THE IVORY QUEEN

A Detective Story Of a Chicago Suburb. The Murder at The Grange and How Its Mystery Was Solved by Darrent, the American Lecoq.

BY NORMAN HURST.

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CHAPTER IV.

GETTING CLOSER.

Herbert Darrent spoke the truth when he said that he did not belong to the sleuthhound type of detectives. He was too thoroughly American to take a morbid delight in mere man hunting, profession notwithstanding, but he used sufficient sound common sense the use of some especially acute discerning faculties that nature endowed him with and was generally admitted to be one of the very smartest young detectives that Chicago had ever been proud to possess.

If there seemed absolutely no clew, the cry was, "Send Darrent," and if Darrent gave it up it was hopeless. Although the last man in the world to neglect duty for pleasure, he took a keen delight in all sports and pastimes and could handle a baseball bat or cue and pull an oar with the best.

He had mentally decided that the very first step in this investigation must be to trace Astray Marsden, and as no further progress could be made until he got his reply from headquarters he decided to take an hour's spin upon the river, an hour on that perfect stretch of ice, and then he would be back in time to drive over and catch the express from Barnstaple to Chicago if required there.

It was simply glorious to glide along at racing speed over miles of smooth black ice, but rather annoying to Darrent, who counted himself a good skater, to find that he could never overtake a man who kept steadily on some 40 yards in front of him, sometimes letting him decrease the distance that separated them to only a few feet and then suddenly sweeping a quarter of a mile ahead. Darrent felt decidedly piqued as for the fourth time the stranger spurted double his pace and easily left him behind, but at last, apparently contented with the exhibition he had given of his prowess, the man curved round and came bearing down upon him.

"Bah Jove!" he ejaculated as he maneuvered to Darrent's side by a series of complicated twists and curves. "Bah Jove, stranger! You skate a bit, eh?"

Darrent acknowledged the brusque compliment by a shake of the head and replied:

"I tried my level best, but I could not get near you."

"Well, I fawncy I'm fast; spent a few years on the other side of the big pond."

"I beg your pardon?"

"In England."

"Oh!"

"And in Canada, the country that has such great skating; fawncy good ice for months, y'know."

"Oh, yes!"

Darrent gazed with some curiosity at his companion as side by side they sped along toward Norcombe.

"It's a great country, sir—England."

"Yes; so I have always understood from Englishmen."

"The finest on earth, bah Jove!"

"You seem much impressed by it."

"Why, certainly. I fawncy I am rather proud to be a citizen of one of the big cities of England. Slick bit of ice this, eh?"

"Very good."

The next remark from the stranger surprised and nettled Darrent.

"Fawncy you're a 'tec from Chicago, eh? On the scent; sort of bloodhound."

"I beg your pardon?"

"You needn't. I saw you pottering round The Grange this morning, examining footpaths and finger marks. I fawncy I am a bit clevah—just a bit. Spotted your man yet?"

"Eh?"

"The man who helped old Marsden to collect his chips and hand 'em in."

"Oh, no! Not yet."

"Now, I rather fawncied you'd lay hold of him at once."

"Indeed!"

"Touching young Marsden, eh? What price that?"

"I'm afraid I don't exactly follow you."

"No? Well, I fawncy not. I'm a bit clevah, sir, I am," and the Englishman tapped the side of his nose with a long

"Silas Gosnell, sir—Silas Gosnell."

forefinger. "Find if young Marsden's returned. Ah, not that I'm oversorry old Marsden's pegged it. Of course I didn't want him murdered, but I fawncy I might stand to be a bit better off in a week or two."

"How so?"

"Really, now, don't you see, he never recognized me, but I'm a cousin, sir, and I fawncy I'll shake things up a bit presently. There are one or two others in this neighborhood, sir, and you may be sure we shall contest the will."

"That is, if it's not satisfactory to your ideas, I presume?"

"Precisely. What's the law, now, if that old miser, Marsden, has left all his dust to the youngster and it's proved that the youngster murdered him? What's the law?"

