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Once in the street, he hastened to the Clara Belle.

He had arrived in port at so late an hour that the streets were almost deserted, and entirely so along the river front.

He had met no one (aside from Herbert) in going to the banker's residence, nor had he seen anyone save the inmates of the Loyd mansion.

Arrived at the schooner, he hurriedly called up Calvin Stewart, the mate, and together they entered the cabin, where we will leave them and return to the scene of the murder.

CHAPTER IX.

"HER TESTIMONY WOULD NOT HOLD GOOD IN LAW."

When Herbert Lathrop had said that he was afraid of Angus, as he stood there with the bloody knife in his hand, he had not lied, for now that the captain was beginning to realize the situation a wicked gleam had come into his eyes, and Herbert escaped from his presence none too soon. But he made no immediate outcry; nor did he hasten with the speed with which he flew through the hall, to arouse either neighbors or officers of the law, but anticipating that Angus would either attempt to follow him or perhaps realize that everything was against him, and fly (which he, Herbert, desired, when he said: "If you escape ere I return, I cannot help it,") he had walked toward the rear of the house, thinking that if he did seek escape, it would be in that direction, and he soon had the satisfaction of seeing the door open, and Angus and Aunt Mag appear in the doorway.

"Fly, Angus Bruce!" said Aunt Mag, "nothing but your speed will save you."

Then he had seen Angus dash down the steps and disappear in the darkness.

Even then Herbert stood there, leaning against the side of the house for some moments collecting his thoughts.

"Now," he thought, "if Bruce have sense enough and good fortune enough to get beyond the reach of apprehension, so much the better for him, for he will save his life, and far better for me, for there will be no one to dispute my evidence—yes, and his flight will make it appear doubly certain that he murdered my uncle; the case will admit of not a single doubt.

"Why, Fannie saw him turning from the bedside with the bloody sheath knife in his hand; her evidence and mine will forever place a bar against the return of Angus Bruce to the coast of Carolina.

"Aunt Mag, unfortunately, saw me strike the blow, but terror will hold her tongue fast; if not, her evidence will not be taken. She might talk, but if she does there is a sure way to silence her.

"I might sell her; but no, I will keep Mag always near me, where I can watch her.

"God or the devil speed you, Angus Bruce, say I; but go not near the Clara Belle, for that will be the first point the officers will search for you. Now, if you—"

At this instant a piercing scream was heard from within the house; Fannie had revived.

Herbert ran out the front gate, and down Market street, and on the air as he ran resounded the startling cry of "murder! murder!"

Sleepers awoke, rushed to their windows, and threw aside their blinds, to see a coatless, hatless figure speeding by, and hear again the receding cry:

"Murder! Murder!"

Herbert halted not till at the door of Sheriff Cobb, and lustily he sounded the knocker.

"Murder! Murder!"

The sheriff soon responded, and, calling up the coroner and Dr. Davis, they hastened to the Loyd mansion, many who had been aroused by Herbert's cries joining them on the street.

At the house they found Fannie wild with grief.

Back on the bed as he had fallen lay the body of the banker. His night robe and the bed as well were stained with blood, his eyes were staring, wide open, as if in horror.

As Herbert saw them he started back, fearing that his work had not been sure.

"He is dead," said Dr. Davis, "one need but to look at his eyes to tell that; the film of death is over them."

Herbert breathed easier.

"This must be the weapon with which the murder was committed," said the sheriff, as he raised from the carpet, where Angus had dropped it, the sheath knife.

"That is the weapon he held in his hands when my cousin and I entered the library, and I saw him turning from the bedside," said Herbert. "Blood covered the knife as it does now; also his hands and clothing, and on his face was the look of a fiend. I shall never forget it till my dying day."

"That blade," said the doctor, "passed entirely through the heart. Your uncle's death must have been instant. He could scarcely have made an outcry."

"Nor did he," said Herbert, "or we would have heard him."

"I never would have believed that Angus Bruce would have been guilty of a crime," said the sheriff, "much less a crime like that. Why, he kept his bank account with your uncle, did he not?"

"He did, sheriff. It was not financial matters that impelled him to do the deed."

"Was there a motive?"

"I can think of but one."

"And that?"

"Bruce loved the lady who on to-morrow night would have wed my uncle, and jealousy, I judge, caused the crime. He was desperate because he could not win Miss Hill. As he saved her from drowning, I suppose he argued that he was entitled to her hand, and I doubt not she would have preferred to drown to giving it to him."

"Did you first see him to-night when turning from the bed with the knife in his hand?" asked the sheriff.

