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Keytesville as follows:
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No 6 Chicago Express 6 48 p m
No 23 Moberly Ac. Freight 6 33 p m
No 22 Ac. Freight 6 05 p m
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No 11 K. C. Mail and Express 8 25 p m
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Daily, except Sunday.
Nos. 1 and 6 have sleeping cars (see seats free) and few Buffet Sleepers to Kansas City and Chicago without change.
No. 8 will stop at Keytesville for passengers from Chillicothe, or points north of hills.
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C. R. CANE,
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COUNTY OFFICERS.

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Prosecuting Attorney, Jas. C. Wallace
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Henry Hayes, E. S. Dist.
Clerk County Court, R. D. Edwards
Judge of Probate, H. C. Minter
Probate Clerk, Thos. E. Mackay
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Public Administrator, L. Welch
County Surveyor, Sam'l Carter
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County School Commissioner, J. P. Coleman
Circuit Clerk, H. B. Richardson
Recorder, D. B. Rich.

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METHODIST CHURCH (South)—Rev. U. K. Hilling, pastor, Services 3d Sabbath, morning and evening, and fourth Sunday night of each month. Sabbath-school every Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock. Prayer meetings Wednesday evenings.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Squire, pastor. Preaching second Sunday in each month, morning and evening.

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WARREN LODGE, No. 74, A. F. and A. M.—T. Miller, Master; L. D. Applegate, Secretary. Regular meetings Saturday evening following full moon.

KEYTESVILLE LODGE, No. 471, I. O. O. F.—G. Agnes, Noble Grand; J. E. Dempsey, Vice-Grand; O. B. Anderson, Secretary. Regular meetings every Monday evening.

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Treasure Tower

A STORY OF MALTA.

By Virginia W. Johnson.

CHAPTER XIII
Money.



JOHN DEALTRY trotted into the little garden of his abode, and sank down on a bench. His appearance was that of a man who had just sustained a crushing blow. He wiped his moist brow, and gazed, vacantly, about him.

"Good God!" he groaned, his pinched features contracting with anxiety and fear. "Who would have ever believed it? How could I have foreseen this day? Accursed knaves!"

Two weeks earlier his agitation might have been attributed to the flight of his grand-daughter; but, in fact, the old man had sustained her loss with remarkable equanimity and resignation.

"It is her Spanish blood," he had muttered aloud, after reading the note written by Dolores before sailing. "She must be full of tricks as she grows older. Let her go, once for all!"

In his profound egotism he might even have been suspected of a sentiment of relief that a burthen was removed. Sorrow, apprehension, regret for the rash step taken by a young girl, wholly ignorant of the world—did these paternal misgivings fail to touch the heart of Jacob Dealtrey? He gave no sign.

When a letter from Lieut. Curzon, dated Lugano, had been received, announcing the marriage, and enclosing a second, faulty, little missive, written in Italian, from the bride, he had read the two communications without comment, and thrust the crushed envelope into the pocket of his threadbare coat.

Now a far more severe misfortune had stricken the old man, and his whole being threatened to collapse in the shock.

The event which moved Jacob Dealtrey to despair had convulsed all native Malta as with an earthquake throes.

Italy, actuated by the aim of consolidating a national currency, had recalled the coin known as the Sicilian dollar. The government of Malta, announcing the decision, had given an ultimate date for all money of this denomination in circulation on the island, to be brought to a given place and redeemed.

He remained there inert, devoid of power of thought or speech, his brain clouded, his tongue dumb. Time possessed no more value to him. Human beings were spectators.

One fact gradually became clear to his perception—he would no longer dare to live here, isolated, defenseless, hugging his miserable and ignoble secret. He must flee from Malta in old age and decrepitude. The Sicilian dollar was his Nemesis, the angel with the flaming sword, destined to drive him forth from this paradise of his own choice. How could the instinct of the miser, which had been the taint of his soul for years, growing to a noxious parasite, checking the current of all noble purpose, have chosen a better refuge than this remote island, whose inhabitants were prudent, like himself?

At length the dormant nature of the man was aroused and struggled fiercely for supremacy. The greed of avarice wrestled with conscience. It were better to leave the Sicilian dollar safely buried out of sight than stand branded as an impostor. How he had schemed to convert most of the wealth brought with him into the current coin! Now it had become fairy gold, and no better than a heap of withered autumn leaves! What! Give up all! Lose all! Never! Never!

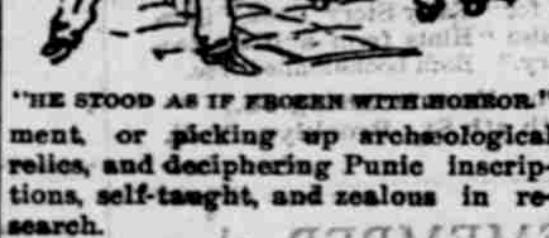
The past rose, at the moment before the dimmed vision of Jacob Dealtrey.

