

The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR M'GUTCHEON



CHAPTER XXVIII. THE PERSIAN ANGEL.

THE man called Bobby suddenly leaped to his feet and, with the cry of an eager animal, sprang to her side. His arms closed about her slender figure with the unmistakable lust of the victor. A hoarse, inarticulate cry of rage burst from Deppingham's lips. His figure shot out through the air and down the short slope with the rush of an infuriated beast. Even as the astonished Agnes



He was felled to the earth by a mighty blow.

dropped his struggling burden to meet the attack of the unexpected deliverer he was felled to the earth by a mighty blow from the rifle which his assailant swung swift and true. His skull was crushed as if it were an eggshell. Lady Agnes struggled to her feet, wild-eyed, half crazed by the double assault. The next instant she fell forward upon her face, dead to all that was to follow in the next few minutes.

There was no struggle. Chase and Selim were upon the straggled islanders before they could move, covering them with their rifles. The wretches fell upon their knees and howled for mercy. While Deppingham was holding his wife's limp form in his arms, calling out to her in the agony of fear, utterly oblivious to all else that was happening about him, his two friends very swiftly disarming the groveling natives, Selim's knife severed the cords that bound Bobby Brown's hands. He was staring blankly, dizzily before him.

The minutes were passing as if they were years. The four islanders who were bound and gagged, were tied by their own sashes to trees some distance from the roadside.

"I've just thought of a little service you fellows can perform for me in return for what I've done for you. All the time you're doing it, however, there will be pistols quite close to your backs. Lady Deppingham is much too weak to take the five mile walk we've got to do in the next two hours or less. You are to have the honor of carrying her four miles and a half, and you will have with the girls in your hands. Two of you form a basket with your hands. I'll show you how."

Friendly windows. "After a long, tense moment of indecision she held out her hands, and Deppingham sprang forward in time to catch her as she swayed toward him. She was sobbing in his arms. Bobby Brown's heavy breathing ceased in that instant, and he closed his ears against the sound that came to them.

Deppingham gently implored her to sit down with him and rest. At last she said:

"I've made you unhappy. I've been so foolish. It has not been fun, either, my husband. God knows it hasn't. You do not love me now."

He did not answer her at once, and she shivered fearfully in his arms. Then he kissed her gently.

"I do love you, Agnes," he said intensely. "I will answer for my own love if you can answer for yours. Are you the same Agnes that you were—my Agnes?"

"Will you believe me?"

"Yes."

"I am the same Agnes. I am your Agnes. I am! You do believe me?"

He crushed her close to his breast and the pattern of his shoulder as a father might have touched an erring child.

At last she spoke: "It is not wholly his fault, George. I was to blame. I led him on. You understand?"

"Poor devil!" said he dryly. "It's a way you have, dear."

The object of this gentle consideration was staring with gloomy eyes at the lights below. He was saying to himself, over and over again, "If I can only make Druse understand!"

Chase and Selim came down upon this little low toned picture. The former paused an instant and smiled joyously in the darkness.

"Five men are near the gate," he whispered. "They watch so closely that no one may go to rescue those who have disappeared. Friends are hidden inside the wall, ready to open the gate at a signal. They have waited with Neenah all night. And day is near, sahib."

"We must attack at once," said Chase. "Quiet now!"

tail, soldierly figure of a Rapp-Thorberg guard. "The devil!" fell involuntarily from his lips.

"Not at all! He is here to keep me from going to the devil!" she cried so merrily that he laughed aloud with her in the spirit of unbounded joy.

"Come! Let us run after the others. I want to run and dance and sing."

He still held her hand as they ran swiftly down the drive, followed closely by the faithful sergeant.

"You are an angel," he looked up in her face.

"Yes—a Persian angel," she cried. "It's so much easier to run well in a Persian angel's costume," she added.

CHAPTER XXIX. A PRESCRIBED MILDLY.

YOU are wonderful, staying out there all night watching for us!"

"How could any one sleep? Neenah found this dress for me. Aren't those baggy trousers funny? She ridged the lace Mr. Wychkolms's wardrobe. This costume once adorned a sultana. I'm told it was a favorite because it was much less conspicuous as a sultana than I might have been had I gone to the wall as a princess."

"I like you best as the princess," he said, frankly surveying her in the gray light.

"I think I like myself as the princess, too," she said naively. He sighed deeply. They were quite close to the excited group on the terrace when she said: "I am very, very happy now, over the most miserable night I have ever known. I was so troubled and afraid!"

