

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Chicago & Northwestern. Going East. No. 2. Overland Limited—stops.....9:52 p. m. No. 4. Colorado Special—stops.....9:10 a. m. No. 6. Atlantic Express—stops.....7:14 p. m. No. 8. Chicago Express—stops.....7:22 p. m. No. 10. Local to Chicago—stops.....6:55 p. m. No. 24. Way Freight.....11:30 a. m. No. 40. Freight.....3:00 p. m. Going West. No. 1. Overland Limited—stops.....5:54 a. m. No. 3. Pacific Express—stops.....1:20 p. m. No. 5. Colorado Special—stops.....9:18 p. m. No. 7. Fast Mail—don't stop.....12:50 p. m. No. 11. Local to Council Bluffs—stops.....7:25 a. m. No. 39. Way Freight.....9:40 a. m. No. 23. Freight.....12:50 p. m. Western Iowa Division—Boyer Valley Line. Leave Denison.....7:25 a. m. 6:55 p. m. Arrive Wall Lake.....10:30 a. m. 8:15 p. m. Leave Wall Lake.....10:30 a. m. 8:40 p. m. Arrive Denison.....1:10 p. m. 10:15 p. m. No trains Sunday. Wall Lake, Boyer & Mondamin. Freight. Going West. Passenger 10:15 a. m. Boyer.....8:15 p. m. Going East. 5:08 p. m. Boyer.....11:15 a. m. Illinois Central. Going East. No. 2. Chicago & St. Paul Limited—9:48 p. m. No. 4. Chicago Express—1:20 p. m. No. 26. Omaha & St. Paul Express—9:20 a. m. No. 32. Fort Dodge Passenger—6:53 p. m. No. 32. Chicago Manifest & Stock—11:15 p. m. No. 62. Fast Stock—6:30 a. m. No. 94. Local Freight—b.....9:20 a. m. Going west. No. 1. Omaha Limited—5:57 a. m. No. 3. Omaha Express—1:50 p. m. No. 25. St. Paul & Omaha Express—b.....8:00 a. m. No. 51. Manifest Freight—6:04 p. m. No. 61. Omaha Stock—11:15 p. m. No. 93. Local Freight—b.....9:20 a. m. a—means daily. b—daily except Sunday. c—daily except Saturday. No. 2. arrives Chicago 10:20 a. m. No. 4. arrives Chicago 7:00 a. m. No. 2. arrives St. Paul 8:00 a. m., at Minneapolis 7:30 a. m. No. 26. arrives St. Paul 7:30 p. m., at Minneapolis 7:00 p. m. Freight trains No. 63 and No. 94 carry passengers. Tickets sold and baggage checked at all points. H. E. CASNER, Agent.

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MALCOLM KIRK

by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon

(Continued From Seventh Page.)

that he held him for nearly an hour. The storm howled over the vessel, and there was a remarkable confusion of all sorts of noises in every part of the steamer. Kirk noticed, however, that the stewards and one or two officers who happened to pass through the cabin were unconcerned. "It will blow itself out before morning," was the statement of the surgeon who came down in a hull of the tempest.

He laughed at the sight of Kirk and the baby. But, being a man with a baby of his own at home in Liverpool, there was also a little moisture about his eyes that was not caused by the ocean spray. "You'll do man," he said. "And the boy will make a fine sailor, looks like. He sleeps through the storm as if he were used to being rocked in the cradle of the deep." But we must be after looking up the other woman when we get across.

"Yes, yes," said Kirk eagerly. He had a long talk with the surgeon, and next morning after the storm had subsided and they had gone out to breathe the fine salt air Kirk had no difficulty in persuading the surgeon to keep the body of the mother and help in some way to get it to the sister in London. "Aye, aye, we'll arrange it all right. The company will see to that. But the expense of the rest, man. Can't you see to it that the passengers do something for the baby to give him a start in life?"

"I had already thought of it," said Kirk, and the fact revealed one of his great qualifications for the ministry. "I'll go up on the other deck and see the first cabin passengers about it."

