

# Ten Years' Trial

The Story of a Soldier's Struggle

By Brigadier General Charles King

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"This is insolence!" shouted Nathan, flushed with wine and furious at the detention, with a driver's outburst, "Go on, drive! Out of the way, you!"

The coachman whipped up, knowing no better. The major spurred. His horse leaped forward, but in a second the little westerner had seized him by the bit and, bearing him back, yelled lustily for the corporal of the guard. Mad with rage, Nathan lashed with his hunting crop at the young soldier's head, but in another instant two men, one in the uniform of a lieutenant of infantry, the other in civilian dress, sprang to the aid of the sentry. One of them seized Nathan's left foot in both hands and by an old and well known trick, suddenly heaving, tumbled the raging red faced officer head foremost out of his saddle. He landed heavily, but labored presently to his feet, choking with fury and with high breath of his senses. The corporal had come with a rusted sword and a scabbard on his back. "Arrest these men!" roared Nathan. "They've attacked me—an officer on duty—escorting a general! Put that sentry in the guard tent!"

The sentry was only doing his duty, sir," began the corporal. "Those were his orders."

"Orders from that safe robbing scoundrel of a militia colonel out yonder?"

"Whack! That was Nathan's last hit for many a day. The young man in



Ethel Graham, stout gazing after the departing soldier.

civilian dress darted and landed a scientific swing on the major's head, dropping the luckless officer like a log. Nathan lay for a moment stunned, then looked up, dazed and helpless, into the grave face of Eric Langdon.

"Get your major home at once!" the colonel replied to the lieutenant's hurried, embarrassed explanation. "The matter shall be fully investigated. Who—did you strike you?"

"I did, General Langdon," spoke up the lieutenant, with a look of defiance and wrath on his tongue. "Captain Martin, late Second Columbus, sir, and I'm ready to answer for it to him or to anybody—here or anywhere. He lashed a sentry in the discharge of his duty, and if that isn't enough, by heaven—Well, you heard what he said?" And the young captain appealed to the crowd.

That evening there was a never to be forgotten scene in front of the colonel's quarters, including the 800 men, six hundred strong, officers and men, massed in solid phalanx, silent, bareheaded, there stood the two battalions, while their spokesman, his voice trembling with emotion, came to the aid of the loved and honored commander that the heart of the whole regiment went with the beautiful sword they gave him in parting tribute. Close to the colonel on one side were grouped the governor, the staff and state officers and on the other a large party of officers and ladies, Melville and his household in their midst. Rodney May, with one arm in a sling, had tendered the other, hardly knowing what he did, to Ethel Graham, who unconsciously had taken it. Hovering about the skirts of the crowd an old darky, bowed and decrepit, was whimpering with joy.

On the flanks of the battalions, as though by some spontaneous impulse, were gathered hundreds of other soldiers, regulars from the batteries, volunteers still serving in the neighboring camps, and all were hushed and all were hanging on the words of the soldier spokesman, as he told of the scenes of battle across the wide surges of the ocean, of the never failing care of the colonel for his men, of his daring leadership, of his almost fatherly devotion to their wounded and stricken. Vehemently the statesmen and every telling point, and the soldiers followed suit, but presently the major came to speak of the future, of the severance of the soldier ties that bound them, of the love and trust and faith with which the colonel would follow the soldier leader, of the pride and confidence with which he hailed the honors still in store for him, and here the Washoes broke loose and roared applause and acclamation, and came the time to say farewell, but here their orator broke down. "Speak for yourselves, boys," he choked. "I can't say another word."

And "the boys," breaking ranks, bore down on their commander in a tumultuous cheer, cheering, officers and men grasping his extended hands, unashamed of the dew that dimmed their eyes, unafraid of rebuke or regulation, and when at last they were dispersed and gone and had returned to their own brief, heartfelt words of thanks and farewells and May and Melville and the comrades of the old, old days had pressed his hands and he could turn again to see what had become of that beautiful sword he had given to some one to take care of it, and it was somehow to Ethel Graham, who stood gazing after the departing soldier, her soft eyes swimming in tears.

