THE SPUR OF FATE

By Ashley Towne

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY CHARLES B. ETHERINGTON.

At daybreak a Circassian outpost in sight of the walls of Gredskov halted a grotesque and travel worn creature, apparently demented, yet with wit enough to know his own business, and after brief questioning sent him into the city under guard of a single man to find Captain Varnek, for whom he asserted that he had an important message.

If Darrell had declared that his business was with Prince Kilziar, it might have been looked upon as the customary delusion of a "crank," and had he shown the Princess Vera's order at such an early stage of the proceedings other hands than his would probably have delivered it. Therefore he had named Varnek, the officer who had been charged with his execution, whom Korna had described as a friend—certainly a man devoted to the khan and well suited to be Darrell's intermediary in this matter.

It appeared, however, when they were within the city that Captain Varnek was not an easy man to find. Darrell's guide was directed here and there with the greatest positiveness in each case, but was wrongly, and Darrell was on the point of attempting direct communication with Kilziar when the problem solved in an unexpected manner.

In the [illegible] space beside the prison a great crowd was gathered, and as Darrell and his guard passed in the course of their search they heard the sound of music and saw in the midst of the throng a considerable body of troops drawn up in hollow square. Two tall timbers with a crossbar on top seemed to define most dismally the occasion of this gathering.

"An execution?" asked Darrell. "For what crime?"

"I heard the fellow had assisted the escape of a prisoner condemned by order of the prince," was the reply. "He used to be a turnkey in that prison."

"Did you hear his name?"

"Kevski, or something like that," answered the man indifferently.

"They will hang him?" exclaimed Darrell in horror at the fate of this man to whom he owed his own life.

"By the feet," replied the soldier. "I believe there's some idea of getting a confession out of him, and when you hang a man by the neck he hasn't so much time to think the matter over. I could never understand why people should want to see such a thing." And he pointed to the crowd with a gesture of contempt that did him much credit.

Darrell was already breaking through the crowd, and in half a minute he had come up to the thin line of soldiers by which it was restrained. At that moment the unfortunate Kevski was hoisted up, his feet bound together, the rope by which he was supported being made fast between them. He swung at first but little clear of the ground, his hands bound behind his back, his body slowly twirling on the rope.

This barbarity is not uncommon in that region, and it has a terrifying element of uncertainty, for the amount of torture inflicted by it can never be known in advance, since it depends upon the endurance of the individual. Men have lived incredibly long and have endured indescribable torments, while others have passed beyond pain in a few minutes.

It is always a new wonder to the most experienced that such a spectacle can be given the aspect of an entertainment, yet here was the band braying as if to gather spectators for a mountebank's performance, and here were the people striving for the best places. Jests were far easier to hear than expressions of sympathy, though these citizens of Gredskov, bred under an alien rule, had no knowledge of public punishments for justice's sake, but only as the cruelties of an irresponsible tyrant.

The band ceased with a rattle of brass, and the next instant Darrell was inside the line of soldiers, holding to his lips the pipes of Musef, from which there seemed to issue a shrill and lively tune. The thing was so quickly done that no one raised a hand to stop him as he began to march with a crazy dignity in the direction of the musicians. The crowd laughed, the soldiers waited for an order, and the officers, seeing no harm done, hesitated to give it.

"You do not play so badly," said Darrell, lowering his pipe and addressing the leader of the band, "but my music is much more popular."

He waved his hand in the direction of the crowd, which rewarded him with cheers and laughter. The bandmaster turned an eye upon the colonel of the regiment, who had wheeled his horse in that direction. He was a man of jovial aspect, and he seemed to be somewhat the worse for liquor. Darrell judged him to be not averse to this comedy and was not deceived when the officer, with a great affectation of wrath, waved his naked sword over the piper's head and then brought it down with a wide sweep to light, flatwise, on the offender's back. It was not a very safe trick, for the Circassian swords are sharp as razors.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the officer, observing that Darrell did not even wink, "you don't scare easily!"

"I haven't sense enough," responded Darrell. "Only the wise are afraid; the others are soldiers."

"You mean that soldiers are fools?" demanded the officer, grasping this simple jest with some difficulty and uncertain whether he had got the right of it.

"Not those that wear swords," responded Darrell. "It is wise to order other men to fight; the folly is in obeying. And, by the way, that is a very fine sword of yours."

"What do you know about swords, madman?" demanded the officer.

"More than yourself," replied Darrell, "begging your excellency's pardon, for I can do something with a sword that you can't."

"You are a boaster!" cried the colonel, raising his weapon.

