

THE IOWA ELKS MEET TOMORROW

Gate Convention is to be held in Dubuque This Week and Hundreds Will be in Attendance.

KEOKUK DELEGATION

The Annual Event Promises to be One of the Biggest Things Which Ever Happened in Iowa.

The third annual reunion of the Elks of Iowa is to be held this week at Dubuque and while Keokuk will not send a special train as some of the other lodges will do, the local lodge will be well represented at the convention.

Exalted Ruler L. F. Wolf, Secretary Wm. H. Reimbold and Judge Rice F. Bell will attend the meeting as will also Dr. Sohl and a number of other members, most of whom will leave tomorrow afternoon for Dubuque.

The entertainment committee at Dubuque has been assured that there will be not less than 3,000 Elks in line in the big competitive parade there on Thursday morning with the possibility of the number reaching 5,000. There will surpass any street demonstration display that will exceed anything before witnessed in Iowa.

The officers of the association at present are: President—Phil Mackey, Muscatine. First Vice President—Lloyd R. Maxwell, Marshalltown. Second Vice President—A. W. Brown, Waterloo. Secretary—Joe R. Fralley, Fort Madison. Treasurer—A. Henningbaum, Davenport.

The program for the two days' convention, including the preliminary celebration on Tuesday evening, is as follows: Tuesday evening—Men's size social at Germania hall. A get-together party of the genuine brand.

Wednesday morning—First business session. Wednesday afternoon—Excursion on the steamer J. S.

Wednesday night—Special program at Union park. Thursday morning—Business session.

Thursday afternoon—"Going away" social and big barbecue. Thursday night—Departure for home.

That listens like enough to keep the visitors busy, and all are planning on having the time of their lives.

Organized in Davenport. The Iowa State Elks' association was organized in a meek manner in Davenport four years ago. There were only a handful of delegates at that meeting. The next year the convention was held in Des Moines with a large attendance. Last year's meeting at Waterloo was a stellar event, one that indicated the great growth of the organization. And now comes Dubuque—the biggest and best of all up to date. The association has excited so much interest among

JUST ONE DAY

How the Coffee Drinker Compromises His Health.

Some people say: "Coffee don't hurt me" and then add: "Anyway I only drink one cup a day." If coffee really don't hurt why not drink more? There is but one answer and that is coffee does hurt them and they know it. When they drink it once a day they compromise with their enemy. There are people whom one cup of coffee a day will put in bed, if the habit be continued.

"Although warned by physicians to let coffee alone I have always been so fond of it that I continued to use it," confesses an Ohio lady. "I compromised with myself and drank just one cup every morning until about six weeks ago.

"All the time I was drinking coffee I had heart trouble that grew steadily worse and finally I had such alarming sensations in my head (sometimes causing me to fall down) that I at last took my doctor's advice and quit coffee and began to use Postum in its place.

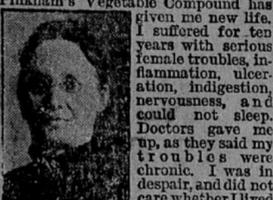
"The results have been all that the doctor hoped for, I have not only lost my craving for coffee and enjoy my good Postum just as well, but my heart trouble has ceased and I have no more dizzy spells in my head. I feel better in every way and consider myself a very fortunate woman to have found the truth about Postum."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville." There's a Reason.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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 pills 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.

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 of 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, period 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.

The antlered herd that its development has been marvelous. By the time it comes Davenport's turn to entertain again, the attendance will probably have reached the 20,000 mark. This is a demonstration of the stride with which the association has advanced.

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Alone in Sawmill at Midnight unmindful of dampness, drafts, storms or cold, W. J. Atkins worked as night watchman at Banner Springs, Tenn. Such exposure gave him a severe cold that settled on his lung. At last he had to give up work. He tried many remedies but all failed till he used Dr. King's New Discovery. "After using one bottle" he writes, "I went back to work as well as ever." Severe Colds, stubborn Coughs, inflamed throats and sore lungs, Hemorrhages, Croup and whooping Cough get quick relief and prompt cure from this glorious medicine. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free, guaranteed by Wilkinson & Co., and J. F. Kiedaisch & Son.

MINE BUNK HOUSE WAS LOOTED

Three Masked Men Got \$40,000 in Gold and Made Their Escape.

TELLURIDE, Colo., June 14.—Posses today are searching the mountains near here for three masked men who overpowered with revolvers, five men and two women, and secured \$40,000 in gold from the bunkhouse of the Nellie Mine, on Bear creek. The bandits entered the bunkhouse with an attempt to move quietly. Manager Kent followed the men and while they were dividing the booty he fought a revolver battle. None were injured. Fred Sanhata, a former employe of the mine is under arrest pending an investigation.

