The Island of Regeneration

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Illustrations by Ray Walters

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY W.G. CHAPMAN. COPYRIGHT IN GREAT BRITAIN

CHAPTER XXII.

Unavailing Appeal.

She slept late the next morning. In the first place being upon the western side of the island, there was no flooding burst of sunlight through the open door to disturb her quiet slumber. In the second place she was so worn out and exhausted, she had had so little sleep in the past three days that imperative nature forced her into rest. She might have slept longer indeed, but that she was awakened by a great cry, a human voice calling her name. She opened her eyes and saw within the dimness of the cave a human figure, vaguely white in the darkness. For one fleeting instant she imagined that it might be he, but that hope was dispelled as quickly as it had been born. She recognized the voice. It was Langford's.

"Kate," he said approaching her more nearly and bending over her, "are you alive then?"

He reached down and touched her hand where it lay across the fern leaves on her breast. His touch summoned her bewildered faculties to action. Brushing his hand aside, she sat up.

"It is I," she said.

"You are alive and well?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Thank God!" cried the man. "We thought you dead. We searched the island. Where had you hidden? Why have you done it?"

She rose slowly to her feet and confronted him.

"You!" she said bitterly. "Why have you come back?"

"I don't know," answered Langford. "I can't tell what moved me. I was here on the island with the others. I searched with the rest. I know that no foot of it was left unvisited. Every crag and cranny, every thicket and coppice, every tree, every cave and rift in the rocks was examined over and over again. We knew that you were gone and yet I could not believe it. Yesterday afternoon I parted from the cruiser. I did not bear away for this island until it was too dark and they were too far away to see what I would be about, and then I came back here at full speed."

"Why did you come?"

"I don't know. I was not satisfied. It seemed to me that I must come back and search again. I could not believe it possible that you were dead, really dead. Something in my heart, at any rate, brought me back once more to see the place where you had lived if no more than that. We made the island early in the morning. The yacht lies yonder. I came ashore a moment since and some kind Providence led me first of all to this spot. I entered the cave. I saw you lying there in the cool darkness. I thought you dead at first. Then I cried to you and you moved. And then I touched your hand. O Kate, thank God I have found you!"

"Where is he!" said the woman. "Why didn't he come back?"

It was a cruel thing to say, but she could no more have helped it than she could have helped her breathing. Not to have said it would have killed her, for if Langford's love could turn him back, what should be said then of Charnock's. Langford was pale and haggard. He, too, had suffered. He was paying for his sins. He was expiating them and feeling it, although the expiation was not helping her.

"What of him?" she asked insistently.

"What matters about him?" he said bitterly. "He had his chance. He failed to grasp it. He's gone."

The man did not tell her that Charnock had been carried away a senseless log, bereft of power to think or speak, or move, or feel, by the shock of her departure.

"Once," said the woman, "you had your chance in the cabin of that very yacht out yonder and you failed to grasp it and we separated."

"Yes," said the man, "I know that, I realize that now, and I came back. I have come back to take my chance again."

"And so he may come back," said the woman. "You sank lower than he."

"And I rose higher the other day upon the sand."

"You did, but not high enough. I believe in him. He will realize it, too," she went on, all the confidence of her hopes springing into life again and giving force and power to her voice and bearing.

"And you condemn me for that one mistake?" said the man.

"No," returned the woman, "neither will I condemn him for that one mistake."

"But he's gone, I tell you."

"And he will come back, I know."

"He thinks you dead."

"So did you."

"But I came back, not he."

"You were your own master," said the woman swiftly. "You could go where you pleased. He was subject to the decision of others. I trust him still."

"And you don't trust me?"

"I trust you enough, but I don't love you."

"O Kate, think! There must be something in what I feel for you to move you. I did not know what it was. I did not realize it. I came back in the first place as much because I had been a blackguard and a coward and wanted to set myself right in your eyes as because I cared for you, but every hour of search made me know my own heart, and since I have seen you, since I see you now, there is nothing I would not do for you. There isn't any expiation or amendment or anything now, but because I am a man, and love you, I want you. I want to make you happy. And I am the one man in the world that ought to want you and want to make you happy. It is for that I have come back to you."

"How terrible are the arrangements of blind fate," said the woman. "I must believe what you say. You awaken my pity, my tenderness, my consideration, but these are all. He is not by to hear and therefore I will say, for you deserve the truth, that just as you say you love me, nay, then, just as you do and more a thousand times, I love that man. It would be a crime, a sin, a bodily profanation, a mental and spiritual degradation to which the other"—he knew to what she alluded as she paused—"were nothing, if I should come to you with my whole heart and soul given to the man," she threw her hand out in a great sweeping gesture, "yonder out at sea."

