

CAN THIS BE SHAW?

President is Ready With More Letters if He is Again Attacked

TROUBLE WITH EX-OFFICIAL

Word Received at White House of Impending Attack From Former Official of Administration—Answer Already Prepared and Awaits the Psychological Moment.

New York, April 6.—A special from Washington says that President Roosevelt's letter to Representative Sherman, telling all about the relations between the president and Harriman, the railroad magnate, back in the fall of 1904, was written more than five months ago, and was then tucked away in a pigeon hole in Mr. Roosevelt's desk to wait for an opportunity to spring it on the public.

"In another pigeon hole of the president's desk is a second letter, which will also be produced at an opportune time. It has nothing to do with the Harriman episode, but relates to an altogether different incident. It refers to certain doings of a distinguished ex-official of Mr. Roosevelt's administration. This official severed his connection with the government service not so very long ago, and while the newspapers didn't say so, he was forced to resign.

"This man has a grievance against the president, for he imagines he was treated very badly. Word came to the white house that he was prepared to come out with a sensational statement attacking Mr. Roosevelt. The president thereupon sent to the office of the former official and secured complete records of certain transactions that were factors in the decision that the official must resign.

"It is understood that the official records, if properly treated, would show that the former official was not so circumspet as he might have been in many important particulars. The facts were fixed up in a way to be most effective in a statement that was prepared at the white house, and was then laid aside for future use. If the ex-official in question 'breaks loose' with an attack upon the president, as it is believed he will sooner or later, the ammunition will be at hand for an immediate reply shot that will probably bring the incident to an abrupt end."

Costs of Militarism. (Washington Gazette.) Europe spent in round numbers \$200,000,000 on its army, and \$300,000,000 on its navy in 1906, as against \$146,000,000 and \$60,000,000 respectively in 1898. This is to say, Europe spends today \$280,000,000 on its army and navy as against \$206,000,000 in 1898, a total increase of \$74,000,000, or say, 23 per cent. Seventy-four millions a year is equivalent to 4 per cent interest upon a capital sum of \$1,850,000,000. This is the fine in which the governments have mulcted the people by their refusal to act upon the stand-still proposition of the czar in 1899 and to adopt the peace-making methods recommended by the Hague convention.

Gentle and Effective. A well known Manitoba editor writes: "As an inside worker I find Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets invaluable for the touches of biliousness natural to sedentary life, the action being gentle and effective, clearing the digestive tract and the head." Price 25 cents. Samples free. For sale by all druggists.

California Excursions. On account of the Mystic Shrine's convention and the conference of German Baptist Brethren at Los Angeles, California, the Iowa Central Railroad will sell tickets to Los Angeles and San Francisco, Cal., from April 25th to May 15th, limited to July 31st for return passage at the rate of one fare for the round trip. Rate will apply going via any direct route, returning via any other direct route. Stop-over privileges at any point. For further particulars call on agents or address A. B. Curtis, G. P. and T. A., Minneapolis, Minn.

Cause and Effect. (Cleveland Plain Dealer) "I think we all should give up something in Lent, my dear." "So do I, darling. What shall it be?" "Well, you give up making paper weight biscuits and I'll give thanks."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury. Mercury surely destroys the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it thru the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription of a reputable physician, and the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and its action is internal, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by druggists. Price, 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation. Its virtues have been established for many years, and thousands of people have been made happy by taking Hall's Family Pills. Price, 35 cents. Tea or Tablets. McBride & Will Drug Co.

AMERICAN OFFICERS OF HIGH RANK AND OTHERS ENDORSE PE-RU-NA.

Prominent People Recommend the Remedy Pe-ru-na.

Dr. Hartman's World Renowned Catarrh Medicine.

A Remedy for the Grip. Gen. W. H. Parsons, 925 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C., writes as follows: "Upon the recommendation of personal friends and many strong testimonials to the efficacy of Peruna in the treatment of the numerous symptoms of the grip with which I have been afflicted for four months past, I have been induced to undergo a treatment of this justly celebrated formula.

