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**TIME CARD ELECTRIC STREET RAILWAY.**

Leaves Depot for Soldiers' Home.	Cars Leave Soldiers' Home.	Cars Leave Depot for Soldiers' Home.
6:04 A.M.	6:16 A.M.	6:20 A.M.
6:28 A.M.	6:40 A.M.	6:44 A.M.
6:52 A.M.	7:04 A.M.	7:08 A.M.
7:16 A.M.	7:28 A.M.	7:32 A.M.
7:40 A.M.	7:52 A.M.	7:56 A.M.
8:04 A.M.	8:16 A.M.	8:20 A.M.
8:28 A.M.	8:40 A.M.	8:44 A.M.
8:52 A.M.	9:04 A.M.	9:08 A.M.
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10:04 A.M.	10:16 A.M.	10:20 A.M.
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11:16 P.M.	11:28 P.M.	11:32 P.M.
11:40 P.M.	11:52 P.M.	11:56 P.M.

Soldiers' Home cars—Red signs and lights.  
No. 3rd St. cars—Green signs and lights.  
\* First car Sunday a. m.

MEMBER: The only flour I ever had any luck with is **Lucina**.

**MAY RETIRE FORAKER**  
Theodore Burton and Others Will Try to Supplant Ohio Senator

**PRESIDENCY IS NOT INVOLVED**  
While Burton is Taft Supporter, Other Interests Desire to Defeat Foraker—Burton Considered a Poor Politician Herick May Enter Field—The Situation Reviewed.

(Special Washington Correspondence.)  
Washington, July 13.—The recent announcement of Representative Theodore E. Burton of Ohio, that he will be a candidate for the senate to succeed Senator Joseph Benson Foraker means that from now on until the Ohio legislature next winter picks the successor to Mr. Foraker there will be a real, old-fashioned political battle in the Buckeye state. It will be a fight that will loom large in the eye of the whole country for various reasons. Senator Foraker has been in the limelight for years and especially since he threw down the gauntlet to President Roosevelt on the question of federal regulation of railroads. For a long time there have been signs that the movement for the elimination of Foraker was on but much has been heard of adjustments and compromises and it seemed that after all an arrangement might be made that would permit him to retain his senate seat. But the open avowal of Burton's candidacy means that Foraker is in a struggle for his political existence and that he is to be eliminated if his opponents are capable of accomplishing this rather difficult task.

So far as can be discerned, the contest in Ohio over the senatorship does not have close relation to the vote in that state on the presidential ticket. In any circumstances, Ohio voters will give Taft as the candidate for president a substantial majority. The legislator of Ohio, however, is in doubt and the democrats feel they have a good fighting chance of electing their state ticket. Senator Foraker has long ago in a statement emphasized the serious nature of the fight to keep the legislature from going democratic.

Representative Burton went to Hot Springs and had a conference with Secretary Taft before he announced himself as a candidate for the senate. It is expected he will have to a considerable extent the backing of the Taft organization in Ohio. He is generally regarded as having the support of Charles P. Taft for the senate and of George E. Water Brown of Toledo and State Auditor Gullbert. It is not certain that he can count on the support of George B. Cox in Cincinnati and Hamilton county and if Cox goes to Foraker it will be an important addition to the latter's forces. Mr. Burton will have the advantage in the coming struggle of being known throughout Ohio and the whole country as a man of high intellectual powers, capable of taking the very highest rank in the senate or any other parliamentary body. His long services as head of Cleveland and harbor committee of the house have afforded a good measure of the man's capacity, and if he comes to the senate he will shed credit on his commonwealth.

On the other hand, Mr. Burton will enter the struggle under some disadvantages. One of these is that he is a poor politician. He is too much given to independence in thought and action to train well with the average body of political managers. He suffered some loss of prestige when he went into the office of mayorship of Cleveland with Tom Johnson and was badly beaten by that enterprising and indefatigable personage. No one disputes that Mr. Burton is a man of exceptionally high grade but it was made to appear in that contest that the traction interests of Cleveland were trying to use him as a cat's paw. Further than this, there is a factional division in Cuyahoga county, on Foraker and anti-raker lines, from which Mr. Burton has suffered in the past. It is likely he would have gone and stayed in the place of Charles Dick four years ago had he been able to control his county and unite it in support of himself. Still another difficulty in the way of Mr. Burton is a geographical one. Senator Dick is from northern Ohio and Senator Foraker from southern Ohio and the argument will be that it is worth that the southern part of the state should retain one of the senatorships.

