The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

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CHAPTER XIV.

TWO CALLS FROM THE ENEMY.

DEPPINGHAM was up and about quite early the next morning—that is, quite early for him. He had his rolls and coffee and strolled out in the shady park for a smoke. The princess, whose sense of humiliation had not been lessened by the fitful sleep of the night before, was walking in the shade of the trees on the lower terrace, beyond the fountains and the artificial lake.

"I was thinking of you," she said in greeting as he came up.

"How nice you are," he said. "But, my dear, is it wise in you to be thinking of us handsome devils? It's a most dangerous habit—thinking of other men."

"But, Deppy, dear, the prince isn't here," she said, falling into his humor. "That makes quite a difference, doesn't it?"

"Your logic is splendid. Pray resume your thoughts of me—if they were pleasant and agreeable. I'll not blow on you to Karl. By the way, I have a compliment for you. Browne says your hair is more beautiful than Pong's. That's quite a compliment. Titian never even dreamed of hair like Pong's."

"You know, Deppy," she said, with a pout, "I am very unhappy about my hair. It is quite red. I don't see why I should have hair like that of a red cocker. It seems so animalish."

"Rubbish! Why should you complain? Look at my hair. It's been likened more than once to that of a Jersey cow."

"Oh, how I adore Jersey cows! Now, I wouldn't mind that a bit."

They were looking toward the lower gates while carrying on this frivolous conversation. A man had just entered and was coming toward them. Both recognized the tall figure in gray flannels.

"I trust I am not intruding," Chase said as he came up. His gaze was as much for Deppingham as for the princess, his remark quite impersonal.

"Not at all, not at all," said Deppingham quickly, his heart leaping to the conclusion that the way to the American bar was likely to be opened at last. "Charmed to have you here, Mr. Chase. You've been most unneighborly. Have you been presented to her highness, the— Oh, to be sure. Of course you have. Stupid of me."

"We met ages ago," she said, with an ingenuous smile, which would have disarmed Chase if he had been prepared for anything else. As a matter of fact, he had approached her in the light of an adventurer who expects nothing and grasps at straws.

"In the dark ages," said he so ruefully that her smile grew. He had come, in truth, to ascertain why her husband had not come with her.

"But not the forgotten variety, I fancy," said Deppingham shrewdly.

It would be impossible for the princess to forget the greatest of all fools," said Chase.

"He was no worse than other mortals," said she.

"Thank you," said Chase. Then he turned to Lord Deppingham. "My visit requires some explanation, Lord Deppingham. You have said that I am unneighborly. No doubt you appreciate my reasons. One has to respect appearances," with a dry smile. "When one is in doubt he must do as the Moslems do, especially if the Moslems don't want him to do as he wants to do."

"I hope no harm comes to you here in this beastly place!"

"No doubt you're right, but it sounds a bit involved," murmured Deppingham. "Lady Deppingham will be delighted to see you. Are you ready to come in, princess?"

They started toward the chateau, keeping well in the shade of the boxed trees, the princess between the two men.

"I say, Chase, do you mind relieving my fears a bit? With all due respect to your estimable clients, it occurs to me that they are likely to break over the traces at any moment and raise the very old Harry at somebody else's expense. I'd like to know if my head is really safe."

"I came to see you in regard to that very thing, Lord Deppingham. I don't want to alarm you, but I do not like the appearance of things. They don't trust me and they hate you—quite naturally. I'm rather sorry that our British man-of-war is out of reach. Pray don't be alarmed, princess. It is most improbable that anything evil will happen. And, in any event, we can hold out against them until relief comes."

"We?" demanded Deppingham.

"Certainly. If it comes to an assault of any kind upon the chateau I trust that I may be considered as one of you. I won't serve assassins and bandits—at least not after they've got beyond my control. Besides, if the worst should come they won't discriminate in my favor."

"Why do you stay here, Mr. Chase?" asked the princess. "You admit that they do not like you or trust you. Why do you stay?"

