THE STURGIS WAGER

A DETECTIVE STORY.

By EDGAR MORETTE.

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Scene of story is in New York city. Time, early evening, last day of year. Cable train collides with cab, throwing to ground cabman and passenger also seated outside. Latter disappears; then, inside the cab, body of man shot dead is discovered. Sturgis, reporter, examines cab and surroundings.

CHAPTER II—Later that evening, at stag dinner party, Sturgis, in impromptu discussion, maintains reliability of circumstantial evidence. Dr. Murdock, famous chemist, wagers in reply $5,000 to $100 that from any daily paper he can select an unsolvable riddle. Sturgis takes bet.

CHAPTER III—Case selected is of two mysterious shots fired that afternoon in or near Knickerbocker bank. Man had been seen running from bank with valise, and arrested. Man said he stole valise from bank steps and was shot at. Valise contained nothing of interest.

CHAPTER IV—Sturgis secures appointment with Dunlap, president of bank, to visit scene of shooting early next morning, then induces his friend Dr. Thurston to come to his rooms while he arranges data of the two strange cases.

CHAPTER V—From observations made thus far and inductive reasoning thereon reporter has concluded: (1) dead man in cab was bookkeeper about 50 years old receiving good salary; (2) wound caused by bullet fired at close quarters; (3) might have shot himself; (4) shooting had not occurred in cab; (5) right arm broken by heavy instrument; and (6) cabman was drugged, and young man who escaped involved in some way in crime. Cab mystery also noted as possible sequel to bank mystery.

CHAPTER VI—Sturgis calls for Sprague, artist friend, to get his company during investigation at bank, but artist has appointment with some fair sitter whose portrait he is making.

CHAPTER VII — Agnes Murdock (in charge of her father's household since her mother's death) finds her father in his study. She, in reply to a question concerning attentions of a Thomas Chatham, shows her dislike of the persistent suitor. Her father intimates she shall not be further bothered.

CHAPTER VIII—Miss Murdock's final sitting for portrait induces artist to ask privilege of calling at her home, which she readily grants. Bellboy brings note for Agnes. This is read with evident annoyance, and she drops it. It remains forgotten when she leaves studio.

CHAPTER IX—Promptly at time agreed Dunlap meets Sturgis. Reporter begins long and careful examination in bank. Revolver in bookkeeper's desk shows two empty cartridges.

CHAPTER X—Examination completed, Sturgis questions banker regarding reliability of Arbogast, head bookkeeper, then announces Arbogast to be a defaulter with Chatham, accountant who has frequently examined condition of books, as accomplice. Message Arbogast sent Chatham deciphered from marks on a blotter.

CHAPTER XI—Reporter has now completed diagram showing movements of Arbogast and Chatham and one other whose identity is as yet completely veiled. Arbogast at last moment had found a note which caused him to suspect his accomplice. He fired wounding him in hand and was about to fire again when unknown conspirator rushed in and struck his arm. This action resulted in turning weapon and making Arbogast shoot himself. Dunlap is incredulous, but verifies story in part by later identifying body of Arbogast at morgue.

CHAPTER XII—Banker calls upon Mrs. Arbogast. While with her she receives letter written by her husband telling of defalcation and expected flight. He has by mistake allowed a depositor to overdraw account. Chatham has discovered mistake, and for fear of losing position Arbogast allows himself to be used by Chatham and a Mr. Seymour. By false entries Seymour has drawn $250,000. Change in method of book keeping was about to expose the matter. Arbogast tells his wife to give Dunlap confession as soon as he has escaped.

CHAPTER XIII—The afternoon of crime Chatham had had occasion to use telephone. Sturgis learns he had been connected with the Manhattan Chemical company, a mysterious concern not known to commercial agencies. At office of chemical concern Sturgis places detectives.

CHAPTER XIV—Sprague next morning finds letter Miss Murdock had dropped in his studio, and decides to return it in person.

CHAPTER XV—He reaches her home, and is announced just in time to interfere with implied threat of Chatham, who has forced his attentions upon Agnes, and with dangerous looking paper knife in hand has declared: "If I don't marry you, no one ever shall." After Chatham leaves, Agnes gives way to hysterical weeping, but is soon comforted by her now accepted lover, Sprague.