"Just because I went away for that little while? Don't forget that I am soon to go out from you for all time. How do you feel?"

"I'm glad to see you, but I would have been above the folly that got the better of you. Only—he hesitated for a minute—"only it couldn't have happened to me if I had a wife as dear and as good and as pretty as the one you are."

Browne was silent for a long time, his arm still about Drusilla's shoulder. At the end of the long hall he said, with decision in his voice:

"I never mind, old man! Say no more, so far as I am concerned, my dear. I've been a fool, Chase. I don't deserve the friendship of any one—not even that of my wife. It's all over, though. You understand? I'm not a coward, but I've got to take any risk, to pay for the trouble I've caused you all. Send me out to fight!"

"Nonsense! Your wife needs you. Brown, I dare say that I would have been above the folly that got the better of you. Only—he hesitated for a minute—"only it couldn't have happened to me if I had a wife as dear and as good and as pretty as the one you are."

Browne was silent for a long time, his arm still about Drusilla's shoulder. At the end of the long hall he said, with decision in his voice:

then, even now, in spite of your escape, he believes that we may go on drinking the water without in the least suspecting what it has in store for us. Good! That's why I say the joke is on him. Brown, you are a very clever fellow. Well, we'll distill and double and triple distill the water. That's all. A schoolboy might have thought of that. It's all right, old man. You're fagged out. Your brain isn't working well. Don't look so weary. Chase, I'll tell you, you and Mr. Saunders will give immediate instructions that no more water is to be drunk or used until Mr. Brown has had a few hours' rest. He can take an alcohol bath, and we can all drink water from the cistern. At 10 o'clock sharp Dr. Brown will begin operating the distilling apparatus in the laboratory. By Jove, will you listen to the rosy my clients are making out there on the woods? They seem to be annoyed over something."

Outside the walls the islanders were shouting and yelling and near, voicing in their peculiarly spiteful way how they detested the water.

As Chase ascended the steps Bobby Brown and his wife came up beside him.

"Chase," said Brown in a low voice, his face turned away to hide the mortification that filled his soul, "you are a man! I want you to know that I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

"Never mind, old man! Say no more, so far as I am concerned, my dear. I've been a fool, Chase. I don't deserve the friendship of any one—not even that of my wife. It's all over, though. You understand? I'm not a coward, but I've got to take any risk, to pay for the trouble I've caused you all. Send me out to fight!"

"Nonsense! Your wife needs you. Brown, I dare say that I would have been above the folly that got the better of you. Only—he hesitated for a minute—"only it couldn't have happened to me if I had a wife as dear and as good and as pretty as the one you are."

Browne was silent for a long time, his arm still about Drusilla's shoulder. At the end of the long hall he said, with decision in his voice:

"I never mind, old man! Say no more, so far as I am concerned, my dear. I've been a fool, Chase. I don't deserve the friendship of any one—not even that of my wife. It's all over, though. You understand? I'm not a coward, but I've got to take any risk, to pay for the trouble I've caused you all. Send me out to fight!"

"Nonsense! Your wife needs you. Brown, I dare say that I would have been above the folly that got the better of you. Only—he hesitated for a minute—"only it couldn't have happened to me if I had a wife as dear and as good and as pretty as the one you are."

Browne was silent for a long time, his arm still about Drusilla's shoulder. At the end of the long hall he said, with decision in his voice:

"I never mind, old man! Say no more, so far as I am concerned, my dear. I've been a fool, Chase. I don't deserve the friendship of any one—not even that of my wife. It's all over, though. You understand? I'm not a coward, but I've got to take any risk, to pay for the trouble I've caused you all. Send me out to fight!"

"Nonsense! Your wife needs you. Brown, I dare say that I would have been above the folly that got the better of you. Only—he hesitated for a minute—"only it couldn't have happened to me if I had a wife as dear and as good and as pretty as the one you are."

Browne was silent for a long time, his arm still about Drusilla's shoulder. At the end of the long hall he said, with decision in his voice:

"I never mind, old man! Say no more, so far as I am concerned, my dear. I've been a fool, Chase. I don't deserve the friendship of any one—not even that of my wife. It's all over, though. You understand? I'm not a coward, but I've got to take any risk, to pay for the trouble I've caused you all. Send me out to fight!"