"But he doesn't love you."

"O yes, he does. Not as I would be loved, I admit, not as, please God, I shall be loved by him. He doesn't know; he doesn't understand. Wisdom will come to him and he will come back."

"It might be so," said the man. "I came back. But he believes you dead."

"And didn't you when you searched for me during those three years?"

"No," answered Langford, "I had a confident hope that somewhere you were alive."

"And will he not have that hope, too?"

"I cannot believe it.'

There was a long, frightful pause. The woman sighed deeply.

"It may be as you say. It may be that we are separated forever. It may be that I shall never look upon him again, nor he upon me, but that makes no difference. I do not love you. I cannot love you. If he is dead, I shall love his memory until I meet him, if so be I may be found worthy of that, and I will keep myself for him. No other man shall have what belongs to him."

They had stepped nearer the entrance of the cave, which was a spacious one, as they spoke. The beauty of the woman in that soft light was so intense that it cast over Langford a spell. He heard the sound of her voice, but did not heed what she said. Suddenly he caught her in his arms.

"Kate," he cried, "we are alone here and I am master. That is my ship

"Kate!" Said the Man, Impulsively.

yonder. I can have you bound hand and foot and take you aboard of her. I will say that you are mad, that I am taking you back to the United States to your friends. You must come back with me. I can't let you go."

"Valentine," said the woman, quietly, "if you do not instantly release me, I will kill you where you stand. You don't realize how strong I am. See!"

With a quick, sudden movement she caught his arms with her free hands and literally tore them apart. To her lithe and vigorous body she added spirit and determination which made her indeed more than a match for the slender, somewhat broken man before her.

"You see," she cried. She stood between him and the doorway, one hand outstretched, the fingers open. "I could kill you before you left this cave. You told me that you had sent your men back to the ship and that you were alone upon the island, and I could hide where I hid before and they would find your dead body here upon the sands. That would be all."

"Kill me if you wish," said the man recklessly. "I don't care. Perhaps that would be the better way."

"No," said the woman, "I respect you too much for that."

"Respect me?"

"Yes. You have shown me what you are by what you have done, all but this mad action of a moment since, and I can understand that, my friend, for I too love, and it seems to me that I would brook anything, everything, for one moment like that you fain would have enjoyed. But we are not children, neither are we savages to act like beasts of prey. I forgive you, I trust you." She came close to him and laid her hand upon his arm. "I respect you, I admire you!"

"Everything," said the man, "but love me."

"Everything but that," assented the woman quietly.

"I shan't offend again," returned the man. "Neither by force nor persuasion can I effect anything. Kate," he said after another pause, "come back to the United States or to some civilized land. The world is before you. I will land you where you please and give you or lend you money enough to enable you to get where you like. You shall be on the yacht to me as my sister."

"It can't be," said the woman. "Don't you see that I can accept no favors from you?"

"But no one need ever know; I will discharge the crew of the yacht in some South American port. They will scatter—"

"God would know and I would know and when I see him again, I would have to tell him. It would make it harder for me. And I don't want to go back. I will wait here for him."

"Kate," said the man impulsively, "it was ungenerous of me not to have told you before. They took him away from the islands senseless, raving with brain fever. He collapsed stricken as if dead on the sand by that little heap of clothes and the Bible which bore your message. He thought you dead. He left the ship in the early morning to seek you. The shock was too much for him."

"He loved me, then," said the woman.

"Yes," said Langford, wringing the admission from his lips, "he loved you enough almost to die for you."

"But he is not dead. He was not when you left the cruiser?"

"No, they signaled me at noontime in answer to my inquiry that the doctor thought he would finally pull through, although it would be a long, terrible siege; but if he dies, Kate, if I got back and found that he is dead and come here—"

"Don't come back," said the woman. "Don't tell anyone that I am here. Let no one ever come back unless the promptings of his heart and the leading of God should bring him to me."

"Is this your final, absolute decision?"

"My final and absolute decision. Nothing can alter it, nothing, absolutely nothing."

"O Kate!"

"Don't," said the woman. "It is useless and only breaks your heart and wrings mine. Now, you must go. No one has seen you from the yacht. This cave is sheltered from where she lies. No one need know that you have found me. Indeed I want you to give me your word of honor, to swear it by all that you hold sacred that you will never tell anyone, much less him, that you came back and found me alive."

"You set me a hard task," faltered the man.

"But I am sure," continued the woman, "it is not too hard for you to accomplish. Come, you have said you wanted to make amends. That is all past now, forgotten and forgiven, but if you really would make me happy, you will promise what I say."

