The KING of DIAMONDS.

By Louis Tracy,

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CHAPTER XX.

PHILIP was thrown into the sea on a Tuesday. Jocky Mason reached London on Wednesday and kept his appointment with Inspector Bradley on Thursday evening.

The inspector received him graciously, thus chasing from the ex-convict's mind a lurking suspicion that matters were awry. There is a curious sympathy between the police and well known criminals. They meet with friendliness and exchange pleasantries, as a watch dog might fraternize with a wolf in off hours.

But Mason had no responsive smile or ready quip.

"What's up?" he demanded morosely. "You sent for me. Here I am. I would have brought my ticket sooner if you hadn't written."

"All right, Mason. Keep your wool on. Do you remember Superintendent Robinson?"

"Him that was inspector in Whitechapel when I was put away? Rather."

"Well, some friends of yours have been inquiring from him as to your whereabouts. He sent a message round, and I promised that you should meet them if you showed up. I was half afraid you had bolted to the States."

"Friends! I have no friends."

"Oh, yes, you have—very dear friends, indeed."

"Then where are they?"

He glared around the roomy police office, but it was only tenanted by policemen attending to various books or chatting quietly across a huge counter.

His surly attitude did not diminish the inspector's kindliness.

"Don't be so doubtful on that point, Mason. Have you no children?"

Something in the police officer's eyes gave the man a clew. His swarthy face flushed and his hands clinched.

"Yes," he said huskily, "I left two boys. Their mother died. They were lost. I have looked for them everywhere."

Inspector Bradley pointed to a door.

"Go into that room," he said quietly, "and you will find them. They are waiting there for you."

Mason crossed the sanded floor like one walking in his sleep. He experienced no emotion. He was a man stunned for the nonce.

He opened the door of the waiting room and entered cautiously. He might have expected a hoax, a jest, from his attitude.

Two stalwart young men were standing there talking. Their chat ceased as he appeared. For an appreciable time father and sons looked at each other with the curiosity of strangers.

He knew them first. He saw himself, no less than their unfortunate and suffering mother, in their erect figures, the contour of their pleasant faces.

To them he was unknown. The eldest boy was ten years old, the younger eight, when they last met. But they read a message in the man's hungering eyes, and they were the first to break the suspense.

"Father!" cried John.

The other boy sprang to him without a word.

He took them in his arms. He was choked. From some buried font came long forgotten tears. He murmured their names, but not a coherent sentence could he utter.

They were splendid fellows, he thought, so tall and well knit, so nice mannered, so thoroughly overjoyed to meet him.

That was the best of it. They had sought him voluntarily. They knew his record and were not ashamed to own him. During the long days and nights of ceaseless inquiry he was ever tormented by the dread lest his children, if living, should look on him as accursed, a blot on their existence.

He half hoped that he might discover them in some vile slum, where crime was hallowed and convicts were heroes. He never pictured them as honest, well meaning youths, sons of whom any father might be proud, for in that possibility lurked the gnawing terror of shame and repudiation.

Mason's heart was full. He could not thank God for his mercy. That resource of poor humanity was denied him, and, to his credit be it said, he was no hypocrite.

His seared soul awoke to softer feelings, as his eyes, his ears, his very heart, drank in fuller knowledge of them, but he was tormented in his joy by an agonized pang of remorse. Oh, that he could have met them with hands free from further crime!

In some vague way he felt that his punishment for Philip Anson's death would be meted out by a sterner justice than the law of the land. He was too hard a man to yield instantly. He crushed back the rising flood of horror that threatened to overwhelm him in this moment of happiness. He forced himself again to answer their anxious inquiries, to note their little airs of manliness and self reliance, to see with growing wonder that they were well dressed and wore spotless linen.

A police station was no place for confidences. Indeed both boys were awed by their surroundings.

They passed into the outer office, and Mason went to thank Inspector Bradley.

"Don't forget your ticket," whispered the pleased officer.

The reminder jarred, but it was unavoidable. Mason got his ticket indorsed, the lads looking on shyly the while, and the three regained the freedom of the street.

"Let us find some place to sit down and have a drink," suggested Mason.

"No, father," said John, with a frank smile. "Neither of us takes drink. Come home with us. We have a room ready for you."

"I have lodgings"—

"You can go there tomorrow and get your belongings."

