A TRIANGULAR TRIP

Written for the L. A. W. Prize Competition,

By chance there was thrown in my way last spring that humorously instructive book, "Three Men on Four Wheels." As I followed, page by page, the course of Jerome and his two friends over the uncertain roads through Germany's Black Forest and perceived the various charms of the trip, there was born in me a desire to emulate these heroes of so many scenes and adventures. True, I was unable to journey to Germany, nor could I indeed spare such time as they had allotted to their tour. But, my college year ended, I was free for a week or so before beginning a hard summer's course in finance to insure another year of science, to relax my energies in whatsoever way served best.

Two of my classmates, congenial to me and to the plan I proposed, agreed to be my companions on a three-day bicycle spin. Said my friend Wilson:

"Fellows, I'm tired of the monotonous grind of the city. Suppose one wants to take a ride. Can't do better in the whole world than on our paths, providing he isn't so used to them that he can follow his previous wheel track and find the park seats still warm from his last excursion. But for me to enjoy wheeling your Jerome scheme is the only way."

"Yes, let us separate ourselves from the maddening crowd and wend our way, meandering o'er the rolling prairie," put in our class poet.

"But if the prairie doesn't roll more easily than your last lines in the 'Collegiate,' old man, it will make pretty rocky riding," replied Wilson. "In order to preserve our tires from their peculiar accidents and ourselves from pedestrianism, let us keep to the beaten track."

And so we passed an evening in discussing ways and means and in discountenancing each others plans. Finally it was agreed to start early Monday morning following. We were to ride over the famous "century course" to Northfield, fifty miles south; thence cross country, striking the Minnesota river at Shakopee. The last stage of the trip would take us along that picturesque stream back to St. Paul, whither we expected to arrive Wednesday evening.

As the start was to be made at 4 o'clock sharp the poet and Wilson lodged with me, and I prepared them such a breakfast as would enable them to properly appreciate the scenery. The Poet went into raptures over my biscuit and Wilson praised the table salt. Contrary to the malicious prophecies of our friends, we left them serenely sleeping at 3:55 a. m., and were soon rolling along the great trunk path toward the heart of the city. We had light spirits and good repair outfits, and as we rode the air seemed laden with rejuvenating essence. The twitter of the half awake sparrows and the steady crunch of the tires were the only sounds, save here and there the morning alarm and the challenge of a restless rooster. We had no baggage, as we intended to so time ourselves as to have hotel accommodations. We wore no linen, but simply bicycle suits and good woolen sweaters.

The high bridge over the Mississippi was shortly before us. What a climb is that, my countrymen! For least half a mile of incline intervenes between the river's banks. From the middle one can look down hundreds of feet into the swirling "Father" and thank heaven his mind is sound, for many have been the suicides hurled from the railing. However, no dismal foreboding affected us, so entrancingly beautiful was the sunrise that now illumined the eastern sky, reflected dazzlingly upon the water and threw its splendor over the careless city behind us.

For some time we traveled the noted "Dodd Road" in its tortuous course southward. It is lined with magnificent trees and bountiful fields spread far and wide to east and west. We had some sport with he Poet, who wanted to alight and immortalize the "beauteous verdure of the wheaten field," by assuring him oats were not used to such things; that the crop would be ruined. Declaiming against our callousness, he however forsook his notion and again the country was saved. He had his revenge when Wilson, noticing an ancient cultivator left to rot out its last days, conjectured how many years had elapsed since the pioneer had guided his oxen, overturning the virgin sod with that selfsame plow.

We lunched at Farmington, half a century old, one-time wheat center; but now practically deceased in the shadow of the great Twins. Nevertheless it has a good school, some enterprising merchants, a half dozen struggling pastors and a good railway station where gathers several times a day to meet the trains half the population. Then it follows the mail bag to the postoffice and stands around running the government on new and improved plans, while the patient postmaster is busied telling the various applicants that there is "nothin' today."

