

any man's conduct where a woman is concerned, Captain Brett. I have known men who had always been the very soul of honor throw up all their traditions and come a cropper when the petticoat appeared. I wouldn't stake my life on any man's line of action then, but my firm belief is that if Durant could not have got the lady straight and above-board he would have left her. He is not the man to do anything dirty or underhand. No, sir," and Gates rose and stood over me, looking me straight in the face, "no, sir. Arthur Durant is not a man of that sort. He is straight as a die, and I would trust him as I trust myself."

"He certainly has a very good friend for you, Mr. Gates," I remarked, for Gates' defense of his absent friend had somewhat surprised me. I had certainly not given him credit of being capable of so much chivalrous feeling for anybody. Gates did not reply, but went on: "And Durant could hardly be the man you want, since he left the country so soon after the lady's disappearance. He must have been an ardent lover, whoever persuaded her to take the step, and would scarcely have tired of her so soon."

"There is certainly something in that," I remarked.

"But there would be no harm done in trying to find where Durant is," continued Mr. Gates. "I have friends both in Salt Lake City and in Frisco, and can either write to them to make inquiries or give you letters of introduction to them if you prefer to do so yourself."

"You are extremely kind," I replied, "and I cannot thank you enough for your offer and the information you have given me. If you would be good enough to write to your friends yourself on the matter, I shall be much indebted to you. I simply want to be put in communication with Mr. Durant."

"I understand perfectly," said Mr. Gates, "and I will write by the next mail and ask for a cable if Durant is found."

I thanked him warmly for his good offices and rose to go. And now notice on what trivial things our lives are made to hinge. I had been rather struck by some of the weapons displayed on the walls, and as I walked toward the door made some remark about them. Gates seemed pleased to show his curios and gave me some interesting particulars about them. I was standing by the drawer which Gates had opened to find Durant's letter. It had jammed when he tried to close it and he had left it half open. In the corner nearest me I happened to notice a photograph on the top of some papers. It struck my eye quite casually, and somehow it awakened recollections in my mind. I glanced at it again while my host was talking and showing the weapons. It was the picture of a woman, and I was certain I had seen it before, but for the life of me I could not remember when or where, and all the time I was talking and listening to Gates my mind was groping for a clue, but I could not find one.

At last I bade my host adieu and left him. I was very well satisfied with my afternoon's work, for I felt sure that Durant would be able to help us and wishful to do so, since he had undoubtedly been in love with Lady Florence. I was thinking of this while I was making my way out of the hotel. I had just gained the pavement outside when suddenly it flashed across me why the photograph in Mr. Keighley Gates' drawer had attracted my attention.

I had seen that photograph before, and it was then in the Scotland Yard album, over the name of Lady Florence Mostyn!

What did this mean?
Who could this other woman be?
Who had put her photograph in the Scotland Yard album? And for what purpose had it been done?
There was something very mysterious here.

CHAPTER IX.

MORE ABOUT LADY FLORENCE MOSTYN.

I returned to my hotel pondering over the singular incident of the photograph, and was told a gentleman was waiting for me in my room. I opened my door and found some one was evidently making himself very much at home there. The room was hung with cigar smoke, through which I could discern a pair of boots resting on the top of the table, and beyond them their owner fast asleep in an easy chair. A box of my cigars lay open on the table.

I carefully scrutinized the gentleman who had made so free with my property,

but failed to recognize him. He was a clean shaven man, pallid with midnight oil or whisky, with an abundance of well greased hair curling behind his ears. He was got up with considerable care in the extreme fashion of last year, but on close scrutiny his clothes were somewhat threadbare.

As he seemed to be enjoying his sleep I did not disturb him, but seated myself opposite and read the evening paper.

I had got pretty well through the sheet before my visitor stirred. He groaned uneasily, then lifted his feet down with much anxiety, for evidently, like their owner, they also had gone to sleep. He was too much occupied in

arousing them from their slumbers to bestow any attention on me. At last, when circulation had been thoroughly restored, he descended to notice me.

"Capital cigars, these of yours, captain," said he.

"I'm glad you like them," I responded politely. "Perhaps you'll have another?"

"Thanks! I don't mind if I do," he coolly replied, and then selected one with great care and proceeded to light it. I had not intended my suggestion to be followed, so, with particular emphasis on my actions, I got up, closed the box, placed it in a drawer and turned the key.