"I came out here to escape certain consequences," said he candidly. "I'll stay to enjoy the uncertain ones. I am not in the least alarmed on my own account. The object of my visit, Lord Deppingham, is to ask you to be on your guard up here. After the next steamer arrives and they learn that Sir John will not withdraw me in submission to Rasula's demand, with the additional news that your solicitors have filed injunctions and have begun a bitter contest that may tie up the estate for years—then, I say, we may have trouble. It is best that you should know what to expect. I am not a traitor to my cause in telling you this. It is no more than I would expect from you were the conditions reversed."

"It's mighty decent in you, Chase, to put us on our guard. Would you mind talking it over with Browne and me after luncheon? You'll stay to luncheon, of course?"

"Thank you. It may be my death sentence, but I'll stay."

In the wide east gallery they saw Lady Deppingham and Bobby Browne deeply engrossed in conversation. Deppingham started and involuntarily allowed his hand to go to his temple as if to check the thought that flitted through his brain.

"Good Lord," he said to himself, "is it possible that they are considering that —— Saunders' proposition? Surely they can't be thinking of that!"

As he led the way across the green Browne's voice came to them distinctly. He was saying earnestly:

"The mere fact that we have come out to this blessed isle is a point in favor of the islanders. Chase won't overlook it, and you may be sure Sir John Brodney is making the most of it. Our coming is a guarantee that we consider the will valid. It is an admission that we regard it as sound. If not, why should we recognize its provisions, even in the slightest detail? Britt is looking for hallucinations and all"—

"Sh!" came in a loud hiss from somewhere near at hand, and the two in the gallery looked down with startled eyes upon the distressed face of Lord Deppingham. They started to their feet at once, astonishment and wonder in their faces. They could scarcely believe their eyes. The enemy!

He was smiling broadly as he lifted his helmet, smiling in spite of the discomfort that showed so plainly in Deppingham's manner.

Chase was warmly welcomed by the two heirs. Lady Agnes was especially cordial. Her eyes gleamed joyously as she lifted them to meet his admiring gaze. She was amazingly pretty. The conviction that Chase had mistaken her for Lady Agnes the evening before took a fresh grasp upon the mind of the Princess Genevra. A shameless wave of relief surged through her heart.

Chase was presented to Drusilla Browne, who appeared suddenly upon the scene, coming from no one knew where. There was a certain strained look in the Boston woman's face and a suspicious redness near the bridge of her little nose.

"It's very good of you," said the enemy after all of them had joined in the invitation. "Why is it that I am more fortunate than your own attorneys? I am but a humble lawyer, after all, no better than they. Would you mind telling me why I am honored by an invitation to sit at the table with you?" The touch of easy sarcasm was softened by the frank smile that went with it. Deppingham felt it his duty to explain.

"It's—it's—er—oh, yes, it's because you're a diplomat," he finally remarked in triumph. It was a grand recovery, thought he. "Saunders is an ass, and Britt would be one if Browne could only admit it, as I do. Rubbish! Don't let that trouble you. Eh, Browne?"

"Besides," said Bobby Browne breezily, "I haven't heard of your clients inviting you to lunch, Mr. Chase. The cases are parallel."

"I'm not so sure about his clients' wives," said Deppingham, with a vast haw-haw! Chase looked extremely uncomfortable.

"I am told that some of them are very beautiful," said Genevra sedately.

"Other men's wives always are, I've discovered," said Chase gallantly.

The party had moved over to the great stone steps which led down into the gardens. Chase was standing beside Lady Deppingham, and both of them were looking toward his distant bungalow.

"That is my home, princess. It is the first time I have seen it from your point of view, Lady Deppingham. I must say that it doesn't seem as far from the chateau to the bungalow as it does from the bungalow to the chateau. There have been times when the chateau seemed to be thousands of miles away."

"When in reality it was at your very feet," she said, with a bright look into his eyes. For some unaccountable reason Genevra resented that look and speech.

"Is that really where you live?" she asked, so innocently that Chase had difficulty in controlling his expression.

At that instant something struck sharply against the stone column above Chase's head. At least three persons saw the little puff of smoke in the hills far to the right. Every one heard the distant crack of a rifle. The bullet had dropped at Chase's feet before the sound of the report came floating to their ears. No one spoke as he stooped and picked up the warm, deadly missile. Turning it over in his fingers, he said coolly, although his cheek had gone white:

"With Von Blitz's compliments, ladies and gentlemen. He is calling on me by proxy."

