"I have an idea that our quest is going to be successful this morning," returned Langford, eagerness flushing his thin face.

"I hope so, sir," answered the other. "There is somebody on the island, evidently, for they have lighted a fire. It should be a signal. It might be savages of some kind."

"It's not likely. Why should they signal a ship? And how should there be savages on a lonely island like this, 500 miles away from any other land? You may depend upon it, captain 'tis some castaway who wants help, and why not she? Indeed, I am sure it must be."

Something of the man's confidence infected the old sailor. He took up the glass from where it lay on the cabin skylight and going forward studied the island.

"'Tis one of those volcanic islands, I take it," he said as he came back. "It seems to be covered with trees. There is a hill rising from the midst of it. The fire is on the top. There should be an encircling reef round about it, and deep water up to the very barrier."

"Could you see anything else?"

"No, sir. No glass would reveal anything more at this distance. Try for yourself, Mr. Langford."

He handed the binoculars to the owner, but his own scrutiny revealed nothing more than the captain had told him.

"How are we going now?" he said, looking over the side.

"About eight, I should judge, sir," answered Harper.

"Let us have full speed until we get nearer."

"Very good, sir."

The captain turned and spoke a word to the second officer, who signaled to the engine room, and in a few moments the motion of the great vessel through the water was perceptibly accelerated.

"Have you had your breakfast, Mr. Langford?" asked the captain, at last.

"Not yet."

"Then if you'll allow me, sir, I think you would better get it. We won't be within landing distance of that island

He Focussed Upon the Distant Point of Light.

for an hour or an hour and a half. In fact, we'll presently have to slow down. I don't like to dash in full tilt so near land through these unknown waters, and you will do well sir, to go below and get a bite to eat."

"Your advice is good," said Langford, turning away and entering the cabin.

Never had man less appetite than he. Somehow, he could not tell why, he felt certain that this which would be his last attempt, would not prove fruitless; that his search hitherto unavailing would now be rewarded. He took time to re-examine the chart of those seas. It was quite possible he thought, for the woman to have made that particular island before them from the point at which she had left the ship. The more he studied it, the more sure he became. He forced himself to break his fast, but in a short time he was on deck once more.

The island was perceptibly nearer. Capt. Harper was forward staring through the glass. Running along the waist Langford joined him on the forecastle.

"Can you make out anything?" said the young man, catching the old one by the arm.

"Aye," was the answer.

"Is she there?" he asked, hoarsely, his heart in his mouth.

"There is a figure on the weather side of the fire yonder."

"A figure!" asked Langford, trembling so he could scarcely control himself. "Is it a woman?"

"I can't tell. It's too far off."

"Give me the glass."

"I make out another figure. There are two of them," returned Harper, slowly lowering the glass and handing it to Langford.

"Two!" cried the other, rapidly focusing the glass, disappointment in his tone which he strove to keep out of his heart. "You are right," he said at last, "there are two figures, but 'tis impossible to make them out."

He handed the glass back to the captain, who in his turn fixed it again upon the island.

"They are going down the hill," said Harper. "I have lost them among the trees. We are approaching swiftly," he continued. "Mr. Holtzman, half speed, if you please."

Bells jangled below as Mr. Holtzman rapidly set the indicator and the speed of the yacht was quickly checked. She still approached the island with sufficient rapidity, however, and after perhaps 15 minutes of easy going, Capt. Harper signaled her to stop, fearful of any nearer approach.

"What now?" asked the owner.

"I think we had better not chance it nearer, sir," said the captain. "It is not more than a half-mile to the shore. Shall I call away the launch, or will you be rowed?"

The launch was stowed amidships; the gig swung from the davits. It would be quicker to take the gig.

"I'll be rowed," said Langford.

And in a moment the voice of the boatswain's mate could be heard calling away the crew. All hands were on deck. The conversation between the captain and the owner had been heard by many, and their tenor communicated to all. Consequently when the gig manned by six of the best oarsmen in the ship dropped alongside and Langford descended to the stern sheets and took the tiller in his hand, the crew spontaneously manned the rail and sent him off with three ringing cheers.

