

**Bargains in
WALL PAPER**
at the Central Pharmacy.

WE have a large new Stock of the latest colors and designs that will please your eye and prices that will suit your pocketbook. Come now while the assortment is complete.

ANDERS & PHILIPP
AGENTS for HEATH & MILLIGAN'S
Best Prepared Paints:

"FOUR WALLS"
Four walls may make a home, but we don't think very much of that kind of a home unless the walls are attractively papered. We have a few remnants which we wish to close out in order to make room for

STOREY & ABBOTT,
The Leading
Druggists.

COVERS MOST,

Looks Best,

Wears Longest

and is the most economical paint in the market.

FOR SALE BY
North End Drug Store:

Gregg & Ward,
Successors to F. J. ATWATER.

Canned Goods
A large assortment now in stock. New and fresh groceries received daily. Have you tried those Uneda Biscuits? If not call and get a five cent package.

Noble Arnold

Give the Children a Drink, called Grain-O. It is a delicious, appetizing, nourishing food drink to take the place of coffee. Sold by all grocers and liked by all who have used it. Because when properly prepared it tastes like the finest coffee but it is free from all its injurious properties. Grain-O aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. It is not a stimulant but a health builder and children, as well as adults, can drink it with great benefit. Costs about 1/2 as much as coffee. 15 and 25c.

AN ANCIENT CHESS KING.
Baylor some rajah first in the ages gone found his largest ladies fingered those. While a black nightingale, an swart as he sang his one wife love's passionate cry; Baylor then mayst have pleased Old Treasurer John.

Had Kidney Disease 27 Years.
Mr. G. A. Stillman, a merchant of Tampico, Ill., writes: "Foley's Kidney Cure is meeting with wonderful success. It has cured some cases here that physicians pronounced incurable. I myself am able to testify to its merits. My face to-day is a living picture of health, and Foley's Kidney Cure has made it such. I had suffered twenty-seven years with the disease, and to-day I feel ten years younger than I did one year ago. I can obtain some wonderful cures of the medical qualities."
—Gregg & Ward.

Backache should never be neglected. It means kidney disorder which if allowed to run too long will result in Bright's disease, diabetes or other serious and often fatal complaints. Foley's Kidney Cure is guaranteed for kidney disorder.—Gregg & Ward.

According to the latest statistics, the population of Greece is increasing more rapidly than that of any other country annually, at the rate of 1.87 per cent per annum.

Truths Tensely Told.
Foley's Kidney Cure is a safe remedy for all Kidney and Bladder Diseases. Guaranteed 50c.—Gregg & Ward.

A southern man says that the difference between yellow fever and dengue fever is that when one has the former he is afraid he will die and when the latter attacks him he is fearful that he will not.

Cured When Others Failed.
S. A. Ingalls, Crown Point, N. Y., writes: "My wife suffered from kidney trouble for years. She consulted several physicians and tried a number of Kidney Cures without getting relief. She was induced to try Foley's Kidney Cure and in less than a week after the began using it, she was greatly improved and three bottles cured her."
—Gregg & Ward.

Can't Hold America Down.
"Why, sir," said the geologist, "the ground you walk on was once under water."

Old Boy.
Cut Bruise, or Sprain quickly healed with Banner Salve the greatest healing remedy in the world.

Tough Park.
In a New Zealand town one of the municipal candidates, a pronounced Scotsman, had received a present of a huge Scotch thistle, which at the moment happened to be lying on the table of his committee room. A friend, entering, withdrew suddenly with the remark: "I beg your pardon; I didn't know you were at luncheon."—San Francisco Wave.

Excursions via Chicago Great Western Ry., Summer Season 1909.
The Chicago Great Western Ry. will have sale at all stations excursion tickets for the following meetings to be held during the summer season at very low rates:

Annual meeting, Imperial Council, Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, Buffalo, N. Y., June 14 to 15th. One fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip.
Annual Reunion B. P. O. E., St. Louis, Mo., June 20 to 23d. One fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip.
Annual Convention, United Society of Christian Endeavor, Detroit, Mich., July 5 to 10th. One fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip.
Annual meeting, National Educational Association, Los Angeles, Cal., July 11 to 14th. One fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip.
National Convention, B. Y. P. U., of America, Richmond, Va., July 13 to 19th. One fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip.
Other meetings to be announced later. For full information call on any Agent "Maple Leaf Route" or address, F. H. Lord, General Pass. & Ticket Agent, 113 Adams St. Chicago, 17-27

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE
CONTAINS
A COMPLETE NOVEL
IN EVERY NUMBER
\$3.00 PER YEAR SINGLE COPY, 25c.
FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PUBLISHERS,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Henry Hutchinson
Breeder of Thoroughbred
Shorthorn Cattle.
JOSEPH HUTCHINSON
Manchester, Iowa.



