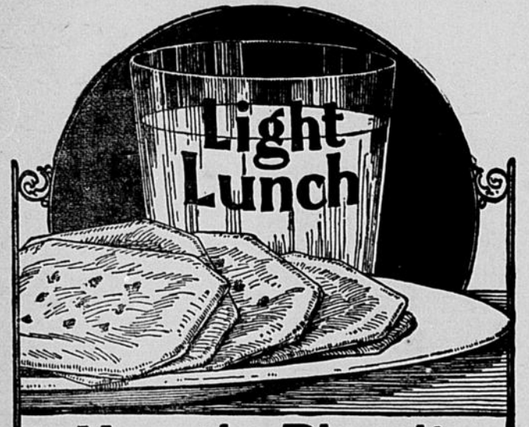
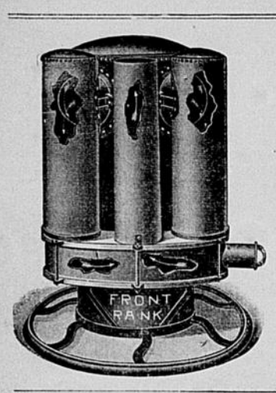


Uneeda Biscuit

Washed down with a glass of good milk. Sold *only* in In-er-seal Packages.

5 cents

The Front Rank Steel Furnace.



The air comes in direct contact with the entire surface.

It has no direct draft to warp out of place.

It has no cement to leak gas or smoke.

The fine clay linings cause perfect combustion.

With many years' experience in putting in furnaces, I can guarantee you a perfect and economical working job.

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Have you a choice? You will find it here. If you haven't a favorite let us make your choice for you from the fine toilet soaps on our counters. Sweet-scented and unscented soaps at the prices you want to pay.

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Chamois Vests for Men and Boys, made of chamois lined with flannel.

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Chamois Vests for Women and Girls, made of chamois covered with French flannel.

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relaxes his hold upon his victim when the poor sufferer of

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THE MYSTERY OF GRASLOV

By Ashley Towne

Copyright, 1901, by Charles B. Etherington

"There is another woman's face"—began Mamma Paulpoff.

"Yes, and as beautiful a face as this, but a Russian," added Vladimir. "It was a picture. Papa Paulpoff had it. I found it one day and painted one from it."

"Show it to me," said Neslerov.

His eyes were fixed on the face of Vladimir with something like fear in them now. He glanced from one to another of the group.

Papa Paulpoff showed evidences of nervousness, but Vladimir was eager to satisfy the prince. He sent the old woman for the other portrait.

She brought it and placed it in the hands of the prince. At the first glance his face went white to the very lips. His hands shook. His frame trembled.

"Good heavens!" was breathed under his mustache. The words were not heard, but the manner of the man did not escape Papa Paulpoff.

"Who is this—it is a beautiful woman—but her name?" asked Neslerov, and his voice had turned suddenly hoarse in spite of the effort to control himself.

"I found a small picture one day after a party of nobles passed by," answered Papa Paulpoff.

A swift glance of suspicion shot from the eyes of Neslerov to the face of Papa Paulpoff. But the old man's face was perfectly impassive.

"I will buy this. Name your price," said the prince. "And I will buy the other, the one you found."

"Alas, it is lost!" exclaimed Papa Paulpoff. "It was in a small house we had years ago, and it burned down."

"And the picture destroyed?"

"Alas, yes. It was so pretty, a noble woman, perhaps even a princess," said Papa Paulpoff. "I wept like a child when it was lost."

Tears came into his eyes now at the remembrance of it.

"I will buy this. How much do you ask for it?" he asked of Vladimir.

"On second thoughts, it is not for sale," Vladimir answered.

"I do not wonder," he said. "It is a beautiful face. We do not have them in this part of Russia. In St. Petersburg, perhaps."

He shot a glance at Papa Paulpoff as he spoke, but the old man was bending down putting the hot shoe on the horse's hoof.