"Good God, Chase," cried Browne, "they're trying to murder us! Get back, every one! Inside the doors!"

"I'm sorry to bring my troubles to your door," said Chase. "It was meant for me, not for any of you. The man who fired that did not intend to kill me. He was merely giving voice to his pain and regret at seeing me in such bad company." He was smiling calmly and did not take a single step to follow them to safety.

"Come in, Chase! Don't stand out there to be shot at."

"I'll stay here for a few minutes, Mr. Browne, if you don't mind, just to convince you all that the shot was not intended to kill. They're not ready to kill me yet." I'm sure Lord Deppingham will understand. He has been shot at often enough since he came to the island."

He lighted a cigarette and coolly leaned against the column, his gaze bent on the spot where the smoke had been seen. The others were grouped inside the doors, where they could see without being seen. A certain sense of horror possessed all of the watchers.

"For heaven's sake, why does he stand there?" cried the princess at last. "I can endure it no longer. It may be as he says it is, but it is foolhardy to stand there and taunt the pride of that marksman. I can't stay here and wait for it to come. How can"—

"He's been there for ten minutes, princess," said Browne—"plenty of time for another try."

Before they were aware of her intention the princess left the shelter and boldly walked across the open space to the side of the man. He started and opened his lips to give vent to a sharp command.

"It is so easy to be a hero, Mr. Chase, when one is quite sure there is no real danger," she said, with distinct irony in her tones. "One can afford to be melodramatic if he knows his part so well as you know yours."

Chase felt his face burn. It was a direct declaration that he had planned the whole affair in advance. He flicked the ashes from his cigarette and then tossed it away, hesitating long before replying.

"Nevertheless I have the greatest respect for the courage which brings you to my side. I dare say you are quite justified in your opinion of me. It all must seem very theatrical to you. I had not thought of it in that light. I shall now retire from the center of the stage. It will be perfectly safe for you to remain here—just as it was for me." He was leaving her without another word or look. She repented.

"I am sorry for what I said," she said eagerly. "And"—she looked up at the hills with a sudden widening of her eyes—"I think I shall not remain."

Chase made light of the occurrence, but sought to impress upon the others the fact that it was prophetic of more serious events in the future. In a perfectly cold blooded manner he told them that the islanders might rise against them at any time.

"The people are angry, and they will become desperate. Their interests are mine, of course. I am perfectly sincere in saying to you, Lady Deppingham, and to you, Mr. Browne, that in time they will win out against you in the courts. But they are impatient. They are not the kind who can wait and be content. It is impossible for you to carry out the provisions of the will, and they know it. That is why they resent the delays that are impending."

Deppingham told him of the scheme proposed by Saunders, treating it as a vast joke. Chase showed a momentary sign of uneasiness, but covered it instantly by laughing with the others. Strange to say, he had been instructed from London to look out for just such a coup on the part of the heirs—not that the marriage could be legally established, but that it might create a complication worth avoiding.

He could not help looking from Lady Deppingham to Bobby Browne, a calculating gleam in his gray eyes. How very dangerous she could be! He was quite ready to feel very sorry for pretty Mrs. Browne. He sat opposite to the princess. His eyes were refreshing themselves after months of fatigue; his blood was coursing through new veins. And yet his head was calling his heart a fool.

A dark, saturnine face appeared.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PRINCESS GOES GALLOPING.

A WEEK passed—an interesting week in which few things happened openly, but in which the entire situation underwent a subtle but complete change. The mail steamer brought disconcerting news from London. Chase was obliged to tell the islanders that notice of a contest had been filed. The lineal heirs had pooled their issues and were now fighting side by side. The matter would be in chancery for months, even years. He could almost feel the gust of rage and disappointment that swept over the island, although not a word came from the lips of the sullen population. The very silence was foreboding.

