

The Wager of the Marquis de Merosailles

"Man, man," cried Rudolf, "the lion will hang you first and think of all that afterward. Come now, it is dusk. You shall dress yourself as my groom, and I will ride to the frontier, and you shall ride behind me, and thus you may get safe away. I cannot have you hanged over such a trifle."



"But we found M. de Merosailles' clothes in the castle."

and their horses stood at the end of the bridge, and by the horses stood the princess. "Quick," said she, "for a peasant who came in, bringing a load of wood, saw a troop of men coming over the hill, and he says they are the king's guard."

"Monst, man!" cried the prince to M. de Merosailles, who was now dressed as a groom. "Perhaps we can get clear, or perhaps they will not dare to stop me."

But the marquis hesitated a little, for he did not like to run away, and the princess ran a little way forward and, shading her eyes with her hand, cried: "See there! I see the gleam of steel in the dark. They have reached the top of the hill and are riding down."

Then Prince Rudolf sprang on his horse, calling again to M. de Merosailles: "Quick! Quick! Your life hangs on it!"

Then at last the marquis, though he was most reluctant to depart, was about to spring on his horse, when the princess turned and glided back swiftly to them. And let it be remembered that evening had fallen thick and black. She came to her brother and put her hand and grasped his hand and said: "My lord, I forgive your wrong, and I thank you for your courtesy, and I wish you farewell."

Prince Rudolf, astonished, gazed at her without speaking, but she, moving very quickly in spite of the darkness, ran to where M. de Merosailles was about to spring on his horse and she flung one arm lightly about his neck and she said: "Farewell, dear brother. God preserve you. See that no harm comes to my good friend M. de Merosailles." And she kissed him lightly on the cheek. Then she suddenly gave a loud cry of dismay, exclaiming: "Alas, what have I done? Ah, what have I done?" And she hid her face in her two hands.

Prince Rudolf burst into a loud, short laugh, yet he said nothing to his sister, but again urged the marquis to mount his horse. And the marquis, who was in a sad turmoil of triumph and of woe, leaped up, and they rode out, and, turning their faces toward the forest, set spurs to their horses and vanished at breakneck speed into the gloom. And no sooner were they gone than the troopers of the king's guard clattered at a canter up to the end of the bridge, where the Princess Oera stood. But when their captain saw the princess he drew rein.

"What is your errand, sir?" she asked most coldly and haughtily. "Madam," said the captain, "we are ordered to bring the Marquis de Merosailles alive or dead into the king's presence, and we have information that he is in the castle, unless indeed he were one of the horsemen who rode away just now."

"The horsemen you saw were my brother the prince and his groom," said Oera. "But if you think that M. de Merosailles is in the castle pray search the castle from keep to cellar, and if you find him carry him to my father according to your orders."

Then the troopers dismounted in great haste and ransacked the castle from keep to cellar, and they found the clothes of the marquis and the white powder with which he had whitened his face, but the marquis they did not find. And the captain came again to the princess, who still stood at the end of the bridge, and said: "Madam, he is not in the castle."

"Is he not?" said she, and she turned away, and, walking to the middle of the bridge, looked down into the water of the moat. "Was it in truth the prince's groom who rode with him, madam?" asked the captain, following.

He might kiss it and turned away from him and looked down into the water again.

"But we found M. de Merosailles' clothes in the castle," persisted the captain. "He may well have left something of his in the castle," said the princess. "I will ride after them," cried the captain.

"I doubt if you will catch them," smiled the princess, for by now the pair had been gone half an hour and the frontier was but ten miles from the castle, and they could not be overtaken. Yet the captain rode off with his men and pursued till he met Prince Rudolf returning alone, having seen M. de Merosailles safe on his way. And Rudolf had paid the sum of 1,000 crowns to the marquis, so that the fugitive was well provided for his journey and, traveling with many relays of horses, made good his escape from the clutches of King Henry.

But the Princess Oera staid a long time looking down at the water in the moat. And sometimes she sighed and then again she frowned, and, although nobody was there and it was very dark into the bargain, more than once she blushed. And at last she turned to go into the castle, and as she went she murmured softly to herself: "Why I kissed him the first time I know—it was in pity. I kissed him the second time I know—it was in forgiveness. But why I kissed him the third time, or what that kiss meant," said Oera, "heaven knows."

And she went in with a smile on her lips.