CHAPTER XVI—Sturgis traces Chatham's movements as far as Dr. Thurston's house. Doctor had just developed Roentgen ray photograph showing position of bullet in accountant's forearm.

CHAPTER XVII—Reporter now goes to vicinity of Manhattan Chemical office. Detectives report Chatham to have twice entered the place, but not seen to have come out either time. Murdock's house is on next street directly behind chemical concern. Here Sturgis gains admission, and overhears Chatham's excited voice threatening "to give the whole thing away."

CHAPTER XVIII—Sturgis has come to get rear view of chemical office, but gives as his reason desire for interview with chemist regarding recent experiments. Murdock asks reporter into laboratory, but Sturgis remembers engagement and excuses himself.

CHAPTER XIX—Meeting Sprague outside the two go for warrants and police to search chemical concern. Arriving, Sturgis with skeleton key opens two doors, then leaving police and detectives he and Sprague descend to cellar, follow an underground passage and come to Murdock's laboratory. Here is found a vat from which reporter carefully fishes out a bit of lead which appears to be a flattened bullet.

CHAPTER XX—Sturgis finds vat contains fluid that dissolves bone as well as flesh. The bullet just found shows how Chatham had but a little before met his end. Murdock coming from above discovers the men. Sturgis fires, but he retreats in safety.

During this tirade Sturgis and Sprague had remained standing with their eyes fixed upon the gleaming carbuncles which peered at them from behind the grated peephole at the top of the stairs. The artist seemed to realize that the fight was lost. His attitude was that of a brave man accepting, with calm despair, an unpleasant but inevitable doom. The reporter had drawn his revolver at the first sound of Murdock's voice, but had immediately returned it to his pocket upon realizing that the chemist was protected by a bullet-proof grating. Now, pale and collected, he remained inscrutable. It was impossible, even for the sharp eyes of Murdock, to determine whether he was at last resigned to his fate, or whether his active mind was still on the alert for a loophole of escape.

The bit of candle which he held in his hand had burned so low that at last he was unable to hold it without risk of burning his fingers. Whereupon he coolly set it down upon the stone floor, where presently the wick fell over into a pool of molden paraffine, and the flame sputtered noisily, sending fitful gleams through the darkness.

"Well," continued Murdock's voice, "it is at my rate a great satisfaction to play a game with an adversary worthy of one's steel. You have played well, Mr. Sturgis. I think you would have won modestly; and you are losing as I would myself have lost, had our positions been reversed. Good-bye."

The gleaming eyes disappeared from the grating and the sliding panel closed with a metallic click.

"Now, then," said Sturgis to his companion, "the last chance lies in the speaking tube. But first help me move this box."

"What do you want to do with the box?" asked Sprague, who, however, did as he was bid.

"It may help us to gain a little time. Put it down here."

Sturgis struck a match and pointed out the spot.

"On the hot-air register?"

"On what looks like a hot-air register. Did you ever see a hot-air register with no apparent means of shutting off the heat?"

Sprague, who stood almost over the register, suddenly threw back his head and gasped for breath.

"You have discovered the secret of this death trap," said Sturgis, observing him.

"Gas!" spluttered the artist.

"Yes, he is going to asphyxiate us. Now, quick, to the speaking tube! Why box will somewhat retard the rush of gas; but, at the best, it is only a question of minutes before the air becomes so charged as to render respiration impossible."

Sprague rushed to the speaking-tube and whistled long and loud, after which he placed his ear to the mouthpiece.

"I hear some one walking," he suddenly exclaimed.

The two men listened in breathless silence for an answering call.

"Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?"

The words came in Murdock's voice.

Sprague's eyes met those of the reporter and saw that the last faint glimmer of hope was gone. In that swift and silent interchange of thought there was resignation to the inevitable doom and the final farewell of two brave hearts.

The spluttering candle gave its last flicker and went out, leaving the prisoners in utter darkness.

The room was rapidly filling with gas and they were beginning to feel its effects.

"We can at least complete our task before we die," said Sturgis, with grim determination.

"Our task!"

"Yes, and insure Murdock's conviction for our murder."

"What chance is there that anyone will ever discover our bodies, since they are destined for Murdock's oblivion tank?"