"Well, goodby, Mary," he said, holding out his hand to her wife.
"Goodby," said Mary, without looking at him.
"You haven't changed your mind yet?" he asked.
"Not in the least."
For a moment he said nothing. "You little devil," he hissed at last between his teeth, "you're prettier and more fetching than ever!" He caught hold of her and held her closely to him. "Do you think you are going to keep me at arm's length forever? Not a bit of it! I love you ten thousand times more for being such a little devil as you are. All the other women I've ever known are as tame as new milk compared to you. There's no mistake about your being, like strong drink to a man. You'll kiss me before I go!"
"Not I."
"No! Well, I'll wait for that. Meantime you're here, my ladybird, and I'll have a few kisses to remember you by before we part."
"No—no."
"Yes—yes," he persisted, and being like a frail reed in the hands of a giant he could not prevent him from covering her face with kisses.
He set her free as suddenly as he had caught her, and, turning, went out of the house and away down the garden path without once again looking at her. Mary, as soon as she was free, fled to her own room and locked herself into that sanctuary. Her first act was to run to the dressing glass and to look at herself, and somehow the sight of her

face with its scarlet face and blazing eyes but served to fan the fierce flame of bitter resentment which was burning so passionately in her heart. "How dared he, how dared he!" she burst out. "Does he think I am a toy to be flung down like a minute and played with the next? Oh, how dared he!"
She was quivering with rage, but there was no suspicion of tears about her eyes. Outraged pride, anger, womanly fury, possessed her, but grief had no place in that tumult of emotions. She felt more deeply insulted than if some strange man had seized her in the street and had deliberately kissed her without so much as a with your leave or a by your leave. Such a proceeding her thoughts might have put down to a dozen motives, admiration, daring or a wager, but to think that the man who only that morning had raised his hand and struck her to the floor—to think that he had dared to force his leathome kisses upon her and in spite of her absolute refusal! It was horrible—it was an outrage, no more, no less.
She was still raging when the bell rang in the hall, and after a minute or so Mouncey came up and told her that tea was served in the drawing room. With the best intentions in the world and believing thoroughly in a cup of tea as a universal panacea for every woe, Mrs. Hamilton had ordered the small repast to be served a full half hour earlier than usual, and when Mary, still flushed and full of ire, came down she entered into a voluble explanation of her reasons for so doing.
"Come, my darling; a cup of tea will do you all the good in the world. I engaged to Mouncey that she should let us have it at once. There are little at-buns, dear child. Come, try to eat some, for fretting will not bring our dear boy home one day earlier."
A reply rose to the tip of Mary's tongue, one which would have relieved her mother's mind forever as to the likelihood of her fretting. She choked it back, however, and sat down before the tea table. Mrs. Hamilton looked at her furtively.
"Evidently she is bottling it all up, poor darling! There's not a sign of a tear. Such an intense yet reserved nature. My poor, poor girl!" And then Mrs. Hamilton helped herself to a little hot bun with a virtuous air, as one who is conscious of having done her whole duty in every regard of life.
From that moment the household went on with the regularity of clock-work and in all respects as if no absent master was in existence. Mrs. Hamilton assiduously studied the daily papers for news of the Arkhama, and she babbled from time to time of "our dear boy." After several days she, however, gave up even that much, and, as Mary did not divulge the contents of several letters which she received from her husband, Mrs. Hamilton was positively afraid to question her on the subject, but contented herself with seeing that extra good things were provided for Mary's meals.
"Yes; see that there are little buns, Mouncey," she said each morning. "And tell Foster to make them very hot and with plenty of butter. What would Mrs. Conway like for a sweet? Well, let me see. She used to love a trifle with almonds, rufias and strawberry jam. You might tell Foster to make a nice little dish of trifle and perhaps mushrooms on toast for afterward. We must take care to keep Mrs. Conway's strength up. She is feeling the parking terribly."
"Which?" commented Julia Mouncey as she repeated the conversation to the neat cook in the kitchen. "Which, between you and me, Alice, I'm more than doubtful about. It's my opinion that missis married master out of consideration for her ma. Tain't likely a grizzled, grand, unreasonably best such a bloke going to break any young girl's