Two flashy colored boys stood in the hot sun in front of the railway eating house and looked at each other with their eyes rolled sideways. "Look hyah, you piece o' dahk meat, I got some bone handled trouble in my pocket wait in faw you if you eveh come round that baby tryin to undamine me."

"Slow up, boy! You's on a slippery road, an if you don't drive careful you goin to fall right in dat ditch fus' thing you knows."

"Don't get me stahted, coon! Don't rouse me! I wouldn't like to do it, but I could jus' lay hold o' your dahk body an cut it up into rubbah balls. I ain't seed dat razah faw whole week now, an it's gettin uneasy. I can feel it movin in my pocket an sayin, 'Misah, he get out an do someping.'"

"Look heah! You bettah sing dat razah to sleep, 'kase you eveh reach faw you joes' see whole atmosphere full o' niggah wool, striped shirt, an blue cloze. Yes, seh, you'd have to get it'd up in a basket. I got a piece o' shiny ha'dwah in my pocket, an it sings swed an low, an ev'ry time it speaks to you it hand's you a pound o' lead. Look out faw me, boy!"

"Hush, coon! I really love trouble." "Don't stah! Notin' less you want to lose money faw your folks. Costs money to plant a coon; yes, seh. You don't get dem sivah handled boxes faw nothin; no, seh. Got any o' dem papah cigahs, Henry?"

Henry reached for his package of cigarettes, and the traveler, who had been waiting to see murder done, gave an exclamation of disgust and walked into the railway station.—Haberdsahr.

Glancing across the surface of everyday life in the Elizabethan days of robust manhood, it is interesting to notice the lively, childlike simplicity of manners, the love of showy, brilliant colors worn by both sexes, and to compare these charming characteristics with the sober habiliments and reserved manners of the present day. Here is an example of the man of fashion, the beau ideal of the city to parade himself in the favorite mart of fashionable loungers, St. Paul's churchyard. His beard, if he have one, is on the wane, but his mustaches are cultivated and curled at the points and himself is redolent with choicest perfumes.

Costly jewels decorate his ears; a gold brooch of rarest workmanship fastens his bright scarlet cloak, which is thrown carelessly upon his left shoulder, for he is most anxious to exhibit to the utmost advantage the rich hatchings of his silver hilted rapier and dagger, the exquisite cut of his doublet (shorn of its skirts) and trunk hose. His hair, cropped close from the top of the head down the back, hangs in long love locks on the sides. His hat, which was then really new in the country, having supplanted the woolen cap or hood, is thrown jauntily on one side. It is high and tapering toward the crown and has a band around it, richly adorned with precious stones or by goldsmith's work, and this gives support to one of the finest of plumes.—Nineteenth Century.

Not a Nice Place For Sleeping. "One evening my officer said to me, 'I think I'll sleep here tonight, Wickenden, down by this gun.' I answered, 'Very good, sir,' and scraped a hole in the sand, and laid his blanket in it. As a rule we could always sleep directly we lay down, but in a few moments he said, 'I can't sleep here, Wickenden.' 'Can't you, sir?' I asked. 'What's wrong, sir?' 'Why, there's such an abominable smell just here!' 'Oh, that comes from over the hill yonder, sir, where there are a few dead horses,' I replied. However, I scraped a hole for him somewhere else, and while I was moving the blanket, I discovered the body of a black, buried just below the surface, which my master had exposed by twisting and turning about in his restlessness. It gave me a bit of a shock, but I called out to one of my comrades to come and look, and we had a good laugh about it."—Told From the Ranks.

Breaking All Records. If, as scientists assert, Niagara falls are to disappear, nature will have performed the greatest operation for cataclysm ever known.—Exchange.

At the point where the Mississippi river flows into the Gulf of Mexico, the water is so shallow that the current is so slow that a man could wade across it.

A GAME POSTPONED.

By GEETRUDE SMITH.

[Copyright, 1897, by the Author.] It had been snowing for two days, and now the snowplows were out, and the first really good sleighing of the winter would begin.

The great fields lay in unbroken whiteness. The woods along the banks of the Iowa river were billows of snow. The large farmhouses and the number and size of the barns and other outlying buildings gave evidences of the richness of the soil that lay buried and resting for another harvest.

Judge Hilton's house had the distinction of being built of brick. There was a dignity in its solidity over the usual white frame houses on the surrounding farms that well became the dignity of the judge.

The judge was New England born and bred. There is a veneration for Puritan ancestry in the entirely western soul, that the Puritan mind still clings to for good old English blood.

Isabel Hilton was her father's housekeeper and only child. The mother had died while she was a baby, and she had ruled the house and been ruled by her father since that time.

