Richard *the* Brazen

...By...
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CHAPTER XXIII.

RICHARD was not angry at Mr. Renwyck's accusation, false though it was. He had expected it all along and had steeled himself to bear it without the turning of an eyelash. This would seem to be his opportunity for confessing his deception, yet now he was checked by the part the two young ladies had played on the previous night. To make a clean breast of it would be to involve them also, and even though it would clear him personally he could not entertain the thought for a single instant.

Yet when Sergeant Flint, the detective, put forth his hand the blood of the Texan seethed into action. There was no evidence of anger, no movement to resist the law, but in his cold gray eye there came a warning glint, which was further backed by a calm, dispassionate tone.

"Don't do that, sonny," he said in words that carried conviction. "There'll be no trouble. But hands off!" Once more he turned quietly to his host. "Now, Mr. Renwyck, kindly explain your charge."

"It is scarcely necessary," answered that gentleman in undisguised contempt, "but if you wish to be further unmasked before this company I have no objection, I assure you. You entered my house under false pretenses and with an assumed name. By your own confession you have abused our trust and hospitality. I find you in my library at 3 o'clock in the morning, fully dressed, while the window is wide open and the burglar alarm switched off. Can you account for this extraordinary proceeding on the part of a guest in a gentleman's house?"

"I can," he answered calmly. Harriet made an involuntary movement at this, but Richard, whose eyes never lost sight of her, in spite of all that occurred, checked her with a motion of his hand. "As I told you, I had come downstairs for a book. The night was warm, and through the window came a very grateful breeze. If I wished to open a window, why should I alarm the entire household with a furious clatter from a big brass gong?"

There were murmurs of approval from several persons among the company, especially the ladies, but this only made Mr. Renwyck more firm in his just convictions.

"Nonsense," he cried, "utter bosh! Do you mean to tell me that you will swear in court—as you certainly will have to—that you opened that library window merely to let in fresh air?"

"There was no other reason," the Texan answered imperturbably.

Mr. Renwyck tried another tack.

"Was there any other man with you in the library last night?"

"There was."

Imogene gasped, and Harriet put an arm around her soothingly.

"Ha!" cried the financier triumphantly. "Perhaps you will turn state's evidence. Well, who was this other man?"

"You," smiled Richard. "I remember you perfectly on account of your costume, which was—er—quaint in the extreme."

Uncle Michael broke into a jovial roar, while a snigger of amusement rippled among the other listeners. The culprit had scored a point, but it only served to put Mr. Renwyck in a warmer rage.

"Officers," he cried, "do your duty! I accuse this man—he's a thief!"

Miss Harriet stepped forward, a crimson spot glowing on either cheek, but Imogene held tightly to her arm and dragged her back. Mr. Van der Awe was in a state which bordered on despair. He also had been watching Imogene and Harriet, and he saw that they were far more interested in the proceedings of the case than their silence warranted. Three times Miss Harriet had started forward, but her whimpering friend had always detained her, once going so far as to stop an exclamation with a pretty hand across a prettier mouth. What was it Miss Renwyck seemed so eager to tell which Miss Chittendon seemed equally determined to withhold?

At Mr. Renwyck's order to the detectives great excitement filled the room. Sergeant Flint and his subordinate closed upon the Texan, and for a moment it seemed that trouble was inevitable.

"Stop!" said Richard. The tone was incisive, and somehow the wondering company gave obedience. "Mr Renwyck," he went on quietly, "you have called me a thief before many witnesses. You will be required to answer for this to me! As to the manner of that answer you know enough of men from Texas to"—

This time Harriet broke away from Miss Imogene, whitening to the lips and stretching out her hand to the group beneath her.

"Texas?" she cried. "Then you are"—

"I am," smiled Richard, "and don't you say a single word. We'll get out of this 'mill' too."

Miss Renwyck sank back against the balustrade, trembling from head to foot, while her color came and went, as she stared in silence at the cowboy of her dreams. In her heart she had known it from the first, yet now she recognized the fact that she loved the pseudo Englishman even if he had not turned out to be her hero of the plains. How splendid he looked as he faced the company, striving to shield two helpless girls by taking the blame of the robbery upon himself! For her sake he was being branded as a thief, but this thing should not be!

"Imogene," she whispered, "I must tell. I must, I must!"

But Imogene clung to her appealingly.

