Ten Years' Trial

The Story of a Soldier's Struggle

By Brigadier General Charles King

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But by this time, noting that most of Melville's forces were afar up the tracks rescuing cattle trains, from every direction tramps, toughs and the desperadoes among the strikers dropped the devilment they happened to be engaged in and came howling to re-enforce the expelled gang. Only 20 yards away, just outside and along the picket fence, they crowded, clamoring, cursing, brandishing weapons and hurling missiles, but these latter, having to be hurled high, generally fell short. Many among Langdon's new command were lads whose "nerve" would long since have fled but for their leader's placid unconcern. He had backed them, as it were, up against the brown wooden walls of the freighthouse and then stood coolly forth ten feet in front of them, facing the raging throng without, sometimes quietly smiling as though he enjoyed the situation, sometimes slowly pacing up and down. At last as the clamor increased it became evident that the mob was bent on a dash at the office building to their right, standing alone opposite the great wooden gates—gates which gave directly on the buildings containing the most valuable local properties of the Big Horn road, excepting possibly the locomotives in the roundhouse. It was a moment of excitement. No man in the little band of defenders could estimate the extent of damage that would unquestionably result if that maddened throng broke through. It seemed as though by this time all the devilment of the disaffected was concentrated here at one spot, for the mob was vastly increased in size, and the jeers, howls and curses were now continuous. Small wonder that many a young state "guardsman" in the little command felt a nervous thrill as he gazed at the host of semisavage faces peering in between the brown slats and listened to the hideous threats of the leaders. "We'll have your hearts' blood, you liveried dogs!" "We'll l'arn you tin soldiers a lesson!" "Burn down the fence!" "Kill the murdering hounds!" "Cut their throats!" were expurgated samples of the yells. But still the company stood at ordered arms and "at ease," for Langdon continued his cool promenade along the front, calmly eying the howling mob, keeping wary watch upon the fence and gate, but ever and anon glancing up the yards in search of support or re-enforcement, for, to all outward appearance the coolest, most unconcerned person on the ground, his heart was filled with grave anxiety. His was by long odds the most critical position of any man, soldier or civilian, that day in all Nebraska.

For, now that he had time to face the facts and consider the position in all its bearings, he realized that he had no authority whatever in law or fact to enable him to discharge the grave duties of his position—not so much as a commission in the state troops, not even a warrant as a deputy sheriff. If the mob charged and to defend the lives of these men he was compelled to order them to fire, an indictment for murder would doubtless lie at his d[oor]. It is one thing to do a man's [duty] with the law behind him; it is another to stand and face a thousand voters and realize that every drop of blood that might be shed on either side would, in the event of success or failure, be charged up to him. And still he never seemed disturbed.

But Langdon's heart beat quick when, just as it seemed probable that, neck or nothing, he should have to face the situation and fight, he caught sight of Channing with the sheriff and a brace of deputies coming toward him on the run. The crowd having concentrated here, it was possible for the officials now to leave other threatened points. He strolled, as it were, with almost exaggerated quiet to the right flank of his men to meet them. The mob redoubled its screams of defiance.

"Major Melville wants to know how you're getting along," panted Channing as he hastened up, red faced, anxious, but plucky.

"Well, you see for yourself," said Eric, with a nod of his head toward the fence. "Those fellows mean to burst through in a minute or two."

"Can't you scare 'em? Fire a volley over their heads?" puffed the sheriff, eager and willing, but utterly inexperienced.

"That's murder," was the cool reply. "A mob gains tenfold in daring and devilment when it sees you're afraid to fire anything but blanks. You'll simply have to kill 50 then where five would have sufficed in the first place. No, sir. Ball cartridges or nothing. And here's another point. I'm not an officer either of the troops or of the law." And now Eric had to raise his voice above the outer clamor. "I can give the necessary commands and at the proper instant, and I can drive those howlers back in one volley if they attempt to force the gates, but you, Mr. Sheriff, must stand by my side and assume responsibility; otherwise a week from now you'll be around with a warrant for my arrest."

"My God, I can't!" said the civil official, wiping the sweat from his brow despite the cold wind from the westward prairie. He gazed almost fearfully along that surging fence line. It resembled by this time nothing so much as one continuous cage of snarling, roaring beasts. It was plain the poor fellow was losing his nerve. "Me and my family couldn't live in this community another week. Can't you say something to them, Mr. Channing?" Like many another civil official, the sheriff was realizing that it was quite one thing to tackle a lot of tramps, friendless and desperate as they were down at Bridge Siding; it was quite another to think of letting drive a deadly volley into the breasts of a mob that might contain friends and fellow citizens, and that would be sure to turn to in retaliation and possibly murder his own beloved ones. Small wonder the sheriff hesitated!

