

THE DEATH OF MRS. E. J. HAMLIN

More Sorrow Has Come to This Family Which Has Had Much Trouble During the Past Few Months.

CAME FROM THE WEST

Had Returned Only a Week When Death Came as a Relief to Long Suffering and Sickness.

Mrs. E. J. Hamlin, who returned but a short time ago from the west where she went for her health, passed away at 12 o'clock last evening, death being caused from tuberculosis.

Mrs. Hamlin is of a family which has much trouble during the past few months. It will be remembered that a short time ago Mr. Hamlin fell and broke both arms. Mrs. Hamlin was sick abed with tuberculosis and was expected to live and two of the little children were very sick. The little children have recovered and Mr. Hamlin has improved, but the condition of the wife and mother grew worse until her death last evening.

Mrs. Hamlin was seriously ill for nearly six months and went west a short time ago living in South Dakota in an effort to regain her health.

The former home of the Hamlin family was 1627 Johnson street, but upon the return of Mrs. Hamlin the family has been living at 1723 Concord street where the death of Mrs. Hamlin occurred.

Born in Norway.

The deceased was born in Norway in 1874, the 15th day of January. She came to this country at the age of sixteen years and was married in South Dakota eight years ago. For four years she had lived in Keokuk.

The surviving relatives are three children, Horace aged 7; Inez aged 5 and Lillian age 3; mother in Norway; a sister in South Dakota and two brothers, one in South Dakota and the other in Idaho.

No arrangements have as yet been made for the funeral.

Washington's Plague Spots

Life in the low, marshy bottoms of the Potomac, the breeding ground of malaria germs. These germs cause chills, fever and ague, biliousness, jaundice, lassitude, weakness and general debility and bring suffering or death to thousands yearly. But Eleo-Bitters never fail to destroy them and cure malaria troubles. They are the best all-around tonic and cure for malaria I ever used," writes R. M. James, of Louellen, S. C. They cure Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Blood troubles and will prevent Typhoid. Try them, 50c. Guaranteed by Wilkinson & Co. and J. F. Kiedalsch & Son.

THE LADIES

WERE SURPRISED

Ambrosia Anti-Horse Thief Association of Montrose Had a Very Enjoyable Meeting.

MONTROSE, Iowa, Feb. 12.—The Ambrosia Anti-Horse-Thief association created a sly maneuver on the ladies of their families which resulted in a big feast Wednesday night at the home of David Kennedy, secretary of the order. The women have twice surprised the men at their regular meetings with quantities of good things to eat; so the men resolved to pay them back with interest and also to keep it a profound secret event to the moment of arriving at the appointed place. Various fibs were told to their better halves as to where and why they were going on such a cold night and over such rough roads, causing some of the good wives to fear something was wrong with the brains of their spouses.

Doubts were expressed as to the ability of the men to cook oyster soup without scorching, and polite hints were thrown out to that effect, which

Most children eat too much,

overtax the digestion, get thin, weak, languid, stop growing—that's malnutrition or non-digestion of food.

Scott's Emulsion

has helped countless thousands in this condition. It is both nourishment and medicine—a most powerful aid to digestion.

A small dose three times a day will work wonders, but be sure to get Scott's.

Send this advertisement, together with name of paper in which it appears, your address and four cents to cover postage, and we will send you a complete Handy Atlas of the World.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street, New York

AFTER SUFFERING TEN YEARS

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

MARLTON, N. J.—I feel that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has given me new life. I suffered for ten years with serious female troubles, inflammation, ulceration, indigestion, nervousness, and could not sleep. Doctors gave me up, as they said my troubles were chronic. I was in despair, and did not care whether I lived or died, when I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; so I began to take it, and am well again and relieved of all my suffering. —Mrs. GEORGE JORDY, Box 40, Marlton, N. J.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures for female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

were received with scorn and almost open violence, and the amiable dames were hustled out of the kitchen and the door locked. When the summons came to surround the board many were the exclamations of praise and surprise at the pretty way in which the viands were arranged. The guests tasted and exclaimed and flattered and begged for more until the men were puffed up with pride.

The women and children were served first, then the men showed their bravery by eating their own cooking. The feast consisted of oyster soup, crackers, pickles, coffee, buns, cold boiled ham, cake of various kinds and candy, which was served to seventy-five persons.

The men who shined in their special line were: William Leeper, master of ceremonies; John Mechslem, soup expert; Charles Anderson, maker of No. 1 coffee; Thomas Dillon, dish-washer; Herman Thon, carver-in-chief, and other aides, each performing his appointed task in a praiseworthy manner.

