

MEASLES FAR IN THE LEAD

Over 4,000 Cases Reported in Iowa During the Last Year According to Health Bulletin.

ABOUT QUARANTINE LAW

Bulletin Has Something to Say Regarding the New Law Passed by Thirty-Third Assembly.

The current number of the Iowa Health Bulletin contains some interesting information. A table is made of the number of infectious diseases reported for the year ending June 30.

Table with 2 columns: Disease Name and Number of Cases. Includes Scarlet fever (1,448), Diphtheria (1,210), Small pox (996), etc.

As to Quarantine Law. The bulletin has something to say regarding the new quarantine law passed by the Thirty-third general assembly.

Under the provisions of the new law passed by the Thirty-third general assembly the individual or family unfortunate enough to contract scarlet fever, diphtheria, small-pox or cerebro spinal meningitis must be deprived of liberty and earning capacity.

People with chronic bronchitis, asthma and lung trouble, will find great relief and comfort in Foley's Honey and Tar, and can avoid suffering by commencing to take it at once.

GROOM SWELTERED BEFORE CEREMONY

His Wedding Suit Did Not Arrive and He Began to Get Anxious.

"Hello, is this the laundry?" "Yes." "When are you going to send my wedding suit. I have been waiting for it for several hours."

WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

During Change of Life, says Mrs. Chas. Barclay

Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mr. Charles M. Schofield was to be married to Miss Minnie Dee Wright at 5 o'clock. After a long trip to Keokuk he sent his wedding suit to one of the laundries, which does pressing, in order that the suit might be made ready for the occasion.

In the meantime the wagon was returned to the laundry by a person who had been entrusted with it, but no dress suit could be discovered and it was evident that something had become of it.

If you are all run down Foley's Kidney Remedy will help you. It strengthens the kidneys so that they will eliminate the impurities from the blood that depress the nerves.

Dysentery is a dangerous disease but can be cured. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has been successfully used in nine epidemics of dysentery.

Five Burned to Death. HANCOCK, Mich., Aug. 13.—Five bodies were recovered in the ruins of a residence burned. The dead: Mrs. John Dionne; Edward, aged eight; Peter, an infant, and Amina, aged three, and a girl named Racine, the infant was clasped in the arms of the mother.

HAPPENINGS ON THE MISSISSIPPI

Diamond Jo Boats Are All Making Slow Time As a Result of the Low Water.

DUBUQUE WAS DOWN

With Banner Crowd—Many Birds Are Taking their Vacation on the Wires Across the Bridge.

The Diamond Jo boats are all making slow time just now as a result of the low stage of the water and are usually behind their scheduled time. The steamer Dubuque stopped here last night on her first down trip since she was hung up near Grafton.

The excursionists who went to Quincy yesterday got home last night about 10:30, all reporting that there was plenty of breeze on the river. The members of the Ottumwa base ball team were on the excursion yesterday as they were scheduled to play a series of games in Quincy.

The Ottumwa baseball team—or a part of it—came down on the same steamer from Keokuk. The members to arrive had a joke to tell on two of the players who were left in Keokuk. They were busily engaged in the entertainment of young lady acquaintances at the landing and were unaware of the boat leaving, so deeply were they interested in the conversation, until it had reached the channel and was speeding toward Quincy.

Birds on the Bridge. It looks as though all the members of the swallow family in this vicinity are holding forth at the Keokuk and Hamilton bridge. The wires across this structure are full of the birds, especially on this side of the bridge, they being in the habit of sitting very close together and making the wire look like a big rope from a distance.

An Improvement. "Since the soap factory was built in our street the autoists have not troubled us at all."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

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The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR M'GUTCHEON

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[CONTINUED.]

"Do not go today," persisted Selim doggedly. Suddenly he started, looking intently to the left along the line of the hill. Chase followed the direction of his gaze and uttered a sharp exclamation of surprise.