The heat becoming somewhat oppressive, we were glad to shed our coats, which we tied on our handlebars. Notwithstanding the sun, no jot of enjoyment was lost. A faint breeze fanned our cheeks and the road, hard as adamant, was nearly dustless on account of a slight rain the night before. We determined to visit the historic Castle Rock, and by a slight diversion from the way were soon in its shadow. Surely no Egyptian monument is more symmetrical than its sides, and whether nature or man fashioned it the art is pre-eminent. The tower, by action of the weather, fell some years ago and so the castle has lost its crowning glory, but even now one is ever impressed with its lonely grandeur. We fell into an argument concerning the Indian, his destiny, his treatment, and almost overstayed our time, for we had planned to dine at Northfield.

And we did, being in the mood for a race. Coming to an exceptionally fine piece of road we bent over with as much vim as though a prize awaited the winner. We had agreed before that the last arrival at a certain poplar about a mile ahead must furnish dinner for the three. To our chagrin the rattle-headed Poet won and was composing a sonnet on that said poplar when we dismounted to wipe our perspiring brows. At a slower pace we continued our journey and by noon were enjoying a good meal at my expense.

No one can get away from Northfield in a hurry. Its beauties of hill and dale, of stream and forest are bewitching. Its half-village, half-metropolitan air, its centers of learning and its historic interest keep one delighted. Here the notorious Younger gang came to grief in their raid on the Greystone bank that still does business. But only after a fierce fight in which the cashier was killed and two of the bandidts, were the citizens successful. Stillwater holds tightly two of the Youngers, despite desperate efforts to pardon them; one has served his sentence, and, freed from earthly bonds, has gone to meet the Supreme Judge "who shall do right."

After a good night's rest we started up the second day of the triangular course we had mapped out, steering our course northwesterly. Oh, what a morning! Why shall Nature continue to waste her sweetness while the crowd sleeps on? Why shall the joys of the earth, air and sky be felt by the toiling farmer alone, who has not time to appreciate them? Thus I questioned as we rode in temporary silence. My companions must have been similarly impressed for Wilson shouted back to me:

"Isn't it great to be able to ride without ringing a bell and smelling a garbage wagon?"

And the Poet said he wished some of the played-out people would learn the advantages of bicycling before it became automatic, which we thought was a sensible idea for him to express and told him so.

We did not ride very fast as the road was rather sandy. The grass by the roadside, freshened by its late sprinkling, invited us to occasionally alight and rest, outspread beneath some thick-leaved tree. We had need of one such retreat at a critical moment when Wilson's chain separated and left his feet flying furiously around while the wheel sauntered on, brushing the rider against a sturdy oak. He did not swear.

On the contrary, Wilson is always cheery and we, consequently, were ready to help repair the chain. The tree for all its rudeness furnished a workshop sheltered from the sun and we bent smilingly to the task. Try to do anything alone and your evil nature gains the ascendency. Two or three, viewing the matter rightly, can be happy in the most distressing circumstances. So by work and wit combined, the chain was soon joined by means of a piece of wire found by chance in one of the tool bags. Wilson snatched away from the Poet a half-composed memoir of the occasion and we proceeded.

There are some comfortable farmers in this section. The fields were rejoicing in a new vigor and the pastured stock cavorting about at our approach seemed filled with the spirit of the day. How fortunate are they, with no premonition of impending labor or sorrow to enjoy carelessly the brief time of recreation. But their owners did not seem imbued with the same strenuous delight to see us, evidently supposing us teachers, agents or aristocratic tramps. However, we found an old gentleman who allowed us to quench our thirst in his milk house, and whose worthy mate insisted upon giving us fresh doughnuts. Jove's nectar and Ambrosia never gave him such satisfaction and did those simple offerings us. "And free, too," said Wilson, who is of an economic turn.

After a noon-day stop at an inland postoffice, doubly misnamed New Market, where we saw no one but the owner of a neat farm, we arrived at Shakopee. Here lives yet the old chief from whom the town is named; still is he the friend of the whites and meriting their friendship. For he stood by in the dark days of Little Crow's rebellion and saved from savage onslaught many a defenseless one. He is a picturesque personage, but one would rather see him in the old blanket and feathers than in the tamer white man's trousers and shirt.

