

be married; then we will be one. That one shall be heir to all the successes of each of us and shall disclaim all the failures of each. Isn't that a good idea?"

"Excellent," replied Jennie. "Nevertheless I cannot help feeling just a little sorry for poor Mr. Hardwick."

"Who is he—the editor?"

"Yes. He did have such faith in me that it seems almost a pity to disappoint him."

"You mustn't trouble your mind about Hardwick. Don't think of him at all. Think of me instead."

"I am afraid I do and have done for some time past. Nevertheless I shall get off at Liege and telegraph to him that I am not bringing the document to London."

"I will send the telegram for you when we reach there, but if I remember rightly what you told me of his purpose he can't be very deeply disappointed. I understood you to say that he did not intend to publish the document even if he got it."

"That is quite true. He wished to act as the final messenger himself and to meet me at Charing Cross station, secure the envelope and take it at once to its destination."

"I must confess," said the young man, with a bewildered expression, "that I don't see the object of that. Are you sure he told you the truth?"

"Oh, yes! The object was this: It seems that there is in the foreign office some crusty old curmudgeon who delights in baffling Mr. Hardwick. This official—I forget his name; in fact, I don't think Mr. Hardwick told me who he was—seems to forget The Daily Bugle when important items of news are to be given out, and Mr. Hardwick says that he favors one of the rival papers, and The Bugle has been unable so far to receive anything like fair treatment from him, so Mr. Hardwick wanted to take the document to him, and thus convince him there was danger in making an enemy of The Daily Bugle. As I understood his scheme, which didn't commend itself very much to me, Hardwick had no intention of making a bargain, but simply proposed to hand over the document and ask the foreign office man to give The Bugle its fair share in what was going on."

"Do you mean to say that the official in question is the man to whom I am to hand this letter?"

"Yes."

"Oh, my prophetic soul, my uncle! Why, that is Sir James Cardiff, the elder brother of my mother! He is a dear old chap, but I can well understand an outsider thinking him gruff and uncivil. If the editor really means what he says, then there will be no difficulty and no disappointment. If all that is needed is the winning over of old Jimmy to be civil to Hardwick, I can guarantee that. I am the especial protégé of my uncle. Everything I know I have learned from him. He cannot understand why the British government does not appoint me immediately ambassador to France. Jimmy would do it tomorrow if he had the power. It was through him that I heard of this letter, and I believe his influence had a good deal to do with my getting the commission of special messenger. It was the chagrin that my uncle Jimmy would have felt had I failed that put the drop of bitterness in my cup of sorrow when I came to my senses after my encounter with the Russian police. That would have been a stunning blow to Sir James Cardiff. We shall reach Charing Cross station about 7:30 tonight, and Sir James will be there with his brougham to take charge of me when I arrive. Now, what do you say to our settling all this under the canopy of Charing Cross? If you telegraph Mr. Hardwick to meet us there, I will introduce him to Sir James, and he will never have any more trouble in that quarter."

"I think," said the girl, looking down at the tablecloth, "that I'd rather not have Mr. Hardwick meet us."

"Of course not," answered the man quickly. "What was I thinking about? It will be a family meeting, and we don't want any outsiders about, do we?"

Jennie laughed, but made no reply. They had a smooth and speedy passage across from Calais to Dover, and the train drew in at Charing Cross station exactly on time. Lord Donal recognized his uncle's brougham waiting for him, and on handing the young lady out of the railway carriage he espied the old man himself closely scrutinizing the passengers. Sir James, on catching sight of him, came eagerly forward and clasped both his nephew's hands.

"Donal," he cried, "I am very glad indeed to see you! Is everything right?"

"As right as can be, uncle."

"Then I am glad of that, too, for we have some very disquieting hints from the east."

"They were quite justified, as I shall tell you later on; but meanwhile, uncle, allow me to introduce to you Miss Baxter, who has done me the honor of promising to be my wife."

Jennie blushed in the searching rays of the electric light as the old man turned quickly toward her. Sir James held her hand in his for some moments before he spoke, gazing intently at her. Then he said slowly, "Ah, Donal, Donal, you always had a keen eye for the beautiful!"

"Oh, I say!" cried the young man, abashed at his uncle's frankness. "I don't call that a diplomatic remark at all, you know."

"Indeed, Sir James," said the girl, laughing merrily, "it is better than diplomatic; it is complimentary, and I assure you I appreciate it. The first time he met me he took me for quite another person."