She had all her father's reserve and pride of family, and at the same time his happy nature and gracious manner that won her friends when she desired to make friends. Those who found it impossible to win their way into her favor called this reserve in Isabel her "down cast airs." There was a discouraging belief among the young men in the country around, some of whose fathers owned farms and herds of cattle large enough to divide and establish them in enviable beginnings, that if the judge thought any of them worthy to win his daughter's love there would never be an opportunity to gain the consent of the young lady.

The judge had theories against Isabel's entertaining young gentlemen, nor would he permit her to go with any escort but himself.

The privilege of spending the evening with Isabel in the protecting presence of her father was considered a mark of distinction and held the one so honored on the wave of hope.

"If a fellow had the backbone to out-step the judge some night, he might propose to the daughter," was the comment Mr. Holderman made to his son one day. Clint Holderman had been one of Isabel's most persistent admirers.

"The trouble of all of you is you go there shaking in your boots and talk to the judge and come away with the big head because you dared do that, but I tell you if I was a young fellow I'd out-step him if I sat till the break of day. It's some such pluck as that the judge is looking for. He raised her, and he knows her value, and she ain't going cheap to none of you. If you can get in ahead of the other fellows and tow her in, I'll give you \$10,000 and deed you a section of land Coon, now, let's see what you're made of."

In some way this lordly promise got adrift the current of country gossip and aroused the admirers of Isabel, one and all, to new interest in the contest. Large stories were told of the late hours the judge kept that winter with Isabel's suitors.

Clint Holderman drove over to the brick house early on the evening that he had set his mind, with flintlike determination, to give his father's advice the trial.

It was a cold night, and as he sped along in his new cutter, drawn by a handsome span of black horses, and well tucked in with buffalo robes, his heart was warm with hope.

He had spent many evenings of the winter playing chess with the judge, so he was sure of his welcome, but tonight he looked beyond all this. He thought of the hour when at last, with his heart and understanding touched, the judge would bid them good night, and he should be left alone with Isabel.

There was no handsomer young man in the country than Clint Holderman, none who danced better or who drove better horses, but more than all this the judge had repeatedly told him that he had never known a man who played a better hand at chess.

This was an encouragement indeed, for if the judge had a weakness it was for chess, and it would be decidedly pleasant to have a son-in-law who could

win at chess. The judge had theories against Isabel's entertaining young gentlemen.

be to him such a ready source of entertainment. As he drove into the yard the judge came out on the side piazza. "Good evening," he called out. "Just drive on to the barn. The man will put out your horses."

One of the farmhands came out of the stable as he spoke, and Clint threw him the reins and followed the judge into the house. "Shapping cold, but splendid sleighing," the judge said while Clint was pulling off his overcoat in the hall. "Yes, I believe my ears are touched," Clint answered, rubbing them. "Isabel is popping some corn. She'll be glad you happened over to help eat it."

would be a little too much like strangers as long as we've known each other." The judge cleared his throat. "I have always decidedly disliked the informality of country people in calling every one by their Christian names," he said. "It leaves no degree in intimacy. But I suppose it is impossible to know where to draw the line."

Isabel went back and knelt before the fire again. "Oh, I don't know," she said, shaking the popper vigorously. "As long as it is a custom I don't think any one feels it a mark of special intimacy, and so the custom is protected by being a custom."

The young man sat awkwardly in his chair and was silent. They seemed to be closing the doors against any thought he might have of closer intimacy with the family.

The judge left the room for a moment and came back with a lighted lamp and placed it on the claw legged table in the center of the room. He had put on a long dressing gown, faced with crimson quilted silk, and now he drew his great chair up before the fire and stretched himself out in it.

"Come, Mr. Holderman, I will let you shake the popper for me, and I'll go down cellar and get some apples," Isabel looked at him with a merry twinkle in her eyes as she held the handle toward him and then ran out of the room.

Clint grasped the handle of the popper with the delight of success flooding his veins. Isabel had never before given him a reason to believe that she cared for him that could compare with that look. Daylight would find him sitting right there, but he would beat the judge's watch and gain the opportunity of speaking to her. It was a delightful evening. The judge partook of the popcorn and the conversation was more than usually affable and entertaining.

Isabel sat on the opposite side of the fireplace and crocheted on a blue wool scarf. There were pink spots burning her cheeks, and her eyes were very sweet. The time passed on until the noisy clock on the mantel clearly and forcibly announced the hour of 10.