"I will prove my words," answered Darrell. "Can you play a tune upon a sword?"

"No; nor any other man," retorted the colonel.

"I can play upon a sword as well as on this pipe," answered Darrell. "If you don't believe me, lend me yours."

His cool proposition excited laughter among the spectators who were near enough to hear it and also considerable curiosity.

"This, then, will answer," rejoined Darrell, and, with a movement swift as conjuring, he snatched a sword from the scabbard of a captain who had advanced as if with some message for his superior.

The man, utterly amazed and perhaps alarmed, started back, and before he had recovered himself Darrell had raised the sword to his lips in the manner of a flute and was piping in a way that might have amazed a higher type of audience. The colonel restrained the avenging captain with a gesture and listened with a drunken wonder that, in less desperate circumstances, would have afforded Darrell much amusement.

Suddenly the wretched prisoner, swinging by the rope, uttered his first cry, a long and pitiable scream. It was what might have been foreseen; indeed, Darrell had expected it earlier. He turned, with an affectation of wrath.

"I can't be interrupted in this way!" he cried, springing toward the tortured man.

It is probable that every one expected to see the supposed maniac still Kevski's cry by plunging the sword into his body. The colonel had time to call out:

"Don't strike! Upon your own life"—

And then, before his horse could respond to the spurs, he saw the crazed musician leap up and sever with a blow the rope by which Kevski was suspended. The man fell upon his back, for his head had been drawn up and, the distance being so short, sustained no injury.

"Don't strike! Upon your own life!"

Darrell dropped the sword and, seizing the pipes that had dangled by a cord around his neck, broke them across his knee. It was all done in less than a second. He clasped the disarmed captain, the first man to reach him, around the body with a grip that nearly stopped the heart under his ribs and held before his eyes with the free hand the order of the khan, taken from the broken pipes.

"I am the khan's messenger," he whispered. "My order concerns this man." And then aloud, "The seal of the khan!"

Hearing the words and beholding the paper in Darrell's hand and impressed also by the sudden change in his tone and manner, the soldiers that had seized him offered him no great violence, but held him while the captain took Vera's order and gave it to the colonel.

He recognized the seal, battered though it was, and for some seconds he hesitated what course to pursue.

"If you would win the favor of the khan," said Darrell, "you will discontinue the punishment of this man. The prince will be satisfied when you inform him that the American, Darrell, arrived in Vladikaukas yesterday morning."

"You are sure of this?"

"Absolutely," replied Darrell, "and you may please the prince further with the information that the American has entirely lost the khan's favor."

"You seem to know many things," said the colonel, bending down from the horse and looking closely into Darrell's face; then to a subordinate and pointing to Kevski: "Put that man under guard. This one goes with me before the prince."

CHAPTER XVI.

A MESSAGE FROM PARIS.

IT was the colonel who delivered Vera's order to Kilziar, and the prince honored the messenger with only a glance. Darrell had taken pains upon the way to headquarters to inform his captor thoroughly regarding the Russian force that had cut in between Vladikaukas and Gredskov. As the colonel naturally desired to occupy the center of the stage Darrell obtained the obscure position that he craved.

The prince read the order, smiling, and he seemed to honor the colonel with only a small fraction of his attention, except when the news about Darrell was disclosed. At this Kilziar turned to the messenger and asked a few sharp questions, to which Darrell replied that the facts were to be relied upon, but that he could not tell why the American had lost favor with the princess. He had overheard Darrell talking to himself, cursing his folly and lamenting his misfortune. Kilziar could not conceal his satisfaction, but he bridled his curiosity. No more questions were asked, and presently the audience was over.

Darrell found himself quite free, and he resumed the search for Varnek, whom he encountered half an hour later as the captain was about to mount his horse in front of a smithy where the beast had been shod. It seemed best to trust this man fully, and Darrell disclosed his identity to him at the outset. Varnek was amazed at the American's story.

"You may count me your friend," he said. "Colonel Korna's wish is sufficient with me, though that's not an open secret in this camp."

"I judge," responded Darrell, "that you are not less brave than wise, but much more discreet."

"As to the matter of discretion," Varnek, "you may be right. Korna has been shrewd in discovering facts, but injudicious in his use of them."

"In other words," said Darrell, "he has seen through Kilziar, but has been so unwise as to let Kilziar know it."

Varnek nodded affirmatively.

"I ride out with the advance guard," said he, after a brief pause. "General Durban leads, with a couple of cavalry regiments. I think I can arrange to have you go along."

