Satan Sanderson

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Author of "Hearts Courageous," Etc.

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"Who's Who" In the Story.

"SATAN" SANDERSON, the hero, dare-devil, quixotic friend and minister of the Gospel.

HUGH STIRES, prodigal and criminal.

JESSICA HOLME, the beautiful heroine, helpless in the rush of events and the principal sufferer in a case of mixed identity.

MRS. HALLORAN, the camp oracle.

DAVID STIRES, stern, vet for-

For a moment David Stires sat in silence. Then he said, with a glint of the old ironic fire: "You should have been a special pleader, Sanderson. There's no client too bad for them to make out a case for! Well—well, we won't sign tonight. I will read it over again when I am more equal to it."

For long the old man sat alone, musing in his chair. At length he sighed and took up a magazine. He was thinking of Harry Sanderson.

"How like!" he said aloud. "So Sanderson sowed his wild oats too! * * * When he stood there, with the light on his face—when he talked—I—I could almost have thought it was Hugh!"

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Chapter 2

HARRY SANDERSON and the judge parted at the gate, and Harry walked slowly home in the moonlight.

The youthful follies that he had resurrected when he had called himself his old nickname of "Satan Sanderson" he had left so far behind him, had buried so deep, that the ironic turn of circumstance that had dragged them into view seemed intrusive and malicious.

He had saved an old college mate from possible disinheritance and the grind of poverty, for David Stires' health was precarious. He thought of this with a tinge of satisfaction. The least of that peculiar clan, one who had held his place not by likable qualities, but by a versatile talent for entertainment, Hugh Stires yet deserved thus much. Harry Sanderson had never shirked an obligation. "As a man sows"—words used by the old man—recurred to him. Did any man reap what he sowed, after all? Was he, the "Satan Sanderson" that was, getting his deserts?

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The later night was very still, and the moon, lifting like a paper lantern over the aspen tops, silvered all the landscape. In its placid radiance the white house loomed in a ghostly pallor. The windows of one side were blank, but behind the library shade the bulbous lamp still drowsed like a monster glowworm. From the shadowy side of the building stretched a narrow L, its front covered by a rose trellis whose pale blossoms in the soft night air mingled their delicate fragrance with that of the jasmine.

Save for the one bright pane there seemed now no life or movement in the house. But outside in the moonlight a lurching, shabbily clothed figure moved, making his uncertain way with the deliberation of composed inebriety. The sash of the window was raised a few inches, and he nodded sagely at the yellow shade.

"Gay old silver top," he hiccoughed, "see you in the morning!"

He capsized against an althea bush and shook his head with owlish gravity as he disentangled himself. Then he staggered serenely to the rose trellis and, choosing its angle with an assurance that betrayed ancient practice, climbed to the upper window, shot its bolt with a knife and let himself in. He painstakingly closed both windows and inner blinds before he turned on an electric light.

In the room in which he now stood he had stored his boyish treasures and shirked his maturer tasks. It should have had deeper human associations, too, for once, before the house had been enlarged to its present proportions, that chamber had been his mother's. The Marechal Niel rose that clambered to the window sill had been planted by her hand. In that room he had been born. And in it had occurred that sharp, corrosive quarrel with his father on the night he had flung himself from the house vowing never to return.

As Hugh Stires stood looking about him it seemed for an instant to his clouded senses that the past six months of wandering and unsavory adventure were a dream. There was his bed, with its clean linen sheets and soft pillows. How he would like to lie down just as he was and sleep a full round of the clock! Last night he had slept—where had he slept? He had forgotten for the moment. He looked longingly

He made difficult selection from these

at the spotless coverlid. No; some one might appear, and it would not do to be seen in his present condition. It was scarcely 10. Time enough for that afterward.

He drew out the drawer of a chiffonier, opened a closet and gloated over the order and plenty of their contents. He made difficult selection from these and, steadying his progress by wall and chair, opened the door of an adjoining bathroom. It contained a circular bath with a needle shower. Without removing his clothing he climbed into this, balancing himself with an effort, found and turned the cold faucet and let the icy water, chilled from artesian depths, trickle over him in a hundred stinging needle points.