"Yes. Jump into this cab," urged Willie. "We live in Westminster. It is not very far."

Mason was fascinated by the boys' pleasant assumption of authority. They spoke like young gentlemen, with the accent that betokens a good education. He yielded without a protest.

They sat three abreast in a hansom, and the vehicle scurried off toward the Westminster bridge road.

Mason was in the center. His giant form leaned over the closed doors of the cab, but he turned his head with interested eagerness as one or other of his sons addressed him.

"I suppose, father, you are wondering how we came to meet in such a place," said John.

"It might puzzle me if I found time to think."

"Well, the superintendent arranged everything. Unfortunately, he was away on his holidays when—when you were released—or we would have met you then, and his deputy was not aware of the circumstances. As soon as the superintendent returned he wrote to the governor and was very much annoyed to find that you had slipped away in the meantime."

"He wouldn't be so annoyed if he was there himself," growled Mason good humoredly.

"Oh, John didn't mean that, father," broke in Willie. "The annoyance was his and ours. You see, we had not known very long where you were. We didn't even know you were alive."

"Of course, of course. Somebody has been looking after you well. That's clear enough. They wouldn't be always telling a pair of boys that their father was in Portland."

"It gave us such a shock when we heard the truth," said downright John.

"But we were so glad to hear that our father was living and that we should soon see him," explained the younger.

"When did you hear first?"

"About four months ago. Just before we took our present situations. We are saddlers and ornamental leather workers. Between us we earn quite a decent living. Don't we, John?"

"In fifteen weeks we have saved enough to pay for half our furniture besides keeping ourselves well. There's plenty to eat, dad. You won't starve, big as you are."

They all laughed. The cab was passing St. Thomas' Hospital. Across the bridge a noble prospect met their eyes. London had a glamour for Mason that night it never held before.

"So Robinson wrote to Bradley, knowing that I would report myself today, and Bradley arranged"—

"Who is Robinson, father?" interrupted John.

"The superintendent, to be sure. He used to be inspector at Whitechapel."

"He is not the man we mean. We are talking of Mr. Giles, superintendent of the Mary Anson home."

The two boys felt their father's start of dismay, of positive affright. They wondered what had happened to give him such a shock. Peering at him sideways from the corners of the hansom, they could see the quick pallor of his swarthy face.

"You forget, John," put in the adroit William, "that father knows as little about our lives as we knew about his until very recently. When we reach our flat we must begin at the beginning and tell him everything."

"There isn't much to tell," cried John. "When poor mother died we were taken care of by a gentleman whom Mr. Philip asked to look after us. When the Mary Anson home was built we were among the first batch of inmates. If ever a young man has done good in this world, it is Mr. Philip Anson. See what he did for us. Mother was nursed and tended with the utmost kindness, but her life could not be saved. We were rescued from the workhouse, taught well and fed well and given such instruction in a first class trade that even at our age we can earn £5 a week between us. And what he has done for us he does for hundreds of others. God bless Philip Anson, I say!"

"Amen!" said his brother.

The voices of his sons reached Mason's tortured brain like sounds heard, remote but distinct, through a long tunnel. His great frame seemed to collapse. In an instant he became an old man. He set his teeth and jammed his elbows against the woodwork of the cab, but, strive as he would with his immense physical strength and his dogged will, he shook with a palsy.

"Father," cried John anxiously, little dreaming how his enthusiastic speech had pierced to the very marrow of his hearer, "are you ill? Shall we stop?"

"Perhaps, John, a little brandy would do him good," murmured Willie.

"Father, do tell me what is the matter. Willie, reach up and tell the man to stop."

Then Mason forced himself to speak. "No, no," he gasped. "Go on. It is—only—a passing spasm."

He must have time, even a few minutes, in which to drive off the awful specter that hugged him in the embrace of death. He dared not look at his sons. If he were compelled to face them on the pavement in the flaring gaslight he would run away.

His anguish was pitiable. Great drops of sweat stood clammy on his

"Father, do tell me what is the matter."

forehead. He passed a trembling hand across his face and groaned aloud unconsciously:

"Oh, God forgive me!"

It was the first prayer that had voluntarily left his lips for many a day.

The boys heard. They interpreted it as an expression of sorrow that his own career should have been so cut off from their childhood and joyous youth.