Several hundred yards away, outlined against the blue sky beyond the road, stood the motionless figure of a horse and its rider—a woman in a green habit. Chase turned his horse's head and rode rapidly toward her. She had left the road to ride upon the crest of the green knob. Chase was in the mood to curse her temerity.

"So those are the fabulous mines of Japat?" she said gayly, without other greeting. "Where is the red glow from the rubies?" "Who gave you permission to ride so far from the chateau?" he demanded, almost harshly. She looked at him in amazement.

"Am I a trespasser?" she asked coldly. "I beg your pardon," he said quickly. "I did not mean to offend. Don't you know that it is not safe for you to—"

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "I am not afraid of your shadows. Why should they disturb me?" "Look!" He pointed to the distant assemblage. "Those are not shadows. They are men, and they are making ready to transform themselves into beasts. Before long they will strike. Von Blitz and Rasula have sunk my workshops. You must understand that it is dangerous to leave the chateau on such rides as this. Come! We will start back together—at once!"

"I protest, Mr. Chase, that you have no right to say what I shall do or—"

"It is nearly ten miles from the chateau, in the most unfrequented part of the island. Some day you will not return to your friends. It will be too late to hunt for you then."

"How very thrilling!" she said, with a laugh.

"I beg of you, do not treat it so lightly," he said, so sharply that she flushed. He was looking intently in the direction of the men. She was not slow to see that their position had been discovered by the miners. "Will you come with me now?"

"It seems so absurd! But I will come, of course. I have no desire to cause you any uneasiness."

As they rode swiftly back to the tree lined road a faint chorus of yells came to them across the valley. For some distance they rode without speaking a word to each other. They had traversed two miles of the soft dirt road before Chase discovered that Selim was the only man following them.

"The dogs! So, you see, princess, your escort was not to be trusted," said Chase grimly.

"But they have stolen the horses," the murmured irrelevantly. "They belong to the chateau stables."

"Which direction did they take, Selim?" "They rode off by the Carter's highway, excellency, toward Aratat."

"It may not appeal to your vanity, your highness, but it is my duty to inform you that they have gone to report our clandestine meeting."

"I am glad that you understand," he said simply. His gaze was set straight before him, keen, alert, anxious.

dashed a quick glance at his face, her eyes narrowing in the effort to divine his humor. "As I was saying," she resumed after a moment, "Lady Deppingham has lured me from sun showers into the tempest. Mr. Chase—and her face was suddenly full of real concern—"is there truly great danger?"



"Will you come with me now?" no longer required. I told them to go to—

"I understand," she said quickly. "It required courage to tell them that." He smiled.

"They protested friendship, but I can read very well as I run. But can't we find something more agreeable to talk about? May I say that I have not seen a newspaper in three months? There must be news that you can give me. I am hungry for it."

"You poor man! No newspapers! Then you don't know what has happened in all these months?"

"Nothing since before Christmas. Would you like to see a bit of news that I clipped from the last Paris paper that came into my hands?"

"Yes," she said, vaguely disturbed. He drew forth his pocketbook and took from its interior a small bit of paper. She read it at a glance and handed it back. A faint touch of red came into her cheeks.

"How very odd! Why should you have kept that bit of paper all these months?" "You have been married nearly three months," he said reflectively—"three months and two days, to be precise."

"She laughed outright, a bewitching, merry laugh that startled him.

"How accurate you would be!" she exclaimed. "It would be a highly interesting achievement, Mr. Chase, if it were only borne out by facts. You see, I have not been married so much as three minutes."

He stared at her, uncomprehending. She went on, "Do you consider it bad luck to postpone a wedding?"

Involutionarily he drew his horse closer to hers. There was a new gleam in his eyes. Her blood leaped at the challenge they carried.

"Very bad luck," he said quite steadily, "for the bridegroom."

In an instant they seemed to understand something that had not even been considered before. She looked away, but he kept his eyes fast upon her half turned face, finding delight in the warm tint that surged so shamelessly to her brow. He wondered if she could hear the pounding of his heart above the thud of the horses' feet.

