

Candies
Candies
Candies

BUNTE BROS.
and SPOEHR.....

Candy

WE CARRY A NICE LINE

NOBLE ARNOLD

PANTS!

WE have so many single pants and we are bound to sell them out. In order to do so we have greatly reduced the price on them. We will sell you a HEAVY, ALL WOOL PANTS for **\$1.50,** WORTH \$2.75, and The CELEBRATED Madrid Pants for \$2.50. Size, 30 to 50-in. waist measure.

We will give you some of the best bargains you ever had on our heavy goods. Come in and let us show you what we can do for you.

J. H. ALLEN,
 MANCHESTER, IOWA.

BAKERS' MONACA COFFEES

are not only carefully cleaned, prepared and scientifically roasted, but what is of far greater importance, they are blended by a system exclusively our own and one which insures absolute uniformity. When you have selected a Monaca Brand Coffee, you will find it the same to-morrow, the same next week, the same next year!

For sale by

HARRY STEWART

The Maid was in the Garden....

hanging out the clothes and met with a most unpleasant accident. Why not send your clothes to the Manchester Steam Laundry to be laundered and this save all trouble at home? You can get better work for less money at a first class laundry than you can in any other way. Clothes called for and delivered promptly.

MANCHESTER STEAM LAUNDRY
 We ask only one trial. PHONE 238

For the quickest and best route to Delaware county homes use the MANCHESTER DEMOCRAT. It is religiously read in the office, the shop, the factory, on the street and in the home. Your ad in its columns is bound to bring business.



You reap what you sow

in the variety, quality and quantity of your garden and farm produce, and our choice garden and flower seeds will be sure to give results that will gratify and please you by their size and deliciousness. We have all kinds of garden seeds, but only one quality, and that is the best.



PETERSON BROS

The World Against Him

By WILL N. HARBEN.

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"God knows there is nothing else for me to do, Dave. I have tried to see some other way, but I can't."
 "Well, you'll need somebody with you, an 'I'm your man.'"
 "I'd rather not have anyone, thank you, Dave. He and I can fight just as well alone. I'd rather die than take advantage of him. I only want to satisfy myself—to get rid of the memory that he has—"
 "I know how you feel, an' I don't blame you. When will you see 'im?"
 "In the morning."
 "Well, go to bed an' get some sleep; you may need a steady aim; he may be a good shot; them army chaps generally is."

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning the two brothers met as they were leaving their rooms. David caught Ronald by the arm and turned his face towards the little glassed window at the head of the stairs. "Gown up," he said, with a smile, "you didn't get a wink of sleep last night."
 "I confess it," was the answer. "I didn't know what was the matter with me."
 "But I do," David touched his brow significantly; "it was not blood in the brain. I know how you felt. You just rolled an' tumbled. I heard you get up an' look out of the window to see if it was gittin' daylight five times of you did once. My Lord, I couldn't rest for two nights fore I whipped up old Meyer fer reportin' me fer sellin' that quart to the Calhoun boys, but you bet after I made his face look like a huckle-berry custard I slept the sleep of the righteous. Two of my friends had to perchure the're eyes to keep me out of the chain-gang, an' I was tryin' to wash out the're sin with his blood; if the're conscience ain't clear it ain't because that wasn't enough of the fluid fer laundry purposes, fer he killed 'em stuck up!" I reckon, Dave broke off suddenly as they began to descend the stairs. "That breakfast is about ready, I heard the old man cussin' about their hair 'too much ham fried!"

After breakfast the boys left the house and took the road leading towards Carnegie. He wore his best suit of clothes, which fitted him perfectly. In each of the pockets of his dark sack coat there was a revolver; he had shaved himself by the first rays of the sun and wore a becoming necktie; his boots shone with fresh blacking, and he had on a stylish straw hat.

As he left the house Mary Lou and Ann Josephine, having shined the dishes, washed the wood in the porch. Their shoes were unlaced, their dresses soiled and torn, their hair disheveled.

"He walks mighty biggity," observed Mary Lou; "I reckon he is makin' tracks fer town to see about being examined fer the law. Who do you reckon would hire 'im to speak fer 'em?"
 "That's no tellin' the luck of a lousy calf!" opined Ann Josephine. "Ron ain't nobody's fool, a body couldn't read as many papers an' magazines an' study law as he does without learnin' something."