"Then whoever that person is, my dear," replied the old man, "I'll guarantee that she was a lovely woman, and you mustn't mind what I say; nobody else does; otherwise my boy Donal here would be much higher in the service

than he is. But I am pleased to tell you that the journey he has now finished will prove greatly to his advantage."

"Indeed, uncle, that is true," said the young man, looking at his betrothed, "for on this journey I met again Miss Baxter, whom, to my great grief, I had lost track of for some time. And now, uncle, I want you to do me a great favor. Do you know Mr. Hardwick, editor of The Daily Bugle?"

"Yes, I know him, but I don't like him or his paper either."

"Well, neither do the Russians, for that matter, by this time, and I merely wish to tell you that if it hadn't been for his action and for the promptness of a member of his staff I should have failed in this mission. I was drugged by the Russian police and robbed. Miss Baxter, who was on the train, saw something of what was going forward and succeeded most deftly in despoiling the robbers. I was lying insensible at the time and helpless. She secured the document and handed it back to me when we had crossed the frontier, leaving in the hands of the Russians a similar envelope containing a copy of The Daily Bugle. Therefore, uncle, if



The old man scribbled a most cordial invitation to Hardwick.

in future you can do anything to oblige Mr. Hardwick, you will help in a measure to cancel the obligation which our family owes to him."

"My dear boy, I shall be delighted to do so. I am afraid I have been rather uncivil to him. If you wish it, I shall go at once and apologize to him."

"Oh, no," cried Jennie, "you mustn't do that, but if you can help him without jeopardizing the service I for one would be very glad."

"So should I," said Donal.

The old man took out his cardcase and on the back of his card scribbled a most cordial invitation to Hardwick, asking him to call on him. He handed this to Jennie and said:

"Tell Mr. Hardwick that I shall be pleased to see him at any time."

"And now," said Lord Donal, "you must let us both escort you home in the carriage."

"No, no. I shall take a hansom and will go directly to the office of The Bugle, for Mr. Hardwick will be there by this time."

"But we can drive you there."

"No, please."

She held out her hand to Sir James and said, with the least bit of hesitation before uttering the last word, "Good night—uncle."

"Good night, my dear," said the old man, "and God bless you," he added with a tenderness which his appearance, so solemn and stately, left one unprepared for.

Lord Donal saw his betrothed into a hansom, protesting all the while at thus having to allow her to go off unprotected.

"What an old darling he is!" murmured Jennie, ignoring his protests. "I think if Mr. Hardwick had allowed me to look after the interests of the paper at the foreign office Sir James would not have snubbed me."

"If the foreign office dared to do such a thing, it would hear of something not to its advantage from the diplomatic service. And so, good night, my dear." And, with additions, the nephew repeated the benediction of the uncle.

Jennie drove directly to the office of The Daily Bugle, and mounting the stairs entered the editorial rooms. She found Mr. Hardwick at his desk, and he sprang up quickly on seeing who his visitor was.

"Ah, you have returned!" he cried. "You didn't telegraph to me; so I suppose that means failure."

"I don't know, Mr. Hardwick. It all depends on whether or not your object was exactly what you told me it was."

"And what was that? I think I told you that my desire was to get possession of the document which was being transmitted from St. Petersburg to London."

"No; you said the object was the mollifying of old Sir James Cardiff of the foreign office."

"Exactly; that was the ultimate object, of course."

"Very well. Read this card. Sir James gave it to me at Charing Cross station less than half an hour ago."

The editor took the card, turned it over in his hands once or twice and read the cordial message which the old man had scribbled on the back of it.

"Then you have succeeded!" cried Hardwick. "You got the document. But why did you give it to Sir James instead of letting me hand it to him?"

"That is a long story. To put it briefly, it was because the messenger carrying the document was Lord Donal Stirling, who is—who is—an old friend of mine. Sir James is his uncle, and Lord Donal promised that he would persuade the old man to let other newspapers have no advantages which he refused to The Daily Bugle. I did not give the document to Sir James. I gave it back to Lord Donal."

"Lord Donal Stirling—Lord Donal Stirling," mused the editor. "Where have I heard that name before?"

"He is a member of the British embassy at St. Petersburg; so you may have seen his name in the dispatches."

"No; he is not so celebrated as all that comes to. Ah, I remember now! I met the detective the other night and asked him if anything had come of that romance in high life to solve which he had asked your assistance. He said the search for the missing lady had been abandoned and mentioned the name of Lord Donal Stirling as the foolish young man who had been engaged in the pursuit of the unknown."

Jennie colored at this and drew herself up indignantly.