"Oh, don't!" she pleaded. "Cornelius will be so angry at me. Look at him glowering now! Just wait a little while. I shall die of shame. Please, please!"

Harriet bit her lip. It was too late now, anyway, for her lover was speaking again, and she did not wish to miss a word.

"Gentlemen," he was saying, "Mr. Renwyck has accused me of a crime. Perhaps he is justified in connecting me with the loss of his valuable property; but, on the other hand, I appeal to you as level headed, thinking men. His evidence is purely circumstantial."

"Can you prove your innocence?" sneered the financier.

"Unfortunately, no, nor am I compelled to do so by the laws of the land," returned the Texan quietly. "But I can weld as strong a chain around any member of this household whom you choose to select."

"Done!" retorted Mr. Renwyck angrily. "Make the choice yourself. Go on."

"Very well," laughed Richard, "I will. Mr. Renwyck, I select you!"

"Me!" stormed the millionaire, starting back in genuine astonishment. "Preposterous!"

There was a chuckle of delight from a distant corner, and Mr. Renwyck had no trouble at all in fixing it upon Brother Michael. Richard stood with his feet slightly apart, his hands in his pockets, while he began to rock forward and backward on his heels and toes. The humor of the situation was coming back again.

"Gentlemen," he said, "and ladies, too, if you will allow me—this is merely for the sake of argument—our honorable host, for whom, believe me, I have the utmost respect and admiration, has unfortunately placed himself in a very ugly light. To begin with, he is involved in a certain financial scheme, the details of which I am not at liberty to disclose. Suffice it to say it requires a vast amount of capital. That Mr. Renwyck is pinched for money is proved by the fact that night before last he urged me to place $100,000 in his enterprise."

"What!" gasped Mr. Renwyck. "Why, sir—why"—

"Wait!" said Richard sharply. "I have the floor." Again he turned to the company. "I declined to invest this amount of money for reasons of my own, though my host was much annoyed thereat."

The speculator, who could not imagine what Richard was driving at, stood speechless with amazement, while his brazen guest went on:

"Failing in this attempt, gentlemen, the prisoner at the bar next looks about him for other means to relieve his need. His daughter is possessed of diamonds valued at much more than the amount required by him. He has these gems in charge and claims to have put them in his safe. Did any one see him do it? No. Can he prove that he placed them there at all? I think not, gentlemen. By his own admission he is the only person who knows the conibination of that safe. He was warned by an eminent lawyer to place detectives in his house and declined to do so for obvious reasons. He did not wish to be spied upon!"

"Bully!" chuckled Uncle Michael to himself behind the shield of a handkerchief stuffed into his mouth. "Oh, bully! I didn't think he had it in him! Go for him, Dicky, boy! Go for him!"

Mr. Renwyck was far too thunderstruck even to defend himself. He glared at his accuser savagely, while his lank cheeks grew paler still with impotent rage.

"Stop!" he shouted. "This is nonsense, infernal nonsense! What! I steal my own daughter's diamonds? Ridiculous!"

"Can you prove it?" asked the Texan suavely. "If so, the court will acquit you gladly. It's up to you, Mr. Renwyck. Fire away!"

"Well, by Jove!" exclaimed Sir Rodney, actually letting his monocle fall in his excitement.

"How dare you, you villain?" cried Mrs. Renwyck.

"Come, come; we'd better git this foolin' over an' take along our man," said the detective sergeant.

"And he was going to teach me about English aristocracy!" sniffed Miss Schermerly scornfully, suppressing with difficulty a hysterical desire to scream.

"Where is the real Lord Croyland. I want to know?" asked Mr. Parker, taking advantage of the general disturbance to find voice again.

The old speculator was so handicapped by anger at the impudent assurance of the real culprit that coherent utterance was out of the question. He gagged and spluttered in a most incriminating manner, which gave a certain color to Richard's otherwise unthinkable charge. Beyond doubt a stormy scene would have followed had not Mr. Corrigan at last come forward to take a hand.

"Steady, Jake!" he cautioned, while Mrs. Renwyck, appalled at the term after the strain of hearing her husband accused of stealing, burst suddenly into tears, requiring the combined ministrations of Miss Schermerly and the three girls. "Jake" declined positively to be steady, so the little lawyer determined to bring matters to a close.