The surgeon was a Scotch Irishman with a big heart. He had influence



He really tried to be as gentle with it as its own mother ever was.

with the purser and easily persuaded that gentleman to call the passengers together in the dining and music rooms, which joined, and then suggested that Kirk himself take the baby and go up and tell his story and appeal for help.

This time Malcolm Kirk required no urging to have the baby placed in his arms. He would have gone with it in the presence of all the crowned heads of Europe and their families even, although he knew well enough that he looked and felt as queer as a long legged, long armed, awkward man ever looked and felt.

The women wrapped the baby up, and he smiled when Kirk's hands clutched him. "He doesn't care how homely and awkward I am anyway," said Kirk to himself, with a gulp in his throat. He climbed up the rather steep stairs out on to the lower deck. The storm was almost spent. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and when he reached the promenade deck he met the purser himself, who led the way into the dining saloon.

The first cabin passengers of that steamer will never forget that incident in their passage. They had gathered to the number of 100 or more, many of them old travelers who were not affected by storms. They had been told that the orphan baby's friends below wanted to tell his story, and they were ready to listen to it, but they were not prepared for the sight of the baby himself and his strange nurse.

CHAPTER IV.

RALEIGH SKETCHES MALCOLM AND THE BABY.

A smile crossed nearly every face as Kirk entered. As he began to speak the smile passed off, and another look crept over the faces of the rich, refined, leisurely people gathered in that steamer. The first cabin drew very near the intermediate for a few moments at least. Kirk told the baby's story very well. How could he help it when he saw in his imagination the face of that wretched mother lying nearly beneath where he stood, still and cold? The baby looked out from his shawls with a curious, inquisitive look on its face and kept perfectly quiet as long as Kirk was speaking.

"It seems to me," Kirk concluded, "that we might help the baby to start in life. I understand that the mother left only a few dollars, and the sister in London is a shopkeeper in poor circumstances. If I was in a church, I think I would say, 'We will now worship the Lord with our offering.'"

He said it in such a tone that it was irresistible. A portly, dignified old

gentleman sitting in the middle of the dining room rose and in a husky voice which betrayed his feeling said, "I'll be one of 25 gentlemen to give \$10."

Instantly more than a dozen men arose, followed in a moment by a dozen more. Some one in the music room began to pass a hat. Money was thrown into it until it was half full. Under the inspiration of the moment one of the young ladies suggested a concert and literary entertainment to be given the next night, and the suggestion was taken up at once. One of the men offered to take charge of the funds and help Kirk or some one to see that they were properly placed, and Kirk started to go out. The ladies had crowded around the baby, caressing him as he never had been caressed before in all his meager, pitiful life.

It was at this moment that Kirk saw Francis Raleigh. He had come out of the music room, and the minute he saw Kirk he came to him and held out his hand.

"Mr. Kirk, isn't it? I heard you at Hermon a few weeks ago, at commencement. You remember me? We have met once or twice. Raleigh is my name."

"Yes, I remember," said Kirk. He had met Raleigh at some receptions. "Excuse me for not shaking hands. Mine are full just now."

"Excuse me, I see they are," said Raleigh, laughing. "You did that very well." He spoke very kindly, but in a tone that he did not mean to be patronizing. It was only the Raleigh manner. It belonged to the family. He might have spoken differently if he had known that in the upper vest pocket of the homely figure before him was the lovely face of Dorothy Gilbert.

But there was this fact about the situation—Kirk knew that Raleigh was in love with Dorothy. Raleigh did not know that Kirk loved her or that he had ever thought of such a possibility.

"I am glad for the baby's sake," replied Kirk soberly. He ignored the compliment and finally succeeded in getting down to the lower deck again.

The intermediate cabin was excited over the result. Nearly \$500 had been contributed, and the concert would bring a hundred more. In fact, when the concert was over and all of the first cabin had been solicited nearly \$800 was given for the baby's start in life.

