THE PORT OF MISSING MEN

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON,
Author of "The House of a Thousand Candles"

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Chapter V

A LOST CIGARETTE CASE.

THE man clinched Armitage about the body with his legs while he struck a match on a box he produced from his pocket. The suddenness with which he had been flung into the kitchen had knocked the breath out of Armitage, and the huge thighs of his captor pinned his arms tight. The match spurted fire, and he looked into the face of the servant whom he had seen in the room above. His round head was covered with short wirelike hair that grew low upon his narrow forehead. Armitage noted, too, the man's bull-like neck, small sharp eyes and bristling mustache. The fitful flash of the match disclosed the rough furniture of a kitchen. The brick flooring and his wet inverness lay cold at Armitage's back.

The fellow growled an execration in Servian. Then with ponderous difficulty asked a question in German.

"Who are you and what do you want here?"

Armitage shook his head and replied in English:

"I do not undestand."

The man struck a series of matches that he might scrutinize his captive's face, then ran his hands over Armitage's pockets to make sure he had no arms. The big fellow was clearly puzzled to find that he had caught a gentleman in water soaked evening clothes lurking in the area, and as the matter was beyond his wits it only remained for him to communicate with his master.

This, however, was not so readily accomplished. He had reasons of his own for not calling out, and there were difficulties in the way of holding the prisoner and at the same time bringing down the men who had gone to the most distant room in the house for their own security.

Several minutes passed during which the burly Servian struck his matches and took account of his prisoner, and meanwhile Armitage lay perfectly still, his arms fast numbing from the rough clasp of the stalwart servant's legs. There was nothing to be gained by a struggle in this position, and he knew that the Servian would not risk losing him in the effort to summon the odd pair who were bent over their papers at the top of the house. The Servian was evidently a man of action.

"Get up," he commanded, still in rough German, and he rose in the dark and jerked Armitage after him. There was a moment of silence in which Armitage shook and stretched himself, and then the Servian struck another match and held it close to a revolver which he held pointed at Armitage's head.

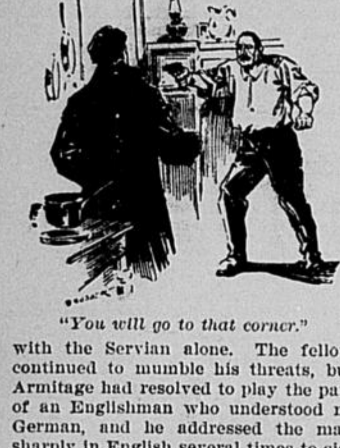
"I will shoot," he said again in his halting German.

"Undoubtedly you will!" and something in the fellow's manner caused Armitage to laugh. He had been caught, and he did not at once see any safe issue out of his predicament, but his plight had its preposterous side and the ease with which he had been taken at the very outset of his quest touched his humor. Then he sobered instantly and concentrated his wits upon the immediate situation.

The Servian backed away, with a match upheld in one hand and the leveled revolver in the other, leaving Armitage in the middle of the kitchen.

"I am going to light a lamp, and if you move I will kill you," admonished the fellow, and Armitage heard his feet scraping over the brick floor of the kitchen as he backed toward a table that stood against the wall near the outer door.

Armitage stood perfectly still. The neighborhood and the house itself were quiet. The two men in the third story room were probably engrossed with the business at which Armitage had left them, and his immediate affair was



"You will go to that corner."

with the Servian alone. The fellow continued to mumble his threats, but Armitage had resolved to play the part of an Englishman who understood no German, and he addressed the man sharply in English several times to signify that he did not understand.

The Servian half turned toward his prisoner, the revolver in his left hand, while with the fingers of his right he felt laboriously for a lamp that had been revealed by the fitful flashes of the matches. It is not an easy matter to light a lamp when you have only one hand to work with, particularly when you are obliged to keep an eye on a mysterious prisoner of whose character you are ignorant, and it was several minutes before the job was done.

"You will go to that corner," and the Servian translated for his prisoner's benefit with a gesture of the revolver.

"Anything to please you, worthy fellow," replied Armitage, and he obeyed with amiable alacrity. The man's object was to get him as far from the inner door as possible while he called help from above, which was, of course, the wise thing from his point of view, as Armitage recognized.