"I suppose you've got to be pretty careful in a hotel, captain?" my companion went on after watching my proceeding with considerable interest.

"One cannot be too much so," I rejoined, "otherwise somebody is sure to take advantage of your negligence."

My visitor did not seem to consider himself referred to by my speech, or at any rate he did not deign to notice it.

"Well, captain," he went on, "I suppose you don't know whom you are addressing?"

"I have not that pleasure," I replied gravely.

"I am Finneure Vandeleur," I bowed.

"Finneure Vandeleur, captain," he repeated.

"So you said before."

"And so I say again, sir. There is only one Finneure Vandeleur."

"Thank heaven for that," I said to myself.

"Which piece have you seen me in, captain?"

"I'm afraid I don't remember to have seen you at all, Mr. Vandeleur," I rejoined. "But perhaps you will tell me why you have favored me with this call."

"Not seen Finneure Vandeleur!" he murmured plaintively. "Surely you are mistaken? You remember Fontiboy in 'Lost in the Great Sahara,' surely, and Desmond?"

"My dear sir," I interrupted, with some acidity, "will you or will you not kindly inform me of your business? Your professional career is no doubt highly creditable, but I cannot discuss the matter with you."

Mr. Vandeleur sighed. "If these cigars were not really good, Captain Brett, I think I should go now, but as they are excellent I will tell you my errand. I think you are interesting yourself in the South Audley street murder?"

My flagging attention was at once aroused.

"That is so," I replied.

"Well, I think I can give you some information. This Lady Florence Mostyn had the honor of appearing for a fortnight with me in the leading parts of the play which you just now dismissed so contemptuously. I played Desmond and she played Maude in 'Hearts Are Trumps' some two years ago, and played them, sir, to crowded houses."

"Are you quite certain of this, Mr. Vandeleur?" I asked, for the information considerably surprised me.

"Quite, captain. When Finneure Vandeleur makes an assertion, the gospel isn't in it for accuracy."

"I presume the lady had a stage name?"

"Exactly. She called herself Mary Western, and I only know her real name when I saw the photograph which is now in every shop window."

"But surely you may be mistaken, Mr. Vandeleur. It may be very like Lady Florence, and yet Miss—what did you say?—Western may be quite another person altogether."

"I think not, captain. The dates coincide pretty well. She joined our company about a year after the Duke of Lundy's daughter was announced as having disappeared, and she certainly appeared to be in trouble. But it is the picture I rely upon. It's her down to the ground. She used to wear a dress very like the one she was photographed in, and the absolute resemblance strikes me at once. Mind you, I was not the first to notice it. Bill Haynes—you have seen Bill Haynes, captain, surely—the low comedy man who made such a hit as the count in 'The Bally Ragger?' No? Well, really! But to return. I say it was Bill Haynes who first drew my attention to it, and there are others of our old company who have noticed it. It's a dead certainty, captain; take my word for it."

"Then I will take your word for it, Mr. Vandeleur, since you are so certain, and I am very much obliged to you for the information. You will still further increase the debt if you will tell me all you know of her. Have another cigar?"

"Thanks, awfully. They really are good ones. It's a long time since I sampled such a box. Oh, I'll tell you all I know, although you never did see 'Lost in the Great Sahara.' Believe me, there is a trait in store for you. Well, let me see. It was in some money forsaken Scotch hole she joined us, but which particular accursed spot I can't remember now. I only know we were all pretty well stamped. We played to 22 1/2 houses, captain, and if you've never done that you don't know what it means. Fact was, we were ruined by the leading lady. We were playing 'The Lady of Lyons' there, and her Pauline was just about sickening. Even the Scotch recognized that, and they didn't much care to see her floundering about the stage under the influence of their own particular still. If there is any sampling to be done, they prefer to do it themselves."

"Well, there we were when Mary Western joined us as a 'super.' Dick Lambert introduced her, I remember, to Flannery, our manager, and he, being susceptible, took her on straight off the reel. Dick grew rather sick as time went on, and once he told Flannery he'd kick him either up stairs or down—he did not much mind which—if he pestered the lady so. Dick left the company—had to leave—got the chuck—a fortnight from that day, but he followed us about from town to town for every-

where that Mary went old Dick was sure to go.