It was a very different figure that re-entered the larger room a half hour later from the slinking mudlark that had climbed the rose trellis. The old Hugh lay, a heap of soiled and sodden garments; the new stood forth shaven, fragrant with fresh linen and clean and fit apparel. The maudlin had vanished, the gaze was unvexed and bright, the whole man seemed to have settled into himself, to have grown trim, nonchalant, debonair. He held up his hand, palm outward, between the electric globe and his eye. There was not a tremor of nerve or muscle. He smiled. No headache, no fever, no uncertain feet or trembling hands or swollen tongue after more than a week of deep potations. He could still "sober up" as he used to do (with Blake, the butler, to help him) when it had been a mere matter of an evening's tipsiness. And how fine it felt to be decently clad again!

He crossed to a cheval glass. The dark, handsome face that looked out at him was clean cut and aristocratic, perfect save for one blemish—a pale line that slanted across the right brow, a birthmark, resembling a scar. All his life this mark had been an eyesore to its owner. It had a trick of turning an evil red under the stress of anger or emotion.

On the features, young and vigorous as they were, subtle lines of self indulgence had already set themselves and beneath their expression, cavalier and caressing, lay the unmistakable stigmata of inherited weakness. But these the gazer did not see. He regarded himself with egotistic complacency. Here he was just as sound as ever. He had had his fling and taught "the governor" that he could get along well enough without any paternal help if he chose.

He attentively surveyed the room. It was clean and dusted—evidently it had been carefully tended. He might have stepped out of it yesterday. Not a thing had been disturbed—yes, one thing. His portrait that had hung over his bed was not in its place. A momentary sense of trepidation rushed through him. Could his father really have meant all he had said in his rage? Did he really mean to disown him?

For an instant he faced the hall door with clinched hands. Somewhere in the house, unconscious of his presence, was that ward of whose coming he had learned. Moreau was a good friend to have warned him. Was she part of a plan of reprisal—her presence there a tentative threat to him? Could his father mean to adopt her? Might that great house, those grounds, the bulk of his wealth, go to her, and he, the son, be left in the cold? He shivered. Perhaps he had stayed away too long!

As he turned again, he heard a sound in the hall. He listened. A light step was approaching—the swish of a gown. With a sudden impulse he stepped into the embrasure of the window, as the figure of a girl paused at the door. He felt his face flush. She had thrown a crimson kimono over her white nightgown, and the apparition seemed to part the dusk of the doorway like the red breast of a robin. She held in her hands a bunch of the pale Marechal Niel roses, and his eye caught the long rebellious sweep of her bronze hair and the rosy tint of bare feet through the worsted meshes of her night slippers.

To his wonder the sight of the lighted room seemed to cause her no surprise. For an instant she stood still as though listening, then entered and placed the roses in a vase on a reading stand by the bedside.

Hugh gasped. To reach the stand the girl had passed the spot where he stood, but she had taken no note of him. Her gaze had gone by him as if he had been empty air. Then he realized the truth; Jessica Holme was blind! Moreau's letter had given him no inkling of that. So this was the girl with whom his father now threatened him! Was she counting on his not coming back, waiting for the windfall? She was blind—but she was beautiful! Suppose he were to turn the tables on the old man, not only climb back into his good graces through her, but even—

The thin line on his brow sprang suddenly scarlet. What a supple, graceful arm she had! How adroit her fingers as they arranged the rose stems! Was he already wholly blackened in her opinion? What did she think of him? Why did she bring those flowers to that empty room? Could it have been she who had kept it clean and fresh and unaltered against his return? A confident, daring look grew in his eyes. He wished she could see him in that purple tie and velvet smoking jacket. What an opportunity for a romantic self justification. Should he speak? Suppose it should frighten her!

Chance answered him. His respiration had conveyed to her the knowledge of a presence in the room. He heard her draw a quick breath. "Some one is here!" she whispered.

He started forward. "Wait, wait!" he said in a loud whisper as she sprang back. But the voice seemed to startle her the more, and before he could reach her side she was gone. He heard her flying steps descend the stair and the opening and closing of a door.