Moreover, it is likely a number of other candidates will enter the field. Many aspiring Ohio politicians are credited with having their eyes on the Foraker toga. Myron T. Herick, ex-governor, is generally regarded as wanting to go to the senate. Harry Dougherty is an aspirant. Wade Ellis is generally thought to have ambitions in this direction. Men who are closely acquainted with George E. Cox declare it is the ambition of his life to have a seat in the senate. Various others might be named. One Ohio politician said lately that Ohio had as many aspirants for the senate as there were candidates for vice president mentioned at Denver. This, however, may be an exaggeration, but there are plenty of candidates who are looking for an office. In this, the Foraker men see their best chances of success. They believe if the situation becomes complicated by the entrance into the field of a number of candidates the senior senator will eventually win out.

Foraker's prospects, however, do not appear by any means bright. It is true he is a great fighter, a brilliant campaigner. But his opposition to administrative policies in Ohio has stirred up intense antagonism. This feeling on the part of great numbers of voters is such that it might not have saved Foraker from a fight to retain the senatorship had he tried. Mr. Taft was well aware of this situation. His part in getting the Rogers law which gave the traction companies a grip on Cincinnati and other cities enacted and

upheld has cost him much strength. On the whole, the indications now are that Foraker's defeat is to be expected but it is not a certainty and even if Foraker is beaten it is not assured that Mr. Burton will be able to land the prize, which may go to some of the other aspirants.

**Roosevelt, Taft and Their Party.**

(Review of Republic.)  
It is an open question of course, that the Roosevelt policies have had their strong republican opponents, and that these have been powerful in the councils of the ruling cabinet of both houses of congress. As the preliminary work of finding a candidate proceeded at the Chicago convention, the distinction between the "progressives" led by the Roosevelt administration, and the so-called "reactionaries" became more sharply accentuated. But it was also clear that the Roosevelt element of the party represented the vast majority of the republican voters. Mr. Taft's strength as a candidate was due above all else to the knowledge that Mr. Roosevelt was advocating his selection, and to the further knowledge that, as a great member of the Roosevelt administration, Mr. Taft was thoroughly known both as to his character and also to his remarkable qualifications for the presidency. Thus the real platform of the republican party in this campaign is Mr. Taft himself as endorsed and guaranteed by Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Bryan and his supporters will doubtless show great deference to the articles of the resolutions as adopted at Chicago, and will point out what can be made to appear as serious inconsistencies. But when all this is done there will remain the great fact that Mr. Taft was easily nominated on the first ballot, securing 702 votes in a convention numbering 983 delegates. This nomination was acquiesced in by the remaining members of the convention, nearly all of whom would gladly have voted for Mr. Taft on the first ballot if they had not been bound by instructions to cast their votes for the so-called "reactionaries" of their own state. Thus many of the New York delegates, who voted for Hughes openly stated that they desired to vote for Taft; and the entire delegation was heartily in sympathy with the nomination. Almost the same thing was done by the delegates from Senator Knox; the Illinois vote, which by way of compliment, was announced for Speaker Cannon, and the Indiana vote, which was accorded to Vice President Fairbanks. Even the Wisconsin vote, which was for LaFollette, was cast by men who were warmly cordial to Mr. Taft. In short the differences between the so-called "reactionaries" and the main body of the convention did not cut deep enough to create any bitterness against the winning candidate. Mr. Taft is as completely and heartily the accepted candidate of the party as any man could possibly be. Seldom if ever has any American party had a finer candidate, or one upon whose choice it had better reason for self-congratulation.

**We Work Too Hard.**

Lady Headford, during her American tour, said in New York that she approved of international marriages. "They correct us," she explained. "Our Englishmen work too little, your Americans work too much, and your international unions tends to bring out a happy mean."

"Your men do work too much, you know," said Lady Headford. "I have an English friend who attended the funeral of one of your hardest workers, a multimillionaire."

"My friend's wife said rather bitterly to him at the funeral: 'How you have missed your opportunities, my love. Place yourself beside Mr. Ritch here. You are both of the same age. You both began life together. Yet you are a poor man, while he died a multimillionaire.'"