"Well, cheer up, dad, anyhow," cried the elder, much relieved by this conclusion. "We are all together again, and you can face the world once more with us at your side."

No dagger of steel could have hurt so dreadfully as this well meant consolation, but for the sake of his sons the man wrestled with his agony and conquered it to some outward seeming.

When the cab stopped outside a big building he was steady on his feet when he alighted, and he managed to summon a ghastly smile to his aid as he said to John:

"I am sorry to set you a bad example, but that is nothing new, is it? I must have some spirit, strong spirit, or I can't keep up."

"Certainly, father. Why not? It is all right as medicine. Willie, you go and get some brandy while I take father upstairs."

Their flat was on the second floor. It was neatly furnished, fitted with electric light and contained five rooms.

John talked freely, explaining housekeeping arrangements, the puzzle as to their father's size, for the first bed they bought was a short one; their hours of work, the variety of their employment—any and every cheering topic, indeed, until Willie came with a bottle.

Both of them glanced askance at the quantity Mason consumed, but they passed no comment. He tried to smoke and sat so that the light should not fall on his face. And then he said to them:

"Tell me all you know about Philip Anson. It interests me."

Snap! The hard composition of his pipe was broken in two.

"What a pity!" cried Willie. "Shall I run and buy you a new one?"

"No, my boy, no. I can manage. Don't mind me. I can't talk, but I will listen. May the Lord have mercy on me, I will listen!"

He suffered that night as few men have suffered. Many a murderer has had to endure the torments of a haunted conscience, but few can have been harrowed by hearing their own sons lauding to the sky the victim's benefactions to themselves and to their dead mother.

He was master of his emotions sufficiently to control his voice. He punctuated their recital by occasional comments that showed he appreciated every point. He examined with interest specimens of their work, for they understood both the stitching and the stamping of leather, and once he found himself dully speculating as to what career he would have carved out for himself were he given in boyhood the opportunities they rejoiced in.

But throughout there was in his surcharged brain a current of cunning purpose. First, there was Greiner, away in the north, robbing a dead man and plotting desolation to some girl. He must be dealt with.

Then he, the slayer, must be slain and by his own hand. He would spare his sons as much pain as might be within his power.

He would not merely disappear, leaving them dubious and distressed. No. They must know he was dead, not by suicide, but by accident. They would mourn his wretched memory. Better that than live with the abiding grief of the knowledge that he was Philip Anson's murderer.

He was quite sure now that the dead would arise and call for vengeance if he dared to continue to exist. Yes, that was it—a life for a life—a prayer that his deeds might not bear fruit in his children—and then death, speedy, certain death.

Some reference to the future made by Willie, the younger, who favored his mother more than the outspoken John, gave Mason an opportunity to pave the way for the coming separation.

"I don't want you two lads to make any great changes on my account," he said slowly. "It is far from my intention to settle down here and let all your friends become aware that you are supporting a ticket of leave father. Yes, I know. You are good boys, and it won't be any more pleasant for me to—to live away from you than it would be for you—under—other conditions—to be separated from me. But—I am in earnest in this matter. I will stop here tonight just to feel that I am under the same roof as you. It is your roof, not mine. Long ago I lost the right to provide you with a shelter. Tomorrow I go away. I have some work to do—a lot of work. It must be attended to at once. Of course you will see me often. We can meet in the evening—go out together—but live here—with you—I can't."

His sons never knew the effort that this speech cost him. He spoke with such manifest hesitation that Willie, who quickly interpreted the less pronounced signs of a man's thoughts, winked a warning at his brother.

He said, with an optic signal:

"Not a word now, John. Just leave things as they are."

Under any ordinary conditions he would be right. He could never guess the nature of the claims that encircled his father, delivering him fettered to the torture, bound hand and foot, body and soul.

At last they all retired to their rooms, the boys to whisper kindly plans for keeping their father a prisoner again in their hands, Mason to lie open eyed, dry eyed, through the night, mourning for that which might not be.

The rising sun dispelled the dark phantoms that flitted before his vision.

He fell into a fitful slumber, disturbed by vivid dreams. Once he was on a storm swept sea at night on a sinking ship, a ship with a crew of dead men and a dead captain at the helm.