Armitage stood with his back against a rack of pots. The table was at his left and beyond it the door opening upon the court. A barred window was at his right. Opposite him was another door that communicated with the interior of the house and disclosed the lower steps of a rude stairway leading upward. The Servian now closed and locked the outer kitchen door with care.

Armitage had lost his hat in the area; his light walking stick lay in the middle of the floor; his inverness coat hung wet and bedraggled about him; his shirt was crumpled and soiled. But his air of good humor and his tame acceptance of capture seemed to increase the Servian's caution, and he backed away toward the inner door with his revolver still pointed at Armitage's head.

He began calling lustily up the narrow stairwell in Servian, changing in a moment to German. He made a ludicrous figure, as he held his revolver at arm's length, craning his neck into the passage and howling until he was red in the face. He paused to listen, then renewed his cries, while Armitage, with his back against the rack of pots, studied the room and made his plans.

"There is a thief here! I have caught a thief!" yelled the Servian, now exasperated by the silence above. Then, as he relaxed a moment and turned to make sure that his revolver still covered Armitage, there was a sudden sound of steps above, and a voice bawled angrily down the stairway:

"Zmai, stop your noise and tell me what's the trouble."

It was the voice of Durand speaking in the Servian dialect, and Zmai opened his mouth to explain.

As the big fellow roared his reply Armitage snatched from the rack a heavy iron boiling pot, swung it high by the bail with both hands and let it

Armitage ran his hands through the pockets.

fly with all his might at the Servian's head, upturned in the earnestness of his bawling. On the instant the revolver roared loudly in the narrow kitchen, and Armitage seized the brass lamp and flung it from him upon the hearth, where it fell with a great clatter without exploding.

It was instantly pitch dark. The Servian had gone down like a felled ox, and Armitage, at the threshold, leaped over him into the hall past the rear stairs, down which the men were stumbling, cursing volubly as they came.

Armitage had assumed the existence of a front stairway, and now that he was launched upon an unexpected adventure he was in a humor to prolong it for a moment even at further risk. He crept along a dark passage to the front door, found and turned the key to provide himself with a ready exit, then, as he heard the men from above stumble over the prostrate Servian, he bounded up the front stairway, gained the second floor, then the third and readily found by its light the room that he had observed earlier from the outside.

Below there was smothered confusion and the crackling of matches as Durand and Chauvenet sought to grasp the unexpected situation that confronted them. The big servant, Armitage knew, would hardly be able to clear matters for them at once, and he hurriedly turned over the packets of papers that lay on the table. They were claims of one kind and another against several South and Central American republics, chiefly for naval and military supplies, and he merely noted their general character. They were, on the face of it, certified accounts in the usual manner of business. On the back of each had been printed with a rubber stamp the words: "Vienna, Paris, Washington. Chauvenet et Durand."

Armitage snatched up the coat which Chauvenet had so carefully placed on the back of his chair, ran his hands through the pockets, found them empty, then gathered the garment tightly in his hands, laughed a little to himself to feel the papers sewn into the lining and laughed again as he tore the lining loose and drew forth a flat linen envelope brilliant with three seals of red wax.

Steps sounded below. A man was running up the back stairs, and from the kitchen rose sounds of mighty groanings and cursings in the heavy gutturals of the Servian, as he regained his wits and sought to explain his plight.

Armitage picked up a chair, ran noiselessly to the head of the back stairs and looked down upon Chauvenet, who was hurrying up with a flaming candle held high above his head, its light showing anxiety and fear upon his face. He was halfway up the last flight, and Armitage stood in the

It struck Jules Chauvenet's legs.

dark, watching him with a mixture of curiosity and something, too, of humor.

Then he spoke—in French—in a tone that imitated the cool irony he had noted in Durand's tone:

"A few murders more or less! But Von Stroebel was hardly a fair mark, dearest Jules!"

With this he sent the chair clattering down the steps, where it struck Jules Chauvenet's legs with a force that carried him howling lustily backward to the second landing.

Armitage turned and sped down the front stairway, hearing renewed clamor from the rear and cries of rage and pain from the second story. In fumbling for the front door he found a hat and, having lost his own, placed it upon his head, drew his inverness about his shoulders and went quickly out. A moment later he slipped the catch in the wall door and stepped into the boulevard.

The stars were shining among the flying clouds overhead, and he drew deep breaths of the freshened air into his lungs as he walked back to the Monte Rosa. Occasionally he laughed quietly to himself, for he still grasped tightly in his hand, safe under his coat, the envelope which Chauvenet had carried so very carefully concealed, and several times Armitage muttered to himself:

"A few murders, more or less!"

