

HEIR TO SERVIA THRONE

Iowa Railroad Agent at County Line Iowa, Claims to be Heir to the Servian Throne.

Theodor Maximilian Streu, the subject of the following sketch which recently appeared in the Ottumwa Daily Courier, was at one time a citizen of this county, coming here in 1898 to be married to Mrs. Amanda Fletcher, of Decatur City. Shortly after his arrival here he was arrested by sheriff C. C. Beck who had received a telegram telling him to look out for a burglar and he thought that Mr. Streu answered the description to a dot, so he was arrested and spent a night in jail, but as soon as he could communicate with prominent men in Davenport, his former home, he had no trouble in showing that he was not the man wanted and was released from custody. He then commenced an action against sheriff Beck claiming \$10,000 damages for false arrest and imprisonment, but the case was never tried as a private settlement was made by sheriff Beck who paid Streu several hundred dollars damages. He was engaged for a time in the grocery business at Decatur City, but sold out and went to work for the Rock Island railroad as an operator.

"Theodor Maximilian Streu von Lazar, king of Servia."

It is a far cry from station agent at County Line, Ia., to king of Servia, from telegraph blanks and way bills to documents that make history in Europe, from a dingy little depot at cross-roads town to the grand palace at Belgrade, from the humdrum life of the country to the perilous existence of the ruler of a treacherous race, but there is one man within twenty miles of Ottumwa who hopes to overcome all these difficulties and to secure the restoration of the Servian throne and the treasures which were held by King Lazar and his ancestors until the Turkish invasion of Servia in 1704.

"M. Streu, agent and operator at County Line." Thus the records of the Rock Island railway refer to him, but his card proclaims him prince of Shumadia and Shabatz castles in Servia. More than that documents, sealed and sworn to, are in his possession and trace his lineage from the time of the Turkish invasion of Servia, two centuries ago, to the present day, showing that he is a direct descendant of King Lazar, who perished at the hands of the murderous Turks and whose family, save only one grandson suffered the same fate. This grandson, Andria Lazar, was the great-great-grandfather of Theodor Maximilian Streu, as is also shown by the documents now in the hands of the Iowa railroad agent.

The story told in those papers is one of the most interesting of old world romances. Its scenes are laid in Servia, in Saxony and in America, but the line is as true as that shown by the family records of the oldest and proudest of families and if King Lazar had conquered the invading Turks in 1704 Theodor Maximilian Streu would now no doubt be hailed as king of Servia and would concern himself with affairs of state rather than with the daily reports of cars on the little side track at County Line, the cleaning and lighting of switch lamps and the sale of an occasional railroad ticket.

PETER HAS NO RIGHT TO THE THRONE.

"Yes, I have a claim to the throne which Peter Karageorgievitch now occupies, and to the treasures that still lie buried in the secret vaults below the ruins of the old castles of Shumadia and Shabatz," said Mr. Streu to a Courier representative who visited him at the little way station yesterday. "Peter has no right to the throne. Neither had Alexander who was murdered with his queen to make room for the present king. I notice the newspapers say that King Peter is considering the advisability of abdicating, saying that there are pretenders in America, but if he and his parliament would examine my proofs and treat me with fairness they would have to admit that they are the impostors and that it is in my family that the throne belongs."

Mr. Streu has made formal application to the parliament of the land. He has also placed in the hands of the American minister at Belgrade, the American minister at Saxony, the Servian minister at London and a firm of attorneys in Manchester, Iowa, his old home, copies of the documents which he guards carefully in a locked drawer in the County Line depot. He showed these papers to the Courier representative yesterday together with the translated copies. Years of patient investigation have been necessary to secure them from Europe, but they are complete records of the family from the time of the old king's death to the birth of his descendant who now lives at County Line. Mr. Streu's parents and an only brother are dead and he is the last of a noble line.

The bloody history of Servia is full of tragic incidents and the early literature of the little nation is rich in ballads of an epic character. These are among the earliest Slavonic ballads to be found in any of the collections in Europe and have been of great interest to scholars as throwing light on the possible composition of other poems of early days. One great cycle of these ballads is concerned with the battle of Sossovo, where the Servia king Lazar was defeated by the Turks and Servian independence was lost. Lazar was killed and with him his son-in-law, Milosh Obilitch, prince of Shumadia and Shabatz and by the laws of Servia, heir to the throne after Lazar, whose daughter was wife of Obilitch.

THE PLUNDERING OF SHABATZ CASTLE.