It did not take the men long to cover the distance between the motionless ship and the island. As they approached the latter, they perceived the barrier reef, which, unless they could find an opening, would effectually prevent their getting on the shore. Langford swung the boat about at a judicious distance from the reef, over which the sea always broke with more or less force, and closely scrutinized the line of foam. The coxswain of the boat who rowed the stroke oar also followed with his eyes the jagged reef. It was he who detected the two figures on the beach of the island waving palm branches and apparently pointing. He called the attention of Langford to the figures, and suggested that the inhabitants were trying to show an opening through the barrier.

Following the indicated direction presently smooth water was discovered. Langford headed the boat for it. The men bent to their oars, and soon parted the quiet waters of the lagoon. The two figures stood in plain view upon the beach still too far for those in the boat to make out who they were. Langford could only see that one was taller than the other; that both were dressed in some sort of loose tunic that fell to the knees and left the arms bare. He was disappointed, and yet hopeful. The suspense was almost unbearable. The men were doing their utmost, seeing the anxiety in his face, but their utmost was too slow for the impatient man.

CHAPTER XIV.

Past and Present.

"How long do you think it will be before they will be here?" asked the man, after they had sat silent on the hill to windward of the fire watching the trail of smoke.

"I should think that it would be perhaps an hour or a little more. Why?" she returned, after a moment' pause. "Are you anxious to have them here?"

For the life of her she could not keep the bitterness out of her question. The man looked at her in surprise. She had never lost her temper before him in the years they had been together. There had been something singularly simple, free and unrestrained in their life. Nothing had ever occurred to vex her, at least not after the man had known enough to notice it. She was a woman of sunny, even temper under any circumstances, and she had felt it incumbent upon her to be as nearly perfect as possible, since she represented humanity to him, nor had it been a difficult task for her to be gentle. This flash of resentment, therefore, struck him as something entirely novel. In his amazement for a moment he forgot the injustice of it, the unkindness of it. He looked at her strangely and said to her, with a little touch of severity:

"You know that it is not that, Woman."

He had no terms of endearment. He had never heard the words that lovers use, and although he knew that her name was Katharine, and he believed that his was John, and though sometimes they made use of these names, generally they called each other by the broad generic terms which stood for sex. Names are only for differentiation and identification in any event, and here was no need for such appellation. She loved to call him "Man," and she loved to hear him call her "Woman."

"You know," he said, "that 'tis not I who brought the world upon us."

"I was unjust, unkind," she answered quickly enough, stretching out her hand to him. "You must forgive me. You see even the approach of yonder ship brings bitterness into our hearts and into our speech."

"I guessed that it would be so when I saw you weep," said the man. "I wish now that I had not given you the flint and steel; that I had not allowed you to light the beacon."

"My friend, it had to be. Don't reproach yourself for that. Sooner or later this island would have been visited by some one. Sooner or later the ship would have come to fetch us off."

"But we were so happy here," he protested.

"Yes," she answered, "but not since yesterday."

"Are you unhappy because I love you?"

"Because," she made swift to reply, "I am no longer sure that you will love me always."

"But you love me, do you not?" he questioned, eagerly.

"Yes."

"Are you sure of yourself?"

"Absolutely."

"Why not of me, then? Am I less true? Do I love less than you?"

"Not now."

"What is the difference between us, then?"

"I have seen the world and you have not."

"But I tell you that will make no difference; that—"

"No man can say that who has no experience to draw upon."

"You are my mentor," said the man, gently. "You have taught me all I know, but sometimes I think that about some things I know more than you, and this is one thing of which I am sure."

"Yes," said the woman, "you can be sure so long as conditions remain as they are at present, but other times, other manners—"

"You have something to tell me?" interposed the other, swiftly.

The woman nodded.

"You said yesterday you would tell me to-day. Why not tell me now?"

"Because—"

She hesitated.