"No, sheriff, I was down at the bank, until fully half-past ten, as I often am at night when getting behind, posting the books. When I was coming home, and on the corner below, I encountered Angus Bruce. He seemed greatly excited and agitated about something, and said that he bore a letter from Miss Hill to my cousin, and that he had promised to deliver it to-night in person. I told him that, as she had undoubtedly retired, I would take his note and deliver it in the morning. He said that would not do, as it was important that Miss Fannie should have it at once, and that he had pledged his word to deliver it."

"Strange! Strange!" said the doctor.

"He then said that he must see Uncle John, and on business that would not brook delay. I knew that Uncle John had retired, but I also knew that immediately after his marriage he would be absent on a trip for several months. So, deeming that he wished to see him on business matters of importance, I conducted him into the house. I lighted the lamps in the library, knocked at my uncle's door, and told him that Angus was here, and desired to see him particularly.

"'I have retired,' he replied, 'but tell Angus to enter my room.'

"I told Angus to do so, and that in the meantime I would call Fannie. He entered this door, as I passed out into the hall; I ascended the stairs, knocked at my cousin's door, and informed her that Angus was below, with a letter for her from Miss Hill, and desired to deliver it to her in person; she replied that she would be down at once, and I went to my room, wondering at the excited state of Bruce, and what could be his urgency in wishing to see my uncle.

"I had taken off my coat and gaiters, when I heard my cousin's room door open, and I thought again of the appearance of Angus and hastily stepped into my slippers and joined her on the stairs. I have told of the horrible sight that met our view when we entered the library—the deed had been done. I cried 'Murder!' and would have tried to apprehend him, but for the dripping knife that he held in his hand. He advanced upon me, and, being unarmed, I could but fly and give the alarm. Fannie had fainted, and lay on the floor—Aunt Mag probably heard the commotion, as she is now with her."

"And Bruce?"

"He ran after me to the very door, sheriff, and as I passed out I closed it almost in his face; it being dark in the hall, he could not find the catch, so could not follow me."

"And you know not if he has left the house?"

"How should I?"

"Is the Clara Belle in port?"

"I know not that, but I should judge not. He would hardly bring his schooner, when coming on such a venture, unless he had entirely lost possession of his mind."

"Did Bruce leave behind the letter for Mis Loyd?"

"That I cannot tell; she may be able to answer the question."

But poor Fannie was in no condition to answer anyone. All her happy and joyful anticipations had been turned to the greatest grief that her young heart had ever known. She could only wail:

"My father! Oh, my father! Murdered by Angus Bruce!"

Two or three of the gentlemen present went for their wives and daughters, to come and try in some manner to comfort her, while the sheriff with the coroner and the rest, with drawn weapons, searched the house, but they could not find Angus Bruce.

"If the Clara Belle is in port," said the sheriff, "she must be at Worth's wharf; she always ties up there; come, men, to the wharf."

"But did you question the negress?" asked the doctor.

"No," said the sheriff, "of what use? Her testimony would not hold in law."

"True! True! I had forgotten."

The entire party hastened to the river front. The Clara Belle was not to be found.

CHAPTER X.

"ANGUS! ANGUS!"

The following day an inquest was held over the remains of the banker, and as the evidence before the jury holding it recorded in all particulars with the statements made to the sheriff on the night before by Herbert Lathrop, it is useless to repeat it.

Fannie's testimony corroborated that of Herbert's in so far as his calling her after she had retired and notifying her that Angus Bruce was awaiting her with a letter from Miss Hill, and joining her on the stairs when she descended. And she stated:

"When we entered the library my eyes fell on the form of Angus Bruce turning from my father's bedside with that bloody knife clutched in his hand and a look of horror on his face. I fainted, nor did I subsequently see Angus Bruce again."

"You say, Miss Loyd," said the coroner, "that on his features was a look of horror? Did you, or do you think, that the expression indicated one who who was gloating over a deed of blood? You remember your cousin said the look was fiendish, which would imply as much?"

"I thought the look one of amazement and horror; the knife he held at arm's length and there was blood upon his hand and clothing; yes, even on the bosom of his shirt—it was the blood of my dear father. I saw it all and then—and then I fainted."

Here Fannie burst into a flood of tears.

"Miss Loyd," said the coroner, "did Angus Bruce leave behind a letter from Miss Hill?"

"Not to my knowledge; when I revived I was lying on a sofa and there were bloody finger marks upon my dress. Aunt Mag said that before flying from the house Angus raised me to the sofa."

"Perhaps," said the sheriff, "he had no letter from Miss Hill, and merely made the assertion as a pretext to get into the house."