When the throne was lost to the family of Lazar, Madam Obilitch was allowed to remain in the castle of Shabatz on the river Sava, near Belgrade, but when the tyrannical Turks had moved the Servians almost to rebellion the foreign rulers took to plundering and pillaging the castles of the old noblemen, among them Shabatz, where they murdered Madam Obilitch and several of the servants and fired the castle. The story of this horror is best told in the language of Andia Boyn von Lazar, who was 7 years old at that time and was the only member of the one time royal family to escape alive from the carnival of death. Among the papers in the possession of Mr. Streu is a document dated "Brandenburg, May 1, 1759, and signed 'Andria Boyn von Lazar,' in which the great-great-grandfather of the Iowa man tells his son Frederic, the story of his life. Translated this paper reads as follows:

A VOICE FROM THE PAST.

"My Dear Son, Frederic De Lazar: I hand over to thee my last will and testament relating to our family matters. Other secret things and matters I will tell orally. But here it seems necessary to describe the days of my youth and my experience. My father was a prince of Servia. I was born in the year 1697 in a castle in Shumadia; and was brought up in the castle of Shabatz on the river Sava. In the year 1704 there was great excitement and commotion in consequence of the Turkish tyranny and there were disasters without precedent. One night when the reflection of burning houses reddened all our windows I woke up dazzled by the bright light of the conflagration and was seized by the hand of a faithful servant, 'Get up Andria,' he cried 'we have no time to lose, the Turks are near.' I arose instantly, the servant took me in his arms. I heard fearful noises everywhere about me.

"My mother came into the room very much excited, and wished to see me. At the same moment we heard the firing of muskets quite close to us, and a gang of fierce looking Turks rushed into the room. They swung around their heads their swords, which glittered like reddish flame, and shouting terribly, threatened to massacre us.

"The servant in his fright let me fall to the floor and I rolled under some furniture and crept off as far as I could get. But I could see how he fell a victim to his fidelity, in the attempt to save me from the cruel hands of the Turks. I could see, Oh horrors, how they caught my mother, how they took her by the hair and cut her to pieces. When this was done they fired the place.

"This bloody scene remained deeply engraved on my mind, so that even now after many years, I see these horrible details again enacted. I remained a live among the dead but felt after awhile that I was taken up and carried into the street.

"They washed my face which was covered with blood, put me on a cart and off we went in great haste as fast as the horses could run. We saw all around us villages ablaze and people running in all directions. From time to time we met many carts and people laden with their property, going along our road to the Shumadia forest.

"When we reached the forest we were warmly received. With joyful acclamation they took me down from the cart and passed me from one to another. All were surprised that I had survived and they covered me with kisses.

"My man, the same who brought me here, took me in his arms and carried me into a tent and told me to lie down and rest. He told me his name was Yefrem Nadustratz, one who has lost all hope; that he was a servant of our family and that he had saved me out of gratitude to my father, his master. The people called me Andria Obilitch. They afterwards built houses and shelters, and my servant and preserver also built a house."

SEES TREASURES OF A KINGDOM.

The testament goes on to tell of the boyhood and early manhood of the author and relates the details of one visit the boy made to the ruined castle of Shabatz with the servant Yefrem, just before the latter's death. The lad was led through secret passages in the old ruins to a vaulted room, where the goods and treasures of his father were hoarded. There were many splendid arms and weapons of excellent workmanship, books and documents, deeds and diplomas, rich drinking cups and many utensils of gold and silver, mosaics and enameled trinkets, medals and strong chests full of money. It was impossible to take anything away from fear of the Turks. He allowed him to take one ancient coin in order to impress the secret on his mind.

Andria, when he grew to manhood, married, and later enlisted in the body guard of the king of Prussia. As time went on Andria prospered. The king who had taken a fancy to him, helped him and he was able to build a house with the right to convert it into an inn. This he did when he had grown to old to be of any use in active service; and as he often told his guests stories about fights in Servia to which he gave the name of boyne or voyne (in Servia "boy" or "voy" means "a fight" and "voyna" means war) they came to call the house the Boyn inn (Gasthouse zum Boyn) and he and his descendants adopted it as a surname, the "De Lazar" was evidently an attempt at transplanting "Lazarevitch," meaning the son of King Lazar.

There were, however, notes in the old Bible about the descendants of Andria Lazar, by which it may be seen that one of his sons, Frederic, was born in Brandenburg on May 7, 1744, that Frederic's son, Johann, was born in Breglau on June 12, 1790, and that the son and daughter of Johann were born in Plaine, near Floche, Saxony. August, the son, was born on the 5th day of August, 1818, and Caroline Concordia, the daughter, was born on November 23, 1816. She became the wife of Karl August Streu, and was the mother of Ernest August Streu, father of the present claimant to Servia's throne.

THE BOYNS IN SAXONY.