"You could not do me a greater favor," answered Darrell.

"Wait here," said the captain, as he swung himself into the saddle.

Within twenty minutes he was back again, leading a good horse.

"We start at once," he said. "The general is very glad to have you with us."

When they passed through the northern gate of Gredskov and swung around the long curve in the road Darrell had a chance to survey the force. It appeared that two regiments of Circassian cavalry meant about 700 horsemen. They were well mounted, and the speed which they maintained, up hill and down dale, astonished the American, though he had seen some hard riding. And it was not the pace alone that surprised him. He could not comprehend the advantage of riding so fast when it was obvious that their supporting regiments must be left many miles in the rear.

About 1 o'clock they came in sight of a scouting party of the enemy, with whom a few ineffectual shots were exchanged, the little squad of Russians galloping away in a cloud of dust. The Circassian cavalry then proceeded slowly, finally halting as if to wait for support. The second regiment, which had fallen somewhat behind, presently came up, and the advance was resumed, but there was no sign of another force.

They came into range of some Russians posted on top of a hill, dislodged them without difficulty and gained the summit, from which they saw the Russian army moving to the westward, already past the main road, except for their rear guard, which was covering the retreat.

General Durban did not seem to be especially interested. He sat on horseback, the picture of calm, for about half an hour, at the end of which period there appeared in the distance the advance guard of a Circassian force out of Vladikaukas. There was evidence of excitement, and presently about a thousand men were rushed up, and the Russian rear guard was dislodged, half the Gredskov cavalry joining in the pursuit.

Darrell did not ride with this attack, for he had perceived the Princess Vera and her staff on a hill overlooking the scene of these maneuvers. When the way was clear, an officer galloped across, with orders for the general commanding to report to her. He did so in person, and Darrell accompanied him.

The princess was on horseback, upon an animal that was a picture of grace and a bundle of nerves. A splendid horsewoman was Vera, and a glorious sight to the eye; but, though she rode astride, booted, spurred and armed, she was not the least bit of an amazon. She seemed to be in a royal rage, and Darrell was not surprised.

"Where is the rest of the force?" she demanded of the general. "Why are they not there in the west, holding these Russians in a trap?"

"I know of no other force from Gredskov," replied the general. "I was sent out with two regiments of cavalry and orders to proceed along the main road to Vladikaukas until met by a detachment of your troops."

Vera seemed to find words inadequate. Suddenly she caught sight of Darrell, who had succeeded during the first halt in ridding himself of his beard, and was thus recognizable. She summoned him with a gesture.

"How do you come to be here?" she demanded.

"I took your order to Prince Kilziar," he replied.

"He received it, then? You saw it delivered?"

Darrell bowed.

"You disobeyed my order in going," she said.

"Excellency," he answered, "I was afraid the others might not get through."

"Surely some of them did so." And she glanced in surprise from Darrell to the general.

"We received no other word from your excellency except through this man," said the soldier simply.

"And what did Prince Kilziar say to you?" asked Vera, turning to Darrell.

"As to the order, nothing," he replied.

"As to what, then?"

"He asked me if it were true that an American named Darrell had come to Vladikaukas, seeking the khan's protection, and had then been so unfortunate as to lose your excellency's favor, and I replied that such were the facts."

"Your information was not altogether accurate," said Vera. Then, turning to an officer, she gave orders for the recall of the troops engaged in the useless pursuit of the Russians.

The cavalry from Gredskov were called up as an escort, and the princess set out for Vladikaukas. Darrell would have fallen to the rear, but Vera summoned him to her side.

"I would hear your opinion of this," she said abruptly.

"As to the small force sent by the prince?" inquired Darrell. "He is a good soldier, as you have often said. He learned from my report to his officer that a half dozen messengers besides myself had been sent, and he rightly judged that most of them had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Though your order was in cipher, the Russians would surely find some way of interpreting it, and they would expect an overwhelming force from Gredskov. Therefore, as the co-operation for the taking of Vladikaukas had failed them, they would prepare for retreat, slipping around that city, and at the sight of a force of cavalry, apparently the advance guard of an army, they would quit this field, which is exactly what has happened."

"Still I do not understand," said Vera.

"If he had sent a stronger force," replied Darrell, "you would have been encouraged to attempt to hold Vladikaukas and would have again ordered the advance of his army. Now you cannot do it. You will be forced to fall back upon Gredskov, which is what he desires."

"But why move southward?" she persisted. "Why retreat?"