"That question Miss Hill could doubtless settle," said Herbert; "but one thing to my mind is clear—his expectations were to have the deed over and no traces on his person, and to have entered the library and closed the bedroom door before my cousin descended the stairs. Of course he did not expect to see me again, and when we both confronted him so suddenly, with all the evidences of his guilt before us, the reeking knife in his hand, he was struck dumb. He knew that he must fly for his life and thus lose all that he had hoped to gain, as the result of his crime; if indeed he hoped for gain at all. He doubtless thought the murder would not be discovered till morning, and that it would be believed the work of burglars who had entered the house after he had left."

"Everything would indicate as much," said the coroner.

The jury speedily found a verdict that John Loyd had been murdered by Angus Bruce, and officers were dispatched in all directions for his apprehension. Two were instructed to proceed to Smithville on the Sunshine, which departed at once, bearing a letter from Herbert to Abner Hill, informing him of his uncle's murder, and requesting the presence of himself and family at once.

Many people were on the wharf when the Sunshine departed on her downward trip.

"Should you encounter the Clara Belle on your trip down, board her and make a thorough search," said the sheriff to his officers.

"I had expected the Clara Belle up, on last night's tide," said a gentleman standing on the dock. "I had chartered Angus for a trip to Charleston; he should have taken in his cargo today."

"The schooner may have been here, Mr. Murchison."

"If it was," said Murchison, "and Angus fled on her, and at 12 o'clock, you will not encounter the Clara Belle. Why, the tide began to ebb at 12 last night, there was a good stiff breeze down the river, and the Clara Belle, without a cargo, would skim the water like a thing of life, and by five o'clock this morning would have passed out the inlet."

There was a young man standing on the deck of the Sunshine in the uniform of a lieutenant of the regular army. Few recognized in him a youth they had seen many times in his boyhood days, on the streets of Wilmington, with Abner Hill, and yet this youth was the squire's youngest son, Tom, who now for the first time in eight years, with two or three exceptions, when he had been home on short vacations, was returning to Orton. For four years he had been at school at Hillsboro, N. C., and for the last four at West Point military academy. He had now graduated, received his first commission, and was on his way home to attend the weddings of his brother and sister, and await orders.

"Excuse me," said the sheriff, addressing the young lieutenant. "But are you not Squire Hill's youngest son?"

"I am so, sheriff; thought some one would recognize me. This uniform and the past few years have changed my appearance much, I suppose."

"Immensely! why, when I saw you last, you were but a lad.

"Captain, do you recognize Lieut. Hill? He'll go ashore at Orton. Give him Lathrop's letter to the squire, he can deliver it."

"What, Tom Till! the lad that used to stand at the wheel with me, whenever he could get the chance? Tom, my lad, your straps ain't caused you to forget old friends, I hope?"

"No, captain, I wanted to see who would recognize me."

"Well, here's the letter, Tom, and sorry news you'll be the bearer of, to Orton."

"Yes, I know," said Tom, "I heard all about the murder of Mr. Loyd at the hotel, and in my pocket I have the morning paper; it will doubtless be a sad blow. I had expected to attend two weddings to-night; now I expect there will be naught but mourning during my stay."

"Cast off lines," shouted the captain, and the Sunshine went puffing down the river, bearing the brother of Clara Hill to make glad her eyes, and in his pocket a missive to her father, calculated to throw the family of Abner Hill into consternation.

Arrived at Orton landing, the little steamer drew up to the pier for a moment, and Lieut. Hill stepped upon the wharf; his baggage was placed beside him.

There was no one there to meet him, so leaving the baggage on the wharf he

"Bress de Lawd, if it aint Mars Tom."

proceeded to follow up a rice-field bank to the house, which he approached from the rear.

The first one he encountered was Uncle Jobe at the back piazza.

The old man was busily engaged adjusting some fishing tackle to a bamboo pole, and didn't notice his approach until he was right upon him.

"Morning, Uncle Jobe, how do you do? How's the 'gators?"

It was only necessary to mention alligators in order to arouse Uncle Jobe.

"G'way from me! g'way! who is yer?"

Here Uncle Jobe looked up.

"Bress de Lawd, if dat ain't Mars, Tom—boy, I'se skeered on yer—you is a soger fer true, but who tole yer about dem 'gators? Da's what I want to know. Dat news got clear to Virginy. Whough! Unc' Jobe mus' be a berry portant man in he ole age. I spec young Miss writed to you 'bout dat."

"Never mind, Uncle Jobe. I'm glad to see you, just the same."

"Is yer, young marster? Is yer fer true? Bress yer, boy, den I don't keer bout de 'gators."

