

The Princess Virginia

By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON,
Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "Rosemary in Search of a Father," Etc.

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CHAPTER NINE

SCHLOSS LYNDALBERG towers high on a promontory overlooking a lake seven or eight miles to the south of the Rhaetian capital. The castle is comparatively modern, with pointed turrets and fretted minarets, and, being built of white Carrara marble, throws a reflection snowy as a submerged swan into the clear green water of the Mommelsee. All the surroundings of the palace, from its broad terraces to its jeweled fountains and well nigh tropical gardens, suggest luxury, gaiety, pleasure.

But on the opposite bank of the Mommelsee is huddled the dark shape of an ancient fortified stronghold, begun no one knows how many centuries ago by the first Count von Breiststein. Generation following generation the men of that family completed the work until nowadays it is difficult to know where the rock ends and the castle begins. There, like a dragon squatting on the coils of its own tail, the dark mass is poised, its deep set window eyes glaring across the bright water at the white splendor of Lyndalberg like the malevolent stare of the monster waiting to spring upon and devour a fair young maiden.

The moods of Baroness von Lyndal concerning grim old Schloss Breiststein had varied many times during her years of residence by the lake. Sometimes she pleased herself by reflecting that the great man who had slighted her lived in less luxury than she had attained by her excellent marriage. Again, the thought of the ancient lineage of the present Count von Breiststein filled her with envy, and oftener than all the feeling that the "old grizzly bear" could crouch in his den and watch sneeringly everything which happened at Lyndalberg got upon the lady's nerves. She could have screamed and shaken her fist at the dark mass of rock and stone across the water, but after the birthday ball and during the first days of Leopold's visit at her house she often threw a whimsical glance at the grim silhouette against the northern sky and smiled.

"Can you see, old bear?" she would ask gayly. "Are you spying over there? Do you think yourself all wise and all powerful? Do you see what's in my mind now, and do you guess partly why I've taken all this trouble? Are you racking your brain for some way of spoiling my little plans? But you can't do it, you know. It's too late. There's nothing you can do except sit still and growl and glare at your own claws, which a woman has clipped. How do you like the outlook, old bear? Do you lie awake at night and study how to save your scheme for the emperor's marriage? All your grumpy old life you've despised women, but now you're beginning at last to find out that, powerful as you are, there are some things a woman with tact and money, nice houses and a good natured husband can do which the highest statesman in the land can't undo. How soon shall I make you admit that, Chancellor Bear?"

Thus the baroness, standing at her drawing room window, would amuse herself in odd moments when she was not arranging original and elaborate entertainments for her guests. And she congratulated herself particularly on having had the forethought to invite Egon von Breiststein, the chancellor's half brother.

There was a barrier of thirty-six years' difference in age between the two, and they had never been friends in the true sense of the word, for the old man was temperamentally unable to sympathize with the tastes or understand the temptations of the younger brother, and the younger man was mentally unable to appreciate the qualities of the elder.

Nevertheless it was rumored at court that Iron Heart had more than once used the gay and good looking captain of cavalry for a catspaw in pulling some very big and hot chestnuts out of the fire. At all events, "Handsome Egon" (so known among his followers, "the chancellor's jackal") (thus nicknamed by his enemies), would have found difficulty in keeping up appearances without the allowance granted by his powerful half brother. The ill assorted pair were often in communication, and the baroness liked to think that news fresh from Lyndalberg must sooner or later be wafted like a wind blown scent of roses across the water to Schloss Breiststein.

She was still less displeased than surprised, therefore, when, the emperor having been three days at Lyndalberg, with two more days of his visit to run, an urgent message arrived for Captain von Breiststein from his brother.

Poor old Lorenz was wrestling with his enemy, gout, it appeared, and wished for Egon's immediate presence.

Such a summons could not be neglected. Egon's whole future depended upon his half brother's caprice, he hinted to the baroness in asking leave to desert her pleasant party for a few hours. So of course the seat the chan-

celor her regrets, with the baron's, and Egon went off charged with a friendly message from the emperor as well.

When the captain of cavalry had set out from Lyndalberg to Schloss Breiststein by the shortest way—across the lake in a smart little motor boat—promising to be back in time for dinner and a concert, the baroness spent all her energy in getting up an impromptu riding party, which would give Leopold the chance of another tete-a-tete with Miss Mowbray.

