The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE BURNING OF THE BUNGALOW.

HE went in and had tiffin with them in the hanging garden. Deppingham was surly and preoccupied. Drusilla Browne was unusually vivacious. At best she was not volatile; her greatest accomplishment lay in the ability to appreciate what others had to say.

Her husband, aside from a natural anxiety, was the same blithe optimist as ever. He showed no sign of restraint, no evidence of compunction. Chase found himself secretly speculating on the state of affairs. Were the two heirs working out a preconceived plan, or were they, after all, playing with the fires of spring?

Immediately after tiffin Genevra carried Lady Deppingham off to her room. When they came forth for a proposed stroll in the grounds Lady Agnes was looking very meek and tearful, while the princess had about her the air of one who has conquered by gentleness.

"It has been so appallingly dull, Genevra, don't you understand? That's why. Besides, it isn't necessary for her to be so horrid about it. She"—

"She isn't horrid about it, dear. She's most self sacrificing."

"Rubbish! She talks about the Puritans and all that sort of thing. I know what she means. But there's no use talking about it. I'll do as you say—command, I mean. I'll try to be a prude. Heaven alone knows what a real prude is. I don't. All this tommy-rot about Bobby and me wouldn't exist if that wretched Chase man had been a little more affable. He never noticed us until you came. No wife to snoop after him and—why, my dear, he would have been ideal."

"It's all very nice, Agnes, but you forget your husband," said Genevra, with a tolerant smile.

"Genevra," said Lady Agnes solemnly, "if you'd been on a barren island for five months as I have with nothing to look at but your husband and the sunsets you would not be so hard on me. I wouldn't take Drusilla's husband away from her for the world. I wouldn't even look at him if he were not on the barren island too. I've read novels in which a man and woman have been wrecked on a desert island and lived there for months, even years, in an atmosphere of righteousness. My dear, those novelists are ninnies. Nobody could be so good as all that without getting wings. I'm tired of men and angels. That's why I want you for awhile. You've got no wings, Genevra, but it's of no consequence, as you have no one to fly away from."

"Or to, you might add," laughed Genevra.

"That's very American. You've been talking to Miss Pelham. She's always adding things. By the way, Mr. Chase sees quite a lot of her. She types for him. I fancy she's trying to choose between him and Mr. Saunders. If you were she, dear, which would you choose?"

"Mr. Saunders," said Genevra promptly. "But if I were myself I'd choose Mr. Chase."

"Speaking of angels, he must have wings a yard long. He has been chosen by an entire harem, and he flies from them as if pursued by the devil. I imagine, however, that he'd be rather dangerous if his wings were to get out of order unexpectedly. But he's nice, isn't he?"

The princess nodded her head tolerantly.

Her ladyship went on: "I don't want to walk, after all. Let us sit here in the corridor and count the prisms in the chandeliers. It's such fun. I've done it often. Mr. Britt has advanced a new theory. We are to indulge in double barreled divorce proceedings. As soon as they are over Mr. Browne and I are to marry. Then we are to hurry up and get another divorce. Then we marry our own husband and wife all over again. Isn't it exciting? Only, of course, it isn't going to happen. It would be so frightfully improper—shocking, don't you know. You see, I should go on living with my divorced husband even after I was married to Bobby. I'd be obliged to do that in order to give Bobby grounds for a divorce as soon as the estate is settled. But Deppy has put his foot down hard. He says he had trouble enough getting me to marry him the first time. He won't go through it again. Of course it's utter nonsense!"

"A little nonsense now and then is"—began the princess and paused amiably.

"Is Mr. Chase to stay for lunch?" asked Lady Agnes irrelevantly.

"How should I know? I am not his hostess."

"Hoity toity! I've never known you to look like that before. A little dash of red sets your cheeks off"— But Genevra threw up her hands in despair and started toward the stairway, her chin tilted high. Lady Agnes, laughing softly, followed. "It's too bad she's down to marry that horrid little Brabetz," she said to herself, with a sudden wistful glance at the proud, vibrant, lovable creature ahead. "She deserves a better fate than that."