He did not visit the chateau during that perplexing week. It was hard, but he resolutely kept to the path of duty, disdaining the pleasures that beckoned to him. Every day he saw and talked with Britt and Saunders. They, as well as the brisk Miss Pelham, gave him the "family news" from the chateau. It did not require extraordinary keenness on Chase's part to gather that her ladyship and Browne had suddenly decided to engage in what he would call a mild flirtation, but what Saunders looked upon as a real attack of love.

"If I had the nerve I'd call Browne good and hard," said Britt over his julep. "It isn't right. It isn't decent. The disappear for hours at a time, and they've always got their heads together. Poor little Drusilla! She's from Boston, Chase, and can't retaliate. Besides, Deppingham wouldn't take notice if she tried. The worst of it is Deppingham has got an idea that they may try to put him out of the way—him and Drusilla. Awful, isn't it? And, say, by the way, Saunders is getting to dislike you intensely."

"I can't help it if he loves the only stenographer on the island," said Chase easily. "You seem to be the only one who isn't in hot water all the time, Britt."

"Me and the princess," said Britt laconically. Chase looked up quickly, but the other's face was as straight as could be. "If you were a real gentleman you would come around once in awhile and give her something to talk to instead of about."

"Does she talk about me?" quite steadily.

"They all do. I've even heard the white handmaidens discussing you in glowing terms. You're a regular matinee hero up there, my"—

"Selim!" broke in Chase. The Arab came to the table immediately. "Don't put so much liquor in Mr. Britt's drinks after this—mostly water." Britt grinned amiably.

"I say, Britt, you're not responsible for this affair between Browne and Lady Deppingham, are you?" demanded Chase abruptly.

"I? What do you mean?"

"I was just wondering if you could have put Browne up to the game in the hope that a divorce or two might solve a very difficult problem."

"Now that you mention it, I'm going to look up the church and colonial divorce laws," said Britt noncommittally after a moment.

"I advise you to hurry," said Chase coolly. "If you can divorce and marry 'em inside of four weeks, with no court qualified to try the case nearer than India, you are a wonder."

Chase was in the habit of visiting the mines two or three times a week during work hours. The next morning after his conversation with Britt he rode out to the mines. When he reached the brow of the last hill, overlooking the wide expanse in which the men toiled, he drew rein sharply and stared aghast at what lay before him. Five hundred half naked brown men were congregated in the shade of the trees far to the right. By the aid of his glasses he could see that one of their number was addressing them in an earnest, violent harangue. It was Von Blitz. From time to time faint sounds of shouts came across the valley.

Chase shuddered. He knew what it meant.

"How about Allah now, Selim?" he asked sententiously.

"Allah is great, Allah is good," mumbled the Moslem youth, but without heart.

"Do you think he can save me from those dogs?" asked the master, with a kindly smile.

"Sahib, do not go among them today," implored Selim impulsively.

"They are expecting me, Selim. If I don't come they will know that I have flunked. They'll know I am afraid of them."

"Do not go today," persisted Selim doggedly. Suddenly he started, looking intently to the left along the line of the hill. Chase followed the direction of his gaze and uttered a sharp exclamation of surprise.

Several hundred yards away, outlined against the blue sky beyond the knob, stood the motionless figure of a horse and its rider—a woman in a green habit. Chase turned his horse's head and rode rapidly toward her. She had left the road to ride out upon the crest of the green knob. Chase was in the mood to curse her temerity.

As he came up over the slope she turned in the saddle to watch his approach. He had time to see that two grooms from the stables were in the road below her. She smiled as he drew up beside her, not noticing his unconscious frown.

"So those are the fabulous mines of Japat?" she said gayly, without other greeting. "Where is the red glow from the rubies?"

"Who gave you permission to ride so far from the chateau?" he demanded, almost harshly. She looked at him in amazement.

"Am I a trespasser?" she asked coldly.

"I beg your pardon," he said quickly. "I did not mean to offend. Don't you know that it is not safe for you to"—

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "I am not afraid of your shadows. Why should they disturb me?"

"Look!" He pointed to the distant assemblage. "Those are not shadows. They are men, and they are making ready to transform themselves into beasts. Before long they will strike. Von Blitz and Rasula have sunk my warships. You must understand that it is dangerous to leave the chateau on such rides as this. Come! We will start back together—at once."