"Look here!" he shouted. "It seems all of you have had your share of talking. I want to do some of it myself." He turned to the company. "As for my brother-in-law, I feel that I must take his side and declare his innocence of theft. As for this young gentleman, he is equally innocent, though I must admit that he has taking ways." Uncle Michael paused to smile in appreciation of his own humor and continued, "As for me, I haven't the least doubt that any of you hot headed people would slap me in jail at once for the simple reason that I have those diamonds in my pocket."

"You!" cried a dozen people in a breath. "You!"

"Yes," he laughed. "Here they are!"

He pulled several jewel cases from his pocket, opened them and held them for all to see.

"So you're the robber, are you?" said Richard coolly, glad of a chance to pay back some of Uncle Michael's gibes. "Well, I'd never have believed it if you hadn't confessed it."

"You score one, Dick, but wait," returned Uncle Michael.

"If this is a joke, Michael," began Mr. Renwyck, frowning heavily, "I must say"—

"It's no joke, as you'll find, Jacob, and if you had followed my advice in the beginning you wouldn't have laid yourself wide open to this awkward libel case."

For a moment there was silence. It was difficult to say who was the most dumfounded—Mr. Renwyck, who saw at once what a blunder he had made; Miss Harriet, who knew that the diamonds had been taken by Mr. Fitzgeorge's pal and who wondered how her Uncle Michael had got them, and Imogene, who was confident that her secret would now be disclosed to every one, or Richard, who had locked up poor, innocent Woolsey Bills for a theft which evidently he had not committed. So his ecclesiastical valet had told the truth, after all! Consternation reigned, and everybody began to talk at once, but Mr. Corrigan raised his hand for silence and continued his most effective address.

"You are no doubt wondering," he laughed, "how I happened to come by this valuable property, and I, in spite of our brazen young friend's suggestion, hasten to assure you that I got it honestly. My worthy brother-in-law, who never would listen to any one except himself, declined to heed me

"Who calls my son a thief?"

when I told him of a danger which threatened his daughter's jewels. To prove that I was right—as I usually am, by the way—I employed several experienced private detectives and lay in wait for the fun. The first night I was terribly disappointed. The second time, though, I bagged my game. I got the diamonds, gentlemen, and I also have the thief securely locked up in my coach house under guard of the limb of the law who caught him." Mr. Corrigan turned to his brother-in-law with an irritating grin. "Perhaps you may be interested to know, Jacob, that the man has a cast in his eye!"

The effect of this last statement was striking. Miss Imogene sent up such a wail of anguish that she had to be assisted upstairs, where hysterics of a most pronounced character set in. Miss Harriet unceremoniously left her young friend in charge of the maids and hastened down again, though on the upper landing she was stopped by Mr. Van der Awe, who had followed his loved one as far as he could with reasonable propriety.

"Oh, heaven!" he moaned in his most sepulchral voice. "What—what is the meaning of it all?"

"No time now," breathed Harriet, brushing past him. "Don't be silly!"

That Brother Michael had got the better of him was gall and wormwood to Mr. Renwyck's pride. He was furious with himself and every one else connected with the terrible affair, and in his rage he rushed headlong into another blunder.

"Hold on!" he cried. "You've gained your point, Michael, but only in part. You caught the man on the outside, but I have the accomplice on the inside. The accomplice is just as culpable as the actual thief." He frowned at Richard and continued: "This man is an impostor. He switched off the alarm in my library window, let in his partner in crime and was about to cover up his tracks when I chanced to awaken, heard a noise and came downstairs. I caught him in the very act, I tell you, and the law shall take its course. Here, officer, I command you to arrest that man! He's a thief!"

Richard wheeled upon his accuser, his own anger now bubbling to the boiling point, when a deep voice boomed upon them like the roar of a heavy gun:

"Who calls my son a thief?"

With one accord the company turned toward the speaker, and several of them started at the sight of the giant form of old Bill Williams towering in the doorway.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Anecdote of Ellsworth.

There was a characteristic incident in the early life of Colonel Ellsworth, the brilliant young lawyer who was one of the first notable victims of the civil war. His struggles to gain a foothold in his profession were attended by many hardships and humiliating privations. Once, finding the man he was looking for on a matter of business in a restaurant, he was invited to partake of the luncheon to which his acquaintance was just sitting down. Ellsworth was ravenously hungry, almost starving, in fact, but he declined courteously, but firmly, asking permission to talk over the business that had brought him thither while the other went on with the meal.