The sudden flight jarred Hugh's pleasurable sense of novelty. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets. Now he was in for it! She would alarm the house, rouse the servants. He should have a staring domestic audience for the imminent reconciliation his sobered sense told him was so necessary. Shrugging his shoulders, he went quickly down the stair to the library.

He had known exactly what he should see there—the vivid girl with the hue of fright in her cheeks, the

"My son!" he cried.

shaded lamp, the wheel chair and the feeble old man with his furrowed face and gray mustaches. What he himself should say he had not had time to reflect.

The figure in the chair looked up as the door opened. "Hugh!" he cried and half lifted himself from his seat. Then he settled back, and the sunken, indomitable eyes fastened themselves on his son's face.

Hugh was melodramatic—cheaply so. He saw the girl start at the name, saw her hands catch at the kimono to draw its folds over the bare white throat, saw the rich color that flooded her brow. He saw himself suddenly the moving hero of the stagery, the tractive force of the situation. Real tears came to his eyes; tears of insincere feeling, due partly to the cheap whisky he had drunk that day, whose outward consequences he had so drastically banished, and partly to sheer nervous excitation.

"Father!" he said, and came and caught the gaunt hand that shook against the chair.

Then the deeps of the old man's heart were suddenly broken up. "My son!" he cried and threw his arms about him. "Hugh, my boy, my boy!"

Jessica waited to hear no more. Thrilling with gladness and flushing with the sudden recollection of her bare throat and feet, she slipped away to her room to creep into bed and lie wide eyed and thinking.

What did he look like? O' his face she had never seen even a counterfeit presentment. Through what adventures had he passed? Now that he had come home, forgiving and forgiven, would he stay? He had been in his room when she entered it with the roses—must have guessed, if he had not already known, that she was blind. Would he guess that she had cared for that room, had placed fresh flowers there often and often?

Since she had come to the house in the aspens Jessica had found the imagined figure of Hugh a dominant presence in a horizon lightened with a throng of new impressions. The direful catastrophe of her blindness—it had been the sudden result of an accident—had fallen like a thunderbolt upon a nature elastic and joyous. It had brought her face to face with a revelation of mental agony, made her feel herself the hapless martyr of that curt thing called chance. She had always lived largely in books and pictures, and her world was still full of ideals and of brave adventures. Gratitude had made her love the morose old invalid with his crabbed tempers, and the wandering son, choosing for pride's sake a resourceless battle with the world—the very mystery of his whereabouts had taken strong hold of her imagination. Of the quarrel which had preceded Hugh's departure she had made her own version. That he should have come back on this very night, when the disinheritance she had dreaded had been so nearly consummated, seemed now to have an especial and an appealing significance.

Presently she rose, slipped on the red kimono, and, taking a key from the pocket of her gown, stole from the room. She ascended a stairway and unlocked the door of a wide, bare attic where the moonlight poured through a skylight in the roof upon an unfinished statue. In this statue she had begun to fashion, in the imagined figure of Hugh, her conception of the prodigal son—not the battered and husk filled wayfarer of the parable but a figure of character and pathos erring through youthful pride and spirit. The unfinished clay no eyes had seen, for those walls bounded her especial domain.

When Hugh went shamefacedly up the stair from the library the artificial glow that had tingled to his finger tips had faded. The poise of mind, the certitude of all the faculties of eye and hand that his icy bath had given him, were yielding. The penalties he had dislodged were returning re-enforced. He was rapidly becoming drunk.

He groped his way to his room, turned out the light, threw himself fully dressed upon the bed and slept the deep sleep of deferred intoxication.

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Chapter 3

ON a June day a month later Harry Sanderson sat in his study, looking out of the window across the dim summer haze of heat, negligently smoking. He could see the long white marl road bending in a broad curve between clover stippled meadows, to skirt the willow green bluff above the river. There, miles away, on the high bank he could distinguish the railroad bridge, a long black skeleton spanning "the hole," a deep, fish haunted pool, the deepest spot in the river for fifty miles.