At the hotel he changed his clothes, threw the things from his dressing table into a bag and announced his departure for Paris by the midnight express.

As he drove to the railway station he felt for his cigarette case and discovered that it was missing. The loss evidently gave him great concern, for he searched and researched his pockets and opened his bags at the station to see if he had by any chance overlooked it, but it was not to be found anywhere.

His annoyance at the loss was balanced, could he have known it, by the interest with which, almost before the wall door had closed upon him, two gentlemen, one of them still in his shirt sleeves and with a purple lump over his forehead, bent over a gold cigarette case in the dark house on the Boulevard Froissart. It was a pretty trinket and contained when found on the kitchen floor exactly four cigarettes of excellent Turkish tobacco. On one side of it was etched in shadings of blue and white enamel a helmet, surmounted by a falcon poised for flight, and beneath the motto "Fide Non Armis." The back bore in English script, written large, the letters "F. A."

"The emblem is unmistakable. Good God, look!"

The men stared at each other wonderingly for an instant, then both leaped to their feet.

"It isn't possible!" gasped Durand.

"It is quite possible," replied Chauvenet. "The emblem is unmistakable. Good God, look!"

The sweat had broken out on Chauvenet's face, and he leaped to the chair where his coat hung and caught up the garment with shaking hands. The silk lining fluttered loose where Armitage had roughly torn out the envelope.

"Who is he? Who is he?" whispered Durand, very white of face.

"It may be—it must be some one deeply concerned."

Chauvenet paused, drawing his hand across his forehead slowly. Then the color leaped back into his face, and he caught Durand's arm so tight that the man flinched.

"There has been a man following me about. I thought he was interested in the Claibornes. He's here. I am sure I saw him at the Monte Rosa tonight. God!"

He dropped his hand from Durand's arm and struck the table fiercely with his clinched hand.

"John Armitage—John Armitage! I heard his name in Florence."

His eyes were snapping with excitement, and amazement grew in his face.

"Who is John Armitage?" demanded Durand sharply, but Chauvenet stared at him in stupefaction for a tense moment, then muttered to himself:

"Is it possible? Is it possible?" And his voice was hoarse, and his hand trembled as he picked up the cigarette case.

"My dear Jules, you act as though you had seen a ghost. Who the devil is Armitage?"

Chauvenet glanced about the room cautiously, then bent forward and whispered very low close to Durand's ear:

"Suppose he were the son of the crazy Karl! Suppose he were Frederick Augustus!"

"Bah! It is impossible! What is your man Armitage like?" asked Durand irritably.

"He is the right age. He is a big fellow and has quite an air. He seems to be without occupation."

"Clearly so," remarked Durand ironically. "But he has evidently been watching us. Quite possibly the lamented Stroebel employed him. He may have seen Stroebel here"—

Chauvenet again struck the table smartly.

"Of course he would see Strobel! Strobel was the archduke's friend. Stroebel and this fellow between them"—

"Strobel is dead. The archduke is dead. There can be no matter of doubt of that," said Durand, but doubt was in his tone and in his eyes.

"Nothing is certain. It would be like Karl to turn up again with a son to back his claims. They may both be living. This Armitage is not the ordinary pig of a secret agent. We must find him."

"And quickly. There must be"—

"—another death added to our little list before we are quite masters of the situation in Vienna."

They gave Zmai orders to remain on guard at the house and went hurriedly out together.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Message on His Watch.

In "Memories of Eight Parliaments" Mr. Lucy, the author, tells a story about Mr. Pyne, member for West Waterford, who, when under the crimes act a warrant was issued for his arrest in 1887, shut himself up in his Irish home, Lisfarney castle, had the trenches filled with water, the drawbridge up, took in supplies by a window in the battlements and thus lived for months, while he poked fun at the policemen who were wandering about below with the warrant in their pockets.

"The originality of Mr. Pyne's mind," continues Mr. Lucy, "was further indicated upon his watch. On its dial he had roughly engraved 'Pay no rent.' Whenever in troubled times any of his neighbors came to him for advice as to what they should do in the presence of a demand for rent, Mr. Pyne solemnly shook his head. 'I cannot,' he said, 'express my views on the subject, for Mr. Balfour says they are illegal. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll show you what time of day it is,' and, holding out his watch, the perturbed tenant read upon it the admonitory legend, 'Pay no rent.'"