"I would not like to give an opinion," answered Darrell. "To my poor view Gredskov is a trap. The Russian forces moving up from Tiflis will hold the other end of the pass, and the body we have just dislodged, joined by the much larger army which has been delayed, will move down from the north to besiege us."

"With what result?"

"Vera, it means defeat for us," he said, leaning toward her, "and I know not what evil for you. But I am content to share your fate since I am unable to avert it, for of course I cannot persuade you to strike westward with such force as you can command and cut your way back to your own country."

"You are a gloomy prophet," she said. "I will find a better way."

"God grant it!" he replied fervently, as the princess touched her horse with the spur and rode ahead to join her officers.

Darrell had no more speech with her that day, but shortly after reaching Vladikaukas he received a small sealed packet from her by the hands of Korna. It contained this note in French, beginning without any form of address:

The inclosed is from the American consul in Stavropol and was intrusted to one of my men, whose arrival you witnessed yesterday. V. S.

There was also the following from the consul:

Mr. John Darrell:

My Dear Sir—I have been urged by Mr. Robert Gordon of Paris—and I may add by my own sense of duty—to spare neither effort nor expense in solving the mystery of your disappearance in this city and to get some trace of you. My best result has been a rumor that you were charged here with being a nihilist, known as Sergius Bilowski, but there is no record of the arrest, trial or punishment of any such person. This I have from the governor general, and I know he is sincere. It has also come to my ears that you were with the Circassian revolutionists; even that you had taken a leading part in that uprising. Upon the merest chance I send this copy of a telegram arriving for you in my care. The further advices promised therein are not yet at hand. You may depend upon me to guard your property and interests here to the best of my ability.

Here followed the usual expressions of respect and the signature of the consul, Julian Lingard.

Finally there was the telegram, expressed in these words:

Have learned L. was in pay of Gorski's relatives. Had strong pull with G. and assisted in matrimonial scheme. Received revolver. No doubt it is the one. Torn document is forgery, but most important signature genuine. Countersign forged. Will send details by mail. R. G.

Darrell read these words, and the blood tingled in his veins.

"Heaven send Ivan Getchikoff this way!" he said.

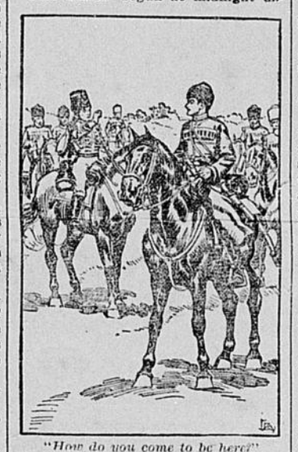
CHAPTER XVII.

HELP FROM THE HEAVENS.

COUTS came into Vladikaukas about 8 o'clock of the evening with reports of the delayed Russian force now well under way. The early accounts were thought to be exaggerated, but within an hour the evidence multiplied until doubt was no longer possible. Even Vera, as Darrell was informed by Colonel Korna, no longer had a hope of holding Vladikaukas, and preparations for falling back to Gredskov were made with haste.

Darrell was surprised to find how many things were already prepared. Prudence and discipline had not been wanting in the garrison. The little army was wonderfully mobile.

This march—begun at midnight under frowning skies, enlivened in the small hours by a pyrotechnic struggle in the darkness with the Russians who were attempting to re-encircle Vladikaukas and finished next day in deadly weariness and the miseries of a drizzling rain—needs no extended description in this record. There were small losses. A colonel was shot dead in his saddle after the fighting seemed to be over, the fatal bullet a mere chance wanderer in the air. Some Russian horsemen dashed in upon a line of baggage wagons and butchered a few teamsters, poorly paid day laborers without military aspirations. A half dozen soldiers were killed and fifty perhaps endured the pain of wounds during the long march. Darrell, viewing as much of this as a man could see in the night and particularly the dead teamsters, who chanced to fall in his way, was reminded of the murdered Turkish merchant and of the poor idiot, Musef, shot in the back as he ran, and there arose in his mind a picture of the war god, like a human being endowed with an individual character and compelled to act according to it, so that, whether bawling upon the battlefield, groaning upon the march or sodden with the sloth of the camp, he must kill, and kill aimlessly, for the mere sake of killing.



"How do you come to be here?"

Darrell's position was one of painful isolation. For the first few miles he rode not far behind the princess; then after the fighting was over and her safety assured, as she sent no word to him he fell farther to the rear, and in the last hours of the march, when the rain had begun, he lent some aid to men who were struggling with cannon in the roads that grew always worse.