Genevra waited for her at the head of the stairway.

"Agnes, I'd like you to promise that you will keep your avaricious claws off Mrs. Browne's husband," she said seriously.

"I'll try, my dear," said Lady Agnes meekly.

When they reached the garden they found Deppingham smoking furiously and quite alone. Chase had left some time before to give warning to the English bank that trouble might be expected. The shadow of disappointment that flitted across Genevra's face was not observed by the others. Bobby Browne and his wife were off strolling in the lower end of the park.

"Poor old Deppy!" cried his wife "I've made up my mind to be exceedingly nice to you for a whole day."

"I suppose I ought to beat you," he said slowly.

"Beat me? Why, pray?"

"I received an anonymous letter this morning telling me of your goings on with Bobby Browne," said he easily. "It was stuck under my door by Bromley, who said that Miss Pelham gave it to her. Miss Pelham referred me to Mr. Britt, and Mr. Britt urged me to keep the letter for future reference. I think he said it could be used as Exhibit A. Then he advised me to beat you only in the presence of witnesses."

"The whole household must be going mad," cried Genevra, with a laugh.

"Oh, if something only would happen!" exclaimed her ladyship. "A riot, a massacre—anything! It all sounds like a farce to you, Genevra, but you haven't been here for five months, as we have."

As they moved away from the vine covered nook in the garden a hand parted the leaves in the balcony above,

"Can't something be done?" she cried.

and the dark, saturnine face of a trusted servant appeared behind it. This secret espionage had been going on for days in the chateau. Scarcely a move was made or a word spoken by the white people that escaped the attention of the swarthy spy. And, curiously enough, these spies were no longer reporting their discoveries to Hollingsworth Chase.

The days passed. Hollingsworth Chase now realized that he no longer had authority over the natives, Rasula made the reports for the islanders and took charge of the statements from the bank.

Every morning Chase rode boldly into the town, transacted what business he could, talked with the thoroughly disturbed bankers and then defiantly made his way to the chateau. He was in love with the princess—desperately in love. He understood perfectly—for he was a man of the world and cosmopolitan—that nothing could come of it. She was a princess, and she was not in a story book; she could not marry him.

So far as Genevra was concerned, on her part it could mean no more than a diversion, a condescension to coquetry, a simple flirtation; it meant the passing of a few days, the killing of time, the pleasure of gentle conquest, and then—forgetfulness. All this he knew.

At first she revolted against the court he so plainly paid to her in these last few days. It was bold, conscienceless, impertinent. She avoided him; she treated him to a short season of disdain; she did all in her power to rebuke his effrontery—and then in the end she decided to give him as good as he sent in this brief battle of folly. It mattered little who came off with the fewest scars, for in a fortnight or two they would go their separate ways, no better, no worse, for the conflict. And, after all, it was very dull in these last days, and he was very attractive and very brave and very gallant and, above all, very sensible.

They rode together in the park every morning, keeping well out of range of marksmen in the hills. Their conflict was with the eyes, the tone of the voice, the intervals of silence; no touch of the hand—nothing except the strategies of Eros.

What did it matter if a few dead impulses, a few crippled ideals, a few blasted hopes, were left strewn upon the battlefield at the end of the fortnight? What did anything matter so long as Prince Karl of Brabetz was not there?

One night toward the end of this week of enchanting rencounters—this week of effort to uncover the vulnerable spot in the other's armor—Genevra stood leaning upon the rail which inclosed the hanging garden. She was gazing abstractedly into the black night, out of which far away blinked the light in the bungalow. It was the first night in a week that he had missed coming to the chateau.

She missed him. She was lonely.

He had told her of the meeting that was to be held at the bungalow that night at which he was to be asked to deliver over to Rasula's committee the papers, the receipts and the memoranda that he had accumulated during his months of employment in their behalf. She had a feeling of dread—a numb, sweet feeling that she could not explain except that under all of it lay the proud consciousness that he was a man who had courage, a man who was not afraid.

"How silly I am!" she said half aloud in her abstraction.