"Don't you think, Mr."—

"Silas Gosnell, sir—Silas Gosnell."

"Well, don't you think, Mr. Gosnell, it would be much wiser to wait until young Mr. Marsden is accused before you make quite so much use of his name in connection with the murder?"

"I fawncy that perhaps you're right. But what's the law anyway?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Darrent responded sharply as they made for the bank on the Norcombe side.

"All right; steady does it. Don't get warm, young man," Mr. Gosnell observed as he unfastened his skates. "Still, I fawncy a Scotland Yard man would know the law backward."

"Very probably so, Mr. Gosnell," replied Darrent. "He would know it as you say, backward."

"Are you strolling my way, old chap?"

"I think not, and yet, on second thought, I think I will."

"Right. Will you have a drink?"

"No, thanks."

"Sure?"

"No, thanks."

"I fawncy you're right. Poison yourself is no figure of speech if you drink the stuff they sell in Norcombe."

Herbert Darrent walked with his strange acquaintance through the village, anxious to gain what news he could, if any, of the relatives of the late Josiah Marsden, and before they parted at the door of the Palace hotel he had learned that Marsden's remaining cousins were Andrew Marsden, a farmer, living a few miles west of Norcombe, and Arthur Ridgeway, the manager of a theater in Barnstaple.

Silas Gosnell was a man that Darrent felt he would very much like to study, but time would not permit. He could only label him as a harmless idiot and then forget him, although he did ask himself once or twice during the day, as the thought recurred to him, why Gosnell's insanity had taken such a peculiar turn.

After bidding goodby to his companion Darrent walked down to the police station, but there was no reply to his telegram, and it was not until noon next day that he received a lengthy dispatch from Chicago in answer to his own.

Thanks to his promptitude of action, the authorities had experienced little difficulty in tracing Astray Marsden. He had gone by the first train from Barnstaple to Chicago, as Darrent had expected he would, had taken a cab at the station and was driven to the Royal hotel, where he was now staying under his own name.

"Hum!" muttered Darrent as he read the message. "Got a good alibi, I suppose." He glanced at his watch. He could drive over and catch the afternoon train from Barnstaple, get to Chicago, see young Marsden and be back again the next night, and while at Barnstaple he might be able to have a few words with one of the other cousins, Arthur Ridgeway.

A couple of hours later Darrent was strolling down High street, Barnstaple, looking for the Gaiety theater, which, after a lengthy search, he discovered in a not very lively quarter of the town and from a variegated placard on the wall gleaned the information that Mr. Arthur Ridgeway was the actor-manager. Another highly colored poster representing a gentleman in a deep blue frock coat and pink trousers, with an unaccountably amiable smile upon his features, being dropped into an enormous caldron of some steaming liquid by another and less amiable gentleman, who, in pleasing contrast to his unfortunate victim, was attired in a pink frock coat and blue trousers, announced to all and sundry that there would be played that evening and for the rest of the week the stirring melodrama, entitled "The Factory Man's Revenge," in which were introduced a real steam hammer weighing a hundred tons and a real caldron of real molten metal, "the most thrilling scene," the poster asserted, "ever seen on any stage," which Darrent was quite ready to believe.

Making his way down a grimy court, at the entrance of which a lamp in a wire cage bore the legend "Stage Door," Darrent found a veritable picture gallery of posters representing the villain, always in the same pink coat and the same blue trousers, putting the gentleman whose taste in clothes was exactly vice versa through a variety of original and excruciating tortures, at which the bland gentleman continued to beam and smile, evidently with an inborn knowledge that his turn was coming in the last act.

At last Darrent reached the stage door of the Gaiety theater and, sending in his card, asked to see Mr. Ridgeway and while waiting whiled away the time by studying a pictorial representation of the great scene of the last act, which explained the much put upon gentleman's extreme forbearance in the previous scenes.