In Gredskov on the second day he formed the acquaintance of an engineering officer and was of some little use in helping to strengthen the city's defenses. He saw Korna occasionally and learned from him that there had been a memorable scene between Vera and Kilziar and that the prince had succeeded in presenting plausible excuses. The princess, however, had asserted authority, and it was she who issued paramount orders in the city.

The rain relented long enough to permit the Russian force to take up its position, hemming in the place, and then began again without violence, a slow and steady dripping from the leaden sky. The besiegers exhibited indomitable energy. They brought up a surprising quantity of artillery despite the state of the roads, yet not enough to give them any advantage. The guns were too light for the reduction of a well fortified place, and Gredskov was fairly well fortified, though at the time of the Circassian attack it had been very badly defended.

The time came speedily when no more cannon could be brought over the roads. Spies reported that the Russians were having all they could do to bring up sufficient supplies in the lightest vehicles and on the backs of mules and camels. The game as it stood was a draw. The Russians could not take the town, and the besieged could not get out. But the enemy had to hold their ground only till better weather, while the Circassians had to hold theirs forever. It is a fundamental principle of war that a town thoroughly invested must fall eventually unless friends from without arrive to raise the siege, and this the Circassians could not expect. They were doomed, and the thought of it was madness to Darrell.

He saw little of Vera. She was feverishly busy, working day and night upon plans for their useless defense, for it was like holding a hilltop against the flood. Darrell knew that she dreaded to see him because he had foreseen this evil, because he had shown himself destitute of encouragement—a mere scarecrow in the field, as he expressed it to himself.

She had taken up her abode in what had been an inn. There was a ground floor room in a corner of the house which was her military workshop. Darrell sometimes saw her through a window in the daytime pitifully engaged upon this travesty of war, fighting a battle that was over. He knew that she was in deadly peril; that these wretched days might be all the life they two could hope for. He shuddered at the thought and cursed the scoundrel who had brought her to this calamity, yet curses upon Kilziar seemed unnecessary, considering the position in which the man stood.

One saw little of the prince in these days except when he and Vera made their rounds together that the soldiers might have a chance to cheer. It was not pleasant for Darrell to hear their names thus joined, yet he could not help admiring the spirit and the loyalty of the troops.

At night the curtains were drawn before the windows of Vera's workroom, yet the light could be seen, and there was a wretched fellow who often stood long in the rain to watch it. He was thus gloomily employed one night just beyond the challenge of the sentries when he detected a dark figure gliding along the edge of a small building that had stood diagonally opposite the inn and had been wrecked and set on fire by a shell on the second day of the siege, when there had been considerable artillery practice. Since then there had been only occasional firing, yet the inn had been hit twice, with slight damage.

The man whom Darrell had seen entered the wrecked building, and the American's curiosity was excited. He did an excellent bit of stalking and was under the charred wall beside the ruin of a window, so near to the man that he could hear the fellow stifle a cough, yet wholly unperceived. Suddenly he struck a match upon the side of its box and thrust his head and arm into the aperture that had been a window. The rain spared the flaring bit of wood long enough for Darrell to perceive with great surprise his old acquaintance, Kevski, crouching there, with a rifle in his hands.

A sentry called from across the street.

"Friend!" replied Darrell. "Merely lighting my pipe."

The explanation seemed to be satisfactory, for there was no further challenge.

"What are you doing here?" whispered Darrell. "Come out."

Kevski obeyed, though had any other voice commanded him he would probably have resisted or fled. As they stood by the side of the charred ruins there was a sound of voices from across the street, and Prince Kilziar appeared in the doorway of the inn, his figure sharply outlined because of the light behind him. He and some of his officers had been in conference with Vera and were now about to return to their quarters through the rain.

"You hate that man," whispered Kevski. "Release me, and you shall see the end of him."

Darrell's grip tightened on the Russian's arm.

"You were lying in wait for the prince," he said slowly.

"You saw what he did to me," answered Kevski. "You saved me from death, though I did not know at first that it was you. I suffered the knout in the prison before that. Kilziar believed you were hidden in this city. I was tortured to make me confess where you were. They got nothing from me."

"What became of you that morning when you left me in the wood?" asked Darrell; "captured by Kilziar's men, I suppose, and brought into the city."

"I was trying to find food in a house when they caught me," answered Kevski, and then in a trembling whisper, "See how the wretch stands there in the light."

"You owe me something," said Darrell. "I don't like to mention it, but you do. Here's a chance to pay. Promise me that you will not try to take that man's life. Why waste your time?" he added bitterly. "Are you not satisfied with his position? He cannot escape from this city, and you know what his fate will be if he falls into the hands of the Russians."