"I feel a decided change for the better by its use for one week only, especially in toning up the stomach, and a consequent decided effect upon my appetite. I therefore feel much encouraged that I am on the road to complete restoration.

"My numerous friends in Texas, where I have had the honor to command a brigade of her veteran cavalry in a four-year war, may accept this voluntary testimonial to the merit of Peruna from a sense of obligation for its wonderful efficacy."

Pe-ru-na a Good Tonic. Gen. M. C. Butler, of South Carolina, writes from Washington, D. C., as follows: "I can recommend Peruna for dyspepsia and stomach trouble.

"I have been using your medicine for a short period and I feel very much relieved.

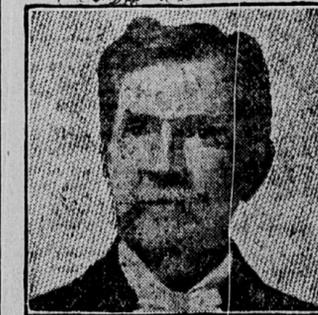
"It is indeed a wonderful medicine, and besides a good tonic."

Colds in the Head and Throat. Chas. W. Bowman, 1st Lieut. and Adj. 4th M. S. M. Cav. Vols., writes from Lanham, Md., as follows: "I have been using your medicine for a short period and I feel very much relieved.

"I have been using your medicine for a short period and I feel very much relieved. It is indeed a wonderful medicine, and besides a good tonic."

An Invigorating Tonic. Rear-Admiral Hichborn, U. S. Navy, Washington, D. C., writes: "After the use of Peruna for a short period, I can now cheerfully recommend your valuable remedy to any one who is in need of an invigorating tonic."

For Catarrh of the Stomach. Gen. W. W. Duffield, Washington, D. C., writes: "I have used Peruna in my family and have found it a valuable medicine and take pleasure in recommending it to all who suffer from catarrh of the stomach or who require a tonic of prompt efficacy."

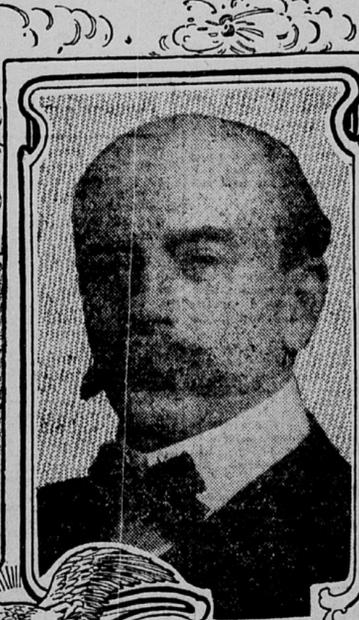


Recommends Pe-ru-na to the Afflicted.

Brig. Gen. D. T. Kirby, Washington, D. C., writes concerning Peruna, as follows: "Friends of mine having used your Peruna catarrh cure with good results, I am impressed with its curative qualities, and can recommend it to those who are afflicted."

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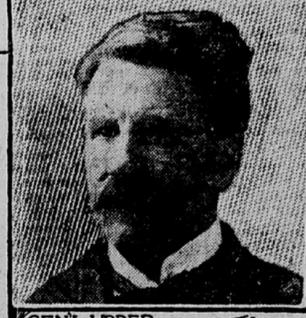
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Gen. A. M. Legg.

DEAFNESS CAUSED BY CATARRH—RELIEVED BY PE-RU-NA.

Gen. A. M. Legg, writes from the Savings Bank Building, Washington, D. C., as follows: "I take pleasure in endorsing the many recommendations I have heard and read of Peruna, because of having had knowledge of the truth of so many of them. "We always tell our sick and ailing friends of the remedies that we have learned, from experience, were good for us when ailing in the same way, and we do it as a duty we feel that we owe them. "Why is it any the less our duty to advise all the people we can when we know of a good and comparatively inexpensive remedy that makes many cures, and benefits in almost all cases? "My own little personal experience of being relieved of deafness, caused by a stage of catarrh, warrants me in advising all the afflicted to just try Peruna."



