

IN THE WINTER GARDEN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

It was a quaint little coffee house in the heart of the city, and yet withdrawn a bit from the noise of traffic by the width of the yard in front. The house next door had a yard, too—a yard in which a stone cutter had set up certain tall monuments and crosses and other funeral articles of his trade.

"It's a case of 'eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die,'" said Judith Dane as she and Jack Meredith took their seats at a little table. "Why any man should have chosen to fix up a place like this with an outlook that suggests the graveyard I can't understand."

Jack laughed. "Well, don't look out of the window, Judith," he advised. "It's cheery enough inside and one wouldn't be on a search for the gruesome."

Judith took off her veil and punched the long pla through it vindictively. "You'd be gruesome if you were as blue as I am."

"I am blue," he said. "I shall always be blue until you promise to marry me, Judith."

"Don't," Judith protested. "I'm too tired to argue."

"You needn't argue," he said. Judith looked at him reproachfully. "Speaking of tombstones," she murmured, "you knew that Felicia Barnsworth was dead?"

"You don't mean it!"

"Yes," Judith's voice was tremulous. "She took cold when they played at one-night stands. You know what a tour like that means, Jack?"

"No wonder you are blue," said Jack pityingly.

"She was my best friend," Jack repeated. "She was my best friend," Judith said.

"Not your best friend," Jack reminded her softly.

Judith reached out her hand to him. "I don't know what I would do without you, Jack," she said.

There was silence after that in which Jack studied the menu, and Judith's eyes took in the details of the little room. It was a cheery place, with an open fire at one end. There seemed to be only one waiter in charge. He was a little man with a smooth face and a bald head. His suggestions to Jack showed a nice discrimination and an epicurean taste. It was a cold day and the hot soup brought Judith's spirits up with a bound.

"An hour ago," she said, "when I met you I was tired and cold and hungry, but I did not know it. I was too blue to know anything."

"If you would let me take care of you always," he began, but Judith interrupted him.

"You always get back to that subject," she complained.

"There couldn't be a better one," he insisted. "Why won't you marry me, Judith?"

"Because I don't believe in marriage," she said positively.

It was at this point that the waiter came in with the hot oysters bubbling in the chafing dish. Judith exclaimed over their deliciousness.

"My wife cooked them," the waiter explained, his face beaming. "It is a recipe she brought from down south."

Then he went away and Jack said to Judith, "Did you see the look in his eyes as he spoke of his wife? That is the way I would look if you would marry me."

"Jack," Judith said seriously, "can't you ever get away from that subject?"

"I shall never get away from it," he said, "until you say 'yes.'"

"We will finish up on crackers, cheese and coffee," Jack said to the waiter when he came back.

And then he and Judith settled down to the long, confidential talk in which she told of her troubles on the road. "I found out," she confided, "that I am not made for an actress. I might as well go into somebody's office and tap a typewriter or into somebody's kitchen and cook."

"Come into my kitchen and cook," said Jack hospitably.

He was very serious as he learned of the troubles, the hardships of her winter. "I felt at times," she said sadly, "as if there was nothing left to live for."

"You have no business to feel that way," Jack said. "You are young and pretty and life is before you. Moreover, you are a woman and you won't be happy till you have lived the life that belongs to every woman. You need a home, Judith, a place where you can be comfortable and cozy and watch for your husband at night."

Judith sighed. "Women of my temperament," she said, "were not made to sit at home."

The waiter had come back with the coffee and crackers and cheese. When he placed it before them he went over to the wide window where stood the little row of cedar trees and holly bushes that gave the place the name of "Winter Garden," and spoke to some one behind the screen of green.

Presently there stole through the room the sound of music. "It is the 'Spring Song,'" said Judith.

"Why Jack, that is the touch of an artist, I wonder who is playing?"

The little waiter beamed down on them, brushing crumbs unnecessarily from the polished surface of the table. "It is my wife," he said with a deep note of pride in his voice. "Before she married me she was a great musician."

Special Sale of Hair Goods!