It had been comparatively easy this far, but now was the time when Clint usually went home. The real contest was about to begin. The judge shoved his chair back to the table, picked up a paper and began to read.

From time to time he glanced over the top of his paper at the two talking before the fire, but still read on. When the clock struck 11, he threw the paper down, pulled his chair back to the fire and drew the young man into an animated political discussion.

Isabel stirred about the room, correctly putting things in order for the night. It was nearing midnight. For the last 15 minutes the conversation had begun to lag.

There were cold minutes of complete silence. "Had you noticed that I had traded horses?" Clint asked in one painful pause.

"No, have you?" Isabel asked, coming forward, with interest. "Yes, I've traded the grays for George Merwin's blacks. Of course there was considerable to boot. They go like the wind in my new cutter."

"I should think they would," Isabel drew a deep breath. "I do like black horses. I never cared for gray ones. I always think of having to look for a red-headed girl," she laughed. "I should think you'd always be on the outlook for one when you ride behind them."

"Perhaps Mr. Holderman is looking for a red-headed girl," the judge said, with a queer look in the direction of the young man. "There's a superstition that a red-headed girl has a violent temper. Now, that isn't always true," he said, after a moment's silence, in which his thought seemed to have been far away. "Isabel's mother had as sweet a disposition as any woman that ever lived, and her hair was the color of that deep flame there."

Isabel was leaning on the back of her father's chair. "Why, father, you've always said my hair was almost the color of mother's. I'm sure no one would ever think of calling mine red."

"I don't know about that," the judge laughed, "and I don't know about the temper either," he added, reaching up and pinching her cheek. "I never liked red hair, but I'm sure I don't believe in that sign," Clint said clumsily. He gazed fixedly into the fire and felt as though he were turning to stone.

The clock struck 12 with a resonant, defiant stroke, as though it understood the contest in which it held the stakes, and refused to commit itself as to whose side would win. At a quarter past 12 the judge stood up.

Clint felt his heart beating wildly. The moment of triumph was at hand. The judge crossed to the bay window at the other end of the room. Isabel's eyes followed him nervously.

From one side among the geraniums and ivy he drew the chess table and pushed it before him toward the fire. "I think it would be pleasant for us to have a game of chess," he said affably.

an oyster supper. I suppose there's no rush about ordering the oysters?" "I'll hold you to that," Clint said, bringing his fist up against the door. "If the thing's settled by Saturday week, we'll have the dance. If it isn't well, it won't be. I'm going over town after the mail."

He turned and went out of the room. As the door closed he heard his sister say, titillating: "Clint has about as hard a time courting Isabel as you had courting mother."

This was a warm thought of comfort to him. At least Isabel had never denied him her love, and he knew that his mother had been hardly won.

It was a bright winter morning. Before him was a clear stretch of road to the Iowa river, three miles away. The white fields on either side sparkled in the sunlight. The great drifts, rolled up along the fences, looked blue in the shadows of their fantastic terracings. The sleighing never was better.

All at once Clint heard the noise of sleigh bells, and a voice called to him, "Give me the road!"

He turned and saw Isabel Hilton coming toward him, driving her own bay ponies at a fearful rate. Clint drove quickly out at one side of the road and she sped by him.

He saw that her horses were running away. There had been no alarm in Isabel's face, though she was holding the reins with all her strength, and had looked neither to the right nor the left as she passed him. If there was one thing more than another that the Holdermans prided themselves in, it was their knowledge of a good horse and splendid horsemanship.

Isabel Hilton's love of horses and her daring in driving them had been one of the first things that had won Clint's admiration. Her control and courage now appealed to him tremendously. His own horses seemed to have felt the spirit of the runaway pair ahead, as they flew along over the snow after them.

Clint knew that at any moment Isabel's slight arms might lose the power to hold those tense reins so securely, and the horses dash to one side and the crash come, and there was nothing he could do. On went the cutter ahead of him, swaying to the left and the right, but still keeping the road. The bridge across the Iowa river was just ahead. Clint thought of the bridge with terror. If the cutter swayed to one side, as it was doing now, the crash would come on either.

He saw Isabel's strength tightening on the reins and knew that she felt the danger. Her horses flew up the slight incline to the bridge, and Clint braced his nerves to withstand the shock. But to his amazement he saw that the horses were slowing up and entering the bridge with all the respect of well trained horses, and by the time they were over the frozen current below they were walking as quietly as though they had decided on that point as the end of their excitement.

