

CASE 113

Emile Gaboriau

Madeleine continued talking, and it was by closely watching the face of Lagors, clearly revealed by the lamp on the mantel, that M. Verduret hoped to discover the meaning of the scene. At times Lagors would start and tremble in spite of his apparent indifference; then he would strike at the fire with the tongs, doubtless giving vent to his rage at some reproach uttered by Madeleine. Finally Madeleine, clasping her hands, knelt before him. He turned away his head and refused to answer save in monosyllables. Several times she turned to leave, but each time returned, as if asking a favor and unable to go till she had obtained it. At last she seemed to have uttered something decisive, for Raoul suddenly rose and opened a desk near the fireplace, from which he took a bundle of papers and handed them to her.

"H'm!" thought M. Verduret. "What does it mean? Is it a compromising correspondence which she wants to reclaim?"

Madeleine took the papers, but did not appear satisfied. She again entreated him to give her something else. Raoul refused, and then she threw the papers on the table. The papers seemed to puzzle M. Verduret.

"I certainly am not mistaken. Those papers—red, green and yellow—are pawnbrokers' tickets."

Madeleine turned them over, as if looking for some particular ones. She took three, which she put in her pocket, pushing the others aside. She was evidently preparing to take her departure, for she said a few words to Raoul, who took up the lamp as if to light the way. There was nothing more for M. Verduret to see. He carefully descended the ladder, muttering to himself: "Pawnbrokers' tickets! What infamous mystery lies at the bottom of all this?" The first thing he did was to remove the ladder. Raoul, escorting Madeleine, might take it into his head to look around the garden, and if he did so the ladder might attract his attention. M. Verduret and Prosper hastily laid it on the ground, then concealed themselves among the trees, whence they could watch at once the front door and the outer gate.

At the same time Madeleine and Raoul appeared in the doorway. Raoul set the lamp on the bottom step and offered his hand to the girl, but she refused it with haughty contempt. This did not seem to move or surprise Raoul. He simply answered by an ironical gesture which implied, "As you please." He followed her to the gate, which he opened and closed after her; then he hurried back to the house, while Madeleine's carriage drove rapidly away.

"Now, monsieur," said Prosper, "you must tell me what you saw. Remember, you promised me the truth no matter what it might be. Speak; I can bear it."

"You will only have joy to bear, my friend. Within a month you will bitterly regret your suspicions of tonight. You will blush to think that you ever imagined Mlle. Madeleine to be intimate with a man like Lagors."

The drive back was silent and seemed interminably long. Prosper tried to draw his strange companion into conversation, but as he received nothing but monosyllables in reply he held his peace for the rest of the journey. He was again beginning to feel irritated at the absolute empire exercised over him by this man.

On their arrival at the city M. Verduret said:

"You will see me at your room about this time tomorrow night. Perhaps I shall discover what I am seeking at the Jandifiers' ball."

Prosper was dumb with astonishment. What! Would M. Verduret think of appearing at a ball given by the wealthiest and most fashionable bankers at the capital? This accounted for his sending to the costumer.

"Then you are invited?" he asked. The expressive eyes of M. Verduret danced with amusement.

"Not yet," he said, "but I shall be." Oh, the inconsistency of the human mind! Prosper was tormented by the most serious preoccupations. He looked sadly around his chamber and as he thought of M. Verduret's projected pleasure at the ball exclaimed:

"Ah, how fortunate he is! Tomorrow he will have the privilege of seeing Madeleine in her costume of maid of honor."

CHAPTER XI.

ST. LAZARE street was crowded by carriages, whose occupants were impatiently awaiting their turn to drive up to the door. Nearly all the costumes were rich. Some were original. Among the latter was a clown. His costume was in perfect keeping. Indeed, his whole make-up, his insolent eye, coarse lips, high cheek bones and a beard so red that it seemed to emit flames in the reflection of the dazzling lights were in accord. He carried in his left hand a canvas banner, upon which were painted six or eight pictures, coarsely designed like those found in strolling fairs. In his right he waved a little switch, with which he would every now and then strike his banner, like a quack retailing his medicines. A crowd surrounded this clown, hoping to hear some witty speeches and puns, but he kept near the door and remained silent. About half past 10 he quitted his post. M. and Mme. Fauvel, followed by their niece Madeleine, had just entered. A compact group immediately formed near the door. During the