"And what is that again?"

"On your word of honor as a gentleman, by all that you hold sacred, you will never mention to a human soul that you found me here alive."

"On my word, by all that I do hold sacred, by my love for you, Kate, I will not speak unless in some way you give me leave."

"So help you God!" said the woman solemnly.

"So help me God!" replied the man with equal gravity.

"And now you must go."

"I have one request to make of you, Kate, before I go," said Langford.

"If I can grant it, you may be assured I will."

"It is very easy. Will you stay in this cave for two hours?"

"I have no watch," said the woman, "but I will guess the time as best I can."

"Then," said the man, "go down to the beach. The yacht will be gone."

"Valentine," said the woman, "you don't mean to stay here on the island?"

"I would stay gladly," returned the other, "if I thought that I were welcome, but I know that cannot be."

"I will wait," said the woman. "Good-bye!"

She extended her hand to him. He seized it in his own trembling grasp and kissed it. He remained a moment with his lips pressed to her hand and she laid her other hand upon his bended head. He heard her lips murmuring words of prayer. He released her hand, stooped lower, laid something at her feet, turned and resolutely marched out into the sunlight.

The woman lifted her hand, the hand he had kissed. It was wet with tears. The man had left her with a breaking heart. She sat down upon the sand to think her thoughts during her two hours wait. Her bare foot touched something metallic. She bent over and picked it up. It was his watch. He had placed it there. The simple kindness, the spontaneous generosity of the little action moved her as had not all his pleas, and she mingled her own tears with his upon her hand.

She looked at the watch after a while and found that more than two hours had elapsed, nearly three. The latter part of the time had fled swiftly in thoughts of him. She was hungry and thirsty, too. It was noon. She went out on the sands. The yacht was nowhere to be seen. She could not have gotten below the horizon. She divined that he had sailed around the island and away in that direction.

There was a pile of boxes and things on the sand above the high water mark. She stepped toward it and opened one of the sea chests. It was filled with books and papers, a strange collection. He had ransacked the yacht for her. Another chest contained provisions with which she had long been unfamiliar. There were toilet articles, pieces of cloth, writing paper, pencils, a heaping profusion of all that he fancied she might need, that might afford solace and companionship to her and alleviate the loneliness of those hours. In her heart she thanked him, and lifting up her hands, she blessed him again. He had made life possible and tolerable to her. She could write, she could read, she could sew. And all this while she could hope and dream.

(To be continued.)

Old Age Pensions.

There is one point in which we must agree with the people who oppose old age pensions for America, says Walter Weyl in Success Magazine. Pensions, they say, are merely a palliative. What the aging man needs is not so much a pension as a chance to work, and above all the strength, the health and the intelligence to enable him to work. It is very true. Let us put our minds and our purses to the task of preventing child labor, excessive toil, unhygienic houses and factories and other things which cripple men in middle and old age. Let us give industrial and technical education, so that a man may be permanently equipped for earning his living. Let us raise the whole standard of the working and earning population of the country so that each man may be able to provide for his old age, or at least that all by joint action may insure all. But in the meanwhile let us accord a decent life to worthy men and women who have not had the advantages which future generations will enjoy. Let us, as far as we can, provide for present needs, since the bread of to-morrow will not still the hunger of to-day. Let us above all do the work immediately at hand—grant pensions to our Federal and State employes, study the entire problem, and whatever our eventual policy, desist at least from our present undignified attitude of burying our heads in the sand and denying that a problem exists to be solved.

The Food Topic.

The lady from Boston looked bored. The hostess noticed the fact with some anxiety.

"My dear Mrs. Fannel," she said, "I want the Honorable Mr. Bobstay to meet you. He's such a gifted conversationalist."

The lady from Boston failed to look interested.

"I have met seven gifted conversationalists this evening," she said, "and their only topic was the financial altitude of the edible animal tissues."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Farm and Garden

Plenty of screws, strap hinges, gate hooks and eyes come handy around the farm. Try a box of such in the shop.

Remember yourself when building poultry-houses, and plan them so that you may take care of them with the least amount of trouble.

Many mares are unable to supply their colts with sufficient milk, particularly when hard worked. In such cases they should be helped out.

Hens prefer seclusion when they are laying, and they are not likely to break eggs and get into the habit of eating them if the nests are kept dark.

No smoking or chewing of tobacco should be permitted while the milking is being done. The odor of the weed is quickly absorbed by the sensitive milk.

Can you spare some of the barnyard manure for the orchard? Draw it out now, mulch the trees well and see if you do not get a good crop of fruit next fall.

