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The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar—made from grapes—

Royal Baking Powder conveys to food the most healthful of fruit properties and renders it superior in flavor and wholesomeness.

O'Connell's "St. Patrick"

By BERNARD QUINN

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DOYLE was in a mighty bad way, and he knew it. He was the victim of circumstances and a quick temper. Here are the circumstances:

About two years ago his sister and her husband died in one month, and there was nobody to take care of the three orphaned children but Pat. They came to him with nothing but the clothes on their backs.

He rented a little tenement, and the eldest girl, who was eleven, kept house. Pat was twenty-five, a metal worker earning fair pay, but suffering from labor's bane, msteady employment. Expenses are never laid off, rent works every minute, but wages and savings are subject to interruption.

In the house where Pat and his newly acquired family first lived there was a solitary old man who was reputed to be a miser. One day Pat did a little job of tinkering for this man for nothing. There was a stove in the room, but no fire, though the weather was cold.

"I suppose you have that thing to keep your money in," said Pat, touching the stove with his foot. Singularly enough, this was true. The money was in the lower part of the stove, and a small fire could be built without endangering it.

On an evening in that week the miser was knocked senseless in his room, and the stove was almost pulled to pieces by a thief in a hurry, but the board had been transferred to another hiding place as a result of Pat's jest. So in reality Pat saved the miser's money for him.

The old man sr

and as soon as he learned what had happened to the stove he accused Pat, even claiming to have recognized him. The fact is that he had not seen his assailant, who struck from ambush.

Pat was arrested, and, though his three little girls and a neighbor were with him at the undoubted time of the assault, he spent nearly three months in a cell, at the end of which period of misery he was released without trial.

In every considerable company there will always be one fool who thinks that such an experience as this is a proper theme for endless gibes. Pat was not quarrelsome, but he was perhaps a bit too ready, and, what was worse, he always had the better of the other fellow, whether with his tongue or his fist. So of course the other fellow had to "get square" in some underhand fashion, and the result would be that Pat would lose his job. He

had been out of work a few days, just long enough to have the cold fact settle into him, when the good old 17th of March came around. It will be understood that Pat's gait was not more than skin deep when he went out with his little niece to view the celebration.

Reflecting upon his situation, he perceived that he ought to move to another city where his story was not known. But how could he do it without money? Alone, yes, but not with the children. Neither could he leave them behind, and if he stayed how could he take care of them with this blight upon him?

"I wonder," said he, not irreverently, "if St. Patrick himself can see any way out of this."

He bought the little girl a five cent bag of candy, and then they walked uptown to save car fare. "So, you see," said Pat, "we've made a nickel by that transaction, for it costs you nothing to ride on my shoulder when you're tired."

Presently they were posted in an eligible spot on the avenue, the child, perched on Pat's shoulder, clasping the remains of the bag of candy in one hand and Pat's hair or sometimes his ear in the other, while she gazed wide eyed at the approaching spectacle.

After awhile Pat was aware that he was the object of a peculiar scrutiny. It was no new thing for him to be stared at, but this was different. A man of thirty-five or thereabout, richly but rather oddly dressed, with a heavy jacket of fine cloth, a rolling collar, a flowing tie and a soft hat, was studying Pat from various points of view. He kept his eyes half shut, yet he had a strangely searching look, which finally affected Pat with that familiar nightmare sensation of being on a crowded street in painfully insufficient attire.

This was getting on Pat's temper when suddenly the stranger walked up to him and offered a card on which were the name Stephen O'Connell and

an address, with the word "Artist" written in pencil.

"Did you ever pose?" asked O'Connell.

"No," answered Pat.

"Never were asked? Well, that's strange. Would you be willing to pose for me? Religious subject. It would be a chance to make some extra money in the evenings. I suppose you're employed?"

"Not just now."

O'Connell seemed highly pleased. He explained what he wanted and named his price, which was much above the usual rate, but Pat did not know that. He knew only that in his present situation he would have posed on the peak of the cathedral spire for half of the money. A few weeks at that figure and he could save enough to get away and make a fair start at his trade somewhere else.

"And there'll be nobody to bother me this time," he said to himself. "I can keep this job till it's over."

Accordingly he went to the studio address next day with a high heart. It was in an eight story business building, rising like a square tower from a small corner lot. A single elevator served the tenants, and who should be looking out of the door of it—a blue suit with brass buttons and a uniform cap—but Johnny Hacker, a bull-necked cockney Englishman who used to live in the same building with Pat and knew all about the miser and his stove.