Saxony became the adopted home of the family descendant from Andria Boyn von Lazar. The warlike spirit of the old king did not manifest itself in the nature of the younger generations. They became farmers and artisans and like those of whom the poet sings, "Far from the maddening scenes of ignoble strife, Their sober wishes never seem'd to stray; Along the cool sequester'd vale of life They kept the even tenor of their way." August Streu was a native of Saxony. When he married Caroline Boyn he was a young man full of hopes and confidence in his ability to make a good living. In time, however, the task of keeping the wolf from the door became harder and harder and finally hoping that in the newer continent of America he could fare better, he sold his little Saxon property and removed with his wife and sons to America. Theodor was then a boy of ten. The older son, Frederic died shortly after the family came to this country and the father was killed in a railroad accident at Dubuque a few years ago. The mother died and left the son, Theodor, to make his way in the world. Meanwhile he had grown to manhood and had learned to be a telegraph operator. From Manchester where the family settled on coming from Saxony, he went to Decatur City in consequence to other towns in Iowa,

Minnesota and Missouri. He has lived at County Line about 24 months. He was married to an American girl, and they have a son, some 10 or 12 years old, a likely boy and himself fit to rule a nation.

The aspirant to kingly honors is not an eccentric character. He has not the appearance of a foreigner except for a slight Teuton cast of countenance. He attends to his work for the railroad well and has none of the arrogance one might expect to see in a man who claims to have the blood of rulers of nations coursing through his veins. Probably the men who sit around the stove at the little country store at County Line will learn through these columns for the first time that they are neighbors to a Servian prince.

But he is in earnest in his claims. He has lived among the Americans long enough to learn that very little comes to the man who sits calmly by and waits for something to "turn up." He has secured the affidavits necessary to prove that he is not an impostor and has forwarded them to the proper authorities, and is doing and will do every thing possible to compel something to turn up as the result of his efforts. He has no fear of death at the hands of the Servians should he succeed in gaining the throne, but fears more, that if his claims are urged too strongly, the supporters of King Peter may hunt him down and put an end to his life and hopes of power and wealth.

SEARCHES FOR RICHES; FINDS DEATH.

And he may well hold this fear, for his uncle, the father of the only man who stands nearer in line to the Servian throne than Streu himself, was killed near Belgrade in August 1877, after he had found the secret vaulted treasure room in the ruins of the old castle. This is a story in itself. The unfortunate uncle was August Boyn, the brother of Streu's mother, and the father of John Boyn, now a resident of Preston, Minn., who had also emigrated to America. The elder Boyn returned to Servia in 1775, determined to search until he should find the treasure of the dethroned family of Lazar and prove his right to the throne. He searched two years and in August, 1877, he visited the minister of finance at Belgrade, told him he had found the treasure and asked for a bodyguard of Servian troops to protect him while he removed the gold. The minister promised him safe conduct but stipulated that he must first return alone to the ruined castle again locate the treasure, and then notify the minister. Accordingly, Boyn set out, but a few days later he was found by friends, dying and half naked in a dirty hut on the outskirts of Belgrade. His relatives in America and his friends in Servia think he was followed by a hireling of the minister or of the king, and killed. So greatly was his son affected, when he heard of his father's death that he disclaimed all right to the throne and the treasure, thus leaving his cousin, Theodor Streu, the only claimant and only heir.

Maybe he will never don the crown and wield the sceptre in Belgrad. Maybe he will. In that tempestuous little kingdom anything might come to pass. But it is not to be expected that those vaults of shining coins and rich mementos of centuries long gone will remain forever hidden under the ruins of old Shabatz castle. Perhaps Theodor Maximilian Streu will never feast his eyes upon them, but he may. And again, the son that bears his name is growing up into the estate of an independent, daunted American citizen. Little of the let-well-enough-alone spirit—or lack of spirit—of the Saxon remains in his make-up, and he may be depended upon to take up the task even if his father leaves off, and a native of Iowa may yet be king of Servia.

Ten Years in Bed.

R. A. Gray, J. P., Oakville, Ind., writes, "For ten years I was confined to my bed with diseases of my kidneys. It was so severe that I could not move part of the time. I consulted the very best medical skill available, but could get no relief until Foley's Kidney Cure was recommended to me. It has been a Godsend to me." L. P. Van Werden.

Miss Ellen Stone, the missionary who was captured by brigands several years ago, is preparing to return to foreign fields. She will probably go to Bulgaria or Macedonia. It is understood by both Miss Stone and the American board of missions that the latter will not be expected to ransom her if she should again be captured by brigands.

Interesting to Asthma Sufferers.

