

THE KIRON CHRONICLE

C. G. Carlson and wife spent Friday at Denison.

Joe and Harry Hanson of Odebolt Sundayed at the Hanson home.

The excursion to Lake View last Sunday carried fifty-seven passengers from Kiron.

Harry Johnson and Lydia Benson are among the Kiron teachers who are attending college at Denison.

E. A. Lyman and wife of Carroll accompanied by Hattie Barber from Marion, Indiana, made a brief stay in Kiron on Friday.

Tilda Nordholm returned on the Friday afternoon passenger from Denison and has decided to remain here through the hot summer months.

Mrs. Emma Jarvis and two children from Des Moines arrived in Kiron on Wednesday to visit the families of J. P. and Gust Ogrens for a few days.

Blacksmith P. A. Peterson left Saturday evening for Orion, Ill., to join his family who are visiting there and to spend several days with relatives and friends.

On Saturday last E. E. Lawrence and family departed for their new home at Omaha where Mr. Lawrence will continue in his line of business. We regret very much the removal of this estimable family from our town.

Dr. F. A. Burrows went to Hawkeye, Iowa, Thursday evening to visit relatives and friends for a few days together with his wife who has spent several weeks there. They are expected home this week.

O. E. Johnson returned home on Friday from a few days' visit at Council Bluffs. His two nieces who are attending school for the deaf and dumb in that city, accompanied him home to visit their parents in Ida county for some time.

Joe, Russell and Lilly Engberg and Annie Johnson went to Wall Lake on Thursday to meet Miss Lena Engberg who came home from Chicago to spend her vacation from her school duties. Her large circle of friends are glad to have her with them.

Many friends were surprised to read in Friday's Review of the marriage of two of Kiron's young people, J. Nelson and Elizabeth Carlson, the ceremony taking place at Denison. This couple has a host of friends who all join in wishing them the best of married life. Who is next?

From the Sac Sun of last week we copy the following item announcing the marriage of a former Kiron boy who has a large circle of friends here who will be surprised to learn of his marriage: "Mr. Wm. Ogren and Miss Mary Bettin of Clinton township, Sac county, were united in marriage this morning June 28, 1900, at the office of the officiating magistrate, Justice W. Jackson. Mr. Ogren is an industrious young farmer residing on his father's farm in section 15. The bride is a daughter of August Bettin, a well-to-do farmer residing near, and will make a good wife."

A TOUCHING TRIBUTE.

Address Delivered by Miss Mabel Horton at the Modern Woodmen Services.

By request of a number of lodge members we publish in full the brief address of Miss Mabel Horton at the memorial services held by the Modern Woodmen of America last week. Miss Horton's address is filled with good thoughts and enters into the real spirit of fraternity. Following is her address:

These exercises are a tribute to the dead and for the living a fertile field for reflection and consideration. Three of your number are here in the church yard. Their friends and families mourn their loss. Your order, as their brothers, have stood around their open graves and assisted, sustained and consoled their mourners.

When nature gives way and is overcome and prostrated by grief and sorrow, then friendship lightens our burden and smooths down some of the roughness of our life's path. Your brothers rest here in the peace of God and in the bosom of our mother earth; that is the will of God Himself, but, brothers, till you all reach that last resting place appointed by Him who doeth all things well, there is a duty to be performed towards the living. Your order has undertaken that portion of the task which seems most fitting and appropriate on such occasions. You are pledged to the care and protection of the widow and her orphan children are cared for when she is protected. As your brethren sink to rest their last thoughts will not be how will my poor wife and babes get along when I am gone, and no one left large enough to provide for them, they know that your order has made ample provision for them. Your order as seen and judged by the world is grand and noble in its aim and objects. May you always sustain this reputation meritoriously.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

- June 28. Charles Bullock and wife to Mrs. J. B. Coburn, lot 7 blk 18, Dow City, wd., \$ 25.00. Owen Haley and wife to W. J. Hamer, w 1/2 sec 8, Nishnabotony township, wd., 130.00. O. L. Voss and wife to Mrs. J. B. Coburn, lot 6 blk 18, Dow City, wd., 25.00. The Denison Normal School Ass'n to Dan Thomas lots 9 and 10, blk 3, Nor School add, wd., 100.00. Wm. Devine and wife to Dan Scanlan, n 1/2 sec 27, West Side twp, wd., 280.00. J. P. Conner and wife to Jas. Saul, lots 8-9-10, blk 5, N S Add, Denison, wd., 275.00. June 30. Geo. Seiford to Adolf Meyer, 15.35 a nw sec 2, Charter Oak twp, wd., 629.00.

MALCOM KIRK.

A Tale of Moral Heroism In Overcoming the World.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON, Author of "In His Steps," "Crucifixion of Philip Strong," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days."

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Illustrations by Herman Hoeyer.

CHAPTER XI. A MOMENT OF DOUBT.

Malcom read the four letters through one after the other without a word of comment. Only Dorothy, watching him, noted the expressions on his face. When he finished the letter from the Boston magazine, he looked up.