"Give me your hand," Sturgis replied; "there is a box of matches. I place it here, between us, within easy reach. I want to write a few words to the superintendent of police to explain matters. By that time there will be enough gas in the room to produce a terrific explosion, when we strike a match. We can thus succeed in wrecking this place and calling attention to it. If I should succumb before you do, do not fail to light the match."

While he was speaking the reporter had taken from his pocket a pad and a pencil and had begun to write as rapidly as he could in the darkness.

Sprague's head was beginning to swim and his ears were ringing, but the thought of Agnes Murdock was uppermost in his mind.

"An explosion!" he exclaimed; "no, no; that must not be. What of Agnes? She may be hurt?"

Sturgis continued writing.

"It is the only chance there is of bringing Murdock to justice," he said, firmly.

"But Agnes is innocent of his crimes," urged the artist, in a thick voice. His tongue clove to his palate; he felt his consciousness ebbing. "Why should she suffer? I am going, old man—I cannot hold out any longer—Promise me that you—that you will not—strike—the match—"

He staggered and fell against the reporter, who caught him in his arms. His own senses were reeling.

"Promise—" pleaded the half-unconscious man.

"I promise," answered Sturgis, after an instant's hesitation.

It struck a chill to his heart to see his friend dying in the prime of youth, strength and happiness.

Suddenly a thought flashed upon him.

"Brace up, old fellow. All is not yet over. The speaking-tube leads to fresh air. Here, put your lips to it and breathe through your mouth."

The artist heard the words and made an effort to obey these directions. With Sturgis' assistance he managed to place his lips to the mouth-piece of the speaking-tube. A few whiffs of comparatively fresh air sent the sluggish blood coursing through his veins and gave him a new hold on life. With renewed vigor came the animal instinct to fight to the last for existence.

TOTTERED AND REELED.

As the shadows of death which had been closing in upon him receded, he became conscious of Sturgis' voice beating upon his ears in broken and scarcely audible tones.

"It is—the last chance—Stick—to the tube—When he comes—surprise him—your revolver—shoot—before—"

The reporter was clinging unsteadily to his friend's shoulder. Sprague suddenly realized that Sturgis in his turn was succumbing to the effects of the gas. He sprang back in time to catch the staggering man in his arms.

"Selfish brute that I am!" he exclaimed. "Here; it is your turn to breathe!" And he pushed the reporter toward the tube.

"No, no," said Sturgis, struggling faintly; "it cannot be both—and you—have—everything—to live for."

But the artist was now the stronger, and he succeeded in forcing his friend to inhale enough fresh air to restore his departing consciousness.

At length Sturgis, with returning strength, was about to renew the generous struggle with Sprague, when suddenly the place was ablaze with the glow of an electric light.

"He wants to see if his work is done," whispered Sturgis, to his companion.

Then, observing that Sturgis was again on the verge of asphyxiation, he continued hurriedly:

"Fill up your lungs with air, quick! —quick, I tell you. Now drop and feign death. Do as I do."

Suiting the action to the word, Sturgis threw himself upon the stone floor, face downward, and lay motionless, his right hand grasping a revolver concealed beneath his body. Sprague, after a short breathing spell at the tube, followed his companion's example.

After a short interval there came a metallic click, which Sturgis recognized as the sound made by the opening of the slide in the panel of the door at the head of the stairs.

A moment—which seemed an eternity of suspense — followed, during which the prisoners felt, without being able to see, the cold gleam of the steely eyes of Murdock at the grating.

Would he enter? Would he suspect the ruse? Would the two men retain their grasp of consciousness and their strength long enough to make a last fight for life?

These thoughts crowded upon the reporter's brain as he lay simulating death and making a desperate effort to control his reeling senses.

If Murdock were coming he would have to shut off the gas and ventilate the room. What was he waiting for?

"Come in!"

The words were Murdock's as he turned away from the grating and closed the sliding panel.

"An interruption which probably means death to us," whispered Sturgis to his companion; "take another breath of fresh air, old fellow; we must hold out a little longer."

Sprague, however, lay motionless and unresponsive. The reporter shook him violently and turned him over upon his back. The artist's body was limp and inert; his eyes half closed; his face livid.