Another night's repose and we were ready to complete our most enjoyable trip. One cannot do justice to the delights of the river scenery. I thought that I would be but little surprised if the fabled nymphs, dryads and satyrs were to suddenly appear. The road wanders on, now within easy distance to the stream, now hidden by the bluffs.

A few miles out we had a rather peculiar adventure. The Poet and I were riding about half a mile ahead of Wilson, when, coming to a corner, we turned off to drink at a well back in an orchard. Just beyond there is a knoll in the road, and Wilson apparently thought that we had gone down the other side. On the other hand, we supposed that he had seen us enter until we saw him ride by; then, determined to have some fun at his expense, we mounted and were soon on the knoll. From there we could see Wilson, of the mind that we were running away from him, bending over his handle bars, in grim determination to catch us or die—or perhaps both. We followed leisurely for about four miles, and then we saw a lone figure gazing intently ahead, the way being comparatively straight for several miles, even as Balboa must have done many times before he reached the broad Pacific. We enjoyed a few moments of joking with our friend, who was drenched with perspiration. His tired look ought to have drawn sympathetic tears from Scylla herself, but bicyclists are neither godlike nor human; so we laughed. And Wilson joined in very heartily.

We reached Mendota, the oldest village in the state, about 6 o'clock. Through this cluster of houses in the well formed by a circle of large bluffs, we pursued our rather toilsome way to the ferry, and in a few minutes were on the parade ground of noble old Fort Snelling. Renowned, though never embattled, its troops have departed to fight on a hundred fields, and every Minnesotan loves its round and square tower, its barracks, its beautiful surroundings.

On schedule time we rolled into the throbbing, practical life of the capital, better able to come and be a part of it on account of our absence. We had traveled nearly 200 miles, taken the good natured offered us, and been taught by many influences under which we had come. We had been wise, too, to let but little of our ignorance of farm life reveal itself. We had always wished our rural acquaintances good crops and hoped their sheep would prove a success, but farther than this we seldom ventured. However, I had scored one good point by giving a host some inadvertently gleaned market information.

The Poet amused us once more by reciting to us an enthusiastic scrawl dedicated to "The Triangular Bicyclists."

"Grip robbed me of my sleep and I was nearly crazy with neuralgia and headache. Dr. Miles' Pain Pills and Nervine cured me."—Mrs. Pearl Bush, Holland, Mich.

THE GOLDEN IDOL.

—BY FERGUS HUME.—

CHAPTER XIX.

A TRAVELING COMPANION.

On his way to the office, Teddy still stuck to his silent tactics. He felt that his unruly tongue had already done enough damage for one day; and he knew, too, that in Eli Marks he had no child to deal with.

Teddy would not then have risked an interview with him, but that a wild idea had entered his head that the Jew might himself have been the cause of Leonard's disappearance. Marks it was evident had been all along very anxious to get posession of the idol—for what purpose Teddy could not guess. But it was quite conceivable that, thinking Leonard might have had it about him on leaving Trafalgar Villa that fatal night, he should have had that young man kidnaped.

So altogether Teddy looked forward to a somewhat strenuous quarter of an hour with the gentleman by his side. However, he pulled himself together, and determined that whatever he might do or not do, his tongue should not run away with him.

In ten minutes they reached the Jew's house. On the first floor they entered a neatly furnished private room—the parlor of the money-lending spider. Eli locked the door—an action which showed how much importance he attached to the forthcoming interview—produced a bottle of champagne and some cigars, and generally played the part of a genial host.

But Teddy was not to be managed that way. He declined the wine on the plea that he did not touch it at so early an hour, intimated that he preferred his own tobacco, and settled himself down in an easy chair for the enemy to open fire. The Jew, who had not met one of Teddy's breed before, looked at the astute, freckled face of the boy with something like admiration, and put the wine away. He took a cigar himself and lighted up.

"I see you weren't born yesterday, Mr. Vyse," he remarked, with a bland smile, when they were both comfortable.

"No, nor the day before," responded Teddy, not to be caught by this flattering talk. "We had better come to the point, as we are in opposite camps, Mr. Marks."