The job finished, there remained nothing but to pay the Paulpoffs and depart. The prince did this, bade them a pleasant farewell, mounted his steed and rode away.

"Explain the mystery!" cried Vladimir. "You have not lost the picture! You commanded me never to lose it! Why the lie about the fire?"

"The picture," replied Papa Paulpoff, turning white under his thick beard, "is that of a noble lady who was a friend of my family and whom we as children worshiped as a saint. I do

"Who is this—it is a beautiful woman—but her name?"

not want to lose it. That prince seemed to know who she was, and I did not want him to get the picture, so I lied. Old woman, what about that dinner?"

"It awaits," said Mamma Paulpoff.

"Then come. I am famished. If one speaks to me to disturb me eating, I will use my foot."

Once at the table, Papa Paulpoff attacked the meal with the rude manners of the uneducated Russian, and the old woman sat with downcast eyes eating her own meal.

Vladimir, though devoured by curiosity, knew the peculiarities of the old man and ate in silence.

CHAPTER III.

VLADIMIR SENT TO SIBERIA.

ATTACHED to the police of the government of Perm was an inspector named Ignatz Jansky. He was ambitious to rise and was of that mental and physical caliber that makes a man successful when he bends all his energies, regardless of all scruples, to the attainment of his goal.

Inspector Jansky, having received a message from Prince Neslerov, hastened to obey, for he knew the power of Neslerov, and if there should chance to be promotion in his path at any time Neslerov, as a wealthy noble of Graslov, could further his possibilities.

Inspector Jansky entered the palace of the prince with a humility that would have charmed the poor devils whom his eagerness had sent to Siberia.

"Sit down," said the prince, and the inspector sat down with a suddenness that proved his desire to please his sponsor. "I sent for you."

"You did, your excellency. I received your message and made all haste to obey."

"I trust it did not inconvenience you to a great extent," said the prince, who was quite familiar with the peculiarities of the inspector's nature.

"Not at all, your excellency—that is, not so much but what it gave me pleasure to obey. I am always busy, as you know."

"Yes, you are assiduous. Well, I have news for you. But first I should be pleased to receive from you an answer to a question. What do you wish for the most?"

Jansky hesitated. His servile mind saw far into the future, as a rule, but it could not fathom the meaning of this strange question. What did it matter to the prince what he wanted most unless the prince was disposed to grant it?

"I should like promotion, your excellency. Of course, I make no claim. You have befriended me. You have made me what I am. I have in my humble way endeavored to so acquit myself that you would not be displeased. I would not ask you for more. But, since you ask my dearest wish, it is promotion."

"It is a possibility," the prince replied.

Having said this, he deliberately lighted a cigar, leaving the inspector on nettles, wondering if the possibility were to materialize into a fact.

"As I said before, it is a possibility," said Neslerov and relapsed into silence.

"I suppose it is always a possibility to one so powerful as your excellency," said Jansky, who had a fine talent for flattery.

"At this particular moment it is more easily accomplished than at any other time."

"If your excellency will explain—if anything is expected of me, I would"—

"Duty, only duty," broke in the prince. "But I will explain. You are already aware that when you were made inspector of police in Perm the field of police activity extended but little farther east. The Cossack guards and the Tartar cavalry composed the police over the border. But this new railway is revolutionizing all that. In each government through which this line of travel passes or is to pass a department of police is to be established. There will be new cities develop. There will be railway stations. The population of Siberia will increase and, though complex enough at all times, will now present a far greater variety than ever before. The entrance of foreigners, of conspirators, will have to be made less difficult. The escape of a convict will now be almost a mere act of stepping upon a train and saying farewell to his guards.

"It will be, therefore, quite necessary to establish a system of police with officers of more ability and shrewdness than the Cossacks who now command the rude guards who stand sentinels over the czar's great dominion in Asia.

"Such a department of police has already been established in Tobolsk, through which the railway is now completed. It is time now for us to think of such a department in Tomsk."

As the prince and governor paused the inspector's breath came short and fast.

"And, your excellency, in the goodness of your heart you have thought of me?"