Already many such chances had been arranged, so cleverly as not to excite gossip, and if the flirtation, destined by the hostess to disgust Leopold with his chancellor's matrimonial projects, did not advance by leaps and bounds it was certainly not the fault of Baroness von Lyndal.

"Egon has been told to use his eyes and ears for all they're worth at Lyndalberg, and now he's called upon to hand in his first report," she said to herself when the younger von Breiststein was off on his mission across the lake.

But for once, at least, the "chancellor's jackal" was wronged by unjust suspicion. He arrived at Schloss Breiststein ignorant of his brother's motive in sending for him, though he shrewdly suspected it to be something quite different from the one alleged.

The chancellor was in his study, a deep windowed tower room, with walls book lined nearly to the cross-beamed ceiling. He sat reading a budget of letters when Egon was announced, and if he were really ill he did not betray his suffering. The square face, with its beetling brows, eyes of somber blue and forehead impressive as a cathedral dome, showed no new lines graven by pain.

"Sit down, Egon," he said abruptly, tearing in half an envelope stamped with the head of Hungary's king. "I'll be ready for you in a moment."

The young man took the least uncomfortable chair in the room, which from his point of view was to say little in its favor, because the newest piece of furniture there had been made a hundred years before the world understood that lounging was not a crime. Over the high stone mantel hung a shield, so brightly polished as to fulfill the office of a mirror, and from where Egon sat, perforce upright and rigid, he could see himself vignette in reflection.

He admired his fresh color, which was like a girl's, pointed the waxed ends of his mustache with nervous cigarette stained fingers, and, thinking of many agreeable things, from bacarat to roulette, from roulette to races and races to pretty women, he wondered which he had to thank for this summons to the chancellor. Unfortunately Brother Lorenz knew everything. One's pleasant peccadillos buzzed to his ears like flies. There was little hope of deceiving him.

Egon sighed, and his eyes turned mechanically from his own visage on shining steel to the letter held in an old hand so veined that it reminded the young man of a rock netted with the sprawling roots of ancient trees. He had just time to recognize the writing as that of Adalbert, crown prince of Hungary, whom he knew slightly, when keen eyes curtained with furled and wrinkled lids glanced up from the letter.

"It's coming," thought Egon. "What can the old chap have found out?"

But, to his surprise, the chancellor's first words had no connection with him or his misdeeds.

"So our emperor is amusing himself at Lyndalberg?"

Egon's face brightened. He could be cunning in emergencies, but he was not clever, and always he felt himself at a disadvantage with the old statesman. Unless he had a special favor to ask he generally preferred discussing the affairs of others with the chancellor rather than allowing attention to be attracted to his own. "Oh, yes," he answered brightly. "His majesty is amusing himself uncommonly well. I never saw him in as brilliant spirits. But you, dear Lorenz—tell me about yourself. Is your gout?"

"The devil take my gout!" Egon started. "A good thing if he did, provided he left you behind," he retorted, meaning exactly the opposite, as he often did when trying to measure wits with the chancellor. "But you sent for me?"

"Don't tell me you supposed I sent for you because I wanted consolation or condolence?"

"No-o," laughed Egon uneasily. "I fancied there was some other more pressing reason. But I'm bound in common courtesy to take your sincerity for granted until you undeceive me."

"Hang common courtesy between you and me!" returned the bear. "I've nothing to conceal. I sent for you to tell me what mischief that witch cat Mechtild von Lyndal is plotting. You're on the spot. Trust you for seeing everything that goes on—the one thing I would trust you to do."

"Thanks," said Egon. "Don't thank me yet, however grateful you may be. But I don't mind hinting that it won't be the worse for you if for once you've used those fine eyes of yours to some useful purpose."

Egon was genuinely astonished at this turn of the conversation, as he had been carefully arming himself against a personal attack from any one of several directions. He sat pointing the sharp ends of his mustache one after the other and trying to remember some striking incident with which to adorn a more or less accurate narrative.

"What would you call useful?" he inquired at last.

The chancellor answered, but indirectly. "Has the emperor been playing the fool at Lyndalberg these last few days?"