Pat stood back and stared at this man, oppressed by the mystery of human destiny.

"Well, there's no getting away from it," he said to himself, and then aloud, "How are you, Johnny?"

"My hey," responded Hacker, "if 'ere hain't the stove fixer! No; nothink in your line today. We 'eat by steam."

"It sticks in my mind," responded Pat, "that you used to heat by gin mostly. You'll find steam more wholesome for your complexion."

"Dear me! And 'ow's all our friends in the jyle?"

"Well, the last I heard they were wondering what kept Johnny Hacker away. I'm blessed if I ever knew."

And they continued to exchange compliments while Pat rode up to the eighth floor in the car.

A double surprise awaited him—first, to find at the top of a plain business building the most luxurious and beautiful habitation that he had ever seen; second, to learn that the painting in which he was to figure was of his own patron saint and that it was destined for the walls of the cathedral.

"My conception is of St. Patrick in early manhood," said O'Connell. And he proceeded to speak of the projected work in a spirit of reverence filled Pat with awe. Was it right for him to pose for such a picture, he had had been in prison on a hideous accusation from which his name had never been cleared?

"You have precisely the face and figure that I want," continued O'Connell. "It's the happy-go-lucky, care free expression that will bother me. For a saint we need some recognition of the world's sorrow and evil, and that I must supply from my own inner consciousness."

"Well, you don't seem to be having much hard luck right now," remarked Pat, glancing around the room.

"Oh, I'm rich, if you come to that," answered O'Connell lightly, "but there are other things than money in the world."

"Yes," said Pat. "I've had 'em, never the money."

It may have been O'Connell's notion of him as an easy going fellow who had never taken any sorrow to heart that diverted him from telling any part of his story. In such circumstances it would sound like a wall, an appeal for sympathy, and Pat despised a whiner. Therefore he held his peace.

"It's like enough that Johnny Hacker will tell him if he gets the chance," thought Pat. "I must not quarrel with that fellow. It's my little girl's bread that I'd be quarrelling with. I'll not ride in his car. I'll walk up and down."

This was the most momentous decision that Pat ever made. He walked down that day when O'Connell dismissed him for luncheon. "And, by the way," said the artist, "whenever you're up here at any mealtime it's 'on me.' That's only fair." So Pat fed well that day and felt quite equal to climbing seven flights of stairs when he came back. But what surprised him was that a very pretty girl chose to climb six of those flights along with him, and in the balance of that week the same thing happened twice.

"Now, why does she do that?" said Pat to himself. And he really judged his business about this mystery.

She was a girl of his own race, with the lace-trimmed dress that was the

spin dark hair, white skin with a faint rose in each cheek and bright red lips—a healthy girl, but not over robust. It couldn't be that she regarded climbing six flights of stairs as an agreeable exercise.

The fourth time he saw her start to walk those stairs Pat's curiosity broke bounds, and he asked the girl point blank.

"Is it anything to do with that animal that runs the car?" said he. And after much hesitation the girl admitted that such was the fact.

"I was in an accident once," said she. "A car fell, and I was hurt, but not very much. It has made me very nervous, and that man knows it. He makes the car jump to frighten me."

"Come right back here," said Pat. And she obeyed him, wondering at herself for doing so, and they waited for the car.

"Now, Johnny Hacker," said he, "I've found out what you've been doing, and if you ever annoy this young lady again there'll be not a whole bone in your skin. You have my word for that."

This was the beginning of an acquaintance that cost Pat many a pang. It was hard to put love out of his heart, to drive the thought of it from his mind, to remember his situation and the responsibilities that were upon him and the meager, uncertain promise of the future. In the course of a few weeks it had come to the point that he could wish not to see her again. She looked upon him kindly, how kindly he couldn't know, but the light in her eyes was torment to him for the hopelessness of it all.

One day when Pat came to the studio there was a man with O'Connell, a very quiet, inconspicuous person, sitting in a corner.

"Pat," said O'Connell, "a week or two ago I received this." And he gave a half sheet of soiled paper on which was scrawled:

"Your saint is a fallbird."

"Well," said Pat, "it's true."

"I was rather afraid it might be," responded O'Connell. "You'd said so little about yourself that I had already scented a mystery. And it happened at that time that I had a few diamonds belonging to my mother in a drawer of that desk. I was going to have the settings repaired. So when I got this pleasant communication from some friend who didn't sign his name I opened that drawer. The diamonds were gone."

"You thought I took them," O'Connell hesitated.

