THE HOUSE OF ISSTENS.

By Sir D'Artagan Isstens, Cadet of a Great House, Knight of the Royal Order of Wassmark and One Time Embassador to the Court of Charles I of England.

MADE INTO A ROMANCE BY THEODORE ROBERTS.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE PRISONER OF THE ROSE.

Three days passed without further orders from my royal master.

But in the meantime Harry, who had ridden from Isstens on business, heard of my presence in the town, and you may well imagine the joy of our meeting.

But when I told him that duty called me into the saddle again, to spur in I knew not what direction, he was sorely disappointed. It was now the second week in December, and the joy of Yuletide, he told me, warmed the old house of Isstens from the stables to the tower. Many guests were expected to make cheer there, among these the Lady St. Arnaud and others from the court.

Tom promised, in case I could not get home for the merry season, to take my place among the ladies so far as might be.

That evening, when we were making merry together in our rooms, each with a long pipe and a glass, a message arrived with a paper for me and a large package sealed. The first was addressed "To Sir D'Artagan Isstens, Knight of the Royal Order of Wassmark," and ran:

"It is my pleasure that you ride out tonight to the inn of the Three Trees, which lies some 20 miles east of this city, starting such time that you may arrive at the inn shortly before dawn. Do not enter, but wait near by until a coach, unescorted, drawn by three grays and a black, arrives. From a discrete distance you will see them change the horses and bring refreshment out to the inmate of the coach.

"When they proceed on their journey, you will follow at a distance of some ten rods, and should any one molest or threaten the vehicle, ride up and defend it. The pace will be hard, and at Blatenburg the horses will be again changed, and you, too, will need a fresh mount. From there you will follow to a little fishing village on the coast, a distance of over 12 miles You will wait, out of sight, until the inmate of the coach has had ample time to go on board the ship Rose, now lying ready to sail. Then you will ride down to the shore and signal, and the captain will have a boat ready to take you out also with your horse.

"Show the captain of the vessel these papers sealed with my seal. They will not be opened as they do, but say that you are embassador to the court of England for the court of Wassmark. Concerning which, I hope, sir, you do not object to having the post thrust upon you.

"After this make your presence known to the person who rode in the coach.

"Upon reaching England you will know best what to do and how severely to deal with your prisoner, who has more than once threatened the peace of Wassmark.

"The risks you take are not great. I close with my blessing on the adventure."

I did not share the contents of this letter with my comrades, but thrust it and the package into a concealed pocket of my coat and asked Harry to let me have his horse until the following day. "I want Hagart for my second mount," I explained, "and will leave him here."

As they did not intend to start for Isstens for a few days Harry readily gave me the desired permission.

Within an hour I climbed to the saddle, taking care not to wrench my newly mended knee. The viscount's horse was a round barreled sorrel—swift and easy.

I rode leisurely, pondering on the king's orders. Why, if I had touched sore his pride, had he made me a knight, and now embassador to the English court? And why the secrecy of this last strange venture—this riding behind the coach, and yet not with it? For a moment the thought of treachery crossed my mind, but I put it out with a curse, knowing that the king was ever a man to love open fighting. So through all the remaining hours of the night I rode with my gloomy heart.

There were few signs of dawn in the sky when I sighted the inn of the Three Trees. Snow lay frozen on the road and a fanged wind started out of the east. Shelter of some kind I meant to have, and, looking about, I espied at a little distance from the outbuildings of the hostel a half ruined stable. One corner, under the roof of thatch, was snug enough, and here the good horse stood contentedly while I kept watch at the door, slapping my arms across my chest, after the manner of woodchoppers in the forests of Isstens.

The dawn broke at last, yellow and red. It was a dreary piece of country—wide meadows divided by lines of poplars—which stretched before the door of our refuge. Away to the right the white and gray monotony was broken by a wedge shaped forest of evergreens, coming down the side of a hill.

Before the sun had got his lower rim away from the horizon a coach, drawn swiftly by four horses—three grays and a black—appeared around a turn of the road. I retired from the door, and, through a crack in the wall, watched it draw near and pass, and in a few seconds my ears told me that it had stopped at the inn.

Though my knee was still somewhat stiff, I managed to crawl up to the edge of a broken manger, and, through a hole in the thatch, watched a man change the horses, and a maidservant handed in a covered dish at the coach window.