She turned her gaze away from the blinking light in the hills, a queer, guilty smile on her lips.

Across the garden from where she was flaying herself bitterly Lady Deppingham's husband was saying in low, agitated tones to Bobby Browne's wife:

"Now, see here, Drusilla, I'm not saying that our—that is, Lady Deppingham and Bobby—are accountable for what has happened, but that doesn't make it any more pleasant. It's of little consequence who is trying to poison us, don't you know, and all that. They wouldn't do it, I'm sure, but somebody is! That's what I mean, d'ye see? Lady Dep"—

"I know my husband wouldn't—couldn't do such a thing, Lord Deppingham," came from Drusilla's stiff lips almost as a moan. She was very miserable.

"Of course not, my dear Drusilla," he protested nervously. Then suddenly, as his eye caught what he considered a suspicious movement of Bobby's hand as he placed a card close to Lady Deppingham's fingers: "Demme, I—I'd rather he wouldn't! But I beg your pardon, Drusilla! It's all perfectly innocent."

"Of course it's innocent!" whispered Drusilla fiercely.

"It's utter nonsense for us to suspect them of— Pray don't be so upset, Drusilla. It's all right."

"If you think I am worrying over your wife's harmless affair with my husband you are very much mistaken."

Deppingham was silent for a long time.

"I don't sleep at all these nights," he said at last miserably. She could not feel sorry for him. She could only feel for herself and her sleepless nights. "Drusilla, do—do you think they want to get rid of us? We're the obstacles, you know. We can't help it, but we are. Somebody put that pill in my tea today. It must have been a servant. It couldn't have been—er"—

"My husband, sir?"

"No; my wife. You know, Drusilla she's not that sort. She has a horror of death and"— He stopped and wiped his brow pathetically.

"If the servants are trying to poison any of us, Lord Deppingham, it is reasonable to suspect that your wife and my husband are the ones they want to dispose of, not you and me. I don't believe it was poison you found in your tea, but if it was it was intended for one of the heirs."

"Well, there's some consolation in that," said Deppy, smiling for the first time.

The sharp rattle of firearms in the distance brought a sudden stop to his lugubrious reflections. Five, a dozen, a score of shots were heard. The blood turned cold in the veins of every one in the garden; faces blanched suddenly, and all voices were hushed. A form of paralysis seized and held them for a full minute.

Then the voice of Britt below broke harshly upon the tense, still air: "Good God! Look! It is the bungalow!"

A bright glow lighted the dark mountain side; a vivid red painted the trees; the smell of burning wood came down with the breezes. Two or three sporadic shots were borne to the ears of those who looked toward the blazing bungalow.

"They've killed Chase!" burst from the stiff lips of Bobby Browne.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHASE COMES FROM THE CLOUDS.

FOR many minutes the watchers in the chateau stared at the burning bungalow, fascinated, petrified. Through the mind of each man ran the sudden, sharp dread that Chase had met death at the hands of his enemies.

Genevra felt her heart turn cold. Then something seemed to clutch her by the throat and choke the breath out of her body. Through her brain went whirling the recollection of his last words to her that afternoon, "They'll find me ready if they come for trouble." She wondered if he had been ready for them or if they had surprised him! She had heard the shots. Chase could not have fired them all. Was he now lying dead in that blazing— She screamed aloud with the thought of it!

"Can't something be done?" she cried again and again, without taking her gaze from the doomed bungalow. She turned fiercely upon Bobby Browne, his countryman. Afterward she recalled that he stood staring as she had stared, Lady Deppingham clasping his arm with both of her hands. The glance also took in the face of Deppingham. He was looking at his wife, and his eyes were wide and glassy, but not with terror. "It may not be too late!" again cried the princess. "There are enough of us here to make an effort, no matter how futile. He may be alive and trapped up"—

"You're right!" shouted Browne. "He's not the kind to go down with the first rush. We must go to him. We can get there in ten minutes. Britt! Where are the guns? Are you with us, Deppingham?"