Darrent's admiration of the triumph of virtue over villainy was interrupted by the return of the stage door keeper. Mr. Ridgeway would see him, he was informed, and, following his guide along a tortuous labyrinth of stairs and passages, he at last found himself upon the stage of the Gaiety theater, where the flaring "T" piece only served to render the gloom of auditorium visible. A good tempered looking man nodded to him as he appeared and, begging to be excused for a moment, continued the task upon which he was engaged of holding the hundred ton hammer erect while a man went over it with a paintbrush.

"Glad to see you. Sit down, sir," he shouted as Darrent appeared. "Not in a hurry for a minute? Thanks. Awfully busy. Give you ten minutes in ten minutes. Suit you? Right; they're yours. Now, give me your opinion, stranger," he rattled on. "Does that steam hammer look like the real thing, or does it not? Ha! You're laughing. Never mind. You haven't got the right light on it. Come tonight and see it, and you'd swear it was the genuine article. One hundred tons. Daylight does not suit any of us. Now, look at me. What do I look—40, eh? See me tonight. I'm the hero, 25, and lovely as the rising sun. Look at the heroine. Ah! She's a pretty girl anyway, isn't she? But she'll look a goddess, a perfect goddess of 21, tonight. As it is she's"—

"Now, Arthur, don't tell any stories," a very pretty girl standing by the manager exclaimed, putting her hand over his mouth. "He's always talking nonsense," she continued, in an explanatory way, to Herbert Darrent.

"My wife, sir," Ridgeway continued, releasing the hundred ton hammer, which descended with a dead wooden thud, and, putting his arm round the girl, "one of the best, one of the very best, and the prettiest little heroine on the stage."

Darrent shook hands with the lady and paid her an easy little compliment that raised her color and caused her husband to beam upon them both.

"Look at that, sir—look at it!" he exclaimed delightedly. "There's a lovely little innocent blush for you! And yet you'll find people who say a woman forgets how to blush directly she goes on the stage. Hang it, sir, they ought to be horsewhipped, and I'd like to have the doing of it! Now, suppose we have one minute more—must go through a little scene—and then I'm yours. By the way," he continued anxiously, "you don't want to go on the stage, do you? Don't say you do; shouldn't like to refuse you. I like the look of you, but I'm full—full."

Darrent shook his head laughingly, and the manager, much relieved, bustled across the stage and rushed into rehearsal of the little scene.

"A good hearted fellow," was the way Herbert Darrent summed up the second relation of Josiah Marsden and fell into a reverie about the first relation he had met and why nature had ever found it worth her while to create such a colossal idiot. Or—the idea always came to him—was the man as big a fool as he pretended to be or something more of a rogue?

His ruminations were interrupted and he was brought back to the world again by finding Mr. Ridgeway standing before him, wildly brushing his hand through his hair and looking the very picture of farcical despair.

"Behold her, behold her!" the manager excitedly shouted, waving his hand toward his wife. "What does she look like?"

Darrent thought to himself that she looked like what she was, a very bright young girl, but he was not even given time to express his opinion.

"Ah! Have you ever seen that knife before?"

"Does she look broken hearted and starving? Not a bit, not a bit like it. I've gone through this scene dozens of times, and she won't look miserable. I don't believe she can, bless her heart!"

"Go on, go on. Enter James Hardy. He's the villain of the piece," he explained to Darrent. "Squire Hardy, in love with the village maiden; good old crusted melodrama. But won't it go? Won't the public hoot him? Ah!" and the energetic manager rushed across the stage again. "It won't do, I tell you. You say 'You're in my power!' as if you were asking the time the next train started for Chicago. Put some life into it. Now, then, my dear, shrink from him. I know he's not a bad fellow actually, but that's not his character in the play. That's better. No; wait a minute. 'You're in my power'—yes, that's all right. Shrink and then do a little shriek. Now go back. 'If I could see him once more, I could die content.' That's right. Enter Hardy; cue, 'in my power'—good. Shriek: 'I am lost! Who will save me?' Ah, very good! I enter; struggle. Yes, that's all right. Now, do it like that tonight."

The little scene was evidently settled to Mr. Ridgeway's satisfaction, and he walked over to Herbert Darrent. "Now, sir, I am yours to command."