"We are to be married in June," she said, somewhat defiantly. Some of the light died in his eyes. "Prince Karl was very ill. They thought he might die. His—his studies—his music, I mean, proved more than he could carry. It—it is not serious. A nervous breakdown," she explained haltingly. "It was necessary to postpone the marriage. He will be quite well again, they say, by June."

"I never dreamed that you could see," she confessed pathetically. "It was extremely nice in you and very presumptuous in me. But, your highness, this is the handkerchief you dropped in the castle garden six months ago. Do you recognize the perfume?"

"You are very sentimental," she said at last. "Would you care to keep it? It is of no value to me."

"Thanks! I will keep it." "I've changed my mind," she said inconsequently, stuffing the fabric in her gaudy. "You have something else in that pocketbook that I should very much like to possess."

"No, not that Bank of England—" "No, not that wrapped it in a bit of paper last week and placed it there for safe keeping."

"You mean the bullet?" "Yes, I should like it to show to my friends, you know, when I tell them how near you were to being shot." Without a word he gave her the bullet that had dropped at his feet on that first day at the chateau.

"Thank you. Oh, isn't it a horrid thing! Just to think, it might have struck you!" She shuddered.

He was about to answer in his delirium when a sharp turn in the road brought them in view of the chateau. Not a hundred yards ahead of them two persons were riding slowly, unattended, very much occupied in themselves. Their backs were turned toward Chase and the princess, but it was an easy matter to recognize them. The glance which shot from the princess to Chase found a peculiar smile disappearing from his lips.

"I know what you are thinking," she cried impulsively. "You are wrong—very wrong, Mr. Chase. Lady Deppingham is a born coquette—a born trifler. It is ridiculous to think that she can be seriously engaged in a—"

"It isn't that, princess," he interrupted, a dark look in his eyes. "I was merely wondering whether dear little Mrs. Browne is as happy as she might be."

Genevra was silent for a moment. "I had not thought of that," she said soberly.

CHAPTER XVI. THE BURNING OF THE BUNGALOW. He went in and had tiffin with them in the hanging garden. Deppingham was surly and preoccupied. Drusilla Browne was unusually vivacious. At best she was not volatile, her greatest accomplishment lay in the ability to appreciate what others had to say.

Her husband, aside from a natural anxiety, was the same blithe optimist as ever. He showed no sign of restraint, no evidence of compunction. Chase found himself secretly speculating on the state of affairs. Were the two heirs working out a preconceived plan, or were they, after all, playing with the fires of spring?

Immediately after tiffin Genevra carried Lady Deppingham off to her room. When they came forth for a proposed stroll in the grounds Lady Agnes was looking very meek and tearful, while the princess had about her the air of one who has conquered by gentleness.

"It has been so appallingly dull, Genevra, don't you understand? That's why. Besides, it isn't necessary for her to be so horrid about it. She!"

"She isn't horrid about it, dear. She's most self-sacrificing." "Rubbish! She talks about the Puritans and all that sort of thing. I know what she means. But there's no use talking about it. I'll do as you say—command, I mean. I'll try to be a prude. Heaven alone knows what a real prude is. I don't. All this tommyrot about Bobby and me wouldn't exist if that wretched Chase man had been a little more affable. He never noticed us until you came. No wife to snoop after him and—why, my dear, he would have been ideal."

"It's all very nice, Agnes, but you forget your husband," said Genevra, with a tolerant smile. "Genevra," said Lady Agnes solemnly, "if you'd been on a barren island for five months as I have with nothing to look at but your husband and the sunsets you would not be so hard on me. I wouldn't take Drusilla's husband away from her for the world. I wouldn't even look at him if he were not on the barren island too. I've read novels in which a man and woman have been wrecked on a desert island and lived there for months, even years, in an atmosphere of righteousness. My dear, those novelists are ninnes. Nobody could be so good as all that without getting wings. I'm tired of men and angels. That's why I want you for awhile. You've got no wings."

Genevra, but it's of no consequence, as you have no one to fly away from." "Or to, you might add," laughed Genevra.

(To be continued.)

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