He did not wait for an answer, but dashed out of the garden and down the steps, calling to his wife to follow.

"Stop!" shouted Deppingham. "We dare not leave this place! If they have turned against Chase, they are also ready for us. I'm not a coward, Browne. We're needed here, that's all. It's too late to help Chase. They've got him, poor devil! Everybody inside! Get to the guns if possible and cut off the servants' quarters. We must not let them surprise us. Follow me!"

There was wisdom in what he said, and Browne was not slow to see it clearly. With a single penetrating glance at Genevra's despairing face, he shook his head gloomily and turned to follow Deppingham, who was hurrying off through the corridor with her ladyship.

"Come," he called, and the princess, feeling Drusilla's hand grasping her arm, gave one helpless look at the fire and hastened to obey.

In the grand hallway they came upon Britt and Saunders, white faced and excited. The white servants were clattering down the stairways, filled with alarm, but there was not one of the native attendants in sight. This was ominous enough in itself. The sound of a violent struggle in the lower corridor came to their ears. Loud voices, blows, a single shot, the rushing of feet, the panting of men in fierce combat—and then, even as the whites turned to retreat up the stairway, a crowd of men surged up the stairs from below, headed by Baillo, the major domo.

"Stop, excellencies!" he shouted again and again. Bobby Browne and Deppingham were covering the retreat, prepared to fight to the end for their women, although unarmed. It was the American who first realized that Baillo was not heading an attack upon them. Baillo and a score of his men had refused to join the stablemen and gardeners in the plot to assassinate the white people. As a last resort the conspirators contrived to steal into the chateau, hoping to fall upon their victims before Baillo could interpose. The major domo, however, with the wily sagacity of his race, anticipated the move. The two forces met in the south hall after the plotters had effected an entrance from the garden. The struggle was brief, for the conspirators were outnumbered and surprised. They were even now lying below, bound and helpless, awaiting the disposition of their intended victims.

"It is not because we love you, excellencies," explained Baillo, with a sudden fierce look in his eyes, "but because Allah has willed that we should serve you faithfully. We are your dogs. Therefore we fight for you. It is a vile dog which bites its master."

Browne, with the readiness of the average American, again assumed command of the situation. He gave instructions that the prisoners, seven in number, be confined in the dungeon, temporarily at least.

"There will be no other attack on us tonight," said Browne, rejoining the women after his interview with Baillo. "It has missed fire for the present, but they will try to get at us sooner or later from the outside. Britt, will you and Mr. Saunders put those prisoners through the sweat box? You may be able to bluff something out of them if you threaten them with death. They"—

"It won't do, Browne," said Deppingham, shaking his head. "They are fatalists; they are stoics. I know the breed better than you. Question if you like, but threats will be of no avail. Keep 'em locked up; that's all."

Firearms and ammunition were taken from the gunroom to the quarters occupied by the white people. Every preparation was made for a defense in the event of an attack from the outside or inside. The white servants were moved into rooms adjoining their employers. Britt and Saunders transferred their belongings to certain gorgeous apartments. Miss Pelham went into a Marie Antoinette suit close by that of the princess. The native servants retained their customary quarters below stairs.

Far in the night Genevra, sleepless and depressed, stole into the hanging garden. Her mind was full of the horrid thing that had happened to Hollingsworth Chase. He had been nothing to her. He could not have been anything to her had he escaped the guns of the assassins. And yet her heart was stunned by the stroke that it had sustained. Wide eyed and sick, she made her way to the railing and, clinging to the vines, stared for she knew not how long at the dull red glow on the mountain.

The night was still and ominously dark. She had never known a night since she came to Japat when the birds and insects were so mute. A somber, supernatural calm hung over the island like a pall. The smell of smoke hung about her. She could not help wondering if his fine, strong body was lying up there burned to a crisp. It was far past midnight. She was alone in the garden. Sixty feet below her was the ground; above, the black dome of heaven.

She was not to know till long afterward that one of her faithful Thorberg men stood guard in the passage leading up from the garden, armed and willing to die. One or the other slept in front of her door through all those nights on the island.