SENSE IN EXERCISE.

The Weakness That Comes With Great Muscular Exertion.

It is a curious fact that perfect health is not consistent with high muscular development. Professional athletes and all men who acquire phenomenal strength seem to lose in length of life and activity what they gain for a few years of record breaking powers. I was privileged to see on several occasions Louis Cyr, the Canadian giant, who broke all weight lifting records. He weighed 320 pounds and was all solid bone and muscle. I saw him hold his wife out at arm's length with one hand. I saw him raise a 300 pound barrel from the floor to his shoulder, using only one hand and arm. I saw him get down on all fours under a platform bearing 4,000 pounds of big men selected from the the audience, and he raised the platform with his mighty back. Yet this remarkable man was muscle bound and crippled at thirty-seven, when he should have been at the height of his wonderful powers.

Kennedy, the oarsman, who won a diamond belt for lifting with his hands from the floor absolutely without apparatus a thousand pound weight, was used up and crippled before he was forty. Dowd, professional strong man and teacher of athletics, wore himself out and died at forty-seven.—"Common Sense In Exercise," by Charles H. Cochrane, in Metropolitan Magazine.

NATURE CURES.

Medicine Helps, of Course, but Faith Is a Powerful Factor.

There's a truth at the basis of all this discussion of disease and its cure which, despite the fact that it has been apparent for generations, is still too little understood by people in general. In fact, appearances would lead to the belief that it is not appreciated by all physicians. It is the truth that not the medicine, but nature, cures the ill. The most that medicine can do is to place the patient in a condition most favorable for the work of nature. Here comes in the value of this element of faith. It is the best possible help to nature—the firm belief that you'll get well. It may well take the place of many drugs. It may in instances displace the need of the physician. Even the surgeon can do no more. He simply cuts away debris, puts the body in the best trim he knows how, adjusts merely mechanical breaks or displacements and waits for nature to do the rest. The physician who pours in an inordinate amount of drugs thinks he is assisting nature. As a matter of fact, he is sometimes impeding her. The best physicians, in all except extreme cases, use few medicines, and those as mild as possible.—New Haven Register.

On Heaven.

"If I could be out of physical pain," said a lifelong invalid, "I would ask no other heaven." "If I could be in a place where I might know that my husband never could be killed on the train!" cried one of the gentle "worriers" whose capacity for suffering is neither understood nor respected by the sanguine. "If I could take my children to a world where every time I hear a croupy cough my heart did not stand still with terror," urged another, "that would be heaven for me." The mulatto girl who burst into joyful tears at first sight of a marble bust of herself "because it was white" had a glimpse of her heaven before its time.

"Heaven must be like any other form of happiness, only 'more so,'" said a thoughtful man. "And the conditions of happiness are three—a clean conscience, something to do and some one to love."—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in Harper's Bazar.

They Go Together.

"Henry," said the young wife, who had taken up physical culture, "how do you think I am built?"

"My dear," replied her husband fondly, "you are built like a watch."

"Thank you, Henry. And, Henry?"

"Well."

"If—if I am built like a watch, don't you think I should have a few jewels?"

And then Henry frowned and said the man who compliments a woman is an idiot.

A Force Proportioned to Its Frame.

The war of 1812 has proved that our free government, like other free governments, though slow in its early movements, acquires in its progress a force proportioned to its frame and that the Union of these states, the guardian of the freedom and the safety of all and of each, is strengthened by every occasion that puts it to the test. —James Madison.

Not In Her Class.

Mrs. Spenders—I wonder how you'd like it if I ever got "new womanish" and insisted upon wearing men's clothes. Mr. Spenders—Oh, I haven't any fear of you ever doing that. Men's clothes are never very expensive!—London Opinion.

Good at Keeping.

"And you call yourself honest, do you?"

"Sir, I keep the commandments."

"That must be because you've got an idea that they belong to somebody else."—Cleveland Leader.

The Evil Eye.

The "evil eye" was one of the many superstitions that at one time beset humanity in the time of its ignorance. It was believed throughout the middle ages that certain persons had the power of cursing you by their glances, of subjecting you to the fascination which unopposed, blighted and destroyed you. Amulets of various forms were used against this much dreaded power as well as certain practices, such as laughing, spitting and turning a somersault. —New York American.