"Are you afraid to tell me?"

"Yes," she said.

"Afraid of what?"

"Of losing you."

"Banish that fear."

"But 'tis not that that keeps me silent."

"What then?"

"I would have the world's comment on what I say when I say it."

"The world's comment! What is the world's comment to me?"

"A test, a trial of your feelings! If it breaks my heart, you must know."

"If you feel that way about it," said the man resolutely, "you need tell me nothing at all."

It was a brave thing to say, for her mysterious words filled him with dubiety and dismay. He had no idea what it was that she could tell him. He had no experience by and through which to embody her vague hints into something real and tangible. He knew that he was terribly grieved, and but that he had no way to describe the pain of jealousy, he would have said that he was racking with that unhappy emotion.

"Tell me nothing," he repeated again, "if it grieves you."

"Are you afraid of the test?" she asked, swiftly.

"I am afraid of nothing, except losing you."

"I am not worthy of you," returned the woman, "as I told you, but if you will still have me if you will take me when I have said what I must say, and when the world has said what it will say, then I shall be yours as long as I live."

"It is well," said the man. "I wait the ship now eagerly that I may show you that what I have said is true."

"The vessel is nearer now," she said at last, rising from where they had been seated together upon the grass absorbed in each other, and pointing seaward.

"Yes," he answered, "I can even see the figures upon the deck."

"Your brother men."

"Will there be some women on the ship?"

"I do not know," she answered, quickly. "It isn't likely. Do you wish to see other women?"

"None," was the instant answer. "I wondered if my brothers would bring you sisters. That was all."

There was absolutely no dissimulation about the man. There had been no coquetry about her. He would simply have failed entirely to understand what it was. He was as honest, as straightforward, as absolute simplicity and sincerity must ever be, and she had met him exactly on his own ground. It was impossible, therefore, for her to misapprehend his mere casual interest.

She stood quietly studying the approaching vessel. As she did so, it came to her mind that there was something strangely familiar about the oncoming ship. She stared longer, and the conviction grew upon her. When she realized it she clasped her hand to her heart with a sudden gasp and turned a white face upon him. He was all solicitude in an instant.

"What is the matter?" he cried. "Your face is white; you look so strangely."

"It is a sudden pain," she gasped, terror and dismay constricting her throat.

She wavered. He thought she was going to fall. He stepped closer to her and put his arm about her.

"No, no!" she said, repulsing.

It was the first command she had given him in those bygone days when he had stood dumbly before her.

"No, no!" she pushed him away. "I shall be all right."

"And has the approach of men deprived me of the privilege of touching you?" he asked, wistfully. "What is the matter?"

"Don't ask me now," she answered. "I—I—cannot explain."

The vessel was nearer now and as she stared it came to a stop and swung broadside to the reef. There was no mistaking it. It was the Southern Cross. She knew it as well as she knew her own face. The thing which she had dreaded so when she fled from that vessel in the launch, which she had dreaded for a time in the first period of her sojourn on the island, had come to pass. It was the very yacht from which she had escaped. Undoubtedly it bore the man from whom she had fled. He had come to claim her. Of all the teeming millions which the world held, this was he whom she would fain have avoided. Rather anyone and every one had come to her than he! What would happen when these men met? The story that she would have told him to-day in her own way had the ship not appeared, the story that she would have told him on her decks, had that ship been other than it was, he must now learn by the brutal force of circumstances, through some compelling necessity which she could not in any way influence or alter. She loathed the man who was coming to aid her. Her Christianity trembled in the balance. She would fain have called invectives down upon his head, and for the moment she swept the whole sex together in one unreasoning hatred and resentment in which the man of the island participated. What sorry jest had blind fate played upon her?