The ride back to Blatenburg was painfully uneventful. I saw my charge drawn up at an obscure house on the edge of the city and then made all haste to our lodgings, handed Harry's horse over to a servant and flung the saddle across Hagart's stout back.

Harry and Tom came to the door while I drank off a cup of mulled wine.

When I came again in sight of the tavern at the edge of the town, the coach was just rolling out of the stable yard. Upon passing the city gates and striking the level road that runs toward the coast, the driver put his horses to a sharp trot, and Hagart swung easily after.

For several miles our way led through a low farming country. Red and white cattle clustered around the barns and in the fields; the sheep pushed away the snow with their feet and noses and cropped the grass beneath. Passing these pictures of good yeoman life, we came to a place of short hills and woods full of underbrush. Hares leaped away across the snow at our approach, and [illegible]

At times I would lose sight of my charge as it rolled down in a valley ahead. After we had covered more than half of our journey, upon topping a hill I saw the coach at a standstill, and, barring the road, a horseman. The driver was gesticulating vehemently and ever and anon jerking his thumb back in my direction.

The horseman threatened him with pistols. A slight pressure of my sword sent Hagart thundering down the hill toward them. I held the bridle in my teeth and in my left hand a dag, in my right my rapier. The horseman looked at me, fired hurriedly in my direction, and, wheeling, fled.

Hagart passed the coach like a black wind, and over the next hill we went. Not far in front, traveling a level road and lying forward in his saddle, sped the highwayman. My blood sang hot, and the coach was forgotten. Once when I had drawn well up on my quarry I turned and saw the four horses bringing along the coach at their best pace—so swiftly indeed that it lurched like a boat.

On we dashed, Hagart still running fresh. Of a sudden the man ahead jerked his horse back, leaped from his saddle with great skill and fired his other pistol. The ball whispered in my ear. Upon seeing me come on unhurt he tossed the weapon into the air and disappeared into the woods. It was madness for a man with a weak leg to think of following him. So I rode on, intending to await the coach at the span of the gradual hill ahead. When I reached this spot, I saw in front of me, not half a mile away, the little village, the blue winter sea beyond and a ship lying at anchor. Across the sand dunes trotted the riderless horse, its head high in the air and turning this way and that, as if in search of something. Its shrill whinnying was blown back to me on the salt breeze, and I felt a true sorrow for the faithful brute. Thus, I thought, would my brave Hagart look and call for me, and I patted his gleaming neck.

The coach passed me while I stood, with my back turned to the road, gazing out at the sea. A boat was beached, and a number of seamen waited on the sand. The coach was driven to the edge of the waves, and in a few minutes the driver turned his horses' heads inland, and the boat put out for the ship. The Rose lay some distance from shore.

When the coach passed on its return, the fellow on the box saluted me with much respect. He was a lusty, gray haired man, with the look of a trusty servant. "Are you armed?" I cried. And for answer he brought to view a bell mouth gun.

The highwayman's horse disappeared after him, with stirrups flying wide.

Seeing now that the boat had reached the ship's side, I rode down over the dunes and through the single street of the village to the lip of the sea.

And now came a large boat, and, upon its nearing, I saw that an officer sat at the tiller. It was soon, nose up, on the sand, and the officer stepped out and saluted me.

"I am Captain Anderson, sir," he said.

I bowed, gave him my name and drew my papers from my coat. He but glanced at the seal and said all was right.

Hagart, after some encouragement, allowed me to lead him into the boat, and, upon reaching the Rose, he was hoisted aboard without much difficulty.

"Now," said I to the captain, "I will see the prisoner."

"She is in the cabin, sir," he answered, "and I believe she expects you."

"Now, the devil have it!" I fumed. "Is there a woman thrust on my hands?" And I went straightway down the nearest hatch and into a large and well appointed cabin. But the appointments I did not notice till later, for there, standing with her face toward the door, was the Princess Barbara.

In a flash all came over me, and I would have blessed the king for his good heart, had any wits been left me. But I stood like a fool, holding fast to the knob of the door which I had closed behind me.

"Ah, D'Artagan," she cried softly, her eyes brimming with tears, her face light with happiness. "Did you never suspect it in all your long ride?"

And of the ten minutes following a greater and more skilled writer than I would do but poor justice.