The young folks sang songs and played games, while the women visited and admired each other's babies, all the guests departing at the solemn hour of midnight, lighted home by the rays of the waning moon.

MORE ABOUT "BILLY" SUNDAY

Baseball Evangelist Becomes a Booster at Farewell Banquet in Spokane.

[Gate City Special Service.] SPOKANE, Wash., Feb. 15.—This is something about the conversion of Rev. "Billy" Sunday, who has just just closed a series of revival meetings in the Tabernacle, where he added 5,786 names to the church membership of Spokane since December 25. The ex-baseballist became a full fledged "booster" at a farewell luncheon in honor of himself and his family in the Hall of the Doges, where 250 men, representing every branch of commercial, industrial, financial and professional activity in the city, were hosts. R. B. Paterson, who presided, invested the evangelist with the 150,000 Club triangle, prior to which Sunday testified in open meeting, saying in part:

"Spokane has been a revelation to me. I came out here expecting to find every man wearing spurs on his boots, a sombrero on his head and a gun strapped to his hip. I had an idea everything was wild and woolly and waist-deep in sin and vice. I was dumfounded with what I really found during the stay of seven weeks—a modern city with 120,000 progressive people, the financial and commercial center of a rich district, with vast developed riches in mines, forests, stock ranges, grain fields and orchards. I found good citizenship and the real love of home and upright business men, and a high moral and religious spirit in city and country.

"No man ever left your city with a more highly excited opinion of the community and its people than 'Billy' Sunday. I am coming back in a year or so, when I expect to build a home somewhere in this inland empire and settled down where I can spend the rest of my days and do something for my fellows."

More than \$12,000 in thank-offerings was contributed during the last two days of the tabernacle meetings and this was presented to the evangelist on the eve of his departure. Others in the party were also remembered with purses of gold and presents.

FRANK W. DAVIS ELECTED CASHIER

Keokuk Savings Bank Directors Met This Morning and Selected Successor For the Office Made Vacant.

WILL SUCCEED MATHIAS

Howard L. Connable Was Elected as Vice President to Succeed Mr. Davis Who Was Elected to Other Place.

At a meeting this morning of the directors of the Keokuk Savings bank, Frank W. Davis was elected as cashier of the bank to succeed the late A. J. Mathias, whose untimely and sad death left the vacancy in that office in the bank.

The resignation of Mr. Davis as vice president of the bank was accepted and Howard L. Connable was elected as vice president. Then the directors elected Mr. Davis as cashier. Mr. Mathias was a director of the bank and the vacancy in the board will be filled later at an election by the stockholders.

Over Thirty Years. Mr. Davis has been with the Keokuk Savings bank for over thirty years and has been vice president of the bank for a number of years past. He is thoroughly conversant with the banking business and entirely qualified to take the cashier's desk.

He possesses conservative and wise judgment in financial matters and will make an efficient officer. The business interests of the city have confidence in his ability and judgment.

The new vice president, Howard L. Connable has been a director of the bank for several years, succeeding his late father as a director and adds to the strength of the bank by becoming an officer.

No other changes were made at the director's meeting this morning.

Resolutions of Respect. At a joint meeting of the directors of the Keokuk National Bank and the State Central Savings Bank, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Death has taken from us A. J. Mathias, who so long and honorably filled the office of director and cashier of the Keokuk Savings Bank, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the directors of the Keokuk National Bank and the State Central Savings Bank mourn and deplore his death as a loss to the community, in whose welfare he was always interested, and while not seeking office or honors of any kind was ever ready to bear his full share of any responsibility which might be put upon him.

Resolved, That as a banker and business man his sound judgment and good sense were always to be trusted, and his strict integrity and high sense of honor were an inspiration to all.

Resolved, That we tender his wife and children, on whom the loss of a loving husband and kind father will fall the heaviest, our deepest sympathy.

E. S. BAKER, Pres. J. A. DUNLAP, Cashier. WM. LIGAN, Pres. C. J. BODE, Cashier. February 5, 1909.

CATARRH IMMEDIATE RELIEF IF YOU USE HYOMEI

Breathe it through the pocket in haler and kill the catarrh germs. Complete outfit, \$1.00, including inhaler. Extra bottles, 50 cents. Hyomei is guaranteed by Wilkinson & Co. to cure catarrh, bronchitis, croup, coughs, and colds, or money back. Gives quick relief in consumption. Sold in every town in America.

Iowa Supreme Court Decisions.

