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BY CHARLES M. SHELDON,
Author of "In His Steps," "The Crucifixion of Philip Strong," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," "Malcom Kirk," Etc.

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CHAPTER I. LARGE RESPONSIBILITIES.

A week after the death and burial of Ross Duncan, Stuart and Louise were talking together of their future plans. Louise lay on a lounge, looking very pretty, dressed in mourning of a fashionable pattern. She appeared vexed at something Stuart had just said and tapped her foot smartly against the end of the lounge.

"I have no patience with you, Stuart. Why don't you talk sense?" "I thought I was talking sense," replied Stuart, who was standing up by one of the windows of the room looking out on the front lawn. He turned and walked back to the end of the room and continued to pace up and down. He was very thoughtful, and part of the time seemed not to hear all that Louise said.

"Well, you lose all your sense the minute the subject of these horrid miners comes up," continued Louise. "If I was the governor of this state, I would order out the militia at once." "Why?" asked Stuart, with a slight smile. "The men are not doing anything. What would you order out the troops for?"

"I would get new men in to take the men's places and then order the militia. And, you know, Stuart, it will have to come to that at last." Stuart answered nothing. He was thinking hard of that very thing. Louise went on talking while he stood still by the window for a minute looking out at the hills. "I regard father's death as caused directly by the miners. They frightened the horses and caused the accident that killed him. I don't see how you can stand with the men in this strike."

"I don't," said Stuart without turning around. "Then why don't you do something to start up the mines? Haven't we a number of miners on business and hire other men? If the miners threaten to interfere, we have a right to call for state troops."

"I hope it will not come to that," replied Stuart gravely as he walked up to the lounge and sat down by his sister. "Louise, I want to talk plainly. You about this matter. I do not feel just as father did about it." "You just said you didn't side with the men."

"I don't side with them in the sense that I believe they are doing the right thing to strike this way. But I believe they ought to have more wages and that the companies ought to pay them the scale they have drawn up." Stuart was talking aloud to his sister, for the first time really expressing his convictions as they had grown on him every day since his father's death had thrown the burden of ownership upon him.

Louise heard his statement with a frown. For awhile she was silent; then she rose and walked out of the room, angrily saying as she went: "Ross Duncan's son is just like his father. That's true if you did say it."

Stuart rose and went over by the window again. He was vexed not with Louise, but with the whole situation, since his father's death he had gone through a great many struggles, and each one had left him with the feeling of his responsibility heavier upon him. The strike was in the same condition as when it began. The different mine owners at Cleveland had conferred together and were united in their determination not to yield to the demand for higher wages. Stuart had been asked to come down to a conference to be held in the city that week. He expected to leave the next day. As he stood looking out at the stock covered hills he knew that a crisis was rapidly approaching and that within the next few days events would be precipitated that would leave their mark upon his whole life. He was not a coward, and that was the reason he could not run away from the situation. The interests of the mines at Champion were all in his hands, but the other mines on the upper and lower ranges were involved with his in the general strike. He was not at full liberty to act alone. Besides, the men had within a week formed a union and would not treat with the separate mine owners, insisting that the companies must recognize the union as a whole.

Meanwhile matters were coming to a crisis very fast. Stuart clinched his hands tightly and bit his lips nervously as he turned again from the window and paced the room. He was worth more than \$2,000,000 in his own right, and yet the possession of the money caused him little real pleasure. With all the rest he was having an inward revolution of education toward the entire problem. And he could not avoid the feeling that before the week was gone he might come face to face with the greatest fact of his life.

As he stood there thinking it all over the bell rang, and one of the servants came and said that Eric was at the door. Stuart went himself out into the hall.

"Come in, Eric," he said quietly. Eric came in, and the two men shook hands silently. Since Ross Duncan's death these two had met several times, and it seemed as if the family relation between them might be possible again. There was, however, still a serious barrier, caused by the conditions that surrounded the two men.

"I came up this morning," began Eric, with his usual directness, "to tell you that the men want you to speak to them at the park today at noon." Stuart was surprised. "I thought the men would not admit any one to the speaking stand except those of their own number." "They haven't so far. You are the only one, or you will be if you come to the meeting today." "What do the men want?" Stuart asked the question not feeling just sure that he cared to go. Eric did not reply immediately. He seemed to be waiting for Stuart to say something more.

Stuart sat looking at Eric with that quiet gaze peculiar to him. "Do the men want me to make a speech on the situation?" "I do not know just what they expect. They simply voted to ask you to come to the meeting. It may be an opportunity for a settlement." Eric spoke slowly. Stuart suddenly rose and went over and put a hand on his old man's shoulder.