"He'll take keer of 'number one anyway," commented Mary Lou; "heerd pa say 'other day that Ron refused to market his cotton when everybody in the county was turnin' loose o' theirs last fall an' that he held onto it till it riz an' he put a cool two hundred dollars profit in the bank; an' another time, he never goes in debt over head an' yeers like pa an' Dave does; he's the only farmer round here that pays cash fer labor an' that's one reason he gets so much out of his hands. Niggers don't want to work fer orders of paper at two prices when the cash planked down will get so much better bargains."

Meanwhile the subject of these remarks was walking swiftly down towards Carnegie. The great house was now in full view, and that part of the grounds through which a flower-bordered walk led in sinuous curves from the veranda down the grassy slope where there were a spring, a summer-house and rustic seats. The spring was only a few hundred yards from the main road, where, in a corner of the colonnade's zigzag rail fence, Ronald paused and waited, hoping that by some chance Capt. Winkle would stroll in that direction as Ronald in passing had once or twice seen him do.

He had not long to wait. He saw Winkle in fatigue uniform come out on the veranda and receive a cigar from his servant. A few minutes afterwards, under a banner of blue smoke, the young officer took one or two turns on the lawn among the flower beds, and then, as if obeying Ronald's fierce desire, conveyed to him telepathically, from his pocket when he returned to the spring. He moved easily, with a lazy, swinging stride, ruthlessly cutting at the nearest flowers with a cane which he poised on his shoulder like a sword or swung in front of him as if fencing.

No sooner had Ronald seen the direction he was taking than he vaulted over the fence and made his way through the dewy grass and weeds into the wood which intervened between him and the spring.

He came upon Winkle as that worthy stood on the flat stones round the spring. The officer wore his eye-glasses, and had his cigar between his lips. The grass muffled Ronald's steps, and as Winkle was looking towards the house and the spring, some one, he did not notice, his presence till he stood beside him. "Ah!" ejaculated Winkle, as he turned, and then through his glasses he eyed Ronald coldly from head to foot. "Ah!" he repeated, and then he took a puff at his cigar and blew the smoke towards the house as he looked again up the walk. One familiar with the tricks of Winkle's sallow face might have found a hint of uneasiness there as Ronald caught his eye and held it steadily for a second.

"There is a matter that you and I must settle, sir," said our hero, calmly. For a moment Winkle gazed almost defiantly at the speaker, then his glance wavered just a little.

"A matter that you and I must settle," he echoed, with a faint sneer, "and what is that, my good fellow?"
 "You deliberately drove your horses against me last night in the road and I have come to demand satisfaction."
 The officer sent another glance up the walk towards the house; it was as if he were hoping some one would arrive to prevent what seemed inevitable. He did not like the expression of the face before him; he dreaded the awful threatening tranquillity of it.

He removed his cigar from his lips and held it in his fingers, that quivered nervously.

ing under high heaven can avert the consequences of that cowardly act."

"I am not a good driver, Mr. Fanshew—I believe that is your name, sir. Just as I passed your brother my hand slipped, and—"

"You are a deliberate liar!" Ronald interrupted him.
 Winkle started, paled a little and made a half threatening gesture with his right hand, but as he gazed into our hero's eyes his arm sank slowly down to his side and he made a lame pretense of trying to restrain his anger.

"You must not use insulting words to me," he said.
 Ronald smiled. "You would not be so inartistic as to deny that you lied, Winkle, but the fact that you tacitly admit you are a liar does not satisfy me. I tell you we have got to settle this matter right here and now."

"I don't know what you mean," Winkle found himself saying. "I do not want any trouble with you. I've said that—the thing was an accident, and—"

"And I have said that it was not an accident, and that I will fight you or have the satisfaction of knowing you are a coward. If you are a coward I would not soil my hands with you."
 Winkle was very white now; his cigar fell from his lips and he caught it against his breast. "I am unarmed, and" (he looked Ronald over again) "you are physically stronger than I am."