"Do you want to make me guilty of leze majesty?" Egon raised his eyebrows, but he was recovering presence of mind. "If by playing the fool, though, you mean falling in love, why, then, brother, I should say he had done little else during the three days, and perhaps even the first of those was not the beginning."

The chancellor growled out a word which he would hardly have uttered in the imperial presence, particularly in the connection he suggested. "Let me hear exactly what has been going on from day's end to day's end," he commanded.

Egon grew thoughtful once more. Clearly here was the explanation of the summons. He was to be let off easily, it appeared. But, suspense relieved, he was not ready to be satisfied with negative blessings.

"Are you sure it isn't a bit like telling tales out of school?" he objected.

"Schoolboys with empty pockets have been known to do that," said the chancellor. "But perhaps your pockets aren't empty—eh?"

"They're in a chronic state of emptiness," groaned Egon.

"On the 15th day of October your quarterly allowance will be paid," remarked his brother. "I would increase the installment by the amount of 5,000 gulden if that would make it



He had just time to recognize the writing.

worth your while to talk—and forget nothing but your scruples."

"Oh, you know I'm always delighted to please you!" exclaimed Egon. "It's only natural, living the monotonous life you do when you're not busy with the affairs of state, that you should like to hear what goes on in the world outside. Of course I'll gladly do my best as a raconteur."

"My dear young man, don't lie," said the chancellor. "The habit is growing on you. You lie even to yourself. By and by you'll believe yourself, and then all hope for your soul will be over. What I want to know is how far the emperor has gone in his infatuation for this English girl. I'm not afraid to speak plainly to you, so you may safely—and profitably—do the same with me. In the first place, I'll put you at your ease by making a humiliating confession. The other night the woman von Lyndal tried to 'draw me,' as she would express it, on this subject, and I'm bitterly mortified to say she partly succeeded. She suggested an entanglement between Leopold and the girl. I replied that Leopold wasn't the man to pull down a hornet's nest of gossip around the ears of a young woman who had saved his life. No matter what his inclinations might be, I insisted that he would pay her no repeated visits."

"This thrust the fair Mechtild parried as if repeating a mere rumor by saying that she believed the girl was to stay at the country house of some old friend of the emperor. At the time I attached little importance to her chatter, believing that she merely wished to give me a spiteful slap or two, as is her habit when she has the chance. For once, though, she has succeeded in stealing a march upon me, and she kept the secret of her plan until too late for me to have any hope of preventing Leopold from fulfilling his engagement at her house. After that was safely arranged I don't doubt she was overjoyed that I should guess her plot."

"Do you think that even if you'd known sooner you could have stopped the emperor from visiting at Lyndalberg?" asked Egon. "I know that you are iron, but he is steel."

"I would have stopped him," returned the chancellor. "I should have made no bones about the reason, for I've found that the best way with Leopold is to blurt out the whole truth and fight him—my experience against his will. If advice and warning hadn't sufficed to restrain him from insulting the girl who is to be his wife and injuring the reputation of the girl who never can be, I would have devised some expedient to thwart him for his own good. I'm not a man to give up when I feel that I am right."

"Neither is he," Egon added, "but since you seem so determined to nip this dainty blossom of love in the bud we'll hope it's not yet too late for a sharp frost to blight it."

"I sent for you," said the chancellor, brushing away metaphor with an impatient gesture, "to show me the precise spot on which to lay my finger."

"I'll do my best to deserve your confidence," responded Egon gracefully. "Let me see—where shall I begin? Well, as you know, it's simpler for the emperor to see a good deal of the woman he admires at a friend's house than almost anywhere else in his own country. This particular woman risked her life to save his, and it's so natural for him to be gracious in return that people would be surprised if he were not. There's so much in their favor at the commencement."

"Miss Mowbray and her mother arrived at Lyndalberg before the emperor, had made friends there and were ready for the campaign. The girl is undoubtedly beautiful—the prettiest creature, I think, I ever saw—and

she has a winning way which takes with women as well as men. Not one of her fellow guests seems to put a wrong construction on her flirtation with the emperor or his with her. The other men would think him blind if he didn't admire her as much as they do, and none of the women there are of the sort to be jealous. So, are you sure, Lorenz, that you're not taking too serious a view of the affair?"