The reporter himself felt sick and faint. But, with a mighty effort, he succeeded in raising his friend in his arms, and dragging him toward the speaking-tube. There, of a sudden, his strength failed him. His head swam; his muscles relaxed; he felt Sprague's limp form slip from his grasp, tottered, reeled, threw his arms wildly about him for support, and fell, as the last elusive ray of consciousness was slipping away from him.

CHAPTER XXII.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

After Sprague had left her, Agnes, shaken by the conflicting emotions of the day, had gone to her room to rest and to prepare for the interview which she meant to have with her father on the subject of her lover and of Chatham.

Having received word that Murdock would remain in his study during the rest of the afternoon, she had taken time to reflect upon what she meant to say, and how she meant to say it. Her visit was not prompted by the desire of a daughter to confide the great happiness of her life to the loving sympathy of an affectionate parent; but Agnes was punctilious in the performance of what she considered to be her duties, great and small, and she counted it among those duties to obtain, or at any rate to seek, the paternal sanction of her choice of a husband.

Her knock at the door of Murdock's study was answered in the chemist's quiet voice:

"Come in."

As she opened the door, Murdock advanced to meet her. He seemed to come from the direction of the extension.

Miss Murdock sniffed the air.

"Isn't there a leak of gas?" she inquired.

"Yes," replied Murdock; "I have just stopped a leak in the laboratory. Won't you take a chair, Agnes?"

She felt his calm, searching glance upon her; and, in spite of her preparation, she grew embarrassed, as was her wont, in her father's presence.

"Did Mr. Chatham wait to see you this afternoon?" she asked, after a momentary silence.

Murdock observed her narrowly.

"Yes; Chatham has been here today. I did not know that you had seen him."

"I could not help seeing him; for he forced his way into the parlor, in spite of all the servants could do to prevent him."

An almost imperceptible furrow appeared between the chemist's eyes.

"Has he been annoying you with his attentions?"

The words were spoken in Murdock's usual tones; but Agnes saw something in her father's eyes and in the firm lines of his mouth which sent a cold shiver down her spine, and caused her pity to go out to the unfortunate young man who had offended her.

"Perhaps he is more to be pitied than blamed," she suggested, gently. "My interview with him was certainly not pleasant; but I bear him no malice."

"Tell me about it," said Murdock, slowly.

Agnes gave her version of the visit, in which, instinctively, she softened, as much as possible, the passion and brutality displayed by the accountant.

Murdock listened in silence until she had quite finished. Then Agnes noticed that his right hand was clenched upon the arm of his chair with a force which caused the muscles to stand out in hard knots. She looked up into his face in sudden surprise.

His features gave no indication of what his feelings might be; and his voice, as usual, was steady and deliberate.

"I am sorry all this should have happened, Agnes. As I told you yesterday, I hoped to save you from this man's importunities. It cannot be helped now. But I think I made it clear to the gentleman that his attentions are as distasteful to me as they are to you. As he seems to have told you, he has been obliged to leave the country—I understand that he has done something or other which makes it safer for him to undertake a long journey. At any rate, we are well rid of him for some time to come, and I think you need have no fear of further molestation."

"What did he mean by saying that he had had encouragement from you?" asked the young girl.

"I am sure I do not know. That was of course a lie out of whole cloth. He came to me with letters of recommendation from good friends of mine, and I therefore occasionally invited him to the house; but that is all the encouragement he ever got from me. We live in the United States and at the close of the nineteenth century. The selection of a husband is no longer performed by a stern parent, but is left entirely to the young girl herself. That is certainly my way of looking at the matter. When you find the man of your choice, my only function will be to give you advice, if you seek it, and my best assistance in any event."

The turn of the conversation thus suddenly brought to the surface the topic which occupied the young girl's mind, to the exclusion of all others; and which, for that very reason, had been kept severely in the background up to that point.

"That reminds me," said Agnes, consciously, as a charming flush suffused her beautiful face, "that I have not yet broached the principal object of this interview—"

Murdock observed her closely and waited for her to proceed. But Agnes was once more laboring under a strange embarrassment and could not find words in which to frame the confidence she was so reluctant to offer.