"I protest, Mr. Chase, that you have no right to say what I shall do or"—

"It isn't a question of right. You are nearly ten miles from the chateau, in the most unfrequented part of the island. Some day you will not return to your friends. It will be too late to hunt for you then."

"How very thrilling!" she said, with a laugh.

"I beg of you, do not treat it so lightly," he said, so sharply that she flushed. He was looking intently in the direction of the men. She was not slow to see that their position had been discovered by the miners. "Will you come with me now?"

"It seems so absurd! But I will come, of course. I have no desire to cause you any uneasiness."

As they rode swiftly back to the tree lined road a faint chorus of yells came to them across the valley. For some distance they rode without speaking a word to each other. They had traversed two miles of the soft dirt road before Chase discovered that Selim was the only man following them. The two men who had come out with the princess were not in sight.

"The dogs! So, you see, princess, your escort was not to be trusted," said Chase grimly.

"But they have stolen the horses," she murmured irrelevantly. "They belong to the chateau stables."

"Which direction did they take, Selim?"

"They rode off by the Carter's highway, excellency, toward Ararat."

"It may not appeal to your vanity, your highness, but it is my duty to inform you that they have gone to report our clandestine meeting."

"Clandestine! What do you mean, sir?"

"The islanders are watching me like hawks. Every time I am seen with any one from the chateau they add a fresh nail to the coffin they are preparing for me. It's really more serious than you imagine. I must therefore forbid you to ride outside of the park."

"I dare say you are right, Mr. Chase," she said at last, quite frankly. "I thank you."

"I am glad that you understand," he said simply. His gaze was set straight before him, keen, alert, anxious.

"I begin to fear, Mr. Chase," she said, with a faint smile, "that Lady Deppingham deceived me in suggesting Japat as a rest cure. It may interest you to know that the court at Rapp-Thorberg has been very gay this winter. My brother, Christobal, has been with us after two years' absence. He came with his wife from the ends of the earth, and my father forgave him in good earnest. Christobal was very disobedient in the old days. He refused to marry the girl my father chose for him. Was it not foolish of him?"

"Not if it has turned out well in the end."

"I dare say it has—or will. She is delightful. My father loves her. And my father—the grand duke, I should say—does not love those who cross him. One is very fortunate to have been born a prince." He thought he detected a note of bitterness in this raillery.

"I can conceive of no greater fortune than to have been born Prince Karl of Brabetz," he said lightly. She flashed a quick glance at his face, her eyes narrowing in the effort to divine his humor.

"As I was saying," she resumed after a moment, "Lady Deppingham has lured me from sun showers into the tempest. Mr. Chase"—and her face was suddenly full of real concern—"is there truly great danger?"

"I fear so," he answered. "It is only a question of time. I have tried to check this uprising, but I've failed. Last night Von Blitz, Rasula and three others came to the bungalow and coolly informed me that my services were

"Will you come with me now?"

no longer required. I told them to—to go to"—

"I understand," she said quickly. "It required courage to tell them that." He smiled.

"They protested friendship, but I can read very well as I run. But can't we find something more agreeable to talk about? May I say that I have not seen a newspaper in three months? There must be news that you can give me. I am hungry for it."

"You poor man! No newspapers! Then you don't know what has happened in all these months?"

"Nothing since before Christmas. Would you like to see a bit of news that I clipped from the last Paris paper that came into my hands?"

"Yes," she said, vaguely disturbed. He drew forth his pocketbook and took from its interior a small bit of paper. She read it at a glance and handed it back. A faint touch of red came into her cheeks.

"How very odd! Why should you have kept that bit of paper all these months?"

"You have been married nearly three months," he said reflectively—"three months and two days, to be precise."

She laughed outright, a bewitching, merry laugh that startled him.

"How accurate you would be!" she exclaimed. "It would be a highly interesting achievement, Mr. Chase, if it were only borne out by facts. You see, I have not been married so much as three minutes."

He stared at her, uncomprehending.

She went on, "Do you consider it bad luck to postpone a wedding?"