The sound of cheering borne on the evening breeze came through the doorway of officers' quarters in the Garrison close at hand, but there was strange hush at Nathan's, whose plaza rustled as a rule with the silks and satins of society. Investigation of the morning episode had been prompt and searching. The commanding general had seen the fracs from afar. His own staff officer made report, his own orders had been defied, for, thanks to an overzealous crowd at a previous ceremony, the chief of staff had written that, except such persons as should be personally bidden, only the general, his staff and escort, with the state officials

should be allowed within the line of sentries. Nathan's self appointment as escort to the general, and the continuation. The sentry had acted strictly in accordance with his orders. The major had committed one of the gravest crimes known to military law, first in refusing to obey and second in daring to strike the sentry. Captain Martin and his associates, late of the Columbias, were interrogated by the judge advocate of the department and bidden to hold themselves in readiness to testify before the court that would be convened forthwith, for Major Nathan had been placed in close arrest.

But that wasn't all. Cresswell was a hard hater and as hard a hater, Nathan's ill suit had been added to a dozen bystanders, and though Langdon had not passed the night, Cresswell followed up the rumor and got the exact words. In formulating the charges against the officer it was considered both unnecessary and unwelcome to mention the name of the sentry. There was quite enough to dismiss the officer, without allusion to his insane outburst, but Cresswell wasn't satisfied. He had never abandoned his theory that young Betts was the culprit, and soon after the sentry's transfer to another room there leaked a story from the yards that had been suppressed only so long as Betts was influential, and the young man fled from Brentwood, and never has been heard of since. The matter caused no little talk at the time, for the road made no effort to run him down. It was learned later that a shortage of upward of \$1,000 was "squared" by relatives of the fugitive, and it was supposed, would end the matter.

Perhaps it might have done so but for Nathan's retaliation of the old slander, and there was a scene in the lobby of the Palace hotel one evening just within the grasp of the sentry, when the president of the Seattle, who had hastened from Chicago in response to "wires" from the Nathan and who had had a long interview with the accused officer, after examining and signing a very short note with the chief of staff that afternoon, came strutting down in evening dress to dinner, a brace of magnums with him. The trio were suddenly accosted by Judge Cresswell, who presented his card and delivered himself substantially as follows:

"Mr. Barclay, you were general manager of the Seattle at the time of a certain safe robbery in the Big Horn of 1890 at Brentwood. You were satisfied of the innocence of the 800 men, because immediately after his discharge by the Big Horn you tendered him as good a position on your road. Is not this true?"

Barclay flushed. He was a man accustomed to dictating and he approached with much show of deference. Triple doors and keepers guarded his office against intrusion, and a most loyal reserve of manner followed attempts at conversation except among his chosen intimates. But here was this confounded Kentuckian—he knew him well by sight and repute—accosting him with scant ceremony in a public place. He promptly rose, but Cresswell warmed to his work.

"I see it is and that you distinctly remember it. Moreover, you know that young Betts has been a fugitive for months and that his flight was paid by his father, now in your employ. I know this, because Mr. Burleigh of the Big Horn has frankly told me that he long since told you, and yet your precious road, whom you have lashed here to save it possible, dared last week to publicly speak of my partner, General Langdon, as the safe robber."

Your partner subjected Major Nathan to a gross indignity," interjected Barclay levelly.

"My partner did not, sir, and it is my belief that you know he did not; but the order Major Nathan refused to obey was that of the commanding general, and now the general's name is resounded through the echoing lobby. 'A gentleman, sir, from my section of the Union can't soil his hands by chastising a coward, as Major Nathan is, and the protection of his wife's petticoats prevents my getting him where I can brand him as a liar, but as you are his next of kin, by marriage at least, I have taken this opportunity of making known my sentiments to you. You have my address, sir. Good evening to you, sir.'"