Make every square rod on your farm yield its quota of profit. Some use can be found for even the poor strips. Study out how you can best use all your land.

The old orchard that has trees 12 to 15 years old and older, and already in bearing, will be benefited by heavy applications of stable litter or other fertilizer.

Skim milk, which is whole milk, minus part of its fat, and which costs only half as much as whole milk, furnishes protein about four times as cheaply as beef.

The farmer can become his own builder as soon as he understands the mixing of concrete and the making of forms to mold it in. Its use is unlimited on the farm.

Common sense is better than the best dairy instruction of the day, but it clearly shows a lack of common sense when a dairyman discards all recent investigations.

The active hen is the happy, contented hen and the hen that helps to keep the egg basket filled. Keep your hens busy if you want them to be productive and profitable.

Prepare the nests and place the nest eggs in them, so the pullets will learn to occupy them. It is important that the pullets be early taught to lay in the nests provided for them.

With good milking cows, well fed and well kept, milk can be produced at a cost of 65 cents per hundred and butter fat for 16 cents a pound. This is an average for the year round.

Give plenty of green food while the ground is frozen. Cabbages, onions, steamed clover, boiled potatoes and turnips, with a warm meal mash, are excellent for pullets and hens ready to lay.

Most farmers raise chickens by the natural process, and that is all right so long as you do not care to raise more than, say, 100 chickens; but when you get up into large numbers incubators are necessary.

The best preventive for roup and other infectious diseases is perfect cleanliness about the poultry-house and ground. No medicine can successfully combat filth, darkness and dampness.

Farming is a business requiring not only some capital and a great deal of hard work, but a large measure of "know how" as many people, tired of city life, have found when they tried to farm without previous experience.

Every stockman knows how inconvenient a stiff new rope halter can be. New rope may be made as pliable as old, it is claimed, by simply boiling it for two hours in water. Then hang it in a warm room and let it dry out thoroughly.

Profit in Sheep.

Sheep not only pay their own way, but make up for losses caused by scrub cows and other derelicts on the farm.

Fattening Ducks.

There is no need of the "cramming system" being used in fattening ducks. Place your feed before them and they will cram themselves. They are great feeders, and this has led to the general verdict, "they eat their heads off." With a good range and their proper feed, they will not cost any more to keep than so many chickens.

Preparing Soil.

If the land is to be plowed twice before planting in order to make it thoroughly fine, it will be well to roll it before the second plowing in order to pack the surface somewhat and make the earth turn better without clogging the moldboard. The roller is also useful in breaking clods and in packing the surface to prevent excessive evaporation in dry weather.

Reward of Industry.

A story is told of two New England boys who started farming twenty years ago in the same neighborhood. They were schoolmates. Jim had $12,000 from an uncle to start with. John had nothing, so he worked out to get money to buy stock and implements. To-day Jim has nothing and John has Jim's $12,000, or the farm and improvements that represent it. Money is a damage to a young man unless he knows what to do with it.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Saving the Farm Shoes.

A manufacturing concern gives a good way to treat farm shoes in order to get the most and best service out of them: Oil is the natural food of good leather. Any kind of leather that is worn around manure, in mud, in water or dew, will soon get hard and crack, unless it is kept well oiled. Oil the shoes often and they will last twice as long. Any kind of animal oil or grease, free from salt, is good. Neatsfoot oil, beef or mutton tallow, or common cooking lard, is good. If shoes are put near the fire or a hot stove when they are wet or damp they will burn almost instantly.

Family Fruit Supply.

The area required for the production of fruit for the average family use need not be extensive, or even very large if the best care is given. Therefore, one acre for the orchard and vine fruits in approximately the following number, gives ample quantity as well as variety. Twelve apple trees, 6 each of the pear, plum, peach sour cherry, sweet cherry, quince and grape, 200 strawberry plants, 25 each of black and red raspberries, 25 good blackberries, 12 currants, and, finally, about 12 gooseberries. And this list will, or should at least, afford some selling at times.

A New "Trick."

Grinding hay is one of the newer tricks, with alfalfa meal as the result. This is another example of the grinder making the feed more valuable. It puts the alfalfa in such shape that it may all be assimilated. That it makes the stuff worth $20 a ton hardly seems probable, but town farmers are paying that price and feeling satisfied with the result. A farmer with $3-a-ton alfalfa could not exchange it for alfalfa meal, paying $12 difference, and save his sin whole. It would not surprise me to see a portable machine on the market in a few years that can be moved from farm to farm, doing alfalfa grinding for us.—Field and Farm.

Feeding Floor for Hogs.