heart when he goes away."
"I shouldn't wonder but what you're right, Julia," returned Foster wisely. Meantime in Mary's mind only a huge sense of relief from an ominous presence dominated every other feeling. She heard her mother's remarks about "our dear boy," it is true, but she simply endured them as so much babble which one would be useless to answer. Her one idea was to think out some plan by which she could be rendered free of her husband's purse at the end of the time of his absence. She had fully made up her mind that she would never under any circumstances live with him again. She told herself that it was no part of a wife's duties to live with a man who had used personal violence toward her. She went over the situation many times in her own mind, and she had deliberately come to the conclusion that in striking her the first blow Mrs. Conway had forfeited all further right to her consideration.
"I knew," her thoughts ran, "that he was elderly, or at least of advanced middle age, that he was rough and plain in ways and manner, but I did not know that he was a brute, an unmitigated brute. If I had known it, even for my mother's sake I could not and would not have married him. Now I feel I am perfectly justified in carving out the rest of my own life independent of his."
But, though it is an easy thing to say that one will carve out a life for oneself, it is another thing to do it. It is one thing to declare for independence; it is another thing to free oneself from a dependent position. And when Mary Conway came to weigh herself in the balance against fate she found that she was not able to press down her side of the scales so much as a jot.
Her own career, in which she had been doing so well at the time of her marriage, was irrevocably closed to her, even had she been willing to begin again at the lowest rung of the ladder, and no other one seemed to be open to her. She thought of many ways of earning a living, but the very first question which common sense put to her always brought her up sharp like a bird tied by the leg, which when it would flutter away, is brought up sharply to a standstill by the thing that ties it. The question was, "What do you know about it?" The answer was always the same and came with uncompromising certitude. "Nothing!"
She gave more than a thought to going on the stage—always a woman's first instinct in a position of stress—but when she heard of there being 1,100 names on the books of one theater and 1,500 on the promise list of another she was discouraged from any hope of success in that direction. She thought of trying her fortune as a writer, but a little story which she smiled and cried over and copied out many times and loved dearly. But she sent her bantling out into the hard world, and she never saw or heard of it again! She wondered whether she could start a better class school for small children; but, again, although she felt herself competent enough to teach, common sense stepped in and asked: "How are you going to furnish a house? How are you going to live during the first quarter? Will your mother ever consent to tear herself away from her dear boy and Acacia Villa?" And the answer to each was such as showed the utter hopelessness of attempting any such scheme as a way out of her present difficulties. The want of experience, the want of capital, the want of a market, the want of a school for small children; these disadvantages always came home to her when she thought out some fresh scheme for earning a living.
"If I had only myself to consider, I could go and be a scullery maid," she said to herself passionately, forgetting, poor girl, that a schoolteacher would be of but little use in kitchen or scullery.
So the days went by peacefully and uneventfully enough, in perfect content on Mrs. Hamilton's part, in feverish unrest for Mary. And as each one darkened into night she felt that she was one day nearer to a terrible alternative, to a meeting with the man who had sworn to protect her against all troubles, but who had outraged her womanhood and broken down every shield of respect and gratitude which she might, nay, would, have felt for him. She felt more and more as each morning rose that she was fast approaching the time when she must either submit to the vilest degradation of herself or see her mother thrust out in her feeble-

ness to face a cold world in which there was not so much as the barest provision for her! It was a terrible situation, a cruel alternative, yet it was the natural outcome of a marriage entered into without the one great amalgamating alloy—love!
But time goes on. Be the need ever so great, there are no Joshuas nowadays to bid the sun stand still in the heavens, and so time fits on with no more and no less step. The summer faded, autumn drew on, winter was nigh at hand, and Mary Conway had found no resting place, no coign of vantage, no protection against the humiliation that loomed before her.
Her last effort was to go round the great dress shops in the west end, but each one found some fault and would have none of her. One told her that want of experience was an insuperable objection, another that they never took young ladies into the showrooms without a handsome premium; a third complained that she was not tall enough, a fourth that she looked delicate, a fifth that she was too shy in manner. So she went home wearied in mind and body with one more avenue closed to

