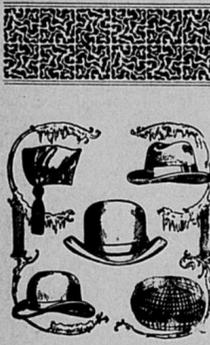


# Look at Your Hat



with the eyes of a stranger. Might it not be improved upon? We have a stock here which we think would improve any man. There is something here to please every taste and every purse, for instance, Stiff hats, Fedoras, Pashas, Crush hats, Straw and Crashes, Golf and Yacht Caps.

## SPECIAL SALE.

Men's Trousers.  
50 pair Men's Strictly All-Wool trousers, \$2.00 quality for \$1.45.

## CRASH SUITS,

Alapaca Coats, (regular and extra long) blue serge coats and vests, Negligee Shirts and many other Warm Weather Fixings.

# ...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.

I shall be compelled to give up my lease on the building in which I am located by July 1st therefore, all goods must be sold by July 1st. Following we will quote a few of the many bargains offered:

**DRESS GOODS** 36 inches wide, all-wool serge, regular price, \$2.75; to close at \$1.40. All wool, 46 inches wide, different shades, regular price, \$3.00; to close at \$1.80.

**ALL OTHER DRESS GOODS AT SAME BIG DISCOUNT.**

**SHOES** Ladies' Fine Shoes, regular price, \$2.75; to close at \$1.40. \$1.25 values go at \$0.75. Silk brocade, fine shoes at \$1.00; regular price, \$1.50. **EVERYTHING IN SHOES GOES AT A CUT PRICE.**

**SHIRT WAISTS** Ladies' Silk Dress Shirts, regular price, \$1.50; to close at \$0.75. Ladies' 60 shirt waists to close at \$0.75.

**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, fine skirts, \$2.00; marked down to \$1.00. All other skirts to go at same big discount.

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

**MEN'S SUITS** All wool city worsted regular price, \$12.00; to close at \$7.50. Men's blue serge, all wool, formerly sold for \$12.00, marked down to \$8.50.

**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** Lawns, Cordinets, Mulls, Corded French Mulls, Windsor Clarettes, The 8c and 10c bleached muslin will be closed out at 6c. Unbleached muslin, regular 10c grade, marked down to 8c. Dress cambric, 2c per yard. Silks at 5c, 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.**

Agents for  
ATLAS, PORTLAND and LOUISVILLE  
**CEMENT**  
Maquoketa  
**LIME**  
Stucco and Plastering Hair.  
Successor to G. W. Fairchild West Side of River.

Dealer in all kinds of  
**Lumber, Doors, Ash, Blinds, Etc.**  
**HARD and SOFT COAL.**

**SPECIAL OFFER**  
The New Werner Edition of  
**THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA**  
IN THIRTY SUPERB OCTAVO VOLUMES.

"Give Your Boys a Chance"  
were the closing words of an address by Abraham Lincoln. He realized that parents are responsible, in a degree, for what their children become. If you have children, study their individual tendencies and place the best possible educational advantages before them. A way has been provided in the New Werner Edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, complete in thirty volumes. The best thoughts on all subjects in the history of man are treasured there. A systematic study of this work is equal to any college course. Algebra, Anatomy, Architecture, Building, Electricity, Political Economy, are a few of its articles which have been adopted by Yale, Harvard and Columbia colleges. This shows in what esteem it is held by the highest educators in the land. Just now you can secure the

and the balance in small monthly payments. The entire Thirty Volumes with a Guide and an elegant Oak Book Case, will be delivered when the first payment is made.

The complete set (Thirty Large Octavo Volumes):  
No. 1—New Style Buckram Cloth, Marbled Edges, Extra Quality High Machine Finish Book Paper, \$45.00  
First payment, One Dollar (\$1.00) and Three Dollars (\$3.00) per month thereafter.

No. 2—Half Morocco, Marbled Edges, Extra Quality High Machine Finish Book Paper, \$60.00  
First payment, Two Dollars (\$2.00) and Four Dollars (\$4.00) per month thereafter.

No. 3—Sheep, Tan Color, Marbled Edges, Extra Quality High Machine Finish Book Paper, \$75.00  
First payment, Three Dollars (\$3.00) and Five Dollars (\$5.00) per month thereafter.

A reduction of 10% is granted by paying cash within 30 days after the receipt of the work.

**Anders & Philipp, MANCHESTER, IOWA.**



Copyright, 1898, by the Author

"Oh, forgive me! One likes to know everything. Have you children?"

"None—nor a single relative in all the world."

"Poor little soul!" The words slipped out unconsciously, as if he were thinking aloud. "Then about terms."

"I will take what you are accustomed to pay," said Mary.

"I have, let us say, 2 guineas a week," he returned hurriedly.

