

TO REPUBLICANS:

We are anxious to have every Republican in close touch, and working in harmony with the Republican National Congressional Committee in favor of the election of a Republican Congress.

The Congressional campaign must be based on the administrative and legislative record of the party, and, that being so, Theodore Roosevelt's personality must be a central figure and his achievements a central thought in the campaign.

We desire to maintain the work of this campaign with popular subscriptions of One Dollar each from Republicans. To each subscriber we will send the Republican National Campaign Text Book and all documents issued by the Committee.

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for the privilege of farming some other man's farm, when you can buy a farm from me on easy terms, same as rent and you will be working and improving a home for yourself and family, where you can enjoy the fruits of your labor.

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Via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line daily June 1, to Sept. 30 to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland Seattle, and Tacoma and the Pacific Coast points. Very low rates to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Ogden and Salt Lake City. Daily and pullman conducted excursions in Pullman tourist sleeping cars to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland, through without change. Double berth only \$7.00 from Chicago and \$5.75 from Omaha. Choice of routes. For rates, tickets, etc. apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

HIGHWAY NOTICE.

STATE OF IOWA, ss. Crawford County, Office of the County Auditor. Denison, Iowa, August 30, 1906. To C. W. Carr, David R. Skinner and to Whom It May Concern.

You, And Each Of You, Are Hereby Notified, that the commission re-appointed, to vacate a part of the Highway No. 41, commencing at the point where said Highway No. 41 crosses the North line of Section 28 Township 83 Range 40 (Paradise Township) in Crawford County, Iowa, running thence over land of C. W. Carr southwesterly across the Northwest quarter of said section 28 and terminating at the South line of said Northwest quarter where said Highway No. 41 crosses the same has reported in favor of the vacation thereof, and all objections thereto or claims for damages must be filed in the Auditor's office in said county in Denison, Iowa, on or before noon of the 4th day of October A. D., 1906, or such highway will be vacated without reference thereto.

EDW. THEOBALD, Auditor of Crawford County, Iowa.

The Manager of the B. & A.

By VAUGHAN KESTER

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quite himself again.

His attitude toward the world was the decently cheerful one of the man who is earning a good salary and whose personal cares are far from being numerous or pressing. He was still capable of looking out for Cornish's interests, and his own, too, if the need arose.

He went down to the office alert and vigorous. As he strode along he nodded and smiled at the people he met on the street. If the odium of his father's crime was to attach itself to him it should be without his help. Antioch might count him callous if it liked, but it must not think him weak.

His first official act was to go for Kerr, who was unusually cantankerous, and he gave that frigid gentleman a scare which lasted him for the better part of a week, for Kerr, who had convinced himself overnight that Oakley must resign, saw himself having full swing with the Huckleberry and was disposed to treat his superior with airy indifference. He had objected to hunting up an old order book Dan wished to see on the score that he was too busy, whereat, as Holt expressed it, the latter "jumped on him with both feet." His second official act was to serve formal notice on Branyon that he was dismissed from the shops. He was even harsh with Miss Walton, and took exception to her spelling of a typewritten letter which he was sending off to Cornish in London.

He also inspected every department in the shops and was glad of an excuse he discovered to reprimand Joe Stokes, who was stockkeeper in the carpenter's room, for the slovenly manner in which the stock was handled. Then he returned to the office and as a matter of discipline kept Kerr busy all the rest of the morning handling dusty order books from a dark closet. He felt that if excitement was what was wanted he was the one to furnish it. He had been too easy.

Naturally the office force gave a deep sigh of satisfaction when Oakley closed his desk and announced that he was going uptown and would not return. Miss Walton confided to Kerr that she just hoped he would never come back.

It was a little before 3 o'clock when Dan presented himself at the Emorys'. The maid who answered his ring ushered him into the parlor with marked trepidation. She was a timid soul. Then she swished from the room, but returned almost immediately to say that Miss Emory would be down in a moment.

When Constance entered the room he advanced a little uncertainly. She extended her hand quite cordially, however. There was no trace of embarrassment or constraint in her manner.

As he took her hand Dan said simply, going straight to the purpose of his call:

"I have thought a good deal over what I want to tell you, Miss Emory." Miss Emory instantly took the alarm and was on the defensive. She enveloped herself in that species of inscrutable feminine reserve men find so difficult to penetrate. She could not imagine what he had to tell her that was so pressing. He was certainly very curious and unconventional. There was one thing she feared he might want to tell her which she was firmly determined not to hear.