When the vessel reached Liverpool, Kirk, with the help of the surgeon and one of the cabin passengers, secured a nurse for the baby and arranged with one of the women who had cared for the mother in the intermediate to go down to London and see the baby safe in its home there. Kirk himself had the sad pleasure of meeting the sister, and while he was in London doing his special work of study in the east end he secured lodging near by and often went to see the family. He grew wonderfully attached to the child, and when he was obliged to leave and pursue his studies on the continent he parted from the baby with genuine sorrow. He supposed at the time that this little chapter in his life was closed and completed. It was one of the future events that no man can foresee that opened to him afterward a continuation of that human affection. For he was unable to return to London again, and when he said goodby he had no dream of ever seeing that part of his life return.

It was two weeks after the steamer reached Liverpool and while Kirk was working hard in the east end slums that Dorothy Gilbert received a letter from Francis Raleigh, dated from London, Gordon square, near the British museum. She had not encouraged him when he pleaded the privilege of an occasional letter; but, on the other hand, she had not refused him, and he was too careful of his future to risk the mistake of writing too often or in a tone of sentiment. He wrote a very interesting letter. Dorothy enjoyed reading it, while she felt a little disturbed to think she must answer. She did not want to encourage him too much. At the same time his unbounded love for her and his great talents as an artist appealed to her strongly. The only reason she had not accepted his affection was a lack of feeling on her own part. She was fearful of herself. She wanted to be absolutely sure of her own heart. She had known him since they were both children. It was not as if they were in any way comparative strangers. She also knew well enough that her father favored Raleigh's suit.

There was one passage in the letter that intensely interested her. It might not have pleased Francis Raleigh if he had known all the reasons for her interest. It was a passage describing a scene on the vessel during his recent voyage across. "You may remember," the letter went on after a description of some famous paintings in the National gallery, "a theological student of the name of Malcolm Kirk, who graduated this year. Had an unusually good voice for a theologian and received the German scholarship at graduation. You would remember him if for no other reason on account of his almost phenomenal awkwardness. Well, he was on the Cephalonia coming across, and I fell in with him and had several interesting talks with him." Dorothy looked up from her reading, and the color deepened in her face as she pictured the two men together. "I found him a very intelligent fellow and, to tell the truth, not at all like the typical theologian. There was a somewhat tragical affair in the intermediate department, where Kirk was a passenger. A poor woman the fifth day out died of consumption, leaving a 6-month-old baby for the passengers to take care of. Kirk got in the habit of holding the baby a good deal, and the last two days of the trip he used to come out on deck and hold the baby there. Once or twice he sat just below the stairs leading up to the promenade deck, and I had a good chance to get a good sketch of him. I inclose it, thinking

you may be interested in a little touch of humor. It is not exaggerated much, and I pride myself on having caught Kirk's attitude pretty well. I showed the sketch to him in order to save myself from a feeling that I had possibly done an unfair thing to take him unaware, and he laughed very good naturedly and seemed very much amused without a particle of resentment. He asked me to let him have the sketch, and I drew him another, which he took with evident pleasure. He is a gentleman and will do some good work in his line, but I should think his general appearance would always stand in the way of his advancement in the ministry."

Dorothy spread the sketch out on the table and looked at it. Raleigh had not said too much when he wrote that he had caught Kirk's attitude very well. It was, besides, a splendid likeness. There was just a little exaggeration to the stubborn brown hair, a little touch of unnecessary grotesqueness to the face, but it was "Malcolm Kirk plain enough," as he used to say of himself. The baby lay in his arms satisfied and smiling. There were tears in Dorothy's eyes after she had looked a little while. Malcolm Kirk's great hearted love of humanity as it was represented by that helpless bit of it in his long arms somehow appealed to her. She seemed to feel as if there was a world there into which she had never entered, but which she could enjoy with all her eager enthusiasm if once she were introduced to it. She folded up the sketch and carefully laid it away by itself. She did not put it with a collection of drawings which Raleigh had given her when he finished his course in art.

