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It Makes Weak Women Strong, Sick Women Well.

It acts directly on the organs affected and is at the same time a general restorative tonic for the whole system. It cures female complaint right in the privacy of home. It makes unnecessary the disagreeable questioning, examinations and local treatment so universally insisted upon by doctors, and so abhorrent to every modest woman.

We shall not particularize here as to the symptoms of those peculiar affections incident to women, but those wanting full information as to their symptoms and means of positive cure are referred to the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser—1008 pages, newly revised and up-to-date Edition, sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only; or, in cloth binding for 31 stamps.

Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



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If your patronage and influence have, in any degree, contributed to the success of our business, we thank you for it. If as yet you are not a customer, let this be your invitation to become one. We will endeavor to make it both agreeable and profitable for you to do business at our bank. Personal interviews are desired.

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view for fine Job Work

The Riverman

By Stewart Edward White

The tug headed straight for the slender line of booms stretching quite across the river.

Orde looked at his watch.

"We'll be late for the mail unless we hurry," said he.

Marsh rang the engine room bell. The water churned white behind.

"Vat you do? Stop!" cried Heinzman from a boat.

"You're obstructing navigation!" yelled Orde. "I've got to go to town to buy a postage stamp."

The prow of the tug, accurately aimed by Marsh, hit square in the junction of two of the booms. There ensued a moment of strain; then the links snapped, and the Sprite plunged joyously through the opening. The booms, swept aside by the current, floated to either shore. The river was open.

"Slow down, Marsh," said Orde. "Let's see the show."

Up river all the small boats gathered in a line, connected one to the other by a rope. The tug passed over to them the cable attached to the boom. Evidently the combined efforts of the rowboats were counted on to hold the half boom across the current while the tug brought out the other half. When the tug dropped the cable Orde laughed.

"Nobody but a Dutchman would have thought of that!" he cried. "Now for the fun!"

Immediately the weight fell on the small boats they were dragged irresistibly backward. Marsh lowered his telescope, the tears of laughter streaming down his face.

"They'll have to have two tugs before they can close the break that way," commented Orde.

"Sure thing," replied Captain Marsh. But at that moment a black smoke rolled up over the marshes, and shortly around the bend from above came the Lucy Belle.

The Lucy Belle was the main excuse for calling the river navigable. In appearance she was two storied, with twin smokestacks, an iron Indian on her top and a "splutter behind" paddle wheel.

"There comes his help," said Orde. Sure enough, the Lucy Belle stopped. After a short conference she steamed clumsily over to get hold of one end of the booms. The tug took the other. In time and by dint of much plashing, some collisions and several attempts the ends of the booms were united.

By this time, however, nearly all the logs had escaped. The tug, towing a string of rowboats, set out in pursuit. The Lucy Belle turned in toward the tug.

"She's going to speak us," marveled Orde.

"Tug ahoy!" bellowed a red faced individual from the upper deck. He was dressed in blue and brass buttons and was liberally festooned with gold braid and embroidered anchors.

"Hello there, commodore! What is it?" replied Marsh.

"They want a tug up there at Heinzman's. Can you go?"

"Sure!" cried Marsh, choking. The Lucy Belle sheered off magnificently.

"What do you think of that?" Marsh asked Orde.

"Head upstream again."

Heinzman saw the Sprite coming and rowed out frantically, splashing at every stroke and yelling with every breath.

"Don't you go through there! Valt a minute! Stop, I tell you!"

"Hold up!" said Orde to Marsh. Heinzman rowed alongside.

"Vat you do?" he demanded.

"I forgot the money to buy my stamp with," said Orde sweetly. "I'm going back to get it."

"Not through my pooms!"

"Mr. Heinzman," said Orde severely, "you are obstructing a navigable stream. I am doing business, and I cannot be interfered with."

"Vat you do?" he demanded.

"I have nothing to do with your logs. You are driving your own logs," Orde reminded him.

Heinzman vituperated.

"Go ahead, Marsh!" said Orde.

For a second time the chains were snapped. The severed ends of the booms swung back toward either shore. Between them floated a rowboat. In the rowboat gesticulated a pudgy man. The river was well sprinkled with logs. Evidently the sorting was going on well.

"May as well go back to the works," said Orde. "He won't string them together again today, not if he waits for that tug he sent Simpson for."

Orde detailed to an appreciative audience the happenings below.

"Why, he hain't sorted out more'n a million feet of his logs," cried Rollway Charlie. "He hain't seen no logs yet."

They turned with new enthusiasm

to the work of shunting "H" logs into the channel.

A stableman picked his way out over the booms with a message for Orde.

"Mr. Heinzman's ashore and wants to see you," said he.

Orde found the mill man pacing restlessly up and down before a steaming pair of horses. Newmark, perched on a stump, was surveying him sardonically.

"Here you poth are!" burst out Heinzman. "I must not lose my logs! Vat is your probosition?"

Newmark broke in quickly.

"I've told Mr. Heinzman," said he, "that we would sort and deliver the rest of his logs for \$2 a thousand."