Perhaps the chemist divined something of the nature of what she was struggling to find expression for. At any rate, he noticed her embarrassment and endeavored to come to her assistance with a few encouraging words, spoken with unusual gentleness. Agnes, engrossed with her own thoughts, did not notice it, but there was in his manner as near an approach to tender wistfulness as his nature was capable of.

At last the young girl seemed to gather courage, and she was about to speak, when there was a knock upon the door.

"Plaze, sur; there do be two gintlemin in the hall."

"Who are they, Mary?"

"Shure, thin, sir, I dunno, barrin' wan uv 'em do be a polacemun."

"Did they ask to see me?"

"They did not, sur; shure they asked if Mr. Chapman was in."

"Mr. Chatham?"

"Yis, sur. And I told 'em he wuz here this afternoon, and I wud see wuz he here now, fur I ain't seen him go yit."

"Well, Mary, you see he has gone, since he is no longer here," said Murdock quietly. "Take the gentlemen into the parlor, and tell them I shall be with them in a minute."

"All right, sur."

After the maid had left the room, the chemist rose from his chair and walked toward the door leading to the library.

"If you will excuse me for a few minutes, Agnes, I shall see what these men want. Wait for me here, if you will. I shall be back directly."

So saying, he noiselessly opened the folding doors and passed into the library, closing the doors carefully behind him.

Freed from the presence of her father, Agnes almost instantly regained her composure. She had not, however, had much time to collect her thoughts, when she was suddenly startled by a loud, shrill whistle, which brought her to her feet in alarm.

"Well?"

She asked the question in anxious tones, as if realizing that life and death were in the balance. Then she placed her ear to the mouthpiece.

At first she could not make out the words spoken by her invisible interlocutor. Then, gradually, they fell upon her ear with terrible distinctness; and she stood spellbound, as in a horrible nightmare, with sudden terror in her staring eyes, and with the fearful sense of impotence in her trembling limbs.

[To be continued.]

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Everybody knows the man who is careful never to say "No" abruptly in answer to a question. "No" is a hard word, but one may sometimes be made ridiculous by a reluctance to utter it.
A certain man who had this habit was once met by two women who had been discussing the peculiarity, and one of them said that she was positive she could make him say, "Oh, no!" flatly. So she addressed him thus:
"Let me see, Mr. Smith, you are a widower, are you not?"
"As much a widower, madam," he answered, with a polite inclination of his head, "as it is possible for a man to be who was never married."
The woman had to own herself beaten.—Youth's Companion.

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to use Foley's Kidney Cure in time. If taken in earlier stages of Bright's disease and diabetes, it is a certain cure. You have noticed the high death rate from these diseases, and it is not wise to ignore early symptoms when a sure medicine like Foley's Kidney Cure, can be had.—Gregg & Ward.

Uncle (who left his nephew "refreshing")—Well, Tommy, you see I'm back. Are you ready? What have I to pay, miss?

Waitress—Three buns, four sponge cakes, two sandwiches, one jelly, five tarts and—

Uncle—Good gracious, boy! Are you not ill?

Tommy—No, uncle, but I'm very thirsty.—London Tit-Bits.

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"Both my children were taken with whooping cough," writes Mrs. O. E. Dutton, of Danville, Ill. "A small bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar gave such relief that I used a 50 cent bottle, which saved me a doctor's bill." Nothing else so good.—Gregg & Ward.

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"Dear," said the dying man, "I don't want you to go into mourning for me when I am gone."
"Oh, George!" she sobbed. "Don't be so hard upon me."
"Hard? Why, love, I simply want you to be happy. You are young yet. Why should you deck yourself with widow's weeds?"
"It's mean of you, George! You know black is so becoming to me!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

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Backaches are caused by disorder in the kidneys. Foley's Kidney Cure will make the kidneys right.—Gregg & Ward.

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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.

120 Acre Farm For Sale.

We are agents for the sale of the O. A. Underwood farm of 120 acres, situated about 5 miles north east of Manchester. There is a bargain for some purchaser in this property. If not sold soon the place will befor rent. BRONSON & CARR.

A round trip rate of one fare plus $2.00 has been named by the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern railway for the Biennial Conclave, Knights of Pythias at Detroit, Mich., August 27 to Sept 1. Call on any agent for full information. 28w8.