last ten days the affair of Providence street had been the universal topic of conversation, and friends and enemies were alike glad to seize this opportunity of approaching the banker, some to assure him of their sympathy, and others to offer equivocal condolence, which of all things is the most exasperating. Belonging to the body of elderly men, M. Fauvel had not assumed a fancy costume, but merely threw over his shoulders a short silk domino. On his arm leaned Mme. Fauvel, nee Valentine de la Verberie, who graciously greeted her friends. Her beauty had once been remarkable, and tonight the effect of the soft wax lights and her very becoming dress half restored the freshness of youth. No one would have supposed her to be forty-eight years old.

But Madeleine was the object of universal admiration, beautiful and queenly in her costume of maid of honor, which seemed to have been especially invented to set forth her superb figure.

Forgotten by the crowd, the clown had taken refuge in the embrasure of a window, where he kept his eyes upon a couple not far off. It was Madeleine, dancing with a splendidly dressed dandy—the Marquis de Clameran. He appeared to be radiant, rejuvenated and to all appearances triumphant. At the end of a quadrille he leaned over his partner and whispered compliments with the most unbounded admiration. She seemed to listen, if not with pleasure, at least without repugnance, now smiling and now shrugging her shoulders.

"Evidently," muttered the clown, "this noble scoundrel is paying court to the banker's niece. So I was right yesterday. But how can Mlle. Madeleine listen so graciously to his flattery? Fortunately Prosper is not here."

He was interrupted by a distinguished looking elderly man in a Venetian mantle, who said to him:

"You know, M. Verduret—what seriously, half banteringly—what you promised me?"

The clown bowed respectfully, but with not the slightest shade of humility.

"I remember," he replied. "But do not be imprudent, I beg of you."

"Monsieur the count need not be uneasy; he has my promise."

"Very good. I know what that means."

The count walked off, but during his short colloquy the quadrille had ended, and the clown lost sight of M. de Clameran and Madeleine.

"I shall find them near Mme. Fauvel," thought he.

And he at once started to search among the throng for the banker's wife.

Incommoded by the stifling heat, Mme. Fauvel had sought a little fresh air in the grand picture gallery, which, thanks to the talisman called gold, had been transformed into a fairytale garden, filled with orange trees, japonicas, laurel and many rare plants. The clown saw her seated near a grove not far from the cardroom. Upon her right was Madeleine. On her left stood Raoul de Lagors, dressed in a costume of Henry III.

"I must confess," muttered the clown from his post of observation, "that the young scamp is very handsome."

Madeleine was very sad. She had plucked a camellia from a plant near by and was mechanically pulling it to pieces as she sat with her eyes downcast. Raoul and Mme. Fauvel were sitting together in conversation. Their faces were composed, but the gestures of one and the trembling of the other betrayed preoccupation and a serious discussion. In the cardroom sat the dandy, M. de Clameran, so placed as to have full view of Mme. Fauvel and Madeleine, although himself concealed.

"It is the continuation of yesterday's scene," thought the clown. "If I could only get behind those camellias, I might hear what they are saying."

He pushed his way through the crowd, but as he reached the desired spot Madeleine arose and took the arm of a bejeweled Persian. At the same moment Raoul went into the cardroom and whispered a few words to M. de Clameran.

"There they are," muttered the clown. "The two rascals certainly hold these poor women in their toils. What can be the secret of their power?"

His attention was attracted by a commotion in the picture gallery. There was to be a wonderful minuet danced in the ballroom. The Countess de Commarin and the Princess Korsoff, with her superb emeralds, were reported to be the finest in the world, had both arrived. In an instant the gallery became almost deserted. Only a few forlorn looking people remained. The clown thought it a favorable opportunity for carrying out his project. He abruptly left his position, flourishing his switch and beating his banner, and, crossing the gallery, seated himself in a chair between Mme. Fauvel and the door. As soon as the people had collected in a circle around him he struck a comical attitude, standing up with his body twisted sideways and his hat on one ear. With much buffoonery and volubility he made the following remarks:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this very morning I obtained a license from the authorities of this town. And what for? Why, gentlemen, for the purpose of exhibiting to you a spectacle which has already won the admiration of the four quarters of the globe. Inside of this booth, ladies, is about to commence the representation of a most remarkable drama, acted for the first time in Peking and translated by our most celebrated authors. Gentlemen, you can take your seats. The lamps are lighted, and the actors are changing their dress."