"Yes, said the English husband. 'There Ritch lies, dead of nervous prostration, without one single penny in his pocket; and here I stand, hale and hearty, with a wallet in my coat, containing quite a hundred dollars.'"

**Girl to Stick To.**

(Marshall, Okla., Tribune.)  
The editor of this paper never saw a girl that was unfaithful to her mother who never amounted to a one-eyed shirt button to her. It's the law of God. It isn't exactly in the Bible, but it is written in large bold letters in the miserable lives of many unfortunate boys now. If any of you chaps ever come across a girl with a face full of roses, who says to you as she comes to the door: "I can't go for thirty minutes, but the dishes are not washed," utes yet, wait for that girl. Sit right down on the doorstep and wait for her, because some other fellow may come along and carry her off, and right there you lose an angel. Wait for that girl and stick to her like a burr to a mule's tail.

**Infant's Practical Suggestion.**

(Philadelphia Ledger.)  
It was his first Sunday school, and he sat in the infant's department eagerly watching the superintendent illustrate the lesson on the board. The superintendent drew a line on to heaven and started the figure of a man on it. Gradually the man became larger and larger, and finally when he arrived at the gate of heaven he could not get in.

The superintendent turned to his small audience and, in a tragical voice, said: "You see, when you get to heaven you can't get in."

"You see he is so puffed up with sin that he can't enter in."

"Try him sideways, mister, try him sideways," came the small, shrill voice from the infants' department.

**A Break for Liberty**

from stomach, liver and kidney trouble is made when a 25c box of Dr. King's New Life Pills is bought. McBride & Will Drug Co.

**Rather Mean of Her.**  
For two hours she had been trying to get him to enter a sensible conversation.

"Sweetest," he chirped in nonsensical tones, "you remind me of the flowers—you are so sweet."

"And you, dear boy," she hastened to remind him of the flowers.  
"And why, Miss Wose?"  
"Because you are so dense."

**Serious Lacerations**  
and wounds are healed without danger of blood poisoning, by Bucklen's Arnica Salve; the healing wonder. 25c. McBride & Will Drug Co.

**THE CAPTAIN OF the KANSAS**  
By LOUIS TRACY,  
Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," Etc.  
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY EDWARD J. CLODE

"Let us wait here a moment or two," he breathed.

"No, no! I am going now. You shall not hold me back. You don't understand. The man I love is up there, perhaps surrounded by savages. Let me go, I tell you! If he is dying I shall die by his side! Let me go! Would you have me strike you?" She turned on him like an angry goddess and strove to wrest herself from his grip. At that instant Tollemache and Frascuelo, the only survivors of the deadly struggle forward, were driven back by a rush of Indians. They caught sight of others leaping down the bridge companion.

"To the salon, Courtenay!" roared Tollemache, clearing a path for himself with an iron bar which he swung in both hands. Followed by Frascuelo, he jumped inside the salon gangway. Four savages followed, two entering through the doorway behind him. One raised a hatchet-like implement and would have brained the Englishman had not Christobel whipped out his revolver and shot him through the body, releasing the girl's wrist in his flurry. The Indian pitched headlong down the stairs, falling over the terrifying figure and seized the man's weapon. He felt her arms tingle. A wonderful power seemed to flow through her body, like a gust of strong wind. She was assured that she, unaided, could beat down all the puny, despicable creatures who barred the path to her lover.

She vaulted over the writhing form of the Alaculof and made to climb the stairs, but Christobel, admirably cool, fired again and brought another Indian to his knees. The second Indian's fall caused Frascuelo to trip, and the Chilean, locked rib to rib with a somewhat sturdy opponent, rolled into the salon. Elsie drew back just in time or the two would have knocked her down. Even as they were turning over on the steep steps she saw Frascuelo's knife dash. At the foot of the stairs the Indian lay still, and Frascuelo tried to rise. She helped him gladly. The awfulness of this killing no longer appalled her. Each dead or disabled Indian was one less obstacle between her and Courtenay. A third time the revolver barked, but Christobel missed. It did not matter greatly, as Tollemache had shortened his bar, using it twice as a whiner delivers at a rock. But the doctor did not forget her. Two of his only three cartridges left, two of which were bespoken long before the fight began.

