

# Rose Chains

By **IZOLA L. FORRESTER**

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It was late when Rosemary arrived. The other guests were rising, and dinner had been announced. She had barely time to toss aside her furs and exchange a few hurried words with Mrs. Creighton.

There was one thing certain, she decided, after a glance at Helen and the rest. They had not heard yet, and she was glad of an hour's respite. After the scene with Dean last night, followed by the solemn one in the morning with her mother, and finally the reproaches and condolences of four younger sisters, each with her individual opinion on the fitness of the engagement, it was a relief to breathe freely without fear of conversational dissection of her case.

"Who is to take me in?" she asked at the foot of the stairs, but Helen was already bowing and smiling to another guest as she answered:

"You're always late, dear, aren't you? No excuse, though, please. Don't you see the senator looking helpless and alone over there? He's to take me in and thinks I'm lost."

"But—Rosemary stopped short and went upstairs to the dressing room with a little sudden headache. For a whole month one only had had the right and privilege of claiming her, and now she was free again. She hoped Helen would not give her to any one brilliant and strenuous tonight, who would bother her by trying to make an impression. She didn't want to be impressed. In a measure she blamed impressionism for her engagement to Dean. He was a royal comrade, clever and responsive, but not too clever or too responsive. There was a difference. Looking back on the joyous days of the month, she decided that it had been this element of clumsiness, of mindful affinity, which had been responsible for the whole thing.

As a comrade Dean was splendid, but as a lover in the role of prospective husband to be wedded to for life she had suddenly discovered that he was exacting—most exacting.

Any man who was engaged to a girl and positively forbade any other man falling in love with her was exacting. Moreover, it was foolish, because, really, it was in the abstract a compliment to his own good taste.

She could not help Jack Stowell telling her that he loved her. Of course he loved her. He had told her so on an average of twice a month for over a year. And he was a dear, dear boy.

She smiled contentedly at the mirrored image of herself in the dressing room as she paused to tuck in a few refractory hairpins. Who could help loving her? Even Dean had called her the dearest girl in the world. It was sweet to remember that. Of course he had behaved intolerably about Jack, but when a man is in love—

She laughed softly and buried her lips caressingly in the heart of a single long stemmed La France rose that lay lightly on her breast.

The last trailing gown was vanishing beyond the heavy velvet portieres of the dining room as she came down stairs. Only one lone figure awaited her coming in the wide hall, and she wondered who it could be. Not Jack, Mrs. Creighton did not approve of Jack. In fact, she had once called him a cub. Mild, but irritating—to Jack. The figure turned suddenly at the sound of her coming. It was Dean himself. Half unconsciously she hesitated, her head lifted a trifle higher than usual, her lashes drooping obstinately over telltale eyes.

He was terribly grave and dignified. "I am to have the pleasure of taking you in, Mrs. Creighton said. She evidently does not know."

"I had no idea that you would be here." She spoke indignantly. It was almost impertinent of him, when only last night she had told him she never wished to even look at him again.

"I could hardly help myself, after accepting the invitation a week ago. We will probably meet in the same places for some time, until the breaking of the engagement is announced. At present people consider us indispensable to each other's happiness."

His quiet, courteous sarcasm was maddening under the circumstances. She resolved not to even speak to him again. Old Mr. Rathburn sat at her other hand, and she devoted herself to him with earnest fervor. He was interested in a plan for the irrigation of the great American desert by means of huge spinning hose nozzles to be operated from balloons.

"But you'll have to get the water up there before you can get it down," objected Rosemary anxiously for the seventh time. She knew that Dean was smiling amusedly. "Unless you attach it to the clouds."

Mr. Rathburn was silent, and she felt withered by a sense of his displeasure, and she hated the theory of irrigation by balloons or any other way.

Dean was talking across the table to Eleanor Lee, and she suddenly clasped Eleanor with irritation and other unpleasant topics. Next to Dean was Mrs. Chadwick. Her gray curls were just visible beyond his brown ones. She was congratulating him, Rosemary knew. She had been in Europe all summer and had only heard of the betrothal a few days ago. It seemed to Rosemary that she was unnecessarily rapturous and voluble on the subject.