"The fact is," said he at last, "I didn't know what to think, being very fond of you by that time, my boy, so I employed this gentleman here to think for me. It's his business."

"And what do you think?" said Pat, turning to the stranger.

"I don't think; I know," responded that individual. "I've got the man and the goods. And in the course of that investigation I discovered who broke the store."

The blood sang in Pat's ears.

"The man that wrote that paper," said the detective, "is the man that got the diamonds, and he is the man that broke the store and the man that frightened the girl in the elevator car, and his name is Johnny Hacker. He's on about his last trip right now. I'm going to get him in a couple of minutes."

He glanced at O'Connell, who made a gesture, and the man went out.

"And now, Pat," said the artist, "I did you a wrong in my mind, and I owe you a debt for that. I like you right well besides. I have the power and the will to help you. You have the character and the ability to rise. There's a future before you, Pat, my boy."

About St. Patrick.

Born in 396. His father was named Calpurnius. Captured by Picts in 411. Ordained priest in 425. Made bishop in 441. Died in 460.

Cutting the acquaintance of the inevitable may relieve one's feelings, but that is the only good it will do.

The way of the reformer is undoubtedly hard. Perhaps that is the reason he sometimes consents to take a brilliant.

Wheat Cakes Corn Cakes— Griddle Cakes of all Makes

taste better, set better, are better when served with



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A book of recipes for cooking and candy-making sent free on request.

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REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Friday, March 12, 1909.

Anna Hagedorn et al to Geo. C. Peper—q c d e j ne j and lot 1 of sec 19, Iowa twp. Con. \$3,975.

Maggie Wiese to Edward and Theresia Farrell—s j se j and s j ne j sec 3, Hayes twp. Con. \$7,800.

Amanda G. Eastman to Louise B. Rogers—se j and se j sw j of sec 24 and ne j nw j ne j sec 25 Denison twp. Con. \$1.

B. E. Weed et al to Henry C. Pithan—lot 1 subd sw j and w j se j sec 29, Charter Oak twp. Con. \$11,760.

John Luitjens to Fred J. Evers nw j nw j ne j sec 36, Goodrich. twp. Con. \$12,000.

D. H. Nulle to William French—se j sec 36, Iowa twp. Con. \$14,500.

Fritz Steffen to Tina Schroeder—lot 5, blk 10, Schleswig, Iowa. Con. \$1,100.

Saturday, March 13, 1909.

Ida L. Wiemer to Chris H. Brink—n j ne j sec 25, Willow twp. Con. \$3,730.

Ida L. Wiemer to Niels Peter Hansen—s j ne j sec 25, Willow twp. Con. \$3,320.

J. R. Thede to Mrs. A. J. Barrow—lots 78, and 9, blk 45, Fairview Add Manilla, Iowa. Con. \$1.

A. C. Behrend et al to German Evangelical Lutheran Trinity Congregation—q c d lot 2, blk 30, Manilla, Iowa. Con. \$1.

Ed. W. Denahy to Ida J. M. Heiden—w j sw j sec 17, East Boyer twp. Con. \$6,250.

William H. Woolston to Joseph William Albert—w j se j; e 19 a ne j sw j; n 30 a ne j se j; e j se j ex 4 a; e 5 a 10 a ne j se j; lot 53 and e j of lot 54 all of subd of w j ne j and e j nw j all of sec 14; nw j ne j of sec 2g and e j w j nw j nw of sec 24, Denison twp. Con. \$19,850.

Monday, March 15, 1909.

William F. Shove to George R. Shove—sw j e j, sec 29, West Side twp. Con. \$1.

William F. Shove to Sarah J. Shove—nw j ne j sec 29, West Side twp. Con. \$1.

Ellen May Sommars to J. C. Jacobson et al—lots 16 and 17, blk 4, Ricketts, Iowa. Con. \$1,250.

H. J. Klingenberg to Henry Krohnke—lots 11 and 12, blk 15, Schleswig, Iowa. Con. \$850.

Tuesday, March 16, 1909.

Hans H. Kruse to Chas. H. Molter—s j nw j sec 2, Iowa twp. Con. \$4,000.

John Ehler to Niels Koch—n 40 of sw j and s j nw j sec 20, Morgan twp. Con. \$12,000.

John H. Kronke to John Ehler—lot 4, blk 4, Schleswig, Iowa. Con. \$6,000.

B. Y. Nicholson to Nicholson Produce Co.—lots 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 and e j of 9, blk 148 1/2 Blair's Alteration of blk 147, 148 etc, Denison, Iowa. Con. \$56,650.82.