The brave young fellow in telling the story in after years confessed that he suffered positive agony at the sight and smell of the tempting food.

"I could not in honor accept hospitality I could not reciprocate," was his simple explanation of his refusal. "I might starve, but I could not sponge!" —Marion Harland's "Complete Etiquette."

Starting Early.

Wangles was married recently, and there was a regular hail of rice, confetti and old shoes for good luck as he got into the cab. Moreover, on turning round he was struck above the eye by a friendly shoe with rather a heavy heel.

As the cab immediately drove away no notice was taken of the accident, and, despite the large handkerchief tied by his sobbing bride over his injured optic, the blood still flowed down Wangles' face.

When they arrived at their destination the newly created Benedict went out to a doctor to get the bleeding stopped.

"How did you come by this, my man?"

"Well, you see, doctor—aw—I got married this morning, and"— commenced Wangles, when the doctor broke in:

"What! Has she started already?"—London Answers.

Circumstantial Evidence.

"You say you met the defendant on a street car and that he had been drinking and gambling," said the attorney for the defense during the cross examination.

"Yes," replied the witness.

"Did you see him take a drink?"

"No."

"Did you see him gambling?"

"No."

"Then how do you know," demanded the attorney, "that the defendant had been drinking and gambling?"

"Well," explained the witness, "he gave the conductor a blue chip for his car fare and told him to keep the change."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Majority and Plurality.

In politics the plurality is the greatest of more than two numbers and is also the excess of the highest number of votes cast for any one candidate over the next highest number. When a candidate receives out of 10,000 votes cast 4,500 and two other candidates receive respectively 3,500 and 2,500, the first is elected by a plurality, though he has received less than a majority of the whole vote, and he is said to have a plurality of 500 votes. If the numbers are 6,000, 3,000 and 1,000, the majority is 2,000 and the plurality is 3,000. A majority, therefore, must be more than half the entire vote cast, and a candidate's majority is, then, the difference between the number of votes he received and the combined number of votes cast for all other candidates; his plurality is the difference between his own number and the number received by the candidate nearest to him. Oftentimes a candidate receives a plurality, but not a majority. Unless there is a tie there is always a plurality. — Pathfinder.

Why Sailors Don't Swim.

"You think it's strange, do you," said the sailor, "that us shellbacks can hardly ever swim?"

"Strange and almost criminal," replied the druggist firmly. "Sailors who can't swim—I don't understand it at all."

The sailor frowned.

"Supposin'," he said, "on a cold, black night you found yourself in the sea, not a spar left of the wreck, every shipmate drowned, nothin' anywhere but the cold, the blackness, the bitter water. In them conditions," he said, "what would you rather do—swim and swim and swim in agony till you died or sink right down and die at wunst?"

"I think I'd rather die at once," said the druggist, shuddering.

"So sailors think," said the other, "and it's to spare themselves possible long hours of agony that they like not to learn to swim. And they encourage their sons not to learn, too, if there's any likelihood of the lads follerin' the sea."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Moral of Playing Cards.

Playing cards have had their moral side, it may surprise you to know. At the Blenheim club in London, lecturing on the subject of playing cards from the point of view of the collector, Mr Alfred Whitman said that the most valuable packs were those that taught Biblical history or inculcated moral lessons. In Italy in the eighteenth century it was customary to issue packs of cards with Old Testament scenes engraved upon them. In Germany of the same period playing cards with fables to which morals were attached were customary. French playing cards of the time of Louis XIV. were used to teach geography and history, while in the England of Elizabeth and the Stuarts playing cards were used as political pamphlets. Most valuable were cards issued in France at the time of the French revolution, when figures of Genius, Liberty and Equality took the place of kings, queens and knaves.—London Saturday Review.

He Has Two Signatures.

There is one New York business man who is reasonably proof against the forger, as he has two signatures and the forger must first get hold of one of his bank checks to get any action. Seeing the signature on a letter or hotel register would do the forger no good. The bank would not recognize it. "I don't particularly fear the forger," the business man admitted, "but my two signatures make me feel safer just the same. I am surprised that everybody doesn't hit on the same plan. It's very easy after you get the knack of signing your name two separate and distinct ways."—New York Globe.

Hard to Do Without Pockets.