"They will never take him," answered Kevski. "There is a secret way out of this city."

"Not through the pass?"

"No. That is held by the Russian force from Tiflis, as every one knows."

"And the Russian line in front of us," said Darrell, "is a semicircle reaching to the cliffs upon each side."

"But there is a way along the face of those cliffs," answered Kevski; "not a road for an army, of course, but when Kilziar is ready he will move out by that route with a few men and much gold. I know, for one of my friends will act as guide. Where the secret path is I do not know, and there are few in this city who do. My friend will not tell me. It is only from hints when he had been drinking too much that I have learned what I have told you."

"Learn more, Kevski," said Darrell. "Don't waste your time in assassination, but devote it all to the discovery of this secret. Do this for me by way of gratitude to win a great reward and to get to America, which is your dream."

Kevski was silent, fingering the rifle and staring across the little square at Kilziar, who, having lighted a cigar, was gathering his cloak about him before stepping out into the rain.

"I will do what you tell me," said Kevski suddenly, and, as if it were a part of his promise, he turned his eyes away from the man he hated. Then, without more words, he hurried away down the dark street.

The lights still burned in the lower windows of the inn, and those above were dark.

"My love is threatened by a hundred deaths," said Darrell to himself as he crossed the road. "This insane and ceaseless toil will burn her with fever. She neither eats nor sleeps, so Korna says."

The sentry challenged, and Darrell gave his name. With little delay he was ushered into Vera's presence. She was quite alone and seemed to have been warming herself before the embers of a fire in a broad fireplace.

"I am glad to see you," she said. "It is a pleasure I have lacked in these last few days. Moreover, you look much more cheerful than when I saw you last. What is the cause of it—the weather perhaps?"

"I have always enjoyed a great reputation for cheerfulness," answered Darrell. "You alone seem to have found my society depressing. Yet that is not surprising perhaps. There is a malady which, according to all the poets, will make any man sigh, and I have never had it before."

"That is rather a pretty speech," said Vera. "I have conversed principally during these last days about corn and gunpowder. A change cheers me. Yet I think you did not come at this late hour for that alone."

"I came to tell you of a discovery that I have made, or, rather, hope to make," answered Darrell. "Perhaps you know more of it than I do, yet I cannot assume that you possess the information. Let me not waste words. If this place falls and you are taken, we may grant that Circassia's cause is lost, may we not?"

"The place will not fall," answered Vera. "But, admitting your supposition, what follows?"

"If you, with your best officers and a small picked force, could escape and return to Circassia, there would still be hope. I have learned that there is a secret way along the face of the mountains"—

"And you would have me take it, leaving my soldiers to be butchered," said Vera. "That is not my idea of loyalty, which should have two sides."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

You never heard of any one using Foley's Honey and Tar not being satisfied.—Denton & Ward.

Some creature that wear trousers are only called men through courtesy.

Will Cure Consumption.

A. A. Herren, Finch, Ark., writes, "Foley's Honey and Tar is the best preparation for coughs, colds and lung trouble. I know that it has cured consumption in the first stages."—Denton & Ward.

Meat originally meant any kind of food.

Foley's Honey and Tar is peculiarly adapted for asthma, bronchitis and hoarseness.—Denton & Ward.

Duty well done is the seed from whence springs the flower of pleasure.

Foley's Honey and Tar contains no opiates and can safely be given to children.—Denton & Ward.

Lovers' quarrels are popular because it is such fun "making up."

A Revelation.

If you will make inquiry it will be a revelation to you how many succumb to kidney or bladder troubles in one form or another. If the patient is not beyond medical aid, Foley's Kidney Cure will cure. It never disappoints.—Denton & Ward.

Stealing is not confined to taking the product of men's hands.

A Lesson In Health.

Healthy kidneys filter the impurities from the blood, and unless they do this good health is impossible. Foley's Kidney Cure makes sound kidneys and will positively cure all forms of kidney and bladder disease. It strengthens the whole system.—Denton & Ward.

The earnest Christian lives in a a continued state of repentance.

What Is Foley's Kidney Cure?

Answer: It is made from a prescription of a leading Chicago physician, and one of the most eminent in the country. The ingredients are the purest that money can buy, and are scientifically combined to get their utmost value.—Denton & Ward.

True friendship says little and does much.

Dangerous If Neglected.