her, one more hope gone. And when she, with a word of explanation upon her lips, opened the drawing room door it was to find her mother lying senseless upon the floor and in her stiffened fingers an evening paper tightly clutched.
CHAPTER V.
SHIPWRECK.
Mary Conway forgot in an instant all the weariness and heart-sickness which had possessed her when she entered the house. She cast but one glance at the helpless figure lying on the hearth rug, then ran to the bell and pulled at it hard, an eager peal such as brought the two midwives running in to see what was amiss.
"Mouncey—my mother! How long has she been left?" Mrs. Conway gasped.
Mouncey with a scared face knelt down on the other side of the unconscious woman. "Lor, ma'am," she said in trembling tones, "it's not ten minutes since I carried tea in. I came twice, and Mrs. Hamilton said she'd rather wait for you, and at last Foster made the buns hot, and I brought tea in without saying anything. And Mrs. Hamilton, she says, 'Why, Mouncey,' she says, 'you do spoil me.' And I say to her, 'Lor, ma'am, missus will be vexed if you go any longer past your teatime.' And then she says, 'There's the way, it'll like a paper Mouncey.' So I went out and got one, and I give it to her and—why, poor lady, she's never had any tea at all!"
"We must get her up to bed at once," said Mary anxiously. "Can we carry her among us?"
"Lor, yes, ma'am," answered Mouncey promptly. "A little bit of a thing like her! Here, Foster, take her feet. I'll take her head. No, ma'am; we can do better just the way of us. She was right and Mrs. Hamilton, who was very small and slight, was soon safely laid upon her own bed. "I'd better fetch the doctor, ma'am," asked Foster.
"Oh, yes, yes, at once! We must get her into bed Mouncey."
"Yes, ma'am, but there's no need to hurry. Poor lady! I'm afraid it will make very little difference to her!"
"Hush-sh!" cried Mary fearfully. "Nay, ma'am; she hears nothing. If I was you, I would just cover her over with the elder till the doctor has seen her. Anyway I wouldn't undress her till the fire has burned up. I was just coming up to light it."
She covered the old lady with the warm, gay colored quilt as she spoke, and taking, after the manner of housemaids, a box of matches from her pocket set light to the fire, which soon burned up cheerfully, casting a bright glow over the pretty room.
"I'll fetch you a cup of tea now, ma'am," she remarked, "for I'm sure you need it."
The protest which instinctively rose to her lips died away under a newborn realization of her intense weariness. "I am very, very tired, Mouncey," she said helplessly.
The good natured girl drew her into a chair by the fire. "Sit here, ma'am, until I bring your tea. You can't do anything for the poor lady, and you may want all your strength for later on."
She sped away, returning in a very short time with the tea on which were a pot of fresh tea and a covered plate of hot buns, which had been on the stove awaiting the mistress's return. These she arranged on a little table by the fireside and then poured out the tea and held the inviting little cakes that Mary might take one.
In truth Mary was too tired to refuse such ministrations, which were doubly welcome just then, and Mouncey fairly stood over her until she had eaten enough to satisfy her, and what was necessary and right. Then she went down stairs, leaving her mistress sitting in the big armchair wondering what the end of it all would be.
"Poor mother! her thoughts ran. "Poor, poor mother! Are you going this time, and have I made the sacrifice for nothing? No, not for nothing, for I shall always be able to say, 'The end of her life was peace.'"
She rose restlessly from her chair and went to the side of the bed, where she stood looking down upon the drawn, gray face already so deathlike in the immobility of unconsciousness. "I wonder what caused her to have an attack," Mary said to herself. "She was so bright and well this morning. Could there have been anything in that paper? Where is it? What did Mouncey do with it?"
She looked about for it, but without success, and then she remembered that possibly it was still in her mother's hand. So it proved to be, and Mary was obliged to tear the sheet a little in order to release it from that viselike grip.
A glance was sufficient to tell the cause of Mrs. Hamilton's rage. As she smoothed the crumpled paper her eye caught the heading of the latest telegraphic news—"Reported loss of the ocean liner Arkhama, with over 800 lives!"
Mary Conway was still staring wildly at the paper when Mouncey came in with the doctor in her wake. "What is it?" she asked, seeing the horror on her young mistress's face.
"Oh, Mouncey—the paper—the news—my poor mother!" was all that Mary could say as she exhausted nature gave way under the strain and she dropped to the ground as dead to all sound and feeling as the poor lady stretched upon the bed.
"Dear, dear, dear," said the doctor, "but this is a pretty kettle of fish! Dear, dear, a bad seizure this time! I was afraid it might happen before long. My good girl, is there bad news in that paper?"
"Lor, sir—master's ship—loss of the Arkhama with 800 souls. That's master's ship—he's the captain! Oh, my poor missis, my poor, poor missis!"
"Good heavens! Are you sure?"
"See here, sir—oh, it's true enough! Oh, my poor, poor missis! It's all right now."
"Well, help me to get her off the floor. In her case it's no more than a simple faint. Yes, in that chair; undo her gown—a few drops of brandy. There, there, my dear lady, you'll be all right now."
"What has happened?" asked Mary, struggling up, but sinking back again as her head began to swim. "Oh, I remember! It doesn't matter about me, doctor, but my mother—she is very ill. The shock was too much for her. Do attend to her, please, and let me know if you will lie still the maid and I will attend to Mrs. Hamilton," said the doctor soothingly. "Little or nothing to be done," he murmured to Mouncey, as they turned to the bed. "She is not to be moved. The light on her face has got to be of course. What strength have you?"
[CONTINUED.]
"I'll tell you one thing," said Mouncey to his long suffering wife, "if Willy does not behave himself, I'll give him the worst spanking he ever had. He'll get it in the neck."
"He be serious, my dear," replied Mrs. Mouncey. "The neck is no place on which to spank a child."—Harper's Bazar.