And the colonel majestically lifted his hat and strode magnificently away. Of course that rencontre was in the morning papers, and so at last Langdon heard of Nathan's language. The formal muster out of the Washoes was to occur that afternoon. Some few of the officers, commissioned in new regiments, were to return to Maryland, and the rest were to remain at San Francisco, where the men would scatter for home soon after the final ceremony, the governor and his advisers having decided against the parade. Melville at breakfast time gave the account in The Investigator and the more conservative story of The Carbonate. Within an hour he was at Langdon's tent and found the colonel supervising the packing of his soldier goods and chattels. Each knew what was uppermost in the mind of the other, and Langdon bade his orderly excuse him to visitors a few moments, sent Hurricane to the camp postoffice and let down the flaps of the tent.

"That fellow is still in close arrest," said he, "and I cannot reach him until he is released."

put forward in my place, I have reason to believe that I was being discriminated against, and that Colonel Langdon had purposely placed sentries there to publicly humiliate me. What would you think if you saw your home being taken over by a private soldier? I'll warrant that Colonel Langdon would have used the harshest language that I did. In fact, I hardly struck the sentry at all. But, of course, it's useless to talk of it. They've about convinced Mr. Barclay that the least I can look for is dismissal, and I can't go those charges withdrawn. I am willing to admit I was hasty, or I suppose I ought to say violent, and I'm willing to do anything you say to make amends, both to the soldier in the case and to the colonel. A written apology, I suppose, is what they'll want."

But Langdon's indignation rose with every line.

"Why do you show me this?" he asked. "It's a contemptible letter. It's unworthy the faintest consideration."

"Well, would you covide a man whose words were unworthy of consideration, Eric? Think over that. Keep away from him tomorrow and come to town. Here's another note."

And the general scuntered out into the sunshine to chat with the gathering officers and to smile kindly and genially at the men, who never seemed to tire of rendering honors to their colonel's friend. He thought to give Langdon time to read his own letter, but little was needed. The dainty note when opened contained but the single word: "Don't."

That night in the crowded station at Oakland pier the home going Washoes seemed bent on raising the roof. Two special trains were there to whirl them away to the mountains. Their few belongings were stored aboard, but the word had passed that Langdon was there to see them off, and the masses wouldn't go. Out they piled on the platform, shouting like mad, and surrounded him in tumultuous acclaim. They had hoisted him on a baggage truck, and there was only one way to silence their clamor. That way was to speak. On the gallery and staircase stood a throng of people—men, women and children—sympathetic witnesses of the stirring scene. Melville and his wife in their midst. Ethel Graham, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes and with hands that trembled as they clasped the rail, bending forward as though she would not lose a word. Inactively and as of old the Washoes hushed at his uplifted hand.

"I cannot do you justice now, your faith, your loyalty, your—yes, I dare say it—your affection, I prize beyond all power of words to tell you, and the sorrow of parting would choke my utterance did I not know that you who have served so closely together as soldiers in the year gone by are to live together as friends and comrades and actively and as of old the Washoes hushed at his uplifted hand.

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Another uproarious cheer broke in upon and drowned his words. Railway officials were striving with all their power to herd the enthusiastic crowd aboard the cars. Regimental officers no longer exerted authority. Melville tried to break the question. "We haven't a moment to spare if we're to go with this boat, Eric," he whispered as he grasped his arm and then led him away.

A moment later the huge ferryboat was sending a foaming rush of moonlight waters seaward against the resisting rollers. The passengers, as was their wont, were gathered within the glass enclosed "saloon" of the upper deck, some few braving the breeze toward the bow, but Langdon stood gazing back over the seething flood and the fast dimming lights of the ferryhouse, his eyes on the last vestiges of the regiment, scores of whom had chased after him for a final cheer, his thoughts going back over the year of active service, of battle and campaign, and those brave lads had spent together.

But ere his little gaze relaxed again turned, following his heart, to the girl standing silent at the rail. She was listening, breathless, to the cheers and farewells. She had marked the deep emotion in his eyes and in those of the tried and trusty comrades now fading from view. Steadily, silently, Mrs. Melville had led her general within doors and told him the night air was too raw for a wounded veteran.

"How about Eric?" queried the general, with twinkling in his eyes.

consultation, and in two hours all business was stopped.