Something hot trickled down her cheeks from the wide, pitying eyes that stared so hard. She was wondering now if he had a mother, sisters. How their hearts would be wrenched by this! She was thinking of him with pity and horror in her heart, not love.

A question was beginning to form itself vaguely in her troubled mind. Were all of them to die as Chase had died?

Suddenly there came to her ears the sound of something swishing through the air. An instant later a solid object fell almost at her feet. She started back with a cry of alarm. A broad shaft of light crossed the garden, thrown by the lamps in the upper hall of the chateau. Her eyes fell upon a wriggling, snakelike thing that lay in this path of light.

Fascinated, almost paralyzed, she watched it for a full minute before realizing that it was the end of a thick rope which lost itself in the heavy shadows at the cliff end of the garden. She was standing directly in the shaft of light. To her surprise, the wriggling ceased. The next moment a faint, subdued shout was borne to her ears. Her flight was checked by that shout, for her startled, bewildered ears caught the sound of her own name.

At last, far above, she saw the glimmer of a light. It was too large to be a star, and it moved back and forth.

Sharply it dawned upon her that it was at the top of the cliff which overhung the garden and stretched away to the sea. Some one was up there waving a lantern. She was thinking hard and fast, a light breaking in upon her understanding. Something like joy shot to her being. Who else could it be if not Chase? He alone would call out her name. He was alive!

She called out his name shrilly, her face raised eagerly to the bobbing light. Not until hours afterward was Genevra to resent the use of her Christian name by the man in the clouds.

Rushing over, she grasped the knotted end of the rope. A glance and single tug were sufficient to convince her that the other end was attached to a support at the top of the cliff. It hung limp and heavy, lifeless. A sharp tug from above caused it to tremble violently in her hands. She dropped it as if it were a serpent. Again she heard the shout, and this time she called out a question.

"Yes," was the answer, far above. "Can you hear me?" Greatly excited, she called back that she could hear and understand. "I'm coming down the rope. Pray for us—but don't worry! Please go inside until we land in the garden. It's a long drop, you know."

"Are you quite sure—is it safe?" she called, shuddering at the thought of the perilous descent of nearly 300 feet sheer through the darkness.

"It's safer than stopping here. Please go inside."

She dully comprehended his meaning. He wanted to save her from seeing his fall in the event that the worst should come to pass. Scarcely knowing what she did, she moved over into the shadow near the walls and waited breathlessly, all the time wondering why some one did not come from the chateau to lend assistance.

At last that portion of the rope which lay in the garden began to jerk and writhe vigorously. She knew then that he was coming down hand over hand through that long, dangerous stretch of darkness. The cliff reared itself sheer to the height of 350 feet directly behind the chateau. At the summit of this great wall a shelving ledge projected over the hanging garden. A rope dangling from this ledge would fall into the garden not far from the edge nearest the cliff. The summit of the cliff could be gained only by traversing the mountain slope from the other side. It was impossible to scale it from the floor of the valley which it bounded.

The rope was undoubtedly attached to the trunk of a sturdy tree at the brow of the cliff.

She could look no longer. It seemed hours since he started from the top. Every heart beat brought him nearer to safety, but would he hold out? Any instant might bring him crashing to her feet—dead, after all that he may have lived through during that awful night.

At last she heard his heavy panting—groaning almost—the creaking and straining of the rope, the scraping of his hands and body. She opened her eyes and saw the bulky, swaying shadow not twenty feet above the garden. Slowly it drew nearer the grass covered floor, foot by foot, straining, struggling, gasping in the final supreme effort, and then with a sudden rush the black mass collapsed, the taut rope sprung loose, the end switching and leaping violently.

Genevra rushed frantically across the garden, half fearful, half joyous. As she came up the mass seemed to divide itself into two parts. One sank limply to the ground, the other stood erect for a second and then dropped beside the prostrate, gasping figure.

Chase had come down the rope with another human being clinging to his body!