"Too late to talk!" shouted Channing impatiently. "Besides, there isn't one sane railroad man in 20 in that lot. They're toughs from every town along the Big Muddy, and, by heaven, they'll sack these yards before the regulars can get here unless you can stop it, Langdon! That infernal Seattle train ought to have been in long ago, but it may get here inside of an hour, and their general manager's just behind 'em on a special. What can you do?" And Channing set his stern jaw and glared at the crowd, fight, almost fury, in his blazing eyes, then turned back to Langdon. Before the latter could answer there came a scream from the sheriff.

"Look! Sledge hammers, by heaven!" he cried, pointing to the gate, already shaken by the furious heaving of the throng.

"Then there's only one thing to do," answered Langdon, his face very pale, but his eyes aflame. "Out of the way, please, Mr. Sheriff." And, thus dismissing and disposing of that now useless functionary, he stepped quickly back to the front of his men. Even in that supreme moment he was counting the chances of every move. He had faced rioters before and knew how vital it was that every movement of the troops should be machinelike and precise.

"Listen to me carefully, now, men." He spoke in his clear, animated tone, every word cutting through the clamor so as to be distinctly heard by these his young soldiers standing grave faced and some of them, it was evident, quivering before him, while, on the other hand, at his back and beyond the fence the uproar among the rioters made his voice inaudible. "I shall face you to the right, march opposite the gate, then face you to the front again. Now, watch me well. I shall go to the gates, say a few words to those fellows, then step back and order you to load, and that means load with cartridges. Obey coolly. Take your time, but keep your hammers down at half cock and don't let a finger touch the trigger! Quietly now," he added. Then, according to the tactics of the day, Langdon gave the order to carry arms, paused to see it thoroughly understood, then "Right face," which was done to a man without a flaw; then "Forward, march!" at which, to the accompaniment of redoubled yells and some few half bricks that came hurtling over the fence, but fell short, the company moved off. "Short step in front," he warned the guide, so that his men should not become spread out or, like novices, trip over one another's heels. And so in very commendable order and in another moment he had his men opposite the point of danger. Then rang out the order, "Company, halt!" faced them to the front once more, and there they stood at carry arms, silent, awed, but utterly subordinate, and, despite the fury of abuse and denunciation which greeted their move, looking straight into the faces of the raging mob, but with both ears attent and one eye on their cool headed commander. He smiled at them a moment. "Why, you fellows are steady enough for veterans," he said. And, with his own heart thumping fast, he placidly turned again and with one calm glance at the surging scene before him and purposely leaving his men at the carry he walked quietly forward, Channing and the sheriff away to the rear, looking breathlessly on.

Barely 60 feet interposed between his men and the mob as, all alone, he sauntered down to the gates. In spite of themselves the cursing ringleaders, the brawny wielders of sledge and crow, dropped blasphemy and bars to listen. They saw he had something to say, and curiosity prevailed. That white faced, gray eyed "cuss" had nerve and grit certainly and seemed profoundly unmoved by their uproar. What they heard was not to their liking, but hear it they had to, for he lifted up his voice so that it reached some hundred ears, and yet his words were as calm, deliberate, passionless, as he himself might prove merciless. He spoke as though it were a matter of utter indifference to him whether they burst through and "got it" or staid without and were spared.

"You seem bent on breaking in," the clear tones rang out over the murmur and mutter close at hand—the tumult at the distance. "Now, understand—if these gates fly open, the instant you attempt to enter you get a volley in the face!"

Then slowly, calmly, placidly as before, he turned about, walked back half way, only ten steps or so, and there, first glancing along his waiting line to insure its readiness and close attention, in clear, sharp, commanding tone, with a distinct pause after every word, so that even the mob could hear, gave the order:

"With ball cartridges—load!"

Ten seconds more, and the silent 70 stood in the position preliminary to ready, the brown barrels sloping to the front, the muzzles chin high, every eye fixed upon the gate in stern, calm determination, the ranks inspired by the soldier commander's intrepid and resolute bearing—70 men in uniform obeying to the letter the will of that one soldier in civilian dress—and then, once more in front of the center, Langdon calmly faced the hard breathing, half paralyzed mob without and dropped on his right knee. The act spoke for itself. From that position, instead of in rear of the line, he meant to give the word, and the death dealing volley would flash into their faces over his head.

CHAPTER VIII.