Since that moonlighted evening of the will making Harry had learned that the long lane had had no true turning for Hugh. He had sifted him through and through. At college he had put him down for a weakling—unballasted, misdemeanant. Now he knew him for what he really was—a moral mollusk, a scamp in embryo, a decadent, realizing an ugly propensity to a deplorable finale. A consistent career of loose living had carried Hugh far since those college days when he had been dubbed "Satan's shadow." While to Harry Sanderson the eccentric and agnostical had then been, as it were, the mask through which his temperament looked at life, to Hugh it had spelled shipwreck. Harry Sanderson had done broadly as he pleased. He had entertained whom he listed, had gone "slumming," had also boxed to a finish for a wager a local pugilist whose acquaintance he affected, known as "Gentleman Jim." He had been both the hardest hitter and the hardest drinker in his class, yet withal its most brilliant student. Native character had enabled him to persist, as the exasperating function of success which dissipation declined to eliminate. But the same natural gravitation which in spite of all aberration had given Harry Sanderson classical honors had brought Hugh Stires to the imminent brink of expulsion. And since that time, without the character which belonged to Harry as a possession, Hugh had continued to drift aimlessly on down the broad lax way of profligacy.

The conditions he found upon his return, however, had opened Hugh's eyes to the perilous strait in which he stood. He was a materialist, and the taste he had had of deprivation had sickened him. In the first revulsion, when the contrast between recent famine and present plenty was strong upon him, he had been at anxious pains to make himself secure with his father—and with Jessica Holme. Harry's mental sight—keen as the hunter's sight on the rifle barrel—was sharpened by his knowledge of the old Hugh, an intuitive knowledge gained in a significant formative period. He saw more clearly than the townfolk who in a general way had known Hugh Stires all their lives. Week by week Harry had seen him regain lost ground in his father's esteem. Day by day he had seen him making studious appeal to all that was romantic in Jessica, climbing to the favor of each on the ladder of the other's regard. Hugh was naturally a poseur, with a keen sense of effect. He could be brilliant at will, could play a little on piano, banjo and violin, could sing a little and had himself well in hand. And, feeling the unconscious chord of romance vibrate to his touch, he had played upon it with no unskillful fingers.

Jessica was comparatively free from that coquetry by means of which a woman's instinct experiments in emotion. Although she had been artist enough before the cloistered years of her blindness to know that she was comely, she had never employed that beauty in the ordinary blandishments of girlish fascination. But steadily and unconsciously she had turned in her darkness more and more to the bright and tender air with which Hugh clothed all their intercourse. Her blindness had been of too short duration to have developed that fine sense-perception with which nature seeks to supplement the darkened vision. The ineradicable marks which ill governed living had set in Hugh's face, the self indulgence and egotism, she could not see. She mistook impulse for instinct. She read him by the untrustworthy light of a colorful imagination. She deemed him

He began to play.

high spirited and debonair, a Prince Charming, whose prideful rebellion had been atoned for by a touching and manly surrender.

All this Harry had watched with a painful sense of impotence, and this feeling was upon him today as he stared out from the study toward the white porch glistening in the sun.

At length, with a little gesture expressive at once of helplessness and puzzle, he turned from the window, took his violin and began to play. He began a barcarole, but the music wandered away through insensible variations into a moving minor, a composition of his own.

It broke off suddenly at a dog's fierce snarl from the yard and the rattle of a thrown pebble. Immediately a knock came at the door, and a man entered.

"Don't stop," said the new comer. "I've dropped in for only a minute. That's an ill tempered little brute of yours. If I were you I'd get rid of him."

Harry Sanderson laid the violin carefully in its case and shut the lid before he answered. "Rummy is impulsive," he said dryly. "How is your father today, Hugh?"

The other tapped the toe of his shining patent leather with his cane as he said with a look of ill humor:

"About as well as usual. He's planning now to put me in business and expects me to become a staid pillar of society—'like Sanderson,' as he says forty times a week. How do you do it, Harry? There isn't an old lady in town who thinks her parlor carpet half good enough for you to walk on. You're only a month older than I am, yet you can wind the whole vestry and the bishop to boot around your finger."

"I wasn't aware of the idolatry," Harry laughed a little—a distant laugh. "You are observant, Hugh."

"Oh, anybody can see it. I'd like to know how you do it. It was always so with you, even at college. You could do pretty much as you liked and yet be popular too. Why, there was never a jamboree complete without you and your violin at the head of the table."