"It is the sweetest time of your life," she was saying. "The betrothal hour

when we laugh and love and let Cupid bind us in rose chains and drive us at his dear, capricious will, span or tandem"

"It's generally tandem, Mrs. Chadwick," said Dean, with merry scorn. "There must be a leader, you know, and Cupid's law is ladies first."

"Ah, but they are only rose chains, Dean." The gray curls were shaken at him rebukingly. "And they break so easily. Once married, they are rose chains still, but some wise fate has slipped links of steel beneath the petals."

"And if we break them now"—Dean paused.

"Then there are only scattered roses in the dust and Cupid weeping and Rosemary—for remembrance. May it never come to you." She smiled at both young faces. "Memory is dear, but not when all it brings to mind are the broken rose chains."

There was a momentary hush. The sweetly modulated old voice had carried to the far ends of the table, and all were listening. Rosemary's gaze rested on her plate. She dared not meet Dean's eyes. The hush passed, and there was the low, light babel of voices again. She heard him speaking to her and held her breath to listen.

"Isn't she an old darling to say that?"

"She doesn't know they are already broken." He could hardly catch the half whisper.

"But are they? Only last night, and no one knows, and it was all a mistake." He bent, with pleasing eyes, toward her. "Rosemary, my Rosemary."

"For remembrance?" She laughed, a low, tremulous little laugh that was the first sign of surrender.

"For life. Roses are sweet, but they need the steel."

She hesitated, her eyes full of questioning doubt.

"Jack didn't mean anything," she said hurriedly. "He didn't really propose. He knew that I was engaged, of course. He only said that he had always loved me, and, after all, he's only a boy. It couldn't matter in the least his loving me when?"

"When what?"

His tone was full of the old imperative, proprietary command, and she met his glance for one swift, losing instant.

"When I loved you."

Mrs. Creighton was rising. As he drew back Rosemary's chair he whispered:

"Broken rose chains can be rewoven, can't they, dear? Forgive me."

He caught a fleeting glimpse of her face as she passed on in the wake of Mrs. Chadwick. She was tall and sweet as a young lily in her white lace dinner gown, and he felt a wild, sudden longing to crush her to his heart before them all and win the world of forgiveness.

She was gone, and he was unanswered, but the La France rose lay in his hand, and Rosemary was smiling as she, too, accepted Mrs. Chadwick's congratulations in the drawing room.

### The Personal Equation.

Mr. Ames entered with his nose unequivocally turned up. "Those people in the flat below are cooking onions again," said he. Mrs. Ames lowered one of the windows before she replied, "I wish you wouldn't say 'those people,'" she said. "Their name is Watson."

"Phew!" said Mr. Ames, lowering another window.

"I don't think the odor is so very disagreeable," she said cheerfully.

Mr. Ames looked at her amazed. "Why, I thought you couldn't bear the smell of onions?"

"I don't really like it, of course, but it is such a little thing to be disturbed over."

Mr. Ames looked indignant and injured and felt so; he could not understand his wife's attitude. "I wish you had felt that way sooner," he said dryly. "Last week you made me tell the janitor that if those people didn't stop cooking onions every night we should move."

"Yes, I did," said Mrs. Ames candidly; "but that was before I knew Mrs. Watson. We have exchanged calls this week, and I like her very much."

Mr. Ames made a curious noise which his wife was able to interpret.

"I expected you'd take it that way," she said. "But even you must admit that there's a great difference between the smell of a friend's onions and those of people we don't know."—Youth's Companion.

### A Tough Old Invalid.

In England the purchase of an advowson, or the right to succeed to a vacant church office, is not uncommon. There is a story told of a country vicarage whose incumbent was, though but middle aged, very infirm. His tenure of the position being thus uncertain, the living was advertised for sale. The auctioneer who at the time had the disposal of all church preferments mentioned as a special advantage to intending purchasers that the then holder could not last long. To put this prospect to the test several possible buyers went down to the village to look over the vicar. A father and son attended the Sunday services at the church. A servant led in the ailing vicar, but the latter managed to get through a very earnestly delivered sermon lasting half an hour. In the afternoon he again conducted service, baptized children and preached for fifty minutes. Service in the evening was to follow. But the man who had come to buy had seen enough. "My son," he said, "that old cock ain't a-goin' yet; I am," and he forthwith departed. In the end a young person bought the place for himself. The invalid outlived by twenty years the man who had bought his living. He lasted fifty years beyond the sale and died of sheer old age at ninety-two.