[Special to The Gate City.] DES MOINES, Iowa, Feb. 15.—Gray, appellant, against Wright, Monroe; affirmed. Jordan Co., appellant, against Sperry Bros., Lee; affirmed. Brown against North, appellant, Guthrie; affirmed. Cree against Bradley's Bank, appellant, Appanoose; affirmed. City of Oskaloosa, appellant, against Oskaloosa Traction Co., Mahaska; affirmed. Green Ridge Fuel Co., appellant, against Little John, Mahaska; affirmed.

Foley's Crino Laxative cures constipation and liver trouble and makes the bowels healthy and regular. Orino is superior to pills and tablets as it does not gripe or nauseate. Why take anything else? Wilkinson & Co. and J. F. Kiedalsch & Son.

THE Redfields

By LILLIAN W. HALE.

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"Oh, if we can get away!" Elizabeth sighed with rapture at the prospect.

"It looks now as if we might. We are about to demonstrate the power of money."

When they reached the next station the porter presented himself with a flourish.



tain pen concealed in his breast pocket and a sheet of note paper. Aileen took them.

"What is your name?" "Moses Wright."

"She rapidly filled out a check, and placed a figure two with a cipher following it."

"Twenty dollars?" He shook his head. She added another cipher.

"Two hundred?" He looked doubtful. She placed another cipher.

"Two thousand; that is all I will pay. Will you take it?" "Lawd, yassum! dat's a heap o' money."

"It is yours. Now if we don't get out of this car tonight and be free, I shall write to the bank to stop the money."

"All right, ma'am; I'll git you out sho!"

She gave him the check and he left the station.

"I think you ought to have waited until we were out before giving him the money. You can't get a letter mailed; you know that."

"Yes, you are right; you should have told me that before. He does not realize that I can't send a letter; besides, he will be afraid of having his money stopped, for we can't go much farther—you see we must have almost reached the limit of the United States. However, it is done now. Let us hope for the best."

An hour after, there was the lurching and jarring of switching; and by craning from the windows they both saw an engine back up to the sleeper they were in, and couple to it.

Soule had got a special engine, as the express went no more in the direction he wished to go. After this they went much faster.

In a few minutes the door was opened by a strange man, white and rather well dressed. He said nothing, but handed a sealed envelope to Aileen, and retired, locking the door again.

"It is from Richard; I shall not read it."

"I would; it may have some information that he may not mean to give."

"That is so, but he would not be so stupid as to give us information or a loophole, I am sure."

She opened the note and the torn fragments of her check fell out. There was nothing else in it.

The girls looked at each other with blank faces.

"It is all over," said Aileen. "With an engine of his own, he will not stop at stations any more. Do you think it will help us to weep and wail?"

"No," said Elizabeth in a dull hopeless tone; "it is of no use; but when the door is opened again, let us be ready, surprise our jailer and escape."

"We will try it. It is growing a desperate case now. We are stopping, let us look out, and we can see maybe. We are in the woods, with nothing but a sidewalk visible. It is nearly dark too."

"And the evening and the morning were the third day," said Elizabeth. "I hope fervently that the locomotive has broken down."

"I see a red light; some one is halting us."

"Yes. Look back, Aileen; there is a train behind us. I wonder if it will pass us on this track. Oh! let us hail them and get them to take us away from Richard; surely some one will believe us."

"It is coming. Hear Richard curse! There must be something wrong."

"Orders in orders, sir. I've got to let this engine go by first, it's orders from the superintendent."



SHE OPENED THE NOTE AND THE TORN FRAGMENTS OF THE CHECK FELL OUT.

"What in hell do I care for your little superintendent? If you don't close that switch, I'll kill you! God! I wish I had my crow here!"

The engine behind came down the siding at a fearful speed, shot past the other to the main line, stopped, reversed, and began backing; in the fierce glare of the headlight from his own engine, Richard saw, standing on the rear platform of the single Pullman, Clinker and Stanley, both of them with the fierce light of vengeance in their eyes.

He sprang back to his engine, and savagely ordered his engineer to reverse.

"Better not," said the man with the red lantern; "that switch is open; you'll wreck your train. Me and my pardner had orders this evening to stop this train and have the switch open back of it; so you can't run that a-way, sir."

"Trapped! By God! I'll see to it that I win somewhere."

He drew a revolver from his pocket and took aim at Clinker, who was an excellent mark, all illumined as he was by the glare of the headlight. The two huge engines, brought to a standstill under such pressure of steam, snorted and hissed like two monsters preparing for battle.

Soule shot, he thought with deadly aim; the ball buried itself in Clinker's shoulder, breaking the collar-bone. Instantly Soule received a bullet in return, plunging up his right arm.

