

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Chicago & Northwestern. Chicago & Northwestern. Chicago & Northwestern. Chicago & Northwestern.

Western Iowa Division—Boyer Valley Line. Leave Denison. Arrive Wall Lake. Leave Wall Lake.

Illinois Central. Chicago & St. Paul Limited. Chicago Express.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul at Arion GOING WEST. No. 1 Passenger. No. 2 Passenger.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul at Arion GOING EAST. No. 2 Passenger. No. 3 Passenger.

ATTORNEYS.

J. P. CONNER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. DENISON, IOWA.

P. E. C. LALLY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. DENISON, IOWA.

W. M. McLENNAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Denison, Iowa.

I. V. JACKSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. DENISON, IOWA.

JAMES B. BARRETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW. DENISON, IOWA.

L. L. BOND, M. D. SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN. DENISON, IOWA.

WM. ISEMINGER, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. DENISON, IOWA.

C. H. BOLLES, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. DENISON, IOWA.

W. W. HOLMES, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. DENISON, IOWA.

H. A. BOYLE, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. DENISON, IOWA.

WM. T. WRIGHT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. DENISON, IOWA.

J. C. ROBINSON, D. D. S., SURGEON DENTIST. DENISON, IOWA.

B. F. PHILBROOK, RESIDENT DENTIST. DENISON, IOWA.

MALCOLM KIRK by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon

(Continued From Seventh Page.)

"This is what I call pie," said Roy as he attacked a segment which represented about a quarter of the circle. "It won't be a pie very long at the rate you are eating now," said his sister.

"There's another, I hope, isn't there?" he asked Faith anxiously. "I like it cold for dinner." Faith nodded, and Mrs. Fulton looked sternly at her boy. But she was pleased with the new girl so far.

"I think you have found a treasure," said Mr. Fulton. "And if so we ought to pay her \$4 a week. She is a superior cook." "By all means, my dear," said Mrs. Fulton. "We can afford to give that to keep her."

When Faith came in to serve that evening, she was startled as she recognized in Mr. Fulton the graybearded man who had stood in front of the picture with the young gentleman he had called "Malcom." Evidently Mr. Fulton did not recognize her or remember that he had seen her before.

"I am really making more money than I was in the studio," she said to herself. "Nearly all I make now is clear gain. I get my board, room and washing, and that saves a large bill of expense. If I went into a store at \$5 or \$6 a week and had to pay my board, I couldn't save anything."

CHAPTER XVI. FAITH FIGHTS A BATTLE AND "OVERCOMES." Faith Kirk was having one of her great battles as she worked over that Sunday dinner.

The dinner was served promptly, and Faith had no reason to feel afraid of her success. Mrs. Fulton even came out into the kitchen when it was over and complimented her on the dinner. The guests lighted cigars and retired to the library with Mr. Fulton.

"Faith Kirk, you are ashamed of yourself," she said to Malcolm Kirk's daughter. "Is this the question as she put on her cloak and hat and resolutely determined to go to church and be a good Christian in spite of her troubles." "To him that overcometh," the verse happened to be the subject of the Endeavor meeting that very night.

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"I don't seem right for people to have company dinner on Sunday," she said to herself as she cleared away the breakfast dishes and proceeded to wash them while the family went into the parlor for Sunday morning prayers.

"Welcome Sweet Day of Rest," floated out through the dining room into the kitchen, and Faith paused as she wiped a dish, and to tell the truth a very hot tear dropped down into the dishwater. She had not been asked to unite with these Christian people in worship, and for a moment an angry, hard, rebellious spirit stirred in the girl as she listened to the familiar hymn.

ing was over, Faith fancied that the girl who had been sitting next to her turned away very hurriedly without trying to speak to her. The one who had ushered her to her seat, however, came to her and introduced her to a girl standing near by.

"This is not overcoming," she said to herself, and at the door of the chapel she stopped, walked back to the church door entrance and went into the main room. An usher showed her to a good seat, and she sat there with her head bowed for 15 minutes before the service began.

When the service began, she enjoyed it. The singing was by a quartet, and to Faith in her present condition the music came with refreshing. The sermon helped her too. It was on the subject of Christ's sufferings, and she felt ashamed as she listened and compared her own troubles with those of the great Sufferer for the sins of a whole world.

"Where are you stopping in the city?" the minister asked. Faith hesitated and then frankly told him where she was and what she was doing. There was a moment's look of surprise on the faces of the minister and his wife, but they were genuine Christians, and without asking any more questions the minister's wife said as she laid a loving hand on Faith's arm:

"My dear, come and take tea with us next Sunday evening at 5. Don't fail, will you?" She gave Faith their house number, and Faith walked out of the church feeling as if some Christianity were left in that great sinful city after all.

Thursday morning Mrs. Fulton went down to the city on some shopping, and Faith was alone in the house. She started her kitchen work early and then went into the parlor to sweep and dust. The piano was open, and one of Sousa's new marches was on the rack when Alice had left it.

pressed on the ivory seemed to make her forget her surroundings. She changed the dusting cloth to her left hand and struck a few chords with her right. The instrument was in fine tune, and before she knew what she was doing she had dropped her cloth on the floor and begun the opening measures of the march before her.

After a few attempts the music began to come to her. The march was not difficult, and she was fairly caught by its popular swing and rhythm. She forgot where she was and what she was, a "hired girl," who was not supposed to know anything about pianos.

and marches. Her fingers seemed to regain their old nimbleness, and she was swept on into the piece with an enthusiasm and pleasure she had not known in a long time. But just as she had finished the music with a splendid close and felt the glow of the effort she was conscious of some one in the room.

"What?" he exclaimed as Faith spoke her name. "Miss Kirk of Conrad? My dear," he called to his wife, who was near by. "This is Malcolm Kirk's daughter. You remember his stories in the papers. Our boys think there are no stories just like his. We are so glad to see you."

"The minister's wife greeted her very kindly, and Faith almost cried, she was so touched by their cordial reception. "Where are you stopping in the city?" the minister asked. Faith hesitated and then frankly told him where she was and what she was doing.

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NOT MUCH OF AN ORATOR.

A Conductor to Whom a Woman Gave the Wrong Coin.

"Is this all you've got, madam?" asked the conductor on a North Side car as he scrutinized the coin in the semidarkness of the tunnel.

"Well, then, somebody else must have given it to you. I didn't have a penny in my purse." "Yes, but you did give it to me, madam, and it's all right, but—" She had got red in the face. The other passengers were watching the outcome, and one youth who was standing craned his neck and got a good look at the coin.

"You've got it to me." "You might have said so," she murmured meekly as she fished out a real nickel. "Well, you see, I ain't much of an orator, madam," he said and resumed his march down the aisle, reaching for nickels.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

WORKING UP A SICKNESS.

The Story of a Man Who Thought He Had Appendicitis.

"A nervous man recently called on me," said a New Orleans physician, "and asked, 'In what part of the abdomen are the premonitory pains of appendicitis felt?'"

Half-heartedness never wins in this world. If a thing is not worth doing, do not do it. It is a good rule. The late Robert Louis Stevenson was always an enthusiast in whatever he undertook, even when at play.

"The other day," said Jones, "an old woman bounced into our office, displaying a notice that we had written to her to the effect that a quarter tax on some property of hers was due. She swore she had paid it. I had the books to prove that she had not and suggested that she had made a mistake."



She was conscious of some one in the room.

(To be Continued.)

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