That was a memorable day in railway circles all over the west, but especially so in Nebraska. What made it more remarkable was that, with the going down of the sun, the Big Horn road was practically in running order again, while the Seattle, its powerful rival of the past, was still blockaded. Traversing as they did for 20 miles the same territory, the lines divided only by the narrow gorge of the Red Water, it was strange to mark the bustle and life along the north bank—the lights, head and tail, of passenger, freight and cattle trains hurrying away eastward—and by contrast to note the silence on the hither shore. All day long the "booming" western city, the railway center of the populous section, had been thronged with people over and above its postoffice list—first, the farmers and villagers from all over the county; second, the tramps and toughs and vagrants from all over creation. These latter, having joined forces with the strikers early in the game, had speedily, as has been seen, taken the bit in their teeth, the game into their own hands, and the destruction of trains by fire and flame and the wholesale robbery of freight cars were their doing, not that of the disaffected railway men, who, all too late, wished themselves rid of their desperado allies. But all over the neighborhood now—among the saloons that bordered the yards, the cheap taverns and lodging houses, all through the crowds of sullen, disheartened men skulking about the street corners, undecided whether to give up and go back to duty or launch out on some new enterprise at the expense of the road—the story had gone far and wide how that fellow in the derby hat and plain clothes had taken command of a company of "melishy," "tin soldiers—nothing better," and had so coolly handled them and in so cold blooded a way had loaded up with solid lead and given the gang to understand that he'd let daylight through their hides if they stirred a foot through the company's gates that the mob that went there bent on destruction, determined to burn and loot the offices and warehouses, slunk away completely cowed. "That feller's boss of the Big Horn yards this day, boys, and we ain't in it," was the way the leader of the strikers expressed it, and there was no sane man who cared to put it to the test.

Ascribe it to whatever cause we may, it was a petrified fact that from the instant Eric Langdon stepped out at the head of that company the Big Horn's property was safe. The few willing workers left to the management took hold with a vim. An experimental train, guarded by militiamen from other companies, was started down the Red Water. A construction train followed with soldier boys manning both brakes and shovels. Channing, the hustling manager, tumbled clerks, bookkeepers, switchmen and carsmiths into engine cabs, wired for others to meet them at Gunnison and actually had his trains moving at the very moment when the Seattle sheds were going up in flame, and the great general manager of that great corporation, with curses in his heart and his hands in his pockets, stood scowling on the scene of ruin through which the belated regulars were driving the last vestiges of the mob, and Mr. Barclay, the general manager aforementioned, was both thinking and saying unwholesome things of the regulars' commander, at whose hospitable board he had been wining and dining but a month or so agone, the too deliberate Captain Nathan.

What Melville would have said to that crestfallen officer when at last, about noon, his train and command arrived cannot well be conjectured, but that the long delay was of serious import there can be no doubt, for Captain Nathan's explanation in writing was demanded and forwarded a day or two later, and both the unique explanation and old Gray Fox's [the name of Gray Fox was given by the Indians to the famous frontier soldier at that time commanding the department of the Platte] telling reply was speedily the talk of the department of the Platte. Nathan said that it was true he might have earlier reached the Red Water valley, but he conceived that his first duty was to protect the lives of his devoted men and prevent the possibility of an ambuscade or pitfall. To this end every dangerous bridge was examined, certain deep cuts were explored, etc., before he deemed it safe to proceed. He admitted long delay at the junction, but declared it necessary because of the alarming reports brought him by "reliable railway officials" to the effect that the tracks were undermined, the trestles "sawed" and every mile of the Seattle from the junction to Brentwood a thread of mines and mantraps. It was true, he said, that the train bearing some militia companies had passed him at Gunnison and gone forward by the Big Horn road, but the way was cleared for them by the sheriff and other officials, whereas on the south bank no friends were to be hoped for.

And so it had resulted, to the unspeakable disgust of the few officers with Nathan's command, that the untried militia, under fearless and energetic leadership, had forced their way, despite mobs and obstructions, to the seat of action and rescued the property of the Big Horn road, while the regulars, hampered by their timorous head, were held back for hours in front of purely imaginary obstacles and only reached the yards at Brentwood in time to find the buildings a mass of flame. Even that calamity might not have happened but that at 11 in the forenoon Major Melville, learning that the mob was drifting away from the Big Horn and gathering in threatening force about the Seattle yards down on the south side, had hurried in from the suburbs, whither he had gone to station the recently rusticated battalion, and while standing on the platform of the freighthouse, calm and unmoved in the presence of a jeering, howling pack of tatterdemalions and writing an order summoning certain companies to

Major Melville was suddenly struck in the head by a coupling pin.

the spot, was suddenly struck in the head by a coupling pin hurled by a vigorous and vengeful hand and felled to the ground, stunned and senseless.