"It can't be taken too seriously, considering the circumstances. I've told you my plans for the emperor's future. Princesses are women, and gossip is hydra headed. When the lady hears—that she who has been allowed to understand that the emperor of Rhaetia only waits for a suitable opportunity of formally asking for her hand—for she will surely hear, that he has seized this very moment for his first liaison, I tell you neither she nor her people are likely to accept the statement meekly. She's half German—on her father's side a cousin not too distant of William II. She's half English—on her mother's side related to the king through the line of the Sturarts. And in her there's a dash of American blood which comes from a famous grandmother who was descended from George Washington, a man as proud and with the right to be as proud as any king. All three countries would have reason to resent such an ungallant slight from Rhaetia."

"The little affair must be hushed up," said Egon. "It must be stopped, and at once," said the chancellor. "Ach!" sighed the young man, with as much meaning in the long drawn breath as the elder might care to read. And if it did not discourage it at least irritated him, "Go on!" he exclaimed sharply. "Go on with your sorry tale!" "After all, when one comes to the telling, there isn't a very great deal one can put into cut and dried words," explained Egon. "At table the emperor has his hostess on one side and his fair preserver on the other. The two talk as much together during meals as etiquette allows and perhaps a little more. Then, as the emperor has been often at Lyndalberg, he can act as eclaircisseur for a stranger. He has shown Miss Mowbray all the beauties of the place. He gathers her roses in the rose garden; he has guided her through the grottoes; he has piloted her through the labyrinth; he has told her which are the best dogs in the kennels and has given her the history of all the horses in the baron's stables. I know this from the table talk. He has explored the lake with Miss Mowbray and her mother in a motor boat. Perhaps you saw the party? And, whether or no he brought his automobile to Lyndalberg on purpose, in any case he's had the Mowbrays out in it several times already. One would hardly think he could have found a chance to do so much in such a short time, but our emperor is a man of action. Yesterday we had a picnic at the Seebachfall to see Thorwaldsen's Undine. Leopold and Miss Mowbray, being splendid climbers, reached the statue on the height over the fall long before the rest of us. At starting, however, I was close behind with the baroness and overheard some joke between the two about a mountain and a cow. The emperor spoke of milking as a fine art and said he'd lately been taking lessons. They laughed a great deal at this, and it was plain that they were on terms of comradeship. When a young man and a girl have a secret understanding, even the most innocent one, it puts them apart from others."

"Last night there were fireworks on the lake. The emperor and Miss Mowbray watched them together, for everything was conducted most informally. Afterward we had an impromptu cotillon, with three or four pretty new figures invented by the baroness. The emperor gave Miss Mowbray several favors, and one was a buckle of emerald forgetmenots. This morning there was tennis. The emperor and Miss Mowbray played together. They were both so skillful it was a pleasure to watch them. At luncheon they ate a double almond out of one shell, had a game over it, and Leopold caught Miss Mowbray napping. That brings us to the moment of my coming to you. For the afternoon I fancy the baroness was getting up a riding party, and this evening, unless they're too tired, she'll perhaps get up an amateur concert at which Miss Mowbray will sing. The girl has a delicious voice."

"The creature must be a fool or an adventuress," pronounced the chancellor. "If she has kept her senses she ought to know that nothing can come of this folly—except sorrow or scandal."

"So! You fancy her 'in love' with the emperor?"

"With the man rather than the emperor, if I'm a judge of character."

"Which you're not!" Iron Heart brusquely disposed of that suggestion. "The merest schoolgirl could pull the wool over your eyes if she cared to take the trouble."

"This one doesn't care a rap. She hardly knows that I exist."

"Humph!" the chancellor's eyes appraised his young brother's features. "That's a pity. You might have tried cutting the emperor out. Her affair with him can have no happy ending, while you, in spite of all your faults, with your good looks, our position and my money, wouldn't be a bad match for an ambitious girl."

"Your money?"

"I mean should I choose to make you my heir, and I would choose if you married to please me. Who are these Mowbrays?"

"I haven't had the curiosity to in-

quire into their antecedents," said Egon. "I only know that they're ladies, that they must be of some consequence in their own country or they couldn't have got the letters of introduction they have and that the girl is the prettiest on earth."

