The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

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CHAPTER XII.

THE LANTERN ABOVE.

CHASE sat for hours on his porch that night gazing down upon the chateau. Lights gleamed in a hundred of its windows. The bitterness of his own isolation, the ostracism that circumstance had forced upon him, would have been maddening on this night had not all rancor been tempered by the glorious achievement in the market place. He wondered if the princess knew what he had dared and what he had accomplished in the early hours of the night. He wondered if they had pointed out his solitary light to her—if now and then she bestowed a casual glance upon that twinkling star of his. The porch lantern hung almost directly above his head.

The chateau was indeed the home of revelry. The pent up, struggling spirits of those who had dwelt therein for months in solitude arose in the wild stampede for freedom. All petty differences between Lady Deppingham and Drusilla Browne, and they were quite common now, were forgotten in the whirlwind of relief that came with the strangers from the yacht. Mrs. Browne's good looking, eager husband reveled in the prospect of this delirious night, this almost Arabian night. He was swept off his feet by the radiant princess, the Scheherezade of his boyhood dreams. His blithe heart thumped as it had not done since he was a boy. The Duchess of N. and the handsome Marchioness of B. came into his tired, hungry life at a moment when it most needed the light. It was he who fairly dragged Lady Agnes aside and proposed the banquet, the dance, the concert—everything—and it was he who carried out the hundred spasmodic instructions that she gave.

Late in the night, long after the dinner and the dance, the tired but happy company flocked to the picturesque hanging garden for rest and the last refreshment.

The hanging garden was a wonderfully constructed open air plaisance suspended between the chateau itself and the great cliff in whose shadow it stood. The cliff towered at least 300 feet above the roof of the spreading chateau, a veritable stone wall that extended for a mile or more in either direction.

Near the chateau there was a real waterfall, reminding one in no small sense of the misty veils at Lauterbrunnen or Giesbach. The swift stream which obtained life from these falls, big and little, ran along the base of the cliff for some distance and was then diverted by means of a deep, artificial channel into an almost complete circuit of the chateau, forming the moat. It sped along at the foot of the upper terrace, a wide torrent that washed between solid walls of masonry, which rose to a height of not less than ten feet on either side. There were two drawbridges, seldom used, but always practicable. A small stationary bridge crossed the vicious stream immediately below the hanging garden and led to the ladders by which one ascended to the caverns that ran far back into the mountain.

Two big black irregular holes in the face of the cliff marked the entrance to these deep, rambling caves, wonderful caverns wrought by the convulsions of the dead volcano, cracks made by these splintering earthquakes when the island was new.

The garden hung high between the building and the cliff, swung by a score of great steel cables. These cables were riveted soundly in the solid rock of the cliff at one end and fastened as safely to the stone walls of the chateau at the other. It swung stanchly from its moorings with the constancy of a suspension bridge and trembled at the slightest touch.

It was at least a hundred feet square. The floor was covered with a foot or more of soil, in which the rich grass and plants of the tropics flourished. Cool fountains sprayed the air at either end of the green inclosure. The illusion was complete.

The walls surrounding the garden were three feet high and were intended to represent the typical English garden wall of brick. To gain access to the hanging garden one crossed a narrow bridge which led from the second balcony of the chateau. There was not an hour in the day when protection from the sun could not be found in this little paradise.

Bobby Browne was holding forth with his usual exuberance on the magnificence of the British navy.

"There she is now, sleeping out there in the harbor, a great big thing with the kindest of hearts inside of those steel ribs—her majesty's ship the King's Own! Think of it! She convoys a private yacht, she stops off at this beastly island to catch her breath and to see that all are safe, then she charges off into the horizon like a bird that has no home. May I offer you a cigarette, princess? By the way, I wonder how Chase came off with his side show."

"Saunders tells me that he was near to being butchered, but luck was with him," said Deppingham. "His ship came home."