The detective, ever a quick judge of character, had long since arrived at the conclusion that the best way to deal with Mr. Ridgeway was to come to the point at once, and, having taken a seat in that gentleman's room and accepted a glass of wine that was generously pressed upon him, he placed his hand in his pocket and, taking out the spring knife, laid it upon the table.

"I am not going to attempt to deceive you, Mr. Ridgeway," he exclaimed. "I tell you frankly I am a detective, inquiring into the murder of your cousin, Josiah Marsden."

The manager, with his eyes riveted upon the knife, nodded his head, but said nothing.

"When did you see Josiah Marsden last?"

"Two years ago, when he foreclosed on his mortgage on this theater and turned me into the streets almost ruined. I was the proprietor then. Now I'm only the manager," Ridgeway replied, with suppressed passion in his voice. "Never seen him since then and always prayed I never would—in case of accidents."

"Ah! Have you ever seen that knife before?"

Ridgeway caught his breath.

"Marsden was murdered with that knife. Do you remember ever seeing it before?"

"Never," the manager replied, turning his gaze from the knife to his own boots and nervously fingering the stem of his wineglass. "Never. That I am absolutely certain of."

"A good hearted fellow," was Darrent's mental note as he observed the obvious embarrassment of the man. "He's not used to telling lies, but it's no use."

"Seen Astray Marsden lately?" he interjected.

"No."

"He's abroad, is he not?"

"So they say."

"Ah!"

"Good heavens, sir!" exclaimed Arthur Ridgeway, jumping to his feet. "You don't mean to say you suspect him? It's impossible. He wouldn't do it, I'd stake my right hand on it. He's a trump, as white a man as was ever made."

"And so is his friend, Arthur Ridgeway," Darrent interposed, slapping him on the back. "There, don't disturb yourself. If he's innocent, he'll be able to prove it right enough." And, wringing the man's hand, Herbert Darrent strolled out of the theater and toward the railway station.

"Arthur Ridgeway recognizes the knife and knows that Astray Marsden has returned," he muses. "Very well; things are getting closer. Now to see whether young Marsden is worthy of this man's good opinion or is one of the biggest scoundrels breathing."

CHAPTER V.

DARRENT MAKES AN ARREST.

If Herbert Darrent possessed one fault more than another, it was that of being a little too self confident.

In the profession that he had chosen to adopt and of which he was decidedly proud he had been phenomenally successful, partly owing to his own perceptive faculties and partly, he owned it himself, to good luck.

Although he was always ready to regard his clews from different points of view and test them well before he took decisive action, those cases that he had woven out of a single thread in the past had always proved his deductions to be so correct and well founded that, being still a young man, he was sometimes inclined to be led away by ideas of his own infallibility. He was invariably cautious, uniformly prudent and generally right.

What a comfortable feeling for a man until one day the awakening comes, and comes a little rudely!

In order that Policeman Thompson should gain no real inkling of the direction in which his thoughts were tending, he had that morning proved to him conclusively that the murderer could be none other than Astray Marsden and then, just as clearly a few minutes later, that he very probably was not, and now he smiled a quiet smile of amused self satisfaction at the perplexity into which he had thrown that worthy officer of the law. It was a harmless conceit, a little joke of Darrent's own, that he had frequently indulged in to the amazement of many whom he had chanced to meet—the building up of the most damning evidence from the very slenderest of clews and then, presto, the demolition of the whole thing, the crumbling away of the entire fabric as he placed a different interpretation upon each piece of evidence, and the whole thing faded into less than nothing!

[CONTINUED.]

Drink Grain-O

after you have concluded that you ought not to drink coffee. It is not a medicine but doctors order it, because it is healthful, invigorating and appetizing. It is made from pure grains and has that rich seal brown color and tastes like the finest grades of coffee and costs about ¼ as much. Children like it and thrive on it because it is a genuine food drink containing nothing but nourishment. Ask your grocer for Grain-o, the new food drink. 15c. and 25c.

Incident of Trolley Travel.