Oakley drew forward a chair. "Won't you sit down?" he asked gravely.

"Thank you, yes." It was all so formal they both smiled. Dan stood with his back to the fireplace, now filled with ferns, and rested an elbow on the mantel. There was an awkward pause. At last he said slowly:

"It seems I've been the subject of a lot of talk during the last two days, and I have been saddled with a matter for which I am in no way responsible, though it appears to reflect on me quite as much as if I were."

"Really, Mr. Oakley," began Constance, scenting danger ahead. But her visitor was in no mood to temporize.

"One moment, please," he said hastily. "You have heard the story from Mr. Ryder."

"I have heard it from others as well."

"It has influenced you?" "No, I won't say that," defiantly. "No, not accustomed to being cajoled."

"At least it has caused you to seriously doubt the wisdom of an acquaintance," blurted Oakley. "You are very unfair," rising, with latent anger.

"You will greatly oblige me by sitting down again."

And Constance, astonished beyond measure at his tone of command, sank back into her chair with a little smothered gasp of surprise. No one had ever ventured to speak to her like that before. It was a new experience.

"We've got to finish this, you know," explained Dan, with one of his frank smiles, and there was a genial simplicity about his smile which was very attractive. Constance, however, was not to be propitiated, but she kept her seat. She was apprehensive lest Oakley would do something more startling and novel if she attempted to cut short the interview.

She stole a glance at him from under her long lashes. He was studying the carpet, unperceptibly quite lost to the

normity of his conduct. "You have heard their side of the story, Miss Emory. I want you to hear mine. It's only fair, isn't it? You have heard that my father is an ex-convict?" "Yes," with a tinge of regret.

"That he is a murderer?" plunging ahead mercilessly. "Yes."

"And this is influencing you?" "I suppose it is," helplessly. "It would naturally. It was a great shock to us all."

"Yes," agreed Dan, "I can understand, I think, just how you must look at it."

"We are very, very sorry for you, Mr. Oakley. I want to explain my manner last night. The whole situation was so excessively awkward. I am sure you must have felt it."

"I did," shortly. "Oh, dear, I hope you didn't think me unkind!"

"No." Then he added, a trifle wearily: "It's taken me all this time to realize my position. I suppose I owe you some sort of an apology. You must have thought me fearfully thick skinned. He hoped she would say no, but he was disappointed. Her conscience had been troubling her, and she was perfectly willing to share her remorse with him since he was so ready to assume a part of it. She was as conventional as extreme respectability could make her, but she had never liked Oakley half so well. She admired his courage. He didn't whine. His very stupidity was in its way admirable, but it was certainly too bad he could not see just how impossible he was under the circumstances."

Dan raised his eyes to hers. "Miss Emory, the only time I remember to have seen my father until he came here a few weeks ago was through the grating of his cell door. My mother

all, it is no odds who told. The harm is done."

"No, I shall ask Griff." Dan smiled doubtfully. "That will settle it if you believe what he tells you."

"His denial will be quite sufficient for me, Mr. Oakley," with chilly politeness.

There was a long pause, during which Dan looked at the carpet and Miss Emory at nothing in particular. He realized how completely he had separated himself from the rest of the world in her eyes. The hopelessness of his love goaded him on. He turned to her with sudden gentleness and said penitently:

"Won't you forgive me?" "I have nothing to forgive, Mr. Oakley," with lofty self denial, and again Dan smiled doubtfully. Her saying so did not mean all it should have meant to him.

He swept his hand across his face with a troubled gesture. "I don't know what to do," he observed ruefully. "The turf seems knocked from under my feet."

"It must have been a dreadful ordeal to pass through alone," she said. "We are so distressed for your sake." And she seemed so keenly sympathetic that Dan's heart gave a great bound in his breast. He put aside his mounting bitterness against her.

"I don't know why I came to see you today. I just wanted to, and so I came. I don't want to force a friendship."

Miss Emory murmured that no excuse was necessary.

"I am not too sure of that. I must appear bent on exhibiting myself and my woes, but I can't go into retirement, and I can't let people see I'm hurt."

His face took on a strong resolve. He couldn't go without telling her he loved her. His courage was suddenly riotous.

"Once, not long ago, I dared to believe I might level the differences between us. I recognized what they were, but now it is hopeless. There are some things a man can't overcome, no matter how hard he tries, and I suppose being the son of a murderer is one of these." He paused and, raising his eyes from the carpet, glanced at her, but her face was averted. He went on, desperately: "It's quite hopeless, but I have dared to hope, and I wanted you to know. I hate to leave things unfinished."