"They were a curious pair, captain—as curious as I ever saw. He seemed deuced fond of her in a way, and she fond of him, also in a way, but they never spooned, as you would have expected. However, that was their concern, and not mine. As I said before, Miss Western joined as a 'super,' and a remarkably good one she made, so much so that when an understudy for Pauline became increasingly necessary she was singled out for the job.

"One night her chance came. Pauline was blind drunk and could not possibly be allowed on the boards. Miss Western took her place, and never in all my life did I ever see a finer bit of acting. She literally brought down the house, and she filled us with so much of her own enthusiasm that we all of us clean forgot we were playing to 22 1/2. Upon my life I nearly fell in love with her myself that night, and when I told her that

"At noon
We'd sit beneath the arching vines and wonder
Why earth could be unhappy while the heavens
Still left us youth and love,
why, I wished we were sitting there, that's all. Her career was made from that night. Juliet was her next success, and that led to Maude in 'Hearts Are Trumps,' in which she was simply magnificent. After that the deluge came.

"Miss Western vanished!

"We heard afterward that it was a letter which had bowled her over. Anyway she went and left not a trace behind, and Dick vanished too. Verb. sat. sup., captain, as the ancients said under similar conditions, and that's all I know of Miss Mary Western, and it's dry work talking, captain."

I took the hint, and when Mr. Vandeleur seemed again quite happy with his surroundings I went on:

"And the man Dick? What did you say his name was?"

"Lambert."

"This Dick Lambert—can you tell me anything of him?"

"Nothing much to his good. Seemed to be a careless toddy crusher—only that and nothing more." He had a chance many a time and oft, but he never got beyond the First Gravedigger in 'Hamlet,' and a deuced poor one he was too."

"What was he like in appearance?"

"Old Red Sandstone we used to call him. Red and sandy were his colors, sir, with an occasional patch of black about the eyes. He was a darning good judge of horseflesh though, and he said he once knew Latin, but there was no particular reason for believing him. He had been a bit of a bruiser in his time and had been handy with the shooting irons in California. He lost one arm there in an argument."

"Then you think Miss Western went off with him?"

"Well, what do you think? Female woman; male man. Chums—very much chums. Female woman disappears. Male man ditto. Verb. sat. sup., as I said before."

"Were they never heard of again?"

"Dick has been seen, and he is at large now and no doubt could be found, but Miss Western was utterly lost sight of till we recognized the photograph. By the bye, Miss Western seems to have had a good many admirers. The day after she went a man turned up who made himself felt like a slice of Egyptian darkness when he was told she had hooked it with Dick. There would be trouble in their camp that week, I venture to suggest."

"What was he like?"

"Don't remember. In fact, I never saw him. He only staid a few hours—just long enough to make those he met wish he had gone earlier. He was not a sociable man that day, captain."

"Is there anything more you can tell me, Mr. Vandeleur?"

"Nothing about Miss Western and the one-armed joker, but on present day matters I may say that my benefit takes place next week and you may then have your wish gratified of seeing Finneure Vandeleur in his finest part. We are performing 'Lost in the Great Sahara' at Islington next week, sir. I hope I may rely upon seeing you on my night—Friday."

"You may rely upon me, Mr. Vandeleur, as a slight return for your kindness in giving me this information. Have you any tickets on you?"

"You are a man of business, captain. I have. Shall we say a box? That will be one guinea. Thank you, sir. Now I must go. On Friday of next week, then. Thanks, I will have another smoke, as you insist. You have a taste in cigars, captain. Even a landlubber can see that." And with these and sundry other disjointed sentences Mr. Vandeleur bowed himself out.

(To be Continued.)

Original Notice.

THE STATE OF IOWA, ss—In District Court, CRAWFORD COUNTY.

Eugene Gulick, plaintiff, against H. E. McDonough, C. E. Craft, defendants.

To C. E. Craft, Defendant:

You are hereby notified that a petition of the plaintiff—in the above entitled action—is now on file in the office of the clerk of said court, praying for the foreclosure of a certain mortgage given by H. E. McDonough to plaintiff upon the following described property situated in Crawford county, Iowa, to-wit:

Lots numbered five (5) and six (6), in block one hundred and forty one (141) in the incorporated town of Denison as shown by the recorded plat thereof, together with all machinery and creamery apparatus belonging thereto or used therein, all improvements added to or made thereon, said mortgage bearing date November 28th, 1895, and filed for record in the office of the recorder of deeds of Crawford county, Iowa, November 27th, 1895, and recorded in Book 63 of mortgages, on page 155, and unless you appear thereto and defend on or before noon of the second day of the next February term of said District Court, to be begun and held at the Court House in Denison, in said county, on the 13th day of February 1899, default will be entered against you, and judgment rendered thereon.