"What the dash are you here for?" said an angry passenger, stepping down slowly from the footboard of a trolley car. He thought the conductor should have looked out for him and stopped the car where he wanted to get off, a block back.

"I'll show you what I'm here for," said the conductor, reaching for the bellcord (ting, ting!) as he spoke, and

"Zip, zip, zip," came the sound of the motorman's lever turning in the notches, and

"Bz-z-zz-zz-zz!" rang the trolley, and before he knew it the passenger found himself standing alone in the middle of the road.—New York Sun.

YOU ought to know that when suffering from any kidney trouble that a safe, sure remedy is Foley's Kidney Cure. Guaranteed or money refunded. —Gregg & Ward.

Mars May Be Growing.

While many astronomers regard the planet Mars as a "dying world," others, notably the Abbe Moreux and Colonel du Ligandes, consider it as a young and growing planet. Moreux explains the doubling of the "canals" by an optical effect, and the other holds that Mars was formed after the earth and Jupiter. Owing to its distance from the sun and its light atmosphere, Mars ought to be an icy desert, but observation shows that it is not, and hence he concludes that the body of the planet is still warm. The "canals," he thinks, are cracks produced by contractions of the crust. The white poles of Mars are formed not by snow, but hailstones. Mars, in short, is, according to him, like the earth when she was in the primary

A Lima Man's Testimony.

I have obtained excellent results from the use of FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE. It relieved my back-ache and severe pain over the hips. It toned up my system and gave me new vim and energy. I regard it as an honest and reliable remedy for all Kidney diseases. It makes no false claims but does what it says when given a fair trial. I certainly recommend it. WM. FINN, 447 Elida Road, Lima, Ohio. Gregg & Ward.

Charleston Houses.

The architecture of Charleston is unique. The houses all look alike, and unlike those of any other city that I have seen. The distinguishing peculiarity is the great two story southerly porches. The breeze comes from a southwesterly direction, and every house is built with about one-third of its floor space outdoors in the shape of great two story piazzas, facing the south, and occasionally the west. The front door of each residence opens into this porch, or piazza. This was the old style of the city, and such new houses as can occasionally be discovered usually retain faithfully the same system. There are no blocks, except in the business streets, and about each of these detached houses there is a little garden and some fine old trees. The sidewalks are rough, and on the residence streets are very sandy. And there is very little paint withal going to waste in Charleston.—Charleston (S. C.) Letter.

The Banner Pile Cure.

Is Banner Salve. It gives immediate relief and will soon effect a cure. 25c.—Gregg & Ward.

The Holiday Habit.

Within the memory of men by no means aged Christmas and Fourth of July were the only two days in the year on which there was anything like a universal abstention from work. Even Thanksgiving day found many men at their desks or shops, and on the lesser holidays the streets wore an almost everyday appearance. The rule now is when there is a holiday to take it. Men have discovered a positive economic advantage in occasional "days off."—Chicago News.

It Saved Her Life.

MISS MAMIE SMITH, Middlesboro, Ky. writes:

My little sister had the Croup very bad. I gave her several doses of Foley's Honey and Tar and she was instantly relieved. It saved her life.—Gregg & Ward.

The Sequel to the Joke.

Many years ago a visitor to Edinburgh was being shown over the high court of justiciary. He made some remark concerning the dock and its duties, and in reply the official jokingly said the visitor might one day be sentenced to be hanged in that very room. The sightseer was the notorious Dr. Pritchard. Two years had barely passed when in the dock he had so closely inspected he was doomed to death for poisoning his wife and mother-in-law. —London Mail.

It May Save Your Life.

A dose or two of Foley's Honey and Tar will prevent on attack of pneumonia, grip or severe cold if taken in time. Cures coughs, colds, croup, LaGrippe, hoarseness, difficult breathing, whooping cough, incipient consumption, asthma or bronchitis. Guaranteed.—Gregg & Ward.

What the Jury Thought.

During a trial for assault in Melbourne, a club, a rail, an ax handle, a knife and a shotgun were exhibited as the instruments with which the deed was done.

It was also shown that the assaulted man defended himself with a scythe, a revolver, a pitchfork, a chisel, a hand saw and a dog.

