. He had gone to the jail on Joe's word, as a good dog goes where his master bids, trustfully, and yet Happy had not been able to keep his mind from considering the horrible chances. "Don't worry," Joe had said. "It's all right. I'll see you through." And he had kept his word.

The little man was cleared.

It took Happy a long time to get through what he had to say to his attorney in the anteroom, and even then, of course, he did not manage to put it in words, for he had "broken down" with sheer gratitude. "Why, d—n me, Joe," he sobbed, "if ever I—if ever you—well, by God, if you ever"— This was the substance of his lingual accomplishment under the circumstances. But Claudine threw her arms around poor Joe's neck and kissed him.

Many people were waiting to shake hands with Joe and congratulate him. The trio, taking advantage of seats near the rail, had already done that (somewhat uproariously) before he had followed Happy, and so had Ariel and Ladew, both, necessarily, rather hurriedly. But in the corridors he found, when he came out of the anteroom, clients, acquaintances, friends—old friends, new friends and friends he had never seen before—everybody beaming upon him and wringing his hand, as if they had been sure of it all from the start.

They gathered round him if he stopped for an instant and crowded after him admiringly when he went on again, making his progress slow. When he finally came out of the big doors into the sunshine, there were as many people in the yard as there had been when he stood in the same place and watched the mob rushing his client's guards. But today their temper was different, and as he paused a moment, looking down on the upturned, laughing faces, with a hundred jocular and congratulatory salutations shouted up at him, somebody started a cheer, and it was taken up with thunderous good will.

There followed the interrogation customary in such emergencies, and the anxious inquirer was informed by four or five hundred people simultaneously that Joe Louden was all right.

"Head him off!" bellowed Mike Sheehan, suddenly darting up the steps. The shout increased, and with good reason, for he stepped quickly back within the doors and, retreating through the building, made good his escape by a basement door.

He struck off into a long detour; but, though he managed to evade the crowd, he had to stop and shake hands with every third person he met. As he came out upon Main street again he encountered his father.

"Howdy do, Joe?" said this laconic person and offered his hand. They shook briefly. "Well," he continued, rubbing his beard, "how are ye?"

"All right, father, I think."

"Satisfied with the verdict?"

"I'd be pretty hard to please if I weren't," Joe laughed.

Mr. Louden rubbed his beard again. "I was there," he said, without emotion.

"At the trial, you mean?"

"Yes." He offered his hand once more, and again they shook. "Well, come around and see us," he said.

"Thank you. I will."

"Well," said Mr. Louden, "good day, Joe."

"Good day, father."

The young man stood looking after him with a curious smile. Then he gave a slight start. Far up the street he saw two figures—one a lady's in white, with a wide white hat; the other a man's, wearing recognizably clerical black. They seemed to be walking very slowly.

It had been a day of triumph for Joe, but in all his life he never slept worse than he did that night.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HE woke to the chiming of bells, and as his eyes slowly opened the sorrowful people of a dream, who seemed to be bending over him, weeping, swam back into the darkness of the night whence they had come and returned to the imperceptible, leaving their shadows in his heart. Slowly he rose, stumbled into the outer room and released the fluttering shade, but the sunshine, springing like a golden lover through the open window, only dazzled him and found no answering gladness to greet it or joy in the royal day it heralded.

It would be an hour at least before time to start to church, when Ariel expected him. He stared absently up the street, then down and, after that, began slowly to walk in the latter direction with no very active consciousness or care of where he went. He had fallen into a profound reverie, so deep that when he had crossed the bridge and turned into a dusty road which ran along the river bank he stopped mechanically beside the trunk of a fallen sycamore and, lifting his head for the first time since he had set out, looked about him with a melancholy perplexity, a little surprised to find himself there.

For this was the spot where he had first seen the new Ariel, and on that fallen sycamore they had sat together. "Remember, across Main street bridge at noon!" And Joe's cheeks burned as he recalled why he had not understood the clear voice that had haunted him. But that shame had fallen from him; she had changed all that, as she had changed so many things. He sank down in the long grass, with his back against the log, and stared out over the fields of tall corn shaking in a steady wind all the way to the horizon.

(CONTINUED.)

Beggars and Weather.

"What weather is best for our business? Why, winter weather," said the beggar, "sure, winter makes people generous to the poor. In summer people have an idea that everybody can get along somehow. It's warm then you know, and they think the poor won't suffer anyway. But the colder the weather the warmer it makes people's hearts, and the more they give then in some ways. The one drawback to my particular line of business in winter is that in cold weather everybody goes about in the streets with gloves on and overcoat buttoned up, and men that would put down their names for a good sum on a subscription list indoors, where they could give it in comfort, are not so ready to drag off their gloves and drag open their coats and go down in their jeans for a nickel out of doors. Even with this drawback, and it's a big one, I do better in winter than in summer. But if it wasn't for that in winter I'd get rich."—New York Sun.