"Heaven bless us!" said the squire, who here came out on the piazza; "if here ain't Tom; come up, you rascal," and in a moment more Tom was on the piazza getting hugged and squeezed by the whole family.

"Where is your baggage, boy?" asked the squire.

"On the landing, father; no one met me."

"How could they, son, when we didn't look for you until five o'clock? Jobe, run to the barn and tell Corbett to send a cart to the wharf for your young master's baggage—be quick, now!"

"Yes, I'se gwine, marster, but I isn't gwine to brek my neck tryin' to run, kase if I does I'll neber git dar."

"Alligators, Jobe, alligators!"

"G'long, marster, g'long!"

"What boat did you come down the river on, Tom?"

"The Sunshine, father; Capt. Harper's boat."

"Why, she was chartered to bring down the bride and groom, also the wedding guests. They were to leave Wilmington at three o'clock—what's amiss, Clarence?"

"I don't know, father; possibly they have chartered some other boat.

"Let us go in, father, and I will tell you all."

They entered the large sitting-room; between it and the parlor in front the broad folding doors were thrown back, and the two rooms were beautifully decorated with ferns and flowers of many hues. The myrtle, the ivy and the mistletoe were interwoven with the larkspur, the boughs of cedar, cypress and pine. Green moss hung in festoons from the corners of the picture frames—all told of preparations for the anticipated event.

"Well, son, we are here; speak now. There is an air of mystery that I do not like."

"This letter, father, and the morning paper that I have in my pocket, will explain it all. But first, I pray you, listen to me. I need not say how sad it is to be the bearer of ill news, and news like this I have to tell, but—but—"

"Speak out, boy! speak out! no ifs or buts—something is amiss, I see."

"One marriage, I trust, father, is but postponed for a time; the other is deferred forever."

"What! What!" exclaimed the squire.

"Fannie!" said Clarence, in alarm. "Is Fannie—?"

"Fannie is well, Clarence, but in great distress, for her father is no more. He died last night."

Tom stood close by his sister's side, as he feared that she might faint, but she did not. True, her face paled and her voice was agitated as she said:

"Brother, his death was very sudden."

"Almost instant," replied Tom.

"A strong and well man but two days ago," said the squire, "and dead! Dead on the day he would have wed my daughter."

"He retired in his usual health last night, father."

"And yet, you say, died instantly."

"Father, he was murdered."

"Murdered! Murdered!" exclaimed each listener.

"Murdered in his bed, or sitting on the bedside."

"And is it known who committed the crime?" said the squire. "I know that he distrusted his nephew, Herbert Lathrop. Was it he?"

"It was not Herbert, father, but the blade of a sailor's sheath knife was driven entirely through his heart by the hand of Angus Bruce."

"Angus! Angus!"

The name broke on the stillness of the room in a wail of anguish, and Clara Hill would have fallen to the floor had not Tom caught her in his arms. He bore her to a sofa and, leaving her mother ministering to her, the squire and his sons left the room.

In the open air the squire perused his letter and, after he had done so, turning to his boys, he said:

"It is too true. In a few hours more my Clara would have been left the wealthiest widow in the state, if all accounts of Loyd's wealth be correct."

Tom thought it very strange that the first thought of his father should be of the wealth that Clara came so near inheriting, and though the fortune of the banker would now descend to Fannie, we will do Clarence the justice to say that he had not even thought of it when his father remarked:

"Your wife, now, Clarence, will probably inherit all."

"Poor Fannie," said Clarence, "I must go to her at once."

"We must all go," the squire said, "by the return boat. They have requested it. Clarence, you and Tom try to console your mother and sister, and get them ready for the trip. Angus Bruce the murderer! I can hardly credit it."

"Strange! most strange!" said Clarence; "he must have lost his mind. But for his flight, I could not believe it."

The startling wail of Clara: "Angus! Angus!" and her fainting at the knowledge that he was the murderer of her betrothed, while she had previously so well stood the shock that the news conveyed that the banker was murdered, was not understood by Lieut. Hill. This was not entirely the case in regard to the squire and Clarence.

The two men entered the house, and the squire proceeded to the stables, and ordered the carriage to the door at four o'clock to convey the family to the landing.

CHAPTER XI.

"A GUDE CAPTAIN'S PLACE IS WUTH HIS SCHOONER."

On the arrival of the Sunshine at Smithville the two detectives hurried ashore; nothing had been seen or heard of the Clara Belle; they had, of course, been uncertain as to whether she had been up the river or not.

Three or four pilots were standing on the wharf. To one of them Capt. Harper said:

"Piver, has the Clara Belle passed out recently?"