"It was a daring trick. I'm glad he pulled it off. He's a man, that fellow is," said Browne. "See, princess, away up there in the mountain is his home. There's a light. See it? He keeps rather late hours, you see."

"Tell me about him," said the princess suddenly. She arose and walked to the vine covered wall, followed by Bobby Browne.

"I don't know much to tell you," said he. "He's made an enemy or two, and they are trying to drive him out. We've asked him down here just because we can't bear to think of a fellow creature wasting his days in utter loneliness, but he has so far declined with thanks. The islanders are beginning to hate him. They distrust him. [illegible] you know why we [illegible] You"—

"Every one knows, Mr. Browne. You are the most interesting quartet in the world just now. Every one is wondering how it is going to end. What a pity you can't marry Lady Agnes!"

"Oh, I say!" protested Browne. She laughed merrily.

"But how dull it must be for Mr. Chase! Does he complain?"

"I can't say that he does. Britt—that's my lawyer—Britt says he's never heard a murmur from him. He takes his medicine with a smile. I like that sort of fellow, and I wish he'd be a little more friendly."

"He has learned to know and keep his place," said she coolly. Perhaps she was thinking of his last night in the palace garden. Away up there in the darkness gleamed his single, lonely, pathetic little light. "Isn't it rather odd, Mr. Browne, that his light should be burning at 2 o'clock in the morning? Is it his custom to sit up?"

"I've never noticed it before, now you speak of it. I hope nothing serious has happened to him. He may have been injured in— I say, if you don't mind, I'll ask some one to telephone up to his place."

"Yes, do telephone," she broke in. "I am sure Lady Deppingham will approve. No, thank you. I will stand here awhile. It is cool, and I love the stars." Five minutes later he returned to her, accompanied by Lady Agnes. She was still looking at the stars.

"Lady Deppingham called him up," said Bobby.

"And he answered in person," said her ladyship. "He seemed strangely agitated for a moment or two, Genevra, and then he laughed—yes, laughed in my face, although it was such a long way off. I asked him if he was ill or had been hurt. He said he never felt better in his life and hadn't a scratch. He laughed—I suppose to show me that he was all right. Then he asked me to thank you for bringing a warship. You saved his life. Really one would think you were quite a heroine or a godsend or something like that. I never heard anything sweeter than the way he said good night to me. There!"

The light in the bungalow bobbed mysteriously for an instant and then went out.

"How far is it from here?" asked the princess abruptly.

"Nearly two miles as the crow flies, only there are no crows here. Five miles by the road, I fancy. Isn't it, Bobby? I call him Bobby, you know, when we are all on good terms. I don't see why I shouldn't if you stop to think how near to being married to each other we are at this very instant."

"I wonder if help could reach him quickly in the event of an attack."

"It could if he'd have the kindness to notify us by phone," said Browne.

"But he wouldn't telephone to us," said Lady Deppingham ruefully. "He's not so communicative as that."

"Surely he would call upon you for help if he"—

"You don't know him, Genevra."

The princess smiled in a vague sort of way. "I've met him quite informally, if you remember."

"I should say it was informally. It's the most delicious story I've ever heard. You must tell it to Mr. Browne, dear. It's all about the enemy in Thorberg, Mr. Browne. There's your wife calling, Bobby. She wants you to tell that story again about the bishop who rang the doorbell."

The next morning the captain of the King's Own came ashore and was taken to the chateau for dejeuner. Late in the afternoon the marquis and his party, saying farewell to the princess and the revived legatees, put out to the yacht and steamed away in the wake of the great warship. The yacht was to return in a month to pick up the princess.

Genevra, her maids, her men and her boxes, her poodle and her dachshund were left behind for the month of March—not without misgiving, it must be said, for the marquis, her uncle, was not disposed to look upon the island situation as a spot of long continued peace.

"You won't be able to get help as cleverly and as timely as that American chap got it last night," protested the marquis. "Warships don't browse around like gulls, you know. Karl will never forgive me if I leave you here."