"Are we in opposite camps," inquired the Jew, with a searching look.

"I think so. You want that idol and I want Lieutenant Jayne. Why did you trap him that way?" asked Teddy, abruptly.

He hoped to take Marks by surprise, but the Jew was too well used to delicate situations to allow his emotions—if any—to get the upper hand of him. The heathen Chinee could not have worn a more childlike and bland expression than that which was on his face when he met Teddy's eye.

"I trap Mr. Jayne?" said he, with surprise, wonderfully well feigned, if it were not natural. "My good sir, I had nothing to do with that. I'm astonished you should think such a thing of me!"

"Humph! Well, perhaps it's natural you should be astonished. Anyhow I presume you won't deny that you run the back, and I'll help you to what you want—that idol!"

"How can I help you?"

"That's best known to yourself. There is no doubt that that Nebby, while hiding in the jar, found the package containing the idol, and put it into his pocket, regardless of what it might be. You said he was a born thief, you know. Well, I'll find Nebby, and get that idol for you. On your side, you must tell me where Jayne is."

"I don't know, sir—once for all. I had no hand in his disappearance. As to the idol, I can get it from Nebby myself."

"Not if I know it. I'll see Inspector Dyke about that."

Marks gasped and bit his lip. "I don't think you'd better rely upon the police in a delicate matter of this kind, Mr. Vyse. You'll find they're a heavy-handed lot. Besides, I don't want them poking their noses into my affairs."

"I can quite understand that," said the genial Teddy, lighting his third cigarette. "Oh, you can, can you! And how about yourself? How did you get that idol to put into the jar? It was, I believe, in the possession of Gen. Burnley, and he, Mr. Vyse, was murdered."

"So he was, Mr. Marks. And who killed him? Who killed him?"

"You should know that," said the Jew, looking threateningly at the boy.

Teddy laughed. "Oh, I'm not the man," he said, coolly; "so don't think you're going to score off me on that tack. But I know who is; just as you know who made off with Lieut. Jayne—if you didn't do it yourself!"

"Oh, no; I didn't do it." He reflected for a moment. "Who killed Burnley?"

"Ah; that's the question. I never give something for nothing, Mr. Marks. Your trade ought to teach you better than to expect it. You tell me who got rid of Jayne, who decoyed him on board that yacht, and I tell you—what I know."

"I can't tell you. I haven't the least idea."

"Very good; then we had better end this conversation," and Vyse stood up to go.

With a deprecatory wave of the hand Marks stopped him. With a young man of this calibre he judged it best not to be unduly rash.

"Let us understand one another quite clearly, Mr Vyse. Supposing I were able to tell you—I say supposing, mind——"

"Oh, yes, I understand—saving clause. Go on!"

"Well, then, supposing I were able to tell you what you want to know; you would in return tell me—since you confess you know—who killed Gen. Burnley?"

"Certainly!"

"And I have your word that this does not pass beyond ourselves?"

"Quite so."

"Very well, then, Mr. Vyse, suppose you begin!"

Teddy hesitated. He stood to lose nothing material, even if the Jew did break his word. At all events, he decided he would risk it. "The Chinaman, Jinfou, killed him," he said. "I will tell you the whole case as I know it." Then he retailed his story exactly as he had done to Fancy and Norah. The Jew's eyes glistened as he heard it.

"I can quite understand Jinfou wanting that idol," he said, when Teddy finished. "He knows what I know about it!"

"And what's that?"

"Our bargain doesn't embrace that piece of information, Mr. Vyse. However"—he snapped his fingers—"that for Jinfou! After what you tell me, I don't expect he'll show up here again. So I'll have it all my own way. Well, so you want to know about Lieut. Jayne, do you? It was a queer affair, wasn't it?"

"It was—very. Come, Mr. Marks, I rely on your promise."

"Oh, I'm going to keep it. The name of the man you want is Philip Wharton!"

Teddy gasped. This was the last name he had expected to hear. "What! Miss Wharton's brother?"