## SKELETONS IN BOOKS

SECRETS THAT ARE UNWARYLY LEFT IN LIBRARY VOLUMES.

Stories of Love as Well as of Crime Buried Between the Leaves by Absentminded Readers—The Way One Murder Mystery Was Solved.

The letter began, "My Sweet Anne." Surely a stranger must be pardoned for reading it through, for it was found hidden snugly away between the leaves of a dusty and ancient volume of poems drawn from a great library. The finder took it carefully to the librarian.

"Another one?" said the librarian inquiringly. "Out of the old edition of Moore, eh? Well, I guess we won't send it back. I generally return personal letters if they are of enough interest and nobody calls for them, but if I sent everything back that we find the directors would be about my ears for wasting postage stamps." The afternoon was a quiet one, and the librarian continued:

"We shake every book that is returned, and almost always something falls out. It may be a letter like the one you have just found or a visiting card or a hairpin. Almost invariably the treasures that we unfold bear the earmarks of feminine possession. I am not charging women with carelessness, I am simply stating a fact.

"Generally the things we find are documentary in their nature. Last week I shook out of a book on home life a signed and indorsed check for \$79 made payable to the dressmaker whose statement of account was pinned to it. On another occasion a fifty dollar bank note fluttered out. Both were called for within a short time. Occasionally one gives us a glimpse of a love secret or a tragedy.

Not so long ago a letter was taken from a book which was of such an unusual nature that I remembered the names concerned long enough to recognize them in the newspaper reports of a court case which divided a family. The letter was addressed to a woman and filled with the frank and open avowal of a man's forbidden love, for the woman was the wife of another. I carefully secreted the missive and a few hours later was confronted by a tall, heavily veiled lady, who asked if a letter had been found in a book which happened to be a morbid problem novel of great popularity at the time, the work of a well known Englishwoman. The question was asked in a voice which tried hard not to shake. I handed the letter over, and the woman hastily took herself off. Scarcely a month later I ran across her name in the newspapers as defendant in a divorce court.

"Yet the writings we find in books are not always so intimate. Sometimes they savor of domesticity and the delights of the kitchen. Indeed I have enough recipes for desserts and sweetmeats to publish the collection as a cookbook. Now and then a book is a veritable mine. I have found in them gold, silver and precious stones. Embroidery silk by the yard and of rainbow hues may be fished out from some novels, and, alas, an occasional cigarette paper.

"The evidences of masculine forgetfulness are rarer. I have forgotten almost all such instances, but of those which I do remember there is one of which the details are as clear to me now as if they had happened yesterday. Indeed it will never leave my mind, for it led to the capture of a gang of criminals.

"A wealthy but solitary old bachelor was found lifeless on the floor of his library one morning. On his body no wound was discovered, and as far as the detectives could ascertain no one had gained access to the house. The case excited great public interest, and I followed the developments with closeness in the newspapers. There had been at first some talk of suicide and more of heart failure, but the autopsy put a new phase upon the case, for it showed that the old man had come to his death through an insidious yet powerful poison. The question then arose, Who administered it? As I was reading the detailed report of the doctors I suddenly dropped the paper. I remembered that a month before a stranger had come in one wet, dismal night and asked for a recombinant by a foreign author. It was a standard treatise on poisons and a volume seldom read.

"I hurried to the library and sought the book. Opening it and rapidly running over the pages you may imagine my astonishment and almost horror to find lying between two pages devoted to a detailed account of the very poison that caused the old man's death a smirched and thumb marked piece of paper. On it was writing in a small and angular hand referring to the chapter and page on which the poison was described. I then looked up the record of the book's withdrawal and found the name which the man had given. I also found that the book had not been taken out since. Having ascertained these facts, I went at once to the police. Taking the information as a clue, the detectives, after a long and arduous search, followed it to its logical end and arrested the only relative the old man had possessed, a medical student, whose existence had not even been known. He confessed his share in the crime and, with his accomplices, paid the penalty. That case opened my eyes to the value of inspecting every book as it returned to the library."—New York Tribune.

### She's Just Practicing.

"I understand that Mr. Blinx and his fiancée have had a quarrel."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "But it is nothing serious. She is a prudent girl and wants to make sure she can manage him when he is angry."—Washington Star.