\$4.00 Natural wavy switch or Coronation Braid, medium and dark brown only, to close. **\$2.45**

The Boys Store

Main Street Denison, Iowa

5.00 Silk Petticoats at 2.95

Pure Silk Petticoats, new stock, 16 new colors, special this week at **\$2.95**

Wash Goods at Sharp Price Reductions

STAPLE DRESS PRINTS, standard blues, grays and shirting styles, limit to each customer 20 yards, per yard **5c**

BLEACHED MUSLIN, soft finish, 10c value, yard **8c**

FINE BATISTE, 12½ and 15c qualities, for this week, reduced to, yard **9c**

GENUINE IMPORTED 25c and 30c wash goods, specially reduced for clearance, per yard **15c**

15c CHAMBRAY, pink, blue, tan, and gray, yard **9c**

REMNANT LENGTHS of Dress Linen, plain shades, sold up to 50c, this week, yard **15c**

NATURAL COLOR Pongee, mercerized and soft silk suiting, formerly 50c, now **30c**

Handsome Silk Dresses at \$7.50

CLEARING SILK DRESSES, new spring colors, fancy lace trimmed yokes, choice of these \$15.00 dresses, at **\$7.50**

WHITE LINENE WARH SKIRTS, several dressy models, plaited effect, \$1.50 values **95c**

WAISTS OF WHITE PERSIAN LAWN, several dressy new models, square low neck effect, embroidery trimmed, also dressy high collar style with fancy yokes and lace and embroidery trimmed fronts, worth fully \$1.50, this week **85c**

Remember Old Settlers' Re-Union comes September 9th, at Denison in Washington Park, make our store your rest place when you come to town.

Then he went away and Judith stared at Jack. "Oh! What an awful thing," she said, "to think of that woman and her talent buried here! Think of a woman who can play, cook oysters and drumming out music for every customer that comes into this place."

"It is a strange thing," Jack agreed. "I want to see her," Judith said. "I want to see if she is young and pretty, or if she is old and ugly—she is such a commonplace little man—she must be old and ugly."

But the woman behind the screen was not old and ugly, for as Judith rose and crossed the room, there was a glimpse of white and a little figure in a snowy apron that covered her from neck to hem.

In another moment she would have been gone had not Judith stopped her. "I heard you play," said Judith, impulsively, "and I want to hear you again."

The little woman smiled radiantly. "There are things to do in the kitchen," she said, "but, and again she smiled, 'I love to play.' This time she played the 'Intermezzo,' and the haunting strains crept through the room."

"And yet she married a waiter," Judith murmured. "Jack, I am going to ask her why she left her music for marriage."

The coffee grew cold, and the waiter worried while the two women talked, and when Judith came back her face was very white, but there was a look in her eyes that Jack had not seen before.

"O, Jack," she said breathlessly, as she sat down, "O, Jack!"

But when the waiter had brought hot coffee she told him the little story. "She used to play in Europe. She is a German and had wonderful talent. But she is not very strong and she grew so tired of the travel, and she grew so tired of the people who admired her for her music, but who never seemed to see the woman underneath, and this man, this waiter, sang in the same concerts in which she played. They loved each other, but she feared marriage. And then one day he lost his voice. She begged him to marry her, saying that her money would support them both, willing to sacrifice herself now that he was in trouble. But he would have none of it. He would not let a woman support him. He came to America to find work, and after a while she came to play. She was never strong, the climate did not agree with her and she found health falling, but still she played. And one night after the concert she went with a gay party to a fashionable restaurant and there she found her former lover waiting on the table."

"Well, that was the beginning. She gave him her address and made him come to her. Then she told him that she was miserable, that there was no happiness in the life she was living, that she wanted to be with him and let him take care of her. She wanted to be free from the demands of the public. If she played she wanted to play because she loved her art. And at last he yielded, and with the money that she had saved they came here and set up this little place. And she cooks and plays and she is happy."

It was such a simple little story, and yet somehow it seemed to clutch at their hearts.

"It is something to have a home, Jack," she said.

"He caught at the slight hope in that change in her eyes and voice."

"Judith," he said, "I cannot give you the variety that your life offers now, and a lawyer with a good practice is a busy man, but I want to take care of you."

She had been deeply moved by the story of the other woman. "When she was telling me I seemed to see myself moving from place to place, never satisfied, always wanting something, always wanting you, Jack."

It was the supreme moment, but as Jack laid his hand on hers the waiter

entered with a slip of paper, which he handed to Jack. "It's the recipe for the oysters, sir," he said, "I thought your wife might like to cook them."

Jack gasped. "Will you cook them, Judith?" he asked suddenly. "Will you cook them, Judith?"

And Judith still with that wonderful light in her eyes, took the paper from him.

King Not the Whole Thing.

After all, it is not so much to be a king. There is a lot more honor in being president of the United States. At least this is the opinion of Robert Allen of Surrey, England, who is at present in Washington. He says: "Our king has little to say so far as the government of England is concerned; he is merely a figurehead. The English people at this day will not stand for any ill behavior on the part of the king. They attend to the matter of administering the affairs of the country themselves, and the king must behave himself. England has changed very much since the time when the king used to assume the role of ruler. The people are now ruling, and the king is occupying a position of courtesy. King George will turn out all right. He cannot do anything without consulting his advisers, and they are shrewd and patriotic men. We hope for the best, so far as King George is concerned."