No farmer is so well-to-do that he can afford extravagant feeding methods. Corn is worth money every year, and every bushel fed should yield a profit. No hog feeder can afford to waste corn, which is money, by the old-fashioned system of feeding. The man who expects to make money feeding corn to hogs nowadays must avoid waste and pay some regard to the laws of meat-making. There should be a dry feeding floor on every farm where hogs are fed. This is best made of cement, but if it is too late for that this year make it of plank. Corn is worth close to a cent a pound and only the rich man can afford to waste it in mud and snow.

Height of Milk Flow.

A cow does not come to her highest and best flow of milk until about the fourth week after freshening. During these first weeks of lactation she should not be given all she will eat and part of the feed should be of a laxative nature. She may be placed on full feed at the end of the fourth week, when the flow will be at its best. The cow with her first calf may not come to her fullest and best flow of milk until the fifth or sixth week, owing to the fact that bringing forth young for the first time is a more severe physical strain than later in life, hence a longer time for recovery from the weakness caused by gestation will be required. For this reason, the young cow coming fresh should be fed more carefully than older cows at the same period.

On a Cash Business.

The dairyman has something to sell for cash every day in the year. His daily cash receipts may not seem very large to men who have been used to grain farming or stock farming, but at the end of the year his bank account will make a very good showing along with that of his neighbor who farms on a broader scale. Ready money is greatly to be desired at all times and the dairyman is more fortunate in that respect than any other farmer. Another thing in his favor is that he is not subject to the market fluctuations. The market for his product can be fixed by himself if he produces the right kind of milk and butter. They are not affected by panics in the wheat market or gluts in the livestock market. He is always able to tell almost to the dollar what his income will be and is thus enabled to lay his plans and govern his expenses accordingly.

How to Send Eggs to Market.

Provide clean, dry hay or straw or a suitable material for the nests, renew the material frequently, and always when it becomes wet and soiled.

Collect eggs every day shortly before noon, or preferably twice daily, at noon and at dusk. It is especially advisable, when hens are broody, to collect twice daily.

On no account should eggs which have been found by chance in nests in the open during harvest time or at any other time be mixed with those intended for market. Any such eggs which are fit for consumption should be used at home.

Any dirt on the egg when it is collected should be at once removed by means of a dry cloth, or, if that method fails, a slightly dampened but not wet cloth may be used. Do not wash hen eggs or put them in water, nor use any chemical to remove the dirt.

Keep the eggs in a cool, dry place, free from objectionable odors, and reserve the small ones for home and market the best and largest. Put clean, dry hay in the basket or box used for packing those for market.

Eggs should always be kept dry. Contact with wet material or exposure to moisture causes them to go bad very quickly; therefore eggs when taken to market should be protected from the wet by suitable coverings.

Weeds Sold as Alfalfa.

Alfalfa seed is adulterated with trefoil essentialy the same as in the case of red clover seed. The presence of the trefoil seed is even more obscured by the color of the alfalfa than by the color of red clover seed, and its detection is correspondingly less probable. Tests of alfalfa seed made at the United States seed laboratory show that excessive quantities of trefoil, mostly over 35 per cent and sometimes over 50 per cent, are employed in adulterated lots. A decline in the quantity of alfalfa seed now adulterated with trefoil is observable, as in the case of red clover seed.

The seed of two kinds of bur clover has been employed to some extent in adulterating alfalfa seed. The mixing appears to have been done in Europe, where the bur clover seed is a by-product of carding machines operating on Chilean wool. Alfalfa seed thus adulterated has been imported and widely distributed among retail dealers in this country. The quantity of bur clover seed employed is usually less than that used in the case of trefoil. In most instances observed it has been less than 6 per cent, but in some it has been over 10 per cent, reaching nearly 17 per cent in one instance, and nearly 21 per cent in another. It is noticeable that alfalfa seed adulterated with bur clover is usually adulterated also with trefoil.

Iowa News

OAT GROWING CONTEST.

County Superintendent Joseph of Delaware Has 80 Boys in Contest.

County Superintendent Joseph of Manchester has sent out to eighty lads, each one-half bushel of choice Swedish Selected White and Black Oats, which is known to make enormous yields with but the ordinary methods of cultivation, and with scientific treatment to go beyond all expectations. A report is to be made once a month to Mr. Joseph of the progress made by each entry, and a suitable prize will be awarded at the end of the contest for the greatest yield from the one-half bushel, which is supposed to be planted on a plot of one-eighth acre. In his instructions to the lads of the county who have entered the contest, Mr. Joseph advises them to plant their oats in the same field with their father's crop, in order that a comparison may be made at any time of the progress and probable outcome of the fancy oats seed, which has been imported from Canadian seed growers for the purpose of the local contest.