"Eric," he said, while a sad smile crossed his face and died out in its usual thoughtful quiet, "doesn't it seem strange to you that we should be making so much out of such an affair as a difference of a few cents more for a day's work? Is life worth having if it must be spent in serious quarrels over such little matters?" "Do you call this a little matter?" Eric spoke almost bitterly. "And then he added bluntly, 'A few cents a day may be a little to a man who has plenty of money, but it may mean the difference between comfort and suffering to the man who has almost nothing.'"

Stuart colored, but answered quietly: "No, Eric, you do not just understand me. I am ready to pay this difference in the men's wages. I think their right." "Come to the park this noon and tell them so."

"Well, I will. I am going to Cleveland tomorrow, Eric." "If all the owners were like you, the strike would not hold out long," said Eric as he rose to go. He had a great deal to do to prepare for the noon meeting, and in spite of Stuart's urging him to remain longer he went away. There was still a gap between the two. They had not felt easy in each other's presence. Eric had not spoken of the first meeting they had, and Stuart, while feeling differently about it, had not approached the subject.

He told Louise of his invitation to speak to the men at the park and went out after a little while, intending to go up on one of the hills and think for himself. But as he drove out into the road he changed his mind and went down into the town and up into Dr. Sanders' office. He thought he would ask his advice in the matter.

The doctor was alone, which was a rare circumstance with him. He greeted Stuart with the familiarity which came from a lifelong acquaintance. "Well, you aristocrat, are you going to trample on the feelings of the poor down-trodden masses much longer? Are you going to withhold from them their rightful dues?"

"Doctor, I am going to speak to the men at the park this noon." "Are you? Well, give 'em a dose that'll put 'em on the sick list for a month. They're the most ungrateful, obstinate, pig-headed, senseless crowd of human animals I ever saw. I've

"I am ready to pay this difference in the men's wages," said Stuart, not to do anything for 'em. I'm not in the pay of the companies any more, and I, since this strike set in."

"No, I suppose not—that is, the contract the mines made with you is good only while the mines are in operation." "Just so. Well, here these wild Cornishmen expect me to do 'em just the same as I expect I am getting anything for it or not. I have made up my mind that I won't do it any longer."

Just then there was a sound of steps outside and a shuffled noise, followed by a thump on the door that might have been made by the thick end of a club.

"Come in!" shouted the doctor. "Here's one of 'em now," he said to Stuart in a low tone. "Watch me deal with him." The door opened, and in shambled a man of enormous build. He had a great mass of tangled yellow hair on his head, and his beard was of the same color. He was fully 6 feet 4 inches in height and had astonishingly long arms and large feet. Stuart sat back in the window seat looking on, and, although he was wearing a coat and hat, he would say to the men, he could not help smiling at the scene that followed.

"I come to fill the bottle, doctor," was the quiet remark of the big miner. The doctor made no motion to take the bottle which the man pulled out of his vest pocket and stood holding awkwardly between his two hands.

"You can move out of here with your bottle, Sanders. I'm not filling any bottles any more." "Since when?" asked Sanders slowly. "Since this strike, this nonsense, this foolish business of yours and the rest of you. Do you think I'm going to do all the expense of keeping up my drugs and medicines and sew you fellows up while I'm not getting anything from the companies? So get out with your bottle!"

Sanders without a word backed toward the door. The doctor wheeled around toward his desk and began to hunt a time. Just as the miner laid his hand on the doorknob the doctor turned his head and shouted, "What was in the bottle, anyway?" "Cod liver oil," replied Sanders, scratching his head and slowly turning the doorknob.

"How did you get it filled?" "Last week, sir. It was three days ago, or I'm a striker! What on earth did you do with half a pint of cod liver oil in that time?" Sanders took his head and smiled faintly, but did not venture to say anything. "Have you been greasing your boots with it? I'd be willing to swear that you have, only half a pint wouldn't oil more than one of 'em. Well, bring it here. I'll fill it this once and that's all. What did I give it to you for? Do you remember?" Sanders kept discreet silence, and the doctor said to Stuart: "It isn't cod liver oil exactly; it's a new preparation that I have just had sent up from Chicago, and it has been of some use in lung troubles. I think perhaps I'll let him have another bottle. He has a bad cough." As if to second the doctor's

statement, Sanders gave utterance to a hoarse rattle that was on the same large scale as himself and shook the bottles on the doctor's dispensary shelves. The doctor measured out a quantity of the medicine, picked out a new cork and as he handed the bottle over said cheerfully: "Now, Sanders, of course you will forget everything I tell you, but I want you to remember that if you don't follow the directions on the bottle you are liable to fall down any minute. Well, is there anything more?"