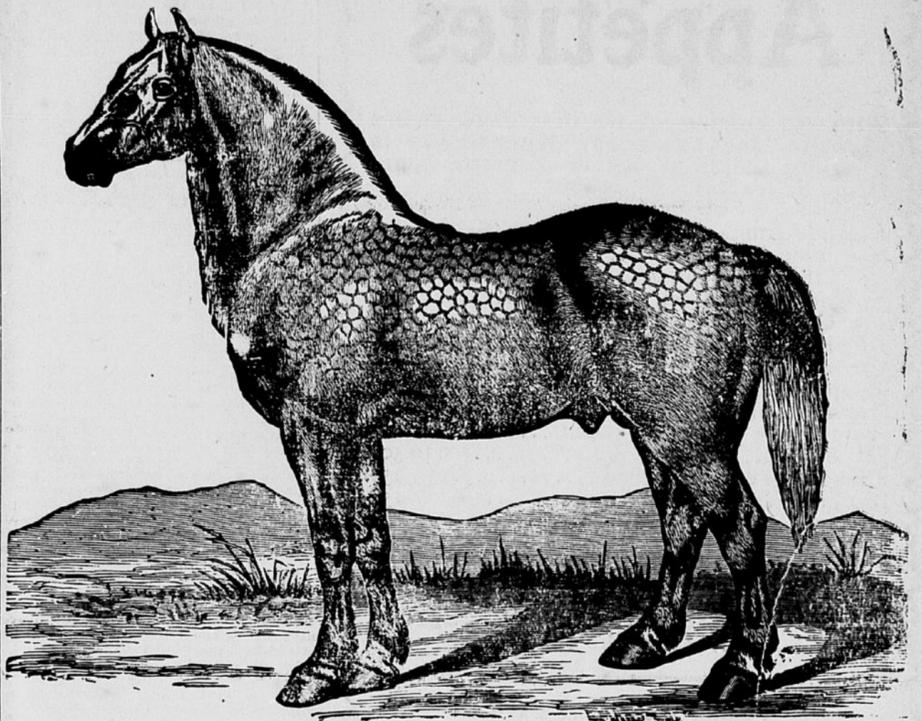
Daniel Bante of Ottumwa, Iowa, writes, "I have had asthma for three or four years and have tried about all the coughs and asthma cures in the market and have received treatment from physicians in New York and other cities, but got very little benefit until I tried Foley's Honey and Tar which gave me immediate relief and I will never be without it in my house. I sincerely recommend it to all." L. P. Van Werden.

Here is a new puzzle which has been going the rounds of late. Try it yourself. Put down the year in which you were born to which add 4, then add the age which your next birthday will make you provided it comes before January 1, otherwise your age at your last birthday. Multiply result by 1000 and deduct from this 694,423; substitute for the figures corresponding letters of the alphabet, A for 1, B for 2, C for 3 and so on. The result will give the name by which you are popularly known.

Dying of Famine is, in its torments, like dying of consumption. The progress of consumption, from the beginning to the very end, is a long torture, both to victim and friends. "When I had consumption in its first stage," writes Wm. Myers, of Cearfoss, Md., "after trying different medicines and a good doctor, in vain, I at last took Dr. King's New Discovery, which quickly and perfectly cured me." Prompt relief and sure cure for coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, etc. Positively prevents pneumonia. Guaranteed at L. P. Van Werden's drug store, price 50c and \$1.00 a bottle. Trial bottle free.

A Boone county editor received the following inquiry: "Dere Friend:—Do the school library lend Books teaching Mathewmatics to outside ur cities? I want onlie Books on Mathewmatics as I am All rite on spellin amn a good Gramerician, if do say it Myself. I can spell and Gramerize but Mathewmatics is I two much for me."

HORSE SALE



Lamoni, Iowa, Saturday, June 17, '05

1 o'clock, rain or shine.

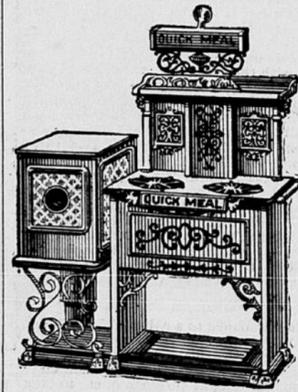
One car load of good pasture and ranch horses, mostly gray, all Norman bred, the right age from 2 to 4 years old, not an old or bad horse in the bunch. These horses have been sorted out of 500 head and you cannot afford to miss seeing them whether you buy or not. These are not ponies but horses and will make horses to weigh from 1200 to 1400 pounds. Listen, we mean horses.

TERMS:—Time or cash. Arrangements for time can be made on day of sale.

C. M. AKES.

D. A. McMAINS, Auct.

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Quick Meal Gasoline Stoves are absolutely safe and reliable. No smoke, no smell, no soot, burns a steady, even flame, simple in construction, no complicated parts to confuse the operator. You simply turn on the gas and light a match, that's all there is to it. Heat ceases when flame is extinguished. Working parts are made of materials that do not rust or corrode. We invite you to inspect the **Quick Meal Line**.

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