Richard the Brazen

...By...
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CHAPTER XVII.

MR. JACOB RENWYCK, dismissing the new butler who had waited for his master, after having assured himself that all the other inmates of the house had retired for the night, carefully placed the family diamonds in his private safe, which stood in a corner of the library, set the burglar alarm and went into his room. For years he had attended in person to the closing of the house, except upon rare occasions when business called him from the city, at which times he left elaborate instructions with the trusted and time tried major domo, whose position on account of illness was being temporarily filled by the new man. The alarm once set, not a door or a window could be opened without a clamorous uproar from a big brass gong in the upper hall, and therefore Restmore might repose in peace and earn its name. Had Mr. Renwyck known, however, that one Woolsey Bibbs had departed earlier in the evening without consulting his master, perhaps his nightly prayers might not have been put forth in such a spirit of pharisaic complacency.

Therefore for an hour in the Renwyck home reigned heavy silence, which was broken only by the ticking of the great antique clock in the hall or its soft melodious chime as it struck the quarter hours. Outside a night wind sang faintly as it tossed a scudding rack of clouds across the moonlit sky and the ancient elms of Restmore swayed and nodded to its soft caress.

When Richard reached his room he found himself in no mood for sleep. He laid aside his dress coat, donned a house jacket, extinguished his lights and seated himself in the morris chair before an open window. His thoughts were in a whirl. Tomorrow, which promised to be a busy day for him—just how busy even he fortunately did not realize—would find him disgraced or blessed, according to the manner in which Miss Harriet would accept his confession. That she had already begun to suspect his real identity he was morally sure, and no time must be lost in revealing it himself before her doubt was changed to a certainty. In the morning he would make a clean breast of everything to her—the deception and its righteous cause—his love, which had stooped to subterfuge to win her heart, in despair of other means and under the stress of sudden suggestion. Then he would hasten back to the St. Regis, where he knew his dad would seek for him, tell him the whole truth and run the gantlet of parental ire. After that a third confession must follow—to Jacob Renwyck. This, he felt, would be harder than the other two, for, since the episode of the foreign draft, the manner of his host, while still polite, had undergone a decided change. A certain coolness, not to say a certain suspicion, had been engendered in the mind of the financier. It was unnoticed by the balance of the household, yet to Richard far more perturbing than an open, honest avowal of dislike.

The deep water harbor speculation, too, ran through his tangled thoughts, but the final crash he was powerless to avert. It was probably too late now, anyway. It hung above him like some

His thoughts were in a whirl.

hideous nightmare, the end of which he could only know when he wakened to a grimmer reality than he dreamed.

Meantime in another wing of Restmore two fair but frightened young women, who had exchanged their evening gowns for comfortable lounging robes, clung to one another, whispering in the dark. As the hands of a tiny bedroom clock slowly crept around toward the hour of 3 they began to realize the rashness of their undertaking. Miss Harriet, the more courageous of the two, was less inclined than ever to meet this unknown man and but for her promise to her younger friend would have declined point blank to take the risk.

"Imogene," she murmured earnestly, "it is not too late to change our plans. We still have ten minutes left. Why not let me call father and tell him everything? He and Lord Croyland and Mr. Van der Awe could meet the man, overpower him and get your letters back, and nothing would ever come of it."

At this sensible suggestion Miss Imogene again exhibited symptoms of hysteria.

"Oh, Harriet, darling, please," she quavered, "you've promised me! And you can't refuse when it's nearly time. I'm not going to faint or scream or anything like that. I'll be just as brave as a—a—lion—no, not a lion, maybe, but some other kind of animal that isn't so terribly afraid. You needn't be scared. I'll take care of you, Hattie, dear. Now, do be sensible. Isn't it time to go?"

Miss Harriet looked at the timepiece, nodded, sighed and took the other's hand. They opened the bedroom door, peeped out and listened. Nothing could be heard, but the ticking of the hall clock, the sound of the wind outside and a mellow snore that oozed from Mr. Renwyck's room across the hall.

"I—I wish he'd stop it," whispered Imogene; "it makes one's hair rise. Don't let go my hand, darling—please."

"Hush," breathed Harriet and led the way along the silent upper hall.

Slowly the two gentle conspirators tipped down the gloomy stairs, starting at a cracking step beneath their feet, fearful of dangers unknown, but menacing, that seemed to lurk at every turn. In safety they reached the lower hall at last, paused, then drew aside the heavy portieres which masked the entrance to the library.