That was a sore blow to the Seattle. It left the situation on the south side in the hands of the rioters for over an hour. Word was sent to little Major McConville, but he, with his men, was moving and guarding cattle trains. The best he could do was to send a company on the run, but their captain had had no experience. The sheriff vainly tried to tell them how Langdon had handled things over at the Big Horn. He would take no responsibility. They dare not, and the mob saw it in a twinkling. The only wonder is they did not dash upon this isolated command and by sheer force of numbers bear it down and seize its arms. When at last the Nathan train steamed in and the command tumbled off at the suburbs, it was the younger officers who led the detachments, Nathan retaining 40 of his men ostensibly to guard the train. But it was his own precious hide of which he was thinking. He decided to establish his headquarters in his own car, while Torrance, with 30 sturdy battery men on one flank, and Woodrow, with a like number on the other, shoved ahead and, guided by deputy sheriffs and railway officials did their belated work in short order and yet in deep chagrin. Santley, sullen and disgusted, was retained with Nathan as adjutant, but he could only obey. The news of Melville's prostration reached them five miles out from town and completed Nathan's demoralization even while it threw him in supreme command. The first thing he did, therefore, was to send back a messenger to Gunnison, trundled all the way on a hand car, to wire from there to Omaha and Pawnee the grievous tidings that Major Melville had been stricken down by rioters and lay insensible in charge of the physicians. Nathan thought the situation demanded re-enforcement at once; so did old Gray Fox, commanding at Omaha, and the latter ordered thither just one man, a captain of infantry senior in rank to Nathan. What they needed was a cool head, said he, not cold feet, and, lest the uninitiated should misinterpret the phrase, let it be explained here and now that "cold feet" is soldier synonym for "scare."

Things were indeed in grievous shape when the vice presidential car rolled into the Seattle yards and ranged up alongside that of Captain Nathan. By that time, thanks to Santley, sentinels had been thrown about the sacred precincts, and, seeing no rioters in the immediate neighborhood, Nathan had measurably recovered his nerve. He hoped to make a favorable impression on his wife's plutocratic uncle, but Mr. Barclay sniffed the fumes of smoldering thousands, and the sight of half a mile of smoking ruins up the track soured him utterly. All this could have been prevented had Nathan shown any dash, pluck, energy—any of the qualities railway men admire and so many possess. And then to think that even now the Big Horn was open! He had seen Channing's first train whistling down the opposite side of the gorge. He learned from his satellites, boarding the car to the east of town, of the almost miraculous rescue of the Big Horn's buildings. A tremendous story it made by that time, and the heart of the magnate was sore in his bosom that such ill should have befallen the Seattle, such good fortune the Missouri Valley. He hated Channing, anyhow. Channing was sprung from the ranks and had worked his way up step by step from section boss to superintendent in one road after another. He had been assistant general superintendent of the Seattle only a few years back, and when the vacancy occurred that should have been tendered to so energetic and valuable a man it was Barclay who opposed it. "Channing's all right for an assistant or subordinate," said he, "but he hasn't the education or the social position a superintendent should have." So a man with Barclay's requirements got the promotion over Channing's head; whereat the latter instantly resigned, went over to the Northern Pacific for a short term, and then it was the Big Horn that tendered him the superintendency and within another year made him general manager.

"If the president and board of directors will look after the finances," said he, "I'll run the road." And run it he had and marvelously well, to the secret dismay of the Seattle. And now at the first serious clash he had straightened things out for his own road while the strikers were smashing things for the Seattle, and Barclay could have cursed the day he let him go.

But that wasn't all.

It took hours to gather his forces and count the costs. Then he could have sworn that Melville had so ordered the distribution of troops as purposely to expose the Seattle's yards, whereas Melville had sent more troops to the south side than he had retained on the north, little McConville, with four companies, having been detailed to cover the Seattle's lines, and "Mac" had saved their stock trains, though he couldn't be everywhere at once and so protect their sheds and shops. Barclay had only succeeded in getting his division superintendents, with improvised crews, at work and his cattle off their cars and into the corrals when nightfall came. He had found only a meager half dozen laborers for the necessary work, Channing having earlier gathered in every willing hand the town afforded, and when the morning of the morrow dawned the Big Horn shop whistle sounded as of yore, and its east bound train set forth on time, while there were still only silence and smoldering ruin throughout the yards of the Seattle.