Genevra fell to her knees beside the man who had accomplished this miracle. She grasped his hands, warm and sticky with blood. She tried to lift his head from the ground, moaning with pity all the time, uttering words of encouragement in his ear.

Many minutes passed. At last Chase gave over gasping and began to breathe regularly, but heavily. The strain had been tremendous. Only superhuman strength and will had carried him through the ordeal. He groaned with pain as the two beside him lifted him to a sitting posture.

"Tell Selim to come ahead!" he gasped, his bloody hand at his throat. "We're all right!"

Then, for the first time, Genevra peered in the darkness at the figure beside her—a slight, graceful woman in oriental garb. The woman turned and lifted her face to the heights from which she had descended. In a shrill, eager voice she called out something in a language strange to the princess. A faint shout came from on high, and once more the rope began to writhe.

The princess passed her hand over her eyes, bewildered. The face of the woman in the light, half shaded, half illumined, was gloriously beautiful—young, dark, brilliant!

"Oh!" she exclaimed, starting to her feet, a look of understanding coming into her eyes. This was one of the Persians! He had saved her! A feeling of revulsion swept over her, combating the first natural, womanly pride in the deed of a brave man.

Chase struggled weakly to his feet. He saw the tense, strained figure before him and, putting out his hand, said:

"She is Selim's wife. I am stronger than he, so I brought her down." Then, looking upward anxiously, he shouted: "Be careful, Selim! It's easy if you take your time to it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Humor

MADE HER SIGH.

Mrs. Brown and Her Experience With a Newspaper Reporter.

"Are you Mrs. Brown?" asked the reporter.

"Yes," replied the lady, who was holding herself in readiness to slam the door in his face if he attempted to enter.

"I have been sent out to secure a picture of you for publication in the Morning Bulletin. Have you a photograph of yourself that I may borrow?"

"Mercy! I like your effrontery. I wouldn't think of permitting any paper to publish a picture of me."

"You are Mrs. William Henry Brown, are you not?"

"Yes, but that makes no difference. I shall not let you have a photograph. I would be so mortified that I could never look any of my friends in the face again if a picture of me were printed in a newspaper."

"I am sorry you feel that way about it. Of course if you object I suppose we shall have to get along without the photograph. Your husband is the William Henry Brown who has just been elected to the presidency of the Rein and Stirrup club, is he not?"

"No; that's another William Henry Brown. The papers are always getting us mixed. It's awfully provoking."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. In that case it is not your picture I want. We intended to publish a group under the head of 'Beautiful Wives of Prominent Clubmen.' I am sorry to have bothered you. Good afternoon."

"There, that's just my luck," she said to herself when she had picked up her popular novel again. "I do wish my husband had the gumption to get elected president of something. And those last photographs I got make me look so young too!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not Mistaken.

"I don't believe," angrily declared the would be contributor, "that you ever read my poem. It didn't look when it came back to me as if it had even been unfolded."

"Let me see the postmark on the envelope," replied the editor. "Yes. There, you see, it was mailed back to you on the 10th. I must have read it, for I remember clearly that I was sick on the 11th."—Smart Set.

Did You Ever Notice?

Stubb—Yes, as they came from opposite directions I heard each woman murmur to herself, "The last person in the world I wanted to meet."

Penn—Then I suppose they passed on without speaking?

Stubb—Oh, no. They stopped and kissed and each inquired about the other's baby.—St. Louis Republic.

Not Necessary.

"Does a man who steers a boat have necessarily to be a man of determined character?"

"Goodness gracious, no! Whatever put such an idea into your head?"

"Nothing, only I thought from his location on the boat he would have to be a man of stern purpose."—Baltimore American.

Wonder of Wonders.

A young man, writing to his sweetheart, started his letter this way:

"Dear Mabel—As this is Sunday and I had nothing else to do I thought I would write to you."

He wondered why he never heard from her again.—Judge.

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SIRES AND SONS.

Guglielmo Marconi, the wireless telegraph wizard, is only thirty-five years old, as he was born in Bologna in 1874.

Senor Mazzantini, the famous Spanish bullfighter, has during a career of twenty-five years killed 3,500 bulls with one weapon.