She moved farther away from her companion under the constraint of these thoughts, and when he would have approached her nearer, she flamed upon him in sudden anger that left him appalled. But under the influence of it he kept his distance. She saw the way of the yacht checked. She saw the boat dropped from the davits and manned by the men. She saw a figure, too far off to recognize, but which she divined must be his, descend the battens from the gangway. She saw the little boat headed toward the shore. Then she turned to the man. He was standing with folded arms, his brow black as midnight, staring out to sea. He knew nothing, understood nothing, comprehended nothing, suspected nothing. His only realization was that she, his gentle goddess, whom he had loved, was angry with him, so far as he was concerned, without rhyme or reason or cause.

The stoppage of the ship, the lowering of the boat, its approach to the island were now matters of indifference to him. She was angry. He could think of nothing else and there was bewilderment in his dismay. Nothing had given him power to solve the enigma of her conduct. Where she gazed with serious intentness, he looked listlessly. Her heart smote her again. The sense of justice upon which she prided herself came to her rescue. She stepped close to him and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Forgive me!" she murmured and her heart leaped within her bosom to meet the great flush of pleasure in his face as he responded instantly to her caress and her appeal.

"You said you knew men," the man asked as they threaded their way through the trees and won the hill along the familiar path, "do you know anyone on that ship, do you think?"

The question was an absurd one under almost any other circumstances than that. Yet chance had shown him the one point in her armor and his innocent and casual question had driven into her soul a stab. Evasion should have been easy. Indeed, his trust in her was so great that deceit would have been simple. But she had always told him the truth and she could not begin now.

"Yes," she said, "I think I do."

He stopped abruptly, illumination and anguish, the light of pain in his soul.

"Was it because you know that man that you suffered so on the hill?"

"Yes," she said, again forcing herself to speak.

"Is he one of those who loved you?"

"He said so, but—"

"And you, did you love him?"

"I hate him."

"Why?" asked the man sternly. "Had he injured you in some way?"

"In the greatest way," she answered with deepening gravity. And here her sense of justice pricked her. "But it was partly my fault."

"And have you forgiven him?" he asked with a little softening of his voice.

To him forgiveness was as natural and inevitable as breathing. In his ethics there was no other course. He had never had anything to forgive, be it remembered. She was not so true to her standards as the man she had

Stood Silently, a Little Apart, Watching the Swift Approach.

taught. The pupil was more devoted than the master.

"There are some things," she replied bitterly, "that a woman cannot forgive, never forgives."

"What things?" he persisted, wondering ignorantly as to her meaning.

"Don't ask me," she answered, impatiently. "I told you I would tell you the story to-day and you will have to wait until then."

"But that comment of the world?"

"You will hear it from that man's lips, if I mistake not," said the woman, wearily, "but you must press me no further. See, they are close to the reef. We must hasten."

She drew her hand away from his and ran rapidly to the beach. Naturally he followed, overtaking her in a few swift steps and running as was his wont by her side. If he had stopped to indulge in the luxury of self-examination, he would have found his feelings in such a turmoil of such strange emotions as would have defied classification and description. Of but two things was he very clear; that he loved this woman, and that in some way, for causes unfathomable and not present to him, he hated the man or the men in the boat off shore.

By the woman's directions just before they reached the shore, the man picked up two fallen branches of palm. They ran to the beach opposite the entrance and waved the palm branches above their heads. It was too far for the voice to carry and there was too much noise from the breakers on the reef if the distance had been shorter. But the men in the boat evidently caught sight of the signals and understood them, for she was presently about and in a few moments they saw her prow cut the blue waters of the lagoon through the one entrance to the barrier. The man and woman stood silently, a little apart, watching the swift approach. Unerringly steered, the boat struck the gently shelving beach bows on, and a last sturdy pull drove her fairly out of the water. The man in the stern sheets rose, stepped forward between the oarsmen and leaped out on the sand.

The present was in touch with the past, conventional faced the unconventional, civilization and primitive confronted one another.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE CONTRIBUTION BOX

A Convenient Arrangement for Giving Early and Often in Use in a Greek Church.

A custom among attendants of the Greek church at Trebizond explains the use of certain tokens which have been presented to the American Numismatic society.