HANGS SELF IN BARN.

John Vernon, Well-Known Farmer, Dies with Rope Around Neck.

John Vernon, a prosperous and well to do farmer residing three miles south of Pleasantville, was found hanging by the neck to a rope in the driveway of his corn crib. When the discovery was made by a member of the family, the man was quite dead and the remains cold. He had probably been dead more than an hour. Mr. Vernon was 55 years of age and leaves a widow and several children. He suffered an injury to the spine in a runaway accident five years ago and it is surmised that the brain had finally become involved in the spinal complications. Investigation at the scene proved that the man tied a long rope to the rafters of the crib driveway, then stood or sat upon some cross pieces, tied the rope around his neck and jumped off. The fall was about fifteen feet and his neck was completely fractured as well as dislocated.

STATE ENCAMPMENT DATES.

G. A. R. Meeting Is Changed to Avoid June Primaries.

On account of the State primary on Tuesday, June 7, the State G. A. R. encampment dates have been changed so that the convention will open on Wednesday, June 8. It will continue through three days. During those three days thousands of the members of the G. A. R. and kindred organizations will be in Des Moines. The national convention of the Ladies of the G. A. R. will be at the same time and the State convention of the W. R. C. and S. O. V.

Find Body Hanging from Windmill.

Hanging from the iron cross bar of a windmill the body of John Schmidt, age 35, a farm hand, was found lifeless on the Peter Launch farm, near Bennett. Schmidt had evidently climbed half way up the tower, tied a rope around his neck and leaped off. He had been despondent for some time.

Poison Kills Dog, Man May Live.

George M. Good, of Davenport, a motorman of the Tri-City Street Railway Company, during the absence of his wife, opened a can of sardines and ate the fish for breakfast, giving what was left in the can to the dog. Both were taken sick, and the dog is dead, but Good may recover.

Teachers Choose Charter Officers.

The newly organized conference of the State teachers of psychology elected charter officers as follows. President, C. E. Seashore, University of Iowa; Secretary-Treasurer, Florence Richard, Drake University; J. D. Sloop, Grinnell College, was elected as a member of the executive committee.

Slays Rival in Quarrel Over Widow.

Weed Albertson was shot and killed in Ottumwa by Bruce Grimsley, with whom he had quarrelled over a widow of whom both were enamored. Albertson had the better of Grimsley in a fist fight, but Grimsley returned with a revolver, shot Albertson and then escaped.

Street Railway for Iowa City.

Iowa City is practically assured of an electric railway. The Rundell Land and Improvement Company promised the city a line in case eighteen lots were sold for $32,000 in the Rundell addition. All but eight lots are now gone.

Extensive Land Holder Dies.

Paul Herman, one of the most extensive land owners of Iowa County and also one of its most public spirited citizens, dropped dead at his home at Koszta. He was about 75 years of age.

Postpone Coal Rate Hearing.

Owing to the pending negotiations between the railroad companies and the Iowa commercial dealers, the coal rate hearing before the railroad commission was postponed for two weeks.

Young Farm Hand Suicide.

Christian Horst, aged 23, a Davenport farm hand, drank a bottle full of strychnine while at work in the field, and died a few minutes afterward. There is no known cause.

Iowa Democrats Meet July 27.

A committee of the Democratic State central committee in session in Des Moines selected July 27 as the date for the Democratic State convention, which will be held at Ottumwa. Jerry B. Sullivan of Des Moines will be temporary chairman.

Fire Sweeps Cass County Farms.

Fire in the east part of Cass County caught from burning corn stalks and has swept across several farms, taking buildings, fences and everything in its path.

Iowa Girl Wins Essay Prize.

The National Municipal League has awarded the first prize for the essay by high school students on "The Municipal Problem in America" to Lois Cleveland Gould of the senior class of the Sioux City high school.

Burns Fatal to Corydon Girl.

Irene, the 6-year-old daughter of W. H. Blagg, is dead in Corydon. Her dress caught on fire from a burning tree by the roadside. Neighbors tried to save her, but she died a few hours later.

LENOX FARMER GOES INSANE.

Runs Amuck and Shoots One Man—Other Lives Endangered.

Harry Schultz, a young farmer about 25 years of age, residing in Lenox Township in Iowa County, became violently insane the other morning and after chasing his mother and brother from the house procured a revolver and left the premises. Arriving at the home of August Schloeman, he found him doing chores in the barn and shot him three times, one bullet entering the shoulder, another passed through his foot and a third entered the body directly over the heart. Sheriff Owen of Marengo was wired for and arriving at the home of the insane man, he represented that he was circulating a paper for the Republican nomination for sheriff and asked Schultz if he would sign it. Schultz, who is quite a politician, was ready to sign the paper and while in the act he was overpowered by the sheriff, and the revolver and razor which he had in his possession were taken away from him. He was taken to Marengo and was adjudged insane by the commissioners of insanity.