My father came home and could not speak, he was so overcome. My mother was alarmed to see him in such a state until he recovered enough to tell her the sad news. For some time every one, even the children, wore crape on the arm. No boy could go into the street without it. I wore it, though only 8 years old.

**A Pompous Ceremony.**

An interesting ceremony takes place daily at Gibraltar. The town and fortress lie at the end of a peninsula, about a mile and a half long, the mainland being the farther consideration. The gate leading to Spain is, every evening, locked at sunset and every morning unlocked at sunrise. Each day a company from one of the regiments performs one of these functions. In the morning the company follows the general, with colors flying, and accompanied by a band, marches to the commandant's house. The company comes to attention, and the commandant hands out the keys on a velvet cushion. These are received by the captain's orderly, the band strikes up, and the procession marches to the gate, which is unlocked with great ceremony. In the evening the same ceremony, in the reverse order, is gone through. All suspicious characters are kept out of the town before the gates are locked in the evening.

**An Exception.**

"I feel so depressed when it rains here," said Mrs. Snags. "But, then, I suppose that is the rule."

"There are exceptions," said her husband.

"Yes, umbrellas are raised," Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

## THE TALE OF A DOG.

A TRUTHFUL NARRATIVE OF CANINE TENACITY AND SACAGITY.

As the Story of the Feat Was Related by a Preacher Who Was a Party to the Incident, No Further Testimony Is Necessary.

A certain Nashville statesman is about one of the best story tellers in Tennessee, and his repertoire includes a lot of good ones, fish and otherwise. On the truthfulness of some he will stake his reputation for veracity, but he tells one which he always prefixes with the statement that it was told him by a minister of the gospel, Dr. Barclay, who was not present here by the older inhabitants as the assistant of Dr. Edgar of revered memory, who was pastor of the First Presbyterian church during the latter years of General Andrew Jackson's life and attended the old man in his last illness. The story tells:

"Dr. Barclay used to visit my father's house when I was a boy, and the story I am about to tell you was related to me on the occasion of one of these visits. We were out for a walk, he and I, one evening after supper. The doctor was fond of dogs and was a pretty good sportsman and naturally the conversation turned on this subject. 'Speaking of dogs,' said Dr. Barclay, 'I remember a dog which he had longed to a friend of mine in Mississippi. I had been invited to hold services at a church near this friend's house and wrote him to meet me at the station, but he never came. It was on the Saturday afternoon before Sunday, the day of the appointment.

"He was on time with horses, and we started to his home. I noticed that a very handsome bird dog followed us, and having heard that some one in that neighborhood owned an especially well trained trick dog, I asked my friend about it.

"'That's the dog,' at the same time pointing at his dog, which had run ahead of us, was waiting at the forks of the road.

"I asked him to make him perform a trick. He got down from his horse, called the dog and, taking out his pocket book, held it to the dog's nose. He took a few minutes to do so, and then, walking some distance into the woods, raised up a large rock and put the money under it. We then resumed our journey, and when probably half a mile away my friend called his dog and told him to go back and get the money.

"The dog, without the least hesitation, started back on a run, and my friend explained, as the rock was heavy the dog would be unable to turn it over, so would have to scratch under it himself. Now, mind you, he was never over, nor would he get home before we reached there, it then being about three miles farther on the road.

"However, when we reached home the dog was not there. We ate supper, and still the dog was not there, nor had he put in an appearance when we retired at about 10 o'clock.

"The next morning we got up about daylight, and hearing a noise outside, I opened the door, and the dog rushed in, bringing in his mouth a piece of money, which he dropped on the floor.

"Of course we were both mystified, but had not long to wait an explanation, for shortly afterward a man who lived several miles from my friend's house rode up on a mule and inquired if a dog with a pair of pantaloons in his mouth had come into the house. The dog at this moment came out on the porch, and the man said, 'Why, there's the dog now.'

"My friend told his caller that the dog had really brought a pair of pantaloons home with him, but he did not understand it himself.

"The man said that late in the afternoon the dog had been seen scratching under a large rock near the road, thinking he was after a rabbit, stopped and lifted the rock up, and, to his surprise, found a half dollar on the inside.