"Karl is of a very forgiving nature, uncle, dear," said Genevra sweetly. "He forgave you for defending Mr.

"I hope no harm comes to you here in this beastly place!"

Chase, because you are such a nice Englishman. I've induced him to forgive Mr. Chase because he's such a nice American—although Mr. Chase doesn't seem to know it—and I'm quite sure Karl would shake his hand if he should come upon him anywhere. Leave Karl to me, uncle."

And so they sailed away without her, just as she had intended from the beginning. Lord Deppingham stood beside her on the pier as the shore party waved its adieus to the yacht.

"By Jove, Genevra, I hope no harm comes to you here in this beastly place!" said he, a look of anxiety in his honest eyes. "There goes our salvation if any rumpus should come up. We can't call 'em out of the sky as Chase did last night. Lucky beggar! That fellow Chase is ripping, by Jove! That's what he is. I wish he'd open up his heart a bit and ask us into that devilish American bar of his."

"He owes us something for the warship we delivered to him last night," said Bobby. "He has made good with his warship story, after all, thanks to the King's Own and Britt."

"And the fairy princess," added Lady Deppingham.

"I am doubly glad I came if you include me in the miracle," said Genevra, shuddering a little as she looked at the lounging natives. "Isn't it rather more of a miracle that I should come upon mine ancient champion in this unheard of corner of the globe?"

"I'd like to hear the story of Chase and his adventures in the queen's garden," reminded Bobby Browne.

"I'll tell it to you tonight, my children," said the princess as they started for the palanquins.

Hollingsworth Chase dodged into the American bar just in time to escape the charge of spying.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. SAUNDERS HAS A PLAN.

MISS PELHAM'S affair with Thomas Saunders by this time had reached the stage where observers feel a hesitancy about twitting the parties most concerned.

"Miss Pelham is a clever girl, much cleverer than Saunders would be if he were a girl," said Britt. "She's found out that he earns a thousand a year and that his mother is a very old woman. That shows foresight. She says she's just crazy about London, although she doesn't know where Hammersmith is. That shows discretion. She's anxious to see the boats at Putney and talks like an encyclopedia about Kew gardens. That shows diplomacy. You see, Saunders lives in Hammersmith, not far from the bridge, all alone with his mother, who owns the house and garden. It's all very appealing to Miss Pelham, who has got devilish tired of seeing the universe from a nineteenth story in Broadway."

"She's a very nice girl," agreed Bobby Browne.

"A very saucy one," added Deppingham, who had come a severe cropper in his single attempt to interest her in a mild flirtation.

"She's off with Saunders now," went on Britt. "That's why you can't find him, my lord. If you really want him, however, I think you can reach him by strolling through the lower end of the park, but don't fail to shout."

"I do want him, confound him! I want to ask him how many days there are left before our time is up on the island. Demmed annoying that I can't have legal advice when I"—

"How many days have you been here?"

"How the devil should I know? That's what we've got Saunders here for. He's supposed to tell us when to go home and all that sort of thing, you know."

Deppingham, phlegmatic soul, was forever disturbing Saunders with calls to duty, although Saunders was brutish enough in his British way to maintain—in confidence, of course—that he was in the employ of Lady Deppingham or no one at all. Nevertheless he always lived under the shadow of duty. At any moment his lordship was liable to send for him to ask the time of day or some equally important question. And this brings us to the hour when Saunders unfolded his startling solution to the problem that confronted them all.

First he confided in Britt soberly, sagely and in perfect good faith. Britt was bowled over. He stared at Saunders and gasped. Nearly two minutes elapsed before he could find words to reply, which proves conclusively that it must have been something of a shock to him. When at last he did express himself, however, there was nothing that could have been left unsaid—absolutely nothing. He went so far as to call Saunders a doddering fool and a great many other things that Saunders had not in the least expected.