"Nonsense! Your wife needs you. Brown, I dare say that I would have been above the folly that got the better of you. Only—he hesitated for a minute—"only it couldn't have happened to me if I had a wife as dear and as good and as pretty as the one you are."

Browne was silent for a long time, his arm still about Drusilla's shoulder. At the end of the long hall he said, with decision in his voice:

"I never mind, old man! Say no more, so far as I am concerned, my dear. I've been a fool, Chase. I don't deserve the friendship of any one—not even that of my wife. It's all over, though. You understand? I'm not a coward, but I've got to take any risk, to pay for the trouble I've caused you all. Send me out to fight!"

GOBELINS. The Rise and Decline of the Art of Tapestry.

Each year the problem of finding recruits to keep alive the glories of Gobelin becomes more difficult. It is the converse of one of Adam Smith's famous maxims. The difficulty of maintaining does not in this case secure a corresponding remuneration, and youths, or their parents for them, think of occupations which permit their children to become wage earners at a much earlier age than if they settled down as artists of Gobelin.

Gobelins takes its rise from the time of Henry IV. of France, who brought workers from Beauvais, near the Pyrenees, as Henry of Navarre. He is dated in their history as the founder of the ateliers produced "Molse saive des cotes" and "Artesian" and "La fille de Jehu." The zenith of the glory of Gobelin was under Louis XIV. This was under the direction of Colbert.

The Frenchman succeeded marvel, which found place in the palaces of the kings or princely dwellings. Among the masterpieces, says the London Globe, were "Les Elements" and "Les Enfants Jardiniers," "Les Mols" and "L'histoire d'Alexandre." Suddenly there was a change. The workers no longer created, they copied pictures, and with the diffusion of pictorial copies commenced the decadence of the art of tapestry.

THE STOLEN BICYCLE. An Exciting Chase That Ended in an All Around Capture.

A cyclist had left his machine outside a shop, and he emerged just in time to find it gone. He was followed by three other cyclists, but he put up for refreshments close by, and one of their machines, a tandem, was seized by the victim of the theft for the purpose of pursuit.

The Wealth of Croesus. Croesus was the king of Lydia, a state in Asia Minor, and ascended the throne about 625 B. C. His name has ever been a synonym for wealth, "as rich as Croesus" having been a proverb from his own time, but the most liberal estimates of his property, no account of his wealth, have come down to us, make it worth in our money about \$100,000,000.

A Costly Experiment. An enterprising Australian millionaire named Leonard took a trip to Peru some time ago. He saw great flocks of the alpacas wandering on the high peaks of the Andes, and he was struck with their splendid fleece. He resolved to buy some and take them home. He found that the Peruvian government absolutely prohibited their export. He tried by chartering a special ship to smuggle some out, but was unsuccessful.

The Funny Door. "How children do coin words and phrases for a household!" exclaimed the young man. "When my little boy first began to talk he called every sort of opening a 'door.' It was an association of ideas for him, and he applied it to everything. One night as his father took off his shoes a hole in the carpet was disclosed. Young door, funny door," exclaimed the little chap gleefully. And now in our family a hole in the stocking is always a 'funny door.'"—New York Press.

THE "REGENT." A Diamond That Restored the Fortune of the House of Pitt.

Men have never collected great crystals for personal adornment. Even that "fribble in lace and spangles," the rival of Beau Brummell and afterward George IV. of England—even he sought them chiefly for some terrific he was pursuing.

Louis XIV. the grand monarch, purchased twenty-five large diamonds, mostly for La Valliere, Montespan, Frontenac, Mairmon, Among them was the wondrous "Pitt." A slave in India found it. Having found it, his heart sought for liberty. Cutting the calf of his leg in order to hide the diamond within the slit, he slipped to the coast. To an English ship captain he offered it for passage to any country where men were free.

The captain, quite casually and with nice humor, took the gem and threw the slave into the sea. The freedom of such justing release from servitude was sold to a dealer for \$5,000 and through him reached Sir Robert Pitt, governor of Fort St. George, for \$12,000, who shipped it home to England to be treasured.

A NAUGHTY PERSONAGE. Professor in Germany are important personages and know it, but few probably ever reach the pinnacle of haughtiness attained by the one of whom this anecdote is narrated.

Influence of Sunshine. M. Foullier, an altogether competent authority on the subject, concluded from some experiments he made that the cold of cold external space must be at least 25° of Fahrenheit's scale lower than the temperature of freezing water—that is, further below freezing than boiling water is above it. Such would certainly be the condition of things upon the surface of the earth in the entire absence of sunshine, and such the earth will eventually become, for it is as certain as anything in the world that the time will come when the heat of the sun will cease.—Exchange.