"Mechtild talked to me, I remember, a good deal about those letters of introduction," the chancellor reflected aloud. "But Rhaetia is a long cry from England, and letters might be forged. I've known such things to be done. Fetch me a big red volume you'll find on the third shelf from the door at the left of the south window. You can't miss it. It's Burke's Peerage."

Egon rose with alacrity to obey. He was rather thoughtful, for his brother had put an entirely new and exciting idea into his head.

Presently the red volume was discovered and laid on the desk before the chancellor, who turned the leaves over until he found the page desired. As his eye fell upon the long line of Mowbrays his face changed, and the bristling brows came together in a grizzled line. Apparently the women were not adventuresses, at least in the ordinary acceptance of the term.

There they were. His square tipped finger pressed down upon the printed names with a dig that might have signified his disposition toward their representatives.

"The girl's mother is the widow of Reginald, sixth Baron Mowbray," the old man muttered half aloud; "son, Reginald Edward, fifteen years of age; daughter, Helen Augusta, twenty-eight. Ah! She's no chicken, this young lady. She ought to be a woman of the world."

"Twenty-eight!" replied Egon. "I'll eat my hat if she's twenty-eight."

"Doesn't she look it by daylight?"

"Not an hour over nineteen; might be younger. Jove, I was never so surprised to learn a woman's age! By the bye, I heard her telling Baron von Lyndal last night, apropos of our great Rhaetian victory, that she was eleven years old on the day it took place. That would make her about twenty now. When she spoke I remember she gave a look at her mother across the room as though she were frightened. I suppose she was hoping there was no copy of this big red book at Lyndalberg."

"That thought might have been in her mind," assented the chancellor, "or else she"—He left his sentence unfinished and sat with unseeing eyes fixed in an owlish stare on the open page of Burke.

"I should like to know if you really meant what you said about my marriage a little while ago"—Egon ventured to attract his brother's attention—"because if you did"—

"If I did?"

"I might try very hard to please you in my choice of a wife."

"Be a little more explicit. You mean you would try to prove to Miss Mowbray that a captain of cavalry in the hand is worth an emperor in the bush—a bramble bush at that, eh?"

"Yes; I would do my best. And, as you say, I'm not without advantages."

"You are not. I was on the point of suggesting that you made the most of them in Miss Mowbray's eyes until you brought me this red book."

The large forefinger tapped the page of Mowbrays, while two lines which might have meant amusement or a sneer scored themselves on either side of the chancellor's mouth.

"And now you've changed your mind?" There was disappointment in Egon's voice.

"I don't say that. I say only wait. Make yourself as agreeable to the lady as you like. But don't pledge yourself, and don't count upon my promise or my money until you hear again. By that time—well, we shall see what we shall see. Keep your hand in. But wait—wait."

"How long am I to wait? If the thing's to be done at all it must be done soon, for meanwhile the emperor makes all the running."

The chancellor looked up again from the red book, his fist still covering the Mowbrays as if they were to be extinguished. "You are to wait," he said, "until I've had answers to a couple of telegrams I shall send tonight."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Here comes the Spring Winds to chap, tan and freckle. Use Pinesalve Carbolyzed. (Acts like a poultice) for cuts, sores, burns, chapped skin. Sold by Hood Bros.

The Perfect Way.

Scores of Smithfield Citizens Have Learned It.

If you suffer from backache, there is only one way to cure it. The perfect way is to cure the kidneys. A bad back means sick kidneys. Neglect it, urinary troubles follow. Doan's Kidney Pills are made for kidneys only.

R. E. Hagan, living at 216 and 218 E. Barnes St., Wilson, N. C., says: "For some time I suffered from disordered kidneys, and was caused misery by the severe pains through my back and loins. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they relieved the backaches and banished the pains in my loins. I have appealed to their use on some occasions since and they have always given me relief. My wife also used them for backache and an annoyance of the kidneys and the results were entirely satisfactory. Doan's Kidney Pills in my family proved to be one of the best kidney remedies on the market."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's and take no other.

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Half the sickness and suffering in Smithfield comes from a weak stomach.

Cure the cause by using Mi-o-na Stomach Tablets and be well and happy.

Even the most chronic cases yield to Mi-o-na. W. C. Worrell, connected with the Lake Shore Railroad for years says: "For fifteen years I had acute stomach trouble and nothing helped me. A friend recommended Mi-o-na and two boxes entirely cured me."