At last, then, the way was clear. Elsie would have mounted the stairs, but an appealing hand detained her. "I cannot walk, senorita. My leg has given way. And we can do no good there. They are all down."

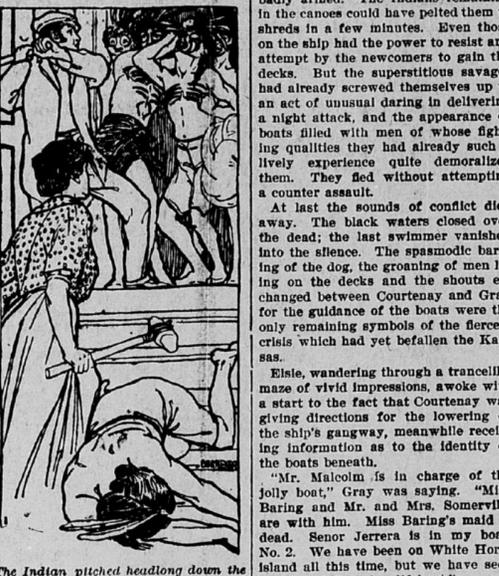
A death chill gripped her heart at Frascuelo's words.

"All down!" she repeated, white lipped.

"I think so," said he blankly. The man was dazed by the ordeal through which he had passed.

As if to answer and refute him, Joe's hysterical yelp sounded from a point close at hand, and they distinctly heard Courtenay's loud command: "This way, Boyle! Rally to the bridge!"

"You are mistaken!" shrieked Elsie, wrenching herself free from the Chilean's grasp.



The Indian pitched headlong down the stairs, falling limply at Elsie's feet.

Indians. Courtenay, clapping his gun, rushed past, with the dog at his heels, and ran up the bridge companion. They could follow his progress as they raced toward the port side, and they heard his amazed cry: "What boats are those?"

"Your own, captain," came the answering yell, plainly audible above the din.

"That is Mr. Gray!" screamed Elsie, and she, too, ran toward the bridge, with the doctor close behind.

"Sink every canoe you can get along side of and knock those fellows on the head who are swimming!" roared Courtenay, who was so worried away by the fierceness of the fight from which he had just emerged that he would have given the same directions to the archangel Michael had that warrior spirit come to his aid.

He seemed to have eyes in the back of his head, he turned so suddenly when Elsie neared him.

"Ah, thank God, you are safe!" he said, drawing her to him for an instant.

He placed her in the forward angle of the bridge rail and leaned out over the side. She understood that she must not speak to him then, but a great joy overwhelmed her, and her eyes melted into tears.

Christobel, who had missed no word of Elsie's frenzied protest in the salon nor failed to note the manner of Courtenay's greeting, seemed to take the collapse of his own aspirations with the unmoved stoicism he had displayed in the face of danger.

"The ship's boats!" he began, but the captain raised his gun and fired twice at alongside the side of the vessel. Cries of pain and a good deal of splashing in the sea proved that he had expended the departure of several Indians who were perched on the rails beyond the reach of Walker's steam jet.

"The ship's boats," went on Christobel calmly. "Have turned up in some mysterious manner, just in the nick of time. A few minutes more and they would have been too late."

When a more extended knowledge of all that had happened, joined to a nicer adjustment of the time factor in events, enabled Elsie to realize the extraordinary deliverance from death which she had been vouchsafed that night, she began to appreciate the services which Christobel rendered her in discussing matters with such nonchalance.

Barely a minute had elapsed since they were in the throes of a struggle which promised to be the last act of a tragedy. The ship was then overrun by a horde of howling savages, maddened by the desperate resistance offered by the defenders and ruthless as wolves in their lust for destruction. Now the Kansas was clear of every bedaubed Alaculof save the man, who so seriously wounded her that she could not move. These men were so near akin to animals that this condition implied ultimate collapse save in a few instances of fractured skulls and broken limbs. From the final stage of a hopeless butchery the survivors of the ship's company were suddenly transferred to a position of reasonable security. It was not that the arrival of the ship's boats meant such an accession of fighting strength that the Alaculofs could not have made sure of victory. Gray and his companions were badly armed. The Indians remaining in the canoes could have pelleted them with shreds in a few minutes. Even those on the ship had the power to resist any attempt by the newcomers to gain the decks. But the superstitious savages had already screwed themselves up to an act of unusual daring in delivering a boat attack, and the appearance of boats filled with men of whose fighting qualities they had already such a lively experience quite demoralized them. They fled without attempting a counter assault.