An Extraordinary Biography.

The most extraordinary biography in existence is neither written nor printed. It is painted. It contains the life and adventures of Charles Magnes, a noble Venetian. Having been calumniated, he determined to set himself right in the eyes of his contemporaries and employed Paul Veronese to paint his biography. The volume has eighteen pages of vellum. Each has a large central picture, surrounded by ten smaller, each having its appropriate inscription, the whole recounting the most notable scenes in his life.

Simply Couldn't Suppose It.

Scottish folk are proverbially canny and prudent in money matters, and the following shows that the younger generation is no exception to the rule.

A teacher in a lowland school was taking mental arithmetic with a class of boys. She asked one urchin:

"How much would your mother give you to buy four pounds of tea at one and six a pound?"

"We na'er get sae much at once as that, mum."

"Never mind that. Four pounds at one and six?"

"But we canna afford the one and six, mum. We always hae the one and wa."

"Answer the question. What would she give you to pay for four pounds of tea at"—

"Nawthin', mum."

"What do you mean by 'nothing?'"

"She'd un' gie' me only bawbees. She'd tell me tae ask the mon tae pit it doon."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! But, supposing she did?"

With a pitying smile came the reply. "A can see y're ne'er met ma mither, mum."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

What Lava Is Good For.

Tourists in Italy are astonished at the practical use made of the lava that has flowed from Vesuvius in past and recent eruptions, for all Naples and its vicinity appear to be a world of lava. The streets are paved with it. There are staircases and statues, drinking troughs, bric-a-brac and even jewelry of this strange material which once bubbled from the yellow and dripping lips of the great crater above. The careless guides make money out of it by pressing coins or other objects on partially cooled fragments and selling these to visitors. On the ashy flanks of the mountain there is enough lava to build another New York or Chicago—a shoreless frozen sea, it seems, of dull black that shimmers strangely purple in some lights. These heaving billows and snakelike masses were once white hot, steaming and even exploding as the fiery flood met some little innocent stream on the way down.

Mistakes In War.

In the Bull Run defeat McDowell laid the blame on Patterson. In the battles around Richmond Lee's plans failed on account of Huger's lethargy. At Pittsburg Landing Grant would have been successful but for Wallace. At Gettysburg Lee's hands were tied by the dilatoriness of Stuart. And so on from the foundation of the world to the present time. It has been said by writers on the art of war that every battle is a series of mistakes. These mistakes are made on both sides and are the cause of victory as well as defeat. It is almost amusing to think of the numberless good and sufficient reasons that Shafter could have given if he had been defeated in Cuba. If Japan had been worsted in the Russo-Japanese war, one result would have been that Oyama would have written the book of lamentations and excuses instead of Kuropatkin.—Chicago Chronicle.

An Old Time Playful Prisoner.

Over a century ago there occurred in London what the Annual Register called "a most unparalleled atrocity." It was only the theft of a pocket handkerchief from a pocket, but the circumstances of the deed explain the vehemence of this denunciation. Four men were on their trial for assaulting a man in his house at Ponder's End, putting him in fear and stealing from him, and one of them relieved the tedium of the trial, which lasted eight hours, by picking the pocket of one of the turnkeys as he stood in the dock. An official had the presence of mind to order the restoration of the handkerchief, and the prisoner had enough presence of mind to obey "with the most careless indifference," but the court, we read, "were horror struck." Justice, however, pulled itself together sufficiently to sentence all four men to death.

Swords and Scimiters.

The scimiter of the Saracens was the most effective sword for cutting purposes ever devised. It will be remembered how, according to the story of Sir Walter Scott's "Talisman," with such a weapon the pagan Saladin chopped a soft cushion in two at one blow, to the amazement of Richard Coeur de Lion. With a straight sword one can make a hack or thrust, but to slice an adversary one must saw with it. The scimiter, being curved and wide and heavy toward the end, slices by the mere fact of striking.

His Scheme Failed.

"I wonder why it is," remarked one of the two men who had just lunched, turning to speak to the other, "that they always have pretty cashiers at these restaurants."

But the pretty cashier, though she blushed and smiled, did not fail to detect the Canadian quarter he threw down in payment of his check.—Chicago Tribune.

Exposed His Hand.