"That is a long time ago," said Harry.

"More than four years. Four years and a month tomorrow, since that last evening of college. Yet I imagine it will be longer before we forget it."

Harry did not speak. An odd confusion blurred his vision. Perhaps to cover this, he crossed the room to a small private safe which stood open in the corner, in which he kept his tithes and his charities. When Hugh, shrugging his shoulders as if to dismiss the unwelcome picture he had painted, turned again, Harry was putting into it some papers from his pocket. Hugh saw the action. His eyes fastened on the safe avidly.

"I say," he said after a moment's pause as Harry made to shut its door, "can you loan me another fifty? I'm flat on my uppers again, and the old man has been tight as nails with me since I came back. I'm sure to be able to return it with the rest in a week or two."

Harry stretched his hand again toward the safe, then drew it back, with compressed lips. He had met Hugh with persistent courtesy, and the other had found him sufficiently obliging with loans. Hugh's lowered gaze saw the arrested movement, and his cheek flushed.

"Oh, if it's inconvenient I won't trouble you for the accommodation," he said. "I dare say I can raise it."

The attempt at nonchalance cost him a palpable effort. Comparatively small as the amount was, he needed it. He was in sore straits.

"It isn't that it is inconvenient, Hugh," said Harry. "It's that I can't approve your manner of living lately, and—I don't know where the fifty is going."

The mark on Hugh's brow reddened. "I wasn't aware that I was expected to render you an accounting," he said sulkily. "If I do borrow a dollar or two now and then. What if I play cards and drink a little when I'm dry? I've got to have a bit of amusement once in awhile between prayers. You liked it yourself well enough before you discovered a sudden talent for preaching!"

"Some men hide their talents under a napkin," said Harry. "You drown yours—in a bottle. You have been steadily going downhill. You are deceiving your father—and others—with a pretended reform which isn't skin deep. You have made them believe you are living straight when you are carousing; that you keep respectable company when you have taken up with a besotted and discredited gambler!"

"I suppose you mean Dr. Moreau," returned Hugh. "There are plenty of people in town who are worse than he is."

"He is a quack—dropped from the hospital staff for addiction to drugs and expelled from his club for cheating at cards."

"He's down and out," said Hugh sullenly, "and any cur can bite him. He never cheated me, and I find him better company than your sanctimonious, psalm singing sort. I'm not going to give him the cold shoulder because everybody else does. I never went back on a friend yet. I'm not that sort!"

"You never had a friend, Hugh," said Harry steadily. "You never really loved anybody or anything but yourself. You are utterly selfish. You are deliberately lying every hour you live to those who love you. You are playing a part—for your own ends! You were only a good imitation of a good fellow at college. You are a poor imitation of a man of honor now."

Hugh rose to his feet as he answered hotly: "And what are you, I'd like to know? Just because I take my pleasure as I please, while you choose to make a stained glass cherub of yourself, is no reason why I'm not just as good as you! I knew you well enough before you set up for such a pattern. You didn't go in much then for a theological diet. Pshaw!" he went on, snapping his fingers toward the well stocked bookshelves. "I wonder how much of all that you really believe! I imagine your friends don't call you 'Satan' now?"

"No," returned Harry quietly, "they don't call me 'Satan' now."

He went back to the safe.

The movement set Hugh instantly to regretting his hasty tongue. If he had only assumed penitence instead of flying into a passion he might have had the money he wanted just as well as not.

"There's no sense in us two quarreling," he said hastily. "We've been friends a long time. I'm sure I didn't intend to when I came in. I suppose you're right about some things, and probably dropping Moreau wouldn't hurt me any. I'm sorry I said all I did. Only—the money seemed such a little thing, and I—I needed it."

Harry stood an instant with his hand on the knob; then instead of closing the door he drew out a little drawer. He lifted a packet of crisp yellow backs and slowly counted out $100. "I'm trying to believe you mean what you say, Hugh," he said.

Hugh's fingers closed eagerly over the crackling notes. "Now, that's white of you after everything I said. You're a good fellow, Harry, after all, and I'll always say so." He pocketed the money with an air of relief and picked up his hat and cane.

Just then from the [illegible] street came the sound of carriage wheels and the click of the gate latch.