At last the sounds of conflict died away. The black waters closed over the dead, the last swimmer vanished into the silence. The spasmodic barking of the dog, the grunting of men lying on the decks and the shouts exchanged between Courtenay and Gray for the guidance of the boats were the only remaining symbols of the fiercest crisis which had yet befallen the Kansas.

Elsie, wandering through a trance-like maze of vivid impressions, awoke with a start to the fact that Courtenay was giving directions for the lowering of the ship's gangway, meanwhile receiving information as to the identity of the boats' benches.

Mr. Malcolm is in charge of the jolly boat," Gray was saying. "Miss Elsie with Mr. and Mrs. Somerville are with him. Miss Baring's maid is dead. Senor Jerrera is in my boat, No. 2. We have been on White Horse Island all this time, but we have seen nothing of the other lifeboat."

That meant that two boats out of those which quitted the ship had arrived thus opportunely. Senor Jerrera was the Spanish mining engineer who had been hustled into one of the craft manned by the mutineers. And Christobel was saying: "Well, Miss Maxwell, you and I can look forward to a busy night. The ship is littered with wounded men, and our newly arrived friends must be worn with fatigue."

His smooth, even sentences helped to dispel the stupor of amazement which had made her dumb. And the first reason thought which came to her was that the Spanish doctor had treated her with the kindness of an indulgent parent, for Elsie was far too un-

selfish not to be alive to the unselfishness of others.

"How good you have been to me!" she murmured. "I can never repay you. I remember now that I said dreadful things to you in the salon. But you did not know what it meant to me when I realized that Captain Courtenay might be falling even then beneath the blows of those merciless savages. I have not had a chance to tell you that he has asked me to be his wife and I have consented. I love him more than all the world. And you, Dr. Christobel, you who knew my father and mother, who have grown up daughters of your own, you will wish me happiness?"

It was not easy to bear when it came, although he had guessed the truth already. But he choked back the wrath and despair which surged up in him and said, with his stately courtesy: "I do wish you well, Elsie. No man can hope more earnestly than I that you may have made the better choice."

Then he turned with a certain abruptness which reminded her of the change in his manner she had noticed once or twice during recent days and quitted the bridge. She sighed and was sorry for him, knowing that he loved her.

Courtenay, who had been far too busy to pay heed to anything beyond the brief fight between the boats and the canoes, perceived now that the gangway was in position. Lights were shining on both the upper and lower platforms.

He stretched out his hand and drew Elsie to him.

"Are you alone, sweetheart?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Kiss me, then, and go to meet your friends. They will be aboard in less than a minute. Oh, Elsie, I thought I had seen the last of you!"

"Was it so bad as that?" she murmured, a great content soothing her heart and brain at her lover's admission that he was thinking of her during the worst agony of the fray. He gave her a reassuring hug.

With her soul singing a canticle of joy, she passed from the bridge to the lower deck. Mr. Boyle was waiting there, holding a lantern.

"Hi!" he growled when he saw her. "Praps you'll believe what I tell you before your hair turns gray, if not sooner. Luck! Did any man ever have such luck as the skipper? Why, if he fell off Mong Blong he'd find a circus net rigged up to catch him."

"I agree with you so fully, Mr. Boyle," she whispered, "that I am going to marry him."

"I guessed as much," he answered. "At any rate, I fancied it wouldn't be for want of axin' on his part."

It was a wan and broken spirited Isabel whom Elsie led to her cabin, but notwithstanding her wretched state her eyes quickly took in the orderly condition of the room.

"I left my clothes strewn all over the floor," she said, with a nervousness which Elsie attributed to the hardships she had undergone. "Why did you trouble to pack them away?"

Then Elsie told her of her hunt for the powder box and was so obviously unconcerned about any incident other than the adventures they had both experienced since they parted that Isabel questioned her no further. A bath and a change of clothing worked marvels. Though this and weak for want of proper food, neither Isabel nor Mrs. Somerville had suffered in health from the exposure and short fare involved by life on the island. It was broad daylight ere they could be persuaded to retire to rest, there was so much to tell and to hear.

Meanwhile the meeting between Tollemache and Gray was full of racial subtleties.