Genl Yoder



Used Pe-ru-na—Satisfied As to Its Merits—Recommends It to All Sufferers.

Gen. S. S. Yoder, 203 Md. Ave., N. E., Washington, D. C., writes: "I desire to say that I have found Peruna to be a wonderful remedy. I only used it for a short time and am thoroughly satisfied as to its merits. I shall gladly recommend it to all sufferers."

For Kidney Trouble, Coughs, Colds Gen. A. T. Hawley, 1338 26th St., N. W., Washington, D. C., writes: "I have used Peruna and find it very beneficial for kidney trouble, and especially good for coughs, colds and catarrh trouble." Convicted of Pe-ru-na's Merit. Brig. Gen. J. Floyd King, Washington, D. C., writes: "I unhesitatingly state that I am convinced Peruna is a medicine which will effect all that is claimed for it. "Those desirous of obtaining special directions with regard to the use of Peruna should write to Dr. B. B. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio."

When Other Remedies Failed Pe-ru-na Proved Efficacious.

Hon. Geo. W. Honey, National Chaplain U. V. U., Ex-Chaplain 4th Wisconsin Cavalry, Ex-Treas. State of Wisconsin and Ex-Q. Master General State of Texas, G. A. R., writes from 1700 First street, N. E., Washington, D. C., as follows: "I cannot too highly recommend your preparation for the relief of catarrh troubles in their various forms. "Some members of my own family have used it with most gratifying results. "When other remedies failed, Peruna proved most efficacious and I cheerfully certify to its curative excellence."

Pe-ru-na, a Standard Treatment For Catarrhal Diseases. Mr. John C. Nelson, Dayton, Tenn., geologist and mining engineer, while a Captain in the Federal Army during the Civil War, contracted a case of rheumatism. This malady was constant and persistent, inducing the development of other ailments, which also became chronic. After taking a course of Peruna, Capt. Nelson writes: "Having been painfully afflicted with chronic rheumatism and the adjunctive complications for many years, and after having received many general and special treatments with only temporary relief, I read your scientific treatise on catarrhal diseases. "At my request you prescribed a special course of the Peruna remedies, which I closely followed, and am happy to report that my rheumatism and complicated ailments are subdued, and I feel young again at the age of 69 years. "Reason will accept your classification of catarrhal diseases as scientific and true, and the Peruna remedies as a standard treatment for them. I thank you heartily for your skilled and logical advice."

Enjoys Renewed Health and Strength. James J. Osborn, 628 Wahatch Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo., has filled all the positions in Knight Templar Masonic Order, was a Mason since 1856, grade of County Court, Clinton, Mo., and also County Collector of Clinton. He writes: "A sluggish liver which I had been troubled with for two years made life miserable and I was unable to attend to my business half the time. I lacked energy, had headache most of the time, and my food distressed me and did not seem to do me a particle of good. "Reading of the many cures performed by Peruna, I decided to try a bottle. Before I had taken many doses I felt better. "I took it as directed for two months when I was a well man."

THE Masquerader By KATHERINE ECIL THURSTON, Author of "The Circle," Etc. Copyright, 1906, by Harper & Brothers

