

MARKED DOWN TO \$1,999. PRICE

Lawsuit in the District Court Marks the Damages Asked For at a Rather Odd Figure.

AGAINST THE RAILROAD

Albert A. Campbell Asks Damages From the Company For Injuries to His Left Foot and Ankle.

"Marked down to \$1,999" might be an appropriate sign on a damage suit filed in the district court against the C. B. & Q. railway company by Albert A. Campbell, who asks that sum as damages from the company for an accident.

The petition filed, charges the company with negligence in not having cars installed with couplers in good order, or blocking the switch frogs and protecting them. The petition recites the following:

On November 5, 1906, plaintiff entered the employ of the company as a switchman and continued as the same until June 12, 1907, on which date he was injured.

The accident happened while he was engaged in switching cars on Water street between Blondeau and Exchange streets, in assisting in the work, without any fault of his, his left foot was caught and fastened in a switch frog, the wheels of the car ran against, into and over his left foot and ankle.

The Car Coupler.

His foot was crushed, torn and mangled. The car was not provided with automatic safety couplers in good condition as required by the state laws, but the coupler was defective and unsafe, the company being charged with negligence in using said car with defective and unsafe coupler and the switch frog in the same condition and not properly blocked and protected.

The left foot and ankle were crushed, torn, mangled and split, the patient suffering and still suffering great bodily and mental pain and anguish. He states that he has lost time from work and was compelled to pay out money for medicine and medical services.

The injury is said to be permanent, the foot is now deformed and will continue to be so during the life of plaintiff, who will be deprived of the free use of said foot and ankle for the remainder of his life.

He asks damages to the sum of \$1,999 with costs.

SALEM, IOWA.

SALEM, Mo., June 11.—Mrs. Kate Hoggatt went to Mt. Hamill Wednesday to spend a few days with her sister, Mrs. Henry.

Mrs. William Johnson and two sons spent last week visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin at New London.

Thomas McQuay who underwent a surgical operation for throat trouble Tuesday is getting along as well as can be expected.

Fred Garretson of Keokuk, was a

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Louisville, Ky.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has certainly done me a world of good and I cannot praise it enough. I suffered from irregularities, dizziness, nervousness, and a severe female trouble. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored me to perfect health and kept me from the operating table. I will never be without this medicine in the house."—Mrs. SAM L. LEE, 3523 Fourth St., Louisville, Ky.

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guest last week, of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Garretson and other relatives at this place.

C. A. Stevens, W. M., was at Davenport last week, a delegate at Masonic Grand Lodge.

Rowland Davidson is a guest of his cousin, O. G. Davidson near Moravia.

Frank Davidson has gone on a trip through some of the western states. Harry Barber came from Burlington Saturday for a short visit with his father, Rev. G. W. Barber.

Miss Patti Frame of Fairfield is a guest of friends at Salem.

Floyd Beery went to Chicago Saturday with a car load of sheep.

Mrs. Hattie Wideman, of Greeley, Colo., arrived Tuesday to visit her brother, Charles Davidson and her sister, Mrs. Vina Wilmetts.

H. C. Cooper and family came from Burlington Wednesday and remained until Monday visiting at the home of his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Cooper.

Saturday Principal C. R. Hayes came home from State Normal school at Cedar Falls, for a week's vacation.

Mrs. Frank Hawkins and two sons of Hannibal, Mo., were at the J. W. Hawkins home Tuesday and Wednesday.

CHAMBERLAIN'S STOMACH AND LIVER TABLETS

will brace up the nerves, banish sick headache, prevent drowsiness and invigorate the whole system. Sold by Wilkinson & Co., Pharmacy, and J. F. Kiedalsch & Son.

SUMMITTVILLE.

SUMMITTVILLE, June 11.—The long looked for Children's Day entertainment given by the members of the Christian Sunday school, came off Sunday evening. A large crowd was in

attendance, the evening was fine, the program deserves special mention as it was extraordinarily good. The collection was large. Financially it was a success. May the good work go on.

Miss Jennie Hancock of Keokuk is the guest of her cousin, Miss Mabel Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Prior Brown and their two daughters attended the ball game in Keokuk Sunday.

Miss Mary Harwick of Montrose has resigned her position at the county home.

Mrs. George Wright is entertaining her mother of Oregon who is to spend some time at this village.

Miss Maymie Hardy and her escort drove to Keokuk Saturday evening.

Miss Mary Sawyer of Vincennes, has a position at the home of Mrs. Prior Brown.

James Alderton made a business trip to our village Tuesday.

Miss Saddle Larson of Keokuk was the guest last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Larson.

H. S. Brown was a Keokuk caller Monday.

Miss Patti and Emily Miller attended the entertainment at this place Sunday.

If you are not satisfied after using according to directions two-thirds of a bottle of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, you can have your money back. The tablets cleanse and invigorate the stomach, improve the digestion, regulate the bowels. Give them a trial and get well. Sold by Wilkinson & Co., Pharmacy, and J. F. Kiedalsch & Son.

FARMINGTON.