"Before you say anything further against Lord Donal," she cried hotly, "I beg to inform you that he and I are to be married."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" said the editor icily. "Then, having failed to find the other girl, he speedily consoled himself by—"

"There was no other girl! I was the person Mr. Cadbury Taylor was in search of! I willingly gave him valuable assistance in the task of finding her. Having only a stupid man to deal with, I had little difficulty in accomplishing my purpose. Neither Mr. Taylor nor Mr. Hardwick ever suspected that the missing person was in their own employ."

"Well, I am blessed!" ejaculated Hardwick. "So you baffled Cadbury Taylor in searching for yourself, as you baffled me in getting hold of the Russian letter. It seems to me, Miss Baxter, that where your own inclinations do not coincide with the wishes of your employers the interests of those who pay you fall to the ground."

"Mr. Cadbury Taylor didn't pay me anything for his services as amateur detective, and he has, therefore, no right to grumble. As for the St. Petersburg trip, I shall send you a check for all expenses incurred as soon as I reach home."

"Oh, you mistake me," asserted Mr. Hardwick earnestly. "I had no thought of even hinting that you have not earned over and over again all the money The Daily Bugle has paid you; besides, I was longing for your return, for I want your assistance in solving a mystery that has rather puzzled us all. Paris is in a turmoil just now over the—"

Jennie's clear laugh rang out.

"I am going over to Paris in a day or two, Mr. Hardwick, to solve the mystery of dressmaking, and I think, from what I know of it already, it will require my whole attention. I must insist on returning to you the cost of the St. Petersburg journey, for, after all, it proved to be a rather personal excursion, and I couldn't think of allowing the paper to pay for it. I merely came in tonight to hand you this card from Sir James Cardiff, and I also desired to tender to you personally my resignation, and so I must bid you goodbye, Mr. Hardwick," said the girl, holding out her hand, "and I thank you very much indeed for having given me a chance to work on your paper."

Before the editor could reply she was gone, and that good man sat down in his chair bewildered by the suddenness of it all, the room looking empty and dismal, lacking her presence.

"Confound Lord Donal!" he muttered under his breath, and then, as an editor should, he went on impassively with his night's work.

It was intended that the wedding should be rather a quiet affair, but circumstances proved too strong for the young people. Lord Donal was very popular, and the bride was very beautiful. Sir James thought it necessary to invite a great many people, and he intimated to Lord Donal that a highly placed personage desired to honor the function with his presence, and thus the event created quite a little flutter in society. The society papers affirmed that this elevated personage had been particularly pleased by some diplomatic service which Lord Donal had recently rendered him, but then, of course, one can never believe what one reads in the society press. However, the man of elevated rank was there, and so people said that perhaps there might be something in the rumor. Naturally there was a great turn out of ambassadors and ministers, and their presence gave color and dignity to the crush at St. George's, Hanover square. The Princess von Steinheimer made a special journey from Vienna to attend, and on this occasion she brought the prince with her. The general opinion was that the bridegroom was a very noble looking fellow and that the bride in her sumptuous wedding apparel was quite too lovely for anything.

The princess was exceedingly bright and gay, and she chatted with her old friends, the ambassadors from Austria and America.

"I'm so sorry," she said to the ambassador from America, "that I did not have time to speak with you at the Duchess of Chiselhurst's ball, but I was compelled to leave early. You should have come to me sooner. The count here was much more gallant. We had a most delightful conversation, hadn't we, count? I was with Lord Donal, you remember."

"Oh, yes!" replied the aged Austrian, bowing low. "I shall not soon forget the charming conversation I had with your highness, and I hope you, on your part, have not forgotten the cordial invitation you gave me to visit again your castle at Meran."

"Indeed, count, you know very well how glad I am to see you at any time, either in Vienna or at Meran."

The American ambassador remained silent, and glanced alternately from a bride to the princess with a puzzled expression on his face.

The mystery of the Duchess of Chiselhurst's ball proved too much for him, as the search for the missing lady had proved too much for Mr. Cadbury Taylor.

INTERPRETATION.

We long for a peace that is lasting,
We plead for a rupture that's rare,
Like fishermen ceaselessly casting
Their nets in the gulf of despair.
We draw from deep waters of sorrow
Dark wrecks of old failures and fear,
And out of sea silence we hallow
The storm that will never come near.

Faith speeds past the footsteps of duty
And halts at the door of a tomb;
Thought pierces the source of all beauty
And returns unto dust—'tis the doom
Of each man child to strive and to wonder,
To plan for some positive gain,
And only find mysteries under
All life, be it pleasure or pain.