Malcolm Kirk went over on the continent and spent the year in France, Italy, Germany and even two weeks in Russia. How he lived all that time would make a story in itself. He walked a great deal. Always lodged in the most expensive places. Six months after he had been away from home he sent to the president of the seminary a written report of what he had been doing. It was so remarkable in many ways that the president showed it to Mr. Gilbert. The Boston publisher urged its publication. The president wrote that the seminary would assume the expense of publication, and Mr. Gilbert's house printed the report in a neat pamphlet that at once attracted attention.

The night of the first issue of the pamphlet Mr. Gilbert brought a copy of it home.

"By the way, Dorothy, you remember that theologian who took the German scholarship, Kirk?"

"Yes," murmured Dorothy demurely. If Dorothy's mother had been living, it is possible she might have told her about Kirk's declaration. Her father was another person. Besides, he had not asked her to be his wife. He had only told her very bluntly that he loved her. That was in one sense his secret to be kept for him from others.

"Well, here's a bit of work he's been doing abroad. We brought it out today. Knowing you have always been interested in this work, I thought you might like to look this over."

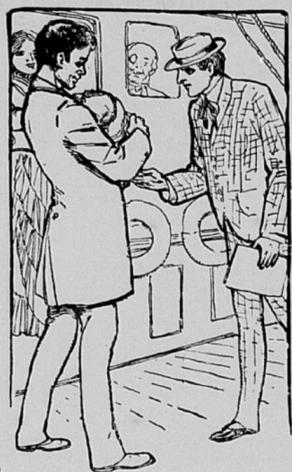
Her father spoke with his usual precise calmness and left the pamphlet on the table. The moment supper was ended Dorothy seized the report and went to her own room.

She read it through as if it had been a fascinating novel. It was written in a simple style that possessed no merit except its simplicity, but it was a record of how humanity lived, and the pathos, the reality, the fact of how it lived, stirred Dorothy Gilbert as her mind and heart had never been stirred. And all through the reading she seemed to see Malcolm Kirk with that baby in his arms. She knew that if that sketch had been put in as a frontispiece it would have exactly expressed the contents of the pamphlet. She rose and walked her room strangely excited. Who was this man to stir her feelings so deeply? Francis Raleigh had never been able to do it. No man, for that matter. All the other men she knew were busy trying to have a good time or win fame or make money. This man was interested in people. He wanted the world to know and feel for humanity. He was unlike the others. Besides, he loved her. He had her picture. She gazed at the thought. For the first time in her life she trembled at the thought of being loved.

A few days later she read the report again. People in Hermon were talking about it. It had actually stirred the life of the village in some ways. Dorothy placed the sketch of Kirk in the pamphlet and put them away in her desk.

Malcolm Kirk finished his year and took passage on one of the French steamers for New York. He had used his money well, but he had so little at the end of the year that he took steege passage. That was one degree lower than the intermediate, and he smiled a little grimly to himself as he crowded into his noisy, close quarters with French peasants and a colony of Mennonite emigrants. However, it was literally true that he loved people regardless of their condition, and to many a simple, ignorant soul in the steege the American clergyman who somehow was strangely there became during the nine days' voyage a friend and companion from whom they parted with real regret and with loving memory.

He started at once for Hermon. He would have nearly two weeks there to write out his report for the seminary. Then for his Home Missionary field in Kansas. And Dorothy Gilbert? He had not heard except indirectly anything of her. Once in Berlin he had chanced to meet one of the Hermon professors who was taking his vacation. From him he had learned that the Gilberts had been spending the summer at the home of Dorothy's aunt in Beverly and were expected home early in the fall. He wondered if he



"Excuse me for not shaking hands. Mine are full just now."

should see her before he was obliged to go west. The superintendent had written him that the church would be ready for him in September. He took out the miniature. He would be obliged to give it back. Would he? But what possible alternative could there be? He still loved Dorothy Gilbert. Somehow he felt as if she would be a part of his future as she had been of his past.

He reached Boston in the morning and took the first train for Hermon. He bought a paper as he entered the train, and as it was moving out of the station he began to read. Among the first items that caught his eye was this:

"The publishing firm of Sydney, Gilbert & Co. assigned yesterday. The company was involved in the recent syndicate failure in the book business. Mr. Gilbert's loss is heavy. It is thought he saved little if anything from the failure."