A REPORT ON CHEMICAL ANALYSIS

Internal Organs of Mrs. Clemison Examined to Determine the Cause of Death.

CHICAGO, June 14.—Coroner Hoffman expects a report today from Dr. Walter Haines on the chemical analysis of the internal organs of Mrs. Haldene Clemison, which he declares, will throw light on the matter in which the woman was killed. Attorneys for Clemison will make another attempt to obtain his release on a writ of habeas corpus.

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.



Barrington Gates K. RILEY DENT. Copyrighted 1908 by Publishers of the Daily Gate City.

(Continued.)

He put out one arm and drew her close to him. With the other held under her chin, he raised her face, but the white lids fell over the tell-tale eyes. The color rose from throat to temple.

"You are afraid to look at me. Too late now. Your eyes have betrayed you. You love me." A ring of triumph in his voice. "In the sight of God you are mine, so you shall be in the sight of man. Elba, I swear it."

He felt the slender form tremble in his embrace, drawing herself away, she said firmly, "Mr. Lawrence, I have given you your answer, I can never be your wife."

"You think so now but time will tell a different story. I'll never cease to hope, while you are unmarried. I shall never cease to try to win you. In time love will triumph. Such devotion will be rewarded."

"Devotion! Was greater devotion ever known than he gave me? Years of worship, such as few women ever know, and what was his reward? Indifference that was criminal. Oh, that a life of penance could atone!" She bowed her head in her hands and sobbed.

A new light broke over the man's face. He smiled. "Is this false idea of atonement what is keeping you from me? Would you sacrifice your happiness, and mine to a whim which would stamp you a fanatic?" He removed her hands from her face and held them between his own.

"It is no whim. A sense of duty prompts me to make what little reparation yet lies in my power. If I failed in my duty while he was living, I can respect his memory."

"Is it a sense of duty, or a fanaticism, that prompts the Hindoo woman to immolate herself on her husband's funeral pyre? What does she know of duty?"

"That is her religion, she—"

"Religion! Bah! It is simply a custom as senseless as barbarous. You have not even custom to sustain you."

"True, but duty—"

"That duty ended when he died," the man interrupted.

"No, had I done my duty, remorse would not now stand between me and happiness. Had I met and loved you after the death of my husband, I would have found pleasure in yielding to your pleadings, and the cry of my own heart. Springing into life as our love did it was wicked. For it to now culminate in marriage would seem a crime."

"How like a woman you reason."

He smiled. "I believe I'm as honorable as most men. I was shocked and regretful when I found that the woman I loved was the wife of another man. I did all any man could do. I left you without one thought of self. Had your husband lived, I would never have tempted my honor by meeting you again. I would have accepted my fate like a man. Your husband is dead and it is no longer wrong for me to love you. I shall never give you up until you convince me that you care nothing for me."

That air of possession was sweet to the lonely woman, as it ever is to any woman, in the man whom she has acknowledged him. His tenderness did not lessen the pain of parting, when she thought of the future without love.

"Do not say such things please. It makes it so hard for me to do right. We must help each other. We must turn our backs upon temptation and keep our faces toward duty."

"If you are the temptation, I shall not turn my back, I shall think of you as duty, and keep my face in that direction. Elba, I have loved you too long, and for years, hopelessly, to give up easily, now that I have a running chance of winning you. For years I've worn your pictured face near my heart because it was all I had. It no longer satisfies, I must have the original."

She looked at him, with surprise in her face. He laughed, and said, "Little woman, have you never guessed? I knew you the moment I saw you." He drew out his watch, opened it, and held before her astonished eyes her own pictured face. Slowly the truth filtered through her brain. A little cry rose to her lips.

"My poor little picture. To you Uncle Simon sold it. So often have I wondered about the fate of the little waif."

"To that picture I swore allegiance. From my heart it has crowded every other woman. Elba, you were intended for me. I bought that picture with the intention of seeking, and, if possible, winning you. I was completely crushed when the old man told me you were to be married. I never slept one wink that night. Do you know, I was mad enough to entertain the thought of going to you and trying to stop your marriage?"

"Oh, if you only had!" The words escaped her unconsciously. She hardly realized what they implied.

"Had I known then what I know now, I would have gone directly to you. Did

the old man give you the 'writin' ob agreement?"