The miner was shuffling his hand down in his pocket among a lot of loose change. "How much is it?" he finally asked. "It's well, that's all right," said the doctor, turning red. "Keep it to remember me by. I'll make you a birthday present of it. But, mind you, no more medicine from this office till the strike is over. I can't afford to do a thousand men's bills. It's very quiet." Sanders went out, and the doctor turned to Stuart and said: "I thought I might as well let him have it. Pah! I'm too easy. But Sanders has got some consumption. A awful queer how these big fellows are liable to fall down so."

Just then there was a tap on the door, and before the doctor could call out the door opened, and a little old woman came in. She had a very sad face and looked like one of those poor souls who know life mainly through their troubles.

"Doctor," she said after bowing to Stuart, "me old man is sufferin' terrible this mornin'. I want ye to send him something to ease the pain a bit." "Where is his pain?" "Eh?" "I say where is his pain—in his head or feet?"

"In his back, doctor, an he is howlin' like murder for something to ease him. I come right in here, and when we have his pain would give me anything I needed."

"Yes, that's it. The beggars don't care if I go into bankruptcy and ruin through giving them anything they need." The doctor rose and went over to his dispensary shelves. After a very careful search he selected a bottle and poured from it into a small one, wrote directions, pasted them on and gave the medicine to the woman.

"Here, now, Mrs. Binney, I know just what your husband's trouble is. He strained the muscles of his back that time he got caught between the timbers in the De Mott mine."

"Yes—the woman's face lighted up with some relief. "I'm glad to see you get the other men crawled out." "That's so. Well, I don't mind helping him. Use this as I have directed, and it will give him some relief."

The woman thanked the doctor, and as she turned to go she wiped her eyes with her sleeve. The doctor followed her out into the hall, and Stuart could not help hearing him say to her, "I'll be out to see Jim this afternoon, tell him, Mrs. Binney."

He came back and sitting down at his desk he thumped it hard with his fist. "That's the last case I'll take till the strike ends. The only way to bring these people to terms is to treat them sternly. I tell you, Stuart, I can't afford to go on giving medicine and services to these fellows. The doctor followed her out into the hall, and Stuart could not help hearing him say to her, "I'll be out to see Jim this afternoon, tell him, Mrs. Binney."

"What's his name?" "Why, you know his name, doctor. You have seen him before." The doctor wheeled around and roared: "What's his name?" "The boy began to sob, and he rose to speak toward the door.

"What's the matter with your father, rising and reaching out for his black case and putting on his hat." "The boy began to sob. 'I don't know. He's hurt.' "Well, you run down and get me my buggy and sit there till I come. Hur-

"Father's been hurt," said the boy. "I'm not," he said, backing out of the door and tumbled down the stairs. The doctor gathered up his things and, shouting to Stuart, "This case seems to call for my help," he dashed out of the room.

There was a drug store directly under the doctor's office, where a case of candy was kept. Stuart, leaning out of the window, saw the doctor come out of the store with a bag of something which he gave to the boy. The boy began to sob, and he rose to speak toward the door.

"Dear old Doc! I was going to say that his bark was worse than his bite, only it's all bark." His face grew stern again as he saw from the window a sign that was growing familiar to the people of Champion.

It was now about 11 o'clock, and into the open space around the band stand a crowd of men were gathering. The miners were beginning to come in groups of twos and fours and by little companies. They came in from their homes out on the hills, each miner carrying a stick, the use of which became more apparent as the men formed afterward in marching order.

men were packed into the open space surrounded by the town buildings. Stuart remained looking out from the doctor's office window. The whole scene was before him. He could hear as well. Since that first day when he had come home from his European trip he had seen the miners together in this way several times, but today he was impressed more than ever with the appearance of the men, with their rude, misspelled banners, with their music made entirely by men out of the mines who had trained themselves with great patience to play march tunes. More than all, he was struck with the face of the men—the stolid, dull, but determined look that most of them wore.

He was impressed with their general appearance as human beings making a fight for a few more cents a day. And with all the rest he could not help feeling that the men regarded him as an aristocrat removed from them by his education and different from them by his wealth. He was very quiet and unable from their point of view to sympathize with or understand them.

"And yet," Stuart said to himself, with a sigh, "I would almost exchange places with nearly any one of them. I should like to see where I can see what I was born into as I would like to use it."

The bands stopped playing, and a miner went up into the stand. This time it was not Eric. The men all turned away from the stand. The people of Champion stood looking on from the sidewalks, the church steps, the railroad depot platform and the store and office windows. The man in the stand lifted up his face and offered a short prayer.