"But won't you try me first?" said Mary, rather taken aback by this unceremonious way of arranging the matter.

"No, no. Your speed is 180, and you look as if you would just suit me."

"But my references!" she exclaimed.

"Mrs. Conway," said the novelist, turning and looking directly and fixed-

ly at her. "I would just as soon not see your references. I know too well the lies one tells when one wants to pass some one on to one's friends. I know too well what they are worth. Your last employer died, you tell me."

"But it mightn't be true," she faltered. "I would really rather—"

"Do you want a character with me?" he broke in.

"But everybody knows you," she cried indignantly. "Everybody has read your books."

"I wish they did. I should make a decent income then. No, no, Mrs. Conway. I know what I am and what I'm not. I know my own limitations and exactly what I am capable of. It's my business to read character. You may not suit me as a secretary, but only time can show and prove that. So far as you yourself are concerned, honesty is the dominant note of your life."

Mary could not help starting. Alan Stacey continued: "You can give yourself away continually because you cannot conceal your real feelings. In a sense you are bad for yourself because you cannot dissimulate. You couldn't tell a downright lie if you tried, and you are so honest that you wouldn't try."

"I do hate lies," said Mary in a tone as if such a fact were rather to her detriment than otherwise.

"Let me look at your hand. Yes; it is capable, precise, upright and highly nervous. We shall be able to work together very well. I am certain. At all events, let us try tomorrow morning."

"Mr. Stacey," said Mary, rising as she spoke. "I will do my very best."

"We shall get on splendidly," he replied, holding out his hand. "I am doing a particularly difficult piece of work just now, a most difficult subject, in which the handling is everything, the whole difference between success and failure. I was writing work my last year, doubled up, so—in despair, when my servant told me you were here. Look at this!"—spreading out his hand and showing an angry swollen red ridge of muscle which rose between the first and second fingers and extended beyond the wrist. "That means the intensest and most exquisite agony. It seems to disappear above the wrist and to rise again in the underside of the arm, from where it runs in a rope of pain to the very armpit."

"It must be horrible," said Mary. "Are you working now?"

"I was when you came."

"Why don't you let me begin right away, sir?" she ventured to say.

He looked at her again with the same quick, alert glance as before. "Don't call me 'sir,'" he said, half amused and half irritable.

"I always called Mr. Desmond so," she said meekly.

"He had an office and a lot of clerks; that was different. I don't require that kind of thing. One 'sir' would upset me for a morning. Come into my study. I like you for tackling the work straight away. We'll try how it goes."

Mary followed him into the study, a long, low celled room with many books, a few pictures, some guns, fishing rods, golf clubs, two luxurious sofa lounges and half a dozen capacious chairs. A rough terrier dog lay before the open window and a big Ankor cat, bridled like a bulldog, was in possession of a fur rug before the empty fireplace. It was revelation to Mary Conway—who had never seen such a room in all her life before.

She established herself at a table and she began. She was amazed at the ease and rapidity with which Alan Stacey poured out his story, taking it up at the last written word and spinning it out in the most vivid and interesting way, almost, indeed, acting it all. So for nearly two hours they worked without a hitch, until the servant came to say that luncheon was served. Alan Stacey drew a long breath and rose to his feet.

"Come to lunch," he said. "I need to have ideas about not interrupting the flow of genius—but I take my meals at regular times now—it pays better all round. Do you think you've got all that?"

"I think so," said Mary. "If you will allow me, I will transcribe it after lunch so that you can see for yourself."

**CHAPTER IX. THE INTERPRETER.**

To Mary's surprise the table was only laid for two persons. It was essentially a man's table; it was small and was spread with a nice clean cloth and serviettes; its dominant note was a crust of bread.

"Take that seat," said Alan Stacey, with a gesture to a chair. "It will be a simple lunch. I warn you. If I eat a big meal now, I am no good for the rest of the day. Some people like a regular dinner at midday. I believe it means apoplexy if you only eat enough and sleep soon enough afterward. What have you today, John?"

"A omelet, sir," said John. "And cold beef and salad."

"A luncheon for a fellow like this man-

nigh to bursting and was ready to overflow at the first kind word from a sympathetic soul, at the first touch of a kind hand, at the first glance of a pair of magnetic eyes.

In Alan Stacey, Mary found not an employer, but an idol. From the first day she worshipped him. I know that it is not a commonly accepted idea that a man should love a man, at first sight. In a sense she did not do so, and yet she idolized him. The possibility that one day she might be something more to Alan Stacey than his interpreter never for a moment entered her head. But she loved him with a dim, far-off, almost a religious, feeling. He was so brilliantly clever both in his work—for where were such vivid, brilliant, haunting human books to be found as those which bore his name—and in himself. There were times when he worked at fever heat untiringly, restlessly, almost passionately; times, when the fit was on him, when he almost wore her out calling on her to come early and to stay late; times when they snatched their meals and when she went home to her bed dog tired and brain weary.