Here he stopped speaking and imitated to perfection the feats which mountebanks play upon horns and kettledrums.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he resumed, "you wish to know what I am doing outside if the piece is to be performed under the tent. The fact is, gentlemen, that I wish to give you a foretaste of the entertainment which you may enjoy by paying the small sum of 10 cents. You see this superb picture? Very well. It represents eight of the most thrilling scenes in the drama. Ah, I see you begin to shudder. And yet this splendid picture gives you no more idea of the acting than a drop of water gives an idea of the sea or a ray of light of the sun."

"Do you know this clown?" asked an enormous Turk of a melancholy Punch. "No, but he can imitate a trumpet splendidly."

"Oh, very well indeed! But what is he driving at?"

The clown was endeavoring to attract the attention of Mme. Fauvel, who since Raoul and Madeleine had left her had abandoned herself to a mournful reverie. He succeeded. The showman's shrill voice brought the banker's wife back to a sense of reality. She started and looked quickly about her, as if suddenly awakened from a troubled dream. Then she noticed the clown.

"Now, ladies, we are in China. The first picture on my canvas, here to the left"—he pointed to the top dandy—"represents the celebrated Mandarin Li Fo in the bosom of his family. This pretty woman leaning over him is his wife, and these children playing on the carpet are the fruits of a happy marriage. Do you not inhale the odor of happiness emanating from this speaking picture, gentlemen? Mme. Li Fo is the most virtuous of women, adoring her husband and idolizing her children. Being virtuous, she is happy, for the wise Confucius says, 'Virtue is better than vice.'"

Mme. Fauvel became interested. She left her seat and approached nearer to the clown.

"Do you see anything on the banner like what he is describing?" asked the melancholy Punch of his neighbor.

"No, no you?"

The fact is that the daubs of paint on the canvas represented one thing as well as another, and the clown could call them whatever he pleased.

"Picture No. 27," he cried after a rolling of drums. "This old lady seated before a mirror tearing out her hair, especially the gray ones—do you recognize her? No, you do not. She is the fair mandarin of the first picture. I see tears in your eyes, ladies and gentlemen. Ah, you have cause to weep, for she is no longer virtuous, and her happiness has departed with her virtue. Alas, it is a sad story! One fatal day she met on the streets of Peking a young ruffian, foppish, but beautiful as an angel, and she loved him—the unfortunate woman loved him!"

During this tirade he had turned about till he faced the banker's wife, whose countenance he closely watched while he was speaking.

"You are surprised, gentlemen," he continued. "I am not. The heart never grows old, and the most vigorous wallflowers flourish on old ruins. This unhappy woman is nearly fifty years old—and in love with a youth! Hence this heartrending scene, which should serve as a warning to us all."

"Really," grumbled a cook dressed in white satin, who had passed the evening in carrying around menus which no one read, "I thought he was going to amuse us."

"But," continued the clown, "you must go inside of the booth to witness the effects of the mandarin's folly. At times a ray of reason penetrates her diseased brain, and then the sight of her anguish would soften the most unfeeling. Enter, and for the small sum of 10 cents you shall hear sobbing such as the Odeon never echoed in its halcyon days. The unhappy woman realizes the absurdity and inanity of her blind passion. She confesses to herself that she is madly pursuing a phantom. She knows but too well that he in the vigor and beauty of youth cannot love a faded old woman like herself, who vainly makes pitiable efforts to retain the last remains of her once enchanting beauty. She feels that the sweet words he once whispered in her charmed ear were false. She knows that the day is near when she will be left alone, with nothing save his mantle in her hand."

As the clown addressed this voluble description to the crowd before him he narrowly watched the countenance of the banker's wife. But nothing he had said seemed to affect her. She leaned back in her armchair perfectly calm and occasionally smiled.

"Can I be on the wrong track?" muttered the clown uneasily.