Burns, cuts and other wounds often fail to heal properly if neglected and become troublesome sores. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve prevents such consequences. Even where delay has aggravated the injury DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve effects a cure. "I had a running sore on my leg thirty years," says H. C. Hartly, Yankeetown, Ind. "After using many remedies, I tried DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. A few boxes healed the sore." Cures all skin diseases. Piles yield to it at once. Beware of counterfeits.—Smith Bros.

While waiting for your ship to come in busy yourself building a safe harbor.

Don't Start Wrong.

Dont start the summer with a lingering cough or cold. We all know what a "summer cold" is. It's the hardest kind to cure. Often it 'hangs on" through the entire season. Take it in hand right now. A few doses of One Minute Cough Cure will set you right. Sure cure for coughs, colds, croup, grip, bronchitis, all throat and lung trouble. Absolutely safe. Acts at once. Children like it. "One Minute Cough Cure is the best cough medicine I ever used," says J. H. Bowles, Groveton, N. H. "I never found anything else that acted so safely and quickly."—Smith Bros.

The kleptomaniac regards things from an abstract point of view.

A Little Book of Great Importance.

Do you ever wish for a book that can be relied upon to answer correctly all the little questions and knotty problems that present themselves day by day—a book that will quickly decide all arguments on all subjects? The 1902 World Almanac and Encyclopedia, which is now ready, is exactly this kind of book. It takes the same position in the world of facts and figures as does the dictionary in the world of words.

This little volume contains over 600 pages of well printed agate type, every line containing some fact that you will sooner or later want to look up.

The World Almanac should occupy a prominent place in every progressive American household. The 1902 edition is more complete than any of the former ones. It contains facts on many subjects that have recently been brought to the public notice and which every up-to-date person should have at his fingers ends.

Among the features of the 1902 Almanac are:

The millionaires of the United States, a list giving the names of nearly 4,000 Americans who possess over $1,000,000. The great American trusts; full particulars of 163 leading industrial organizations. Organized labor; enlarged statistics of the strength of labor unions and the present condition of the labor movement. The Nicaragua Canal and the Hay-Pauncefote treaties with Great Britain. Progress of aerial navigation in 1901. Complete United States census. Anarchist statistics of the United States and Europe, etc., to the extent of over 1,000 topics.

The 1902 World Almanac and Encyclopedia is on sale by all newsdealers throughout the country for 25 cents. When ordered by mail 10c extra for postage must be inclosed to the World, New York.

Improvement of Corn.

"Uncle Henry" Wallace, is devoting a good deal of space in his paper, Wallaces' Farmer to the improvement of Iowa Corn. He calls attention to the fact that while the Iowa Farmer has been improving his live stock for twenty years and more he has given very little attention to the great Iowa crop, corn. Among the many articles which have appeared in Wallace's Farmer on this subject has been a series by Prof. Shamel, of Illinois, the corn expert, and these are illustrated by a number of photographs showing different varieties of corn, perfect and imperfect ears, the most profitable to raise, etc. The average Iowa farmer thinks he knows as much about corn as anybody does but we miss our guess if he cannot learn a lot from these articles in Wallaces' Farmer.

In this connection we wish to say that Wallaces' Farmer is one of the best agricultural papers that comes to this office. It is handsomely printed on paper of fine quality, filled with attractive illustrations, and in addition to its regular features, its editorials by "Uncle Henry," its departments of Dairying, Horticulture, the Hog and Poultry, its Home Department, for the women; contains full reports of the leading fairs, live stock shows, and sales, agricultural meetings, etc. It is published weekly at Des Moines, Iowa at $1.00 a year, all subscriptions payable in advance and the paper stops when the time is out. We can send Wallaces' Farmer and the Democrat both one year for only 2.25 and you get one of our nice premiums. Apply at the Democrat office.

Wants Others to Know.

"I have used DeWitt's Little Early Risers for constipation and torpid liver and they are all right. I am glad to indorse them for I think when we find a good thing we ought to let others know it," writes Alfred Heinze, Quincy, Ill. They never gripe or distress. Sure, safe pills.—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 if 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. Its pages are about the size 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 numbers 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.

Traveling Is Dangerous.

Constant motion jars the kidneys which are kept in place in the body by delicate attachments. This is the reason that travelers, trainmen, street car men, teamsters and all who drive very much suffer from kidney disease in some form. Foley's Kidney Cure strengthens the kidneys and cures all forms of kidney and bladder disease. Geo. H. Husan, locomotive engineer, Lima, O., writes, "Constant vibration of the engine caused me a great deal of trouble with my kidneys and I got no relief until I used Foley's Kidney Cure."—Denton & Ward.