"The most annoying thing in navy life for a recruit is the absence of side pockets in the uniform trousers," said a yeoman at the navy recruiting station. "The average man doesn't realize how strong is the custom of thrusting his hands in his trousers pockets until he dons a pair without pockets. I've worn the navy uniform four years now, and I frequently find myself trying to put my hands in my pockets."—Kansas City Times.

The Points Were There.

Little Clara's parents often discuss reincarnation, and the small maiden has acquired some of the phraseology.

"Mamma," she said one day, "my kittie must have been a paper of pins in a previous state of existence."

"Why do you think so?" asked her mother.

"Because I can feel some of them in her toes yet," was the logical reply.

An Iron Tip.

Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me how iron was first discovered?

Johnny—Yes, sir.

"Well, just tell the class what your information is on that point."

"I heard pa say yesterday that they smelt it."

A Fountain of Ants.

The house I was occupying in India was a bungalow, and, as is the case with many bungalows, the inner walls were constructed of merely sun dried bricks, and in the recesses of one wall a colony of white ants had established a nest. It was evening. I heard behind me a buzzing sound. I turned, and from a hole near the bottom of the wall I beheld a fountain of young white ants ascending. They reached the ceiling, and then the descent commenced. They alighted by thousands on the table and there shook off their wings. In a few minutes the cloth, the plates, the glasses, even the lamp shades, were covered with the little white, feeble, crawling creatures. The fountain of ants continued to play for at least ten minutes. When, next morning, the floor was swept the wings that the ants had shaken off filled a large basket. What became of the ants themselves I cannot say.—"Haunts and Hobbies of an Indian Official."

Sly Old Commodore.

"When Commodore Vanderbilt was alive," says a New York Central official, "the board of directors of the New York Central used to find their work all cut out for them when they met. All they had to do was to ratify his plans and adjourn. Yet they had their uses. Occasionally a man would come to him with some scheme which he did not care to refuse outright.

"'My directors are a difficult body of men to handle,' he would say. 'I'll submit it to 'em, but I warn you that they are hard to manage.'

"The matter would be submitted to the board when it assembled and promptly rejected.

"'There,' the commodore would say when his visitor came to learn the result. 'I did the best I could, but I told you in advance that my directors were an obstinate lot.'"

Pretty Lively Feeling.

I was out walking in Kingston, Jamaica, one afternoon, and while on a narrow street I came upon two black women, each apparently in a towering rage. Each woman's tongue was going at a phenomenal rate, but not a word of their screeching jargon was intelligible to me.

Finally one of the women scooped up a double handful of the ever present Kingston dust and flung it over the other woman, with a wild shriek of laughter. The dust covered woman retaliated by taking a tin pan she had in her hand and, scooping up a couple of quarts of the dirty water in the gutter by the roadside, drenching her assailant with it, while all that part of Kingston resounded with the mad laughter. The two women then closed in on each other and proceeded to engage in a prolonged wrestle, which resulted in both of them falling to the ground, where they rolled over and over in a cloud of dust and finally stood upon their feet, facing each other in a state of dirt and disorder beyond description.

Fearing that they would make a second onslaught on each other and wishing to play the part of peacemaker, I stepped forward and asked:

"What is the trouble?"

Courtesying low, one of the women said in a soft, drawling voice:

"No trouble at all, mastah; we's jess foolin'."—Exchange.

Cast Up by the Sea.

They that go down to the sea in ships learn much of the mysteries of life. From the coast of Africa there traveled to Scarboro, Me., the painting of an old time sea captain of that town who long years ago was lost with all on board his ship in the China seas. The ship sailed from the home port with every prospect of a successful voyage, but she never returned to the home land. Years went by and she was given up as lost, her name was taken from the shipping list, and no news of her came back to the waiting ones at home. Long afterward a passing vessel picked up off the African coast the portrait of an American sea captain such as the Chinese artists paint, and on the back of the picture were the captain's name and that of the port from which he sailed. The painting was forwarded to the little American town, and it was found to be a picture of the Scarboro sea captain, master of the lost vessel that had left the harbor so many years ago.—Kennebec Journal.

Largest Grave in the World.