When we ascended to the deck together—she in her red cloak trimmed with fur—we found Captain Anderson at the rail, gazing back at the receding shores. He turned on our approach and in an instant must have read all in the joy of our faces.

Bowing, he said, "The strangest meetings, my lady, are sometimes the happiest," and then he winked at me in the English manner.

The voyage was short, and I believe the winds favorable, though of the winds and the sea I took little notice, for as a true soldier I must needs keep a careful eye on my prisoner.

Our ship entered London harbor on a morning of the thickest fog. The captain and his two officers put to shore

"The strangest meetings, my lady, are sometimes the happiest."

with us, and we drove straightway to a little church near the docks and were wedded by a crooked old priest.

Then with the priest and the three officers we went to an inn and ordered a breakfast and the oldest wines.

The fog had rolled up by this time and from the windows of the room in which our table was spread we could see the masts of the shipping like a forest of leafless poplars. The priest, for all his crooked shoulders, was a courteous gentleman of breeding, and also a judge of wines. The captain, a good man and merry, ate and drank and cracked his jokes, and his officers, who were but boys, sat and looked, doubtlessly at me, envious. But, verily both were in love with her.

From these good gentlemen my eyes would ever come back to the one beside me, and she, for fear of what our company and the waiters might think, did but smile down the table at the parson.

We took up our abode in a tall house near the court at Whitehall and many were our friends, from his majesty Charles I to the poorest gentleman adventurer in his train.

Of Barbara I would write at some length, but she reads over my shoulder and accuses me of flattery.

A month after our arrival in London, word came from the house of Isstens, and when I read Harry's letter aloud to my wife, her curiosity was sore excited. For this is the viscount's letter—unadorned:

Dearest Dart—There are so many things to say I know not where to begin. When the Cavalier Beverley and I reached home, the first of the surprising things took place. Marion, with the rest of the family, hastened down to the great hall to greet us, and no sooner did your friend Tom clap eyes on her than he uttered a cry between astonishment and joy. Marion went all white as my powdered wig, and the captain cried, "Great God, sir, we have thought you dead!" and embraced him fatherly. You may imagine from this how sore my heart felt for you, dear brother, for then I did not know of the change—that is, I knew not Dart of the other lady. (At this part of the letter Barbara's rare mouth took on a wondrous amused expression.)

Upon Marion's recovery there took place a most tender scene between the two, and Castletree told me that in Devon they had been betrothed at an early age, and of Beverley's disappearance, which smacked to me of underhand work on the part of some one.

This turned us all topsy turvy, and then came our Christmas guests, the Lady St. Arnaud among them. You know the Lady St. Arnaud. In a few days news reached us that you had run away with Princess Barbara of Cloburg and that her father had a price of gold upon your head. By all the seven blue devils, D'Artagan, you are a modest cadet. I crave your pardon; I forgot about your knighthood. For a time we would not believe this, and so I rode into Blatenburg, and the king informed me under great pain of secrecy that he had his finger in that pie. Now, all this seemed to us beyond belief, that the princess should give up a crown to follow your sword, charming though you are, brother mine. And of your love for Mistress Castletree—why, that was but calf's love, I suppose!

Now that I have written thus, let me cry out my true heart. You are a credit to the house, a nine days' wonder, and, by heaven! one of the most fortunate men alive. By your bravery and the help of God you have won the second lady of Europe—

And in this vein to the end of the letter.

So—did he mean that the girl with the green eyes was the first lady of Europe?

* * * * * * *

"Barbara, I have written the last word." And she gave me a kiss for having done with so foolish a story.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PASSING OF TOM BEVERLEY.

Now, when the pages of my idle story have gathered dust, I must back to the pen again and scrape up my wits for a little more of this literary tilting ten years after our flight from London.

It is Barbara who forces me to this, and it was Barbara who begged me to desist ten years ago. Yes, ten years have gone since we sat in our tall house in London, and I wrote all these pages and got the scribe's cramp for my trouble. To my task, and in spite of my princess I will make it a short one.

When the great civil war (of which every one has now heard) broke out in England—the commons against the king—I was called back to Wassmark. This was much to my displeasure, for there was never a man with whom I wished more to ride than with Prince Rupert. But the most I could do was to give Hagart to the prince, and it was Hagart's fierce charge that so many times led those blithe cavaliers on to victory. He was a brave horse and died on the field. Barbara wept on his neck before Rupert rode him away to battle, and, if my voice had not gone for huskiness, I would have withdrawn my gift at the last moment.