There was a long silence, then Miss Emory said softly: "I am so sorry."

"Which means you've never cared for me," dryly.

But she did not answer him. She was wondering how she would have felt had the confession come forty-eight hours earlier.

"I suppose I've been quite weak and foolish," said Dan.

She looked into his face with a slow smile.

"Why do you say that? Is it weak and foolish to care for some one?" "Wasn't it?" with suddenly kindled hope, for he found it hard to give her up.

Miss Emory drew herself together with a sigh. "I never thought of this," she said, which was hardly true; she had thought of it many times.

"No," admitted Dan, innocently enough, for her lightest word had become gospel to him, such was his love and reverence. "You couldn't know." Poor Oakley, his telling of it was the smallest part of the knowledge. "I think I see now, perfectly, how great a difference this affair of my father's must make. It sort of cuts me off from everything."

"It is very tragic. I wish you hadn't told me just now." Her lips trembled pathetically, and there were tears in her eyes.

"I've wanted to tell you for a long time."

"I didn't know." "Of course you couldn't know," he repeated. Then he plunged ahead recklessly, for he found there was a curious satisfaction in telling her of

but I have come to have a great affection and regard for him. I respect him, too, most thoroughly. There is not an hour of the day when the remembrance of his crime is not with him. Don't you think it cowardly that it should have been ventilated simply to hurt me, when it must inevitably hurt him so much more? He has quit work in the shops, and he is determined to leave Antioch. I may find him gone when I return to the hotel."

"And you blame Mr. Ryder for this?" "I do. It's part of the debt we'll settle some day."

"Then you are unjust. It was Mr. Kenyon. His cousin is warden of the prison. He saw your father there and remembered him."

"And told Mr. Ryder," with a contemptuous twist of the lips. "There were others present at the time. They were not alone."

"But Mr. Ryder furnished the men with the facts."

"How do you know?" And once more her tone was one of defiance and defense.

"I have been told so, and I have every reason to believe I was correctly informed. Why don't you admit that it was a cowardly piece of business to strike at me over my father's shoulder?" demanded Oakley, with palpable exasperation. The narrowness of her nature and her evasions galled him. Why didn't she show a little generous feeling? He expected she would be angry at his words and manner. On the contrary, she replied:

"I am not defending Mr. Ryder, as you seem to think, but I do not believe in condemning any one as you would condemn him—unheard."

She was unduly conscious perhaps that sound morality was on her side in this.

"Let us leave him out of it. After all, it is no odds who told. The harm is done."

"No, I shall ask Griff." Dan smiled doubtfully. "That will settle it if you believe what he tells you."

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"I've wanted to tell you for a long time."

"I didn't know." "Of course you couldn't know," he repeated. Then he plunged ahead recklessly, for he found there was a curious satisfaction in telling her of

his love, hopeless as it was. "It has been most serious and sacred to me. I shall never forget you—never. It has helped me in so many ways just to know you. It has changed so many of my ideals. I can't be grateful enough."

Miss Emory approved his attitude. It was as it should be. She was sorry for him. She admired his dignity and repression. It made him seem so strong and purposeful.

"You will find your happiness some day, Mr. Oakley. You will find some one more worthy than I." She knew he would be insensible to the triteness of her remark.

"No," generously. "That couldn't be. I'll not find any one. I'll not look."

"Oh, but you will!"

Already, with the selfishness of her sex and a selfishness which was greater than that of her sex, she was regretting that she had allowed him to step so easily into the position of a rejected lover.

"I don't want you to think it is going to ruin my life," he said quietly, "or anything of that sort."

An appeal to her pity seemed weak and contemptible.

"I have striven to win what I can't have, what is not for me, and I am satisfied to have made the effort."

Miss Emory bit her lip. He was going to put her out of his life entirely. It was ended, and he would do his best to forget her with what speed he might, for he loved her and was too generous to wish her to suffer. This generosity, needless to say, was too altruistic for Constance to fully appreciate its beauties. Indeed, she did not regard it as generosity at all. She resented it. She realized that probably she would not see him again—at least, the meeting would not be of his making or choosing. There was to be no sentimental aftermath. He was preparing to go, like the sensible fellow he was, for good and all, and she rebelled against the decree. It seemed brutal and harsh. She was angry, hurt and offended. Perhaps her conscience was troubling her too. She knew she was mean and petty.