Tollemache, stepping forward to grasp Gray's hand, felt it was incumbent on him to utter the first word.

"Had a pretty rotten time of it, I expect?" said he.

"Poisonous. And you?"

"Oh, fair, Betty close squeak when you turned up."

Gray became more explicit when Courtenay called him in the chart room.

where the table had to be cleared of debris before some glasses and a couple of bottles of champagne could be staged.

"When those blackguards cast off from the ship," he said, "we scudded away in a sort of ocean mill race which threatened to upset us at any moment—in fact, we gave up hope for a time—but as the boat kept afloat, Mr. Malcolm and I managed to stir up the Chileans, and we got them to steady her with the oars. Some time before daybreak we ran into smooth water and made out land on the port bow. In a few moments we were ashore on a pebbly beach in a place alive with seals. When the sun rose we found we were on a barren island and, what was more, that one of the ship's lifeboats had been upset on a reef which we just missed and had lost all her stores, though the men had scrambled into safety. With the aid of our boat and helped by fine weather we raised the lifeboat and recovered some of her fittings. The water casks and tins of food were hauled up by a chap who could dive well.

"We pushed along cautiously, found the entrance to the cove we had made out before the light failed and were about to lay to until dawn when we saw a rocket and heard the fog horn. That woke us up, you bet. The Chileans pulled like mad, but when we came near enough to discover that the ship was being attacked by Indians I had a fearful job to get my heroes to butt in. That fellow Gomez is a brick. He orated like a politician, and finally they got a move on. From what I have seen since I came aboard I guess you were hustling about that time."

"Yes," said Courtenay, filling a glass with wine, as he heard Boyle's step without. He handed the glass to the chief when he entered.

"How many?" he asked.

"Hub! We've stung fifty-three Indians an' six of the crew overboard. There's fourteen wounded natives an' five of our men in the doctor's hands. Two Alaculofs died of funk when they set eyes on the nigger who turned up in the lifeboat. They thought— Well, here's chin-chin to everybody. I'm thirsty."

(To Be Continued.)

Kentucky English.  
(Louisville Courier-Journal.)  
A Frankfort produce dealer, who drives about in his wagon, went to a certain house here the other day and was selling eggs and vegetables.

"Can you spare me an extra pound of butter this week?" asked the housekeeper.

"No'm, I can't," replied the dealer. "I could have spore you a pound yesterday, but not today."

This reminded a man in the crowd of what his little girl had said about some candy which was given her by an uncle, and showed that the produce dealer is not the only owner of words. The child's mother said to her: "Louise, go crack that stick of candy and bring some of it in here."

"It's already crake," replied the youngster.

In a Permanent Place.  
(Washington Star.)  
Secretary Cortelyou was elaborating his recent epigram, "Politics is a duty."

"I don't mean by politics spoli-hunting and office-seeking. Politics is a good and honorable word. It is a shame to have degraded it. We should try and uplift it again to its right place. 'We don't want the word 'politics' to evoke the picture of such a man as Hilary Harkness."

"Hilary Harkness was a politician of the lowest type, and unsuccessful at that. His whole life was devoted to

office-seeking; he spent thirty-seven years vainly seeking a \$5,000 office—hours 10 till 2—while his wife and daughter supported him by keeping a candy shop.

"Well, Hilary died at last. A modest shaft was put up above his remains, and the executor asked the editor to suggest an epitaph to go on the shaft."

"The editor thought a moment. Then he smiled, and slipping a sheet of paper in his typewriter he clicked off:

"Here lies Hilary Harkness in the only place for which he never applied."

For Constipation.  
Mr. L. H. Farnham, a prominent druggist of Spirit Lake, Iowa, says: "Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are certainly the best thing on the market for constipation." Give these tablets a trial. You are certain to find them agreeable and pleasant in effect. Price, 25 cents. Samples free. For sale by all dealers.

**Automobiles**  
In either one or four Cylinder from \$850 to \$2500. PONTIAC AND MIER in Buggy Type at \$600.  
Write for information and catalog. Will demonstrate machines.  
**JOHN HANSON**  
TAMA, IOWA.

**Cadillacs**  
In either one or four Cylinder from \$850 to \$2500. PONTIAC AND MIER in Buggy Type at \$600.  
Write for information and catalog. Will demonstrate machines.  
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