The jury decided that they'd have given a sovereign apiece to have seen the fight.

A Short Sad Story.

A Cold.
Neglect.
Pneumonia.
Grief.

Had Foley's Honey and Tar been used this story would have had a happier ending. 25c and 50c.—Gregg & Ward.

Arbuckles' Coffee

Is the Standard of Coffee Excellence by which all Coffee Quality is Compared.

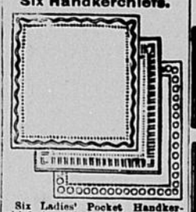
No. 51 Dining Room Table Cloth.

Table Cloth, white with red bars. Size 50 x 68 inches. **Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 60 signatures** cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 53. A Dress Pattern.

12 yards Printed Organdie, 29 inches wide, 5 colors to select from, Pink, Blue, Black, Pearl and Nile Green. **Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 100 signatures** cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee. When ordering, be sure to state the color desired. No samples will be given out.

No. 56 Six Handkerchiefs.



Six Ladies' Pocket Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, colored borders, size 12 x 13 inches. **Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 20 signatures** cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

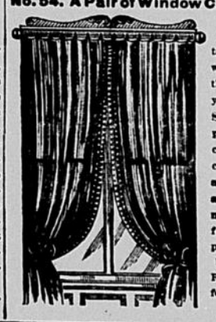
No. 55 Four Handkerchiefs.

Four Gentlemen's Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, colored borders, size 19½ x 19½ inches. **Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 20 signatures** cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 52. Lady's Apron.

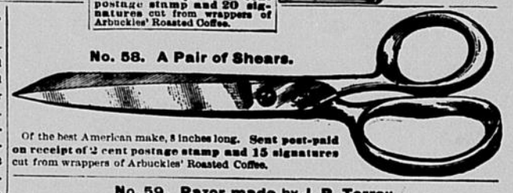
Fine quality white lawn, wide strings and fancy lace insertion. Size 32 x 40 inches. **Sent postpaid on receipt of two cent postage stamp and 25 signatures** cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 54. A Pair of Window Curtains.



Each Curtain a yard wide two and three-quarter yards long. **Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 65 signatures** cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 58. A Pair of Shears.



Of the best American make, 8 inches long. **Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 15 signatures** cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 59. Razor made by J. R. Torrey.

The J. R. Torrey Razor is known as the best made in the United States. The printed guarantee of the manufacturer goes with each razor. **Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 28 signatures** cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 57. A Pair of Scissors.

Made by the best American manufacturers and well finished, 5½ inches long. **Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 15 signatures** cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 60. Lady's Belt.

Latest style, grain leather tan color 1½ in. wide, nickel plated buckle. Belts are following sizes only, give size in inches when ordering, from 22 to 26 in.; from 27 to 32 in.; from 33 to 36 in. **Sent postpaid on receipt of a 2 cent postage stamp and 20 signatures** cut from the wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 61. Man's Belt.

Grain leather, tan color, nickel-plated buckle and rings. When ordering give size of waist in inches. Belts run from 34 to 42 inches in length. **Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 20 signatures** cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 62. A Carving Knife and Fork.

A first-class set, mounted with genuine buck-horn handles. Knife blade 8 inches long. **Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 90 signatures** cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee. When ordering name your nearest Express Office as well as your Post Office.

No. 63. A Butcher's Knife.

Six inch blade, hard wood handle, good materials and well finished. **Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 20 signatures** cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 64. A Kitchen Knife.

Will cut bread, slice ham and saw the bone. Serviceable, and should be in every kitchen. **Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 14 signatures** cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 65 A Lady's Pen Knife.

Has two finely finished blades. Handle beautifully variegated in imitation of onyx. **Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 30 signatures** cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

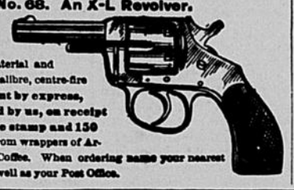
No. 67. Picture Frame.

Cabinet size, brass, silverplated. **Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 12 signatures** cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 66. A Gentleman's Pocket Knife.