"He did. While I knew that it was worthless. I kept it all these years. But your name? Hugh Brent. You deceived us."

"My name is Hugh Brent Lawrence. I only omitted the last. Now Elba, I ask you to enter into another agreement with me, in which I give you my full name, swearing to love and cherish you through all the coming years, even more tenderly, than I have your pictured face during the past. Elba, grant my prayer, you shall never regret it."

He held out his arms to her appealingly. She drew back, and he saw the shadows deepen in her great dark eyes. "The old man said you might wish some day to redeem your picture, now is your time. Give me the original, and the picture is yours. Money could never get it. This small one I had made to carry with me. He drew nearer, his arms still extended, all his great love shining in his eyes. Before he rose a face, shadowed by pain, at her unkindness. That face stood between her and happiness. Judge Latham's prophecy was fulfilled. Love had called, and found the gates barred.

Twilight shadows were gathering about the little mountain home when Brent Lawrence said good bye to the woman he loved.

"Only for tonight, Elba, with the sun tomorrow, I will be here to claim my own. Once more he caught her and drew her into his embrace, and kissed her lips, cheeks, and brow. The monkey crept close to his mistress' side, and eyed her companion suspiciously.

On a low couch, near an open window, lay little Blossom. Her yellow hair streamed over the pillow. Her hot breath came slower, and fainter, across the baby lips. By the couch, the mother knelt. Her bloodless features in strange contrast to the flushed face of her child.

"Father, if it be Thy will, let this cup pass from me."

Not the first time this cry has been wrung from suffering lips. Not the first time that He, who doeth all things well, had thought best to deny. The mother's voice seemed to have power to stop the fleeting baby soul. The blue eyes opened for one brief second. A faint sound, it might have been "mother," stirred the baby lips, the little breast rose and fell, then was still. Baby Blossom was dead.

"It is not to be Mrs. Sanders. God has claimed his own, loaned you for a little while."

The physician who had been standing by the bed awaiting the inevitable, laid his hand sympathetically on the mother's bowed head. At sound of his voice she raised her head but no word passed her lips. She rose slowly, and in a strained tone said, "I would not be permitted to take her away for burial!"

"Not now. Later you can do so. I advise you to leave the city at once. I am truly sorry you did not have warning in time to save your child. I will attend to her grave and see that it is marked beyond possibility of mistake. What name, please?"

She looked at him vacantly for a second, then said slowly, "Elba Carlyle Sanders. So, Baby Blossom's name went down on the long death list.

In his far away Northern home, Brent Lawrence read it, and with bowed head rolled the stone above the grave of his dead hopes, and realized bitterly that the one sweet dream of his life, was ended. He took one last long look at the pictured face he loved so well, turned it to the wall, and began a new life.

Despite the urging of the physician and her friends, Elba did not leave the city. Instead she offered her services at the hospital, courting death on every occasion.

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The desolate woman was saved for some purpose.

As soon as possible, Elba removed the little body to the family burying ground, beside her parents and sister. A lovely white stone bore the inscription, "Baby Blossom."

Very different from the old place, was the elegant country home. Money and taste, combined with great labor, had restored it to more than its pristine beauty and grandeur.

The house had been renovated, and remodeled. The once neglected yard, had changed to a miniature fairy land, where flowers bloomed, and fountains played to travelers on the river the place was pointed out by the river men, as the handsomest outside of New Orleans.

Here, in solemn state, with Aunt Debby, and Uncle Simon, and a retinue of servants, Mrs. Sanders made her home, when not traveling. The unhappy woman made no friends. She cared for none. The country people, mostly newcomers, called, and offered the hospitality of their homes. She neither accepted nor returned the proffered friendship. With Brave and Joeko she had found more comfort, they had known and loved her baby, and the baby's father.

Every day, the black robed figure, laden with flowers, accompanied by the monkey, and dog, visited the little grave. When the weather would permit, the three could be seen, far down the river, in a boat built for Elba's own use.

(To be continued.)

DYSPEPSIA

"Having taken your wonderful Cascarets for three months and being entirely cured of stomach catarrh and dyspepsia, I think a word of praise is due to 'Cascarets' for their wonderful composition. I have taken numerous other so-called remedies but without avail, and I find that Cascarets relieve more in a day than all the others I have taken would in a year."

James McGune, 108 Mercer St., Jersey City, N. J. Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C.C.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

The force was fruitless. Neither money nor persuasion—Brent Lawrence used both liberally—could draw from the man the coveted information at what point Mrs. Sanders had taken the train. That she had started East he felt confident. If he could learn her starting point, he might be able to overtake her, but the man was close as an oyster. Brent Lawrence left the room as hopefully in the dark, as when he entered.