"It's Bishop Ludlow," he said, glancing through the window. "He's coming in. I think I'll slip out the side way. Thanks for the loan, and—I'll think over what you've said."

Avoiding the bishop, Hugh stepped toward the gate. The money was in his pocket. Well, one of these days he would not have to grovel for a paltry $50. He would be his own master and could afford to let Harry Sanderson and everybody else think what they liked.

"So I'm playing a part, am I!" he said to himself. "Why should your holiness trouble yourself over it if I am? Not because you're so careful of the governor's feelings, not by a long shot! It's because you choose to think Jessica Holme is too good for me. That's where the shoe pinches. Perhaps you'd like to play at that game yourself, eh?"

He walked jauntily up the street—toward the door with the little barred window.

"The old man is fond of her. He thinks I mean to settle down and let the moss grow over my ears, and he'll do the proper thing. It'll be a good way to put my head above water and keep it there. It must be soon though."

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Division of Purpose.

Some years ago the Yankee schooner Sally Ann, under command of Captain Spooner, was beating up the Connecticut river. Mr. Comstock, the mate, was at his station forward. According to his notion of things the schooner was getting a "leetle" too near certain mud flats which lay along the larboard shore. So aft he went to the captain and, with his hat cocked on one side, said:

"Cap'n Spooner, you're getting a leetle too close to them flats. Hadn't you better go abeout?"

The captain glared at him.

"Mr. Comstock, jest you go for'ard and tend to your part of the skuner. I'll tend to mine."

Mr. Comstock went for'ard in high dudgeon.

"Boys," he bellowed out, "see that that er mud hook's all clear for lettin' go."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Let go, then!" he roared.

Down went the anchor, out rattled the chains, and like a flash the Sally Ann came luffing into the wind and then brought up all standing. Mr. Comstock walked aft and touched his hat.

"Well, cap'n, my part of the skuner is to anchor."—Everybody's.

Sarcastic.

Guest (impatiently)—I say, waiter, how long have you been employed here? Waiter—'Bout a week, sir. Guest—Oh, is that all? Then I must have given my order to some other waiter.

It is as hard to find a man without guilt as a fish without a backbone.—Archytos.

Too Much of a Tease.

Blough and Neighbors were chatting on the porch. Mrs. Blough was in the parlor near the window. Blough knew she was listening and wanted to tease her.

"Had a little experience today," he said to Neighbors confidentially. "Prettiest little girl you ever saw. She was sauntering along the street some feet behind a strolling couple. I was walking faster, and as I caught up with her I couldn't help looking at her, she was so pretty. She caught my look and smiled. I had no intention of flirting, of course, but that smile was irresistible. Then our hands touched accidentally, and we let them linger a minute. She began walking faster to keep up with me, and we passed the couple ahead together. When we got some distance ahead of them I mustered up nerve enough to speak. 'Good evening,' I said, and she replied the same very roguishly."

There was a swish of skirts in the parlor, and Blough turned in time to see his wife vanishing toward the hall.

"Thunder!" he exclaimed. "Of course the little girl was only about six years old, but my wife didn't wait to hear that. She's gone upstairs to cry now, and even if she accepts my explanation it means flowers and a party dress. What fools we husbands be!"—St. Louis Republic.

Sterne's Destitution.

Laurence Sterne, the writer, was the victim of the intensest poverty. A little time before his death, being in a state of destitution, he went one evening to borrow £5 from his friend Garrick. Upon arriving he heard music and knew that a party was going on. He heard the merry laughter and, gently replacing the uplifted knocker, retraced his steps.

We never feel our miseries so keenly as when contrasted with the joys of others, and it is only then that we realize Wordsworth's picture:

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood
And near a thousand tables pined for food.

Another story of this writer does not evoke so much sympathy. It was known that Sterne used his wife very ill, and in talking with Garrick one day in fine sentimental style of conjugal love and fidelity he said, "The husband who behaves unkindly to his wife deserves to have his house burn down over his head."

"If you think so," said Garrick quietly, "I hope yours is well insured."

Political "Pome."