Yet always with the same charm and sweetness of way: "Mrs. Conway, I must get on with this while the idea is alive in my mind. You'll help me through it, won't you?" or "Need you go? I know it's time, but cannot we take a little holiday when it's done? Surely it's best to make hay while the sun shines."

At such times Mary Conway would willingly rather have died than have failed him. At others he would laze through the days, letting his work slip into brilliant, easy gossip, telling her his ideas, his hopes, his aspirations, making her look over his great collection of stamps, help to arrange his photographs, discussing furniture or the next smart little tea party that he meant to give, and apparently wholly unconscious that she took any more interest in him than the man who waited had done.

"What was your father?" he asked her suddenly between the pauses of his work one day when Christmas was drawing near.

"A clergyman. He was curate of Elphinstown," she replied.

"Ah, you were young when he died?"

"Yes, quite a child."

"And your mother?"

"She died after I was married."

"I see. Forgive me for asking. But were you long married? Well, of course you couldn't have been, you are still so young. But did you love?"

"I lost my husband only a few months after our marriage. My sad, rising suddenly from her place at the little table where she worked and going to the fire, where she stood nervously holding her hand out to the warmth and keeping her face half turned away from him."

"He was—he was—I mean was he—was he?"

"He was a sailor, captain of one of the Red River line of steamers," said Mary almost curtly. "He was drowned."

"That was a moment's silence. It must have been a great shock to you," he said at last. He was busily occupied with a paper knife and a slip of note paper and spoke in a stolidly indifferent tone as if they were discussing some question absolutely impersonal to both of them.

"It killed my mother," said Mary, still warming her hands.

"And you?" He rapped out the question in a strange, breathless fashion.

Mary looked aside at him. "Why do you ask me this, Mr. Stacey?" she asked brusquely.

"I was beginning to be happy, to forget all the horrid past. I'll tell you, and then never, I entreat you, speak of it again. I sold myself because my mother was ill and because she yearned to be well off. I was honest with him, and he professed so much. I told him I did not love him, and he took me. Our marriage was a failure, a most dismal failure. I was wretched, I hated and despised him. He was bitter and mean and vindictive toward me. My poor little mother was the only one who got any sort of satisfaction out of the bargain, and she did not have it long, poor soul. For the sake of the loss of the Arkhama killed her, and she was as well, for he left every penny away from me. As for me, I won't pretend to be better than I am. I won't sham. I'll tell you the truth. I thanked God when I found that he was gone. Yes, I did, for I would have put myself in the river before I would have lived with him again."

"He was older than you?"

"Many years. He is dead, and they say you should never speak ill of the dead. I can't help it. He was a brute. Only a few weeks after we were married he struck me. Oh! Why did you ask me these questions? I had almost forgotten, at least I did not always think of it. I did at first. Why did you ask me?"

With two strides Alan Stacey was by her side. "My dear, my dear, shall I tell you why I asked you?" he cried.

"Because I had a vital interest in wanting to know. I've always had a sort of feeling that you belonged to that dead husband of yours; that he stood between us, keeping us more widely apart than if all the world stood between us. Can't you understand that I wanted to know—that I—Mary, child, don't you understand that I love you and I cannot live without you?"

[CONTINUED.]

**Drink Grain-O**  
after you have concluded that you ought not to drink coffee. It is a medicinal but doctors order it, because it is healthful, invigorating and appetizing. It is made from pure grains and has the rich, nutty flavor of coffee and tastes like the finest grades of coffee and costs about 1/4 as much. Children like it and thrive on it because it is a genuine food containing nothing but natural ingredients. Ask your grocer for Grain-o, the new food drink. 15c. and 50c.

**Iowa Bankers' Association.**  
Burlington, Ia., June 18.—The Bankers' association pushed business yesterday. Election of officers resulted: President, C. H. Martin, of Des Moines; secretary, J. M. Dunwiddie, of Cedar Rapids. The addresses of ex-Comptroller Eckels, and President, A. B. Stickney, of the Chicago and Northwestern, were the star features.

**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 certificates of its medical qualities."—Gregg & Ward.

**Venezuela Boundary Tribunal.**  
Paris, June 16.—The first formal meeting of the Venezuela arbitration commission opened at the foreign office. The arbitrators, council and others were received by the ministers of foreign affairs, M. Delcasse, in the apartment in which the tribunal will sit. Altogether there were about forty persons connected with the tribunal present. The arbitrators and most of their staffs were dressed in frock coats.