Before the trouble had grown high in England Captain Castletree and Marion and my comrade. Tom Beverley, went home to Devon.

Tom drew his sword for the king and in the first battle did so valiantly that he was knighted on the field. Then he and Marion were wedded, and for a long time we heard nothing more of them.

The enchanting Lady St. Arnaud became one of the family, and now lives in the old house, and there is a curly headed nephew of mine who cuts and thrusts with his wooden sword at the hale old baron and who answers to the name of D'Artagan.

For three years after our return to Wassmark my princess and I lived in Blatenburg, but there being no wars to keep my sword from rusting and no more need to ride on strange adventures, my dreams forever turned to Isstens, of a stout house inside the park, where I might live, and all the lynx eyed courtiers be d——d, for a jealous husband I am, and with no prospect of having a cooler head for 30 years to come.

Barbara, too, was growing weary of the homage of the court. So, seven years ago to the old park of Isstens we came, and a stone's throw from the door of the Three Shields the masons and workmen reared us the Cadet's Tower, in which I am now writing.

The greater part of the time, though, is spent in the old house, and it was here on a blustering winter night that we heard of Tom Beverley.

We were all gathered about the fire in the little parlor. The baron dozed in his chair with his grandson sleeping on his knee. I sat on the great bench between my mother and Barbara, smoking, and Harry likewise engaged, lying prone on the hearth rug. The viscountess kneeled beside him, gazing across his listless body at the fire. Such peace there never was before at any hearth among so many persons.

Of a sudden we were disturbed by voices in the great hall, and, before I could rise to find out the matter, Red Harding came in, his face working with emotion, leading a stranger in a faded horseman's cloak. I sprang forward, for in the thin, pain drawn face and the high forehead I saw my old comrade, Tom Beverley.

And while I stared at him, an arm's length off, my mother brushed by me and took his ungloved hands in hers.

"Tom, my boy," she said gently, and with a low cry, the brave fellow hid his face on her shoulder.

His story was a sad one. Holding with the king's cause till the last, with the cause, he and his estates had been broken. The loyal captain fell in a skirmish, cut down by three of Cromwell's ironsides and a few weeks later, during a flight across country to seek refuge in a woodman's cottage, Lady Beverley was wounded to death by a stray musket ball.

Then, with the light of hell in his eyes, the broken soldier told us how, in a week's time every man of the six who had formed that shooting party had been cut or shot down by his own hand.

He is dead himself now, from the old unhealed wounds and exposure, and his body lies in the vaults of Isstens—the brave with the brave.

Tonight Barbara and I sit by our fire in the cadet's tower, and the wind goes by with the noise of galloping horses. My princess is gazing with me into the glowing fagots, her soft cheek resting on my knee.

My princess is gazing with me into the glowing fagots.

The winds come back again, pounding, pounding, like two great horses galloping neck to neck. The ground rings with their unshod hoofs, the cloaks of the riders "cheir" in the flight. And I dream that I am astride black Hagart, fleeing from the sprawling body of the baronet, and my little English comrade spurs beside. Again that long year of love and fighting comes back, scene by scene. With Tom's shoulder to mine, we parry and thrust in the hall of the robbers' house, and the songs of the drunken poets ring back to me.

My princess awakens me in her sweet way, and I find the fagots all fallen into blinking coals, and her head on my shoulder.

THE END.

Grain-O Brings Relief.

to the coffee drinker. Coffee drinking is a habit that is universally indulged in and almost as universally injurious. Have you tried Grain-O? It is almost like coffee but the effects are just the opposite. Coffee upsets the stomach, ruins the digestion, effects the heart and disturbs the whole nervous system. Grain-O tones up the stomach, aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. There is nothing but nourishment in Grain-O. It can't be otherwise. 15 and 25c per package

Farm for Sale.

The Clark farm, consisting of 200 acres of cultivated land and 20 acres of timber is for sale. It is located about 6 miles south east of Manchester on the Delhi road. For particulars address or call on Bronson & Carr, Manchester, Iowa.

Live for those who love you,
For those whose hearts are fond and true,
The only way to do this right,
Take Rocky Mountain Tea at night.
—Gregg & Ward and Smith Pharmacy.