"I have been thinking—of several. I have befriended you. I desire to do so again. But there are difficulties which we must consider. Your present position, while not a low one, still is so low that the leap from it to the position of superintendent of police of the government of Tomsk would excite the imaginations of certain people at St. Petersburg."

"Superintendent of police of Tomsk!" Jansky cried.

"Certainly. That is the position for which I intend you. I have watched your career. You are eager, ambitious and resourceful. What better man could I have in such a position? It is upon you whom I must rely to prevent the encroachments of our enemies. It will be the superintendent of my police who will be my closest confidant. Who could be more acceptable to me than you?"

"I thank you, your excellency. I thank"—

"Wait. Thank me with deeds when we succeed. As I said before, there are difficulties. One cannot leap too great a distance at once without a cause. We must find a cause."

"A cause, your excellency?"

"What I mean is some potent reason for this great promotion. The chief of the Tomsk police will have a palace, a large income and will be second only to myself in power. To obtain that one must do something worthy."

"Oh, if I could but win that distinction!"

"I think it even now within your power."

"You have discovered something?"

"Yes—a very nesting place for nihilists."

"Good! Give me an idea where this place is, your excellency. There will be no more nesting."

"Do you know a forge on the forest road leading out of Perm to the south?"

"A forge? A horseshoeing place?"

"Well, that and all ironworking. It is kept by a man named Paulpoff."

"Paulpoff, the giant who breaks horseshoes with his thumbs and forefingers? The simple minded son of old Michael? What has he to do with nihilists?"

"He is their leader," Neslerov said quietly.

Jansky turned white, whether from surprise or horror at the devilish plot he scented we do not know. But he sat there waiting. The police of Tomsk needed a chief. The chief would have a palace and a large salary.

"Yes," continued Neslerov, "this Paulpoff, as I accidentally discovered, is the leader of a band of nihilists who meet there in the shops. I chanced to pass there yesterday and overheard a bit of conversation between the son and the old man. It seems there is to be a meeting in a few nights."

"A meeting of nihilists in the shops of Paulpoff?"

"Yes. Now, it has long been suspected that there were many nihilists at Perm, but the police have not been able to uncover them. Let me advise you. Keep this to yourself—a secret between you and me. We will go to the forge and arrest these Paulpoffs. If we find proof that they are nihilists, they will go across the border and you will be mentioned for promotion. Then the opportunity will come to me to speak to the minister of justice for you, and undoubtedly you will be given to me as the chief of the Tomsk police."

Jansky nodded. It was not for him to ask questions now.

"I am ready," he said.

"Then tomorrow. I will make still further investigations in my own way, and we shall be ready to act. We must both go to Perm from here."

Jansky, not being asked to remain longer, took his departure. And then suddenly from his repose the prince became a man of quick action. He called from his estate four men in whom he knew he could place the most implicit confidence. He spent some time at his desk writing. To each of the four he gave a letter, unsealed, unstamped, but addressed to each and apparently having been delivered by the hand of a private messenger.

"Go with me, do what I bid you, and you will have gold rubles for a year's pleasure," he said.

Inspector Jansky, happy and yet agitated at the result of the conference with the prince, sat in his office in Perm on the following afternoon. It was growing late, and he had looked hours for Prince Neslerov.

"He was mistaken or he has failed," he said. "He would have come if there was a possibility of success."

As he spoke the prince's horse galloped to the door.

"Good! Then success is possible!" said Jansky, grasping the hand of his noble benefactor.

"Possible! It is certain. Come with me."

Jansky's horse was soon by the side of the steed ridden by the prince.

"I made it my business to ride past the shops of Paulpoff," said the prince. "I met there, just leaving, a man who was, to say the least, discreditable in appearance. I spoke to him, and he was frightened. I saw him crumple a paper in his hand. I snatched it from him. It was a message addressed to 'Number Five' of some mysterious circle, calling upon the person bearing that name to come to the shops at a certain hour tonight. We shall be in time. Let us ride."