If the hall outside was gloomy, the room which they entered was darker still. By a sickly light which filtered through the draperies of the window opposite they could see the shadowy outlines of the desk, the top of a silver inkstand and a ghostly high backed chair, while in an angle of the wall they descried the metal disk of the combination lock on Mr. Renwyck's safe.

They waited in silence till the clock in the hall behind them boomed out the hour of 3 in solemn, measured cadence, and as the last echo died away they heard a cautious tapping on the window pane.

"Oh, Lord, it's him!" gasped Imogene, forgetting grammar and all else, indeed, except her human terror in the situation, while she clung to Harriet's arm and shook from head to heel. "Don't tremble so, Harriet, darling. You—you make we want to scream."

"S-s-s-h!" her friend admonished. "Don't speak above a whisper now. Leave it to me. There; I'm not afraid."

Miss Renwyck, having once keyed her nerves to the point of meeting a stranger in the dark, was not a woman to falter in the crucial moment. A sense of calm was settling upon her, and, though her heart beat faster than was its wont, she was now in possession of her every faculty and could face the danger without a tremor of her voice or hand.

"You keep the purse," she whispered to Imogene. "Stand where you are and don't speak a single word. Really, dear, there isn't much danger, after all. Yet remember," she smiled, "you have promised to be a little lion, and the man is only 'Roddy-poddykins.'"

She wondered afterward at this flash of humor, yet it chanced to be the saving grace, for the terrified Miss Imogene was crouched in the library doorway, striving at once to be the king of beasts and to keep her teeth from chattering. In both efforts, alas, she failed.

Miss Renwyck crossed the room, fumbled an instant for the electric switch, then turned off the burglar alarm. She dared not make a light, lest it be noticed if any one came into the upper hall. Then, breathing an inward prayer, she unlatched the window, raised the sash and stepped backward to a point of vantage beside the desk.

At first she saw nothing, but presently found herself enveloped for an instant in a flash of light from a small bullseye lantern and heard a low exclamation of surprise from the darkness outside. Harriet rose to the emergency.

"Mr. Fitzgeorge," she began in a guarded undertone, "I am Miss Renwyck. Besides Miss Chittendon and myself, there is no one here."

There was silence for a moment.

"Do you give me your word on that?" asked the voice.

"I do."

"On your honor as a lady?"

"On my honor."

The light flashed out, and the head and shoulders of a man appeared above the window sill.

"Wait!" commanded Harriet. "Are you alone?"

"Sure," said the man; "you can see for yourself, Miss Renwyck," and thereupon he climbed cautiously into the room.

He turned his bullseye carefully about, cursorily inspected the hall outside, appeared satisfied and slipped his lantern into his pocket.

"Ah!" said the visitor as he caught sight of Miss Imogene's bloodless face. "You didn't go back on me, my dear. I didn't think you would, and I am much obliged to you."

"Stop!" said Harriet. "You must conduct this transaction with me. Imogene, is this Mr.—Fitzgeorge?"

"Y-e-s!" faltered the shivering young lady. "It's—it's he."

"Very well," Miss Renwyck began again. "Then we needn't waste further time. If you have the letters you spoke of"—

"Wait a minute," the man interrupted. "We can't talk in here. It's too near the front of the stairs, and I don't want to run any unnecessary risks either for you ladies or for myself. What room does that door lead to?"

He pointed to the left, while Harriet, following his shadowy gesture, wondered if he were up to some crafty trick.

"Mr. Fitzgeorge," she said, "I prefer to transact this matter where we are. I see no reason"—

Again the man interrupted her.

"All right," he answered carelessly; "it isn't my risk, you know. If your father came down those stairs suddenly I might have to shoot; that's all. I don't want to injure him, of course, but"—

"Oh, Harriet, please!" moaned a shrinking voice at her elbow, and Harriet, seeing the wisdom of the move, gave in.

"That is the billiard room," she answered, "but it also connects with the hall. Stand where you are, and when you hear me call you may follow me. Come, Imogene."

This room was lighter than the library, having a large transom window, through which the sickly moonlight forced its way, and possessed an additional advantage to the girls by reason of the billiard table, which could be kept between them and their visitor.