Late that afternoon, weary, hollow eyed, unshaved, but feeling hopeful and well nigh content with his work, Eric Langdon was making the rounds of the Big Horn yards, visiting the sentries whom he had posted. With the full consent and co-operation of the little major and at the earnest request of Channing he had assumed the duties of "military adviser," had personally coached three or four companies besides his now devoted followers of Company G and was recognized as a sort of field officer of the day, respected and looked up to by the entire command. McConville, differing with Nathan as to the management of affairs, had withdrawn from the south side during the early hours of the night and was quartered in an old passenger car at the Big Horn yards. Captain Damrell, the "doughboy" right bower of old Gray Fox, had reached town at midnight and supervised, if he did not actually supersede, Nathan. Channing, wearied, but triumphant, was still at his post at the passenger station and in full telegraphic communication with his entire line and with the president and board of directors. He was hungry and eager for dinner, but a "special" was coming full tilt from Gunnison Junction, and he could not go. The Missouri Pacific had rushe Mrs. Melville over its line posthaste to Omaha as the result of alarming dispatches concerning the major's condition, and, with one of Gray Fox's staff officers as escort, she had spent the morning speeding up the line of the Missouri Valley and was expected every minute. Langdon had been duly informed of the injury inflicted on his honored chief and friend, but it was a time when his presence and services were sorely needed at the yards, and he had to be content with the tidings that Melville had been borne to the Brentwood House, given the best room and attention and was resting easily. Now he was planning for a nap of perhaps an hour, for the mob was scattered in silent, sullen groups all over town, and, so planning, he came back toward the station and was surprised to see two carriages in waiting and Channing, with numbers of his subordinates, on the platform. He was still more surprised when, with a volume of steam rushing from the escape valve, a powerful locomotive came ringing in from the east, two or three cars in its noisy wake, and belated soldiers, newspaper correspondents and railway men sprang to the platform, while Channing stepped forward to greet another party, followed by a little swarm of curious spectators. A moment later, as Langdon reached the steps, he saw Channing, with a lady on his arm, elbowing a way through the circle. He saw the top of a little hat—a lady's hat—following in their lead, and his heart gave a sudden leap. The next instant he, too, broke through the fringe of townsfolk and, lifting his hat with his left hand, quietly possessed himself of a stylish traveling bag with the other.

"Why, Mr. Langdon!" was the astonished cry of the damsel thus greeted, and, though further words she spoke not for the moment, the light that flashed in Ethel Grahame's eyes and the color that sprang up in her cheeks told the intruder that it was a more than welcome meeting.

"Oh, you'd known 'em both before!" said Channing as the carriage whirled away. "Why, cert'nly! Hello, if here isn't Barclay! Now, what do you s'pose he wants? I want you to come to the Brentwood and dine with me, Mr. Langdon—soon as I get rid of these people."

They drove straight to the platform and unloaded—first, Barclay, groomed scrupulously and dressed as usual, but pale and haggard; then two of his superintendents, both well known to Channing in earlier days. Forward they came until within close hailing distance, and then, with a jaunty, half patronizing, half envious tone, the magnate of the Seattle accosted his rival from the ranks, and the throng closed in about them.

"Well, Channing, luck's been with you again, hasn't it? What'll you take for your rabbit's paw?"

"Luck!" laughed Channing, triumph in his twinkling eyes. "'Twasn't luck, but pluck, and here's our rabbit's paw. Mr. Barclay, shake hands with Captain Langdon."

"This? Why"— was all Barclay could find to say as he looked and saw and turned a saffron red.

"Yes," said Langdon placidly as he shifted both his hands behind him. "I have met the—manager before."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

His Hair Stood on End.

"Up to five years ago," said a prospector to a St. Louis Republic reporter, "I didn't believe in such a thing as a man's hair standing on end." And then the old gentleman told the story of the fright that led him to change his mind:

"I was in the mountains of Idaho with a friend, and we ran short of fresh meat, so one day I took my gun and started off alone. I went into a ravine and was making my way along a little brook when I came suddenly upon a queer sight. Not four feet in front of me, in the full blaze of the sun, lay four mountain lions asleep.

"For half a minute I thought them dead, but as I stood staring at them, with my heart in my mouth, every one of them sprank up with a growl. And they faced around at me, looking ugly, sniffing the air, with their whiskers drawn back, showing the white line of their teeth, switching their tails and looking like demons.

"As for me, I stood rooted to the spot. I couldn't move from sheer fright. A queer, numb sensation began in my ankles and crept up my body, and I literally felt my hair rise.

"I stood there motionless for several minutes. Then one of the beasts dropped his tail and whined. The others followed his example. My presence mystified them. A few seconds later they turned about and crept away down the ravine, looking back stealthily two or three times to see me.

"When they were out of sight, I began to breathe again. I didn't care to hunt any more that day and made for the camp at top speed. That was the time my hair stood on end, and my scalp was sore to the touch for a week afterward."

A Careful Mother.