CHAPTER XXIV. THE letter through which the blow fell was not voluminous. It was written on cheap paper in a disguised hand, and the contents covered only half a page. Loder read it slowly, mentally articulating every word; then he laid it down, and as he did he caught Eve's eyes raised in concern. Again he was something of his operative wish to do something to move, if only across the room. Eve's glance followed him. "Is it bad news?" she asked anxiously. It was unlike her to be inquisitive, but she was moved to the impulse by the peculiarity of the moment. "No," he said shortly. "It's business. This was written yesterday; I should have got it last night." Her eyes widened. "But nobody does business at 8 in the morning"—she began in astonishment, then she suddenly broke off. Without apology or farewell Loder had left the fireplace and walked out of the room. He passed through the hall hurriedly, picking up a hat as he went, and reaching the pavement outside, he went straight forward until Grosvenor square was left behind, then he ran. At the risk of reputation, at the loss of dignity, he ran until he saw a cab. Hailing it, he sprang inside, and as the cabman whipped up and the horse responded to the call he realized for the first time the full significance of what had occurred. Realization, like the need for action, came to him slowly, but when it came it was with terrible lucidity. He did not swear as he leaned back in his seat mechanically watching the stream of men on their way to business, the belated cars of green produce blocking the way between the Strand and Covent Garden. He had no use for oaths; his feelings lay deeper than mere words. But his mouth was sternly set and his eyes looked cold. Outside the law courts he dismissed

of the bed. His face, pale, almost earthy in hue, had been a blank save for the slight convulsive spasms that crossed it from time to time and corresponded with the faint shivering starts that passed at intervals over his whole body. To complete his repellent appearance, a lock of hair had fallen loose and lay black and damp across his forehead.

Loder stood for a space shocked and spellbound by the sight. Even in the ghastly disarray the likeness—the extraordinary, sinister likeness that had become the pivot upon which he himself revolved—struck him like a blow. It was the face that lay there was himself, bound to him by some subtle, inexplicable tie of similarity. As the idea touched him he turned aside and stepped quickly to the dressing table. There, with unnecessary energy, he flung back the curtains and threw the window wide. Then again he turned toward the bed. He had one dominant impulse, to waken Chilcote, to be free of the repulsive, inert presence that chilled him with so personal a horror. Leaning over the bed, he caught the shoulder nearest to him and shook it. It was not the moment for niceties, and his gesture was rough.

At his first touch Chilcote made no response—his brain, dulled by indulgence in his vice, had become a lagard in conveying sensations—but at last, as the pressure on his shoulder increased, his nervous system seemed suddenly to jar into consciousness. A long shudder shook him; he half lifted himself and then dropped back upon the pillow. "Oh!" he exclaimed by a trembling breath. "Oh!" The sound seemed drawn from him by compulsion. His uncanny tone chilled Loder anew. "Wake up, man!" he said suddenly. "Wake up! It's I—Loder."

Again the other shuddered; then he turned quickly and nervously. "Loder?" he said doubtfully. "Loder?" Then his face changed. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "what a relief!" The words were so intense, so spontaneous and unexpected that Loder took a step back.

Chilcote laughed discordantly and lifted a shaky hand to protect his eyes from the light. "It's all right, Loder! It's all right! It's only that I—that I had a beastly dream. But, for heaven's sake, shut that window!" He shivered involuntarily and pushed the lock of damp hair from his forehead with a weak touch of his old irritability. In silence Loder moved back to the window and shut it. He was affected more than he would own even to himself by the obvious change in Chilcote. He had seen him moody, restless, nervously excited, but never before had he seen him entirely demoralized. With a dull feeling of impotence and disgust he stood by the closed window, looking unseeing at the roofs of the opposite houses.

But Chilcote had followed his movements restlessly, and now as he watched him a flicker of excitement crossed his face. "Good, Loder," he said again, "I was a relief to see you! I dreamed I was in hell—a horrible hell, worse than the one they preach about." He

laughed to reassure himself, but his voice shook pitifully.

Loder, who had come to fight, stood silent and inert. "It was horrible—beastly," Chilcote went on. "There was no fire and brimstone, but there was something worse. It was a great ironic scheme of punishment by which every man was chained to his own vice—by which the thing he had gone to pieces over, instead of being denied him, was made compulsory. You can't imagine it!" He shivered nervously and his voice rose. "Fancy being satisfied that in an hour of satiety, being driven and dogged by the thing you had run after all your life!"