BARGAIN IN RESIDENCE PROPERTY
A house and lot in one of the best resident portions of city of Manchester for sale cheap and on easy terms. Good dwelling, barn, etc.
Enquire at DEMOCRAT OFFICE.

Low Rates to Chicago Via B., C. R. & N. Ry.
Account National Encampment G. A. R. August 27-Sept 1. Good service, fast time and courteous employes. For rates, limit, etc., call on nearest agent. 29 7

For growing colts Raven's Stock Food purifies the blood, regulates the kidneys, cures scours and exterminates worms. It cures colds, coughs, distemper, pink eye and heaves in horses. It is good for overworked horses and old horses, and prevents mares from dropping their colts prematurely. It gives good appetite and fine spirits, makes bone and muscle and glossy coats. For sale by W. A. Abbott, Drugs, Manchester, Iowa. 31w1

Wanted.
$3.50 A DAY GUARANTEED ONE AGENT (LADY or Gentleman) in each county to open branch office and establish sub agents to sell our high grade Laundry and Toilet Soaps, write MILLEN SOAP CO., 612 W. Adams street, Chicago, Ill. 31 tf e o w

It will surprise you to experience the benefit obtained by using the dainty and famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.—Smith Bros.

The Philippine natives run pell-me,
At the sound of our Yankee yell,
But, oh, what a gait they'll have maybe,
After taking Rocky Mountain Tea.
—Gregg & Ward.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD
HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS
Twice Each Month During 1900
SOUTH! The Illinois Central will run Homeseekers excursions to certain points in the South on the lines of the Illinois Central and Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroads from all points west of and including Fara and from points on the Lyle, Cedar Rapids, Onawa and Sioux Falls branches on the first and third Monday of each month, during the year 1900, and from all points east of and including For Dodge on the first and third Tuesday of each month.
The new "Southern Homeseeker's Guide" describes in detail the agricultural advantages, the soil and products of all points south of the Ohio River on the lines of the above mentioned roads. For a copy address the undersigned.
For information concerning Railroad Lands in the fertile Yazoo Valley of Mississippi address E. P. Skene, Land Commissioner I. C. R. R., at Chicago.
WEST! Homeseekers' Excursion tickets will also be sold from stations in Iowa east of and including Cedar Falls and from points on the Lyle and Cedar Rapids branches, the first and third Tuesdays of each month, to points on the Illinois Central Railroad to which the one rate is $7.00 or over in South Dakota, Minnesota and in Iowa to points west of Ackley inclusive, except points west of Lemars.
Homeseekers Excursions to Points on Other Lines of Railroad.
The Illinois Central will also sell on the first and third Tuesdays in June, July, August, September, October, November and December, 1900 Homeseeker's Excursion Tickets to points on foreign lines of railroads in many Western, Southwestern and southern States.
For rates, routes, etc inquire of your nearest Illinois Central Ticket Agent.
All Homeseekers' Excursion Tickets are sold at a rate of
ONE FARE PLUS 2.00.
for the round trip. Tickets limited to 21 days for return and good for stop-over privileges at certain points within a going limit of 15 days.
J. F. MERRY.
A. G. P. A., Ill. Cent. R. R., Dubuque Iowa.

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For Sale or Rent.
80 acres of farm land 3 miles N. of Delaware and 1½ miles s e of Oneida Station. Enquire of BRONSON & CARR. 30w4

In India, the land of famine, thousands die because they cannot obtain food. In America, the land of plenty many suffer and die because they cannot digest the foood they eat. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat. It instantly relieves and radically cures all stomach troubles.—Smith Bros.

For Sale.
The 200 acre farm I am offering for sale three miles south of Manchester is under a good state of cultivation, good fences, never failing supply of water, nice new barn with basement, and a good comfortable house and cellar. A bargain, little money down, long time and a low rate of interest. 49 A. S. COON, L. B. 36, Manchester.

Intestinal infection, appendicitis and all affections of the bowels, liver and kidneys prevented by taking genuine Rocky Mountain Tea, made by Madison Medicine Co.—Gregg & Ward.

Chinese are dangerous enemies for they are treacherous. That's why all counterfeits of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve are dangerous. They look like DeWitt's but instead of the all-healing witch hazel they all contain ingredients liable to irritate the skin and cause blood poisoning. For piles, injuries and skin diseases use the original and genuine DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve.—Smith Bros.