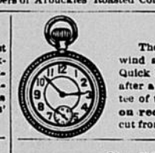
Two-bladed knife made of best materials and finished in workmanlike manner. **Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 40 signatures** cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 68. An X-L Revolver.



Highest grade material and workmanship, 32 calibre, centre-fire double action. **Sent by express, charges prepaid by us, on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 150 signatures** cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee. When ordering name your nearest Express Office as well as your Post Office.

No. 69. A Gentleman's Watch.



The "New Haven" is a watch of the ordinary size. Stem wind and stem set, dust proof, nickel-plated case, solid back. Quick beat movement, highly polished steel pinions. Modeled after a standard watch, reliable time-keeper. The printed guarantee of the maker accompanies each watch. **Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 90 signatures** cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.

No. 70 A Porcelain Clock.

Imported porcelain frame, beautifully decorated. Movement made by New Haven Clock Co., guaranteed by them a good time-keeper, 5 inches high, same width. **Sent by express, charges prepaid by us, on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 115 signatures** cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee. When ordering name your nearest Express Office as well as your Post Office.

No. 71. Enameled Alarm Clock.

Highest standard of Alarm Clock. Seamless frame, ornamental hands, French pattern and second hand. Will run thirty hours with one winding. **Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 80 signatures** cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee. When ordering name your nearest Express Office and your Post Office as well.

This is a picture of the signature on Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee Wrapper, which you are to cut out and send to us as a voucher.

No other part of the Coffee Wrapper will be accepted as a voucher, nor will this Picture be accepted as such.

Arbuckle Bros

SOME OF OUR SIGNATURES ARE PRINTED ON RED BACKGROUND.

This represents one page of a List which is found in each pound package of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee, and with each package in which the List is found the purchaser has bought a definite part of some article to be selected by him or her from the List, subject only to the condition that the signature on the package is to be cut out and returned to Arbuckle Bros. as a voucher, in accordance with the directions printed in connection with each item illustrated and described in the List. This List will be kept good only till May 31, 1900. Another page of this List will appear in this paper shortly.

Address all communications to ARBUCKLE BROS., NOTION DEPT., NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

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.

Choice Farm for Sale.

A farm of 200 acres, known as the D N. Cooley farm, with a 7 room house, 2 large barns, hog house, ice house, milk house and crib, good well and running water two miles south of Manchester, Iowa, for sale on easy terms. Inquire of G. G. Pierce, or F. E. Richardson, at office of R. W. TIRRILL, 40tf Manchester, Iowa.

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Pocket books. and Calling Card Cases. Just what

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Silk umbrellas

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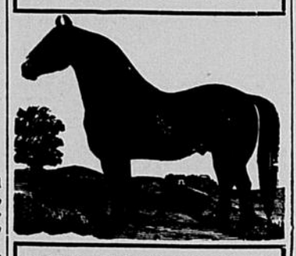
BOYNTON & McEWEN

TO BREEDERS OF HORSES



I wish to call the attention of breeders to the fact that I have bought and shall keep for service the fine black

FRENCH AND NORMAN STALLION

"LION"

said to be the best draft stallion ever owned in the county. Will breed a few mares this fall. Season September and October, 1899, at $12 to insure.

I also have

KENTUCKY HERO

and the Arabian Pony Stallion,

CAPTAIN.

These horses can be seen at my feed barn, east of the Globe Hotel.

M. W. Shelden

PASTURE FOR RENT.

80 acres of woods pasture, running spring water, plenty of shade, will feed 50 head of horses for 2 or 3 months, situated on Doe creek, 5 miles north of Edgewood, Iowa. Terms very reasonable. Apply to J. B. SAWYER, 40w3 Manchester, Iowa.

Annual Convention W. C. T. U.

For the above convention to be held at Seattle, Wash., the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. will sell excursion tickets to Seattle and Tacoma, Wash., and to Portland Oregon at one lowest first class limited fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold Oct. 12th, to 15th. Good to return until Nov. 16th. 40w2

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