Cure the cause of your suffering and be well and happy.

If the stomach is weak and you have indigestion, flatulence, dizziness, headache, etc., get a 5-cent box of Mi-o-na from Hood Bros., druggists. They give an absolute guarantee to refund the money unless Mi-o-na cures.

NOTICE OF LAND SALE.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF JOHNSTON.

In the Superior Court before the Clerk,

B. B. Lee, et als,

Vs.

T. A. Lee and E. O. Lee

By virtue of the authority contained in a judgment obtained in the above entitled special proceedings, the undersigned Commissioner will on Monday, May 13th, 1908, at 12 o'clock M. sell to the highest bidder for cash at public auction at the Court House door in the town of Smithfield the following described tract of land:

Beginning at a stake at Wellons' corner and corner of lot No. 1 and runs that line and past the corner North 24 poles to a stake, a corner of lot No. 3, thence that line East 58 poles to a stake in the Wellons line, thence as it is marked about South 8-7/4 poles to a stake, thence with that line West to the beginning containing 35 acres more or less.

The above tract of land adjoins the lands of J. A. Tart and Uriah Westbrook in Meadow township and is sold for a division.

This April 18th, 1908.

James A. Wellons,

Commissioner.

NOTICE.

The undersigned having qualified as admr. on the estate of Cullen Grech, Sr., deceased, hereby notifies all persons having claims to present the same to me duly verified on or before the 24th day of April, 1908, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.

This 18th day of April 1908.

Jesse B. Creech, Administrator.

Pou and Brooks, Attorneys.

MORTGAGE SALE OF LAND.

By virtue of the power contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, bearing date of Nov. 23, 1907, and executed by M. B. Saunders and Anna N. Saunders, his wife, to J. H. Parker, and registered in Book "H" No. 9 page 465, in the office of the Register of Deeds in Johnston County, default having been made in the conditions set forth in said mortgage, I will, on Monday, the 1st day of June, 1908, at 12 o'clock noon, sell at the Court House door in Smithfield, N. C., at public auction, for cash, to the highest bidder, that valuable lot, situated in the town of Selma, N. C., covered by said mortgage and described more particularly as follows:

Beginning at a corner, C. Talton's (formerly Martha A. Smith) on Railroad Street, town of Selma, thence Northward at right angles with C. Talton's line ninety-four feet ten inches to the line of Masonic Lodge; thence 35 feet Eastwardly to H. D. Hood's corner; thence with Hood's line ninety-four feet ten inches to Railroad Street; thence thirty-five (35) feet West with Railroad Street to the beginning being a part of lot No. 85 in Block 22 of the Plan of Selma.

May 1, 1908.

NO WELLS & RICHARDSON, Inc.

Assignee of Mortgagee.

L. H. ALLRED, Attorney.

NOTICE.

The undersigned having qualified as Administrator on the estate of Pettie Price, deceased, hereby notifies all persons having claims against said estate to present the same to me duly verified on or before the 1st day of May 1908 or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.

This 28 day of April, 1908.

Jno. A. Narron

Admr.

NOTICE.

The undersigned having qualified as Administrator on the estate of G. Radford deceased, hereby notifies all persons having claims against said estate to present the same to W. W. Cole, Atty. duly verified on or before the 8 day of May 1908 or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.

This 5 day of May, 1908.

W. L. RADFORD,

Admr.

W. W. Cole, Attorney.

NOTICE.

By virtue of the authority contained in a mortgage Deed executed to me by Geo. Allen & wife on 6th day of Dec. 1906 and due on 6th day of Dec. 1908 and recorded in the registry of Johnston County Book G, No. 9, page 314 I will on Monday 1st day of June 1908 at the Court House door in the town of Smithfield sell for cash at public auction to the highest bidder the following tract of land lying and being in Bentonsville township and bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake and runs N. 87 W. 46 chains to the center of the road, thence with the center of the road 22-38 chains to a stake on the road, thence E. 23-30 chains to a stake, thence S. 3 W. 22-28 chains to the beginning containing (47 1/4) acres more or less.

This is a valuable little farm with about a one-horse crop cleared. Sale made to satisfy said mortgage.

This May 1, 1908.