The fight is drawing to its close. The noise will soon be gone. There but remains the last appeal that's due from More Anon, a few brief words from You Know Who as friend speaks unto friend, Justitia throws a final fit, and then we have the end. A "Note of Warning" there may be from Old Subscriber's pen, and Constant Reader may emerge one moment from his den. Vox Populi may raise a wail that pierces heaven's vault, insisting that the time has come when we should call a halt, and One Who Knows may yet, perchance, his stormy voice uplift and ask of all the universe, "Ah, whither do we drift?" But all the fighting has been done. There is no longer strife. So let us cut out politics and lead the higher life.—Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.

Most Important Wars.

Perhaps the most important wars, from the standpoint of civilization and progress, were, first, the Greek-Persian war of 490 B. C., in which the oriental wave was prevented from deluging Europe; second, the struggle between the Franks and Moors, which ended at the battle of Tours with the defeat of the Moors, thus saving Europe from Mohammedanism and its stagnation; third, the Napoleonic wars, which shook up Europe, destroying the remnants of feudalism and paving the way for modern democracy, and the American war of 1861-65, which preserved the integrity of the great republic and so made it possible for the United States to work out its splendid destiny among the nations of the earth.—New York American.

Ivory Jelly.

The jelly was singularly pale. It almost resembled junket.

"It is ivory jelly," said the invalid. "My English cousins sent me a case of it from Sheffield."

"But why is it called ivory jelly?" they inquired.

"Precisely because it is made of ivory. A third of England's ivory goes to Sheffield, and in the process of grinding and cutting it for knife handles and so forth, a lot of ivory dust remains, a fine dust, similar to the best flour. Of this the Sheffield folk have made jelly for many years.

"The jelly for some reason is nourishing, extremely so. The doctors prescribe it for the anaemic. And of late a Sheffield firm has taken to manufacturing it on a large scale. Sheffield ivory jelly is now on the market.

"Out of courtesy to my cousins I tried it. To my surprise I found it good. My doctor, sampling it, found it good too. He told me to take the whole case."—Buffalo Express.

An Interesting Book.

A French marquise whose country house is crowded with guests during the hunting season hit upon the original idea of placing a register at the disposal of her visitors in which to record their desires and criticisms. The pages of the richly bound book soon began to be covered with notes such as:

"Count de R. still owes 25 louis. He knows to whom."

"The green peas yesterday were burned."

"Baroness M. flirts—unfortunately not with me."

The marquise has withdrawn the register.

Parents' Hairs and Heirs.

It is possible to predict from the hair of parents the form of their children's hair. Two blue eyed, straight haired parents will have only blue eyed, straight haired children. Two wavy haired parents may have straight, wavy or curly haired children, but the chances of curly hair are slight. Two curly haired parents may have children with either straight, wavy or curly hair, but the proportion of curly haired offspring will probably be large. —American Naturalist.

The Bolster.

The crusaders are said to have brought home with them the bolster, and, according to Dr. Cantile, their wives, in ignorance of the only rational way of using the article (i. e., lengthwise as a support for the back of a person when lying on his side) and not knowing what else to do with it, put the bolster where it is still found on the beds of those who have not learned the wisdom of discarding it altogether—under the pillow.—London Chronicle.

THE
White Washer,
The washer that always gives satisfaction.

It is ball-bearing—has flywheel under tub—is constructed on correct principals and in the best manner and is guaranteed for 5 years.

Runs easier and washes faster and cleaner than any other machine.

Don't take our word for it. Call on any of our dealers and see for yourself.

FOR SALE IN DELAWARE COUNTY BY
Hutchinson & Atwater, Manchester;
Bush & Eppens, Colesburg;
R. J. Milroy, Hopkinton;
E. R. Stone, Delhi;
Geo. Staehle & Son, Earlville.

Lily White Mf'g Co., Davenptor, Ia.

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....	6:15 a.
		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	8.10 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	4:45 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 Manage.