"At four o'clock this morning," was the reply; "she went up yesterday empty and returned the same. I was waiting till sunrise to take a brig out; she came down the river under full sail, and rounded to and dropped anchor just off there, some 200 yards in the stream; she lowered a boat, and Angus went ashore. I was sitting in my pilot boat there, and didn't hail him, though I could see his form and three others in the boat pulling the oars. Angus went off toward his house, leaving the other men in the boat, but in half an hour's time he returned. The sun was then rising, and I could see that it was Angus, but when they pulled the yawl out into the stream this time there were but two men with him. I understand he had left his cook behind—something strange about it. I hailed him this time, but he did not reply. I saw him look off up the river as he mounted the deck of his schooner. Then they raised anchor, hoisted all sail, and with a stiff breeze and the tide with them, went scudding out of the inlet. I doubt if Uncle Sam has a sloop that would overhaul them."

"You may as well go back with me," said the captain to the two officers; "the bird has flown. If I mistake not, you will nevermore see Angus Bruce."

"What is it, captain?" asked Piver. "Has Angus fled, and for what?"

"Merely for murder, Piver—for the murder of Banker Loyd, in Wilmington."

"That's a dom lie," said another pilot standing by; "there's no one here in Smithville will believe it—Angus Bruce a murderer? I say no, and I will stand afore the mon as says he is. He might lay out a mon in self-defense, but do a murder? No!"

"Here, Grissom, take this paper, read that," said the captain, pointing to an article headed:

"Horrible Murder of John Loyd, the Banker, by Angus Bruce, Captain of the Clara Belle."

"Briggs," said one officer to the other, "let's go to the widow's house and see what we can learn."

"All right, Carr," replied the man addressed; "we may find Tobe, the cook, there, if he left him behind, but not much can be pumped out of him."

Arrived at the house, Carr knocked at the door and the widow herself opened it.

"Pardon me, madame," said Carr, "but are you the mother of Angus Bruce?"

"Thet is an honor I may weel be proud of, mon. What wud ye wuth Angus Bruce?"

"He is a murderer, dame. He last night murdered Banker Loyd in Wilmington."

"It is a lee, mon! A wuked lee! My ain son is na murderer. Sen you wud cotch a murderer, then best thee cotch one a wee bit nearer hame. Cotchet the young Lathrop, then belike thou wilt have the mon."

"Why, Lathrop is the witness who caught your son in the act."

"He did na doot. He killet his uncle ahind my Angus back. I doubt not he do want hees wealth. Aye, and there be mair he wants."

"We have warrants for the arrest of Angus, dame."

"Then why dost stand dameing Margot Bruce—why don't thee cotch the lad?"

"Where is he, dame?"

"Weel, thou art a sorry mon to ask a mither where her son be, and thou full ready to hang un."

"We will surely catch him, Mrs. Bruce—did he pass out in his schooner?"

"A gude captain's place is wuth hes schooner, and if thou wult cotch the lad, why catch un—belike he is not on the sea, he is on the dry land."

"When did you see him last, dame?"

"When I looket at hem with my two een."

"Is Tobe, the cook, here? We hear he left him behind."

"Dost want the kuke? Did Tobe commit murder, too? Come thee in, he is at the wud pile now. I am getting too cold for a kuke, and Angus left the boy behind. Tobe! Tobe!"

"Here I is, missis," said a coal black chunked-built darky of probably 25 years of age, as he came running in.

"Tobe, there's oofficers searching for your meester; they accuse hem of murdering John Loyd. Noo, Tobe, tell the oofficers where ees Angus Bruce, thy meester."

"Suah, missis."

"Mr. Hofficers, I'll tell yer right whar Mars Angus is this berry minute."

"Where! Where!" exclaimed both officers at once.

"Will yer gibe me a piece of tobaccer if I tells yer?"

"Yes, if you tell no lie."

"I'll tell de God's trute, marster, but gimme de terbaccer fust."

"Here!" said Carr, "take this, it's good tobacco, too; now, where is he?"

"Mars Angus is—is—in he own skin," and away he flew.

"Come on, Carr," said Officer Briggs, "we can learn nothing here."

"Mayhap my dootor wud tell thee, wudst see her—nay! nay! thou hast enough—good riddance to thee.

"Throw up the window, lass, and let the foul air out.

"Oh, Angus! Angus! my ain son, God be wuth thee lad, and He wul! and He wul!" and Margaret Bruce sank weeping in a chair.

CHAPTER XII.

"WHY DO YOU STAND THERE, WOMAN, STARING AT THE BED?"

On the third of June the remains of John Loyd were consigned to the grave.

Squire Hill and his wife and son Clarence were present at the funeral; they had been with Fannie since the evening of the 1st, having returned on the Sunshine the evening of that day.