It had so chanced that a number of accidents to horses had taken place that day on the forest road. When the inspector of police and Neslerov arrived, four men were within the shop, their horses standing outside, and all were apparently in the greatest eagerness to have their horses shod. Papa Paulpoff was visibly disturbed by this sudden influx of the horseshoeing business, but the giant Vladimir, who never refused a request if he could help a human being, was beginning to make the shoes. The men did not apparently know one another, and each growled continually at the others for being there.

Neslerov, upon arriving at the shop, whispered to the inspector, and both leaped from their horses.

"Seize the old man and the son!" said Neslerov. "I will search these fellows."

Poor old Papa Paulpoff turned white and sank in horror to the ground, suspecting what was coming, but Vladimir, in whose innocent mind there was no suspicion, stood gaping at the newcomers.

"It is the prince!" he exclaimed. "What have these poor men done, your excellency?"

Neslerov did not answer him. He turned to the nearest of the four, wrestled with him a short time, while the others showed evidences of terror, and then pulled from his pocket a letter.

"See!" he cried, waving it in the air and then showing it to the inspector. "It is a message to 'Number Three!' We have here the five constituting the circle."

"Let me read," said the inspector, while Vladimir still looked on unconscious of the tragedy that was being played with himself as its center.

The letter simply commanded "Number Three" to attend a meeting of the circle at the shops at that hour.

The name of Vladimir Paulpoff was signed.

"It is enough!" cried Jansky. Paulpoff, I make you my prisoner in the name of the czar!"

The young ironworker could, had he exerted his strength, have thrust the entire shameless crew from the place and crashed their skulls together. But even now he did not realize the enormity of the thing with which he was charged.

"Attend, Paulpoffs!" commanded Jansky, while the prince went through the pockets of the other three of the circle.

"Oh, have mercy!" cried Papa Paulpoff, falling upon his knees and clasping the legs of the prince. "We are innocent, I swear it! Some enemy has done this thing! The name is not in the writing of my son, I am certain! Oh, let me see the letters!"

Neslerov made a movement as if to hand the letters to the old man when

"See!" he cried, "It is a message to 'Number Three!'"

one of the wretches who had brought them there sprang forward, seized them and rushed unhindered from the place.

"The letters! The proof is gone!" howled Jansky.

"We have seen them. It is enough," said Neslerov calmly.

At this point Mamma Paulpoff came in. In consternation and helpless horror she saw her husband in the grasp of an inspector of police.

"What is this?" she cried.

"It is nothing, mother," said Vladimir. "These men have found some letters, but I did not write them. Have peace. We shall soon set ourselves free."

The three Paulpoffs were thrust into a dungeon. The prince and the inspector told their stories—clear, lucid, convincing—to the governor of Perm. The word of a prince and governor and of an inspector of police was not to be doubted. There was no trial, no hearing—nothing but a report to the minister of justice at St. Petersburg.

In three days the Paulpoffs—old man, old woman and the unresisting giant—were on the way to Siberia on the railway which Gordon had helped to build.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Fault Finder.

"You were always a fault finder," growled the wife.

"Yes, dear," responded the husband meekly, "I found you."

Looking Ahead.

Doseleigh—Why do you insist upon the new pastor being a fat man?

Deacon Broadaisle—Because fat men are generally winded.

The man who is always calling for the fool killer would be the first to hide if he saw him coming.—Chicago News.

There is no cough medicine so popular as Foley's Honey and Tar. It contains no opiates or poisons and never fails to cure. Sold by Denton & Ward.

The newest lighthouse on the French coast shows a beam visible at a distance of 39 nautical miles in clear weather. It is situated on the Isle Vierge, off the French coast, to the northeast of Ushant, the lantern being 214 feet above sea level.

Physicians Prescribe It.

Many broad minded physicians prescribe Foley's Honey and Tar, as they have never found so safe and reliable a remedy for throat and lung trouble as this great medicine. Sold by Denton & Ward.

Better lose your argument than your friend.—Ram's Horn.