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* 2:08 a m
No 401 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 3 †3 10 p m	..Day Express	No 6† 10.35 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
No 83 5.40 p m	Clipper	No 84 8:15 a m

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

North Bound —Arrive—	Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No 306 5.00 a.m	...†Passenger..	No.305 8:20 a.m
No.322 4:45 p.m	..†Passenger..	No 330 5:10 p.m
No.353 12:00 [illegible]	... †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. Pau
No. 3 Runs to Ft. Dodge only.
No. 1 has connections to Omaha, Sioux City Sioux Falls, St Paul and Minneapolis and No. from same points.
No 22 has Chicago Sleeper.
Dining Car on trains No. 5 and 4.

O. C. CROSKEY
GENERAL
Blacksmithing,

Having purchased the A. J. Hesner blacksmith business, I am prepared to do all kinds of Black smithing and Wood Work. Hay Racks made to order. Prices as low as consistent with good work

New Shoes, - 30c
Old Shoes, - 15c
All work guaranteed.
O. C CROSKEY.

FOR SALE.
200 acres of
CHOICE FARM LAND,
within seven miles of Manheste at $60.00 per acre. Easy terms.
One half of this years crop can go with place.
For particulars apply to
Bronson, Carr & Sons,
19tf Manchester, Iowa.

More people are taking Foley's Kidney Remedy every year. It is considered to be the most effective remedy for kidney and bladder troubles that medical science can devise. Foley's Kidney Remedy corrects irregularities, builds up worn out tissues and restores lost vitality. It will make you feel well and look well Sold by Anders & Phillipps.

For your liver and stomach ills,
Take Beacom's Picnic Pills,
They will surely do you good
They will stimulate your blood,
And make you feel happy as a clam
Try them 25c All druggists

Foley's Orino Laxative cures chronic constipation and stimulates the liver. Orino regulates the bowels so they will act naturally and you do not have to take purgatives continuously. Sold by Anders & Phillipps.

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Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

DELAWARE COUNTY
Abstract Co.,
Manchester, Iowa.

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Orders by mail will receive careful attention.

We have complete copies of all records of Delaware county.

ENNIS BOGGS.
MANA[illegible]

MRS. MCRANEY'S EXPERIENCE.
Mrs. M. McRaney, Prentiss, Miss writes: "I was confined to my bed for three months with kidney and bladder trouble, and was treated by two physicians but failed to get relief. No human tongue can tell how I suffered, and I had given up hope of ever getting well until I began taking Foley's Kidney Remedy. After taking two bottles I felt like a new person, and feel it my duty to tell suffering women what Foley's Kidney Remedy did for me." Sold by Anders & Phillipps.

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. C. DeWITT & CO., Chicago
For sale by all druggists.

GUILTY OF COUNTERFEITING.
Passing counterfeit money is no more than substituting some unknown worthless remedy for Foley's Honey and Tar, the great cough and cold remedy that cures the most obstinate coughs and heals the lungs. Sold by Anders & Phillipps.

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

PAINTING
All kinds of exterior and interior painting. A specialty made of Carriage painting. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.
8tf S. J. Maley.
Near Atkinson's Blacksmith Shop

A PERSONAL APPEAL.
If we could talk to you personally about the great merit of Foley's Honey and Tar, for coughs, colds and lung trouble, you never could be induced to experiment with unknown preparations that may contain some harmful drugs. Foley's Honey and Tar costs you no more and has a record of forty years of cures. Sold by Anders & Phillipp.

Hoarse coughs and stuffy colds that may develope into pneumonia over night are quickly cured by Foley's Honey and Tar, as it soothes inflamed membranes, heals the lungs, and expels the cold from the system. Sold by Anders & Phillipps.

HOLLISTER'S
Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets
A Busy Medicine for Busy People.
Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor.
A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Live and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Sluggish Bowels, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 35 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis.
GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE
41-8

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.

Whenever you feel that your stomach has gone wrong, or when you feel that it is not in good order as is evidenced by mean headaches nervousness, bad breath, and belching, take something at times, and especially after your meals until relief is afforded. There is nothing better offered the public today for stomach troubles, dyspepia, indigestion, etc., than KODOL. This is a scientific preparation of natural digestants combined with vegetable acids and it contains the same juices found in every healthy stomach. KODOL is guaranteed to give relief. It is pleasant to take; it will make you feel fine by digesting what you eat. Sold by all druggists.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve—don't forget the name, and accept no substitute. Get DeWitt's. It's good for piles. Sold by all druggists.