"He put the money in his pocket, and the dog followed him home. The dog appeared to be friendly, and the man petted him and gave him his supper. At night when the family retired he rushed into his bedroom and at once became very quiet, lying down near the foot of the bed, where he slept all night.

"Early in the morning, the man said, he got up and opened the window, and the instant he did so the dog seized his pantaloons in his mouth and, jumping out, ran off with them.

"The man followed as soon as he could get his mule.

"Hearing this story, my friend got the pantaloons and on searching the pockets found the half dollar which he had hid under the rock the afternoon before."—Nashville Banner.

**Washington's Death.**

Mr. George Ticknor, who wrote "The History of Spanish Literature" and "The Life of Prescott," remembered distinctly the death of Washington. He says in his diary:

There never was a more striking or spontaneous tribute paid to a man than was paid in Boston when the news came of Washington's death.

It was on Dec. 14, 1799, a little before noon. I often heard persons say at the time that one could know how far the news had spread by the closing of the shops. Each man, when he heard that Washington was dead, shut his store, as a matter of course, with-

out consultation, and in two hours all business was stopped.

My father came home and could not speak, he was so overcome. My mother was alarmed to see him in such a state until he recovered enough to tell her the sad news. For some time every one, even the children, wore crape on the arm. No boy could go into the street without it. I wore it, though only 8 years old.

to the surface and hasten the drying. After being dried the figs are placed in "sweet boxes," holding 2,000 pounds each, where they remain for two weeks. Then they are washed in cold salt water to remove all dirt and are packed by women and girls in half pound, one pound and ten pound boxes in layers, being split preliminarily with a short bladed knife.

Lake Morat, in Switzerland, has the curious property of turning red every ten years owing to the presence of certain aquatic plants which are not known in any other lake in the world.

**The Captain of an Ocean Liner.**

Nowadays the captain is the last of the ship. He is the only one who is not rough sea in a part of his life. He is the only one who is not rough sea in a part of his life. He is the only one who is not rough sea in a part of his life.

**A Korean Prisoner.**

The gate was wide open, and the courtyard was full of prisoners, and the soldiers were all in a row, and the prisoners were all in a row, and the soldiers were all in a row.

**Changed Times.**

Times have changed indeed from the time when Sydney Smith complacently observed that the United States had so much wilderness clearing to do that it might well take its literature, learning and luxury in the bulk from English factories.

**Soap and Desert.**

The tribes on the coast of British Columbia had a festival in the autumn, the crowning item of which is the parading of a few spoonfuls of a bowl of soap.

**The Chinaman's Dress.**

Those who understand the subject have to admit that when it comes to the question of rational dress the Chinaman has very much the best of it. American clothes are not made for the performance of much stooping or domestic gymnastics, but the Chinaman, in his loose, easy fitting clothes, is as free to stoop, jump, run or turn hand-springs as a small boy in bathing.

**Bound to Enjoy Herself.**

"Oh, you needn't hurry about giving final instructions to Elsie, who is going to take tea with a playmate, when you are asked if you will have something, you must say, 'Yes, thank you, and if you don't want it you must say—' 'Elsie interrupted, 'I don't expect to refuse anything.'—Philadelphia Press.

**No Difficulty.**

Phillips looks once again a new version of the old story to a wondering skeptic, who said he doubted whether a whale's throat was large enough to swallow Jonah. "There was no difficulty," said the bishop; "Jonah was one of the minor prophets."

**making the Choir Sing.**

Many conscientious ministers have had trouble with wayward choirs, but not all have had Dr. Samuel West's witty address on management. There had been difficulty with the singers, and they had given out that they should not sing on the next Sunday. This was told to Dr. West. "Well, well, we will see," he said and on Sunday morning he got out his hymn. After reading it he said very emphatically, "You will begin with the second verse."

"Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God." The hymn was sung.

**Barometrical Bees.**

Whoever observes these interesting insects finds it easy enough to forecast exactly the kind of weather to be expected. At least this is the opinion of many raisers of bees.