The Englishman was stubborn. They had it back and forth, from legal and other points of view, and finally Britt gave in to his colleague, reserving the right to laugh when it was all over. Saunders, with a determination that surprised even himself, called for a conference of all parties in Wyckholme's study at 4 o'clock.

"Now, what's it all about, Saunders?" demanded Deppingham, with a wide yawn. Saunders looked hurt.

"It is high time we were discussing some way out of our difficulties," he said. "But five weeks remain before our stay is over. The apparent impossibility of marriage between Lady Deppingham and Mr. Browne naturally throws our joint cause into jeopardy. There would be no controversy, of course, if the terms of the will could be carried out in that respect. The islanders understand our position and seem secure in their rights. They imagine tha they have us beaten on the face of things. Now, the thing for us to do is to get married."

He came to this conclusion with startling abruptness. Four of his hearers stared at him in blank astonishment.

"Get married?" murmured first one, then another.

"Are you crazy?" demanded Browne. Britt was grinning broadly.

"Certainly not!" snapped Saunders.

"Oh, by Jove!" exclaimed Deppingham, relieved. "I see. You mean you contemplate getting married. I congratulate you. You gave me quite a shock, Saund"—

"I don't mean anything of the sort, my lord," said Saunders, getting very red in the face. Miss Pelham looked up from her notebook quickly. He winked at her, and her ladyship saw him do it. "I mean that it is high time that Lady Deppingham and Mr. Browne were getting married. We haven't much time to spare. It"—

"Good Lord!" gasped Bobby Browne. "You are crazy, after all."

"Open the window and give some air," said Britt coolly.

"See here, Saunders, what the devil is the matter with you?" roared Deppingham.

"My lord, I am here to act as your legal adviser," said Saunders, with dignity. "May I be permitted to proceed?"

"Rather queer legal advice, 'pon my word."

"Please let him explain," put in Mrs. Browne, whose sense of humor was strongly attracted by this time. "If there is anything more to be learned concerning matrimony I'd like to know it."

"Yes, Mr. Saunders, you may proceed," said Lady Agnes, passing a hand over her bewildered eyes.

"Thank you, my lady. Well, here it is in a nutshell: I have not spoken of it before, but you and Mr. Browne can very easily comply with the provisions of the will. You can be married at any time. Now, I"—

"And where do I come in?" demanded Deppingham sarcastically.

"Yes, and I?" added Mrs. Browne. "Yor forget us, Mr. Saunders."

"I include Mrs. Browne," amended Deppingham. "Are we to be assassinated? By Jove, clever idea of yours, Saunders! Simplifies matters tremendously."

"I hear no objection from the heirs," remarked Saunders meaningly, whereupon Lady Agnes and Bobby came out of their stupor and protested vigorously.

"Miss Pelham," said Britt, breaking in sharply, "I trust you are getting all of this down. I wish to warn you, ladies and gentlemen, that I expect to overthrow the will on the ground that there is insanity on both sides. You'll oblige me by uttering just what you feel."

"My plan is very simple," began Saunders helplessly.

"Demmed simple," growled Deppingham.

"We are living on an island where polygamy is practiced and tolerated. Why can't we take advantage of the custom and beat the natives at their own game? That's the ticket!"

Of course this proposition, simple as it sounded, brought forth a storm of laughter and expostulation, but Saunders held his ground.

"You have only to embrace Mohammedanism or paganism, or whatever it is, temporarily—just long enough to get married and comply with the terms. Then, I dare say, you could resume your Christian doctrine once more, after a few weeks, I'd say, and the case is won."

"I pay Lady Deppingham the compliment by saying that it would be most difficult for me to become a Christian again," said Browne smoothly, bowing to the flushed Englishwoman.

"How very sweet of you!" she said, with a grimace which made Drusilla shiver with annoyance.

"You don't need to live together, of course," floundered Saunders, getting rather beyond his depth.

"Well, that's a concession on your part," said Mrs. Browne, a flash in her eye.