One of the most successful entertainments ever given in Farmington by local talent was the sacred cantata "David, the Shepherd Boy," given Friday night at the M. E. church under the auspices of the Epworth league.

Miss Ruth Dibble left Tuesday for a weeks visit with friends in Ottumwa.

Mrs. Sallie Masmarr visited over Sunday with friends in Athens.

John Hasman of Davenport arrived Monday for a visit with relatives.

George L. Reid returned Wednesday from Okaloosa, where he has been in attendance at the national holiness association.

Sam Garver, a student at Ames, visited over Sunday with his mother at this place.

Mrs. Lucy Mills of Bonaparte is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Frank Townsend.

Mrs. Otis Goodenough and daughter Hazel, of Memphis, Mo., are the guests of Rev. G. C. Goodenough and family.

Miss Alpha Ware has gone to Kewanee, Ill., to spend the summer with her sister, Mrs. Roscoe McKiernan.

Mrs. C. W. Dodds and Miss Mary Burns of Keosauqua arrived Friday evening for a visit with Mrs. P. K. Ware.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hagstange visited over Sunday with Mrs. Hagstange's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Robb in Ft. Madison.

Mrs. L. H. Reinsler is visiting her husband in Carrollton, Mo.

Mrs. Vina Simmons and children returned Tuesday from a visit with relatives in Croton.

Mrs. Chas. Bucholtz of Eustis, Neb., is visiting at the home of Henry Epcholtz near Farmington.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Wilkin and son of Monarch, Wyo., are visiting Mrs. Wilkin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Rockwell.

Claude Payne and Miss Ethel Matheny of Keokuk were married in a carriage just across the line in Lee county, Rev. J. C. Shipp was the officiating clergyman. The groom procured his license in Keokuk before coming to Farmington where the bride was visiting her mother out at the Blue Jacket mine.

EARTHQUAKE AGAIN SHAKES MESSINA

The Inhabitants of the Ruined City Rush From Their Homes in Terror.

MESSINA, June 10.—Two earthquake shocks were felt here today at an interval of about six minutes. The first shock was slight, but the second had a strong undulatory movement and lasted ten seconds. The populace were greatly frightened and hundreds of persons ran out of the buildings. Several walls collapsed, but no one was injured.

"Jim" Hagerman and the Ponies. New York Press: Judge James Hagerman, general counsel of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad, comes to New York from St. Louis, his home, frequently, and if there is any racing going on he makes a break for the track. It matters not how busy the judge is, he can always find time to see the ponies. He bets, too, though not the limit. "I like to have a little down, so's I can enjoy the race better," he says. In St. Louis it's the same way. He will not allow the press of professional work to keep him away from his delight, and he has been holding his present job for twenty years or more.

Colds that hang on weaken the constitution and develop into consumption. Foley's Honey and Tar cures persistent coughs that refuse to yield to other treatment. Do not experiment with untried remedies as delay may result in your cold settling on your lungs. Wilkinson & Co.



Barring the Gates. K. RILEY DENT. Copyrighted 1908. by Publishers. Never had the woman's voice rung so



THEIR EYES MET IN ONE FATAL GLANCE.

sweet. So thought the man listening, his eyes wandering from the white fingers on the keys to the delicate profile. Was this like the song of the swan, the last and sweetest.

"We will have the valedictory and close the exercises," Elba said smiling. "The hour is growing late, I know you are tired."

The man's face grew white. His hands were cold and trembling. He thought that he understood how one felt when listening to the reading of his death warrant.

Striking the chords, she sang a simple little thing she had learned years before when at school. A little song of farewell to her classmates.

"Sweet have been the hours together. But now comes the parting day, Hope, her rosy wreath is twining While we sing our parting lay."

She had sung only the one verse, when some peculiar sound, she never knew what caused her to turn and look at the man standing almost behind her. It sounded like a half suppressed sigh.

Their eyes met in one fatal glance. It was only a look, but in that look was a meaning that words could never convey.

Hearts untuned to love could never understand. In a language known only to love, heart had spoken to heart and understood.

"Two shall be born the whole wide world apart, And speak in different tongues, and have no thought Each of the other's being, and no heed; And these o'er unknown seas, to unknown lands Shall cross, escaping wrecks, defying death; And all unconsciously shape every act And bend each wandering step to this one end. That one day out of darkness they shall meet, And read life's meaning in each other's eyes. And this is Fate."

The man's face was ghastly. A crimson tide dyed the woman's. Her bosom rose and fell heavily. She put one hand over her eyes, as if to shut out what she had seen. Her head dropped forward on the piano.

"God forgive me and pity us both. I never intended you to know."

He put out his hand as if to touch her bowed head, but did not. He turned away stepped through the low window and left her alone. A moment later she heard him in conversation with her husband.

"He can talk," she thought bitterly. She could not, she told herself, if her life depended on her doing so. But he was a man. What would he do when he was gone? Would he go back to his own world and take up the same old routine and forget this night? And she! The old content, and half learned lesson of resignation were done away with forever. What would her future be?