According to the Journal of the society sometimes several collections are made during the service in these churches. Even should there be but one, the visitor may desire to make a special contribution at the shrine or picture of some of the saints whose intercession he desires to secure, or he may wish to purchase a candle for use in some of the ceremonials in public or private devotions.

On entering the church, therefore, he exchanges a certain sum of money with the deacon at the gate for an equivalent amount of these tokens. He is thus able to respond to the calls for the various offerings during the service or to deposit his gift at the shrine of the saint by using one or more of these tokens as he may be disposed, yet without any heavy demand on his purse. These church tokens are sometimes of brass and sometimes of paper.

Cast Bronze Coronets.

A curious archaeological discovery has been made in the Russian province of Poltava. It consists of two antique coronets of cast bronze. One is 5½ inches in diameter, about one inch high, and has 20 denticulations, and the other five inches in diameter, 1¾ inches in height, and has 17 denticulations. Both are made in two pieces, joined together by a hinge. The time rust with which they are covered and their general character leave no room for doubt as to their authenticity. The articles were found in the possession of a Russian peasant, but where and how they were originally unearthed is unfortunately not known.

URGE CAUTION IN CANAL BUILDING

Commission Doubts Waterways as Rate Regulator.

PAY FOR POWER IS DESIRED

Report of Congressional Body Discourages Improvement as a Means of Curbing Railroads—Decrease in Traffic Cited.

Washington, Jan. —All sections of the country will find subjects of local as well as general interest in the preliminary report of the national waterways commission, submitted to congress. The report is based on a comprehensive investigation in this country and abroad, and will be followed by a report with further recommendations. The preliminary statement advocates:

General plan of conservation of water power, with the shaping of projects in the light of future needs of streams.

Resort to federal and state legislation rather than to unnecessary channel improvement merely to enforce reduction of railroad freight rates, with inhibition on the other hand of manipulation of such rates to "freeze out" water competition.

Uniform system of distribution of cost of waterway improvements among federal, state and local governments.

Avoidance of multiplication of ports.

Restriction of dam construction permits.

Undertaking of such waterway projects only as can be completed within a reasonable time.

Federal tax on power furnished to consumers.

Reservation by the government of power to alter or repeal power rights.

Dam Regulations Proposed.

The commission holds that the federal government has no proprietary right or interest in navigable waters which would authorize the collection of tolls. It believes that each consent to construct a dam should provide that the grantee, whenever necessary to subserve navigation interests, must construct and furnish power for a lock suited to the locality and to probable traffic development. Such requirements are claimed to be free from legal objections which might be maintained against a system of tolls. Power developed at government dams for navigation or irrigation purposes should be utilized and sold at a fair price, it is asserted.

Against Canals as Rate Reducers.

Although not denying the tendency of river improvements to lower railroad rates, the commission holds it undersirable to expend money on river channels solely for the effect upon such rates. The fundamental criterion, it says, should be whether a railway or a waterway, when constructed or improved, will be a profitable investment. Pointing out that the railways have reduced rates temporarily, and continued them on a lower basis until competing water lines have been driven out of business, the committee recommends that when a rate is once reduced by a railroad it should not be permitted to raise it again unless, after hearing by the interstate commerce commission, or other competent body, it shall be found that the increase is justified by changed conditions other than the elimination or decrease of water competition.

Great Loss on the Mississippi.

The most striking instance of decrease in water traffic cited is that of the Erie canal, though the commission regards as "quite as striking" the decrease in traffic on the Mississippi river and its tributaries.

Construction of artificial canals adapted to the passage of sea-going ships, according to the commission, would be profitable only where, first, they would connect navigable waters near each other, between which large traffic naturally would exist but for rapids or comparatively narrow strips of land, as in the case of the Sault Ste Marie, Welland and Lachine canals, or, second, where comparatively short canals would save a great sailing distance, as in the cases of the Suez, Panama and Kaiser Wilhelm canals; or, third, where canals from the sea would extend to large cities near the coast where large communities have become great freight consumers, as in the cases of the Manchester canal and the Belgium system. The commission cites many obvious disadvantages of these canals, says it is conceivable that the disadvantages might be lessened somewhat, but makes no recommendation.