Thereupon Ronald drew the two revolvers from his pockets and held them out. "I thought that pistols would be fair," he said. "You may take your choice; if you are a coward I will shoot you in a quiet place; we can have it over in a few minutes. I have thought out a plan that will be perfectly fair to both of us. The plantation bell will ring in a few moments; we can get ready and at its first stroke we may turn and fire till the revolvers are empty or one of us is down."

Winkle stared fixedly.
 "Why, that would be deliberate murder," he gasped, shrinking back a step or two from the extended pistols.

"It would not be any more murder than death in any duel would be, Capt. Winkle."

"I really think I should like to have you do it, if you will," said he.
 "Well, words are of no avail," she laughed; "and half hope will suspect me of knowing something about it; he is tiresome in all things, but he has more to say about his courage than anything else."
 Just then the plantation bell rang. "Oh, you mean an awful awful!" she went on, grown suddenly serious. "If Capt. Winkle had been of a different type you would have been shooting at each other at this moment—"

she checked herself; there was a tense look about her lips. "You would have been in great trouble (for no man can escape it who has killed another). Then he might have taken your life."
 He understood, and his heart beat wildly.
 "If he had been of a different type, he would not have treated me as he did, and I should not have been here this morning."

She gazed up her ferns and flowers and rose.
 "It is quite true," she rejoined, with a look towards the house. "I must be going now; good-by."
 She took the buttons and sleeve ornaments from him, and put them into a pocket of her dress, and he held out her hand. "Good-by," she said again.
 When Evelyn reached the house and had entered the great hall she called to her maid, Marie, a mulatto girl, to take care of her ferns and flowers.

"Give you see, Capt. Winkle this morning?" Evelyn asked.
 The maid laughed impulsively as she filled her hands with the damp green things.
 "Yes, um, I seed 'im, an' he acted mighty strange. I never seed a man set so quar in my life." Again Marie laughed.
 "What do you mean, Marie?"
 "Well," answered the maid, "I noticed 'im goin' fer his walk in the spring, an' I would er bet my life dat he had on his brass buttons an' de straps on his shoulder, kase I seed 'im walkin' in de sun; he was smokin' an' walkin' as chipper as er gamerooster, but about fifteen minutes later he come back up de servants' stairs on his tip-toes. I met 'im face to face, I did, an' young miss, as God is in Heaven, he didn't have a sign of a button on 'is coat, an' he'd cut off his shoulder straps, an' he looked as if he looked as mean as er egg-suckin' dog!"
 Marie giggled again. She had, with the usual perspicacity of her race, divined that the officer was not in high favor with her mistress.

At this juncture Capt. Winkle, dressed from head to foot in snowy duck, came down the front staircase, and, bowing to Evelyn, he went out on the veranda. Without speaking again to Marie, Evelyn turned into her own room to take off her damp apron.

She decided that she would, later in the day, ask Marie to get the captain's coat.

your grounds and Capt. Winkle is the guest of your house."

She shrugged her shoulders and sat down on the seat he had just left.
 "I am going to say what I really would not say if it were not all settled between you, Mr. Fanshew," she was putting the stems of her fern leaves together in her left hand, "and that is that I do not blame you much."

"You do not really?"
 "For a moment she gave him a full glance from her deep sympathetic eyes."

"I did not sleep a wink last night, Mr. Fanshew. I was so angry with him that I could not close my eyes. I came near asking my father to send him away. From a man's standpoint I presume you have done all that can be done."

He sat down by her.
 "I am sorry that I cannot get the best of me, Miss Hasbrooke, without feeling dissatisfied with myself. I refrained from striking myself when I found he would not fight, but what I finally did was just as bad. He was looking at the buttons and shoulder straps in his hands."

Evelyn laughed softly.
 "He may not have any more buttons here in the country," she said, "and he may want to discard his favorite suit for while."
 "I did it in a spasm of uncontrollable anger," was Ronald's defense. "He deserved more than that slight humiliation," she smiled; "and yet you must not try to conquer the divine in you now that you have won it. It shows you are truly noble—noble!"

Ronald blushed to the roots of his hair.
 "When he refused to fight me," he said, "I ought to have left him. I think I had not been quite so exasperating."
 "I am going to help you about the buttons and the shoulder straps," answered Evelyn. "I have a maid who can hold her tongue. I am going to get her to carry the captain's coat from his room, and I shall restore his plume."