Doing Without the Dot.

The small letter "i" was formerly written without the dot. The dot was introduced in the fourteenth century to disinguish "i" from "e" in hasty and indistinct writing. The letter "i" was originally used where the letter "j" is now employed. The distinction between "i" and "j" was introduced by the Dutch printers at a comparatively recent date, and the "j" was dotted because the "i," from which it was derived, was written with a dot.

Value of Religion.

"Some people," said the Rev. Mr. Goodman, "can never be made to appreciate the value of religion."

"That's right," replied Mainchantz, the merchant; "they don't know how to catch the church trade at all."—Philadelphia Press.

The early bird is all right, but the early worm is a fool.—Charleston News and Courier.

THE JUDGE AND THE VIRAGO

An Ancient Joke of Which There Are Many Modern Versions.

The following tale was translated from a very old Chinese book for Collier's Weekly:

A certain magistrate upon opening his court observed one of his lictors whose face was covered with wounds and asked him what was the matter. Replied the lictor, "Yesterday evening I was reclining and enjoying the fresh air under my grape arbor, which was suddenly upset by a gust of wind and fell on me and caused these injuries."

But the judge was skeptical and said: "That is too thin. It is easy to see that the marks on your face are from scratches from nails. It must be that you have had a row with your wife and got a clawing from her. Is this not so?"

The lictor crimsoned all over and replied, "Your honor has truly guessed it."

Then said the judge: "Why is your wife so fierce as this? Wait till I summon her and give her a beating and you your revenge."

While he was yet speaking the judge's own wife suddenly came out from the house and fiercely said, "Who is this you are going to beat?"

The magistrate hastily announced to the lictors and t'ing ch'ai ti's: "This court stands adjourned. Disperse instantly. It seems as though the court's grape arbor is also about to collapse!"

THE QUEST OF BEAUTY.

"Making Up" Is a Very Ancient Feminine Art.

"Mak'ng up," as applied to the appearance, is by no means as modern an art as many people imagine.

In the days of Roman supremacy the women tinted their eyebrows with black in emulation of "ox eyed Venus." They painted their faces, sprinkled themselves with perfume and even wore false hair or tinted their own locks in accordance with the prevailing fashion.

The Greek ladies of the same period employed maids who rubbed out their mistress' wrinkles, "decorated" her face with red and white paint and darkened her eyebrows. It was then also the fashion to coat the face with white of egg and goose grease to protect it from the sun and wind. It is even said that they had a recipe for turning blue eyes to black.

These fashions all had their origin in Italy, where in later years the notorious Lucrezia Borgia is said to have dyed her hair different colors, according to her fancy of the moment.

In England in the eighteenth century many women, among them Lady Coventry, died from the effects of rouge. So in all ages "beauty at all costs" was the motto of "smart" ladies.—Pearson's Weekly.

Tennyson's Terror.

There are many stories of Tennyson in the Duke of Argyll's book, "Passages From the Past," and one of the most characteristic relates to the time when the marriage of his grace, then the Marquis of Lorne, and Princess Louise was in the air. One day Tennyson had a number of guests at luncheon, among whom was the Marquis of Lorne. In the course of talk the marquis told Tennyson, then poet laureate, that the queen liked his new volume.

"I am glad to hear it," Tennyson said in his sonorous, slow, musical bass voice. "I have given a good account of her in that volume, but the newspapers don't like my rhymes—say they are bad. I live in terror," he continued, "of any of the queen's family marrying and of hearing from her that she hopes I will write something. I have no news of that kind yet, but I live in terror of it."

This with a solemnly sly wink.

Hitting the Pipe.

When Jones got home the other night he found the family in a panic and the house being flooded from a burst water pipe. The first thing he did was to scold his wife for not having sense enough to go down to the cellar and hammer up the supply pipe to prevent the water from escaping. Then he went downstairs and was soon heard hammering vigorously. After some minutes' strenuous work, giving one last mighty blow, he asked, "How is it now?"

"There is no difference in the flow of the water," his wife calmly replied, "but as the light has gone out I very much fear you have hammered up the gas pipe."—Exchange.

The Garden of Eden.