At Miss Renwyck's low call the man flashed his lantern twice across the library window and stepped into the billiard room, carefully closing the door behind him.

"Now," he began immediately, taking a packet from his pocket, "we can get down to business. But before I take the money which Miss Chittendon is kindly going to lend me for a month or two I want to make an explanation of my act."

"Sir," whispered Harriet, "I do not consider that at all necessary. You explained yourself in your letter, and neither Miss Chittendon nor I desire to go further into your motives. Please be good enough to bring your extraordinary business to an end."

"But, my dear Miss Renwyck," the visitor persisted, lowering his voice to match her own, "you must admit that something is due me. I present myself in a very bad light before both of you, and I want to clear myself before I go. Appearances are against me, I know, but"—

"What's that?" demanded Harriet, sharply starting at a slight noise which at first she fancied was in the hall.

"Nothing, I think," Mr. Fitzgeorge answered hurriedly after listening for an instant. "Ah, this is it!" he went on, swiftly stooping and apparently picking up something from the floor. "I stepped on a stray piece of billiard chalk. As I was saying just now, I've got to leave for the west immediately to join my regiment"—they could feel his mocking smile even if they could not see it—"and, to be absolutely truthful, which I prefer, some of my friends, the police, are on my trail. That's why I am obliged to come at night. I hope I haven't frightened you ladies, and I beg to assure you that I wouldn't harm a hair of your pretty heads for any price whatever," continued this extraordinarily loquacious rascal.

"Yes, yes," said Harriet impatiently, "we know all that. Give me the letters and go."

"Pardon me," said the specious Mr. Roderick Fitzgeorge, with a gallant bow, "but I haven't quite finished yet. I want you to understand my position clearly, so that you may know I'm dealing squarely, though a harsh world outside is dogging my innocent heels."

The much abused gentleman plunged into a rambling tale of his misfortunes, speaking so rapidly that neither of his auditors at times could follow him even if they had not been in a state bordering on collapse, although Harriet, the cooler of the two, wondered why the villain did not take the money and go.

Had a watcher been concealed in the library he might well have understood the motives of Mr. Roderick Fitzgeorge, or Mr. Jack Bibbs, for both names, among many others, chanced to appertain to the same attractive gentleman. No sooner had the door of the billiard room been closed when another form rose stealthily above the library window sill, stepped noiselessly inside, crossed the room and dropped on his knees before Mr. Renwyck's safe. The man was of medium height and slender build, wearing a mask over the upper portion of his face. But his chin and jaw appeared beneath the band of black, showing a pale, putty-like complexion.

In his work upon the safe this second nocturnal visitor did not resort to force or violence. He was far too old a hand to use such primitive means, nor did he wish to arouse the household by any sudden noise. He pressed a practiced ear against the iron safe door, then turned the dial slowly with a feather touch till at last he was rewarded by a faint metallic click as the delicate tumbler dropped into its slot. By the aid of his electric flash lamp he made a mental note of the number, indicating his starting point. Then he replaced his ear and reversed the dial as carefully as before. Again he heard the warning click.

"Left to sixty, right to thirty-five," he murmured to himself and bent to his work once more.

He tried four numbers, that being the usual combination of smaller safes, then confidently turned the dial to the right. He scored a blank. The work must now be done again, though not from the beginning, for three at least of the numbers were known to him. Twice more he tried and failed both times, but at the third attempt the dial locked and the outer door swung open when the nickel plated handle was softly turned.

The rest was simple. The burglar produced a bunch of skeleton keys and in less than two minutes had forced the lock of the inner door, which opened with a rasp of protest to the pilferer.

The man with the putty-like complexion overhauled the contents of the safe by the aid of his flash lamp, selected such valuables as seemed to be the least bulky, but most important, and stored them in several capacious pockets. This done, he carefully closed and locked the inner doors of the rifled safe, pressed upon the outer door, adjusted the nickel handle in its proper place and spun the dial of the combination lock.

For a moment the burglar listened to the low murmur of his confederate's voice in the adjoining room, smiled sardonically and slipped stealthily through the open window. Outside he crept to a point beneath the window of the billiard room, cried out in imitation of a vagrant cat, then, crouching, fled in the direction of the river, with the cases of the famous Renwyck diamonds tapping deliciously against his ribs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Woman's Wit.