"I never heard of such an asinine proposition," sputtered Deppingham. Saunders went completely under at that.

"On the other hand," he hastened to remark, "I'm sure it would be quite legal if you did live to"—

"Stop him, for heaven's sake!" screamed Lady Agnes, bursting into uncontrollable laughter.

"Stop him? Why?" demanded her husband, suddenly seeing what he regarded as a rare joke. "Let's hear him out. By Jove, there's more to it than I thought. Go on, Saunders."

"Of course if you are going to be nasty about it"— began Saunders in a huff.

"I can't see anything nasty about it," said Browne. "I'll admit that our wife and our husband may decide to be stubborn and unreasonable, but it sounds rather attractive to me."

"Robert!" from his wife.

"He's only joking, Mrs. Browne," explained Deppingham magnanimously. "Now, let me understand you, Saunders. You say they can be married according to the customs—which, I take it, are the laws—of the islanders. Your plan provides Browne with two charming wives and gives me but one. There's nothing to compel Mrs. Browne to marry me."

"But, my lord," said Saunders, "doesn't the plan give Lady Deppingham two husbands? It's quite a fair division."

"It would make Lord Deppingham my husband-in-law, I imagine," said Drusilla quaintly. "I've always had a horror of husbands-in-law."

"And you would be my wife-in-law," supplemented Lady Agnes. "How interesting!"

"Saunders," said Deppingham soberly, "I must oppose your plan. It's quite unfair to two innocent and uninvolved parties. What have we done that we should be exempt from polygamy?"

"You are not exempt!" exclaimed the harassed solicitor. "You are merely not obliged to; that's all. You can do as you choose about it, I'm sure. I'm sorry my plan causes so much levity. It is meant for the good of our cause. The will doesn't say how many wives Mr. Browne shall have. It simply says that Agnes Ruthven shall be his wife. He isn't restricted, you know. He can be a polygamist if he likes."

"You're right," said Britt. "The will doesn't specify. But, my dear Saunders, you are overlooking your own client in this plan."

"I don't quite understand, Mr. Britt."

"As I understand the laws on this island—the church laws, at least—a man can have as many wives as he likes. Well, that's all very well for Mr. Browne. But isn't it also a fact that a woman can have no more than one husband? Lady Deppingham has one husband. She can't take another without first getting rid of this one."

"Saunders," said Deppingham, arising and lighting a fresh cigarette, "you have gone clean daft. You're loony with love. You've got marriage on the brain. I'd advise you to take some one for it."

"Do you mean that for me, Lord Deppingham?" demanded Miss Pelham sharply. She glared at him and then slammed her notebook on the table. "You can josh Mr. Saunders, but you can't josh me. I'm sick of this job. Get somebody else to do your work after this. I'm through."

"Oh!" exclaimed every one, in a panic. It took nearly ten minutes to pacify the ruffled stenographer.

"Perhaps we could arrange for a divorce all round," cried Saunders, suddenly inspired.

"On what grounds?" laughed Browne.

"Give me time," said the lawyer.

"It's barely possible that there is no divorce law in Japat," remarked Britt, enjoying his confrere's misery.

"Are you quite sure?"

"Reasonably. If there was such a law I'll bet my head two-thirds of the men in Aratat would be getting rid of their wives before night."

"I'm tired," said Lady Deppingham suddenly. She yawned and stretched her arms. "It's been very entertaining, Saunders, but really I think we'd better dress for dinner. Come, Mr. Browne. Shall we look for the princess?"

"With pleasure, if you'll promise to spare Deppingham's life."

"On condition that you will spare Deppingham's wife," very prettily and airily. Mrs. Browne laughed with amazing good grace, but there was a new expression in her eyes.

"Your ladyship," called Saunders desperately, "do you approve of my plan? It's only a subterfuge"—

"Heartily!" she exclaimed, with one of her rarest laughs. "The only objection that I can see to it is that it leaves out my husband and Mrs. Browne. They are very nice people, Saunders, and you should be more considerate of them. Come, Mr. Browne." She took the American's arm and gayly danced from the room. Lord Deppingham's eyes glowed with pride in his charming wife as he followed with the heartsick Drusilla.