The passage in Genesis in which the location of the garden of Eden seems to be indicated has long been a bone of contention among theologians and Bible students generally. The discussion of the subject has been as ingenious as it has been fruitless. The garden has been located all over Asia. The Biblical account would seem to place Eden in the old Mesopotamia, the region of the "great rivers," the Euphrates and Tigris.—New York American.

Not Really Necessary.

Weeping Relative—Oh, my dear, the doctor says he doesn't expect you to live much longer! Stubborn Invalid—Yes, but won't you please pause and think of how long I have lived already without any expectations on his part?—Chicago News.

Curbing the Suffragette.

"It's all right, Mary," he said patiently. "Go in for politics and stand for the London county council if you want to. But remember one thing—the cartoonists will be after you as soon as you're a candidate."

"I don't care."

"And they'll put your picture in the paper with your hair out of curl and your hat on crooked."

"Do you think they would do that?" apprehensively.

"Of course. And they'll make your Paris gowns look like calico and say that your sealskin cloak is imitation."

"William," she said, "I think I'll just stay here and make the home happy." —London Tatler.

Too Hazardous.

"Yessir," admitted a waiter, "I shall be compelled to throw up my situation here."

"Indeed! What is the matter?"

"More than I can put up with. The governor insists on my eating mushrooms in the presence of customers to prove they are edible fungi."—London Tit-Bits.

No End of Trees.

"Did your ancestors have a family tree, Mr. Maguire?"

"Family tree, is it, ma'am? One of me ancestors controlled th' intire timber privilege of the garden of Eden."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Irish philosopher says it's a great blessing that night comes on late in the day when one is too tired to work longer.

MAYFLOWER TEAPOTS.

A Warning That May Prove of Value to Relic Hunters.

It may be trusted that no lineal descendent of the pilgrims would and no other person foolishly should ever claim to have or to have seen a teapot that had come over on the Mayflower. Whatever other articles in whatever number may be treasured as parts of the sacred cargo that was landed at Plymouth rock in 1620, relic hunters may rest in the assurance that no rival owns a teapot of Mayflower descent.

The explanation is simple. When the Mayflower sailed for America an ounce of tea was rare enough to have made up a fitting gift for royalty. Yet forty years later the wealthy and fashionable people of England were fairly familiar with tea which the East India company had first brought into the country, and four years later it was on sale in the coffee houses, at which time a pound might be purchased for the moderate sum of 60 shillings.

Only twenty-five years later tea was on sale in Boston, and soon after there were two tea houses besides those kept by Daniel Vernon and Benjamin Harris. In the first decade of the eighteenth century it could be bought from Zabdill Bolton at his apothecary shop.

Today the coffee houses of a hundred years ago in London are in reality tea houses. In England were made the first teapots of pottery. Later the most delicate creations in porcelain appeared, but as tea became popular the art of the teapot maker was less exclusively refined.—Boston Globe.

DARING BELL RINGERS.

Pranks of the Athletic Young Spaniards of Seville.

There is a curious custom among the young Spaniards of the city of Seville. On certain fete days, related a tourist, the young men of the place have permission to ring the bells in the clock towers of the cathedral. They have an ingenious and original way of ringing them. While the regular bell ringers repose these amateurs climb up on to the bells, throw them forward with all their force and ride upon the bells in their furious swinging to and fro. We may imagine what an uproar is produced when all the bells of a cathedral are being treated in this manner. Any man who is able may exercise his skill, and the duration of the ringing depends upon the caprice or the strength and patience of the ringers.

The spectacle is very strange of the great bells swinging, with one, two or more bold ringers hanging from them in any attitude which seems to them best adapted to pushing out the most noise. In the Giralda, at Seville, the first time I witnessed this, the clamor was frightful. When I looked up I thought at first some unfortunate was entangled in the bell rope, but I soon found it was a matter of sport. Another ringer appeared suspended in the air, holding the bell by the ears or the rim or the wooden framework and following it in all its movements, sometimes feet, sometimes head, downward. Such are the daring bell ringers of Seville.

TOLD BY HIS HAT.

The Way a Traveler Picked Out an Englishman.

"See that man?" the lately returned traveler remarked to a friend, indicating an individual a little ahead of them. "Well, I never saw him before. but I'll lay a good sized bet that he's an Englishman and, moreover, a Londoner."

"How do you tell?" the friend asked.

"By the way he wears his hat," was the reply. "Notice how it is jammed down on the head? Englishmen, especially Londoners, put on their hats for keeps. No chance is taken of being separated from a 'bowler.' That's what the derby is called over there. And it's the same way with a top hat or a straw or a cap, for that matter.