**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.

**Eleven Firemen Injured.**  
Omaha, June 15.—During an early morning fire which practically ruined the five-story building of Allen Bros., wholesale grocers, eleven firemen were injured, some probably fatally, by the explosion of a powder magazine. Chief John Redell is one of the victims, his left eye being closed and his hands being severely burned.

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

**Beef Inquiries Injured Our Trade.**  
New York, June 15.—Robert P. Porter, the tariff expert, arrived Saturday on the steamship New York. He says that the beef inquiries have done more harm to our interests than anything else in Europe and will result in a loss of trade of about \$25,000,000 a year. He adds: "I suppose we can retaliate on foreign governments who bar our wares very much, when the real injury to our commercial relations has been worked at home rather than abroad."

**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.

**Jeffries Will Try to Stop Morrissey.**  
New York, June 15.—On behalf of Mike Morrissey, the Irish giant, \$2,500 was posted Saturday on a wager that Jim Jeffries can not stop him in four rounds. Jeffries' manager covered the money and the bout was fixed for June 30 at Denver.

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

**Hanged Here in Jail.**  
Wichita, Kan., June 15.—Mrs. Lou Hodging hanged herself in the county jail. Her body was seen by people on the outside who were passing. She was awaiting trial on insanity. She was cut down before life was extinct, but physicians say she cannot live.

**Tetter, Eczema and Skin Diseases** yield quickly to the marvelous healing qualities of Banner Salve made from a prescription of a skin specialist of world wide fame. 25c.—Gregg & Ward.

**Chimneys Cleaned.**  
I have got a patent device for cleaning chimneys. If you want yours cleaned leave orders for me to Seth Brown's or Graham & Son's. I'll do all kinds of house work and will washing, building chimneys and cisterns and do repairs. All work warranted to give satisfaction. JOHNS TOWSLEE.

**National Educational Association,** Los Angeles, Cal., July 11-14.

For the above meeting the Chicago, Great Western will sell round trip tickets to Los Angeles at very low rates. Dates of sale, June 28th to July 8th, tickets limited for return until September 4th, 1898. On the same dates and at very low rates, this company will have on sale from all stations, round trip excursion tickets to Portland, Ore., Seattle and Tacoma, Wash., Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster and Nanaimo, B. C. Tickets limited to return Sept. 4th. Full information as to rates, routes, etc., will be cheerfully furnished by any agent of the Maple Leaf Route or by F. H. Lord, General Pass & Ticket Agent, 118 Adams St., Chicago. 25c/3

**ANNUAL CONVENTION,** Baptist Young People's Union, Richmond, Va., July 13-16.

**THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL** will sell tickets to Richmond, Virginia, on account of the annual July 13-16, inclusive, limited to the 31st for return, with a 10c extension until August 15th, by depositing ticket for payment of 50 cent fare in rate of only **ONE FARE PLUS \$2.00.** J. F. MERRY, A. G. P. A., Ill. Cent. R. R., Dubuque, Iowa.

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

**Angel's Dainty Dyes** WONT STAIN THE HANDS 10 CENTS A BOX. At all Drug-Stores and General Dealers.

**Epworth League** CONVENTION Indianapolis, Ind., JULY 20 TO 23, 1899.

For the above the **B. C. R. & N. R'y** will run Free Reclining Chair Cars and Coaches Through to Indianapolis.

via Chicago and Peoria. Tickets on sale July 18, 19 and 20, good until August 20 at RATE OF ONE FARE, PLUS \$2.00 for the ROUND TRIP. Call on B. C. R. & N. agent for circular giving full information, convention, program, etc., or address **J. MORTON** Gen'l Pass & Ticket Agent, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

**KENTUCKY HERO AND ARABIAN PONY, CAPTAIN,** that for horses in their class, they cannot be excelled in Delaware County, as their stock are well known to be SERVICEABLE, SALE-ABLE and SOUND HORSES.

Can be seen at my feed barn, east of Globe Hotel.

**MARK SHELDON**

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

**ble**

**Arnold**

**Try our Ice Cream Soda with Crushed Fruits.**

we have as fine a soda water as can be made, and we assure you we aim to make it the purest and sweetest possible

Try our ice cream soda with crushed fruits.

Our Wild Cherry is made from the fruit of wild cherries, while most wild Cherry Syrups are purely artificial.

**Gregg & Ward,** Successors to P. J. ATWATER

North End Drug Store:

**"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 **New Stock.**

If you have a room to paper now is your chance to buy at your own price. All you'll have say is "wall paper" and we'll do the rest—we'll show you what's appropriate—what's stylish and help you match your furnishings.

**STOREY & ABBOTT,** The Leading Druggists.

**Attention, Farmers...**

Now is the time to get a supply of **Carboleum** to prevent the mites and chicken lice from destroying your young chickens. It is guaranteed to do the work. Try some!

**Anders & Philipp** CENTRAL PHARMACY.

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