Associated Ohio Dailies.

Columbus, O., Jan. 25.—Publishers and editors swarmed into Columbus to-day for the twenty-fifth annual meeting of the Associated Ohio Dailies, the sessions of which will last through tomorrow. John T. Mack of the Sandusky Register, president of the association, is in the chair. Among the well known men on the program for addresses are John Norris of the New York World, who has led the fight for the reduction of the tariff on pulp and paper; J. T. Wetherald, a Boston advertiser and manufacturer, and Secretary Heath of the National Typothetae.

DISTRESS IN PARIS GREAT

Greatest Flood in City's History Brings Famine and Disease in Its Wake.

Paris, Jan. 25.—Famine and disease appeared in Paris, while the greatest flood in the history of the city continued to rise.

The greater part of the city is under water, traffic is at a standstill, and only a few lines of communication with the country remain open. Consequently, the food supply is seriously depleted, and delivery of what little remains is difficult, the distributors being compelled to use boats.

More serious still, typhoid fever is spreading rapidly as a result of the breaking of the water mains and sewers under the great pressure of the flood. Hundreds of thousands of rats have been driven from underground to the surface, and the government is making heroic efforts to prevent them from carrying disease and causing pestilence.

The city already has lost $10,000,000, more than 25,000 persons have been thrown out of employment, the finest of the city's subways has been damaged permanently, and yet Paris, the joyous, faced the flood and water famine and the perils of an epidemic with typical whimsicality and gayety, and made a holiday of the flood.

BANKER ROBBED OF $28,000

WARNER M. VAN NORDEN HELD UP BY WOMEN.

Take Financier's Money After He Has Been Gallant to Them—Alleged Thieves Held.

New York, Jan. 25.—Warner M. Van Norden, president of the Van Norden Trust Company, was held up and robbed of $28,000 as he was leaving the Waldorf-Astoria.

With the arraignment of Bessie Roberts, alias Kitty Dowdell, of Chicago, and Annie Williams, alias "Chicago Maggie," came the story of politeness that cost Mr. Van Norden his pocketbook.

Mr. Van Norden left the hotel and was about to enter his auto when he saw two women walking along Fifth avenue. One of the women dropped a pocketbook and Mr. Van Norden politely picked it up and returned it to the loser.

A hearty slap on the back was the somewhat startling and unconventional manner in which one of the women expressed her thanks. There was a profusion of thanks and bows, and one of the women fainted suddenly and leaned on Mr. Van Norden's shoulder.

The woman revived and the banker went home in his machine. The $28,000 was gone when he reached there.

The women have been held in $30,000 bail for further questioning.

PACKER QUIZ ONLY STARTER

If Government Is Victorious in Pending Cases Many Suits Against Many Large Corporations Will Be Filed.

Washington, Jan. 25.—If the suits pending in the United States supreme court are decided in favor of the government the administration will at once institute proceedings against a large number of corporations organized along the same lines as the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company.

Judiciary Is at Work.

This statement was made on high authority as representing the intention of President Taft. So confident is the administration that it will be victorious in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases that agents of the department of justice are now at work making a thorough investigation of many of the corporations against which suits will be filed shortly after the supreme court renders its decision.

The prosecution of the beef trust is only the beginning of the campaign which the president is preparing to wage against the trusts, it is declared.

Refuses to Desist.

It is known that the president has had this program in mind for several weeks. It is also known that some of the most influential men in Wall street have besecched the president to abandon his trust busting campaign. Many members of congress have sought to dissuade the president, but after deliberate study he has refused to yield to corporation representatives.

There is a possibility that members of congress will attempt to head off the president by amendments to the Sherman anti-trust law. There have been several conferences recently for the purpose of arriving at a decision as to the best method to so modify the Sherman anti-trust law that it would permit existing combinations to continue. No definite conclusion has as yet been arrived at.