Mrs. Potts—I can't see why you always stay late at your office these nights. I don't see that you gain anything by it. Jack Potts (absentmindedly)—That's so, but I won't always be a loser. Luck will change.—Catholic Standard and Times.

His Own Portrait.

Mr. Misfit (savagely)—Before I married you, was there any doddering idiot gone on you? Mrs. Misfit—There was one. Mr. Misfit—I wish to goodness you'd married him! Mrs. Misfit—I did.—Illustrated Bits.

The charity that opens its hand and closes its mouth is the best kind.—Terrell (Tex.) Transcript.

Holes In the Legs.

A scientist says that hogs' legs perform a function not known to any other animal, and that is an escape pipe or pipes for the discharge of waste water or sweat not used in the economy of the body. These escape pipes are situated upon the inside of the legs, above and below the knee in the fore legs and above the gambrel joints in the hind legs, but in the latter they are very small and functions light. Upon the inside of the fore leg they are in the healthy hog always active, so that moisture is always there from about or below these orifices or ducts in the healthy hog. The holes in the hog and breathing in the hog are his principal and only means of ejecting an excess of heat above the normal, and when very warm the hog will open the mouth and breathe through that channel as well as the nostrils.

Walking.

Men occasionally walk well, but all ought to walk better. Women are a despair. They shuffle, stride, waddle, prance, scurry and think it no disgrace to walk like a mechanical toy.—London Lady.

What a Man's Beard Tells.

"You can tell some of a man's habits and read some of his traits of character from his beard," said the old barber. "If a man spends his days at a desk beside a window his hair and beard will grow faster on the side toward the window. Plants and beards both flourish under the influence of sunlight. Why, one of my customers found the effects of the side light so pronounced that he changed his office desk to face the window. Another interesting fact is that, when a man is up late or works long hours, he needs a shave oftener than if he took the usual amount of sleep. That's because in being awake he keeps the vital processes of his body in greater activity than when asleep. The growth of the hair depends largely on the circulation of the blood, and the heart slows down when we sleep."—Kansas City Star.

Fog and Sound.

In a fog at sea the toll of a bell buoy is singularly grave and solemn, well matched by the weird note of a whistling buoy. Unfortunately the value of both is lessened in foggy weather from there being but little motion of the sea. Nothing, too, is more difficult than to distinguish in a fog the direction from which a sound comes. This is in part due doubtless to the interference offered to the straight course of the waves carrying the sound, but also probably to the absence of the normal, although unsuspected, co-ordination of eye and ear in locating the origin of sound. The assistance of the eye on sea and land is instinctively given to the ear in many different ways. In a fog the ear has only itself to trust to.—London Spectator.

Describing a Railroad.

The Pall Mall Gazette in 1890 asked its readers to name the worst railway in England. And one English kicker answered thus: "Sir—The Southeastern railway is the very worst railway in the world. The engines are asthmatic. Its lamps are trimmed by foolish virgins. Its fares are excessive. Its carriages let in the snow in winter and are furnaces in summer. Its motto is unpunctuality. Its principal station is approached through the neck of a bottle. It ruins the temper, destroys the digestion and enables one to realize the horrors of Dante's 'Inferno.' I am, sir, yours obediently, the Worm Who Turns."

Noncommittal.

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"Yes," responded the man at the bar.

"What's that?" queried the court sharply.

"You asked whether I was guilty or not guilty, and of course I am. Of the two conditions I could not well escape both."

"But which are you?"

"Aw, go on, judge! What's the jury for?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

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Train No. 4, leaves Manchester at 7:15 a. m arrives at Oneida at 7:40 a. m., connects with east bound C. G. W. No 6. Returning leaves Oneida at 7:42 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.

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No 1* 11:58 pm	..Fast Train..	No 2* 2:02 a m
No 401 11:32 pm	Thro Express..	No 402 3:41 a m
No 33 †5:55 p m	....Clipper....	No 34 †8:55 a m
No 5 † 3:10 a m	..Fast Mail..	No 6† 10:55a m
No 3 3:10 p m	..Day Express.	No 4 3:10 p m
No 21 7:30 a m	Ft Dodge Ex	No 22 7:50 p m
No 93 1:00 p m	Way Freight	No. 94 11:45 a m

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

North Bound —Arrive—	Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No.322 5:45 p.m	...†Passenger...	No.305 9:00 a. m
No. 324 7.00 a.m	...†Passenger...	No 325 5:00 p. m
No.36011:15 a.m	...†Freight....	No.153 12:45 p.m

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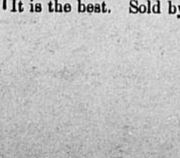

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