The largest single grave in the world occupies just exactly one acre of ground, which is surrounded by an iron railing. This enormous grave is located at Pearto Cortez, in Honduras, and is the burial place of a woman. The tombstone occupies the center of the ground inclosed, and several wooden figures representing the deceased are arranged in statuelike form in different parts of the ground. There are no fewer than sixteen of these figures, which in the evening give the place a ghostlike appearance. The deceased had died rich and in her will had specified the amount of ground to be purchased for her grave and the manner in which it should be decorated. She had many curious notions, and the size and ornamentation of her grave was one of them.

Coleridge's Cloudiness.

There is in Mr. Ellis Yarnoll's reminiscences, "Wordsworth and the Coleridges," a very amusing story of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, whose thoughts were sometimes too profound even for poets to follow. Wordsworth and Samuel Rogers had spent the evening with Coleridge, and as the two poets walked away together Rogers remarked cautiously:

"I did not altogether understand the latter part of what Coleridge said."

"I didn't understand any of it," Wordsworth hastily replied.

"No more did I!" exclaimed Rogers, with a sigh of relief.

A Formidable Army.

The battle was going against him. The commander in chief, himself ruler of the South American republic, sent an aid to the rear, ordering General Blanco to bring up his regiment at once. Ten minutes passed, but it didn't come. Twenty, thirty, an hour—still no regiment. The aid came tearing back hatless, breathless. "My regiment! My regiment! Where is it? Where is it?" shrieked the commander. "General," answered the excited aid, "Blanco started it all right, but there are a couple of drunken Americans down the road and they won't let it go by."—Argonaut.

The Commencement.

The word "commencement" enables orators in frock coats to tell beautiful young ladies in white organdie that the extinction of the academic era marks the "commencement of their real lives." Maybe you have heard them and witnessed the thrill with which the notion was received by blushing maidenhood. It is a stupendous thought, bulging with originality, and I suppose it is mean to meddle with it, even though one knows how that use of the word commenced—or "began," if you prefer. In the old days degrees or diplomas were not granted in June. They were granted in September, and the seniors of yesteryear were forced to reinvade the academic shades to acquire them at the commencement of the new term. After awhile it dawned upon our institutions of learning that the arrangement necessitated undue bother, so they moved the "commencement" exercises back across the vacation and put them at the end of the year. However, they neglected to rechristen them, and oratory has gained much by that inspired oversight.—Boston Transcript.

Not Disappointed.

"A young friend of mine," remarked a humorist, "got married last month. He said to me the other day:

"'When I married Mamie I thought she was an angel. But,' he added, 'I soon found out my mistake.'

"'Disappointed?' I asked.

"'Disappointed? Nit!' he cried. 'I found she was a good cook.'"

Doubly Exciting.

"Dorothy always begins a novel in the middle."

"What's that for?"

"Why, then she has two problems to be excited over—how the story will end and how it will begin."

A Chance.

Husband—My colleague is the most insatiable man I ever saw. He wants everything he sees. Wife—Can't you introduce our daughter to him?—London Mail.

The average man's way to economize is to quit spending money on one thing and begin to spend it on another.—New York Press.

A Fowl That Won a Battle.

A singular story is told of a gallant cock whose moral influence at a critical moment during the battle of St. Vincent helped to save a British man-of-war from the hands of the enemy. The fowl in question formed part of the live stock of the Marlborough, a vessel which had suffered so severely that her captain was considering the advisability of striking his flag. The ship was entirely dismasted, while the chief officers had been carried below severely wounded, and the crew, without anybody to cheer them up, were beginning to grow sullen under the heavy fire of the enemy, to which they were hardly able to respond. At this emergency a shot struck the coop in which the fowls were confined. The only surviving occupant, a cock, finding himself at liberty, fluttered up and perched himself on the stump of the mainmast and surveyed the scene of carnage around him. Then, flapping his wings in defiance, he began to crow vociferously. He was answered by three hearty and exhilarating cheers from the crew, who all had a good laugh and, with spirits thus renewed, continued the action with a vigor that lasted until a turn in the battle rescued them from their tight position.—London Chronicle.

Cigar Smoke.

The stale smell of cigar smoke is peculiarly unpleasant and peculiarly difficult to get rid of. It clings to the curtains and to most of the articles of furniture which present any sort of an absorbent surface. It is not so to the same extent with cigarettes or with pipes. In the case even of a single cigar books, papers and textiles reek of its stale flavor, and the room requires abundant airing before that flavor is completely eliminated. This effect, we are told, may be traced to the fact that a cigar produces pungent aromatic oils in greater abundance than a cigarette or a pipe. With the cigarette oils are probably burnt even if they are formed, while in the pipe they condense in the stem. In the cigar they seem to be chiefly discarded into the air. In the form of a cigar tobacco would appear to produce more oils than in the form of a cigarette or when burnt in a pipe.—London Lancet.