This is a story one woman is never tired of telling of a mother whose child had been ill with scarlet fever. She always emphasizes the fact, too, that the mother was possessed, upon ordinary occasions, with good sense and would be called a more than ordinarily intelligent woman. She was, too, a more than ordinarily careful mother, and it was as an illustration of this that she told the story of the care of her boy to the friend who now repeats it. Not as much was known about sanitary conditions then as now, but it was not in a time of primitive ignorance.

"I always believe in taking the greatest care to prevent contagion in any disease," said the mother, "and with the fever I was extraordinarily careful. Why, when the skin began to peel I rubbed the child down with my hands every day to remove every loose fragment, let it fall into a cloth, and then I gathered it up carefully and shook it out the window."

The listener to that story laughed then and there, to the great surprise and indignation of the mother, and laughs now at the ridiculous ignorance of a woman who claimed to have even a vestige of common sense.—New York Times.

Will-o'-the-Wisp Salvation.

A well known rector of an east end church was approached one day by a lady who said she desired to rent a seat in a row nearest the door of his church. The rector responded that the seats in that row were all free and that she was at liberty to occupy any one of them, but she persisted, saying that she desired to have it for her own.

Being somewhat curious as to her reasons, the clerical gentleman said, "But, madam, tell me why you wish to sit so far back?"

After some hesitancy she responded that she simply couldn't bear to have any one "sit behind her."

"Yet you will be sitting behind others, who perhaps feel the same way," said the rector laughingly.

"That may be," replied the devout lady earnestly, "but you know I have such a wretched little wisp of hair at the back of my head that it would certainly interfere with my devotions if I knew any one was looking at it."—London Tit-Bits.

Business Is Business.

He had obtained a place in a real estate office and was doing everything he could for the interests of his employers. The other evening he was at a social gathering and was asked to sing. He responded with "Home, Sweet Home." His friends were a little surprised at the selection, but he was heartily applauded. Stepping forward, he said: "I am glad you liked the song. There is nothing like 'Home, Sweet Home,' and let me say that the company I represent is selling homes on terms to suit within 12 minutes' ride of the city. Everybody ought to have a home. If you don't want to live there, it's the chance of your life for an investment."—Exchange.

The Tammany Tiger.

The origin of the tiger as an emblem of Tammany is said to date from the time when William M. Tweed, then foreman of "Big Six" Fire company, took a fancy to a picture of a royal Bengal tiger in the fifties. Tweed adopted the emblem for the Americus club, and it soon was accepted by all Tammany.

When Coronets Are Worn.

The only occasion upon which a British peer or peeress wears a coronet is at the coronation of a sovereign. At the moment when the archbishop of Canterbury places the crown on the head of the new monarch every peer present at the ceremony dons his own coronet.

Enough to Retire On.

"That great Italian tenor told me he had a mattress stuffed full of the laurel wreaths that had been given him."

"A mattress full! Then he ought to retire on them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

COUNTERFEIT ART.

Americans Are Easily Swindled on Pictures by "Old Masters."

There will doubtless never come a time in the history of the art world when the discovery of "old masters" will cease, certainly not as long as American picture buyers possess the almighty dollar and are willing to be swindled.

Nearly every week in New York for the last year there have been auction sales of "rare old masters." Some of them are rare, indeed; one that was shown at the Macbeth gallery and also in Detroit some time ago, supposed to be a study of an old man by Rubens, the left hand of which was nearly twice the size of its mate, and the term "rare" did certainly apply very aptly to the flesh tints.

Do people ever stop to think how many of these "old masters" there are in existence? Any one may have an "old master" these days who has the "price to pay the dealer to find one or go abroad and get one 'made.'" There are many artists in Paris and elsewhere who make a good living, or what they consider a good living, copying "old masters" in the various galleries to sell to dealers for little or nothing, and they in turn bring them to America and clear hundreds by selling them to some moneyed art lover who in some cases is doubtless in the possession of more money than judgment in art matters.

One well known New York art collector some time ago paid a large sum for a certain painting that an enterprising dealer had "discovered" and who represented it to him as very rare and the only one in existence. The same gentleman while on a recent tour through Spain was shown the original painting upon the walls of a certain monastery. The sequel of the story does not say what he did with the dealer. If there be a hereafter for these discoverers of "old masters," their consciences, which seem very elastic, will have to do a deal of rubbering to get back to the required shape to fit them for their celestial abiding places or to meet the frowns of the shades of departed masters themselves.—Detroit News Tribune.

In the fourteenth century the slaughter of women and children after a town or castle had been taken by storm was one of the most common occurrences of war.

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' Isntitute, all for $1.90 Come in and order them.