CHAPTER VII.

A brazen August sun was heating to a glow the almost deserted streets of New Orleans. The atmosphere seemed reeking with the pestilence that threatened to depopulate the city. Dwellings, and business houses were closed. Grass grew in the streets. A solemn hush broken only by the mournful rumble of hearse wheels, added to the desolation.

Those who know anything of the yellow fever epidemic, need no description of its horrors. Those who do not, no pen picture could make understand. When the hum of happy voices was heard no more. When day after day, dawned and faded again into darkness, the stillness broken by no familiar sound of milkman's bell, nor fruit vender's monotonous harangue. No enterprising newsboy's cry of "Daily Picayune."

No childish voices rang out on the fetid air. The greensward, which little feet had ever kept well pressed was left to grow in rank luxuriance. Those same little feet, many of them, were still, and cold, victims of the terrible scourge.

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(To be continued.)

WABASH

No. 2, daily, leaves at 8:30 pm. No. 50, daily except Sunday, leaves at 8:45 am. No. 75, daily except Sunday, Freight leaves at 8:10 am.

Arrive. No. 77, daily except Sunday, Freight, arrives at 5 pm. No. 51, daily except Sunday, arrives at 5:50 pm. No. 3, daily, arrives at 11:05 am. Nos. 76 and 77 carry passengers.

Toledo, Peoria and Western Railway. Train 204—Leaves 6:50 am. Train 2—Leaves 2:00 pm. Train 3—Arrives 12:05 pm. Train 5—Arrives 8:35 pm. Train 9—Arrives 10:30 pm. Daily except Sunday.

C. B. & Q. Railway Co. Trains leave from Union Depot. Berts and tickets, Fifth and Joan son streets.

South Bound. No. 8, St. Louis and south, leave 12:45 am. No. 12, St. Louis and Kansas City and west, south, leave 8:40 am. No. 4, Quincy, Hannibal & St. Louis, leave 1:30 pm. No. 10, Quincy and Hannibal, arrive 8:30 pm. No. 10, leave 8:40 pm.

North Bound. No. 7, Chicago, St. Paul and points west, leave 2:35 am. No. 13, Chicago, St. Paul and points west, arrive 7:20 pm. No. 13, leave 7:20 pm. No. 3, Burlington, Chicago and east, leave 2:05 pm. No. 1, Burlington, leave 7:45 am. No. 51, Donnellson, C. B. & K. C. and North Road, leave 3:30 pm. No. 50, from Donnellson, C. B. & K. C. and North Road, arrive 11:30 am. No. 4, from Centerville and points intermediate, arrive 1:15 pm. No. 2, from Centerville and west, arrive 9:10 pm. No. 3, Centerville, leave 9:10 pm. Daily except Sunday.

Rock Island. Train 473—Leaves Keokuk 8:05 am. Train 741—Leaves Keokuk 3:10 pm. Train 472—Arrives Keokuk 8:05 pm. Train 470—Arrives Keokuk 1:05 pm. Local Freight Trains. Train 86—Arrives Keokuk 10:15 am. Train 85—Leaves Keokuk 11:20 am.

K. & W. I. ELECTRIC CO. Leave Keokuk 7:10 am. Leave Hamilton Jo 7:25 am. Arrive Warsaw 7:45 am. Leave Keokuk 8:45 am. Leave Hamilton Jo 9:00 am. Arrive Warsaw 9:15 am. Leave Keokuk 10:15 am. Leave Hamilton Jo 10:30 am. Arrive Warsaw 10:45 am. Leave Keokuk 12:05 pm. Leave Hamilton Jo 12:25 pm. Arrive Warsaw 12:45 pm. Leave Keokuk 2:30 pm. Leave Hamilton Jo 2:45 pm. Arrive Warsaw 3:00 pm. Leave Keokuk 4:00 pm. Leave Hamilton Jo 4:15 pm. Arrive Warsaw 4:30 pm. Leave Keokuk 6:00 pm. Leave Hamilton Jo 6:25 pm. Arrive Warsaw 6:45 pm. Leave Keokuk 7:45 pm. Leave Hamilton Jo 8:00 pm. Arrive Warsaw 8:20 pm. Leave Keokuk 9:30 pm. Leave Hamilton Jo 9:45 pm. Arrive Warsaw 10:00 pm. Leave Keokuk 10:45 pm. Leave Hamilton Jo 11:00 pm. Arrive Warsaw 11:15 pm.

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