An emperor of Germany besieged a city which belonged to one of his rebellious noblemen. After the siege had lasted for a long time the emperor determined to take it by storm and to destroy all it contained by fire and sword. He did not, however, wish to injure the defenseless women; therefore, he sent a proclamation into the town, saying that all the women might leave the place unhurt and carry with them whatever they held most precious. The nobleman's wife instantly decided to take her husband, and the other women followed her example. They soon issued from the city gate in a long procession, each one with her husband on her shoulders. The emperor was so much struck with the noble conduct of the women that he spared all; even the city itself was left untouched.

Wouldn't Tip It.

A Toronto man who visited England last summer appears to think that country the champion tip taker. He says: "Well, I had tipped every man from the swell gent who seemed to own the house of commons down to the hireling who gummed the wrong labels on my luggage, and I went into the waiting room on the landing stage at Liverpool to wash my hands of everything English, and what do you think stared me in the face when I had finished? A placard saying, 'Please tip the basin.' I'll be hanged if I did!"

Monuments.

Dr. Griffin—I must say the world is very ungrateful toward our profession. How seldom one sees a public memorial erected to a doctor! Mrs. Golightly—How seldom! Oh, doctor, think of our cemeteries!—London Answers.

Doesn't Always Follow.

Because some men get over a fence safely with a loaded gun it is not always safe to assume that they won't examine a mule's heels to settle a bet.—Washington Post.

MADE IT RIGHT.

Yet It Was Not Easy For the Salesman to Grasp the Boss' Scheme.

In one of the suburbs of London there is a wholesale firm the senior member of which may be known as Mr. Blank. The firm has two traveling salesmen—a single man, receiving 30 shillings per week, and the other a married man, drawing £2 per week.

A short time ago the single man, being in the shop and looking over matters, discovered that the married salesman was receiving 10 shillings per week more salary than himself, while he (the single man) was selling more goods. He called Mr. Blank's attention to this and suggested that, as he was selling more than the other fellow, he should at least receive as much pay.

The senior partner acknowledged the apparent inconsistency and assured his man that he would look into it and if the statement were correct he would make matters right.

Another week rolled by, and when the single man came to draw his salary from the bookkeeper he was surprised to find only 30 shillings passed out to him the same as before. He demurred. The bookkeeper insisted he had received no instructions to raise his pay and referred him to the governor. Approaching Mr. Blank, he said:

"You remember, sir, I spoke to you last week about my salary, stating that, while I was selling more goods than the other traveler, I was receiving less pay, and I thought I should receive as much as he did. You assured me you would look into it and make matters right."

"Yes," said Mr. Blank, "I remember your mentioning the matter, and I made it right, didn't I?"

"Why, no; I don't see how you have, as the bookkeeper has just paid me the same amount as before. I can't see how that is making it right, sir."

"You don't understand," said the senior partner. "I have made it right. You thought you ought to have as much pay as the other man, and I have made it right by cutting the other fellow's pay down."—London Tit-Bits.

THE ENCORE HABIT.

How Sims Reeves Turned the Tables on One of His Admirers.

Sims Reeves, who in his day was accepted as the most celebrated tenor on the concert stage, was so much of a favorite that whenever he sang he was usually greeted with a hearty encore, accompanied with enthusiastic cheers.

Reeves was very good natured about the matter, but he made it a rule never to sing more than one selection when he felt that his voice was not in first class shape. He happened to notice that an elderly man, who turned out to be a dealer in hats along the Strand, London, attended nearly every concert within convenient distance if Sims Reeves happened to be on the bill and generally led the encore brigade. This hatter was a persistent person and often applauded until he had forced Reeves to respond to double and triple encores.

Determined to teach the little hatter a lesson, one afternoon just as dark was approaching Reeves entered his admirer's store and said, "One hat, please," naming the particular shape which he desired. The little hatter didn't recognize the great tenor and handed out one hat.

"Good," said Reeves. "How much is this hat?"

"Five shillings," said the store proprietor.

"Encore," said Reeves.

A second hat was forthcoming, and Reeves ultimately obtained three "encore" hats. When the little hatter demanded £1 sterling for the purchases Reeves pretended to be furious.

"Send these four hats to this address," ordered the tenor in terrible tone, "but I only pay for one hat. Do you understand? The three other hats are 'encore' hats. If you make me sing songs for nothing you must send me hats for nothing."