She did not try to reason nor argue with herself. Did not try to excuse her crime, she had not the power. Her mind seemed to move mechanically evolving one thought after another without any volition on her part. She only realized that an overwhelming shame and bitter sorrow had come to her.

From the purity the voices came to her, one loud and grating the other low and musical. She started and lifted her head when she heard her husband say wages. Memory swept backward, again she heard Aunt Debby say, "The wages of sin is death." And Judge Lawson's warning: "Honor sleeps sometimes. Love never."

Afterwards, when she thought of this night, she remembered going to her room and to bed without kissing Blossom good-night. Whether she slept or not she never knew. She knew that she felt old and hopeless when she rose the next morning. Her heart had stood still for an instant when her husband told her that Mr. Law-

rence had gone, then took up its burden of woe and beat on.

"Wouldn't stay for breakfast," the miner declared. "Wanted to catch the early train. Sick of this life, I guess and keen to get back home. Some woman at the bottom of all this sudden hurry. I'll bet. Well he's a devilish fine fellow and she'll do well to get him, no difference who she is. Paid the spot cash for his interest in the business. Hope his investment will pan out well and he'll not be sorry he came out here. Wouldn't let me send him over in the trap. Said he'd rather walk. He's the kind of a fellow you oughter have married. When I die and leave you a rich widow you can go for him providin' the woman he's got on the string now hasn't roped him in. You'd make a spanking team and don't you forget it."

With a loud laugh he left the room, never noticing the white face looking out of the window.

The winter rains were over. The soft spring breezes, and bright sunshine were robbing the mining district of its desolate appearance. Flowers were springing along the mountain edge. Birds were singing their songs of mating. Life, at the home of the miner had settled back into the same old groove, except that he went earlier to work and returned later.

His conversation of stocks and dividends, wages and blasts, his wife listened to with a patience remarkable when we consider how tired she was of it all. He saw that she was unhappy, but never guessed the real truth. Thought it only the old wound ranking. Thought her pining for congenial society and again insisted that she go back east for a time anyway.

This was harder than ever for the man to do for never had his wife been so gentle, so considerate of his feelings, so almost affectionate, as during the months just past. He little knew that her changed demeanor was penance for the great wrong done him. He, big hearted lover, thinking her lonely, urged her to return home. She persistently refused. Sometimes she longed to go. In all probability she would meet Brent Lawrence, but she avoided temptation and stayed close beside duty.

Late one afternoon accompanied by Blossom, Jocko and Brave, she walked out toward the mines to meet the father and husband. When some distance from the house they saw approaching rapidly one of the laborers from the mines. He was a stranger to Elba, but she knew he was one of the fraternity.

"Be that George Sanders' house?" He came nearer and halted. His breath was coming quick, from excitement, and rapid walking.

"It is," the woman replied. The man started forward again.

"What is your errand, please? Mr. Sanders is not there. He is at the mines."

"Yes, I know. My business is with his wife."

"I am his wife. Is there anything wrong?" Riffs of white crossed her face.

"Not yer be'n't his wife fur God sake!" The words broke from the man's lips unconsciously.

"I am Mrs. Sanders." There was a sudden uplifting of the head, a return of the Carlyle ring in the woman's voice.

"Well, fur God's sake, I'd never guessed it. Fur—"

"Have you a message for me?"

"I have, marm." He took off his cap and stood with bared head looking from the woman to the child. Blossom had left her playmates, and stood close beside her mother, her great wide eyes, like pansies, raised to the man's face, as though she realized that something unusual had happened.

Even Brave and Jocko were quiet, and stood as though listening. The latter, winking one eye at the man, seemed to say, "You haven't much the advantage of me in appearance, if you can talk."

"I was to say to his wife, that a shaft gave way this afternoon, and—the boss, was—was—"

"He was killed." It was an assertion, not a question, that broke from the woman's cold lips. She knew as well as if the man, and not she, had spoken the words.

"'s it," was the reply. The man drew his rough sleeve across his eyes. "He was a kind boss, and the boys is terribly cut up over it. They told me ter break it ter you as easy—My God, lady, are you goin' ter faint!" The man was frightened

at the pallor of the woman's face. Her blue lips moved as if in prayer, but made no sound.

Not seeming to hear the man's last remark, Elba took her child by the hand and turned toward the house.

"Wait here, please, until I can get my hat, and I will go with you."

"Haden't you better not, lady!" The man shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. The fingers holding his cap, worked nervously.

"Why shouldn't I? He's my husband." She turned upon him almost fiercely.

"But the body. It's, it's—You can't see it."

"Not see my own husband? Yes I will go."

"Yes, I know, lady," he said in a hesitating tone, "but it's buried under the coal and rock."

"Oh, merciful God! And they've not recovered his body?"

"That's it." In a tone of relief. Glad that at last she understood. The boys had been working like beavers since noon as has the gentleman what come this mornin', but it's no go. When the sun began to go down Jim Rice told me ter come tell you."

(To be continued.)

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"HE WAS KILLED." IT WAS AN ASSERTION, NOT A QUESTION THAT BROKE FROM THE WOMAN'S LIPS.