Dr. Wilbert Shallenberger.

The Regular and Reliable Chicago Specialist will be at Manchester, Clarence House,

Monday, May 19,

one day only and return once every 28 days. Office hours 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Cures permanently the cases he undertakes and sends the incurable home without taking a fee from them. This is why he continues his visits year after year, while other doctors have made a few visits and stopped. Dr. Shallenberger is an eminently successful specialist in all chronic diseases, proven by the many cures effected in chronic cases which have baffled the skill of all other physicians. His hospital experience and extensive practice have made him so proficient that he can name and locate a disease in a few minutes.

Treats all curable cases of Catarrh, Nose, Throat and Lung diseases, Eye and Ear, Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, Gravel, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Nervous and Heart diseases, Blood and Skin diseases, Epilepsy, Bright's Disease. Consumption in early stage; diseases of the Bladder and Female Organs, Liquor and Tobacco habit. Stammering, cured 25 new methods to prevent its recurrence given. A never-failing remedy for Big Neck.

PILES, FISTULA, and RUPTURE guaranteed cured without detention from business. Special attention given to all Surgical cases, and all diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

Glasses fitted and guaranteed. Granulated lid, Cataract, Cross Eyes straightened without pain.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Are you nervous and despondent; weak and debilitated; tired mornings; no ambition—lifeless; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken, red and blurred; pimples on face; dreams and night losses; restless, haggard looking; weak back; deposit in urine and drains at stool; distrustful; want of confidence; lack of energy and strength?

Private Diseases a Specialty.

Blood Poison, Nervousness, Dizziness, Defective Memory and other ailments which ruin body and mind positively cured.

WONDERFUL CURES

Perfected in old cases which have been neglected or unskillfully treated. No experiments or failures. He undertakes no incurable cases, but cure thousands given up to die.

Consultation Free and Confidential.

Address,

DR. WILBERT SHALLENBERGER,
145 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago.
Reference: Oakland Nat'l Bank.

R. W. TIRRILL

Is Loaning Money as chead as any person or Corporation.

Compound Vapor and Shampoo 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.

BOYNTON & M'EWEN

HAVE

Ladies and Gents Gold Watches in all sizes kinds and styles,
Ladies, Gents and Childrens Rings from DIAMONDS, OPALS, EMERALDS, PEARLS, ETC., down to PLAIN GOLD BANDS.

WEDDING RINGS.

SOLID STERLING SILVER FORKS, TABLE, DESERT and TEA SPOONS, NAPKIN RINGS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Also large line of Best Brands of—

SILVER PLATED SPOONS, FORKS, KNIVES, TEA SETS, WATER SETS CAKE BASKETS, BUTTER DISHES, ETC., ETC.

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

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

BOYNTON & M'EWEN

Delaware County STATE BANK

Manchester, Iowa.

CAPITAL - $60,000

—OFFICERS—

WM. C. CAWLEY, President. CHAS. J. SEEDS, Cashier.
R. W. TIRRIL, Vice President. C. W. KEAGY, Ass't. Cashier.

—DIRECTORS—

WM. C. CAWLEY. H. F. ARNOLD.
W. G. KENYON. R. W. TIRRILL.
EDWARD P. SEE. G. W. DUNHAM.
CHAS. J. SEEDS. M. H. WILLISTON.
C. W. KEAGY.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Prompt attention given to all business. Passenger tickets from and to all parts of Europe direct to Manchester, for sale.

Long Time Mortgage Loans Made, Bought and Sold.

SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES

For the storage of valuable papers, etc. for rent.

M. F. LEROY Prest. H. A. GRANGER Cashier
E. C. HESNER, Asst. Cashier
A. H. BLAKE, 1st. V. President.
H. C. HAEBERLE, 2nd. V. President.

First National BANK,

MANCHESTER, IOWA.

CAPITAL. - $50,000

General Banking Business Transacted.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES

FOR RENT.

DIRECTORS.

R. R. Robinson, M. F. LeRoy,
E. M. Carr, M. Beehler,
H. A. Granger, A. H. Blake,
H. A. von Oven, H. C. Haeberle,
L. L. Hoyt,

CORRESPONDENTS.

First National Bank, Dubuque, Iowa.
Central National Bank New York City.
Commercial National Bank. Chicago, Ills.

When you want

Fine Furniture

AT

Fair Prices

GO TO

Werkmeister's

AT

Earlville.

Undertaking Solicited

F. WERKMEISTER,

Earlville, Iowa.