Lo, in realms of the mind there is treasure
For tellers who dwell in content;
There is truth that no science can measure,
And the fearless are never forspent;
There is light when earth shadows are falling,
There's reward for the deeds that are done,
Where e'er crowned virtues are calling,
"Through faith is thy victory won!"
—Charles W. Stevenson in Chicago Record.

CAR FARES IN GERMANY.

The Method of Collection and Inspection Prevents Free Rides.

The chances of evading fares on the street cars of German cities are very slight. When a passenger steps on a car, the conductor immediately asks where he is going and then prepares his ticket, which serves also as a receipt for the fare. The preparation of a ticket consists only in detaching it from a block and punching it or marking it with a pencil.

This process involves much more work than the simple process of ringing up the fares, as conductors do in America, but the task is lightened by the fact that only a certain number of persons are permitted to ride on a car at the same time. The number of sitting and standing places is plainly marked on each car. If a car is designed to carry 30 persons, no more than 30 persons will be permitted on that car at the same time. When anything in Germany is forbidden, it is settled once for all.

In order that every person who rides shall get the prescribed ticket inspectors are employed who spend their time in ascertaining whether the conductors are doing their duty. These inspectors step into the cars and ask the passengers for their tickets. They note the number of the tickets and whether they correspond with the stubs retained by the conductor. The clerk who gives out the blocks of tickets to the conductors notes the number of the uppermost ticket and at the return of each block collects from the conductor who returned it as many fares as there are tickets detached.

The rate of fares varies from 2 1/2 cents to 5, according to the distance. Small children are carried for one-half fare, and any one for the sum of \$2.50 may secure a ticket which entitles him to ride as much as he wishes for one month. When a car is full, the conductor displays a placard bearing the word "Occupied."—Chicago Record.

The Best Age For Men to Marry.

Edward Bok, writing in 'The Ladies' Home Journal' on "A Boy For a Husband," contends that "no young man under 25 years of age is in any sense competent to take unto himself a wife. Before that age he is simply a boy who has absolutely nothing which he can offer to a girl as a safe foundation for life happiness. He is unformed in his character, unsettled in his ideas, absolutely ignorant of the first essentials of what consideration or love for a woman means. He doesn't know himself, let alone knowing a woman. He is full of fancies, and it is his boyish nature to flit from one fancy to another."

"He is incapable of the affection upon which love is based, because he has not lived long enough to know what the feeling or even the word means. He is full of theories, each one of which, when he comes to put it into practice, will fail. He is a boy pure and simple, passing through that trying period through which every boy must pass before he becomes a man. But that period is not the marrying time. For as his opinions of life are to change, so are his fancies of the girl he esteems as the only girl in the world to make him happy. The man of 30 rarely weds the girl whom he fancied when he was 20."

A Freak of Lightning.

Lightning performed a strange feat near Osceola, Pa., during the recent thunderstorm, says the Oil City Derrick. Three fine cows belonging to a farmer had been turned out to pasture in a field on which the new grass is already quite high, and when the shower came on they gathered together in one corner under some trees. There is a wire fence running close by the spot where they were standing, and a bolt of lightning was attracted to it and ran along the slender wires until the cows were reached, when it glanced off, striking the animals and killing all three instantly.

A Story For Papa.

There is a moral in this little story of child life.

"Mamma," asked little 3-year-old Freddie, "are we going to heaven some day?"

"Yes, dear, I hope so," was the reply.

"I wish papa could go, too," continued the little fellow.

"Well, and don't you think he will?" asked his mother.

"Oh, no," replied Freddie; "he could not leave his business!"

Does the man who worries about himself ever think that he is worrying about a thing of which the world makes little note?—St. Louis Star.

Whenever a mother's attention is called to her children, she makes a dive at them and wipes their noses.—Atechison Globe.

There is something wrong with the appetite of a small boy who can wait patiently for his dinner.—Chicago News.

"Housework is hard work without Gold Dust"

Washing Dishes

To wash dishes in half the time, and do it well, follow this recipe: Always use hot water—not warm, but hot. It is best to use mops with china and glass, and, to have a nice lather, instead of using soap use

Gold Dust Washing Powder

Dissolve a tablespoonful in the hot water and wash quickly; have plenty of nice, dry towels to wipe with; have a drainer that will allow the water to run off the dishes into receptacle below, when you will have highly polished glass and china.

The above is taken from our free booklet "GOLDEN RULES FOR HOUSEWORK." Sent free on request to

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