Involuntarily he drew his horse closer to hers. There was a new gleam in his eyes. Her blood leaped at the challenge they carried.

"Very bad luck," he said quite steadily, "for the bridegroom."

In an instant they seemed to understand something that had not even been considered before. She looked away, but he kept his eyes fast upon her half turned face, finding delight in the warm tint that surged so shamelessly to her brow. He wondered if she could hear the pounding of his heart above the thud of the horses' feet.

"We are to be married in June," she said, somewhat defiantly. Some of the light died in his eyes. "Prince Karl was very ill. They thought he might die. His—his studies—his music, I mean, proved more than he could carry. It—it is not serious. A nervous breakdown," she explained haltingly. "It was necessary to postpone the marriage. He will be quite well again, they say, by June."

"I hope he may be fully recovered, for your sake," he managed to say.

"Thank you." After a long pause she turned to him again and said, "We are to live in Paris for a year or two at least."

"He is in Paris now?"

"No," she answered, and that was all. He waited, but she did not expand her confidence.

"So it is to be in June," he mused.

"In June," she said quietly. He sighed.

"I am more than sorry that you are a princess," he said boldly.

"I am quite sure of that," she said, so pointedly that he almost gasped. She was laughing comfortably, a mischievous gleam in her dark eyes. His laugh was as awkward as hers was charming.

"You do like to be flattered," he exclaimed at random. "And I shall take it upon myself to add to today's measure." He again drew forth his pocketbook. She looked on curiously. "Permit me to restore the lace handkerchief which you dropped some time ago. I've been keeping it for myself, but"—

"My handkerchief?" she gasped, her thoughts going at once to that ridiculous incident of the balcony. "It must belong to Lady Deppingham."

"Oh, it isn't the one you used on the balcony," he protested coolly. "It antedates that adventure."

"Balcony? I don't understand you," she contested.

"Then you are exceedingly obtuse."

"I never dreamed that you could see," she confessed pathetically.

"It was extremely nice in you and very presumptuous in me. But, your highness, this is the handkerchief you dropped in the castle garden six months ago. Do you recognize the perfume?"

"You are very sentimental," she said at last. "Would you care to keep it? It is of no value to me."

"Thanks! I will keep it."

"I've changed my mind," she said inconsequently, stuffing the fabric in her gauntlet. "You have something else in that pocketbook that I should very much like to possess."

"It can't be that Bank of England"—

"No, no! You wrapped it in a bit of paper last week and placed it there for safe keeping."

"You mean the bullet?"

"Yes. I should like it to show to my friends, you know, when I tell them how near you were to being shot." Without a word he gave her the bullet that had dropped at his feet on that first day at the chateau. "Thank you. Oh, isn't it a horrid thing! Just to think, it might have struck you!" She shuddered.

He was about to answer in his delirium when a sharp turn in the road brought them in view of the chateau. Not a hundred yards ahead of them two persons were riding slowly, unattended, very much occupied in themselves. Their backs were turned toward Chase and the princess, but it was an easy matter to recognize them. The glance which shot from the princess to Chase found a peculiar smile disappearing from his lips.

"I know what you are thinking," she cried impulsively. "You are wrong—very wrong, Mr. Chase. Lady Deppingham is a born coquette—a born trifler. It is ridiculous to think that she can be seriously engaged in a"—

"It isn't that, princess," he interrupted, a dark look in his eyes. "I was merely wondering whether dear little Mrs. Browne is as happy as she might be."

Genevra was silent for a moment.

"I had not thought of that," she said soberly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAMPTON COURT GHOSTS.

Specters That Haunt the Historic Old English Palace.

The discovery at Hampton Court palace of some arches bridging a long forgotten moat reminds a correspondent of several other curious discoveries made in this royal palace. One concerns Mistress Sibell Penn, who was Edward VI.'s nurse and died in the palace in 1562. She was buried in Hampton church, and a monument was erected, which was irreverently destroyed when the old church was pulled down in 1829. Soon after this strange noises, as of a woman working a spinning wheel, were heard in the southwest wing of the palace. Search was made; an ancient chamber was discovered, in which was an antique spinning wheel, and the old oak planks were worn away where the treadle struck the floor. After this Mrs. Penn's ghost is said to have disturbed many occupants of the palace; but, according to Mr. Law's history of the palace, she has not been seen since 1886, when her tall, gaunt figure nearly frightened a young soldier to death.