Driving onward through the raging waves, he could feel the vessel settling more surely as she rushed into each yawning caldron. Suddenly through the wreck of flying spindrift he saw a smooth harbor, a sheltered basin, in which vessels rode in safety. There were houses beyond, with cheerful lights, and men and women were watching the doomed craft from the firm security of the land.

But strain his eyes as he would he could see no entrance to that harbor, naught save furious seas breaking over relentless walls of granite.

Even in his dream he was not afraid. He asked the captain, with an oath:

"Is there no way in?"

And the captain turned corpselike eyes toward him. It was Philip Anson. The dreamer uttered a wild beast's howl and shrank away.

Then he awoke to find Willie standing by his bedside with soothing words.

"It is all right, father. You were disturbed in your sleep. Don't get up yet. It is only 5 o'clock."

* * * * * * *

At that hour a policeman left his cottage in a village on the Yorkshire coast and walked leisurely toward the Grange House.

He traversed four miles of rough country, and the sun was hot, so he did not hurry. About half past 6 he reached the farm. There were no signs of activity such as may be expected in the country at that hour.

He examined three sides of the building carefully—the sea front was inaccessible—and waited many minutes before he knocked at the door. There was no answer. He knocked again more loudly. The third time his summons would have aroused the Seven Sleepers, but none came.

He tried the door and rattled it. Peered in at the windows, stood back in the garden and looked up at the bedrooms.

"A queer business," he muttered as he turned unwillingly to leave the place.

"Aye, a very queer business," he said again. "I must go on to Scarsdale an' mak' inquiries aboot this Dr. Williams afore I report to the super."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TOLD HIS WIFE ABOUT IT.

And Then Accused Her of Having No Sense of Humor.

Englishmen are often accused of being unable to grasp the point of the American pun, and sometimes they may think they see the point of a joke when perhaps they do not. An Englishman named Morley was walking along the sidewalk one day with an American friend when the latter inadvertently slipped and fell down.

"Ah, my dear boy, I hope you are not hurt! How did it happen?"

To which the friend replied:

"It happened notwithstanding."

They both laughed over the pun, and Morley said it was so good he was going to tell his wife about it. At dinner that evening he remarked that he had such a good joke on his friend Brown, and by way of preliminary, leading up to the point of his story, he proceeded to tell all about who Brown was, his associations and business connections, how he came to get acquainted with him, commercial relations he had had with him, etc., until he forgot about the story, but was reminded of it by the wife, who said impatiently:

"But what about the story?"

"Oh, yes!" laughing immoderately as the recollection of it struck him. "Why, you see, Brown and I were walking down the street together, and he slipped on a banana peeling and fell down, and when I asked him how it happened he said, 'Nevertheless.'"

And he was sore at her all evening and declared she had no sense of humor because she said she didn't see anything funny to that.—Judge's Library.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

The Metal of the Standards That Are In Use Today.

There are no products of human skill on which a greater degree of care is expended than the standards of weight and measure in use among the civilized nations of the globe. Two things in particular have to be considered, accuracy and durability. Nature does not furnish any single metal or mineral which exactly answers the requirements for a standard of measure or weight that shall be as nearly as possible unalterable.

The best substance yet produced for this purpose is an alloy of 90 per cent of platinum with 10 per cent of iridium. This is called iridio platinum and is the substance of which the metric standards prepared by the international committee on weights and measures is composed. It is hard, is less affected by heat than any pure metal, is practically nonoxidizable and can be finely engraved. In fact, the lines on the standard meters are hardly visible to the naked eye, yet they are smooth, sharp and accurate.

If our civilization should ever be lost and relics of it should be discovered in some brighter age in the remote future there is nothing that would bear higher testimony to its character than these standard measures of iridio platinum, for the protection and preservation of which the science of this day has done its very best.—St. Louis Republic.

An Obedient Patient.

An old doctor whose memory was beginning to fail him called in to see a young man who was ill. On arriving at the home he found his patient in bed with nothing the matter but a slight cold. After prescribing the usual remedies he said:

"Now, my dear sir, you must stay in bed till I come again."

He went away and forgot all about his patient. The time flew by. One day the M. D. came across the young man's mother in the street. The sight of Mrs. Jones brought his patient to his mind, and, with a start, he said:

"By the bye, how is your son getting on?"