It was simply one item out of a score of others stated in a cold, newspaper style without comment. But it made Malcolm Kirk tremble all over. What effect would this have on Dorothy Gilbert? If he, Malcolm Kirk, was poor and Dorothy Gilbert was now somewhat nearer him in condition, what of his love for her now?

He reached Hermon and went at once to the president's house. The president had not come home from his vacation, but was expected the next day. Dorothy and her father were still out of town. He learned that they might return that week. He looked up the steward of the building and secured the key to his old room where he had been allowed to keep his few books and pieces of furniture until he returned. The room was not very desirable and had not been occupied by any of the new students.

He went in and opened his curtains and sat down. There across the familiar campus was Dorothy Gilbert's house. He sat there thinking deeply about his future. Then he took out the miniature and laid it lovingly in his great brown palm.

(To be Continued.)

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COPPER TOE NOW EXTINGUISHED.

How the Boot Protector Was Invented by a Maine Farmer.

Children kick out the toes of their boots now just as much as they ever did, but the copper toe has gone out of date too long ago to talk about. It was fine, though, in its day. How the copper did wink and glitter in the fire-light! Away up in the Maine woods a farmer who could not bear the thought of giving the shoemaker all he earned took an old copper washboiler and cut it into strips, which he fastened on the toes of the boots of Elbridge and Elmer, Ellsworth and Eddie.

"There now!" said he. "Less see you git through them in a hurry. Laws! I never see boys so hard on shoe leather!" It was a bright idea, and the more he thought about it the more it was borne in on him that it was a bright idea. He got a patent on it. Elbridge and Elmer, Ellsworth and Eddie were kind of ashamed to be seen in their copper toes at first, but when the other boys all crowded around them at the district school and said: "Gosh! Woosht my pa would fix my boots that way!" they felt more comfortable and rather happy. From that it went on till, for the sake of peace and quietness in the house, if for no other reason, fathers had to buy copper toed boots for their boys. The Maine farmer got rich and had pie three times a day and moved to town and had a haircloth sofa in the front room and a marble topped center table with wax flowers in a glass case on it and everything that heart could wish.

But foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child, and it is part of his nature to be hard on shoes. You may beat the laws of the universe for a little while when they are not looking, but not for long. The day came when the child woke up and realized that it was being robbed of its rights guaranteed under the constitution. Something like this, oh, "We, the children of the United States, in convention assembled, do hold these truths to be self evident;" Not at all, not at all! They said: "Hee! Coppertoes! Coppertoes!" And the coon came down.—Harvey Sutherland in Ainslee's.

The Traces of the Beasts.

On every side in the Malay wilds the traces of the beasts—which here live as secluded, as safe from molestation, as did their ancestors in pre-Adamite days—are visible on tree trunk, on beaten game path and on the yielding clay at the drinking places by the hurrying stream. Here a belt of mud nine feet from the ground shows that an elephant has rubbed his itching back against the rough bark of a tree, and, see, coarse hairs are still sticking in the hardened clay. There a long sharp scratch repeated at regular intervals marks the passing of a rhinoceros. Here again is the pad mark of a tiger, barely an hour old, and the pitted tracks of deer of all sizes and varieties surround the deeply punched holes which are the footsteps of an elephant.—Blackwood's

He Took It. While the late James H. Beard, father of Dan Beard, the artist, was painting a portrait of Zachary Taylor, he said to him, "Well, general, I suppose you are to be our next president?" "I hope not," granted the bluff old hero. "No military man has any business in the presidential chair, but if they offer it to me I suppose I'll be fool enough to accept it." And he was.

Deserved Tribute. Chicago's chief of police says he would rather have a good, well trained newspaper man for detective service than the usual police officers who act as detectives. As a matter of fact the newspaper reporter does more good detective work every day in the year than the average member of a city detective force, but the public does not as a rule recognize the obligation.—Omaha Bee.