Wednesday, March 17, 1909.

Moritz Jensen to Mamie and Allie Powers—lot 8, blk 134, Denison, Iowa. Con. \$1,100.

John Watje to Ohl August—lots 4, 5 and 6, blk 122, Denison, Iowa. Con. \$675.

William Powers et al to Thos. R. Meehan—all that part se j nw j lying s and e of rt of way of C & N W R R and all that part of lot 7 subd n j nw j lying s and e of rt of way of C & N W R R all in sec 21, Denison twp. Con. \$4,000.

Carl Boreherdt to G. A. Rothe—ne j sec 8, Willow twp. Con. \$10,720.

Patrick Hassett to Frank Cornstock—nw j sec 39, East Boyer twp. Con. \$9,600.

Thursday, March 18, 1909.

Jurgen Rief to J. R. Thede—lots 7, 8 and 9, blk 45, Fairview Add, Manilla, Iowa. Con. \$450.

Albert Seils to Claudius Biehler—nw j and se j ne j sec 20, Charter Oak twp. Con. \$10,800.

Emil A. Boock to Agnes Bendixen—lot 10, blk 16, Schleswig, Iowa. Con. \$2,800.

John Jurgenson to Claus Sieck—e j nw j and ne j sw j sec 19, Iowa twp. Con. \$11,000.

Bertha Petersen et al to Bernard Zage—und j s j se j of sec 1 and e j nw j sec 12, Hanover twp. Con. \$6,800.

Friday, March 19, 1909.

Francis H. Brogden to Dell Richardson—part of sw j ne of sec 5, Milford twp. Con. \$100.

Peter Meggers, Guardian, to Bernhard Zage—und j interest s j se j of sec 1 and e j nw j of sec 12, Hanover twp.

E. F. Glau to J. R. Hoack—lot 10, blk 4, Charter Oak, Iowa. Con. \$1.

James Fineran to Rudolph Boettger—w j sw j sw j of sec 25 and lot 5 subd e j of sec 26, Goodrich twp. Con. \$5,650.

S. Clay Gilbert to M. E. Jones, Guardian J. R. Lang—se j; s j ne j sec 5, Willow twp. Con. \$11,000.

Notice of Election of Teachers.

Notice is hereby given that the teachers for the Independent School District, of Denison, Iowa, will be elected for the coming year, at a meeting called for that purpose, to be held at the office of the Secretary, on Friday, April 2nd, 1909, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. All persons concerned will take notice.

GEO. A. RICHARDSON, Secretary

11-2

COME!



If you suffer from the effect of Eye Strain I CAN CURE IT.

Thousands of people are suffering from numerous complaints and do not expect the cause, Eye Strain, but when it is removed their trouble at once disappears. Eye Strain affects the nerve system and is the indirect cause of more ailments to the human body than anything else.

SOME OF THE MOST COMMON SYMPTOMS

Headache of any kind, pains in the top of the head or down in the back of the neck. Nervousness, dizzy spells, exhausted feeling, etc. If you are wearing glasses that do not stop such trouble, that is the best proof that they are not properly fitted.

Come to me and I can fit them. This is my one specialty. I do not think of anything else and I am successful when others fail. That's why I continue my visits to your city year after year while other specialties have made a few visits and stopped.

Cross eyes straightened. Diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat cured by

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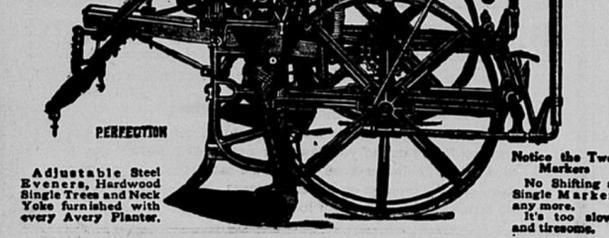
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REQUIRES not only a Uniform Drop but a Uniform Depth of Planting as well.

An Avery "Perfection" Planter

will insure your having a more perfect stand of corn than any other—because:

1. It has an Improved Drop. Ask about the new side cut-off.
2. Since this planter is short coupled, the wheels gauge the depth of the runners and the hills are placed in the ground at a Uniform Depth at all times.



Adjustable Steel Everters, Hardwood Single Trees and Neck Yoke furnished with every Avery Planter.

This Planter deserves the name "Perfection" because of its many Superior Features not found in any other planter. It's a Genuine Corn Crop Increaser and Labor Saver. Come in and see this New Up-to-Date Planter. Edge Drop or Round Hole Plate Bottoms.

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