Some of the leaders are fearful that if the subject is once opened up to amendment, the law, instead of being modified, will be made more radical than at present, and for this reason they hesitate to risk the introduction of legislation modifying the law.

Law Abiders Need Not Fear.

Mr. Taft takes the position that no corporation which observes the law need be in the least alarmed, and that if there is any injury to business because infringements of the law are corrected, the injury cannot be permanent.

There is more or less talk that the Steel corporation has been under investigation by the department of justice and that it will be one of the first corporations to go before the court. This, however, received no confirmation in official circles.

DIES; WEALTH IS HIS PILLOW

Aged Recluse Takes Poison and Is Found Reclining on Box Containing $15,000.

Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 25.—With his head pillowed on a box containing $15,000 worth of negotiable securities Oscar Schoen, 70 years old, was found dead in bed in a squalid little room.

In his hand was a half emptied vial of morphine tablets. The coroner was unable to say whether an over dose of the drug had been taken accidentally or whether the man had committed suicide.

Plausible Explanation.

The depot of Meridian, Tex., is about a mile from the business part of the town. One night a sleepy, weary traveling man said to the darky who was driving him to the hotel:

"Old man, why in the name of heaven did they put this depot so far from town?"

The darky scratched his head in thought, and replied:

"Waal, boss, I's fo'ced to admit dat I hasn't give de matter s'ficient cogitation, but jes' jumped up fer a answer like dis, I s'pose dey done dat so as to have de depot as near as possible to de railroad."—Lippincott's.

Elvira's Way.

The teacher (reading)—"Then the girl warrior faced the mocking foe and unsheathed her deadly weapon." What does that mean, children? Well, Elvira?

Elvira—Please, ma'am, I think it means she stuck out her tongue.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Small Talk as an Art.

The art of small talk is one that many women try to cultivate, and there are instances of clever talkers who find employment as exponents of the art of light conversation. Their method is to read the newspapers daily, to keep in touch with the latest books, to know something special about all the new plays, and to invent small scraps of information just bordering on the scandalous. While the society woman is undergoing treatment at the hands of the hairdresser her expert conversationalist sits by her side and chats, as it were casually, on the subjects of the moment, so that her bon mots may be remembered for repetition.

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SORE LUNGS AND RAW LUNGS.

Most people know the feeling, and the miserable state of ill health it indicates. All people should know that Foley's Honey and Tar, the greatest throat and lung remedy, will quickly cure the soreness and cough and restore a normal condition. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar.—Anders & Philipp.

POLICIES

As low as $11.08 per $1,000.

Premiums after the second reduced by profits. Buy it now while you can get it. Draw the CASH yourself when old, or before if needed.

ALBERT PAUL, Gen. Agent,

Equitable Life of Iowa, Oelwein, Ia

You owe it to yourself to see read and investigate the

NEW OPTION POLICY

OF THE EQUITABLE 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 ....

....

REPAIR SHOP.

Having opened a shop the first door north of the Globe Hotel, I respectfully solicit a part of your repair work.

Repairing Furniture, Etc., a Specialty. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

FRED MOSER.

FISCHER & SON,

Painters and Paper Hangers,

Manchester, - - Iowa.

RAILROAD Time Cards

Manchester & Oneida RY

TIME TABLE NO. 15.
Effective October 31st, 1909.
(Daily except Sunday)

No 2 leaves Manchester at 5:15 a. m., connects with Chicago Great Western train No. 5., west bound due at Oneida at 5:48 a. m., returning arrives at Manchester at 6:15 a. m.

No 4 leaves Manchester at 6:20 a. m., connects with Chicago Great Western train No. 6., east bound due at Oneida at 6:47 a. m., returning arrives at Manchester at 7:15 a. m.

No 6 leaves Manchester at 8:45 a. m., connects with Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul train No 22., north bound due at Oneida Junc. at 9:13 a. m., returning arrives at Manchester at 9:46 a. m.