"I would have won them over if Britt had not interfered," almost

Genevra gently waved her handkerchief.

wailed little Mr. Saunders, his eyes glazed with mortification.

"I'm getting to hate that man," said Miss Pelham loyally. "And the others! They give me a pain! Don't mind them, Tommy, dear."

Lady Deppingham and Browne came upon the princess quite unexpectedly. She was in the upper gallery, leaning against the stone rail and gazing steadily through the fieldglasses in the direction of the bungalow. They held back and watched her, unseen. The soft light of early evening fell upon her figure as she stood erect, lithe and sinuous, in the open space between the ivy clad posts.

Genevra smiled securely in her supposed aloofness from the world. Then, suddenly moved by a strange impulse, she gently waved her handkerchief as if in greeting to some one far off in the gloaming. The action was a mischievous one, no doubt, and it had its consequences—rather sudden and startling, if the observers were to judge by her subsequent movements. She lowered the glass instantly. There was a quick catch in her breath, as if a laugh had been checked; confusion swept over her, and she drew back into the shadows as a guilty child might have done. They distinctly heard her murmur as she crossed the flags and disappeared through the French window without seeing them:

"Oh, dear, what a crazy thing to do!"

Genevra, peering through the glasses, had discovered the figure of Chase on the bungalow porch. She was amused to find that he, from his distant post, was also regarding the chateau through a pair of glasses. A spirit of adventure, risk, mischief, as uncontrolled as breath itself, impelled her to flaunt her handkerchief. That treacherous spirit deserted her most shamelessly when her startled eyes saw that he was waving a response. She lay awake for a long time that night wondering what he would think of her for that wretched bit of frivolity. Then at last a new thought came to her relief, but it did not give her the peace of mind that she desired.

He may have mistaken her for Lady Deppingham.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRILLIANT BASEBALL.

A Brainy Sequence of Plays by the Chicago Cubs.

Generalship by the manager is not all. A good team needs the fewest orders, and what perhaps was the most brilliant half inning ever played in a ball game, from the standpoint of headwork and perfect execution, was one in which the managers had small part. That inning was the last half of the fourth inning of the game between Detroit and Chicago on Oct. 13, the game that practically decided the world's championship series. Chicago had made two runs in the third inning and, with Brown pitching, appeared to be winning easily until O'Leary and Crawford opened Detroit's half of the fourth inning with line singles to left, putting runners on first and second bases with none out and Cobb, the best batter in the American league, at bat. O'Leary is fast, Cobb is extremely fast, and Cobb is a natural and almost perfect bunter. Every one knew that Cobb intended to bunt the ball and that failure to retire either him or one of the other runners probably meant victory for Detroit. Jennings, Detroit's manager, sent Cobb to bat, with instructions to bunt toward third base. They knew that Brown intended to make the play to third base to force O'Leary, and the coachers were signaled to make O'Leary take as much lead toward third base as possible and to start running as the ball was pitched.

Brown, a past master in field generalship as well as execution, walked over to Steinfeldt at third base and said: "Anchor yourself to that bag. The ball is coming there." Kling signaled for a fast ball close to the batter at his waist. It was his plan to have Cobb miss the ball on his first attempt to bunt and then, by a quick throw to Tinker on second, to catch O'Leary off the base. Brown shook his head and signaled Kling his intention to pitch a curve ball low and at the outside corner of the plate. Cobb was hoping that Brown would pitch precisely that kind of a ball, and Brown knew that Cobb was hoping for it, and it was Brown's plan to force Cobb to do exactly what he was most anxious to do—to make a perfect bunt and toward third base. Brown pitched perfectly, and Cobb bunted perfectly, thirty feet toward third base and about five feet inside the foul line. As Brown pitched he went forward at top speed, "following the ball through," and he was in front of the ball when it bounded along. Still running, he scooped the sphere and, whirling, made a terrific throw straight to Steinfeldt, and O'Leary was forced out by fifteen feet on a seemingly impossible play, executed chiefly because Brown knew exactly what Cobb would do.