## Illinois Central Excursion Rates

RATES TO ST. LOUIS.

St. Louis, Mo.—Louisiana Purchase Excursion, April 30-December 1.

RATES TO HAVANA, CUBA.

Tickets on sale August 18 and 19, Sept. 15 and 16, limited to sixty days.

Summer Tourist Rates.

Tickets on sale daily during summer months to St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minnesota; Hot Springs and Deadwood, South Dakota; Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo and Glenwood Springs, Col.; Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah; and many other Summer Resorts both east and west, limited to October 31st. Also to Mammoth Hot Springs, Wyoming and Yellowstone Park, limited to ninety days. Write for rates.

One and One-Third on Certificate Plan. Waterloo, Ia.—Camp Meeting, Iowa Conference Young Peoples' Alliance of the Syncretical Assn., Sisters, and D. O. K. E., Dubuque, Ia. Convention, Boards of Supervisors, County Auditors and Treasurers, Aug. 16-18.

Dow City, Ia.—Annual Reunion, Latter Day Saints of Iowa, Sept. 15 to 25.

One Fare Plus \$2.25.

Louisville, Ky.—Biennial Encampment, Knights of Pythias, Aug. 16-20.

One Fare Plus \$2.00.

Home-seekers excursion West, South, Southeast and South-west, July 19, August 2 and 15, September 6 and 20, October 4 and 18.

ONE FARE PLUS 50CTS.

Devils Lake and Oberon, N. Dak. Account of opening of Devils Lake reservation. Tickets on sale Aug. 6 to 11 inclusive, limited to Sept. 15 for return.

One Fare.

Waterloo, Iowa.—Meeting Patriarchs Militant, I. O. O. F., Grand Lodge Knights of Pythias, Ratibone, Sisters, and D. O. K. E., August 8-13. Tickets on sale Aug. 7 and 8, limited to Aug. 18.

Des Moines, Iowa—Iowa State Fair, Aug. 18-27.

Less Than One Fare.

Boston, Mass.—National Encampment G. A. R., Aug. 15-20. Through sleepers via the Illinois Central and Grand Trunk.

Portland, Ore.—Seattle and Tacoma, Wash., Vancouver and Victoria, B. C.; account American Mining Congress at Portland Aug. 23-27.

San Francisco, Cal.—Triennial Conclave Knight Templars, Sept. 6-9, and Sovereign Grand Lodge I. O. O. F., Sept. 16-20. Iowa special on the Illinois Central starts from Dubuque Aug. 30.

One-way, Second Class Colonist tickets to points south and southeast, sold on same dates as home-seekers' tickets.

For particulars as to dates of sale, rates, etc., apply to any Illinois Central ticket agent or address the undersigned.

J. F. MERRY, Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agt., Dubuque, Iowa.

\$30.50 TO BOSTON.

Illinois Central Through Standard and Tourist Sleepers and Free Chair Cars to the National G. A. R. Encampment.

The Illinois Central will sell excursion tickets from Denison to Boston, Mass., at the above very low rate on Aug. 11, 12 and 13, limited to Aug. 20, for return, with privilege of extension to Sept. 30, on deposit of ticket before Aug. 20, and payment of fifty cent fee. This rate applies for tickets routed via the Illinois Central and Grand Trunk Railroads. It will also apply for tickets routed via other differential lines east of Chicago.

Through Sleepers and Free Chair Cars will leave Fort Dodge at 11:43 p. m., Aug. 11th, and run through to Boston via the Illinois Central and Grand Trunk Railroads, running special from Chicago, stopping at Niagara Falls three hours and a half, and arriving at Boston 8:30 a. m. Sunday, Aug. 14th. The berth rate through to Boston is \$7.50 in these Standard sleepers, and \$9.75 in the Tourist Sleepers.

For reservations in either Standard or Tourist through sleepers, also for Free and circular giving full particulars as to schedule of through sleepers, rates, stop-overs, diverse routes and side trips, address the undersigned:

J. F. MERRY, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, I. C. R. R., Dubuque, Iowa.

## Special Reduced Excursion Rates

Will be in effect from all points on the Chicago & North-Western Railway for the occasions named below:

Louisville, Ky., Aug. 16-29, K. P. Encampment.

San Francisco, Sept. 5th to 9th, Triennial Conclave Knights Templar.