To his amazement Mrs. Jones replied that he was still in bed, obedient to the doctor's commands. He had been there three weeks.—Illustrated Bits.

The Art of Pickling Nuts.

"The Chinese are the only people in the world who know the art of pickling all kinds of nuts," said a San Francisco man. "You take, for instance, the pickled Chinese walnut. This is the most delightful of all the relish family. The big nut is pickled and has the finest kind of flavor. It is rich, and an order of them costs $1. Then there is the Chinese butternut. This, too, is pickled and is palate tickling. The Chinese are the only folk who can really make fine nut butter. In fact, the Chinese have more accomplishments than the average American ever dreamed of."—Nashville Tennesseean.

Home.

Home! How deep a spell that little word contains! It is the circle in which our purest, best affections move and consecrate themselves, the hive in which, like the industrious bee, youth garners the sweets and memories of life for age to meditate and feed upon! It is childhood's temple and manhood's shrine—the ark of the past and the future.—Uhland.

White and Black Lies.

"What," queried the young man, "is the difference between white lies and black lies?"

"White lies," answered the home grown philosopher, "are the kind we tell. Black lies are the kind we hear."—Chicago News.

The Obligato.

"I went to the opera last night."

"What did you hear?"

"That Mr. Browning is going to get a divorce, Mrs. Biggs has the dearest dog and a new baby, and the Huttons are going to live in India."—Harper's Bazar.

Pertinent Question.

An English juror once asked the judge after the verdict was returned whether the fact that he differed from his eleven brethren justified their knocking him down with a chair.

Only Then.

"Does your husband snore in his sleep, madam?"

"Well, doctor, I have never noticed him snoring at any other time."—Baltimore American.

ACTION OF ALCOHOL.

The Seven Stages of Drunkenness and the Results.

According to the evidence given recently by Dr. R. T. Williams, an English physician, in a London police court, says the Literary Digest, he distinguishes seven stages of drunkenness—irritable, mellow, pugnacious, affectionate, lachrymose, followed, if the total doses were large enough, by collapse and death. It is noted by the British Medical Journal, from which this report is taken, that other authorities have formulated these stages in different ways. Says this paper:

"Magnan, who was one of the first to begin the scientific study of the physiological action of alcohol, distinguished five stages—first, slight excitement and a feeling of well being, in which speech and gestures became more animated; in the second stage ideas became crowded together and confused, the mood being, without any very obvious reason for the difference, gay or sad or full of tender emotion; in the third stage the confusion of ideas was greater and accompanied by incoherence, perversion of taste and smell, illusions, thick speech, vacant countenance and staggering gait; the fourth stage was coma and the fifth death. Magnan's second stage has been graphically described by Claye Shaw as 'a loss of the sense of awareness of surroundings.'"

MEN AND MACHINES.

The Limit of Human Speed Has About Been Reached.

One thing alone can intervene and put the curb on the desire for speed—man's powers of endurance. Already there are signs that it has almost reached its limit. The increase of nervous diseases, the spread of insanity, these and other warnings should serve as danger signals that the speed of modern life is excessive. The adjusting of a man's frame to rapidly changing conditions, great though it be, yet has its limits.

Machinery may be perfected to an incredible degree, but man—unless we are to conceive of him as becoming absolutely machine-like—will always have his limitations of flesh and blood. He will always be a fantastic creature subject to strange emotions, uncertain gusts of passion, sudden tricks of nerves or of physical exhaustion. Among the daily catastrophies from the lust of speed it is rare to find that it is the machinery which is at fault. It is the failure of the eye to transmit with sufficient rapidity the danger message to the brain or an error in judgment or a sudden nerve failure, one of these which brings about disaster. Man may perfect the machine, but he remains himself ever imperfect.—London Saturday Review.

Nurses Dread Lightning.

Of all people who are glad when the season of thunderstorms is past, none are more thankful than professional nurses.

"It isn't that we are so afraid of lightning ourselves," said a nurse in Roosevelt hospital, "but it has a harmful effect on our patients. Most sick people have an unreasonable fear of lightning. In cases of extreme weakness or nervousness a dozen flashes of blinding lightning reduce the patient to such a state of prostration that it takes extraordinary efforts on the part of the nurse to bring him around. If one sick person requires all that extra attention in a thunderstorm, just imagine the predictment of the nurse who has a whole ward full of them on her hands."—New York Press.