Chance's magnificent machine was not through. Knowing that the failure of that play would "rattle" the Tigers, they instantly seized the psychological situation. Kling gave a quick signal for a fast inshoot across Rossman's shoulders, and Brown, without waiting for Detroit to rally and plan a play, drove the ball fast and high. Rossman struck at the ball and missed it. Like a flash Kling hurled the sphere toward second base. Tinker met it at top speed, touched Crawford three feet from the base and standing still, and Detroit was beaten in a panic. An instant later, as Rossman struck out, Kling threw to second, and Evers, leaping, stuck up one hand, dragged down the ball and while descending touched Cobb as he slid. The big crowd, frenzied over the brilliant series of plays and only half understanding them, cheered for five minutes.—Hugh S. Fullerton in American Magazine.

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An Expedition That Failed.

With a courage equal to that of Columbus, two seven-year-old lads set sail from Boston the other day to join Roosevelt in Africa. They had built a raft of railroad ties and provisioned it for the long voyage. Besides several cans of tomatoes and condensed milk, three loaves of bread, a pound of bologna sausage and a lot of crackers, they had two fishing rods, a lantern and an oil stove. They expected to catch all the fish they could eat, no matter how long they might be on the water, for do not fish grow in the sea? Not the least important article in their equipment was a log book, in which they planned to write a record of their adventurous voyage. Of course they were picked up by fishermen before they got to the mouth of the harbor, but this interference with their plans did not lessen the audacity of their undertaking.—Youth's Companion.

Guides For Aeronauts.

Major von Frankenberg, president of the German Aero club, advises that huge signboards be placed on the roofs of church towers and high buildings, with a certain code of signals, visible from airships aloft, inscribed upon them. He also suggests that the frontiers of the different European countries shall be marked by the same method and that at night the signs shall be illuminated in such a way as to make them visible. Aeronauts would carry a signal code book, enabling them to decipher the meaning of the signals.

A Baseball Town.

St. Louis is evidently a baseball town, judging by the new city directory, which contains three Players, one Grounds, five Boxes, two Seats, five Fanns, one lone Ruter, two Passes, seventy-four Balls, three Batts, one Mask, twelve Sacks, eight Fielders, one Right, one Center, thirty-nine Shorts, five Pitchers, nine Hitts, three Bunts, one Outt, three Strikes, thirty-two Rapps, two Steals, one Fowle, five Scores and one Game.

The Difference.

"No," said the tiresome man, "I never knew a woman who could tell a story well. Most women appreciate the fact that they can't and don't try"—

"Yes," interrupted the weary listener, "and some men don't appreciate the fact that they can't and are very trying."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Dad's Idea.

"Pa," said Mrs. Hardapple enthusiastically, "Mandy is getting to be one of these here sure enough artist folks. Would you like to see her wash drawings?"

"No," growled the old man in crabbed tones. "Blamed lot of foolishness. I'd ruther see her wash dishes."—Chicago News.

Doesn't Harmonize.

"It must increase your expenses quite a little to have your factory so far away from your downtown office?"

"Yes, it does. But then it's much better to keep 'em apart as long as our factory doesn't harmonize in appearance with the picture on our letter heads."—Cleveland Plain Dealer

The Early Worm.

Father—I wish you would please tell that young man of yours to pay his visits at a decent hour. If he must start courting so early in the day ask him to at least come after breakfast!

Daughter (ingenuously)—But, father, that is what he comes after.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Wanted Authentic Information.

"You may require an operation, Mr. Sickwun," said the physician, "but before deciding upon it I should want to hold a consultation."