Residence Property for Sale.
A good house, barn and large lot in Manchester for sale at a bargain. Long time given on half of purchase money if desired.
Inquire of BRONSON & CARR.

The wolf in the fable put on sheep's clothing because if he traveled on his own reputation he couldn't accomplish his purpose. Counterfeiters of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve couldn't sell their worthless on their merits, so they put them in boxes and wrappers like DeWitt's. Look out for them. Take only DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures piles and all skin diseases.—Smith Bros.

Perfect womanhood depends on perfect health. Nature's rarest gift of physical beauty comes to all who use Rocky Mountain Tea. 35c.—Gregg & Ward.

A VOTING CONTEST FOR A COTTAGE ORGAN.

given by the leading merchants of Manchester by which a $150.00 Chicago Cottage Organ will be given away absolutely free to the Church, Lodge or School of Delaware County voted the most popular by Saturday, Nov. 10 1900. Patronize the merchants who will issue ballots with every 25c cash purchase which entitles the holder to one vote. All votes must be sent to the County, Clerk F. H. Paul within seven days from date of issue and every week the ballots will be counted and a result of the vote published in the Democrat and News. The organ is now on exhibition at Grassfield Bros. Shoe Store.

The following merchants issue ballots:
C. A. Pierce, Carriages and Implements.
B. Clark, Dry Goods.
Grassfield Bros., Shoes.
J. H. Allen, Clothing.
Delaware County News.
Smith Bros., Drugs.
H. Stewart, Groceries.
Carhart & Amsden, Hardware.
A. D. Brown, Furniture and Undertaking.
Scharles, The Tailor.
Wm. McIntosh, Marble.
Chas. Aldous, Bakery & Confectionery.
S. E. Turner, Flour and Feed.
E. E. Farwell, Jeweler.
Harger & Blish, Agency, Farwell's Jewelery Store. 29-16

Raven's Poultry Food is positive cure for chicken cholera, roupe, grapes and all diseases of poultry. It regulates the bowels blood and digestive organs; produces bone, muscle and larger fowl, and makes hens lay eggs in winter. Young chickens will grow rapidly free from disease. It increases production of eggs, prevents all disease and makes fine large fowls.—For sale by W. A. Abbott, Drugs, Manchester, Iowa.

The quicker you stop a cough or cold the less danger there will be of fatal lung trouble. One Minute Cough Cure is the only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. You will like it.—Smith Bros.

Homeseekers' Excursion Tickets will be on sale the first and the third Tuesdays of each month at all stations of the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railway to various parts of the country at a low rate.
Call on any agent of the "Cedar Rapids Route or address Jno. G. Farmer, A. G. P. & T. A B. C. R. & N. Ry. Cedar Rapids, Iowa. 25 w 25

Race Meeting, Nutwood Driving Club, Dubuque, Iowa, August 21 to 25, 1900.

For the Dubuque races the I. C. R. R. will sell tickets to Dubuque and return at the rate of one fare for the round trip.
Tickets on sale August 18th to 25th, limited to return until August 27th.
H. G. PIERCE, Agent.

World-Herald Campaign Offer.
To clubs of four or more new subscribers the Weekly World Herald will be sent from now until December 1, for 25 cents each.
The great campaign against trusts, imperialism and the gold standard is on and the world is convulsed with exciting wars. The Weekly World Herald is published in two parts—Tuesday and Friday—so that you get the news twice a week.
We will accept and forward subscriptions to the World-Herald at above rates without extra charge, or they may be sent direct. 29w4.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL
Personally Conducted
Low Rate Excursion
TO
COLORADO
Tuesday, August 21, 1900.
The train will leave Manchester at 6:23 a. m., Tuesday, August 21st and will arrive at Denver 11:00 a. m., Wednesday, August 22d. The round trip rate from the above point to Denver or Colorado Springs will be only $26.80. Tickets limited to October 31st for return. This train will also stop at all smaller stations and the Agents at those points will sell tickets at proportionate rates if given a few days notice.
Modern Tourist Sleepers will be run on this train, and the rate per double berth from the above named points to Denver will be only $2.00.