SHAW, KUEHNLE & BEARD,
14-cent
Plaintiff's Attorneys.

SCALE BOOKS.

The REVIEW office has a large supply of blank scale books for sale. These books contain one hundred and twenty-five pages and four tickets on a page, and are sold at the low rate of one dollar. Anyone needing scale books would do well to call.

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Services every Sunday. Sunday School 9:30 to 10:30. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Class meeting 11:30. Prayer meetings every Wednesday evening.
Rev. G. CLAUSSEN, Pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH.
Class meeting at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 and 7:30. Sunday School at 11:45. Junior League at 3:30 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening. Teachers' meeting following prayer meeting.
Rev. E. E. HOFFMANN, Pastor.

GERMAN EVANGELICAL—Lutheran.
Regular services at 10:30 a. m. on Sundays. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.
Rev. F. LOTHINGER, Pastor.

BAPTIST.
Preaching services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. You g People's Union Monday evening at 7:30. Prayer meetings Tuesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' prayer meetings Friday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock. Covenant meetings before first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 11:45.
Rev. F. W. BATESON, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN.
Sabbath services after first day of May at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sabbath school at 11:45 a. m. and Young People's Christian Endeavor at 7:30 p. m. Weekly prayer meetings Thursday at 7:30 p. m. Bible class and Teachers' meeting immediately after prayer meeting. Choir practice Friday at 7:30 p. m. Ladies Aid every third Wednesday at 3 o'clock, and Ladies' Missionary Society every second Friday of the month.
Rev. A. G. MARTIN, Pastor.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST—L. D. S.
Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sunday School at 10:30 a. m.
J. T. TURNER, Pastor.
Deloit, Iowa.

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Services every Sunday at 10:30 and Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Prayers at 7:30. Reading room in connection. Open from 3 to 6 p. m. The public is invited to call and acquaint themselves with the teachings of Christian Science.

DENISON FRATERNITIES.

DOWDALL LODGE NO. 90, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS. Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in Henry hall. Visiting members always cordially welcome.
HUGO GEHRET, C. C. J. F. GLENN, K. R. & S.

SYLVAN LODGE NO. 507, A. F. & A. M. Regular meeting Tuesday evening on or before full moon. Special meetings on Tuesday following, Laub's Hall. Visiting members in the city are urged to attend.
A. OSWALD, W. M. C. M. STAFFY, Sec'y.

SYLVAN CHAPTER NO. 207, O. E. S. Regular meeting first Tuesday evening after full moon in Laub's hall. Visiting members welcome.
Mrs. J. B. ROMBS, W. M. MAX NICK, Sec'y.

DENISON LODGE NO. 228, I. O. O. F. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in Laub's Hall. Odd Fellows visiting in the city are especially invited.
FRANK DAY, N. G. G. A. SMITH, Sec'y.

SIDONIA LODGE NO. 333, I. O. O. F. (German). Meets every Friday night, in Laub's Hall at 8 o'clock. Visiting members especially welcomed.
FRED CLAUSSEN, N. G. PETER KRAUTH, Sec'y.

HAWKEYE CAMP NO. 76, WOODMEN OF THE WORLD. Meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock in Laub's Hall. Visiting sovereigns invited.
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Notice of Appointment of Administrator.

STATE OF IOWA, ss—In Probate.
CRAWFORD COUNTY.

In the matter of the estate of F. Andrew Malone late of Crawford county, deceased.

Notice of appointment of Administrator.

You are hereby notified that on the 22nd day of December, 1898 letters of administration were issued to the undersigned, as administrator of the above entitled estate, and all creditors of said estate are notified to file their claims in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of Crawford county, Iowa, within one year from the date of this notice, according to law, and have the same allowed and ordered paid by the said court, or stand forever barred therefrom.

Dated December 22, 1898.

MARY MALONE,
Administrator.

Shaw, Kuehnle & Beard, Attorneys.

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