Another discovery arose through the experiences of a lady of title who lived on the west side of the fountain court in 1870. She was conscious of the presence in her rooms of two invisible beings, and, disturbed by mysterious sounds, she complained to the lord chamberlain, but he declined to interfere on the ground that there were no funds at his disposal for any such work and that, moreover, his jurisdiction did not extend to the spirit world. However, on Nov. 2 1871, some workmen excavating in the cloister of the fountain court found two perfect skeletons of full grown men opposite the lady's door. They were given Christian burial in Hampton church, and the strange noises from that time ceased.

Now the only ghost seen in the palace is that of Jane Seymour, queen of Henry VIII., who, according to certain veracious residents, still occasionally walks, lighted taper in hand, through Silver Stick gallery.—London Chronicle.

Largest Floating Dock.

The largest floating dock in the world is at Hamburg. Dock V., as it is called, has a bearing capacity exceeding 35,000 tons, nearly twice as great as the American dock Dewey, hitherto the most capacious of its kind in the world. This is the fifth floating dock built by the Hamburg yard, the present giant's immediate successor carrying but half the above mentioned tonnage. The dock consists of separate pontoons combined by the lateral cases to a solid unit. These several pontoons can also be docked in the dock. At each of the side cases the dock possesses complete steam engine and boiler plant, with dynamos and air compressors, so that it is wholly independent from the land and can be anchored anywhere. Electric cranes, with their arms reaching to the middle of the dock, run from end to end of the two lateral cases. Its keel and fundamental arrangements are such as to accommodate the greatest merchantmen or heaviest warship afloat.—Exchange.

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THE McCALL CO., 238 to 248 W. 37th St., NEW YORK

House for Sale.

A well improved residence property with two acres of land for sale at a bargain. Two blocks from Fair Grounds. Inquire of Bronson Carr & sons, Manchester, Iowa.

A NARROW ECSAPE.

Edgar N. Bayliss, a merchant of Robinsonville, Del., wrote: "About two years ago I was thin and sick and coughed all the time and if I did not have consumption, it was near it. I commenced using Foley's Honey and Tar, and it stopped my cough, and I am now entirely well, and have gained twenty-eight pounds, all due to the good results from taking Foley's Honey and Tar."

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POLICIES

As low as $11.08 per $1,000.

Premiums after the second reduced by profits. Do it now while you can get it. Draw the CASH yourself when old, or before if needed.

ALBERT PAUL, Gen. Agent,

Equitable Life of Iowa, Oelwein, Ia.

You owe it to yourself to see, read and investigate the

NEW OPTION POLICY

OF THE EQUITABLE OF IOWA.

Fill out this blank and mail it to Albert Paul, Agent at Oelwein, Ia., and illustrated specimen policy will be sent you.

I was born on the..... .....

day of.... ....

My name is.... ....

My address is.... ....

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My occupation is.... ....

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CITY NEWS STAND.

Stock and Fixtures For Sale.

For futther particulars enquire of

Geo. W, Webber.

Phone 443-282

RAILROAD Time Cards.

Manchester & Oneida RY

TIME TABLE.

MANCHESTER & ONEIDA RY.

No. 2. Leaves Manchester 5:15 a. m. connects with Chicago Great Western train No. 5 west bound; returning reaches Manchester at 6:15 a. m.

No. 4. Leaves Manchester 7:25 a. m. connects with Chicago Great Western train No. 6, east bound; returning reaches Manchester at 8:10 a. m.

No. 6. Leaves Manchester at 8:45 a. m., connects with C. M. & St. P. No. 22, northbound, returning reaches Manchester at 9:45 a. m.

No. 8. Leaves Manchester 2:00 p. m. connects with Chicago Great Western No. 4, east bound, and Chicago Great Western No. 9, west bound; returning reaches Manchester at 3:00 p. m.