Residence Properties for Sale.

Several fine residences in desirable portions of the City of Manchester for sale cheap. Enquire at the office of Manchester Democrat.

Notice of Probate of Will.

STATE OF IOWA, DELAWARE COUNTY, } SS.

To all whom it may concern: You are hereby notified that the last will of Elizabeth Coonrad deceased, has been filed, opened and read, and Monday, the 7th day of October, A. D. 1901, fixed as the time, and the Court House in Manchester the place for hearing and proving the same.

Witness my hand and seal of said court this 26th day of June, 1901.

JOHN GEORGEN, Clerk District Court

27-3-w

LOW RATES VIA THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL TO

Milwaukee, Wis., Annual Meeting Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, July 23-25. On sale July 22-23, limit July 27.

Chicago, Ill., International Convention Baptist Young Peoples Union, July 25-28. On sale July 23-25, limit July 30th with extension to August 31, on payment of fifty cent fee.

Louisville, Ky., Triennial Conclave. Knights Templars, Aug 27-31. On sale Aug. 24 26, limit Sept. 2, with extension to Sept 16 on payment of fifty cent fee.

The rate for all of these meetings will be ONE FARE PLUS $200. for round trip.

J. F. MERRY, Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent, Dubuque, Iowa.

It is easier to keep well than to get cured. DeWitt's Little Early Risers taken now and then, will always keep your bowels in perfect order. They never gripe but promote an easy gentle action.—Smith Bros.

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.

BEACOM'S **CUTICLEAR** THE GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Cures ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM, ALL SKIN ERUPTIONS AND FACE BLEMISHES. IT HAS NO EQUAL.

Sold by druggists or sent express prepaid upon receipt of price, 75c. Address F. N. BEACOM, MANCHESTER, IOWA.

Sold by
Gregg & Ward, Manchester, Iowa.
R. H. Bowman, Delhi, Iowa.
Dr. H. Livingston, Hopkinton, Iowa.
J. P. Streigel Ryan, Iowa.
E. F. Mulvehill, Masonville, Iowa.
C. A. Kendall, Earlville, Iowa.
Kerper & Meyers, Petersburg, Iowa.
T. Armstrong, Greeley, Iowa.
F. W. Royden, Edgewood, Iowa.
Wheeler & Eaton, Lamont, Iowa.
James Musser, Almoral, Iowa.
J. V. Bush, Colesburg, Iowa.
E. B. Briggs & Co., Dundee, Iowa.

Farm For Sale.

Three good farms in the northern part of this county. Two of them contain 160 acres each and the other 200 acres. Inquire at the Democrat office. 26tf.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve should be promptly applied to cuts, burns and scalds. It soothes and quickly heals the injured part. There are worthless counterfeits, be sure to get DeWitt's.—Smith Bros.

The Pan-American Exposition, Held at Buffalo, N. Y., May 1st, to Nov. 1st, 1901.

On April 30th, and daily thereafter the Chicago Great Western Railway will sell through tickets to Buffalo, good to return within 15 days, at a fare and one-third for the round trip.

A special rate for every Tuesday in May will be One Fare Plus $1.00 For The Round Trip. These tickets will be good leaving Buffalo until midnight on the Saturday following the day of sale.

The lowest rates will always be in force on the Chicago, Great Western Railway, and its equipment and accommodations are unsurpassed.

The Company has issued a neat illustrated folder, giving a map of Buffalo and of the Exposition Grounds; a list of Hotels; time-card of its trains and their Eastern connections, and much other valuable information.

For full information and Pan-American Folders, address any Great Western Agent, or J. P. Elmer, General Passenger Agent, 113 Adams St. Chicago. 18w22

"I am indebted to One Minute Cough Cure for my present good health and my life. I was treated in vain by doctors for lung trouble following la grip. I took One Minute Cough Cure and recovered my health." Mr. E. H. Wise, Madison, Ga.—Smith Bros.

Insurance at Cost.

M. E. Blair, Secretary of the Delaware County Farmer's Mutual Insurance Co. and County agent for the Iowa Mutual Tornado Insurance Co. will be at Fred Blair's office in Manchester, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons of each week. 24tf

LOW-RATE-EXCURSIONS

Twice each month, on specific dates, the Illinois Central will sell at greatly reduced rate from points on its line north of Cairo, roundtrip Homeseekers' Excursion tickets South to certain points on or reached by its lines in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana and Alabama. Also to certain points West and Southwest in Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Indian Territory. Particulars of your Illinois Centralagents.