Clara Hill had been too much overcome to attend the funeral, as much as she may have desired to be with Fannie.

Many said that the dead man's betrothed was so much overcome by the murder, and the sad death of the man to whom she was so soon to have been united, that she was completely prostrated.

She was completely prostrated—heart-broken would have been the word—and knew that should she behold the face of the dead, she would not be able to control her emotion; not because of his death, not because of the fact that he had been murdered, but because of the knowledge that Angus Bruce was a fugitive from justice for having committed the deed; or rather for having been accused of the crime. For Clara Hill in her inmost heart did not believe Angus guilty. "And yet," she asked herself, "how can it be otherwise? If Herbert and Fannie caught him in the very act?"

If she closed her eyes at night, in imagination the dead man lay before her on a snow-white couch, the sheath knife driven to its hilt in his breast, and the form of Angus bending over him; and as he seized the shaft and drew it forth, the life blood of the banker followed it, dyeing all red! red! with blood. She saw the look of horror on the features of Angus, as he turned from the bedside with the reeking weapon clutched in his hand, and with a shriek of blended horror and despair, she would leap to her feet like a frightened deer.

What wonder that she was not present at the funeral, and that her brother Tom remained at Orton to attend her; Mrs. Hill desired to remain, but Clara insisted on her going, knowing that no one else could comfort Fannie, as could her mother.

"And mother," she said, "bring the poor, stricken dear home to Orton, we must take the place of all that she has lost."

The third day after the funeral the family were gathered in the spacious

"We have warrants for the arrest of Angus Bruce."

parlor of the residence of the late banker, to listen to the reading of his will.

To be continued.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ¼ the price of coffee. 15c. and 25cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

In Them All.

"Nobody ever accused me of being a politician out of a job," said Senator Sorghum blandly.

"No," answered the guileless person who takes everything literally. "It was only the other day that I heard some one saying you came pretty near being mixed up in every job that came along."—Washington Star.

Noted Healer in Town.

The Greatest healer of modern times is Banner Salve, for cuts, wounds, sores piles and all skin diseases. Guaranteed.

Then There Was Trouble.

A well dressed, ladylike looking woman entered a car the other day with her little boy of about 6 years of age. On the conductor coming to collect the fares the lady handed her little son a quarter, he being nearer the door. The little fellow examined the coin carefully and then gave it to the conductor. Scarcely had the man returned the change than the youngster clapped his hands and, looking at his mother, exclaimed triumphantly:

"Mamma, mamma, he has taken the bad quarter!"

Pains in the Back.

A. B. Farrington, Constantia, N. Y., says: "I was troubled for several years with kidney disease add suffered severe pains in the back. I used Foley's Kidney Cure and one bottle cured me. I recommend it to my friends. It has given perfect satisfaction.

What folly to proclaim a love for humanity which no one has for the majority of individuals composing it!—Conservative.

After La Grippe—What?

Usually a racking cough and a general feeling of weakness. Foley's Honey and Tar is guaranteed to cure the "grippe cough" and make you strong and well.

Running sores, ulcers, boils, pimples, etc., quickly cured by Banner Salve, the most healing salve in the world. No other "just as good."

Bathing and Nose Blowing.

A number of people come home from the seaside quite deaf, and very many, if not deaf, are much harder of hearing than when they left home. The cause of this is blowing the nose after bathing.

Of course one blows his nose because there is some salt water in it, which makes him uncomfortable. This water he forces into the little eustachian tube that runs from behind the nose to the ear. Here the water remains for days, and the particles of salt set up inflammation. The next step is that the eustachian tube gets blocked and remains more or less so permanently, causing partial deafness.

You should always wait some time after your bath before blowing your nose, and then you should do it gently.

A. R. Bass of Morgantown, Ind., had to get up ten or twelve times in the night, and had severe backache and pains in the kidneys. Was cured by Foley's Kidney Cure. It's guaranteed.

Shrewd Advice.

The virtues of a keen business man are often negative rather than positive. It is said that a great broker once told his son that only two things were necessary to make a great financier.

"And what are those, papa?" the son asked.

"Honesty and sagacity."

"But what do you consider the mark of honesty to be?"

"Always to keep your word."

"And the mark of sagacity?"

"Never to give your word."

LaGRIPPE coughs often continue for months aed sometimes lead to fatal results after the patient is supposed to have passed the danger point. Foley's Honey and Tar affords positive protection and security from these COUGHS.

In the District Court of the State of Iowa in and for Delaware County, May Term, A. D. 1900.