Schumann's Sister-in-Law Living.

The sister-in-law of Robert Schumann is still living. Her name is Marie Wieck. She recently took part in a concert in Berlin. Though she is 78 years old, her fingers still glide nimbly over the keyboard. Formerly she was an esteemed pianist, though overshadowed by her sister, Clara, the composer's wife.

JACKSON TOWNSHIP.

Mrs. John Kenny, of DeWitt, is visiting friends and relatives north of Vail.

Miss Anna McGraw spent a few days at the J. Blessington home.

Miss Agnes Nagle, of Long Grove, Iowa, is visiting her cousin, Josie Murphy.

Agnes Lawler returned home Thursday after a two months' stay at Cedar Rapids, where she had been attending summer school.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lawler and Genevieve Downey Sundayed with the Dan Murphy family.

Quite a few Jackson people attended the Vail carnival and all report a favorable time.

A welcome rain fell in this vicinity Saturday and Sunday and will be appreciated by many farmers.

A number of young folks spent Sunday at the P. Lawler home.

Mrs. D. Murphy visited at the T. Fogerty home Monday.

Dan Sullivan spent a few days with friends south of Wall Lake.

Mrs. McAlpin, of St. Louis, visited a few days last week with Mrs. Ed Downey.

Maggie O'Connell is reported on the sick list.

James McCaffery attended the Sac City fair.

Mrs. Alva Harman is able to be around after a few days' illness.

Ward Duffy was a caller at the J. Murphy home Monday.

Hon. Henry Haag, who is so well and favorably known in connection with the good roads movement in Iowa and who delivered one of the best addresses on the subject ever delivered in Denison a short time ago, is reported at the point of death with an attack of appendicitis.

He was taken sick on Sunday last, was operated on yesterday morning and reports on Tuesday afternoon were that his case was exceedingly grave.

A telephone message, however, this afternoon is to the effect that he is slightly better.

BUCK GROVE.

Mrs. Krustoff, of Sioux City, was a guest of her sister, Mrs. Thomas Doonan, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Winn are entertaining a lady friend.

Miss Noonan, of Dunlap, is visiting at the home of her uncle, Tom Noonan, for a few days.

Mrs. Reno and children, of Dunlap, are sitting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wiley Kirkladahl.

Harley Chase drove over to Deloit on business Monday.

Miss Carrie Switzer, of Des Moines, visited with her uncle, Will Switzer, and family all last week.

Bernice Bonney returned home on Monday evening from a month's trip to St. Joe, Kansas City, Omaha and other points. To hear her tell it, she had a splendid time.

Pearl Bonney went out to Christ Gloes' Tuesday evening and visited her friend, Alfreda, until Friday.

Reports from Denison say that Mrs. Bernhard Trupeur is recovering nicely since her operation.

The town of Buck Grove has put in a new cement crossing on Main street, which is certainly a credit and was put in by home talent, too.

Albert Polzun has been walking around with a sprained ankle for the past few days.

Mrs. John Gorman, of Kenwood, came up Tuesday and remained until Wednesday with Mrs. Mike Kane.

They drove to Manilla and Mrs. Kane returned on the afternoon train and Mrs. Gorman continuing on to Kenwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Krause and children, of Aurora, Ill., visited last week with their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. George Hester.

Mrs. Lute Petersen, of Manilla, visited her mother one day last week.

L. C. Poe came back from Woodbine Tuesday, but has gone again.

Little Mabel McCord fell out of a swing one day last week and hurt her arm quite severely. It is hoped the injury will not prove very serious.

Mr. William Plogge and family went across country in their auto to Round Lake, Minn. They had a most delightful trip. The weather was fine and the roads level about all the way.

The many friends of Mrs. W. L. Morton will be sorry to hear that she has been obliged to submit to another operation, but will also be pleased to hear that the operation was successful and she is getting along as well as could be expected. Mr. Morton went up to spend Sunday with her.

John Green started to make his daily trip with the mail Monday, but owing to high water was obliged to turn back.

Tom Griffin and James Griffin came Monday to celebrate the fifteenth of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Smith are the proud parents of a baby girl, born Saturday, August 13th.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Monday, August 8, 1910.

Gust Anderson and wife to Olof Sandin—Lot 6, Subdiv. SW 1-4 SW 1-4 5-85-38 (also described by meets and bounds.) Con. \$1500.00.