M. de Clameran joined the circle. "The third picture," the clown continued, "depicts the old mandarin after she has dismissed that most annoying of guests—remorse—from her bosom. She promises herself that interest shall supply the place of love in holding the seductive youth. It is with this object that she invests him with false honors and dignity and introduces him to the chief mandarins of the capital of the Celestial empire. Then, since so handsome a youth must cut a fine figure in society, the lady must needs to sacrifice all of her possessions for his sake—necklaces, rings, bracelets, diamonds and pearls—every jewel she possesses. The monster carries all these to the pawnbrokers on Tientsin street and then has the cruelty to refuse her the tickets, so that she may have a chance of redeeming her treasures."

The clown thought that at last he had fulfilled the conditions. Mme. Fauvel began to betray signs of uneasiness. Once she made an attempt to rise from the chair, but it seemed as if her strength failed her, and she sank back, forced to listen.

"Finally, ladies and gentlemen," con-

tinued the clown, "the richly stored jewel cases were emptied. The day came when the mandarin had nothing more to give. It was then that the young scoundrel conceived the project of carrying off the Jasper button belonging to the Mandarin Li Fo, a splendid jewel of incalculable value, a badge of dignity. It was kept in a granite chest and guarded by three soldiers night and day. Ah, the mandarin resisted a long time. She knew the innocent soldiers would be accused and crucified, as is the custom in Peking, and this thought restrained her. But her lover besought her so tenderly that she finally yielded to his entreaties, and the Jasper button was stolen. The fourth picture represents the guilty couple stealthily creeping down the private stairway. See their frightened look—see!"

He abruptly stopped. Three or four of his auditors rushed to the assistance of Mme. Fauvel, who seemed about to faint. The clown felt his arm roughly seized by some one behind him. He turned and faced De Clameran and Lagors, both of whom were pale with anger.

"What do you want, gentlemen?" he asked, with his most gracious air.

"To speak to you," they both answered.

"I am at your service."

He followed them to the end of the picture gallery, near a window opening on a balcony. Here they were unobserved except by the man in the Venetian cloak, whom the clown had addressed as "monsieur the count." The minuet having ended, the orchestra were taking a brief rest, and the company pouring into the gallery, it became very crowded. The sudden faintness of Mme. Fauvel had passed off unnoticed save by a few, who attributed it to the heat of the room. M. Fauvel had been sent for, but when he came hurrying in he found his wife composedly talking to Madeleine. Not having as much control over his temper as Raoul, M. de Clameran angrily said:

"In the first place, monsieur, I would like to know who you are."

The clown determined to answer as if he thought the question were a jest. "You want my license, do you, my lord doge? I left it in the hands of the city authorities. It contains my name, age, profession, domicile and every detail!"

With an angry gesture M. de Clameran interrupted him.

"You have committed a gross insult!"

"I, my lord doge?"

"Yes, you! What do you mean by telling this abominable story?"

"Abominable! You may call it abominable, but I, who composed it!"

"Enough, monsieur. You will at least have the courage to acknowledge that your performance was a vile insult against Mme. Fauvel!"

The clown stood with his head thrown back and mouth wide open, as if astounded at what he heard. But any one who knew him would have seen his bright black eyes sparkling with malicious satisfaction.

"Upon my word," he said as if speaking to himself, "this is the strangest thing I ever heard of! How can my drama of the Mandarin Li Fo have any allusion to Mme. Fauvel, whom I don't know from Adam or Eve?"

"Do you pretend," said M. de Clameran, "to be ignorant of M. Fauvel's misfortune?"

"A misfortune?"

"I refer, monsieur, to the robbery of which M. Fauvel was the victim and which has been in every one's mouth."

"Ah, yes, yes, I know. His cashier decamped with 350,000 francs. It is a thing that almost daily happens. But as to discovering any connection between this robbery and my play, that is another matter."

M. de Clameran made no reply. A nudge from Lagors had calmed him as if by enchantment. He seemed to regret having uttered the significant words drawn from him by excitement. "Very well," he finally said in his usual haughty tone. "I must have been mistaken. I accept your explanation."

But the clown, so humble a moment before, said:

"I have not made nor do I intend making any explanation."

"Monsieur"—began De Clameran.

"Allow me to finish, if you please. If unintentionally I have offended the wife of a man whom I highly esteem, he is her protector; not you. Perhaps my wife will tell me he is too old to demand satisfaction. If so, let him send one of his sons. One of them is here. You asked me who I am. In return I ask you who are you—who constitute yourself Mlle. Fauvel's champion? Are you her relative, friend or ally? What right have you to insult her by pretending to discover an allusion to her in a play invented for amusement?"