Clint entered the bridge as Isabel was leaving it. She drove out to one side of the road and waited for him to come up to her. "I'll let you go on ahead of me now if you want to," she called out as he stopped.

"Look here," Clint called back, "did you think of those horses stopping at the bridge that way, I'd like to know." "Yes, didn't you? I knew they might not, but I thought they would if I could keep them in the road. Didn't you think of them doing it?"

"Well, no, I had something else to think about," looking at her admiringly. Isabel's face flushed, but she looked at him smiling.

"I wasn't afraid as long as the road was clear, but I should have lost all courage if I had seen a team coming." "Talk of pluck," Clint said, driving a little nearer to her cutter. "Isabel, what did you think of last night? What did you think of me anyway?"

She drove out into the road ahead of him and then looked back over her shoulder, laughing. "I thought if you had only waited half an hour longer I would have been 18. It is my birthday today." And with that she touched her ponies with the whip and kept well ahead of him all the way to the village.

When they met again, it was before the fire in the sitting room at the brick house, where they had held the hours the night before. But the contest with the judge had lost its seriousness. Between them he sat, imperturbable, as he had sat the night before, but tonight he was only an amusing barrier and not a serious obstruction. Love had leaped the bounds and was free. It triumphed in their eyes as they looked across him and over him, smiling knowingly at each other.

"We're going to have a dance over at our house Saturday week and an oyster supper. It is going to be a celebration of a great event in our family," Clint announced with a meaning gesture to Isabel.

"What's the event you're celebrating?" the judge asked, looking over his spectacles. "Well, that's something of a secret until tomorrow. I hope I can tell you then. You must be sure and come. We're going to have a great time."

The judge looked at Isabel. "Do you think we can go, my dear?" "Eighty-seven."—Chicago Tribune.

zier cheeks were rosy. "Why, yes; I should think we could, father." "Thank you, then. We'll come," the judge said, leaning back in his chair and looking at the ceiling. "And now would you like to play that game of chess we didn't have last night?" It was evident he had no intention of giving up the field. Clint did not an



He saw that her horses were running away.

swer. He was not as fearless of the judge as he had supposed. His heart throbbed excitedly.

Isabel pressed her hands together and looked into the fire. The clock ticked loudly, emphasizing the silence. Finally the judge brought his eyes from the ceiling and looked at Isabel.

"Didn't you hear what I said to you?" he asked, running his hand through his forelock and grasping the arm of his chair.

"Yes, sir, I did," said Clint respectfully. "Well, then?" "If you'll allow me to say it, sir, I think I've won the game already."

"What's that?" "I believe, sir, I've won the game." The judge glared at him for a moment, and then his eyes fell on Isabel. He looked from one to the other. The ticks of the clock seemed to choke each other.

"Well, my boy," he said, drawing a deep breath—the tears had started to his eyes—"I don't know but you have." He held out his hand. "I don't know but you have, my boy."

"Thank you, sir, thank you." Her father reached the other hand to Isabel, and then stood up and drew her into his arms, then pushed her from him and crossed the room to the door leading into the hall.

Isabel's eyes followed him lovingly. Then he turned and looked back at them and smiled. "I'm feeling a little tired tonight," he said, "and I think if you'll be kind enough to—" He went to bed.

In Clint's thousand of these establishments several hundred dogs are kept, which are killed by strangulation when they are 8 months old, usually toward the middle of winter. At this time their skin is covered with very fine hair, and from these skins are made winter clothes for the inhabitants of the Celestial empire. The dogs furnishing these skins are entirely different from the breed of dogs known here or in Europe, and their fur is said to be so long haired and close on account of the extreme cold of that region. These fur dogs constitute the only wealth of this desolate region, and the only dowry given to the daughters of these farmers consists of a number of dogs. The value of a dog is about 50 cents, and as it takes eight fur dogs to make a coat, such an article is rather expensive.

Traffic in dogskins is centered in large cities like Moukden and Fuchuan, where they are tanned. At the first named place the amount of dogskins handled last year represented \$500,000.—London Times.

Watts the Painter. George Frederick Watts is, among all our living masters of painting, the only absolutely self taught one. Early in his life—he was born in 1818—having an especial bent toward the plastic art, he entered the studio of William Behnes, the celebrated but unfortunate sculptor. Here he watched, but was never taught, as has been erroneously stated more than once. He visited no painter's studio or atelier, but taught himself everything.—London Standard.