Frank Waddington and wife to F. S. Probasco—Lots 1, 2 and 3, block 3, Waddington's Ad. Charter Oak. Con. \$250.00.

Tuesday, August 9, 1910.

Wm. H. Kahl and wife to Hermann Boger—SE 1-4 6-83-39. Con. \$1680.00.

Friday, August 12, 1910.

Oliver E. Johnson to P. A. Peterson—Lot 10, block 3, Kiron. Con. \$550.

J. D. Burghardt to Daniel Hemphill—Lot 9, block 4, Buck Grove. Con. \$2000.00.

Peculiar Trick of Lightning.

Lightning played a curious trick with a funeral procession near Limoges recently. It struck the church and burned the altar cloth. Outside the church a girl was killed and four bearers of the coffin were knocked down.

FOR SALE CHEAP—One hard and one soft coal stove, refrigerator and other furniture at Sarahon Sisters' Store.

UNEARTHED WHALE'S BONES

Dredgers Lay Bare Skeleton of a Twenty-Footer—One Dredge Brings Up a Diamond.

In cutting away the bank of the creek a mile from the ocean on Hewletts Bay, the New York Sun says, workmen employed on the dredger Florida came across the skeleton of a 20-foot whale 12 feet below the surface of the meadows. The men had secured the vertebrae and head and were digging for the rest of the frame when the storm put an end to operations.

The large suction pipe of the dredger has brought to light many articles, some of them valuable. Two weeks ago a diamond ring worth \$100 was brought up. Just inside the suction pipe is a box which contains a magnet and all metal substances drop into the box, while the mud and dirt pass over it.

Lightning Doesn't Strike in Sleep.

Doctor Brewer should have advised those who are nervous in a thunder storm to get not merely to bed but to sleep. There is a popular tradition that lightning will not kill anyone who is asleep.

The folk lore of lightning is extensive and peculiar. According to one school, the splinters of a tree struck by lightning are an infallible specific for the toothache. But the most pleasing superstition is that which used to be cherished by the boys of a Yorkshire village who believed that if they mentioned the lightning immediately after a flash the seat of their trousers would be torn out. No boy could be induced to make the experiment—London Chronicle.

A barn belonging to George Powell west of Denison, was struck by lightning last evening and burned to the ground. Several horses were in the barn at the time, but were taken out before injured, and some machinery was also moved. The only loss suffered was a quantity of hay.

Hogs

Are especially at this time of the year prone to worms and quite a few diseases which are caused through these parasites.

My Denison brand Hog Worm Powder will remove all kinds of worms, stimulates the digestion organs and thereby help them to thrive and fatten much better.

Try it and if not satisfied that your hogs will be benefited by its use I will refund your money.

Price 50c per package

R. Knaul



DAN PATCH 1-55 WILL BE THE PRESENTING THESE SENSATIONAL PACING TEAMS

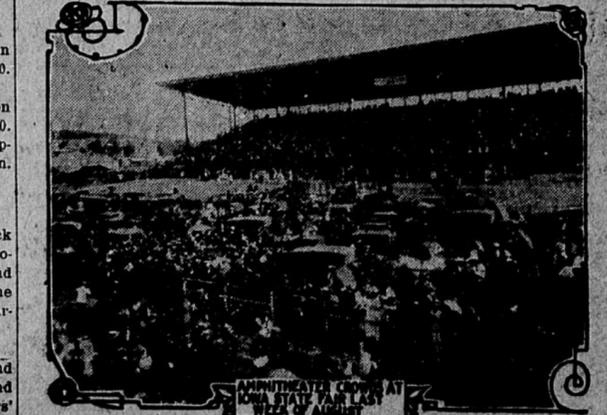
MOST EXCITING HARNESS HORSE RACING IN THE WORLD

M.W. SAVAGE ASKS CAN YOU PICK THE WINNING TEAM?

THE GREAT PACING RACE.

The great racing event of the state fair will be the contest between the four greatest pacers in the world. On Saturday, Aug. 27, the starter will for the first time give the word to Hedgewood Pacer, Minor Heir, Hedgewood Boy and Lady Maud George Gano and Lady Maud in one

race. It is sure to be the one great race of the year. On the following Tuesday at Des Moines, Minor Heir will make an effort to lower the world's unpaired record on a half mile track. On Friday the great event will be the team race between Hedgewood Pacer, Minor Heir, Hedgewood Boy and Lady Maud against Minor Heir and George Gano.



AMMUNITION COMPANY LOW PRICES FOR LAST WEEK OF AUGUST