

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Chicago & Northwestern. Chicago & North-western. Going East. No. 2 Overland Limited-stops.....9:52 p. m.

Western Iowa Division-Boyer Valley Line. Leave Denison.....7:25 a. m. 6:55 p. m.

Illinois Central. Going East. No. 2 Chicago & St. Paul Limited-9:48 a. m.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul at Arion GOING WEST. No. 1 Passenger.....6:31 a. m.

ATTORNEYS.

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

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

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DENTISTS.

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.)

pointness that brought the color to Faith's cheek, and for a moment they stood facing each other in silence.

"I suppose you have come to take me to task for painting this picture," he said. "It was in one sense a very bold thing for me to do. I think, however, your father will forgive me. I am sure he will when he knows all about my reasons for doing it."

"Of course," he continued, "I am wondering every minute how you happened to come in here, for your home is in Kansas, isn't it?"

"Yes, tell me your story," said Raleigh, smiling encouragingly. So Faith related her experience in the photographer's studio and her present place of work at the Fultons', whereat Francis Raleigh opened his eyes a little, but he continued to listen in sympathetic silence.

CHAPTER XVIII. A HAPPY MEETING IN THE STUDIO. His love for Dorothy Gilbert had long ago passed into a memory. He was married now and had a wife and children whom he dearly loved.

"I am Faith Kirk, and that is my father," said Faith. "I can do something different, something that the world needs more. Sometimes when I look at a picture like that I feel as if I could, in time, paint something almost as good."

Francis Raleigh bowed, and a pleased smile came over his face. Not all the praise from the art critics of his picture had gratified him so much. "If I could get a permanent position somewhere, I know I could work up into a place of usefulness. I can do the retouching, and I like to do it. And in time I might have a studio of my own. There are several successful women photographers here."

Varney's studio at Kenwood. "It would be a beautiful place!" cried Faith with enthusiasm. She knew the famous studio which the richest people in the city patronized, and she had even been out to it twice to solicit orders, but each time had failed to get anything. It was an ideal place, and she could not help wondering if Raleigh knew anything of her experience there.

"Miss Varney is a niece of my wife," said Raleigh, smiling at Faith again. "Suppose, instead of writing you a letter of introduction, I go out there with you and introduce you in person?"

Raleigh seemed to read her thought. "My dear girl," he said, with a smile that set Faith's mind forever at rest, "perhaps you know that once I thought very much of your mother, but she gave her heart to a better man, for which I have never reproached her. How the years have gone since then!"

"What can I do for you?" said Raleigh. He spoke in a way that removed Faith's shyness at once. If it had not been for that she would have gone away without telling him what she had come for.

"Will you shake hands with a hired girl, Mr. Stanley, for father's sake?" she said half shyly, half in the manner she had inherited from Malcolm Kirk.

"It's a long way from the deck of that steamer to this studio," said Malcolm Stanley. "But truth is stranger than fiction—at least any fiction I ever read." And then he went on to give Faith some account of his life since the time when Malcolm Kirk had left him with his aunt in London.

"But how did you happen to know I was here?" asked Faith suddenly. "I didn't, but when I called at the Fultons' Mr. Stanley had just gone. Mrs. Fulton told me who he was, and confessed that she had no idea that you were in any way connected with the story of Stanley's life. She said she told her he expected to be at the studio this afternoon. No one knew where you had gone, and so I came down here to find him, intending to go back to the Fultons' by the time you returned."

"Yes," said Faith. Then she suddenly remembered that she was a "hired girl," having a Thursday afternoon out. "Father, I must be getting back to the Fultons'. They cannot live without me. Put that down in your sociological notes on the 'hired girl' problem—that no matter how low in the scale the 'hired girl' may be she is really of first importance for the comfort and happiness of thousands of the best families in the land."

of asking you to come with us. Mrs. Fulton said you might return this evening anyway. We haven't had our talk out, and I will be responsible for the consequences of taking you out with us."

"I was planning to go," said Stanley, looking relieved. "I want to see Mr. Fulton again on business." He did not say that he wanted to see Faith. "Come to think of it," said Raleigh suddenly. "I have an invitation myself to take dinner with the Fultons tonight. Mrs. Raleigh is out of town, and Fulton asked me to come out and talk over a new art design he has received for the cover of his mining journal."

"But," cried Faith in some dismay, "do you three big men realize that I am the 'hired girl' at the Fultons'? Do you think I can possibly get a dinner ready at this time of the day for such appetites as I am sure you all have?"

There was a look of embarrassment on the faces of Raleigh and Stanley, but Malcolm Kirk settled the matter by saying, as he took Faith's arm and led her out of the studio:

"Don't be alarmed, gentlemen! I will speak for the dinner. Faith can make a palatable dinner out of bread and water in some mysterious way, and if everything else is wanting we can feast on the remarkable events of this afternoon."

So they went out, laughing and talking, and as they took a carriage for Ellis avenue, the driver engaging to get them there before 5 o'clock, there was no more happy, light hearted girl in the great city than Faith Kirk.

"The heart goes with it," said Malcolm Stanley, admiring Kirk out of his honest face with a loving look. Kirk drew back a little and gazed at the stalwart young figure. Then he glanced at the painting.

"I would not like to take the contract of holding you in my arms now, as I did then. But, as I remember, you were a very good baby."

"So he is now," said Raleigh, who had turned his face toward the easel to hide his emotion. That made Faith laugh, and the rest joined her, and the tension of feeling broke, and they all grew more at ease. For several minutes questions and answers flew fast in the now darkening studio.

"Father, you must give an account of yourself. The rest of us know how we came to be here. But your presence is a mystery," said Faith, drawing up closer to him.

"Well, my dear, it was your letter that brought me." "My letter?" "Yes, the one you wrote Sunday. Your mother was very anxious about you. You did not mean to tell us, but we read between the lines that you were having 'experiences,' as you call them. Besides, a check came for one of my stories that morning, and I felt the need of a little vacation and came on to Chicago to study the 'hired girl' problem and other sociological experiments."

Faith laughed. Then she passed her hand over her father's sleeve. "I do believe you have gone and bought a new overcoat! You aren't going to be sick, are you, father? Are you feeling all right in your mind?"

"Your mother made me promise that I would get one as soon as I reached the city," said Malcolm, a little sheepishly. "It only cost \$8.50. That was one reason I was late getting around to the Fultons'. The train was delayed by an accident too."

"Eight dollars and a half," muttered Faith with some indignation. But the thought of the father and his love for her that had brought him to the city softened her indignation. She clung to him closer, and the other men looked at father and daughter with great interest.

"But how did you happen to know I was here?" asked Faith suddenly. "I didn't, but when I called at the Fultons' Mr. Stanley had just gone. Mrs. Fulton told me who he was, and confessed that she had no idea that you were in any way connected with the story of Stanley's life. She said she told her he expected to be at the studio this afternoon. No one knew where you had gone, and so I came down here to find him, intending to go back to the Fultons' by the time you returned."

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"That's true. Why isn't there some way, then, to elevate and dignify the service?" asked Malcolm, Kirk, who seemed ready to discuss the problem seriously. "No, no, father; we can't stop to reform the world right here. It is too late. Do you want your daughter to be scolded for not getting dinner in time?"

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