On the Job.

Amusing epitaphs are common enough, but it is not often that a tombstone inscription is meant to carry a business advertisement. A West Virginia man tells of a singular one which may be seen in a certain cemetery. It was the idea of a widow of a man named Perkins, a partner in a commercial house known as Perkins & Parker. Soon after the decease of her spouse Mrs. Perkins married Mr. Parker, her late husband's business associate. The inscription reads:

"Sacred to the memory of James Perkins, for thirty years senior partner of the firm of Perkins & Parker, now Parker & Co."—Harper's Weekly.

SNAILS FOR FOOD.

Stores Devoted Entirely to Them In Many Cities of Europe.

France is the premier snail producing nation, although Austria, Bavaria and Switzerland have thousands of snail farms, where the famous escargots are raised and fattened on vine leaves. The demand for snails in France is far too great for the supply to be left to chance, and thus it comes about that snail farming is an important industry. Paris alone consumes millions between September and May, when these little creatures are at their best.

In great cities of Europe are stores devoted entirely to them, each ornamented by an immense gilt snail over the door as a sign. Huge tubs of snails in the rough are displayed, and there are besides dishes of carefully prepared mollusks all ready for eating. These have been cooked, extracted from their shells and minced. The meat is then mixed with butter, chopped parsley and herbs, and the shells, trimmed and made attractive, are refilled with this prepared paste.

The most popular snails today come from Dijon and Macon, in Burgundy, where they are fed on vine leaves, and the parks, as the local snail farms are called, open their gates in the month of August, when the little creatures bestir themselves actively.—Chicago News.

He Had the Name.

She had gone up the scales once, and then she had gone down the scales. Then she had done the same thing over again, after which some one asked:

"In what school of music were you taught?"

Thereupon some one else interrupted in an undertone:

"Judging by the speed, I should say it was a riding school."

And there were many present who deemed the sentiment a good one.

Fair Share.

It was at a theater in Manchester. The king, aged and infirm, was blessed with two sons. He was pacing up and down the stage, with a wearied, troubled look, exclaiming aloud, "On which of these my sons shall I bestow my crown?" Immediately came a voice from the gallery, "Why not 'arf a crown apiece, guv'nor?"—London Mail.

The Prodigal Son.

Prodigal—Father, I have come home to die!

"Confound you! Haven't you cost me enough already without adding the expense of a funeral?"—Life.

A SEAT IN THE COMMONS.

Going to Parliament a Costly Honor For Englishmen.

Every Englishman who is not fortunate enough to be a peer wants to become an M. P. Every man who has succeeded in business or professional life feels that a coveted seat in the commons is necessary to round out his career. But many men of moderate means are deterred from pampering their ambitions by the big expense entailed. No salaries are paid, and, besides supporting himself, an M. P. is called upon to meet heavy drains upon his pocketbook during his entire term.

At the most moderate estimate the expenses of a campaign are $5,000. Once elected, the member must "nurse" his constituents. Clubs and charities are the greatest beneficiaries of this nursing, but many individuals come in for assistance also. Not less than $3,000 a year is required for this item, which for a term of five years represents an outlay of $15,000.

All told, then, a prospective member faces an outlay of $20,000 in addition to his living expenses, which in London are far from moderate when he maintains himself in keeping with the dignity of his position.

Many of the commoners of course spend far more than the above amount. And, in addition to the cash outlay, some of them find their lives embittered by the worries and exactions of their positions.

BALLOONING.

With an Experienced Pilot In Charge It Is Not Dangerous.

The uninitiated are prone to look upon the balloon as a sort of country fair attraction, whose principal interest lies in the risk the aeronaut takes. This is a mistake.

Like the automobile, the balloon requires an experienced pilot, and when such a one is in charge serious or fatal accidents are never recorded. Most balloon clubs require all ascensions to be made under a regularly licensed pilot, who receives his certificate from the club only after having demonstrated his fitness. The pilot who is willing to go up only in favorable weather and to come down at the proper time need never endanger lives. He knows he has only to open the valve and he can descend. He has only to throw out a handful of sand, and he can prevent his balloon from coming down or can send it up. When he is ready to land he picks out a favorable spot ahead of him, lets his balloon come gradually down near the ground, cuts loose the anchor which stops his progress, then opens the valve again if necessary. When the car touches the ground he tears out the ripping strip, and the balloon stretches out on the ground, a flat and empty bag.—F. P. Lahm, U. S. A., in Outing Magazine.