To Dress Well
Visit the Clothing House of J. H. Allen
All the latest and finest Novelties in
Men, Boys' and Children's
Clothing. Shirts
In all new designs, and Neckwear of every description.
We Will Satisfy Any taste in our large selection
J. H. Allen



Reproduction of the \$5.98 SUIT
Other Styles are Here Up to \$20.00.

In the Mode.....



It's a comfortable thing to know that what you wear, in clothing and furnishings, is in the latest style. We endeavor to keep posted as to all changes in proper styles for men in shirts, collars and cuffs, neckwear, gloves, umbrellas and canes, in fact, everything to be found in a mens' outfitters establishment. Better see our recent invoices.

....L. R. STOUT

GREAT BARGAINS!

On all lines of Clothing, Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Shirt Waists, Capes, Skirts, Shoes, Hats, Corsets, Men's Shirts, Etc.

DRESS GOODS 36 inches wide, all-wool serge, regular price, \$2.75, in close at \$1.50. \$1.25 values, no at \$0.95. A lot of ladies' fine shoes at 1/2 regular price. EVERYTHING IN SHOES GOES AT A CUT PRICE.

SHOES Ladies' Fine Shoes, regular price, \$2.75, in close at \$1.50. \$1.25 values, no at \$0.95. A lot of ladies' fine shoes at 1/2 regular price. EVERYTHING IN SHOES GOES AT A CUT PRICE.

SHIRT WAISTS Ladies' \$1.50, \$1.25 and \$1.75. Shirt waists in all the newest shades to close at 75c. Ladies' fine shirt waists to close at 50c.

SILK DRESS SKIRTS Ladies' Silk Dress Skirts—ALL TO GO AT 40 TO 50 PER CENT DISCOUNT. Black Dress Skirts, in wool, to close at \$1.50, regular price, \$2.50. Silk brocade dress skirt, regular price, \$6.00, marked down to \$2.50. All other skirts to go at same big discount.

CORSETS We have the Cresco, Warners' Gage Down and Featherbone at 50c. Regular \$1.00 goods. Another lot to close at 25c.

MEN'S SUITS All wool clay worsted to close at \$7.50. Men's blue serge, all wool, formerly sold for \$12.00, marked down to \$6.50.

MEN AND BOYS' HATS—will be closed at 40 to 50 per cent from former prices. We have the latest styles and shades.

25 PER CENT DISCOUNT ON SUMMER DRESS GOODS
Laws, Cordinals, Mulls, Corded Scotch Mulls, Windsor Clarettes. The 3c and 10c bleached muslin will be closed out at 2c. Unbleached muslin, regular 7c grade, marked down to 2c. Dress cambric, 30c per yard. Silks at 2c, regular 10c quality. All the latest and newest spring styles in our Millinery Department will be quoted at extremely low prices. Call early and get first choice.

HENRY GOODHILE.
MANCHESTER, IOWA.

WM. DONNELLY, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
Proprietor of the
Ryan Drug Store.
Dealer in
Drugs, Stationery, Etc.
RYAN, IOWA.

Good Advice.
When you want anything in the line of
Furniture
do not forget to write us or examine our stock and prices. We have no room for shoddy goods, but with forty years of experience can guarantee you honest goods at fair prices. Remember this and you will profit by it.
F. Werkmeister,
3-91 Earlville, Iowa.

ENCAMPMENT OF IOWA G. A. R. WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS. LADIES OF THE G. A. R. AND SONS OF VETERANS.
Waterloo, June 13, 14 and 15th.
The Chicago Great Western Ry. will sell tickets to Waterloo June 13 and 14, at **ONE FARE** for round trip. Tickets limited for return June 17th.
GRAND WAR SONG CONCERT AND CAMPFIRES