Perry's Big Guns.

Commodore Perry had not yet electrified a grateful nation with his immortal message, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." While the battle was in progress the sound of the guns was heard at Cleveland, about sixty miles away in a direct line over the water. The few settlers there were expecting the battle and listened with intense interest. Finally the sounds ceased. They waited for a renewal. None came; the lull was painful. Then they knew the battle was over; but the result—ah, that was the point. One old fellow, who had been lying flat with his ear to the ground, soon settled that point. Springing up, he clapped his hands and shouted: "Thank God! They are whipped! They are whipped!"

"How do you know?" the others inquired.

"Heard the big guns last!"

Perry's guns were the heaviest.

Turning a Tight Screw.

Any one who has attempted to remove a very tight screw knows what a very difficult business it is. After straining and twisting for a considerable time the operator frequently ends by losing his temper and destroying the bite of the screw, which remains fixed as tightly as ever. With the aid of a pair of pinchers, however, the affair is quite a simple one. Place the screwdriver in position and then catch hold of the blade with the pinchers just above the head of the screw. Press the screwdriver firmly and at the same time twist round the blade with the pinchers. The tightest screw will yield immediately to this sort of persuasion.

Bird Dogs.

Bird dogs have been known as such for only about three or four centuries. So far as we know, the Duke of Northumberland, sixteenth century, was the first trainer of bird dogs. The duke was followed by others who trained dogs to "set" birds, but it was not till the beginning of the nineteenth century that any reliable record of a distinct brand of bird dogs can be found. The Gordon setter was founded by the Duke of Gordon about 1800.—New York American.

A Retort Discourteous.

A young lady full of good deeds noticed the tongue of a horse bleeding and with a use of technical terms too little appreciated said to the cabby, "Cabby, your horse has hemorrhage."

"It's 'is tongue's too large for his mouth," said the cabby and added sententiously, "Like some young ladies."—London Globe.

Making It Plain.

Henri was paying his first visit to London and was already wishing himself home in gay Paree, for he knew not a word of English. He had been very unfortunate and had lost all his luggage, a toothbrush. So he determined to buy another. But how was he to make his needs understood?

At last his luck turned, however, and he espied a chemist's shop with a notice outside, "Ici on Parle Français." In he went and told the assistant in French what he wanted. But that assistant knew no language except English, and another who came to help him was just as far at sea.

But the proprietor was an intelligent man, and he knew at once from the cut of the customer's clothes that he was speaking French.

"Leave him to me," he said, with a superior smile.

Then, forming a megaphone with his hands, he shouted in the Frenchman's ear:

"Our assistant who speaks French is out at lunch. You'll have to wait!"—London Scraps.

Swordsmen of the Sea.

The swordsmen of the sea are the sawfisher, spearfishes, sailfishes, swordfishes and the narwhal, with its spirally twisted straight tusks. The sawfishes inhabit the warmer seas, while the narwhal is a creature of the arctic. The tusk of the narwhal is hollow nearly to the point and is spirally grooved. It uses its tusk as a weapon of defense and to plunge through the ice to breathe, the narwhal being a cetacean. Sometimes when a boat has been caught in the ice great damage has been inflicted by the inquisitiveness or blundering of this great creature, that sometimes reaches a length of fifteen feet, with a tusk of from six to ten feet in length. As a rule, however, the narwhal uses its tusk for the purpose of killing fish for food. In the castle of Rosenberg the kings of Denmark have long possessed a magnificent throne made of tusks of this cetacean. These tusks are harder and whiter than ivory.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

If you will make inquiry it will be a revelation to you how many succumb to kidney or bladder troubles in one form or another. If the patient is beyond medical aid, Foley's Kidney Cure will cure. It never disappoints.
Anders & Phillips

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

A Lesson in Health

Healthy kidneys filter the impurities from the blood, and unless they do this good health is impossible. Foley's Kidney Cure makes sound kidneys and will positively cure all forms of kidney and bladder disease. It strengthens the whole system.
Anders & Phillips

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

Cured Hemorrhages of the Lungs

"Several year since my lungs were so badly affected that I had many hemorrhages," writes A. M. Ake of Wood, Ind, "I took treatment with several physicians without any benefit. I then started to take Foley's Honey and Tar, and my lungs are now as sound as a bullet. I recommend it in advanced stage of lung trouble." Foley's Honey and Tar stops the cough and heals the lungs, and pevents serious results from a cold. Refuse Substitutes.
Anders & Phillips

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.