"That will be about it," agreed Orde.

"But," exploded Heinzman, "that is as much as you agree to drive and deliver my whole cut!"

"Precisely," said Newmark.

"Put I haf all the eggspence of driving the logs myself. Why should I pay you for doing what I haf already paid to haf done?"

Orde chuckled.

"Heinzman," said he, "we aren't forced to bother with your logs, and you're lucky to get out so easy. If I turn your whole drive into the river you'll lose more than half—out-right, and it'll cost you a heap to salvage the rest. And, what's more, I'll turn 'em in before you can get hold of a pile driver. I'll sort night and day," he bluffed, "and by tomorrow morning you won't have a stick of timber above my booms." He laughed again. "You want to get down to business almighty sudden?"

When finally Heinzman had driven sadly away and the whole drive, "H" logs included, was pouring into the main boom Orde stretched his arms over his head in a luxury of satisfaction.

"That just about settles that campaign," he said to Newmark.

"Oh, no, it doesn't!" replied the latter decidedly.

"Why?" asked Orde, surprised. "You don't imagine he'll do anything more?"

"No, but I will," said Newmark.

Early in the fall the baby was born. It proved to be a boy. Orde, new as a cat after the ordeal of being nothing, tiptoed into the darkened room. He found his wife weak and pale, her dark hair framing her face, a new look of rapt inner contemplation rendering even more mysterious her always fathomless eyes. She held her lips to him. He kissed them.

Grandma Orde brought the newcomer in for Orde's inspection. He looked gravely down on the pucker, discolored bit of humanity with a faint uneasiness.

"Is—do you think—that is"—He hesitated. "Does the doctor say he's going to be all right?"

"All right!" cried Grandma Orde indignantly. "I'd like to know if he isn't all right now! What in the world do you expect of a newborn baby?"

But Carroll was laughing softly to herself on the bed. She held out her arms for the baby and cuddled it close to her breast.

"He's a little darling," she crooned, "and he's going to grow up big and strong, just like his daddy." She put her cheek against the sleeping babe's and looked up sidewise at the two standing above her. "But I know how you feel," she said to her husband. "When they first showed him to me I thought he looked like a peanut a thousand years old."

Orde lived at ease in a new house of some size, surrounded by grounds. He kept two servants. A blooded team of horses drew the successor to the original buckboard. Newmark owned a sail yacht of five or six tons, in which, quite solitary, he took his only pleasure. Both were considered men of substance and property, as indeed they were.

Immediately after the granting of the charter to drive the river the partners had offered them an opportunity of acquiring about 30,000,000 feet of timber remaining from Morrison & Daly's original holdings. Orde finally completed the purchase on long time notes. Below the booms they erected a mill. The following winter Orde spent in the woods. By spring he had banked about 6,000,000 feet.

At the end of the fifth year the opportunity came to get possession of two lake schooners. Orde at once suggested the contract for a steam barge. Towing was then in its infancy. Orde thought that a steam barge could be built powerful enough not only to carry its own hold and deck loads, but to tow after it the two schooners. Newmark agreed with him. Thus the firm went into the carrying trade. The most important acquisition was that of the northern peninsula timber. Most operators called the white pine along and back from the river inexhaustible. But Orde saw the time not far distant when the world would be compelled to look elsewhere for its lumber, and he turned his eyes to the almost unknown north. After a long investigation he purchased 300,000,000

(Continued on Page 8)

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"What we want is a charter."

tent arguments proffered behind closed doors. Many cases resolved themselves into a bald question of cash. Others demanded diplomacy. Jobs, fat contracts, business favors, influence, were all flung out freely, bribes as absolute as though stamped with the dollar mark. Newspapers all over the state were pressed into service. Among these delicate and complicated cross currents Newmark moved silent, cold, secret. He seemed to understand them, to play with them, to manipulate them as elements of the game.

The fight endured through most of the first half of the session. At the last, however, the bill passed the board. The company had its charter.

"It's cost us plenty, anyway," Orde said when the charter bill became a law. "The proposition's got a load on it. It will take us a long time to get out of debt. The river driving

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No. 54. Accommodation..... 6:05 a.m.

No. 52. Accommodation..... 2:45 p.m.

ARRIVE DENISON.

No. 53. Passenger..... 2:30 p.m.

No. 55. Accommodation..... 4:15 p.m.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

GOING EAST.

No. 4. Chicago Express (daily)..... 9:15 a.m.

No. 2. Chicago (daily)..... 11:25 p.m.

No. 92. Way Freight (except Sunday)..... 10:35 a.m.

No. 92..... 6:31 p.m.

GOING WEST.

No. 1. Omaha Express (daily)..... 6:23 a.m.

No. 21. Chicago-Minneapolis-St. Paul Express (daily)..... 1:45 p.m.

No. 31..... 9:05 a.m.

No. 31. Way Freight (except Sunday)..... 1:00 p.m.

No. 1 and 2 stop only at Logan, Denison, Wall Lake, Rockwell City and Tara except on flag stations.

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