SMOKE San Mateo 5c Cigars. Strictly pure and absolutely free from artificial flavor. 15tf B. B. BRIGGS, M'fg.

HOUSE TO RENT.

The Denton residence property near the High School building is for rent. Inquire of 19tf R. W. TIRRILL.

Chickasaw County Fair.

New Hampton, Iowa, Sept. 13-15, 1899.

For this Fair the Chicago Great Western Railway will sell excursion tickets good to return September 16. Sale commences September 12. Rate for round trip $2.40 from Thorpe. For further information inquire of any Chicago Great Western Agent or F. H. Lord, General Pass. and Ticket Agent, 113 Adams St., Chicago. 36-w2.

In District Court Delaware County, Iowa, October Term, A. D., 1899.

Mary J. Cook vs. Lottie O. Davis, et al. and The Unknown Heirs at Law of James Gilbert. } ORIGINAL NOTICE.

To Lottie O. Davis, George A. Davis, Kate Davis, Sarah Davis, Frank Davis, William Davis, Lottie Davis, C. L. Utley, Henry Utley, Mary Ette, Lucy Haynes, W. H. Smith, H. C. Smith, Lucy H. Smith, James Gilbert and unknown heirs at law of James Gilbert, defendants.

You and each of you are hereby notified that there is now on file in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of the State of Iowa in and for Delaware county the petition in equity of Mary J. Cook, claiming that by purchase from the Estate of Patrick Trumblee, deceased, she is the owner of the absolute title in fee, free from any and all claims, interests or liens of any and all the above-named defendants, of the following described lands in Delaware county, Iowa, viz: The north half (½) of the southeast quarter (¼) and the southwest quarter (¼) of the southeast quarter (¼) of section twenty-seven (27), township eighty-nine (89), north range six (6), west of the 5th p. m.

That by reason of certain clouds on or defects in title set forth in said petition, to which reference is hereby made, the said defendants as at one time owners of parts of said land or heirs at law of such owners, have or might claim some adverse right or title to said plaintiff.

That the whereabouts of the said James Gilbert, defendant, if living, or if he be dead, who are his heirs at law and where residing, are unknown. That by deed of date about March 24th, 1857, he conveyed the west half (½) of the southeast quarter (¼) of said section twenty-seven (27) to the said Patrick Trumblee without any wife joining in said deed or the said deed reciting what plaintiff avers was a fact, that he was then single. That, by reason of inherent equities, statute of limitations and adverse possession plaintiff is entitled to a decree removing these clouds from her title and quieting and establishing title in herself in said lands against all said defendants not however, asking any personal judgment or costs against any defaulting defendants.

Now unless you appear thereto on or before noon of the second day of the October Term, A. D., 1899, of said Court, which will commence and be held at Manchester, in said county, on Monday, the 9th day of October, 1899, and show cause to the contrary, your default will be entered and decree rendered as by said petition prayed.

Dated August 22nd, 1899.

YORAN, ARNOLD & YORAN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

* * * * *

On examination of the averments of the petition herein and the recitals of the foregoing original notice the same is approved and ordered published for six weeks in the Manchester Democrat, as by plaintiff designated.

Aug. 22, 1899.

A. S. BLAIR, Dist. Judge 10th Jud. Dist.

34w6

The B. C. R. & N. Ry. announces that the time of the St. Louis passenger No. 6 has been shortened one hour between Burlington and St. Louis. This train now arrives in the St. Louis union depot at 2:15 p.m. instead of 3:15 p. m. No. 6 is a through train of Pullman sleepers, first and second-class coaches and baggage cars and runs daily from St. Paul to St. Louis, connecting in the great St. Louis union depot for all points in the south and west. 36-w2.

Henry Hutchinson

Breeder of Thoroughbred

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JOSEPH HUTCHINSON
Manchester Iowa

DON'T YOU NEED A NEW HARNESS

We have the right kind at the right kind of prices. Come in and

LOOK THROUGH

our line of horse furnishings--a complete line of A1 goods.

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WM. DONNELLY, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,
Proprietor of the
Ryan Drug Store.
Dealer in
Drugs, Stationery, Etc.
RYAN, IOWA

In District Court [illegible]ware County, Iowa, October [illegible] A. D., 1899.