AMONG OUR NEIGHBORS.

Albert E. A. Hartj has been appointed postmaster at Minerola, vice M. Flammant, resigned.

State Superintendent Rigg has definitely decided that he will be a candidate for renomination.

Sheriff Dunn of Dubuque returned from Salt Lake City, having in custody Charles Kneal, indicted a year ago for desertion.

Arrangements are being made for the starting of the new St. Mary's Church which is to be erected in Oxford this spring.

The work of putting in six more miles of tile ditching on the Mel Smith farm, near Whiting, will be started at once by Lewis & Leeder.

Harold Tarr, the 7-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. William Tarr of Oskaloosa, was instantly killed by being run over by the tender of a traction outfit.

Six hundred and seventy-three dollars for a pair of 6-year-old farm horses sound pretty big, but that is what Jacob Sexauer of Angley received at his sale.

The drug store of Wills Wolf, of Lorimor, was raided by County Attorney Armitage and Deputy Sheriff Evans and a large quantity of intoxicating liquors seized.

James Quinn has the distinction of receiving the highest price for hogs shipped from Dunlap. The car of hogs wer on the Chicago market and brought $11.10 per 100.

At the school election at Mason City improvement taxes to the amount of $38,000 were voted for the purchasing of property and the erection of a school house at the north end.

The Federated Women's Clubs of Creston made the first donation of funds toward the Y. M. C. A. campaign for funds now going on. They pledged $1,000 and this was given voluntarily.

For speeding his auto through Main street, H. L. Meredith, manager of the Meredith Auto Company, at Mason City, was fined $10 and costs by Mayor Kirschman, Meredith pleaded guilty to the charge.

County Attorney Edward S. White has begun injunction proceedings against Thomas Kimball, a restaurant keeper of Defiance, charging him with illegal sale of an intoxicating liquor called "Rosebrew."

Dale Waltz, aged 6 years, son of F. E. Waltz, living at Indianapolis, died of injuries received by a falling timber from which a swing was attached in a barn. His chest was crushed, and he lived only a few hours.

M. K. Avery, a prominent farmer of Mason City, through friends in Illinois, sold to E. H. Burns, of Orient, S. D., a Porter turkey gobbler for $500. It is the highest price paid for one turkey known in the State.

An unpaid fire insurance policy is assessable property, according to a decision just rendered by the Iowa Supreme Court in the case of County Treasurer O. B. Talley against Jonathan W. Brown, of Sioux City.

The remaining assets of the defunct Corning State Savings bank were sold at public auction by the receiver, C. F. Andrews, on order of the court. About $50,000 in notes, judgments, bonds, stocks, etc., were sold. The aggregate amount realized was $275.

The engine and mail car of north bound passenger train No. 3 on the Minneapolis and St. Louis road dropped through a blazing trestle near Humboldt. The whole train probably would have followed, had not Engineer James Murphy discovered the fire in time to set the brakes.

Adam Trumbull, an old soldier and an old resident of Mason City, died while being assisted from his kitchen, where he had been taken sick, to his bed room, expiring in the arms of a neighbor who happened in and found him struggling to rise from a table against which he had fallen. He was 77 years of age, and was a member of a Wisconsin regiment.

The contract for the paving of Onondago street at Ames was let by the city council to William Horabin, of Iowa City. The bid was $3.29 per square yard. The paving is to be creosote blocks on a concrete foundation.

George West, living west of Churdan sold his 120 acre farm to Frank Farley of Coon Rapids for $150 per acre. He then purchased the old West homestead for $135 per acre. He sold the latter place ten years ago for $40 per acre.

Work has begun at Mason City on a mammoth storehouse to be built by the Northwestern States Cement Company, at their plant for storing the finish product for use during months of the year when the factory cannot be operated at full capacity.

Inability of members of the Ben Myers family to detect the odor of escaping gas came near costing seven lives in Waterloo. When neighbors called they found the parents and five children unconscious. All have recovered except one son who is still very ill.

Harold W. Miller, a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity of the University of Iowa, narrowly escaped drowning in the Iowa River, at Iowa City, when his canoe upset. He is an expert swimmer, but was caught in a powerful current, and battled with the strong waves, as he was borne southward, almost a block, before he managed to breast them, and struggle to the shore.