"The American wears his hat lightly in comparison, and so do the people of southern continental Europe. The French, for example, have a penchant for hats that seem a bit too small for them. At any rate, their headgear doesn't appear to be very firmly fixed. It may be my fancy, but an Italian always impresses me as a bit uncomfortable in a hat. At all events, he likes to avoid wearing it whenever possible. But your Englishman wears his hat thoroughly and seriously. It's tilted back a little, as a rule, and the nearer it is to his ears the safer he feels."

Just then the man ahead drew a paper from his pocket. It was the London Times.

"There, what did I tell you?" was the returned traveler's comment.—New York Press.

EDUCATED BEARDS.

Whiskers In Paris Reach the Pinnacle of Cultivation.

It is in Paris that the whisker reaches its highest state of civilization and development. The luxuriant verdure on the faces of some of the Parisians who strut along the boulevard every day can be compared to nothing but the riot of vegetation in the tropics. Every Parisian has whiskers—much whiskers if he can, but some whiskers at any rate. He supplements nature's efforts with the best aids of the barber and trains and nurses his hirsute appurtenances with anxious care.

The Parisians spend hours on their beards and educate them into formal gardens, set pieces, shrubbery, terrace and vista effects. They lay out hairscapes with them, arrange them in undulating meadows and twine them on pergolas. There is the long, spade concoction much sought by men with black beards, which consists of about a foot of hair cut square across the bottom and adds much glory to the wearer, for the whiskers always shine and glisten in the sun. There are side winders and pointed ones, the heart shaped and the curved, the waved and the plain. A man who can train his whiskers to grow in a new way is as much of a celebrity as a man who writes a good poem or paints a good picture.—Samuel G. Blythe in Everybody's Magazine.

Through Her Head.

"Bugby gets out of all patience with his wife. He says she can't get a thing through her head."

"That's funny. He told me everything he said to her went in one ear and out of the other."

Hot Water.

Hyker—Troubled with indigestion, eh? You should drink a cup of hot water every morning. Pyker—I do, but they call it coffee at my boarding house.—London Express.

The collection of coins and medals in the British museum consists of over 250,000 specimens.

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All nations are endeavoring to check the ravages of consumption, the "white plague" that claims so many victims each year. Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs and colds perfectly and you are in no danger of consumption. Do not risk your health by taking some unknown preparation when Foley's Honey and Tar is safe and certain in results. The genuine is in a yellow package. For sale by Anders & Philipps.

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It's like a summer breeze; cools, refreshes and builds up your wasting energies. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is the most effective summer tonic. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. —B A Denton

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'tn	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....	5:20 p.m
		Chicago	10:00 p.m
	No. 3	Oelwein	3:25 p.m
		Waterloo	4:35 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
		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* 2:02 a m
No401 11:32 pm	Thro Express..	No 402 3:41 a m
No 5 † 8:10 a m	..Fast Mail..	No 4 3:10 p m
No 8 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 206 8.00 a.m	...†Passenger..	No.205 8:20 a. m
No.322 4:45 p.m	..†Passenger...	No.330 5:10 p. m
No.353 12:50 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.

Thousands of people are daily suffering with kidney and bladder troubles—dangerous ailments that should be checked promptly. DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are the best remedy for backache, weak kidneys, inflammation of the bladder. Their action is prompt and sure. A weeks treatment for 25c. Sold by all druggists.

Compound Vapor, Tub and Shampoo Baths.
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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.
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Good residence property on Franklin Street
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When there is the slightest indication of indigestion, heart burn, flatulence of any form of stomach trouble take a little kodol occasionally and you will be afforded prompt relief. Kodol is a compound of vegetable acids and contains the juices found in a healthy stomach. Kodol digests what you eat, makes your food do you good. Sold by all druggists.

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All kinds of exterior and interior painting. A specialty made of Carriage painting. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.
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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 membranes 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—Sure and Safe
Prepared by E. O. DeWITT & CO., Chicago
ALL DRUGGISTS.

Nearly all old fashioned Cough Syrups are constipating, especially those that contain opiates. They don't act just right. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup contains no opiates. It drives the cold out of the system by gently moving the bowels. Contains Honey and Tar and tastes nearly as good as maple Syrup. Children like it. Sold by all druggists.

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