For a free copy of the Homeseekers' Guide describing the advantages and resources of the South, address J. F. Merry, A. G. P. A., I. C. R. R., Dubuque, Iowa. For information regarding lands in the famous Yazoo Valley of Mississippi, address E. P. Skene, Land Commissioner Y. & M. V. R. R., Chicago.

Compound Vapor and Shampooo Baths.

Baths Vapor and Shampoo.

Most all diseases are caused by poisonous secretions, which clog the wheels of NATURE.

The name and the symptoms may be different but the cause of disease can usually be traced to the imperfect action of the millions of pores of the human body. A bath in accordance with scientific requirements is the best preventative and remedy known. The methods employed by me are the most scientific ever invented or discovered for dispelling disease. Results tell the story. Give me a trial. This is the Conant system of baths. A competent lady attendant in charge of the ladies department.

Office and bath rooms on Franklin street, opposite Globe Hotel

6tf G. D. GATES.

You can never cure dyspepsia by dieting. What your body needs is plenty of good food properly digested. Then if your stomach will not digest it, Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will. It contains all of the natural digestants hence must digest every class of food and so prepare it that nature can use it in nourishing the body and replacing the wasted tissues, pure blood and good healthy appetite.—Smith Bros.

The New York World. Thrice-a-Week Edition.

Almost A Daily At The Price Of A Weekly.

The presidential campaign is over but the World goes on just the same and it is full of news. To learn this news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the colums of The Thrice-a-Week Edition of The New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation wherever the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the Manchester Democrat together one year for $2.15.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is $2.50. 12

ANNOUNCEMENTS!

IllinoisCentral R R

HOT SPRINGS

ARKANSAS, VIA MEMPHIS WITHOUT CHANGE

The Illinois Central is now running a through Pullman sleeping car daily between Chicago and Hot Springs, Ark., on its "Limited" leaving Chicago in the evening arriving Hot Springs 5.15 the next afternoon.

CALIFORNIA

Through Pullman excursion sleeping cars leave Chicago every Tuesday for Los Angeles and San Fr ncisco via New Orleans and the Southern Route; leave Chicago every Tuesday for Los Angeles and San Francisco via Omaha; and the Scenic Route.

FLORIDA

Through sleeping cars from Chicago, and from St. Louis, to

NASHVILLE, CHATTANOOGA ATLAN TA, JACKSONVILLE.

These Jacksonville cars run over the the well known Dixie Flyer Scenic Route via Lookout Mountain, and leaves Chicago and St Louis every eve. on the Central's fast "Limited" vestibule train for the south, and arrive at Nashville the next morning, at Chattanooga the next afternoon, at Atlanta early the next evening and at Jacksonville the second morning after departure. Connection made by Illinois Central train out of Peoria with the car from Chicago.

Full Particulars concerning a ll of th above can be had of agents of the Illinois Central, or by addressing . F. Merry, A. G. P. A., Dubuque, Iowa.

Knight Templars of Iowa.

The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company has recently published a circular concerning the Triennial Conclave to be held at Louisville, Aug. 27 to 30, 1901. The circular is illustrated with cuts of Most Eminent Sir Reuben H. Lloyd, of San Francisco, who will be Grand Master of the Encampment, of the fine old Southern Home on East Broadway that has been secured for the Iowa Headquarters, and other buildings that will interest Knight Templars. Every Knight living on or adjacent to the Illinois Central Railroad in Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota or Nebraska should address the undersigned, at Dubuque, Iowa, for a free copy of this circular.

J. F. MERRy, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent.

The piles that annoy you so will be quickly and permenantly healed if you use DeWitt's Witch Hazle Salve. Beware of worthless couterfeits.—Smith Bros.

One Fare Plus $2.

There are still some good lands in northwestern Iowa, southwestern Minnesota and South Dakota, and if you are expecting to make a change in location, you should take advantage of the low excursion rates in effect. On the first and third Tuesday of each month excursion tickets, bearing 21 days' limit, can be purchased to all points on the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railway, north of and including Abbott, Shell Rock and Waverly at One Fare Plus $2.

Full information relative to these lands will be cheerfully given upon application to Messrs. Ilten & Brooks our Industrial and Immigration Agents, Ceder Rapids, Iowa.

If you are thinking of making a trip to any point in Alabama, Arkansas, Arizona, British Columbia, Canadian Northwest, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Indian Territory, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Manitoba, Minnesota, Michigan, Missouri, Mississippi, Montana, New Mexico, Nebraska, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakata, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Washington, Wisconsin and Northern Michigan aud Wyoming, call on agents of the "Cedar Rapids Route" for rates, etc., or address

JNO. G. FARMER, A. G. P. & T. A., B., C. R. & N. Ry. Cedar Rapids, Ia.