San Francisco, Sept. 18th to 25th, Sovereign Grand Lodge I. O. O. F.

For information as to rates, dates of sale, etc., of these or other occasions, call upon the Ticket Agent of the North-Western Line.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS TO THE NORTHWEST, WEST AND SOUTH WEST. Via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets at greatly reduced rates are on sale to the territory indicated above. Standard and Tourist Sleeping Cars, Free Reclining Chair Cars and "The Best of Everything." For dates of sale and full particulars apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

J. F. MERRY, Asst. Gen'l. Pass' Agent.

## THE COLORADO SPECIAL

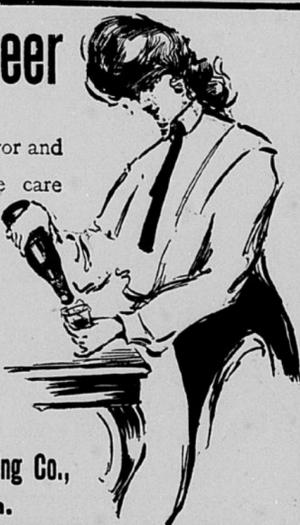
Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line. This solid through train, only one night to Denver, will, beginning July 10th, leave Chicago at 7:00 p. m., reaching Denver next evening at 9:00 o'clock. A perfectly appointed train.

Another Colorado train leaves Chicago daily at 11:00 p. m., arriving Denver early the second morning. The route of these trains is over the only double track railway between Chicago and the Missouri River. The best of everything.

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### C & N W R R Time Table

East Bound.

No. 8	2:45 p. m.
No. 6	7:30 p. m.
No. 10	9:47 p. m.
No. 46	12:15 p. m.
No. 12	1:17 a. m.
No. 22	6:18 p. m.

West Bound.

No. 21	7:18 a. m.
No. 1	7:04 a. m.
No. 5	9:45 p. m.
No. 3	1:07 p. m.
No. 11	5:22 a. m.
No. 9	6:17 a. m.
No. 15	12:40 p. m.

Boyer Valley

No. 46	6:05 a. m.
No. 42	2:50 a. m.
No. 41	2:40 p. m.
No. 45	5:50 p. m.

Previous to the democratic national convention Parker kept right on pitching hay.

### Illinois Central R. R. Time Table

East Bound—

No. 4	Omaha, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Chicago Express, (Daily) 9:45 A. M.
No. 92	Co. Bluffs & Ft. Dodge Way Freight, (Daily except Sunday) 10:35 A. M.
No. 32	Co. Bluffs & Ft. Dodge Local (Daily except Sunday) 5:52 P. M.
No. 2	Omaha, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Chicago Limited (Daily) 9:38 P. M.

West Bound—

No. 1	Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis Limited, (Daily) 6:18 A. M.
No. 31	Ft. Dodge & Co. Bluffs Local, (Daily except Sunday) 8:32 A. M.
No. 91	Local Way Freight, (Daily except Sunday) 1:00 P. M.
No. 3	Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul & Omaha Express, (Daily) 8:33 P. M.
Nos. 1 and 2	stop only at Rockwell City, Wall Lake, Denison and Logan.
No. 3	stops at Arion, Dow City, Dunlap, Woodbine and Logan.
No. 4	stops only at Wall Lake and Rockwell City.
Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4	are daily; Nos. 31, 32, 91 and 92 daily except Sunday.

### C. M. & St. Paul R. R. At Arion.

West Bound

No. 1	Passenger	6:22 A. M.
No. 3	Passenger	1:52 P. M.
No. 91	Freight	8:15 A. M.

East Bound

No. 4	Passenger	9:11 A. M.
No. 6	Passenger	7:25 P. M.
No. 94	Freight	4:07 P. M.

Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 are daily; Nos. 3 and 94 going east daily; Nos. 4 and 94 going east daily except Sunday.

BEAUTIFUL LAKE VIEW is an ideal summer resort. Good hunting and fishing. The North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets to Lake View at \$1.20 for the round trip from DENISON applying Fridays and Saturdays, tickets limited to return on or before the following Monday. Other low rate round trip tickets good for 30 days. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

Very Low Excursion Rates to Boston, Mass. Via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets will be sold August 11, 12 and 13, limited by extension to return until September 30, inclusive, on account of G. A. R. Encampment. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y. 30-3

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