No 8 leaves Manchester at 2:00 p. m. connects with Chicago Great Western train No 3., west bound due at Oneida at 2:32 p. m., returning arrives at Manchester at 3:45 p. m.

No 10 leaves Manchester at 4:45 p. m., connects with Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul train No 21., south bound due at Oneida June at 5:24 p. m., returning arrives at Manchester at 5:55 p. m.

No 8 leaves Manchester at 2:00 p. m., for connection with Chicago Great Western train No 4., east bound due at Oneida at 4:05 p. m., returning connection from Chicago Great Western train No 4., east bound arrives at Manchester at 5:55 p. m.

(Sunday Trains Only)

No 4 leaves Manchester at 6:20 a. m., connects with Chicago Great Western train No 6., east bound due at Oneida at 6:47 a. m., returning arrives at Manchester at 7:15 a. m.

No 8 leaves Manchester at 2:00 p. m., connects with Chicago Great Western train No 3., west bound due at Oneida at 2:32 p. m., and Chicago Great Western train No 4 east bound due at Oneida at 4:05 p. m., returning arrives at Manchester at 4:35 p. m.

Information regarding rates and routes are always cheerfully furnished.

C. J. BOARDWAY.,
Traffic Manager.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

TIME TABLE.

West Bound

No 5 Omaha, Sioux City and St. Paul Fast Mail....	8:10 a. m
No 21 Dub & Ft Dodge local	7:25 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....	10:5
No 401 St Paul	11:42
No 93 Way Freight....	

East Bound

No 2 Omaha & Sioux City & Chicago Limited....	2:05
No 402 St Paul & Chicago Ltd	3:4 a. m
No 34 Waterloo & Dub Clipper	8: a. m
No 6 Ft Dodge & Chi Express	1:
No 4 Sioux City, Omaha & Chi	3:1
No 22 Ft Dodge Dub local	
No 94 Way Freight....	

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

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH

Going South

No 305 Pass daily ex Sunday	8:40 a
No 333 Pass daily ex Sunday	5:45 p
No 360 Freight daily ex Sunday	12:45p

Arrive from South

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

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.
Dining car on trains No. 5 and 4.

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 Phane No. 265.

What greater gift or blessing could one give than health and happiness. To your unhealthy friends give Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, nature's greatest tonic remedy. Drives out disease, brings back health and happiness. You'll be surprised the good t'will do.—Anders & Philipp.

LAND FOR SALE.

311 acres of land, 150 acres under cultivation, and 100 acres more can be cultivated, enough timber for farm use for any length of time, and the balancee of the land that is not under cultivation is the very best of tame and wild pasture, grows the very best corn, oats, barley, timothy and clover, all fenced and cross fenced, has a good well and windmill and a living spring in the pasture.

The house 24 ftX30 ft., with a 16 ft.X24 ft., two story and an L to the kitchen 14 ftX16 ft. one story high; barn 40 ft.X 70 ft., all in good repair, stone basement holds 50 head of cows and 12 head of horses, granary 18 ftX30 ft, and all on a rock foundation, feed house 18 ftX60 ft with a cement floor. We have also a pig pen, brooding house that holds 12 sows, there is no better in the state, does not freeze even in the winter, double corn crib, with a drive way between, hen house 16 ftX20 ft. rock smoke house, 14 ft X 16 ft. This farm lies one mile to town and same to a church and school, and can be bought for $35 per acre. and is one of the best sheep and stock farms in the state.

Enquire of C. J. Wagner, Lansing, Iowa.

280 acres at $35 per acre; 240 acres at $8,000; 260 acres at $34.00 per acre, and many other good bargains in Allamakee county.

HOARSE COUGHS, STUFFY COLDS

pain in the chest and sore lungs, are symptoms that quickly develop into a dangerous illness if the cold is not cured. Foley's Honey and Tar stops the cough, heals and eases the congested parts, aid brings quick relief.—Anders & Philipp.

PAINTING

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

8tf S. J. Maley.

Over Atkinson's Blacksmith Shop.