Wise Girl. "What? You're going to marry Tom Speed? Why, he's awful!" "What makes you think so?" "I hear he's been blackballed by every club in town."

Trying to Place Him. Body—I'd have you to know, sir, that I'm not the idiot you think I am. Knox—Oh, I beg pardon. Which idiot are you?—Chicago News.

Reprieve. Ruff—I look upon you, sir, as a rascal. Ruff—you are privileged to look upon me in any character you desire to assume.—Vogue.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Scientific American.

FOR SALE.

200 acres of
CHOICE FARM LAND,
within seven miles of Manchester
at \$60.00 per acre. Easy terms.
One half of this years crop can
go with place.

For particulars apply to
Bronson, Carr & Sons,
191 1/2 Manchester, Iowa.

A CARD.

This is to certify that all drugs
are authorized to refund your
money if Foley's Honey and Tar fails
to cure your cough or cold. It stops
the cough, heals the lungs, and
prevents pneumonia and consumption.
Contains no opiates. Refuse substitu-
tes.—Anders & Philipp.

10% MORE

50% YEAR

WELL PATTERNS
NONE HIGHER

WELL PATTERNS
50% YEAR
INCLUDING APRIL 1911

THE CHILDREN LIKE IT

KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE

COUGH SYRUP

Foley's Honey and Tar cures cough
quickly, strengthens the lungs and
expels colds. Get the genuine in a
yellow package.—Anders & Philipp.

POLICIES

As low as \$11.08 per \$1,000.

Premiums after the second reduced
by profits. Do it now while you can
get it. Draw the CASH yourself when
it's time to pay. Contains no opiates
and is safe and sure.—Anders & Phil-
ipp.

SPECIAL LOW RATES

TO THE WEST

VIA CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY,
SEPTEMBER 15th TO OCTOBER
15th, INCLUSIVE, AT REDUCED
RATES TO POINTS IN

CALIFORNIA
OREGON, WASHINGTON
BRITISH COLUMBIA
IDAHO, UTAH, COLORADO
TEXAS, ETC.

CITY NEWS STAND.

Stock and Fixtures

For Sale.

For further particulars
enquire of
Geo. W. Webber.
Phone 443-282

PAINTING

All kinds of exterior and interior
painting. A specialty made of Carriage
painting. Prices reasonable
and satisfaction guaranteed.

S. J. Maley.

Over Atkinson's Blacksmith Shop.

RAILROAD

Time Cards.

Manchester & Oneida RY
TIME TABLE.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Why get up in the morning feeling blue,

Worry others and worry you;
Here's a secret between you and me,
Better take Rocky Mountain Tea.
—Anders & Philipp.

E. E. COWLES,

Proprietor of
DRAY - LINE,
Am prepared to do all kinds of work
in my line. Moving safes, musical in-
struments, household goods and heavy
articles a specialty.
Residence Phone No. 265.

NO CASE ON RECORD.

There is no case on record of a
cough or cold resulting in pneumo-
nia or consumption after Foley's Honey
and Tar has been taken up, as it will
stop your cough and break up your
cold quickly. Refuse any but the genu-
ine Foley's Honey and Tar in a yellow
package. Contains no opiates
and is safe and sure.—Anders & Phil-
ipp.

NEW OPTION POLICY

OF THE EQUIVABLE OF IOWA.

Fill out this blank and mail it to
Albert Paul, Agent at Oelwein, Ia.,
and illustrated specimen policy will
be sent you.

I was born on the.....
day of.....
My name is.....
My address is.....
My occupation is.....

Foley's Kidney Remedy will cure

any case of kidney or bladder trouble
that is not beyond the reach of medi-
cine. Cures backache and irregular-
ities that if neglected might result in
Bright's disease or diabetes.—Anders
& Philipp.

PAINTING

All kinds of exterior and interior
painting. A specialty made of Carriage
painting. Prices reasonable
and satisfaction guaranteed.

S. J. Maley.

Over Atkinson's Blacksmith Shop.

PAINTING

All kinds of exterior and interior
painting. A specialty made of Carriage
painting. Prices reasonable
and satisfaction guaranteed.

S. J. Maley.

Over Atkinson's Blacksmith Shop.