He had dwelt at Jamaica, as Capt. Fillingham surmised. He had been a clerk in London, and subsisted on a meagre salary through youth and early manhood. Then a summons from the West Indies advised him, as next of kin, that he inherited the property of a cousin, a trader of courage and ability, who had amassed considerable wealth.

From the beginning fortune had dazzled and frightened Jacob Dealtrey, narrow-minded and economical by education. Sleep forsook his pillow at the thought of rash investments, and the artful wiles of his cousin's old associates. He wished to escape from their net. His wife died, and during the childhood of his son he counted his possessions with trembling anxiety. He strove ever to hold his own. The son took ship for Spain, and married a pretty Andalusian. Jacob Dealtrey's inherent suspicion found cause of disapproval of this early marriage. He departed from Jamaica without leaving traces of himself, or revealing his future plans to any one.

The measure was the outward symptom of a canker of the soul. The young couple would squander his money as lightly as a bride smoked a cigarette, or toyed with her fan.

The son devoted the remainder of his life to finding the missing parent. The young man was actuated by apprehension of foul play, and a sincere wish to fulfill his own final duties. Smitten with fever, he left the sole remaining clue in his possession to his wife and child. He had ascertained, after much fruitless quest in the labyrinth of London life, that a person of the name of Jacob Dealtrey dwelt at Malta. This last hope of succor had led the mother and child to the Watch Tower, where they had been ungraciously received by a man reputed poor, and who earned a humble livelihood by copying documents for an advocate, when chance afforded such employ-



ment, or picking up archeological relics, and deciphering Punic inscriptions, self-taught, and zealous in research.

The Andalusian daughter-in-law faded, and died of ennui, disappointment, and chagrin, leaving little Dolores.

The old man rose from the bench and began to walk about his narrow domain. He tossed his arms above his head and uttered imprecations, wild, wrathful and impotent, against those who had reduced him to this sorry plight. To reveal his board to all eyes, or to lose it! Terrible, incredible alternative! Ah, why had he distrusted the crisp bank note, easily folded and secured in the lining of raiment, a bed, a chair, tormented by dread of rats and mice, mildew and storms? Blindly, foolishly he had chosen the hard, bright coin, indestructible to mischievous agents of harm, the teeth of rodents, and rain.

The Sicilian dollar had played him false. He saw it all now that such knowledge came too late.

He paused in his aimless rambling about house and garden, indulging in fitful soliloquies, and listened. The bell marked the passing hour. He was startled, shocked, appalled. Time was ebbing rapidly, like the sand in the glass. His distorted fancy thus interpreted the warning of the clock. Would he be too late?

He stood as if frozen with horror, his white hair bristling on his head, his eye dilated and fixed. A voice shrieked these words:

"I am rich, rich! My treasure lies buried here all about me. Help me to unearth it before it is too late!"

Who had spoken? He could not determine whether his own lips had moved, or he heard an echo of his thoughts at his side. He was no longer alone. Mocking faces jibed at him, taunting his helplessness, his tardy recognition of the impending evil.

Then a beautiful shape, clothed in shining radiance, put aside the others, only to prove the more maddening in turn. This airy form was the Sicilian dollar. Now it gleamed on the ground, and again it fitted up to the parapet of the Watch Tower. The coin spun here, there, on all sides, eluding, dazzling, intangible.

Jacob Dealtrey, aroused to frenzy by long delay, began to seek in the crevices of his dwelling, beneath the fountain basin, behind the beehives, at the angle of the garden wall.

He paused to rest, his feeble strength exhausted, the Sicilian dollar flashed before his troubled vision, scolding at his forgetfulness of still another hiding-place, and goading him to fresh exertions.

Shrill laughter and odd cries were audible occasionally in the enclosure. Jacob Dealtrey had lost his reason.

A vessel approached Malta, the Elettrico from Messina.

Among the passengers on board were Lieut. Curzon and his wife. His brief leave of absence had nearly expired, and he was about to rejoin his ship. Dolores, beaming with happiness, and her savage grace already refined by travel, still held Florio under one arm.

Malta gave slight heed to these new arrivals in the more profound emotions of the hour. Malta, whether of high or of low degree, was bringing the Sicilian dollar to the treasury mart at the appointed time. The coin arrived in bag, purse, coffer, and even transported in rude boxes on primitive vehicles, the owners sadly crestfallen and anxious as to results.

The fact was clearly proved that the stronghold of the Knights Templar was the richest island of similar dimensions in the world.

The recluses of the Watch Tower was not the only victim of the pranks of the Sicilian dollar on this occasion. Disbursement of hoards long concealed sowed discontent, envy, and suspicion on every side. Creditors frowned on debtors, proved to have full pockets. Masters eyed thrifty servants askance.

The Busatti couple met on their own threshold with mutual confusion and anger.

"He reached his ear.

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