The little hatter was speechless.—Portland Oregonian.

A Startling Debut.

A comedy of errors describes the first appearance on the stage of Mr. Huntley Wright. He was supposed to impersonate the warder of a madhouse, and the scene opened with the brutal ill treatment of the hero, and it ended with a gunpowder explosion. In his nervousness the warder dropped his cap, and, being agitated and shortsighted, he picked up the pan of gunpowder instead. It instantly blew up, nearly frightening him out of his wits. He rushed from the stage and collapsed, as he thought, on a stool in the wings, which turned out to be a fire bucket full of water! — London Answers.

Good Judgment.

"Your partner," remarked the privileged friend, "seems to be a man of unusually good judgment."

"You bet he is," replied the self acknowledged brains of the firm. "Why, he never makes a move without asking my advice!"—Chicago News.

A Mean Question.

Charles—I heard the other day that Gerald is going to get married.

Edward—Well, why shouldn't he? He's comfortably well off.

"That's just the whole point. Why doesn't he remain so?"

Obstinate.

"Why don't you quit smoking, old chap? You know it hurts you."

"Certainly. But every time I make up my mind to do it somebody comes around and tells me I ought to!"—Puck.

A Smooth Tongue.

"No, Mr. Smith," she said gently, but firmly, "I can never be your wife." Then he struggled to his feet and said in broken tones: "Are all my hopes to be thus dashed to pieces? Am I never to be known as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. Smith?" This was too much, and she succumbed.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

His Idea of a Wife.

"What is your idea of an ideal wife?"

"One who will cook the meals, do the washing, look after the furnace, make her own clothes and—and"—

"And what?"

"Keep herself looking as young and as beautiful as an actress who pulls down $400 a week in vaudeville."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Panther.

"Now, Elsie," said the schoolteacher, "can you tell me what a panther is?"

"Yeth, ma'am," lisped the little miss. "He ith a man that makths panths."—Kansas City Independent.

Simplicity forms a main ingredient in a noble nature.—Thucydides.

THE TALL SOLDIER.

Adventure of an English Military Officer In Warsaw.

In "Tales of My Father" Mr. Falls tells of an adventure experienced by him while visiting a friend in Warsaw. He had been walking with the prince and had stepped into a small cafe. At the next table sat a tall Russian soldier with one or two companions. The soldier took out a box of dominos and challenged one of his friends to a game.

The prince said to my father:

"Go ask him to play with you. I know him, and he is an interesting man to talk to."

My father crossed over to the table with the prince, who said something in Polish. The soldier immediately invited my father to sit down and play. At the end of a game the soldier remarked:

"My regiment is quartered at St. Petersburg. If you ever go there call at the barracks and ask for Sergeant R."

"If you ever go to London call at the life guards barracks and ask for Captain H.," returned my father.

The Russian rose, saying it was not for him to sit in the presence of his superior officer, saluted and left the cafe.

"Whoever your friend is, he is a tall man," remarked my father.

"My friend with whom you have been talking and playing dominos is the great czar—the Emperor Nicholas. He has been here for a week. It is his habit to go about disguised and to mix among the people. Those who know him would not lift a finger to harm him. He trusts himself to us and carries his life in his hand. He is safer in these cafes than in the gilded halls of the White palace at St. Petersburg."

The next day my father saw the emperor leave Warsaw, followed by the muttered curses of the people. With a wonderful remembrance of faces, he recognized my father in the crowd and bowed to him courteously.

SANG HER VERY BEST.

Frederick the Great Was Posted and Marie Frausch Was Wise.

There is a good story told of a prima donna named Marie Frausch, who lived in the time of Frederick the Great. Whenever anything or anybody displeased the haughty Frausch she, after the manner of prima donnas in general, would suddenly become too hoarse to sing. One evening there was to be sung an opera in her repertory, and it was expected that the king would attend.

At the appointed hour the manager came forward and announced that, owing to a sore throat, Fraulein Frausch was unable to appear.

The people were preparing to leave the house, but his majesty rose and commanded them to keep their seats. A few moments afterward an officer and four dragoons entered the capricious singer's room.

"Fraulein," said the officer, "the king inquires after your health."

"The king is very good," said Frausch, with a pout, "but I have a sore throat."

"His majesty is aware of the fact and has charged me to take you to the military hospital to be cured."