He paused excitedly, and in the pause Loder found resolution. He shut his ears to the panic in Chilcote's voice, he closed his consciousness to the sight of his shaken face. With a surge of determination he rallied his theories. After all, he had himself and his own interests to claim his thought. At the moment Chilcote was a wreck, with no desire toward rehabilitation, but there was no guarantee that in an hour of control over himself and with it the inclination that had prompted his letter of the day before. No; he had himself to look to. The survival of the fittest was the true, the only principle. Chilcote had had intellect, education, opportunity, and Chilcote had deliberately cast them aside. Fortifying himself in the knowledge, he turned from the window and moved slowly back to the bed.

"Look here," he began, "my words for me last night." His voice was hard. He had come to fight. Chilcote glanced up quickly. His mouth was drawn and there was a new anxiety in his eyes. "Loder?" he exclaimed quickly. "Loder, come here! Come nearer!" Reluctantly Loder obeyed. Stepping closer to the side of the bed, he bent down. The other put up his hand and caught his arm. His fingers trembled and jerked. "I say, Loder," he said suddenly, "I—I've had such a beastly night—my nerves, you know."

With a quick, involuntary disgust Loder drew back. "Don't you think we might shove that aside?" he asked. But Chilcote's gaze had wandered from his face and strayed to the dressing table; there it moved feverishly from one object to another. "Loder," he exclaimed, "do you see—can you see if there's a tube of tablets on the mantelshelf or in the dressing table?" He lifted himself nervously on his elbow, and his eyes wandered uneasily about the room. "I—I had a beastly night; my nerves are horribly jangled, and I thought—I think—" He stopped. With his increasing consciousness his nervous collapse became more marked. At the first moment of waking the relief of an unexpected presence had surmounted every thing else, but now, as one by one his faculties stirred, his wretched condition became patent. With a new sense of perturbation Loder made his next attack.

"Chilcote," he began sternly. But again Chilcote caught his arm, plucking at the coat sleeve. "Where is it?" he said. "Where is the tube of tablets—the sedative? I'm—I'm obliged to take something when my nerves go wrong." In his weakness and nervous tremor he forgot that Loder was the sharer of his secret. Even in his extremity his fear of detection clung to him limply—the lies that had become second nature slipped from him without effort. Then suddenly a fresh panic seized him, his fingers tightened spasmodically, his eyes ceased to rove about the room and settled on his companion's face. "Can you see it, Loder?" he cried. "I can't; the light's in my eyes. Can you see it? Can you see the tube?" He lifted himself higher, an agony of apprehension in his face. Loder pushed him back upon the pillow. He was striving hard to keep his own mind cool, to steer his own course straight through the chaos that confronted him. "Chilcote," he began once more, "you sent for me last night, and I came the first thing this morning to tell you"—But there he stopped short. With an excitement that lent him strength, Chilcote pushed aside his hands. "God," he said suddenly, "suppose 'twas lost—suppose 'twas gone!" The imaginary possibility gripped him. He sat up, his face livid, drops of perspiration showing on his forehead, his whole shattered system trembling before his thought. At the sight Loder set his lips. "The tube is on the mantelshelf," he said in a cold, abrupt voice. A groan of relief fell from Chilcote, and the muscles of his face relaxed. For a moment he lay back with closed eyes, then the desire that tortured him stirred afresh. He lifted his eyelids and looked at his companion. "Hand it to me," he said quickly. "Give it to me. Give it to me. Loder, quick as you can! There's a glass on the table and some whisky and water. The tablets dissolve, you know"—In his new excitement he held out his hand. But Loder stayed motionless. He had come to fight, to demand, to plead, if need be, for the one hour for which he had lived—the hour that was to satisfy all labor, all endeavor, all ambition. With dogged persistence he made one more essay. "Chilcote, you wrote last night to recall me!"—Once again he paused, checked by a new interruption. Sitting up again, Chilcote struck out suddenly with his left hand in a rush of his old irritability. "D—n you!" he cried suddenly. "What are you talking about? Look at me! Get me the stuff. I tell you it's imperative!" In his excitement his breath failed, and he coughed. At the effort his whole frame was shaken. Loder walked to the dressing table, then back to the bed. A deep agitation was at work in his mind. Again Chilcote's lips parted. "Loder," he said faintly—"Loder, I must have it. It's imperative." Once more he attempted to lift himself, but the effort was futile. Agala Loder turned away. With a fierce gesture the other turned on him. "Good heavens, man!" he began. Then unaccountably his voice changed. The suggestion that had

been hovering in his mind took sudden and definite shape. "All right!" he said in a lower voice. "All right! Stay as you are."