The Love of Nature.

A Japanese friend of mine lived in Paris for a year. Waking on a winter's morning, he found that snow had fallen in the night. As a matter of course he took his way to the Bois de Boulogne to admire the beauty of the snow upon the trees. What was his astonishment when with his companion, a compatriot, he arrived in the Bois to find it entirely solitary and deserted. The two Japanese paid their vows to beauty in the whiteness and the stillness of the morning and at last beheld in the distance two other figures approaching. They were comforted. "We are not quite alone," they said to themselves. There were at least two other "just men" in that city of the indifferent and the blind. The figures drew nearer. They also were Japanese.—London Saturday Review.

The City of Roses.

Ispahan, Persia, is known as the "city of roses," but a traveler says that the streets "are only alleys between two high mud walls, without a single window or opening to be seen—merely here and there a low, narrow doorway, always impenetrably closed. The ground is thickly coated with dust, the streets are rarely straight, and never have they got any name. The sense of ruin is everywhere—here a wall is falling down, there a palace is in ruins, a little farther a deserted mosque is skirted. Such is Ispahan, which from having at one time a population of 1,000,000 is now reduced to barely 100,000 inhabitants."

The Slow Train.

A conductor on a certain train noted for its slowness asked a hoary headed, white bearded passenger for his ticket.

"I gave it to you," said the old man.

"I guess not," the conductor replied. "Where'd you get on?"

"At Buxby's Crossing."

"Why," the conductor cried, "there wasn't anybody got on at Buxby's Crossing except one little boy."

"I," said the aged one, "was that little boy."—Lippincott's.

Choosing a Husband.

A well known after dinner speaker in New York said the other day: "Choosing a husband is like choosing mushrooms. If it is a mushroom you live; if it is a toadstool you die."—What to Eat.

Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass when he made one tree.—Beecher.

How It Affected Him.

Mrs. Myles—When are you coming to call on us?

Mrs. Styles—Oh, I really don't know!

"But you said you'd come soon and bring your husband?"

"I know I did, and I asked him last night to come over, and he said he'd lik eto dream over it, and, do you know, dear, he had an awful nightmare last night!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Something Lacking.

"These big hotels are not so complete."

"What's lacking?"

"The express elevator gets you to the fifty-second floor all right, but there a half mile corridor confronts you and no cabs."—Montreal Star.

Had Heard It Before.

"She looks very young to have a grown daughter."

"Yes; she was just telling me"—

"I know. That she was married when she was just barely fifteen years old."—Pittsburg Post.

Didn't Affect Him.

Stella—Mrs. Jones wants a new coat because Mrs. Smith looks so well in one. Jack—Yes, but Jones won't sign a check merely because Smith looks so pretty when he is writing one.—Harper's Bazar.

It is sometimes advisable to employ a night watchman to look after men who are as honest as the day is long.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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How to Avoid Pneumonia.

You can avoid pneumonia and other serious results from a cold by taking Foley's Honey and Tar. It stops the cough and expels the cold from the system as it is mildly laxative. Refuse any but the genuine in the yellow package. Anders & Philipp.

Buy your Lumber, Soft Coal, Mill Feed, Etc., of ADELBERT CLARK,

Dealer in General Merchandise
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An Insiduous Danger.

One of the worst features of kidney trouble is that it is an insiduous disease and before the victim realizes his danger he may have a fatal malady. Take Foley's Kidney cure at the first sign of trouble as it prevents Bright's disease. Anders & Philipp.

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It is very important and in fact it is absolutely necessary to health that we give relief to the stomach promptly at the first signs of trouble—which are belching of gas, nausea, sour stomach, headache; irritability and nervousness. These are warnings that the stomach has been mistreated; it is doing too much work and is demanding help from you. Take something once in a while; especially after meals; something like KODOL for dyspepsia and indigestion. It will enable your stomach to do its work properly. Sold by all druggists.

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Proprietor of

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Am prepared to do all kinds of work in my line. Moving safes, musical instruments, household goods and heavy articles a specialty.

Residence Phone No 265.