Fraulein, turning very pale, suggested that they were jesting, but was told that Prussian officers never indulged in persiflage. Soon she found herself in a coach with four men.

"I am a little better now," Frausch faltered, "and I will try to sing."

"Back to the theater!" said the officer to the coachman.

The fraulein began to think she had yielded too easily. "I shall not be able to sing my best," she interposed.

"Pardon, fraulein," responded the officer, "but I think you will."

"And why?"

"Because two dragoons in attendance behind the scenes have orders to carry you off to the military hospital at the least cough."

Fraulein Frausch never sang better than she did that night.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Saw Her Chance.

"No man shall ever kiss me except my future husband," said the girl as she was about to leave the gate.

"Suppose I agree to be your future"—

"Why, then, I'll kiss you," she said eagerly. And she did.

Her mother was informed that he had proposed, and the old lady called on him the next day to arrange matters, and before he knew it he was eternally booked. It was a very mean advantage, but a bird in the hand is worth two on the garden gate.

Thrifty Paganini.

When Paganini was asked many years ago to play at Vauxhall Gardens he inquired how many persons the place would hold.

"That is impossible to say," said the manager. "It is a large, open space."

After some reflection the great violinist inquired, "How many will the large, open space contain when quite full?"

"Perhaps 20,000."

"Ah, 20,000 people! And you ask how much?"

"Four shillings each."

"Four shillings each! Twenty thousand at 4 shillings make 80,000; 80,000 shillings, £4,000. Well, I will play in one concert for £3,000, and you may have the other thousand."—St. Louis Republic.

Poles of the Earth.

The circle of the earth's daily rotation upon its axis being the greatest at the equator, the consequent greater action there of the centrifugal force during the period when the earth was a yielding mass produced a bulging out of the surface in the equatorial region, with a consequent flattening at the poles. Thus we have an oblate spheroid, with the length of the axis of the poles about twenty-six and a half miles less than the equatorial diameter.

A Literal Youth.

"Why, Johnny," said Mrs. Muggins, "what are you doing here at home? Is Willie's party over?"

"Nome," blubbered Johnny, "but the minute I got inside the house Willie's father told me to make myself at home, and I came."—Harper's Weekly.

Helping Her.

"You loved her very much?"

"So much that when her first husband died I married her that I might share her grief and so lessen it."

"And how did it work?"

"Fine! I'm sorrier now for his death than she is."—Houston Post.

Incredible.

Customer (looking over his bill)—You have made two mistakes in this bill, once in your favor and once in mine. Walter—In your favor? Where?—Lustige Blatter.

Produce much, consume little, labor diligently, speak cautiously.—Chinese Proverb.

THE JEWISH BADGE.

Distinguishing Mark That Was Required by European Countries.

To the Jews of today it is fairly well known that their ancestors in Europe were forced to put up with a great deal of humiliation. One of the most insulting methods was to require the wearing of a badge which would stamp the wearer as an "infidel Jew." The wearing of a badge was made a general order throughout Christendom in the year 1215, but it must have been required in isolated places before that date.

The most usual form of badge was that of a ring of distinctive color attached to the upper garment. Any one of French-Jewish ancestry will know that his forbears were a ring of this sort, varying in size and in color—now red, now yellow and white, according to the whims of municipalities and monarchs. It was generally worn upon the breast, and at one time it was ordered to be worn likewise upon the back, so that a Jew might be known "fore and aft." When a Jew was found without the badge, he was fined. Evidence of the wearing of this badge is found as late as 1592 in France. The forefathers of the Spanish Jews carried a yellow and red badge—the men on their breasts, the women on their foreheads. The wearing of the badge was not so prevalent in Italy, but the municipalities almost all required it. The badge was known as the "o" from its shape, resembling probably the ring in France. English Jews should feel the distinction of having had a peculiar sort of badge forced upon their ancestors. It was first in the form of a band, first white and then yellow, and later Jews were required to wear a badge with the shape of the tables of the law. In Germany yellow badges were worn, but here the hat was the chief means of identification. In Austria and in Poland there are few traces of the badge, but in Hungary Jews wore a badge on their left breast. It is interesting to know that in Crete at the present day some of the houses of Jews are marked with the "o."—American Hebrew.

THE STOOL PIGEON.

Its Part In Capturing the Wild Birds In Former Times.