"I only meant to wing him," said Clinker to Stanley. "Be ready, if he shoots again. Kill him."

"I will," said Stanley. While he was speaking, a bullet sung past his car, fired by Soule's left hand, Stanley's shot, meant to kill, was diverted by a sudden lurch of the car as it came to a dead stop, and passed between Richard's arm and body.

The engineer dragged Richard away from the cab-window and shouted: "We surrender!"

He wrenched Richard's revolver from his hand, saying: "It's all right; but I am not going to be killed in this fight."

When the first shot was fired, the girls jumped to their feet.

"I am not going to stay here," said Elizabeth; and taking a heavy silver soap-dish from the toilet room, she, at one blow, shattered the glass in the door leading into the body of the car. A few

though he is the criminal. The decrees of the law are final. I will explain all this later, Aileen. I mean to get him to a hospital, save his life, and arrest him for your abduction afterwards."

"Oh, no! Do not make it public, Stanley; do not. I beg of you."

"Do you wish to save him?" "No, not that—he is punished already; but the papers, the awful publicity! Oh, dear Stanley, I have had so much of that! It would kill me."

"Do you really wish him set free, Aileen?"

Stanley had all of a man's reluctance to release his enemy without punishment.

"I think, Stanley," said Elizabeth, "that it will be exceedingly disagreeable to go into court against this man. You remember last year a case you had in which a girl was carried off; and you said that it was not easy to prove that she was not a willing victim. Some might look upon Aileen and me as willing victims, and how would we prove it otherwise? We, apparently, did leave Aileen's house prepared for a journey. It certainly will not be pretty, Stanley, to put it before a jury."

"She is right, Red. To prosecute would only harm our girls," said Clinker.

"Well, we will let him go."

"Why don't you kill me?" said Richard. "I do not ask quarter from you."

"We do not kill helpless people. Take him along, boys."

The porters lifted Richard between them and with the help of the engineers and firemen, they got him settled comfortably in a berth.

Stanley and Aileen took a seat together in their car and talked over past events.

Clinker was put to bed and Elizabeth sat beside him, and in the joy of again being together he almost forgot the pain of the ball in his shoulder and of his broken bones. In a very short time they were backing both trains, and soon were lying homeward as fast as steam could carry them.

At the first town of any size they got a surgeon, and he attended to Clinker's shoulder and Richard's arm. He said there was almost no danger for Clinker, but looked grave over Richard's severed artery, and was persuaded to accompany him to Macon and to see him cared for at a hospital. It was long before they again heard anything of Richard Soule.

A telegram was sent home as soon as they reached an office, and it so happened that it came a few minutes after the letter Elizabeth had written on Aileen's card. The whole family pored in vain over the postmark; they could not make it out; it was too faintly stamped.

(To be continued.)

Tom's ball having cut the main artery in his arm.

Elizabeth, after one very loving but hasty kiss, was getting off Clinker's coat to attend to his wound. Stanley knelt by Richard and cut up the sleeves of his clothing and, under Clinker's directions so bound the wounded arm as to stop the blood.

"Give him some brandy," said Elizabeth. "You need some yourself, Tom."

"We haven't any; have you?" turning to the scared and useless porter. "Get it!" The man went into his stores and brought out a bottle, drew the cork, and handed it to Stanley.

"Let me give it to him," said Aileen. "I don't want him to die."

"I don't want to be the one to murder him," said Tom, "though he wanted to murder me."

When Richard opened his eyes, he saw Aileen bending over him, holding a big bottle of Hennessy to his mouth, much of it running down his neck.

"Aileen, my darling!" She frowned, all the pity gone at the words, and drew back.

Stanley called the two porters. "Take up this man and put him on his train, and take him back to Macon and put him in a hospital. When he is well, we will deal with him."

"Do you mean to let him go, Redfield?" asked Tom.

"He is wounded and in our power; shall we keep him?" "Don't you need to keep him to clear Gerald?" asked Aileen.

Stanley shook his head. "He will be of no use in the matter of the forgery. That was ended forever when Gerald was convicted."

"Will Gerald never be free?" "Oh, yes; but not by trying Richard,



WHEN RICHARD OPENED HIS EYES HE SAW AILEEN BENDING OVER HIM.

though he is the criminal. The decrees of the law are final. I will explain all this later, Aileen. I mean to get him to a hospital, save his life, and arrest him for your abduction afterwards."

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EMERALD BRAND. Use Big 60 for analgesic, discharge inflammation, irritation, or absorption of mucous membranes. Painless, and not addictive or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

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