"With a specialist?" groaned the sufferer.

"Er—no. With your banker."—Chicago Post.

At the Game.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I am learning a lot about baseball. I can pick out the umpire every time."

"Oh, you can!"

"Yes. He's the gentleman with the marcelle waves on his chest."—Washington Star.

A Suspicion.

"What do your constituents do with all the garden seeds you send them?"

"I don't know," answered the member of congress. "I have a suspicion that they put milk and sugar on them and use them for breakfast food."—Houston Post.

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Edgar N. Bayliss, a merchant of Robinsonville, Del., wrote: "About two years ago I was thin and sick and coughed all the time and if I did not have consumption, it was near it. I commenced using Foley's Honey and Tar, and it stopped my cough, and I am now entirely well, and have gained twenty-eight pounds, all due to the good results from taking Foley's Honey and Tar."

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Manchester & Oneida RY

TIME TABLE.

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No. 4. Leaves Manchester 7:25 a. m. connects with Chicago Great Western train No. 6, east bound; returning reaches Manchester at 8:10 a. m.

No. 6. Leaves Manchester at 8:45 a. m., connects with C. M. & St. P. No. 22, northbound, returning reaches Manchester at 9:45 a. m.

No. 8. Leaves Manchester 2:00 p. m. connects with Chicago Great Western No. 4, east bound, and Chicago Great Western No. 9, west bound; returning reaches Manchester at 3:00 p. m.

No. 10. Leaves Manchester at 4:45 p. m., connects with C., M. & St. P. No. 21, south bound; returning Manchester at 5:45 p. m.

Trains Nos. 3, 4, 7, and 8, daily; all other trains daily except Sunday.

Through tickets sold to all points in North America.

E. E. Brewer, General Traffic Manager.

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TIME TABLE.

West Bound

No 5 Omaha, Sioux City and St. Paul Fast Mail.... ....8:10 a. m
No 21 Dub & Ft Dodge local..7:23a. m.
No 3 Ft Dodge Express.. ..3:10 p. m.
No 33 Dubuque & Waterloo..5:40 p m
No 1 Chicago, Sioux City & Omaha Ltd.... ......10:50 p m
No 401 St Paul ....11:42 p m
No 93 Way Freight.... .... .. 1 p m

East Bound

No 2 Omaha & Sioux City & Chicago Limited....2:05 a m
No 402 St Paul & Chicago Ltd 3:41 a m
No 34 Waterloo & Dub Clipper 8:55 a m
No 6 Ft Dodge & Chi Express 11:25a m
No 4 Sioux City, Omaha & Chi 3:10 p m
No 22 Ft Dodge Dub local ....7:35 p m
No 94 Way Freight.... ......11:45 a m

No. 22 has Chicago sleeper.
Dining Car on Trains Nos. 5 and 4

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH

Going South

No 305 Pass daily ex Sunday 8:40 a m
No 333 Pass daily ex Sunday 5:45 p m
No 360 Freight daily ex Sunday12:45p m

Arrive from South

No 334 Pass daily ex Sunday 8:00 a m
No 330 Pass daily ex Sunday 5:30 p m
No 3 Freight daily ex Sunday 11:15 a m

H. G. PIERCE, Station Agent.

No. 5 runs to Omaha, Sioux City and St. Paul.
No. 3 runs to Fort Dodge only.
No. 1 has connections to Omaha, Sioux City, Sioux Falls, St. Paul and Minneapolis and No. 2 from same points.
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Many people delude themselves by saying "It will wear away," when the notice symptoms of kidney and bladder trouble. This is a mistake. Take Foley's Kidney Remedy, and stop the drain on the vitality. It cures backache, rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble, and makes every trace of pain, weakness, and urinary trouble disappear.

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Dr. Abernethy, the great English physician said, "Watch your kidneys. When they are affected, life is in danger." Foley's Kidney Remedy makes healthy kidneys corrects urinary irregularities, and tones up the whole system.

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