"O God, grant us a blessing today as we go to our place of meeting. Be with us there in our council together. Grant that we may be led to do the right. Keep us all from trespass or sin or drunkenness. And when we have our work done here below, may we all, master and men, meet in heaven. We ask it for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Stuart heard every word of the prayer or where he sat. There was something indescribably sad to him in the whole scene. The miners put on their hats, and the bands at once struck up a lively tune. The men began to move out into the main street, forming a double line or column four abreast. The bands marched each one in front of a section or division of the line of march. The men at a signal shouldered their sticks, and, accustomed by this time to the marching, they presented a military appearance as they swung past the church and into the road leading over to the park, where they now held a daily meeting at noon.

Stuart watched for Eric and as he came by called to him from the window: "I'll drive over. My horse and buggy are here." Eric waved his hand and went by without replying. Stuart came down, and after the columns of men had passed he drove along at a little distance behind them.

He drove the way over he was debating with himself what he would say. It was the first time he had really met the men. A great many of them did not know what the feeling of the new mine owner was. They supposed that he was a man like the father of the others. Others among them had known him as a child and boy and liked him. He was a favorite in the town. Many a rough, reckless, stolid Dane and Cornishman had admired the lad who had been so fearless in going up and down the shafts. There was a good deal of favorable comment among the men in line over his coming out today.

So when he finally came into the park and was met by a committee there and he had been so fearless in going up and down the shafts. There was a good deal of favorable comment among the men in line over his coming out today.

He began at once with a statement of his willingness to grant the men their scale of wages.

"If I understand the situation," he said, "the demand made by the contract miners is for \$2 a day and account of the danger of the work on account of the companies have been paying only \$1.50 for more than a year now. I believe the companies ought to pay that price. I might as well say that I do not believe you have taken the right course to get what you want. I cannot possibly do anything to help the men. I sympathize with your demand for \$2 a day."

"How about the rest of the companies?" asked a voice. "Aye, that's it. How about the lower range? What's the mind on that point?" said another.

"I cannot answer for them. I am here today to speak for myself. If the men who are employed in the Champion mines will come back at any time now, I will give them what they ask for."

"This statement was greeted with cheers, but at once there followed a storm of criticism from all over the park. "All or none!" "Who says that?" "The owners must treat with the union!" "We'll never go back on terms that shut out part!"

"Stand together, men! That's what the owners does!" "Yes, they fixes wages. We fix 'em!" Eric stood up and waved his hat. There was a gradual settling down of the confusion, and as he stood there, evidently waiting to be heard, the men soon became quiet again. Stuart admired his control of the crowd. Eric had great influence with it.

"Brothers," he said slowly, "I believe we have reached a critical point in this movement. Here is one of the owners who has expressed his willingness to grant our demands. The question now is, Shall the Champion men go back to their mines while the rest owners to deal with the other owners? This is a question for the union to settle."

Railroad Time Table

ILLINOIS CENTRAL

Main Line Passenger Trains

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No. 11:15 p.m.	Fast Train	No. 7:45 a.m.
No. 9:15 p.m.	Day Express	No. 5:45 p.m.
No. 7:15 p.m.	Day Express	No. 3:45 p.m.
No. 5:15 p.m.	Day Express	No. 1:45 p.m.
No. 3:15 p.m.	Day Express	No. 9:45 a.m.
No. 1:15 p.m.	Day Express	No. 7:45 a.m.

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH

North Bound	East Cedar Rps.	South Bound
No. 10:30 a.m.	Manchester	No. 10:30 a.m.
No. 8:30 a.m.	Manchester	No. 8:30 a.m.
No. 6:30 a.m.	Manchester	No. 6:30 a.m.
No. 4:30 a.m.	Manchester	No. 4:30 a.m.

B. C. R. & N. Ry.

CEAR RAPIDS TIME CARD.

MAIN LINE GOING EAST AND SOUTH.

ATTN	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5	No. 6	No. 7	No. 8	No. 9	No. 10
1:30 p.m.										
3:30 p.m.										
5:30 p.m.										
7:30 p.m.										
9:30 p.m.										

DECATUR DIVISION

No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5	No. 6	No. 7	No. 8	No. 9	No. 10
1:30 p.m.									
3:30 p.m.									
5:30 p.m.									
7:30 p.m.									
9:30 p.m.									

IOWA FALLS DIVISION

No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5	No. 6	No. 7	No. 8	No. 9	No. 10
1:30 p.m.									
3:30 p.m.									
5:30 p.m.									
7:30 p.m.									
9:30 p.m.									

OMAHA DIVISION

No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5	No. 6	No. 7	No. 8	No. 9	No. 10
1:30 p.m.									
3:30 p.m.									
5:30 p.m.									
7:30 p.m.									
9:30 p.m.									

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Omaha	Minneapolis	St. Paul
No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
No. 4	No. 5	No. 6
No. 7	No. 8	No. 9
No. 10	No. 11	No. 12

NATIONAL CONVENTION BUTTERMAKERS.

ST. PAUL, MINN. FEB. 19-20, 1