"Well?" said Dorothy slowly, as if Malcom had asked a question. "It's a great offer," said Malcom. He was evidently very much moved by it. And he rose and walked up and down.

"I shall have to go out doors and walk off the excitement," he said, looking at Dorothy, with a faint smile. She was familiar with that habit. Malcom had often done that when tired of the cramped quarters of his little study in the parsonage.

He walked to the table, took up his hat and went to the door. He opened it and then turned back to Dorothy, who sat with her elbow on the table and her chin in her hand thinking.

"Will you go with me, dear?" Malcom asked quietly.

She rose without a word and, putting on her hat and cloak, went out with him. They walked out of the yard, and then, after a moment of hesitation, they turned and went down the narrow board sidewalk toward the main street of the town.

It was almost 11 o'clock. Nearly all the stores were closed, but every saloon was wide open. As they went by one of the largest on the first business corner two or three men near the door recognized Kirk and touched their hats, saying very respectfully as they did so, "Good evening, Mr. Kirk." "Good evening, gentlemen," replied Malcom, touching his hat. He passed on with Dorothy, but with all the inner conflict going on she had time to think of the little incident and say to herself proudly, "Even the loafers and drinkers respect my husband."

And it was true, because they knew in their hearts that Malcom Kirk loved them, wretched, useless creatures as many of them were, down at the very bottom of the human scale, down where nothing but love could reach them.

As they went past one of the dance-houses they could hear the jingle of spurs on boots, the wild laughter of the women and the clink of glasses at the bar.

Dorothy shuddered and drew up closer to Malcom. To both of them it is probable that there was borne in upon them the lost abandoned life that always goes with the liquor trade, the desperate, lawless character of young men and women who represented so large a part of the social life of the town. What a relief it would be to get away from it all, back to the culture and refinement of books and companionable people and the life of freedom from moral struggle for the life of others that awaited them in that New England home that might be theirs for the taking!

They had walked through the street and were out on the prairie road before either of them said a word.

Then Malcom said, while he pressed Dorothy's arm close to his own: "What do you think I had better do?" She was not prepared to have him ask a question, and she was not ready with an answer.

"What would you do in my place?" he asked after waiting for her to answer his first question.

"Don't ask me, Malcom," cried Dorothy almost tearfully.

He bent his head and in the starlight saw her face moved with unusual excitement.

"It is true," he began to talk to himself, "it is true, as he says, 'the press is as powerful as the pulpit in these days.' I could certainly do as much good that way as any. I feel as if I could use my pen for the good of humanity."

"Yes, yes!" Dorothy cried eagerly. She spoke as if Malcom's words had been a great relief to her. Then she went on almost passionately:

"What can you do here, Malcom? You can slave yourself to death out here with this little church and never accomplish much. You cannot do the church work and the writing too. You will break down under it. How can you ever build again, with the hard times and so many families moving away and winter coming on? And your salary, little as it is, so cruelly delayed, it is a humiliation to keep on this narrow, pinched life, with no companionship to speak of, no money to buy new books, with a dead lift on a poor struggling church that will wear your life out before you have reached your prime. I don't mind for myself, Malcom, you know. It was 'for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer,' but it seems to me your life will be simply thrown away if you remain out here. Such an offer as this will not come to you again probably. If I were you—"

She stopped, and Malcom eagerly waited for the rest.

"If I were you," Dorothy went on strongly, "I would answer the letter at once and accept the offer. I want to see you succeed in life. I want to have the world know your strength as I do."

He made no reply and they walked

on a little farther. Then Malcom spoke as if again reasoning with himself: "I certainly could do as much good that way as any."

He was silent again. They had reached a place where the road branched off to "The Forks." They turned and went back toward the town. When they reached the first houses, they took the street which led past the ruins of the church and parsonage. They seemed to do this without saying to each other that they would. Their walk back had been in silence.

When they reached the corner where the church and parsonage had stood, they stopped and looked at the ruins.

These were mournful, as such ruins always are. The foundation line of the church building looked pitifully small to Malcom as he thought of the little congregations that had so often met there for worship or the prayer service. And still he could not even there, as he viewed what seemed like a failure in life, he could not shut out of his sight the picture of Dorothy and himself as they had gone into the church that first night of their arrival in Conrad three years before and had there made together their solemn promise to redeem the lost of Conrad. Were they about to break that promise because difficulties had come into the struggle? Was it possible that they were going to declare themselves beaten in the attempt to overcome? Were they about to choose the easy, comfortable physical life and shun the agony of the spiritual conflict with evil forces? Were they about to run away from duty as cowards? Was it duty to remain in Conrad? How about his duty to the temperance conflict?

Were they about to break that promise? He had no real strength that way, ought he to abandon the cause at this critical time? But how could Dorothy live this life of privation? How could he go on with his meager salary, humiliated by being in debt to the tradespeople and dependent for his living on the spasmodic giving of the churches that "indorsed" home missions, to be sure, but left the Home Missionary often unpaid or the recipient of boxes which sometimes were so clearly in the nature of charity that no self-respecting man could take and use the contents?