THE CHILDREN LIKE IT
KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

Advice to Mothers. Don't let your children waste away. Keep them strong and healthy during the winter with Hollisters Rocky Mountain Tea. It is the greatest tonic for children. Pure and harmless, does the greatest good. 35c, Tea or Tablets. R. A. Denton.

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RAILROAD Time Cards.

Manchester & Oneida Ry.

TIME TABLE.

Lv. Manchester time and train	Connect with	Arrive at	Time
* No. 2 5:15 a.m	C. G. W. No. 5	Oelwein....	6:45 a m
		St Paul	12:50 p.m
		Minneapolis	1:20 p.m
		Waterloo...	8:10 a.m
		Marshall'tn	9.55 a.m
		Des Moines	11:55 a.m
		Kansas City	8:00 p.m
§ No. 4 7:15 a.m	C. G. W. No. 6	Dubuque....	9.05 a.m
		Chicago....	1:40 p.m
§ No. 6 3:55 a.m	C. M. & St. P No. 22	Calmar.....	12:10 p.m
		Charles City	12:47 p.m
		Mason City	1:45 p m
§ No. 8 2:00 p.m	C. G. W. No. 4	Dubuque....	5:25 p.m
		Chicago.....	10:00 p.m
	No. 3	Oelwein	3:38 p.m
		Waterloo	4:35 p.m
		Marshalltown	6:30 p.m
		Des Moines..	8:35 p.m
		Kansas City.	6:50 a.m
		St. Paul....	9:00 p.m
		Minneapolis..	9:35 p.m
* No. 10 4:45 p.m	C. M. & St. P No. 21	Monticello..	6:30 p.m
		Marion.....	7:50 p.m
		Cedar Rapids	8:10 p.m
		Davenport ..	9:25 p.m

§ Daily trains.
* Daily except Sunday.
Through tickets on sale to all points.
'Phone 196 for further information.

E. E. BREWER, Traffic Manager.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No 1* 11:53 pm	..Fast Train..	No 2* 2:03 a m
No401 11:32 pm	Thro Express..	No403 2:41 a m
No 5 † 8:10 a m	..Fast Mail..	No 4 3:10 p m
No 3 5:00 p m	.Day Express.	No 6† 9:25 a m
No 21 7:25 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 306 5.00 a.m	...†Passenger...	No.305 8:20 a.m
No.322 4:45 p.m	..†Passenger...	No.320 5:10 p.m
No.358 12:10 p.m	....†Freight....	No.360 11:15a.m

All above trains carry passengers.
*Daily.
†Daily Except Sunday.

H. G. PIERCE, Station Agt.

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

A Card.

This is to certify that all druggists are authorized to refund your money if Foley's Honey and Tar fails to cure your cough or cold. It stops the cough, heals the lungs and prevents serious results from a cold. Cures lagrippe coughs and prevents pneumonia and consumption. Contains no opiates. The genuine is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes. Anders & Philipp.

Compound Vapor, Tub and Shampoo Baths.

Baths

Vapor, Tub, and Shampoo.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Better Equipt Than Ever Before.

I give the Conant system of baths, the most scientific ever invented or discovered for preventing and curing disease.

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My ladies' department is in charge of Mrs. Nellie Howick, an expert in the art of giving baths and shampooing.

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Good residence property on Franklin Street
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How to Avoid Appendicitis.

Most victims of appendicitis are those who are habitually constipated. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup cures chronic constipation by stimulating the liver and the bowels and restores the natural action of the bowels. Orino Laxative Fruit syrup does not nauseate or gripe and is mild and pleasant to take. Refuse substitutes. Anders & Philipp.

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All kinds of exterior and interior painting. A specialty made of Carriage painting. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.

8tf S. J. Maley.

Over Atkinson's Blacksmith Shop.

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

A. J. HESNER,

Succes or to Geo. H. Keyes.

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

IN

BLACKSMITHING

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

A. J. HESNER.

If a cough once gets into your system it acts on every muscle and fibre of the body and makes you ache all over. It especially affects the intestines and makes you constipated, so in order to get rid of a cold thoroughly and without delay you should not take anything that will tend to constipate. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup acts upon the bowels and thereby drives the cold out of the system. It contains no opiates-it is pleasant to take and is highly recommended for children. Sold by all druggists.