Allan Love, a minor by Maggie Love, his next friend, plaintiff, vs. Jeanie Love McIntosh, et al., Defendants. } ORIGINAL NOTICE.

To Jeanie Love McIntosh, Lillie LeGrand Love, Allan Love, Robert Love McIntosh, William David McIntosh, Allan A. McIntosh, Lizzie L. Durey, Belle McIntosh, Jeanie F. McIntosh, George A. Love, William C. Love, Robert Love, John Love, Andrew Love, Agnes Brown and Mary Fyfe, defendants.

You and each of you are hereby notified that on or before the 28th day of September, A. D., 1899, the petition of plaintiff in the above entitled cause will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of the State of Iowa, in and for Delaware County, claiming that he is the owner of the equal undivided one-third of the following described land, situated in Delaware County, Iowa, to wit: The northwest quarter (¼) of the northeast quarter (¼) and all that part of the northwest quarter (¼) of section thirty-three (33) township eighty-nine (89) north range five (5) west of the 5th p. m., excepting so much of said last named quarter-section as is comprised in what is known as Love's Addition to the City of Manchester, Iowa, and alleging that the defendant, Jeanie Love McIntosh is the owner of an undivided one-third thereof, and the defendants, Lillie LeGrand Love and Allan Love, each of an undivided one-sixth (1-6) thereof, and that the other named defendants have or might claim some interest or lien in the said described premises, and praying a partition thereof if the same can be made, or if not, that the said realty be sold and the proceeds thereof be divided and that plaintiff's share, as alleged, be established, as also that of the other defendants as alleged, and that all the interests of the other defendants be cut off and they be estopped from having or claiming any interest or lien in said premises adverse to plaintiff, and that reasonable attorney's fees, to-wit, five hundred dollars, together with the costs of this action, be apportioned to the owners of the premises in proportion to their respective interests and made a lien thereon, and that the plaintiff be granted such other and full relief as shall appear equitable in the premises.

Now, unless you appear thereto and defend on or before noon of the second day of the October Term of said Court, which will be begun and held at Manchester in said county on Monday, the 9th day of Oct., A. D., 1899, your default will be entered and judgment and decree be rendered as in said petition prayed.

Dated September 5th, A. D., 1899.

YORAN, ARNOLD & YORAN, BRONSON & CARR, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

36w4

You'll never get tired, fagged out, disappointed, unhappy or make mistakes in marriage if you use Rocky Mountain Tea. Gregg & Ward and Smith Pharmacy.

NOTICE OF PROBATE OF WILL.

STATE OF IOWA, Delaware County,—ss.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

You are hereby notified that the last will of ANNA CHRISTINA GODKEN, (GOEDKEN) deceased, has been filed, opened and read, and Monday, the 9th day of October, A. D. 1899 fixed as the time, and the court House in Manchester the place for hearing and proving the same.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court, this 12th day of August 1899. F. H. PAUL, Clerk District Court.

{SEAL}

34w3

In the District Court of Delaware County, Iowa.

OCTOBER TERM, 1899.

In the matter of the Estate of John G. Cooksley, Deceased. } NOTICE OF FINAL REPORT.

To John Cooksley, Mary Ann Cooksley, (parents of said decedent) and all others whom it may concern:

You and each of you are hereby notified that on or before noon of the 10th day of October, 1899, there will be on file in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of Iowa, in and for Delaware county, the final report of the undersigned as administrator of the Estate of John G. Cooksley, late of said county, deceased, asking that he be finally discharged and his bondsmen released.

And that unless you appear and make objections thereto on or before noon of the second day of the next term of the said District Court to be begun and holden at Manchester, in said county, on Monday the 9th day of October, 1899, your default will be entered, said report approved and said administrator and his bondsmen released and discharged. W. B. COOKSLEY, Administrator.

BRONSON & CARR, Attorneys for Estate. 36-w4.

In District Court, Delaware County, Iowa.

In Re-Estate of Patrick Trumblee, Deceased. } In Probate. OCTOBER TERM, 1899. Notice of Final Report.

To Edna C. Trumblee, Edith Trumblee, James Trumblee, Edward Trumblee, William Trumblee, Addison Trumblee, Mary Trumblee, Patrick Trumblee, Kate Trumblee, George Trumblee, and Earl Trumblee, heirs and legatees of Patrick Trumblee, deceased.