**Three Good Farms for Sale.**

Three good farms in the northern part of this county. Two of them contain 100 acres each, and the other 300 acres. Inquire at the real estate office.

**Hearty Brayden, Harris, N. C.**

I took medicine 20 years for asthma but one bottle of One Minute Cough Cure did me more good than any thing else during that time. Best cough cure. Smith Bros.

**Bricks For Sale.**

Five choice square Lincoln and Cotswold bricks for sale at Bradley farm, in Collins Grove, Pa.

**Norris Silver, North Stratford, N. H.**

I purchased a bottle of the Minute Cough Cure when suffering with a cough doctors told me was incurable. The bottle relieved me, the second and third almost cured. Today I am a well man. Smith Bros.

**Much Reading for Little Money.**

The New York World has got the cost of printing down to a minimum. Its latest offer of its monthly newspaper-magazine is interesting in from no other cause than it shows the acme of "how much for how little." The Monthly World is a 32 page magazine with colored cover. It contains the best of the pages of the Ladies Home Journal, and it is copiously illustrated in half-tone. The illustrations are the results of the best artistic skill, aided by all the latest printing-press appliances, making a magazine unrivalled in the quality of its contents and its appearances. Each issue contains stories of romance, love, adventure, travel; stories of fiction and fact; stories of things quaint and curious, gathered together from all over the world; the results of scientific research, and editorial reviews. It contains among its contributors the leading literary men and women of the day. A feature each month is a full-page portrait of the most famed man or woman of the moment in the public eye. In collecting and preparing for publication the literary matter and art subjects for the Monthly World no expense is spared. The New York World will send six numbers of this newspaper-magazine on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps. Address The World, Pulitzer Building, New York.

**Do You See How the Time Flies**

To keep your feet dry during during the wet weather this spring. We can suit you in quality and price. Also rubbers of all kinds.

**Chew Wetmore's Best**

Your Money Back if you don't like Wetmore's Best

The first and only chewing tobacco to be guaranteed.

No Premiums.

Remember the Umbrella Brand.

M. C. WETMORE TOBACCO CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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Sid Darling, 1012 Howard at Port Huron, Michigan, writes, I have tried many pills and laxatives, but DeWitt's Little Early Risers are far the best pills I have ever used. They never gripe.

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A house and lot in one of the best residential portions of city of Manchester for sale cheap and on easy terms. Good dwelling, barn, etc. Inquire at DEMOCRAT OFFICE.

**Don't wait until you become chronically constipated** take DeWitt's Little Early Risers now and then. They will keep your liver and bowels in good order. Easy to take. Safe pills. Smith Bros.

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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 edition, 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 small of the actual experience, and 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 \$1.50 for the entire five, one year. This is emphatically a good thing, and one that equals any other offer. For a large line of thoroughly practical farm reading nothing has ever been offered before that equals the county paper, a farm paper, a poultry paper, a farm insurance paper and the Special Farmers' Institute, all for \$1.50. Come in and order them.

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THE GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY

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

Sold by all druggists. Send for sample upon receipt of 10 cents.

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The Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern Railway has gotten out a neat booklet descriptive of the beautiful summer resorts at Spirit and Okoboji Lakes in Northwestern Iowa. Free copies will be mailed upon application to Jno. G. Farmer, Assistant Gen'l Pass. Agt., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

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CARVING KNIVES and FORKS, LADIES GUARD CHAINS, GENTS VEST CHAINS, EMBLEM RINGS, CHAINS, LOCKETS, GOLD SPECTACLES, MANTEL CLOCK, SILK UMBRELLAS, LANS, GOLD PENS.

Come and see the many things we have not space to list.

**Do You See How the Time Flies**

To keep your feet dry during during the wet weather this spring. We can suit you in quality and price. Also rubbers of all kinds.

**BOYNTON & MEWEN**

**You Will Need a Pair of Shoes**

To keep your feet dry during during the wet weather this spring. We can suit you in quality and price. Also rubbers of all kinds.

**F. M. FOLEY**

RYAN, IOWA.

**The Lady of Lynn**

By Sir Walter Besant

This story will begin in our next issue, (September 11.)