There are occasional reports of small flocks of wild pigeons having been seen in different parts of the United States and Canada. Possibly these are the harbingers of their return from South America, whence they migrated for some unknown reason fifty years ago.

It may not be generally known that the somewhat odious term "stool pigeon" as used today arose from the stool pigeon that used to be employed in catching wild pigeons in former times. They used to be so plenty that they were taken in great numbers by the use of spring nets. These nets varied in size, but were from two to ten yards long and were half as wide. They were concealed as much as possible, being partly covered with hay or straw or whatever was most suitable. At each end was a strong spring, to which ropes were attached, something like 150 feet long, to where the watcher was concealed. Close to the net was a stool, or stand, where the "stool pigeon," usually a tame or captured one, was placed. The pigeon was tied by the feet to the stool, and from this stool a rope extended to the person in concealment. Wheat or some other grain was scattered about the net, and when the flock was passing the rope attached to the stool was pulled, causing the pigeon to rise and flutter its wings in trying to escape. This attracted the attention of the passing flock and induced them to light where the grain had been scattered. Then a slight pull on the ropes would release the spring to the net, which would be thrown over them so quickly that they had no time to escape. Sometimes many hundreds were captured in this way at a single haul.—Amateur Sportsman.

At One Fell Swoop.

"Have you got any of those preparations for removing superfluous hair?" asks the man who enters the drug store with a firm tread and a set countenance.

"Yes, sir," answers the druggist.

"Give me a pint. I want to use it on my head."

"But, man, you haven't got any superfluous hair on your head. You're nearly bald now."

"I know it. And I've got so aggravated and tired watching the confounded hair leaking off day by day that I want to remove the rest of it at one sweep and have the agony over."

Shakespeare Notwithstanding.

"Is there anything in a name?" inquired the man with mouse colored whiskers. "You can bet there is. Name a boy Stuyvesant or Van Rensselaer or Gouverneur and he'll never hold anything but a first class job. Nobody will ever dare ask him to swab windows or mop floors. And by the time he's forty he'll be head of a trust company and director in twenty-seven prominent concerns. Oh, yes; there's a heap in a name, lemme tell you."—Washington Herald.

The Infallible Man.

The most dull and wishy washy man in all the world must be he who never made a mistake. But he is double dyed when he will make no mistake himself and lose sleep over the mistakes of his neighbor.—Manchester Union.

Men's Ways.

We often hear women criticised for their queer ways of doing things, but we rise to call attention to the queer ways many good men have of not doing things.—Hallock Enterprise.

Could We Live on Mars?

The physical conditions on Mars are in many ways intermediate between those found upon the earth and the moon, and it seems plausible that the life existing upon it should similarly be of a higher type than that found on the moon and of a lower type than that found at present on the surface of the earth. Even if the physical conditions, as we understand them, were equally favorable with those on the earth, civilization would by no means be a necessary consequence. Had it not been settled by Europeans the United States would still be a wilderness. How much less should we hasten to accord civilization to a planet of which we know little, except that if we were transported there ourselves we should instantly die.—Professor W. H. Pickering in Harper's Magazine.

Professor on the Commission.

Edward Bartow, professor of chemistry in the University of Illinois and director of the water survey of the state, has been appointed by Governor Deneen a member of the commission to prevent the pollution of the waters of Lake Michigan.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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The New Pure Food and Drug Law.

We are pleased to announce that Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and lung troubles is not affected by the National Pure Food and Drug law as it contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and we recommend it as a safe remedy for children and adults. Anders & Philipps.

Buy your Lumber, Soft Coal, Mill Feed, Etc., of
ADELBERT CLARK,
Dealer in General Merchandise
Thorpe, Iowa

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 la grippe coughs, and prevents pneumonia and consumption. Contains no opiates The genuine is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes. Anders & Philipps

When you want
Fine Furniture
At
Fair Prices
GO TO
Werkmeisters
AT
Earlville
Undertaking Solicited
F. WERKMEISTER,
Earlville, Iowa

An Insidious Danger.

One of the worst features of kidney trouble is that it is an insidious 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 corrects irregularities and prevents Brights disease and diabetes. Anders & Philipps.

E. E. COWLES,
Proprietor of
DRAY - LINE,
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.

How to Avoid Appendicitus.

Most victims of appendicitis are those who are habitually constipated Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup cures chronic constipation by stimulating the liver and 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 & Philipps.