Bert Barber, of Elton, Wis., says "I have only taken four doses of your Kidney and Bladder Pills and they have done for me more than any other medicine has ever done. I am still taking the pills as I want a perfect cure." Mr. Barber refers to DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, which are unequaled for headache, weak kidneys, inflammation of the bladder and all urinary troubles. A weeks treatment for 25c Sold by all Druggists.

THE CHILDREN LIKE IT
KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

W R. Ward, of Dyersburg, Tenn., writes: "This is to certify that I have used Orlo Laxative Fruit Syrup for chronic constipation, and it has proven without a doubt, to be a thorough, practical remedy for this trouble, and it is with pleasure I offer my conscientious reference.
Anders & Phillips

H. L. Main,
Hopkinton, Iowa.
LADIES' SHOES.
We have just received a complete line of the famous
JOHN STROTMAN 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.

A man who is in perfect health, so he can do an honest day's work when necessary, has much for which he should be thankful. Mr. L. C. Rodgers, of Branchton, Pa., writes that he was not only unable to work, but he couldn't stoop to tie his own shoes. Six bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure made a new man of him. He says, "Success to Foley's Kidney Cure."
Anders & Phillips

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	12:46 p.m
		Minneapolis	1:20 p.m
		Waterloo....	8:10 a m
		Marshall'n	9.50 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....	9.20 a m
		Chicago....	2:15 p m
§ No. 6 8:45 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....	5:10 p.m
		Chicago....	10:00 p.m
	No. 3	Oelwein.....	3:25 p m
		Waterloo.....	4:25 p m
		Marshalltown	6:25 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
		Mach.n.....	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* 11:58 pm	..Fast Train..	No 2* 2:02 a m
No 401 11:32 pm	Thro Express..	No 402 2:41 a m
No 5 † 8:10 a m	..Fast Mail..	No 4 3:10 p m
No 3 10:50 p m	..Day Express.	No 6† 9:25 a m
No 21 7:28 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—		South Bound —Leave—
No 306 8.00 a.m	...Passenger..	No.3o6 8:20 a.m
No.322 4:45 p.m	...†Passenger...	No.330 5:10 p.m
No.253 12:00 a.m	... †Freight....	No.360 11:15a.m

All above trains carry passengers.
•Daily.
†Daily Except Sunday.
H. C. 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.

For scratches, burns, cuts, insect bites and the many little hurts common to every family, DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is the best remedy. It is soothing, cooling, clean and healing. Be sure you get DeWitt's. Sold by all Druggists.

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

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

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

A prompt, pleasant, good remedy for coughs and colds, is Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup. It is especially recommended for babys and children, but good for every member of the family. It contains no opiates and does not constipate. Contains honey and tar and tastes nearly as good as maple syrup. Children like it. Sold by all Druggists.

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

All stomach troubles are quickly relieved by taking a little Kodol after each meal. Kodol goes directly to the seat of the trouble, strengthens the digestive organs, supplies the natural digestive juices and digests what you eat. It is a simple, clean, pure, harmless remedy. Don't neglect your stomach. Take a little Kodol after each meal and see how good it makes you feel. Money back if it fails. 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.

Sour Stomach
No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, general debility, sour risings, and catarrh of the stomach are all due to indigestion. Kodol relieves indigestion. This new discovery represents the natural juices of digestion as they exist in a healthy stomach, combined with the greatest known tonic and reconstructive properties. Kodol for dyspepsia does not only relieve indigestion and dyspepsia, but this famous remedy helps all stomach troubles by cleansing, purifying, sweetening and strengthening the mucous membrance lining the stomach.
Mr. S. S. Ball, of Ravenswood, W. Va., says—"I was troubled with sour stomach for twenty years. Kodol cured me and we are now using it in milk for baby."
FOR BACKACHE--WEAK KIDNEYS
TRY
DeWITT'S KIDNEY and BLADDER PILLS