He smiled, a new light in his eyes.
 "I really think I should like to have you do it, if you will," said he.
 "Well, words are of no avail," she laughed; "and half hope will suspect me of knowing something about it; he is tiresome in all things, but he has more to say about his courage than anything else."

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CHAPTER V.
 After supper that night the three gentlemen remained at the table after the ladies had left, to smoke and drink their wine. The windows of the big dining-hall opened like a door onto the veranda, and Capt. Winkle, faultlessly attired in snowy duck, low waistcoat and snowy shirt and necktie, watched the three ladies furtively as they, arm in arm, promenaded back and forth in the light of the big kerosene lamp on the table. The strings stopped. It was not the colonel's habit to dress for the evening meal, especially in the hot season, so he still wore his cool suit of brown linen, and, in this respect, Mr. Hardy was glad to keep him company, as he had really come to the country for an easy, unceremonious outing. The colonel liked nothing better than good listeners, and as he sipped his wine and smoked, his pink complexion fairly glowed with the beauty and many virtues of the only lady guest in his house, Mrs. Lancaster, a snowy-haired widow not far from the colonel's age.

"I am glad she came to-day," he said. "She is hard to get at; she travels so extensively, and I'm sure she never would have her now if it were not for Evelyn; they love each other like mother and daughter. Why, I'll bet Mrs. Lancaster doesn't stay in her Charleston home one winter but she goes back to the States, and I think she likes to be here."

"No, I think she likes to be here," the gentleman appealed to. "I think I should have had the pleasure of meeting her before this if she were often at home, but she goes out very little in the States, and has few intimate friends. I should say she was by odds the most exclusive woman in the city."

"I am pretty sure," remarked the colonel, tentatively, "that she is very well-to-do—that is, I judge so by the life she leads; it is one of expensive luxury from beginning to end."

been discovered."

"Her husband was not killed while actually in service," explained Hasbrooke, "and his death was a most tragic one." The colonel looked round the room and seeing James, the black butler, standing behind his chair, holding a napkin and corkscrew, he said:

"I shall ring when I want you, James."
 When the negro had bowed himself from the room, Col. Hasbrooke continued. "Mrs. Lancaster's life has been a great one; she has revealed the great grief of her life to very few, and then only to her most intimate friends. She had been married to Lancaster only two years when the first shot from Fort Sumter set his blood on fire. He was one of the first in South Carolina to offer his services, and as he had had some military training and was highly educated he was made a captain of a company. He made a good record but was taken ill when his regiment was stationed at a little town in the mountains of East Tennessee and was ordered home on a furlough. As it was in the month of August, Mrs. Lancaster thought that the climate of Charleston would not be so good for him as that of Tennessee, so she telegraphed him to wait and she would join him. She met him with her only child, a baby in arms, and they started through the mountains to a retreat that had been recommended to them as a highly suitable resting place. But on that journey they met with the catastrophe which blighted her whole life. The mountains in that section, like the mountains here, were infested with bandits who lived upon plundering strangers, no matter of what politics. And it was a gang of these reckless ruffians into which they ran. They were in a spring wagon driven by a negro, who had all along shown himself to be an ardent coward. The first indication of danger was the sudden appearance from the bushes of half a dozen armed men, who demanded that the party alight. Evidently Capt. Lancaster, who happened to be holding the child in his arms, thought that immediate obedience was best, so he got out, telling the men that he had in his pockets all the money and valuables the wagon contained. He was still holding the child on one arm and opening his pockets with another when the negro, seeing that the robbers were not noticing the wagon, whipped up the horses and drove away at full speed. Mrs. Lancaster tried to stop him, but he was wild with terror, and as the robbers were now firing after them, he ducked his head and applied the lash. The woman was helpless; the negro was strong and half insane. She argued with him and pleaded with him to stop and let her out, but he drove on like a madman. It was not till they had reached a farmhouse nine miles from the scene of the robbery that she induced the negro to stop. Here they were received by a family in which there was one man too old to do service in the war. He said he was willing to do what he could for her, but that the 'bushwhackers,' who were a power in the land, would hang him if he molested their plans. He went out so, if he could get together any of his neighbors who would help her, but

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