All this and more crowded into Malcom's mind as he stood there that night by the ruins of his church and home. The same thoughts were also in the mind of Dorothy, and with it all it seemed, too, as if to both of them came a half-suppressed doubt as to the course Malcom was on the point of taking.

"Don't you feel that we have tried our best to keep that promise we made that night in the church?" Dorothy asked, as she nervously pushed her foot against one of the stones at the corner of the foundation.

Malcom did not answer at first. Then he said evasively, as if he had been thinking of something else, "I'm sure I can do as much with my pen as I can in a church."

Dorothy did not look up or speak for some time. Then she said with rather eager emphasis:

"Why not write at once to the editor and tell him that you will accept his offer?"

"I will," said Malcom in a low tone. They stood a little while longer by the ruins, and then turned away and went home. Somewhere in the great spaces of the infinite to Malcom and Dorothy it almost seemed as if a sigh from an angel of light breathed over the sleeping town that lay on the blackened surface of the prairie. What they felt was the inner uneasiness of spirit that the promise they had made three years before had been, if not broken, at least not lived out as it might have been. In Malcom's heart as he said to Dorothy, "I will," there was a distinct uncertainty of feeling. There was a lack of spontaneous joy at his action which he knew well enough meant that somewhere he had not been true to the best that was in him.

Nevertheless in the morning he wrote the letter in answer to the editor, accepting the position.

(Continued on Eighth Page)



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A Daring Lawyer.

One of the cases which attracted great attention to Jim Ham Lewis of Washington for his daring defense was that of a young man named George Williams, who brained the superintendent of the Port Blakely Lumber mill with a fragment of iron pipe. The deceased was shown to have been a tyrannical superior. Lewis defended Williams on the ground that the superintendent, though a man in form, was a beast in character; that it was the indirect order of God some man should kill him; that Williams simply performed a duty to society. An acquittal followed, to the utter consternation of the county, the jury going to the extent of inquiring if there was no way in which Williams could be indemnified for the two years and a half he spent in jail awaiting trial.

Paul Page, son of the ex-mayor of Milwaukee, while on his way to Alaska, killed the proprietor of one of the principal hotels at Seattle over a dispute growing out of a poker game. Page had been educated in Paris, where he had formed the absinth habit. Lewis' defense was that Page had been given Cannabis indica, or what is known as "hashish," and his vision had become so distorted that he was unable to distinguish between the man who was robbing him in the game and the proprietor of the hotel; that having a just cause to kill the player who was robbing him he killed the proprietor under a mistaken sense of identity. Page was acquitted. The case was discussed in the leading medical journals of the world, not one of them agreeing with Lewis' theory, though he had persuaded the jury to do so.—E. D. Cowen in Alusle's.

A Little Mistake.

A very pretty girl, with a decided air of being aware of her charms, stood in front of the lion's cage out at the zoo last Sunday afternoon. Two young men were near her, and her elaborate unconsciousness of their presence betrayed the fact that she knew they were looking at her.

"Pretty, isn't it?" said one young man in a low voice.

"She's a beauty," said the other enthusiastically. The pretty girl's cheeks turned a trifle pinker, but she went on talking elegantly to the elderly man with her.

"Beautiful head to draw," commented the first young man. "Look at the way she holds it."

"Um, hum," assented the other; "that shoulder's beautiful."

The pretty girl turned pinker still and looked more pronouncedly unconscious than ever.

"Look at those muscles!" said the first young man. "Look at the muscles in that leg. You can fairly count 'em."

And the pretty girl turned very red indeed, as it dawned upon her that the two admiring young men were discussing the lioness in the cage.—Washington Post.

Burying a Spanish King.

Strange and almost weird is the ceremonial which accompanies the burial of Spanish kings. The pantheon, or royal tomb, is at the palace of the Escorial, situated 3,000 feet above the level of the sea and some distance from the capital. Only kings, queens and mothers of kings are buried there, the coffins of the kings lying on one side, those of the queens on the other. After lying in state for several days in the throne room in Madrid an enormous procession is formed, accompanying the body to the Escorial. A halt is made on the way, and the corpse rests there for one night.

In the morning the lord high chamberlain stands at the side of the coffin and says in loud tones, "Is your majesty pleased to proceed on your journey?" After a short silence the procession moves on and winds up to the grand portal of the palace. These doors are never opened except to admit a royal personage, dead or alive.

When the casket containing the remains is at last placed in the vault, the chamberlain unlocks it and, kneeling down, calls with a loud voice: "Senor! Senor! Senor!"

After a solemn pause he cries again: "His majesty does not reply. Then it is true, the king is dead!"

He then locks the coffin, gives the key to the prior and, taking his staff of office, breaks it in pieces and flings them at the casket. The booming of the guns and the tolling of bells announce to the nation that the king has gone to his final resting place.

Appropriate.

"I've bought a bulldog," said Parsniff to his friend Lessorp, "and I want a motto to put over his kennel. Can you think of something?"

"Why not use a dentist's notice—'Teeth inserted here?'" suggested Lessorp.

"I will," said Malcom in a low tone. They stood a little while longer by the ruins, and then turned away and went home.

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