THE CHILDREN LIKE IT
KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

Mr. S. L. Bowen, of Wayne, W. Va. writes: "I was a sufferer from kidney disease, so that at times I could not get out of bed, and when I did I could not stand straight, I took Foley's Kidney Cure. One dollar bottle and part of second cured me entirely." Foley's Kidney Cure works wonders where others are total failures. Anders Philipps.

H. L. Main,
Hopkinton, Iowa.

LADIES' SHOES.

We have just received a complete line of the famous

JOHN STRORTMAN SHOES

These shoes are well known in this vicinity for their perfect fit, style and wearing qualities. Try a pair of them, in the Gunmetal Leather, you'll like 'em.

H. L. MAIN,
Hopkinton, Iowa.

The kidneys are delicate and sensitive organs and are very likley at any time to get out of order. DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are prompt and thorough and will in a very short time strengthen the weakened kidneys and allay troubles arising from inflammation of the bladder. Sold by All Druggists.

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.... St Paul ... Minneapolis Waterloo... Marshall'tn Des Moines Kansas City	6:45 a m 12:46 p.m 1:20 p.m 8:10 a m 9,50 a.m 11:55 a m 8:00 p.m
§ No. 4 7:15 a m	C. G. W. No. 6	Dubuque.... Chicago....	9.30 a m 2:15 p m
§ No. 6 8:45 a.m	C. M. & St. P No. 22	Calmar...... Charles City Mason City	12:10 p.m 12:47 p.m 1:45 p m
§ No. 8 2:00 p.m	C. G. W. No. 4 No. 3	Dubuque.... Chicago .... Oelwein .... Waterloo ..... Marshalltown Des Moines.. Kansas City. St. Paul..... Minneapolis..	5:20 p.m 10:00 p.m 3:25 p m 4:35 p m 6:25 p.m 8:35 p.m 6:50 a m 9:00 p m 9:35 p m
* No. 10 4:45 p.m	C. M. & St. P No. 21	Monticello.. Marion...... Cedar Rapids Davenport ..	6:30 p.m 7:50 p m 8:10 p.m 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* 2:02 a m
No401 11:32 pm	Thro Express..	No 402 3:41 a m
No 5 †3:10 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 7:23 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 8.00 a.m	...*Passenger..	No.306 8:20 a.m
No.322 4:45 p.m	..†Passenger...	No.330 5:10 p.m
No.354 12:10 p.m	....†Freight....	No.360 11:15a.m

All above trains carry passengers.
*Daily.
†Daily ExceptSunday.
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 big cut or a little cut, small scratches or bruises or big ones are healed quickly by DeWitt's Carbonized Witch Hazel Salve. It is especially good for piles. Get DeWitt's. Sold by All Druggists.

Compound Vapor, Tub and Shampoo Baths.

Baths
Vapor,
Tub,
and
Shampoo.

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

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.
Better Equipt Than Ever Before.

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

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

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup—the cough syrup that tastes nearly as good as maple syrup and which children like so well to take. Unlike nearly all other cough remedies, it does not constipate, but on the other hand it acts promptly yet gently on the bowels through which the cold is forced out of the system, and at the same time it allays inflammatiom. Always use Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup. Sold by All Druggists.

FOR SALE.
Good residence property on Franklin Street
tf J. J. PENTONY.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills. Sold by All Druggists.

PAINTING
All kinds of exterior and interior painting. A specialty made of Carriage painting. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.
tf S. J. Maley.
Over Atkinson's Blacksmith Shop

Kodol for Dyspepsia has helped thousands of people who have had stomach trouble. This is what one man says of it: "E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill.—Gentlemen—In 1897 I had a disease of the stomach and bowels. I could not digest anything I ate and in the spring of 1902 I bought a bottle of Kodol and the benefit I received from that bottle all the gold in Georgia could not buy. I still use a little occasionally as I find it a fine blood purifier and a good tonic. May you live long and prosper. Yours very truly, C. N. Cornell, Roding, Ga., Aug. 27, 1906. Sold by all druggists.

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,
Successor to Geo. H. Keyes.

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

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

It coaxes back that well feeling, healthy look, put the sap of life in your system, protects you from disease. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea has no equal as a spring tonic for the whole family. 35c. Tea or tablets.—R. A. Denton.