"I don't think it could have been very serious to you, Mr. Oakley," she murmured, gazing abstractedly from the window.

"I don't know why you think that. I can't say any more than I have said. It includes all." She wanted to tell him he gave up too easily.

"At any rate, we are friends," he added.

"Are you going?" she cried, with a ring of real longing and regret in her voice, lifted out of herself for the moment at the thought of losing him.

Dan nodded, and a look of pain came into his face.

"Yes, I am going." "But you are not going to leave Antioch?"

"Oh, no!" And Miss Emory felt a sense of relief. She rose from her chair. "Then I shall see you again?"

"Probably," smiling. "We couldn't well avoid seeing each other in a place the size of this."

He held out his hand frankly.

"And I shan't see you here any more?" she asked softly.

"I guess not," a little roughly. The bitterness of his loss stung him. He felt something was wrong somewhere. He wondered, too, if she had been quite fair to him, if her ability to guard herself was entirely commendable after all. He knew in the end his only memory of her would be that she was beautiful. He would carry this memory and a haunting sense of incompleteness with him wherever he went.

She placed her hand in his and looked up into his face with troubled, serious eyes.

"Good-by." It was almost a whisper. Dan crossed the room to the door and flung it open. For an instant he wavered on the threshold, but a moment later was striding down the street, with his hat jammed needlessly low over his ears and his hands thrust deep in his trousers pockets.

At the window Constance, with a white, scared face, was watching him from between the parted curtains. She hoped he would look back, but he never once turned his head.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON Thursday the Herald published his report of the trouble at the shops. Oakley had looked forward to the paper's appearance with considerable eagerness. He hoped to glean from it some idea of the tactics the men would adopt, and in this he was not disappointed. Ryder served up his sensation, which was still a sensation, in spite of the fact that it was common property and two days old before it was accorded the dignity of type and ink, in his most impressive style.

The situation at the car shops has assumed a serious phase, and a strike is imminent. Matters came to a focus day before yesterday and may now be said to have reached an acute stage. It is expected that the carpenters, of whom quite a number are employed on repair work, will be the first to go out unless certain demands which they are to make today are promptly acceded to by General Cornish's local representative.

Both sides maintain the strictest secrecy, but from reliable sources the Herald gathers that the men will insist upon Mr. Branyon being taken back by the company.

Another grievance of the men, and one in which they should have the sympathy of the entire community, is their objection to working with the manager's father, who came here recently from the east and has since been employed in the shops. It has been learned that he is an ex-convict, who was sentenced for a long term of imprisonment in June, 1875, for the murder of Thomas Sharp at Burton, Mass.

He was only recently set at liberty, and the men are naturally incensed and indignant at having to work with him. Still another grievance is the new schedule of wages.

A committee representing every department in the shops and possessing the fullest authority met last night at the Odd

fellows' hall on South Main street, but their deliberations were secret. A well authenticated rumor has it, however, that the most complete harmony prevailed and that the employees are pledged to drastic measures unless they get fair treatment from the company.

Ryder tacked a moral to this, and the moral was that labor required a champion to protect it from the soulless greed and grinding tyranny of the great corporations which had sprung into existence under the fostering wing of corrupt legislation. Of course "the picturesque statesman from old Hanover" was the Hercules who was prepared to right these wrongs of honest industry and to curb the power of Cornish, whose vampire lusts fattened on the sweat of the toiler, and especially the toiler at Antioch.

A copy of the paper was evidently sent the "picturesque statesman," who had just commenced his canvass, for in its very next issue the Herald was able to print a telegram in which he "heartily indorsed the sentiments embodied in the Herald's ringing editorial on the situation at Antioch" and declared himself a unit with his fellow citizens of whatever party in their heroic struggle for a fair day's wage for a fair day's work. He also expressed himself as honored by their confidence, as, indeed, he might well have been.

Dan digested the Herald's report along with his breakfast. Half an hour later, when he reached the office, he found McClintock waiting for him.

"The men want to see you, Mr. Oakley. They were going to send their committee in here, but I told 'em you'd come out to them."

"All right. It's just as well you did." And Oakley followed him from the office.

The men were clustered about the great open door of the works in their shirt sleeves. From behind them in the silence and the shadow came the pleasant, droning sound of machinery, like the humming of a million bees. There was something dogged and reckless in the very way they stood around with folded arms or slouched nervous-

ly to and fro.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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