He crossed to where the empty tumbler stood and hastily mixed the whisky and water, then crossing to the mantelpiece where lay the small glass tube containing the tightly packed

himself followed sharply upon his glance. A vision of the untiring labor of the past ten days, of the slowly kindling ambition, of the supremacy all but gained. Then, as the picture completed itself, he lifted his hand with an abrupt movement and dropped the five tablets one after another into the glass.

EUREKA! Yes, I Have Found It at Last. Pounded what? Why that Chamberlain's Salve cures eczema and all manner of itching of the skin. I have been afflicted for many years with skin disease. I had to get up three or four times every night and wash with cold water to allay the terrible itching, but since using this salve in December, 1905, the itching has stopped and has not troubled me—Elder John T. Ongley, Rottville, Pa. For sale by all druggists.

Mary Won. A young man who had a silent admiration for a young lady went with the intention of proposing to her one night. He sat gazing into her eyes for a long while, but at last looking down suddenly, he exclaimed: "There's a feather on your dress, Mary." "No wonder," she said, "I've been sitting by a goose all night."

Only One "Bromo Quinine". That is Ixative bromo quinine. Similarly named remedies sometimes deceive. The first and original Cold Tablet is a white package with black and red lettering, and bears the signature of E. W. Groves, 25c. Settlers' Rates to Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Canada. On every Tuesday during March and April the Iowa Central will place on tickets at extremely low rates for benefit of settlers to the northwest. Call on agents for rates, or address, A. B. Curtis, G. P. & T. A., Minneapolis, Minn. Shake off the grip of your old enemy, Nasal Catarrh, by using Ely's Cream Balm. Then will all the swelling and soreness be driven out of the tender, inflamed membranes. The fit of sneezing will cease and the discharge, as offensive to others as to yourself, will be cured when the causes that produce it are removed. Cleanliness, comfort and health renewed by the use of Cream Balm. Sold by all druggists for 50 cents, or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren street, New York. Horrible Thought. (Yonkers Statesman) Yeast—"In Italy time is reckoned on the twenty-four hour system. Thus, 2 o'clock in the afternoon there is designated at 15 o'clock. Midnight is 24 o'clock." Crimonebank—"Great Scott! Imagine crawling upstairs with your shoes in your hand at midnight, and hearing the old cuckoo announcing 24 o'clock to your waiting wife."



He dropped the five tablets one after another into the glass.

Chilcote lifted his head. His face was pitifully drawn, but the feverish brightness in his eyes had increased. "Five," he said sharply. "Five. Do you hear, Loder?" "Five?" involuntarily Loder lowered the hand that held the tube. From previous confidences of Chilcote's he knew the amount of morphia contained in each tablet and realized that five tablets, if not an absolutely dangerous dose, even for one accustomed to the drug, were for a moment his resolution failed. Then the dominant note of his nature—the unconscious, fundamental egotism on which his character was based—asserted itself beyond denial. It might be reprehensible, it might even be criminal to accede to such a request made by a man in such a condition of body and mind; yet the laws of the universe demanded self assertion—prompted every human mind to desire, to grasp and to hold. With a perception swifter than any he had experienced he realized the certain respite to be gained by yielding to his impulse. He looked at Chilcote with his haggard, anxious expression, his eager, restless eyes, and a vision of

Non-alcoholic Sarsaparilla. If you think you need a tonic, ask your doctor. If you think you need something for your blood, ask your doctor. If you think you would like to try Ayer's non-alcoholic Sarsaparilla, ask your doctor. We publish the Sarsaparilla J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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