More than 30,000,000 gallons of water were used to keep the streets of Des Moines clean during the year ending March 15.

The Weekly Historian

1622—The Indians massacred 349 of the Virginia colonists.

1638—The First Baptist Church was formed in Providence, R. I.

1684—The Assembly of Pennsylvania imposed the first excise.

1691—Col. Henry Stoughter published his commission from the Duke of York, appointing him Governor of the Province of New York.

1734—First party of Salzburgers reached Savannah, Ga., and met with a cordial reception.

1744—Louis XV. of France declared war against England.

1755—Pennsylvania Assembly met in special session to arrange for cutting a road to Philadelphia for the use of Braddock's army.

1765—The British Stamp Act became law.

1775—Georgia's one delegate to the Continental Congress elected.

1776—Evacuation of Boston by the British.

1777—Col. John Bayard elected speaker of the Maryland Assembly.

1779—Gen. Benedict Arnold resigned his commission in the American army.

1781—British repulsed the Americans at battle of Guilford, N. C.

1800—British ship Queen Charlotte destroyed by an explosion off Leghorn.

1802—West Point Military Academy established.

1815—Napoleon joined by all the army after his return from Elba.

1825—Pasturing of cows on Boston Common forbidden.

1833—United States pension office established.

1836—Constitution of the Texas republic adopted.

1838—Sir Francis Bond Head resigned office as lieutenant governor of upper Canada.

1855—First public schools in Illinois established.

1856—Railway train from Toronto to Hamilton plunged through drawbridge in Desjardins canal, and seventy lives lost.

1862—Gladstone presided at the presentation in London of a $10,000 testimonial to Charles Kean, the celebrated actor.

1863—Confederates under Clark captured Mount Sterling, Ky.

1875—Gov. Tilden of New York sent a message to the Legislature declaring the State canals to be mismanaged and the funds lobted by contractors.

1877—George W. McCrary of Iowa became Secretary of War.

1882—Samuel Blatchford of New York appointed an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

1889—Menelik II., Emperor of Abyssinia, ascended the throne.

1892—The Standard Oil trust dissolved by consent of the stockholders.

1894—A provincial plebiscite in Nova Scotia showed an overwhelming sentiment in favor of prohibition.

1897—Fleets of the allied powers began the blockade of Crete.

1898—Dominion House of Commons passed the Yukon Railway bill, for the construction of a railway to the Klondike.

1899—Queen Regent of Spain signed a treaty of peace with the United States.

1900—Canadian troops arrived at Cape Town to engage in war with the Boers.

1905—Hon. S. N. Parent, premier of Quebec, resigned.

1909—Congress of the United States convened in special session.... General strike of telegraph, telephone and postal employes in Paris.

MANY ILLEGALLY MARRIED.

Court Decision Affects New Yorkers Who Wed Under 18.

More than 3,000 couples in New York believe themselves to be married, but they are living as husbands and wives without the legal right to do so. This condition was brought to light by a decision in the Appellate division of the Supreme Court by Justice Nathan Miller.

The ruling held that even the written consent of the parents authorizing a boy and girl under the legal marriageable age to wed does not make the wedding legal.

About 70,000 marriage licenses are issued each year at the city hall, and of this number nearly 2 per cent are obtained by persons under the legal age on the written consent of their parents or guardians, or an average of $1,400 each year.

Ocean Record Lowered.

Twenty-six minutes was cut from the record time for the westward Atlantic liner voyage when the Cunarder Mauretania reached New York from Daunt's Rock in 4 days, 15 hours and 26 minutes over the long course.

Conductors Get More.

A committee of the conductors employed by the Louisville and Nashville has received from the management an agreement to pay from 8 to 14 cent more wages during the next two years.

New Auto Speed Record.

Barney Oldfield, in a 200 horse-power Benz car, raced over a straight mile on the beach at Daytona, Fla., in 27.33 seconds, a new world's record. The speed was over 131 miles an hour. In 1906 Marriott on the same course drove a steamer a mile in 28 1-5 seconds.

More Money for Columbia.

An anonymous gift of $350,000 for the erection of a building for graduate and research work in the department of philosophy has been announced by the trustees of Columbia University.

Steel Trust Prosperity.

That times are good for the men who own and direct the steel industry of the country is shown by the report of the United States Steel Corporation for 1909, issued on Thursday. The gross earnings were $646,382,251, as compared with $482,307,840 the previous year. The surplus above dividends is $151,000,000. Nearly all of the 25,000 shares of preferred stock, offered to employes last December has been subscribed by 17,444 employes.

The forest fire fighting service of New York State costs $40,000 a year.