There was nothing to be said in reply to this. M. de Clameran sought a means of escape.

"I am a friend of M. Fauvel," he said, "and this title gives me the right to be as jealous of his reputation as if it were my own. If this is not a sufficient reason for my interference, I must inform you that his family will shortly be mine."

"Ah!"

"Next week, monsieur, my marriage with Mlle. Madeleine will be publicly announced."

This news was so unexpected, so startling, that for a moment the clown was discomfited. But it was only for a second, and, bowing with deference, he said, with covert irony:

"Permit me to offer my congratulations, monsieur. Besides being queen of the ball tonight, Mlle. Madeleine will have a dowry of half a million, I hear."

Raoul de Lagors had listened anxiously, watching the people near them, to see if they overheard this conversation.

Publication Notice.

(First published April 18 1902)

STATE OF KANSAS, ss.

In the District Court for said county.

M. E. Merrill, Plaintiff,

vs.

B. B. Hayne and Mary E. Hayne his wife, James J. Wallace and Mary A. Wallace his wife, James Lindly and John P. Lindly, Defendants.

Said defendants B. B. Hayne and Mary E. Hayne his wife, James J. Wallace and Mary A. Wallace his wife, James Lindly and John P. Lindly, do hereby certify that they have been used in the above named Court for a correction of the description of lands and records in the conveyance of lands situated in Allen county, State of Kansas described as follows:

40 acres of the west side of the N. E. 1-4 of Sec. No. 26, Twp. No. 24, Range No. 18 east of 6 P. M. Commencing at the S. W. corner of said quarter section, thence east 40 rods; thence north 160 rods; thence west 40 rods; thence south 160 rods to the place of beginning as is in plaintiff's petition prayed for and for a decree quieting the title of plaintiffs to said lands against the defendants or either of them or their heirs, through or under them or either of them; and for decree adjudging and decreeing the title of plaintiffs in and to said lands in fee simple firm and stable forever and the petition filed therein by said plaintiffs on or before the thirty-first day of May A. D. 1902, or said petition will be taken as true, and judgment for said action as in petition prayed for will be rendered accordingly.

S. C. BREWSTER,

Clerk of said Court.

Oscar Foust & Son & Baxter D. McClain,

Attorneys for Plaintiffs.

Publication Notice.

(First published April 18, 1902.)

State of Kansas, ss.

In the District Court for said county.

M. E. Merrill, Plaintiff,

vs.

M. E. Merrill and the Mount, No. 5708

Hope Cemetery Company, a corporation, defendant.

Said defendant, M. E. Merrill, will take notice that he has been used in the above named Court for the purpose of quieting title to the following described land situated in Allen county, State of Kansas, to-wit: Sec. 34, Twp. 24, Range No. 18 east of 6th P. M. containing 40 acres according to U. S. Gov. survey in plaintiff, and interest in or to said lands any part of same; and decrees title in her said plaintiff firm and stable forever and the petition filed therein for said plaintiff on or before the thirty-first day of May A. D. 1902, or said petition will be taken as true, and judgment for said action as in petition prayed for will be rendered accordingly.

S. C. BREWSTER,

Clerk of said Court.

Oscar Foust & Son & Baxter D. McClain,

Attorneys for plaintiff.

Sheriff's Sale.

(First published March 21 1902)

State of Kansas, ss.

In the District Court, Seventh Judicial District, sitting in and for Allen County, State of Kansas.

James Waterman, Plaintiff,

vs.

G. W. Stowell and Gertrude Stowell, et al., Defendants.

By virtue of an order of sale issued by the Clerk of the Seventh Judicial District Court, in and for Allen County, State of Kansas, in the above entitled cause, and to me directed and delivered, I will on Monday April 22d A. D. 1902 at one o'clock p. m. of said day, at the front door of the court house, in the city of Iola, Allen county, State of Kansas, offer for sale and sell to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, the following described real estate, to-wit: That part of the north half (N. 1/2) of the north east quarter (1-4) of section twenty-seven (27) in township twenty-four (24) south of range eighteen east, in said county, lying back of the railroad right-of-way of the Atchafalpa, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the east line of said quarter section, 45 feet south of a point where the east line of said railroad right-of-way crosses the west line of the public highway on east line of said quarter section, thence south 100 feet thence west to the east line of said right of way thence in a northerly direction along said right of way to a point directly west of the place of beginning, thence east to the place of beginning; the north half of said lands to be sold first; all in accordance with said order of sale.