No. 10. Leaves Manchester at 4:45 p. m., connects with C., M. & St. P. No. 21, south bound; returning Manchester at 5:45 p. m.

Trains Nos. 3, 4, 7, and 8, daily; all other trains daily except Sunday.

Through tickets sold to all points in North America.

E. E. Brewer,
General Traffic Manager.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

TIME TABLE.

West Bound

No 5 Omaha, Sioux City and St. Paul Fast Mail.... ....8:10 a. m
No 21 Dub & Ft Dodge local..7:23a. m.
No 3 Ft Dodge Express. ...3:10 p. m.
No 33 Dubuque & Waterloo..6:10 p m
No 1 Chicago, Sioux City & Omaha Ltd.... .....10:50 p m
No 401 St Paul ....11:42 p m
No 93 Way Freight.... .... .. 1 p m

East Bound

No 2 Omaha & Sioux City & Chicago Limited....2:05 a m
No 402 St Paul & Chicago Ltd 3:41 a m
No 34 Waterloo & Dub Clipper 8:55 a m
No 6 Ft Dodge & Chi Express 11:25a m
No 4 Sioux City, Omaha & Chi 3:10 p m
No 22 Ft Dodge Dub local ....7:35 p m
No 94 Way Freight.... .....11:45 a m

No. 22 has Chicago sleeper.
Dining Car on Trains Nos. 5 and 4

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH

Going South

No 305 Pass daily ex Sunday 8:40 a m
No 333 Pass daily ex Sunday 5:45 p m
No 360 Freight daily ex Sunday12:45p m

Arrive from South

No 334 Pass daily ex Sunday 8:00 a m
No 330 Pass daily ex Sunday 5:30 p m
No 3 Freight daily ex Sunday 11:15 a m

H. G. PIERCE, Station Agent.

No. 5 runs to Omaha, Sioux City and St. Paul.
No. 3 runs to Fort Dodge only.
No. 1 has connections to Omaha, Sioux City, Sioux Falls, St. Paul and Minneapolis and No. 2 from same points.
Dining car on trains No. 5 and 4.

Many people delude themselves by saying "It will wear away," when the notice symptoms of kidney and bladder trouble. This is a mistake. Take Foley's Kidney Remedy, and stop the drain on the vitality. It cures backache, rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble, and makes every trace of pain, weakness, and urinary trouble disappear.

For sale by Anders & Philipps.

THE CHILDREN LIKE IT
KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

E. E. COWLES,

Proprietor of

DRAY - LINE,

Am prepared to do all kinds of work in my line. Moving safes, musical instruments, household goods and heavy articles a specialty.

Residence Phane No. 265.

TESTIFIES AFTER FOUR YEARS.

Carlisle Center, N. Y., G. B. Burhans, writes:

"About four years ago I wrote you that I had been entirely cured of kidney trouble by taking two bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy, and after 4 years I am again pleased to state that I have never had any return of those symptoms, and I am evidently cured to stay cured." Foley's Kidney Remedy will do the same for you.

For sale by Anders & Philipps.

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY. MAPLE LEAF ROUTE

Convention Calendar and Low Rates for August 1909

Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, Seattle, Wash. Tickets on sale daily.

Atlantic Coast Resorts. Tickets on sale daily.

Minnesota Resorts. Tickets on sale daily.

Homeseekers' Excursions to Western Points. Tickets on sale August 3rd to 17th.

Information, tickets, berths, etc. from the Great Western Agent

Dr. Abernethy, the great English physician said, "Watch your kidneys. When they are affected, life is in danger." Foley's Kidney Remedy makes healthy kidneys corrects urinary irregularities, and tones up the whole system.

For sale by Anders & Philipps.

PAINTING

All kinds of exterior and interior painting. A specialty made of Carriage painting. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.

S. J. Maley.

Over Atkinson's Blacksmith Shop.

WARNING

Do not be persuaded into taking anything but Foley's Honey and Tar for chronic coughs, bronchitis, hay fever, asthma, and lung troubles, as it stops the cough and heals the lungs.

For sale by Anders & Philipps.