Senator E. D. Smith of South Carolina belongs to a family of clergymen. His father, brother and brother-in-law were all ministers.

Thirty years ago William Nelson Cromwell and Representative Richard Young of Brooklyn were interested together in church work.

President Taft sleeps in a heavily carved four posted canopied bed made in the Philippines. It is one of the most ornate pieces of furniture ever placed in the White House.

Earl Nelson, the present "father of the house of lords," enjoys the distinction of being the only peer who has held his title in three reigns. He succeeded his father in 1835, when William IV. was king.

The millionaire Duke of Westminster is said to possess a magnificent set of silver plate, which is declared by experts to be the finest in the world. But in the matter of quantity, however, his grace of Cumberland is credited with having as much as twelve tons.

Bernard Ziehn of Chicago, the associate censor and prompter of the late Theodore Thomas, is recognized as the most profound theorist authority in music. He has given his life to a study of the scientific side of music and has solved many problems in the evolution of musical art.

Recent Inventions.

A recently patented barrel is made in two halves, which may be nested for economizing space when shipped empty.

A trough shaped rubber shield big enough for a lineman to sit upon has been patented for the protection of men working among high voltage curents.

A magnifying glass with a clip attachment to fasten it to pencils or other drawing instruments to facilitate fine work is a recent invention for the benefit of draftsmen.

To save timber in felling trees a Minnesota man has patented a band saw operated in a horizontal direction from a pedestal, the mechanism operating the saw being adjustable to various heights.

Things Theatrical.

"Quo Vadis" is one of the plays which are being revived.

"The Lion and the Mouse" may be seen in England with an English company.

Frances Starr may remain in New York in "The Easiest Way" for two seasons.

Ferdinand Gottschalk is going to adapt a German farce called "The Europeans."

It is now denied that Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern will play a joint starring tour.

"The Devil" is one of the plays which the summer stock companies will offer their patrons.

German Gleanings.

More duels are fought in Germany than in any other country.

Berlin has a divorce club with 300 members, all of whom are divorced.

To encourage gardening among the working classes the city authorities of Frankfort have leased at a very low rent small tracts of land belonging to the city.

Herr von Bohlen und Halbach, whose wife was formerly Bertha Krupp, has had notices posted throughout the Essen works declaring on behalf of himself and his wife that the report of the probability of a divorce between them is a baseless invention.

The Eucalyptus Tree.

Hard, fine grained, durable wood usually grows slowly. A most remarkable exception is the eucalyptus, and this it is which gives the tree its great value as a means of reforestation. It is said that it grows five times as rapidly as any other tree. Seedlings have been observed to make an average growth of six inches in height a day, and one tree in California has attained a height of 125 feet and a diameter of 36 inches in nine years. The eucalyptus will not thrive where there are frosts, but in the south it promises to go a long way toward filling the place once occupied by other hard woods, which have been greatly reduced by demands for furniture, carriage and cooperage stock.—Youth's Companion.

More Than an Officer Could Stand.

There is a man who served as a special police officer in a suburban town for several years, but never made an arrest. A few days ago the keeper of the lockup was much surprised to have this officer bring in a man in a helpless state of inebriety.

"Why, Bill," said the keeper, "how is this? You have been an officer nine years, and this is your first arrest."

"That is true, Dan," said the officer. "I have taken many persons home when intoxicated rather than bring them here. But when a man gets drunk and lies down on the lawn in front of my house and goes to sleep that's more than I can or will stand."—Boston Herald.

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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.

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E. E. Brewer,
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TIME TABLE.

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No 5 Omaha, Sioux City and St. Paul Fast Mail.... ....8:10 a. m
No 21 Dub & Ft Dodge local..7:[illegible]a. 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.... .... .. 4 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 [illegible] m
No 4 Sioux City, Omaha & Chi [illegible] m
No 22 Ft Dodge Dub local . m
No 94 Way Freight.... .... . 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

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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.
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Many people delude themselves by saying "It will wear away," when they 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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KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE
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