You and each of you are hereby notified that on or before the 24th day of September, A. D. 1899, there will be on file in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of Iowa, in and for Delaware county, the Final report of H. F. Arnold as Executor of the Estate of Patrick Trumblee, deceased, showing his dealings with said estate and asking the approval of court thereof and that he be finally discharged in the premises.

Now unless you appear thereto and show cause to the contrary on or before noon of the first day of the October term of said court, to be begun and held at Manchester, in said county, on Monday, the 9th day of October, 1899, your default will be entered, said report be approved and the executor be discharged.

Dated September 4th, 1899.

YORAN, ARNOLD & YORAN, 36-w4. Attorneys for H. F. Arnold, Executor.

Does Your Head Itch?

Are you troubled with dandruff? Is your hair falling out? Are you getting bald? Have you tried many so-called hair restoratives with unsatisfactory results? If so, we urge you to try our Globe Hair Restorative and dandruff Cure, which is positively guaranteed to permanently cure all of the above ailments. Your money will be refunded if it fails to do the work. Sold and guaranteed by GREGG & WARD. 2-1y

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT OF ADMINISTRATOR.

STATE OF IOWA, Delaware County,—ss.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as Administrator of the Estate of ANNA B. ROBINSON late of Delaware County, deceased. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them, duly authenticated, to the undersigned for allowance.

R. R. ROBINSON, Administrator.

Dated August 16, 1899.
Bronson & Carr, Att'ys. for Estate

Farm for Rent on Shares.

We want to rent on shares our well improved farm in Coffman's Grove township and stock owned by us thereon, to a good farmer, who is able to furnish work horses, tools and machinery, and half the cows, hogs, feed, seed and other things necessary to carry on the place.

This farm is first class and our offer is a rare opportunity for the man who secures it. Enquire at the office of Bronson & Carr, Manchester, Iowa 33tf

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ADVICE AS TO PATENTABILITY Notice in "Inventive Age" Book "How to obtain Patents"

Charges moderate. No fee till patent is secured. Letters strictly confidential. Address, E. G. SIGGERS, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

In the District Court of Delaware County, Iowa.

OCTOBER TERM, A. D., 1899.

In Re Estate of Vincel Warneck, deceased. } NOTICE OF FINAL REPORT.

To Barbara Warneck, widow, and Joseph Warneck, Catharine Barta, John Warneck, Frank Warneck, Mary Van Vors, Barbara Warneck-Knettle, Rosie Zemanek, and Thomas Warneck, heirs-at-law and legatees of said decedent:

You and each of you are hereby notified that on or before the 20th day of September, 1899, there will be on file in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of Delaware County, Iowa, the Final Report of Barbara Warneck, Executrix of the estate of Vincel Warneck, deceased; and, unless you appear thereto and file exceptions on or before noon of the second day of the October, 1899, term of said Court, which will commence and be held in Manchester, Iowa, on the 9th day of October, A. D. 1899, said report will be approved and said Executrix discharged and her bond exonerated. BARBARA WARNECK, Executrix of Estate of Vincel Warneck deceased.

35-w4.

Business Opportunities.

The B. C. R. N. Ry. is constructing a new line north and west from Worthington, Minn., to the west line of the state, which will be completed within the year. The country through which the line passes is the best in south-western Minnesota, is practically all under cultivation and thickly settled by well to-do farmers who have been going fifteen and twenty miles to market. Arrangements have been made to lay out towns at the most advantageous locations for business. These towns will need stores and shops of all kinds and merchants will find favorable openings on this new line. Doctors and professional men will also find good locations.

This company is also constructing a line from Armstrong to Estherville, Ia. There will be two new towns on this line named Maple Hill and Irwin, and investors will find splendid opportunities at either of these points.

The railway company will, as they have always done, join with the business men of their towns to build up centers of trade.

For information write

THOMAS H. BROWN, General Townsite Agent, 36-w13. Sioux Falls, S. D.

Mason Work.

I am prepared to furnish estimates and guarantee satisfaction on all kinds of Mason work.

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Farm adjoining this city for sale. Terms easy Inquire of BRONSON & CARR. tf

Help the Cause.

There has never been a political campaign that will equal in importance that of the one to be fought next year. The republican party, backed by the money power of this country and Europe, is alert and aggressive. Flushed with the victory of three years ago it will seek by every means in its power to maintain its supremacy.