Disparity. "Miss Wellalong refused an offer of marriage from a rich man last week? That beats me. She can't afford to wait much longer. She's 49 if she's a day."

"I know it. She was frank enough, though, to tell the man who wanted to marry her that she feared the disparity between their ages was too great."

"That's still more astonishing. How old was he?" "Eighty-seven."—Chicago Tribune.

Sheriff's Sale. Deering Harvester Co. vs. John F. Bennett et al. By virtue of a special execution directed to me from the Clerk of the District Court of Audubon county, Iowa, on a judgment rendered in said District Court on the 13th day of October, 1897, in favor of the Deering Harvester Company as plaintiff and against John F. Bennett as defendant, for the sum of Three Hundred Ninety Nine Dollars and Eleven cents (\$399.11) and costs taxed at Twenty Dollars and Twenty-Five cents (\$20.25) and accruing costs, and Twenty-Nine Dollars and Ninety-Five cents (\$29.25) attorney's fees. I have levied upon the following mortgaged premises hereinafter described to satisfy said execution, to-wit: Lots Six (6) and Seven (7) in section three (3), township seventy eight (78), range thirty-four (34), Audubon county, Iowa, and will offer the same for sale to the highest bidder for cash in hand on the 20th day of November, A. D. 1897, in front of the Court House in Audubon at the hour of two o'clock P. M., of said day, when and where due attendance will be given by the undersigned.

Dated at Audubon this 20th day of October, 1897.

J. H. JONES, Sheriff of said County. NASH, PHELPS & MOSIER, Attorneys.

No man or woman can enjoy life or accomplish much in this world suffering from a torpid liver. Dawd Early Blers, the pill that cleanses the system quickly. C. W. Houston.

Any one in need of monum work should call or write to S. Grant, Atlantic, Iowa.

HOW TO FIND OUT. Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What to do. There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing pain in passit, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of getting up many times during the night to urinate. The mild and extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is so realized. It stands the highest for wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine, have the best. Sold everywhere. Price fifty cents and a bottle have a sample.

Remember that we carry a complete line of coffins, - Caskets, Robes, Etc.

at very reasonable prices. Hearses in connection. Shrauger & Hansen. EXIRA, IOWA.

Remember that we carry a complete line of coffins, - Caskets, Robes, Etc.

at very reasonable prices. Hearses in connection. Shrauger & Hansen. EXIRA, IOWA.

Remember that we carry a complete line of coffins, - Caskets, Robes, Etc.

at very reasonable prices. Hearses in connection. Shrauger & Hansen. EXIRA, IOWA.

Remember that we carry a complete line of coffins, - Caskets, Robes, Etc.

at very reasonable prices. Hearses in connection. Shrauger & Hansen. EXIRA, IOWA.

Remember that we carry a complete line of coffins, - Caskets, Robes, Etc.

at very reasonable prices. Hearses in connection. Shrauger & Hansen. EXIRA, IOWA.

Remember that we carry a complete line of coffins, - Caskets, Robes, Etc.

at very reasonable prices. Hearses in connection. Shrauger & Hansen. EXIRA, IOWA.

The Iowa Homestead. As An Agricultural Paper, Is The Best Dollar's Worth Ever Offered to the Iowa Farmer. It is a 24-page weekly, ably edited, and its staff of regular and occasional contributors embraces a large number of practical Iowa farmers, thoroughly familiar with Iowa conditions and the methods appropriate to them. The HOMESTEAD contains numerous special departments which furnish a liberal education in HORTICULTURE, DAIRYING, SHEEP RABBANDRY, FISHING, FURS, VETERINARY SCIENCE, ETC., AND ITS CATTLE AND SWINE TEACHINGS ARE QUOTED THE WORLD OVER. The needs of the wives and daughters of Iowa farmers are provided for in a well-edited Home Department for which many Iowa contributors write regularly. A feature that is at once unique and invaluable, never having been attempted by any other farm paper in the world, is the Special Farmers' Institute Editions, PUBLISHED monthly, in which scores of practical Iowa farmers discuss timely, seasonable and practical topics directly affecting the farmers' interests. No enterprise in agricultural journalism has ever excited half the interest that has been manifested on the farm for the Institute Editions. The Farmers' Institute Specials. Sample copies of both may be obtained at the office of this paper. We will receive sample copies of four different issues. No charge, by sending post card to the Editor, The Iowa Homestead, Exira, Iowa, or to the Editor, The Iowa Homestead, Exira, Iowa, or to the Editor, The Iowa Homestead, Exira, Iowa.