H. HOBART,

Sheriff of Allen County.

Sheriff's office, Iola, Kansas, March 19, 1902.

Campbell & Goshorn Attorneys for Defendants.

First published March 21 1902

Sheriff's Sale.

In the District Court of Allen county, Kansas.

Louis Ott, Plaintiff,

vs.

Alvin Speckbottle, Lena, No. 403.

Thompson, Letitia Oren, et al., defendants.

By virtue of an order of sale issued on the 23rd day of March, 1902 in the above entitled action by the Clerk of said Court and to me directed and delivered, I will on Monday, the 25th day of April, 1902 at one o'clock p. m. of said day, at the front door of the Court house in the City of Iola in said County and State, offer for sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash in hand, certain real estate situated in Allen County, in the State of Kansas described as follows: Commencing at a point 50 feet West and 44 rods North of the Southeast corner of the North half (1-2) of the Southeast quarter (1-4) of Section Thirty-four (34) in Township Twenty-four (24) North of Range Eighteen (18) East running thence West to the middle of Neosho River, thence up the middle of said river to a point 51 1/2 feet North and 18 3/4 feet West of the Northwest corner of the North-west quarter (1-4) of the Southeast quarter (1-4) of said section, thence East 44 rods, thence North 50 rods, thence East 62 rods to a point 50 feet West of the center line of the railroad track of the Atchafalpa, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Company, thence South on said line West of the center of said railroad track to the point of commencement; said sale to be made in accordance with said order of sale.

H. HOBART,

Sheriff of Allen County, Kansas.

Sheriff's office Iola, Kansas, March 27, 1902.

Campbell & Goshorn, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Bridge Contracts Wanted

(First published April 25, 1902)

Public notice is hereby given that at 1 o'clock p. m. Monday, May 26, 1902, the Board of County Commissioners of Allen County, Kansas, will at the office of the Clerk of said county in the city of Iola publicly award to the lowest responsible bidder a contract for a steel arch or cement arch bridge across Deer Creek in Carlyle township, on or near the section line between sections 29 and 30, township 12, range 12, East in Allen county, Kansas. If steel bridge is erected, bids for stone abutments will be received and contract awarded at the same time and place; also at the same place immediately following the award of contract for the above mentioned bridge bids will be received and contract awarded for a steel, stone arch or cement arch bridge to be erected across Onion Creek, in Logan township on or near the section line between sections 19-25-18 and sections 24-25-17 in Allen county, Kansas. If steel bridge is erected bids for stone abutments will be received and contract awarded at the same time and place. If contract for steel bridges are accepted the bridge across Deer Creek will be 80 foot span, six panel, high truss, 14 foot roadway, the one across Onion Creek will be 50 foot span, three panel, low truss, 14 foot roadway. Plans and specifications for said steel bridges stone arch or cement arch bridges and stone abutments may be seen at the office of the county clerk.

The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

JAMES LOCKHART,

County Clerk.

First published March 14, 1902.

Notice of Final Settlement.

State of Kansas, ss.

In the Probate Court for said County.

In the matter of the estate of Reuben Butler deceased.

Creditors and all other persons interested in the foregoing estate are hereby notified that I shall apply to the Probate Court, in and for said County, sitting at the Court House, in the city of Iola, county of Allen, State of Kansas, on the 14th day of April, A. D. 1902, for a full and final settlement of said estate. Reuben Butler, Administrator of the estate of Reuben Butler, deceased.

Doak, Allen county, Kan., March 8, A. D. 1902

Sale Notice.

(First published May 2, 1902.)

In pursuance of an order made by the unanimous vote of the Board of County Commissioners of Allen county, Kansas, the said commissioners will offer for sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash, in hand the following personal property, to-wit: A two-story frame barn, in size about 100 x 30 feet, said barn is in good condition. Also one small frame shed and some short short pine boards, each about 4 feet long and said boards are now used as a fence around the county jail yard. Said sale will be held on the Allen county jail premises in Iola city on May 25th, 1902 at 10 o'clock a. m.

C. A. FRANK,

County Clerk.

JAS. LOCKHART,