Democrats must be up and doing. They must wage an unceasing war upon their enemies. In no better and more effective way can this be done than by the circulation of good, sound democratic newspapers. The publisher of the Chicago Dispatch, the great national democratic weekly, will send to every new subscriber for three months a copy of the Chicago Dispatch for ten cents. If you are not already taking the great political weekly, send in ten cents at once. You should not only do this yourself, but you should induce all your friends to join with you. By a little effort you can easily raise a club of ten or twenty subscribers.

The Chicago Dispatch is indorsed by William Jennings Bryan and other democratic leaders.

Address The Chicago Dispatch, 120 and 122 Fifth Avenue, 31tf Chicago, Ill.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

OF INTEREST TO

STOCKHOLDERS.

Free Transportation to Attend the Annual Meeting at Chicago.

The Board of Directors of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, at a meeting held July 21, 1897, adopted the following preamble and resolution:

To the end that the stockholders of the Illinois Central Railroad Company may more readily attend, in person, the annual meeting of stockholders, which the by-laws require to be held in Chicago on the last Wednesday in September in each year, be it

RESOLVED, That until the further order of this board, there may be issued, to each holder of one or more shares of the capital stock of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, as registered on the books of the Company, a ticket enabling him, or her, to travel free over the Company's lines from the station on the Illinois Central Railroad nearest to his or her registered address, to Chicago and return, for the purpose of attending, in person, the meetings of stockholders. Such ticket to be good for the journey to Chicago only during the four days immediately preceeding, and the day of the meeting, and for the return journey from Chicago only on the day of the meeting, and the four days immediately following, when properly countersigned and stamped in the president's office. (These tickets will now be countersigned and stamped in the office of W. G. BRUNN, Assistant Secretary, Chicago.) Such a ticket may be obtained by any registered holder of stock on application, in writing, to the president of the Company in Chicago. Each application must state the full name and address of the stockholder exactly as given in his or her certificate of stock, together with the number and date of such certificate. No more than one person will be carried free in respect to any one holding of stock as registered on the books of the Company.

By order of the board of directors.

A. G. HACKSTAFF, Secretary.

The next annual meeting of the stockholders of the Illinois Central Railroad Company will be held at the office of the Company, in Chicago, on Wednesday, September 27, 1899, at noon. For the purpose of this meeting, the Stock Transfer Books will be closed from the close of business on September 12th to the morning of September 28th. 33w5

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS

IN

JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER and OCTOBER

SOUTH! The Illinois Central will run Homeseekers' Excursions to certain points in the South on the lines of the Illinois Central railroad and Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroads from all stations west of and including Alden and from all points on the Lyle and Cedar Rapids branches on June 19th, July 3rd, 17th and 31st, August 14th, September 4th and 18th and October 2d and 16th, and from all points east of and including Williams ONE DAY LATER than the dates named.

The new "Southern Homeseekers" Guide describes in detail the agricultural advantages, the soil and products at all points south of the Ohio River on the lines of the above-mentioned roads. For a copy address the undersigned.

For information concerning railroad land in the fertile Yazoo Valley of Mississippi address E. P. Skene, Land Commissioner I. C. R. R., at Chicago.

WEST! Home-seekers' Excursion tickets will also be sold from stations in Iowa east of and including Cedar Falls, and from points on the Lyle and Cedar Rapids branches, June 20th, July 4th and 18th, August 1st and 15th, September 5th and 19th and October 3d and 17th to points on the Illinois Central railroad to which the one way rate is $7.00 or over in South Dakota, Minnesota and in Iowa to points west of Ackley, inclusive, except points west of LeMars.

Homeseekers' Excursions to Points on Other Lines of Railroads.

The Illinois Central will also sell on the first and third Tuesdays in June, July, August September and October, Homeseekers' excursion tickets to points on foreign lines of railroads in many of the Western, Southwestern and Southern States.

For rates, routes, etc., inquire of your nearest ILLINOIS CENTRAL TICKET AGENT.

All Home-Seekers' Excursion Tickets are sold at a rate of

ONE FARE PLUS $2.00

for the round trip. Tickets limited to 21 days for return.

J. F. MERRY, A. G. P. A., Ill. Cent. R. R., Dubuque, Iowa.

25w18

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