Rufus Millett, plaintiff, vs. Elmore C Millett, Lewis M Millett, Sarah Wiles, ——Wiles, husband of Sarah Wiles, Jennie B Millett, Louisa E Cameron, ——Cameron husband of Louisa E Cameron, Andrew G Millett, Nellie Beedy, ——Beedy husband of Nellie Beedy, Sarah Zink, ——Zink husband of Sarah Zink, Mariah Clements and Carrie Millett, all heirs at law of Elmore C Millett, deceased, defendants.	ORIGINAL NOTICE.

TO ABOVE NAMED DEFENDANTS.

You are hereby notified that the petition of Plaintiff in the above entitled cause is now on file 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 in fee simple of the north half of the northeast quarter; the south west quarter of the northeast quarter; the west seven eighths of the southeast quarter of the northeast quarter; the northeast quarter of the northwest quarter and the south one eighth of the southeast quarter of the north west quarter; all in section eighteen township ninety north range six west of the fifth p m and asking that the title thereto be quieted in him and that the defendants be forever barred and estopped from having or claiming any right title or interest in and to said premises and for such other reliefs as may be equitable in the premises, see petition on file.

And that unless you appear thereto and defend before noon of the second day of the next term, being the May term of said Court, which will commence at Manchester, on the 7th day of May 1900, default will be entered against you and judgment and decree rendered thereon as provided by law.

Dated this 20th day of March A. D. 1900.

YORAN, ARNOLD & YORAN,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

12w4

Cures dizzy spells, tired feeling, stomach, kidney and liver troubles. Keeps you well all summer. Rocky Mountain tea taken this month. 35c.—Gregg & Ward.

Lengthening days give evidence of approaching springtime when ambitious business men surrounded by shrewd competition in the over crowded older towns, are looking for new homes, broader and better business advantages. The Burlington Cedar Rapids & Northern Railway is extending its lines into the best portions of northwestern Iowa and southwestern Minnesota. This country is noted for its rich soil, social, educational and religious advantages. Four towns were located last fall and have made remarkable growth already. Several new towns will be located during the spring and early summer. If you desire to be a pioneer in a good, new town in a well settled rich country which has long been in need of a railroad. Address THOS. H. BROWN,
11w7 Sioux Falls, S. Dak.
Townsite Agent New Lines.

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The most widely circulated "weekly" newspaper in America is the Thrice-a-week edition of The New York World, and with the Presidential campaign now at hand you cannot do without it. Here are some of the reasons why it is easily the leader in dollar a year journalism.

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Every week each subscriber receives 18 pages and often during the "busy" season 24 pages each week.

The price is only $1.00 per year.

It is virtually a daily at the price of a weekly.

Its news covers every known part of the world. No weekly newspaper could stand alone and furnish such service.

The Thrice-a-Week-World has at its disposal all of the resources of the greatest newspaper in existence—the wonder of modern journalism—"America's Greatest Newspaper," as it has been justly termed—The New York World.

Its political news is absolutely impartial. This fact will be of especial value in the Presidential campaign coming on.

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These are only some of the reasons; there are others. Read it and see them

We offer this unequalled newspaper and The Manchester Democrat together one year for $2.15.

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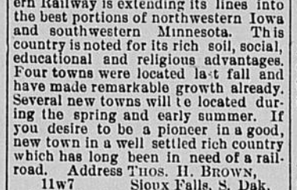

Sixty One and Two-year-Old Grade Ewes for sale.

I have been twenty-three years in the sheep business. Flock originated at John Snell's Sons, Brampton, Canada, West. Rams and Ewes for sale at all times. Correspondence solicited. Visitors always welcome at the sheep ranch

W. J. STRAIN & SONS,
Masonville, Ia.

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Again the publishers of the DEMOCRAT have decided to give its old and new subscribers who pay one year's subscription in advance, a present of either one of the following:

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Being narratives of the lives and exploits of the most renowned Heroes Trappers, and Explorers of this country, etc. It is a book of 540 pages, has over 250 full page portraits and illustrations, and is bound in English silk cloth, stamped in silver.

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An elegantly bound book of 353 pages and over 300 illustrations. It should be in every family.

The Boston Globe says: "It is better and more fully illustrated than any other book of the kind."

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It is nicely bound in cloth and contains over 400 pages of valuable information to every one interested in the raising of poultry. It has over sixty illustrations and treats on the breeding of poultry, location, buildings and furnishings, feed and care of fowls, from shell to griddle, artificial incubation, diseases of fowls and their medical treatment, mating turkeys, ducks, geese, etc.