Anxious Moments.

Some of the most anxious hours of a mother's life are those when the little ones of the house-hold have the croup. There is no other medicine so effective in this terrible malady as Foley's Honey and Tar. It is a household favorite for throat and lung troubles, and as it contains no opiates or other poisons it can be safely given. Sold by Denton & Ward.

An industrial and agricultural school for colored youths of Maryland was opened last month near Laurel, in that state.

A Policeman's Testimony.

N. J. Patterson, night policeman of Nashua, Ia., writes, 'Last winter I had a bad cold on my lungs, and, tried at least half dozen advertised cough medicines and had treatment from two physicians without getting any benefit. A friend recommended Foley's Honey and Tar and two thirds of a bottle cured me. I consider it the greatest cough and lung medicine in the world." Sold by Denton & Ward.

A recent report shows that 2,599 Christians were murdered in 1901 by the Turks. In only 61 cases were the murderers punished, and then with not more than four years' imprisonment.

Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs and colds; reliable, tried and tested, safe and sure. Sold by Denton & Ward.

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The records left by the Phoenecians, Assyrians and ancient Persians show that among all those nations the use of perfumes was very common.

He Could Hardly Get Up.

P. H. Duffy, of Ashley, Ill., writes, "This is to certify that I have taken two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure and it has helped me more than any other medicine. I tried many advertised remedies, but none of them gave me any relief. My druggist recommended Foley's Kidney Cure and it has cured me. Before commencing its use I was in such a shape that I could hardly get up when once down." Sold by Denton & Ward.

A melon patch in a cornfield will sometimes neutralize the work of the local Sunday school.

W. A. Herren, of Finch, Ark., writes, "I wish to report that Foley's Kidney Cure has cured a terrible case of kidney and bladder trouble that two doctors had given up." Sold by Denton & Ward.

Meat originally meant any kind of food.

Cured of Piles After 40 Years

Mr. C. Haney, of Geneva, Ohio, had the piles for forty years. Doctors and dollars could do him no lasting good. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured him permanently. Invaluable for cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, lacerations, eczema, tetter, salt rheum, and all other skin diseases. Look for the name DeWitt on the package—all others are cheap, worthless counterfeits. Smith Bros.

The largest dome in the world is that of the Lutheran church at Warsaw. Its interior diameter is 200 feet. That of the British museum library is 130 feet.

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You are rid of your sorrow
That's all; just enough said.

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Improvement of Corn.

"Uncle Henry" Wallace, is devoting a good deal of space in his paper Wallaces' Farmer to the improvement of Iowa Corn. He calls attention to the fact that while the Iowa Farmer has been improving his live stock for twenty years and more he has given very little attention to the great Iowa crop, corn. Among the many articles which have appeared in Wallace's Farmer on this subject has been a series by Prof. Shamel, of Illinois, the corn expert, and these are illustrated by a number of photographs showing different varieties of corn, perfect and imperfect ears, the most profitable to raise, etc. The average Iowa farmer thinks he knows as much about corn as anybody does but we miss our guess if he cannot learn a lot from these articles in Wallaces' Farmer.

In this connection we wish to say that Wallaces' Farmer is one of the best agricultural papers that comes to this office. It is handsomely printed on paper of fine quality, filled with attractive illustrations, and in addition to its regular features, its editorials by "Uncle Henry," its departments of Dairying, Horticulture, the Hog and Poultry, its Home Department, for the women; contains full reports of the leading fairs, live stock shows, and sales, agricultural meetings, etc. It is published weekly at Des Moines, Iowa at $1.00 a year, all subscriptions payable in advance and the paper stops when the time is out. We can send Wallaces' Farmer and the Democrat both one year for only 2.25 and you get one of our nice premiums. Apply at the Democrat office.

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The World Almanac should occupy a prominent place in every progressive American household. The 1902 edition is more complete than any of the former ones. It contains facts on many subjects that have recently been brought to the public notice and which every up-to-date person should have at his fingers ends.

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