"Yes; he came down here to borrow from me. I refused him. He came across an old college chum who was lying off here with his yacht, and induced him—I don't know how—to join him in this affair. It was Philip Wharton who took Dinch's boat and decoyed Jayne on board. Being Miss Wharton's brother, I suppose the young man trusted him. More than that, I don't know."

"But who told you this?"

"The young man himself. He wanted money to get away from Fletmouth——"

"Why didn't he go in the Fairy, then?"

"That I can't say," replied Marks, frankly, "unless he fancied he might be suspected. He came to me for money—I had lent it to him in his better days. I forced him to tell me the truth, for I suspected he'd been up to some mischief. But, although he told me, he refused to say why he had decoyed Jayne on board. Then I gave him the money I promised him, and he went."

(To Be Continued Daily.)

The 6th day of March is last day to save 5 per cent discount on high service water rents.

"After suffering for two months from a severe attack of grip I found quick relief and a lasting cure by using Dr. Miles' Nervine, Pain Pills and Heart Cure."—Harry Abbott, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A SUDDEN CHANGE.

Papa—Confound that new fellow of Mary's. Here it is midnight, and he is commencing to sing. I'll go down and k ick him out.

"Why—er—er—good evening! I just came down to ask you to sing that last piece over again."

Fairy?"

"The Fairy? What Fairy?"

"The yacht on board which Jayne was decoyed. I know that much. How, it does not matter. Come, Mr. Marks, I know you are dying to get hold of that idol——"

"How do you know?" he asked, sharply. "The extent of Teddy's knowledge was evidently making him uneasy.

"Because, for one thing, you put that servant, Jael Moss, into Mrs. Wharton's service to look for it."

"Pshaw! What arrant nonsense! How could I force a woman——"

"Oh, as to that, I haven't forgotten the hint of Jael being under your thumb Mrs. Isaacs let fall. You may as well speak plainly."

Eli smothered a curse. The boy was really annoying him; but he kept his temper. "Very well," he said at length, but with some sullenness, "I will speak plainly. I do want that idol. Why, it doesn't matter. Sufficient that my reason—well, is of no importance."

"Oh, isn't it! Then why did you go to such lengths as to take away a man's liberty on the chance of getting it?"

"I tell you I had nothing to do with the disappearance of your friend. Do you think I'm such a fool as to put myself in the clutches of the law?"

"No," replied Teddy, drily, "I don't think you are—unless with very, very strong reason. Well, I say you did, you say you didn't. Let's leave it like that. Now, I'll make a bargain with you—fair and square. You help me to get Jayne

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Advice of a Famous Physician.

First and foremost, REST.

Take care of yourself. Your already weakened nerves want rest, and must have it. If the attack is severe, go to bed and remain there. More fatalities result from the neglect of this precaution than from any other cause.

Eat sparingly. Your digestive organs are in no condition to take care of large quantities of food.

Drink plenty of pure, cold water. It allays the fever, stimulates the kidneys to action and opens up the pores of the skin. Keep the bowels open with Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills.

Take three doses of Dr. Miles' Nervine per day, and if you cannot sleep take an extra dose at bedtime. To further control the fever, and to overcome the peculiar aches and pains of grip, use Dr. Miles' Pain Pills. They act quickly and effectually, and no bad effects result from their use. These remedies have been thoroughly tested more than a million times, and their efficiency is thoroughly established. They never fail to give relief.

Dr. Miles' Remedies can be found at any drug store, and they are sold on a positive guarantee that first bottle or package benefits or money refunded.

DEATHS

HECK—Margaretha, beloved wife of William Heck, at her home, 613 North street, Sunday, March 3, aged twenty-eight years. Funeral from above residence, Wednesday morning, March 6, at 8:30 o'clock. Service at Sacred Heart church at 9 o'clock.

IRVINE—In St. Paul, Minn., March 1, 1901, at 12 p. m., Mrs. Margaret Cady Irvine, aged sixty-eight years. Funeral Monday, March 4, at 2:30 p. m., at her old home, 279 Mackubin street. Friends invited. Interment private.

AMUSEMENTS.