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Bound in cloth. Contains over 32,000 words with accurate definitions, proper spelling and exact pronunciation. It is enriched with 400 illustrations and besides being a dictionary of the English language, it contains a compendium of classical quotations; list of scriptura names; popular names of states and cities; metric system of weights and measures; mythological names: Ameri canisms; government and constitution of the United States; biographical dictionary of distinguished men; vocabulary of English synonyms. Also special departments on commercial and legal questions; banks and banking: interest tables and laws; agricultural tables; legal phrases and maxims, etc., the whole forming a library in itself.

Prince Bismark

And the Re-establishment of the German Empire, by Max Frederick.

This great work is printed in German text, is appropriately illustrated, contains nearly 300 pages, is handsomely bound in silk, and a fine portrait of the "Iron Chancellor" is shown on the front cover.

The Condensed Code of the Laws of Iowa.

Being a condensation of all the general statute laws of this state (except the code of procedure) contained in the code of 1897.

Murray's Horse Book,

Treats on the origin, characteristics and training of horses, and gives remedies for their diseases. Tells how to select and how to care for dairy cows, and how to educate and train dogs.

Dairy and Creamery

Is a semi-monthly newspaper published the 1st and 15th of each month and is devoted to the dairy, creamery and stock interests.

Remember, every old and new subscriber who pays all arrearages and one year's subscription in advance to the DEMOCRAT, is entitled to receive his choice of either one of the above Pemiums.

If Sent By Mail.

Eighteen cents in addition to the subscription price is required to prepay postage on "Famous Frontiersmen, Pioneers and Scouts," and ten cents for postage on each of the other books, except the Code of Iowa.

Periodicals.

We will also furnish to our paid-in advance subscribers at reduced rates and at actual cost to us, almost any of the leading newspapers and magazines published.

The readers of THE DEMOCRAT may rest assured that it will, during the coming year, maintain the high standard of excellence it has attained and continue to be, as it has been for many years past, the leading newspaper published in this county

"This is too much, John, I won't stand it any longer. To-morrow I leave for my mother's, unless you get me more Rocky mountain tea." Sensible woman. 35c.—Gregg & Ward.

The large and increasing circulation of The Iowa Homestead in this county is a matter for congratulation to the publishers and to good farming, for, of all the papers of its class in the country, it is easily the best and most helpful. Its Special Farmers' Institute editions, issued with the regular edition the first week in each month, have been for years the admiration of all practical farmers. Written wholly by farmers, they are full of actual experience, and smell of the soil. We have been fortunate enough this season to secure terms for The Homestead and its Special Farmers' Institute Editions, together with The Poultry Farmer and The Farmers' Mutual Insurance Journal, four of the most valuable farm publications in the country, that enable us to offer the four in connection with our own paper for $1.90 for the entire five, one year. This is emphatically a good thing, and no farmer in this county should fail to take advantage of this offer. For a large line of thoroughly practical farm reading nothing has ever been offered before that equals it. A county paper, a farm paper, a poultry paper, a farm insurance paper and the Special Farmers' Institute, all for $1.90. Come in and order them.

See, young maiden, that thou takest the genuine Rocky Mountain Tea, made by the Madison Medicine Co., if thou likest thy fair face. 35c.—Gregg & Ward.

HOME SEEKERS EXCURSIONS.

to certain points in the South on the lines of the Illinois Central and Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroads will be twice each month during February, March and April, on dates which your local ticket agent will be able to advise you.

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Shop on Franklin Street, near the bridge, with Alex Sefstrom, in building lately occupied by Peter Meyer. Have had several years experience the past three with Kennedy Buggy Co. Work Guaranteed. F. P. PETERSON.

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Illinois Central between Omaha and Fort Dodge in connection with the Minneapolis and St. Louis between Fort Dodge and Minneapolis and St. Paul, also to be inaugurated January 28, 1900

"THE LIMITED"	Lv. Omaha 7.35 p. m.	Lv. St. Paul 8.00 p. m.
	Ar. Minneapolis 7.30 a. m.	Lv Minneapolis 8.30 p. m.
	Ar. St. Paul 8.00 a. m.	Ar. Omaha 8.15 a. m.

A fast vestibule night train, daily, carrying through Pullman sleeping car and couches.

"THE EXPRESS"	Lv. Omaha 7.00 a. m.	Lv. St. Paul 9.00 a. m.
	Ar. Minneapolis 7.00 p. m.	Lv Minneapolis 9.30 a. m.
	Ar. St. Paul 7.30 p. m.	Ar. Omaha 9.40 p. m.

Fast day train, daily except Sunday, carrying through parlor car and coaches.

Eureka Harness Oil is the best preservative of new leather and the best renovator of old leather. It oils, softens, blackens and protects. Use
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