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BIG NAVY IN SIGHT Roosevelt and Four-Battleship Forces Stand to Win in Next Congress

DEMOCRATS CHANGING FRONT While Denver Convention Hissed Hobson's Speech, Bryan Ordered Naval Views Incorporated in Platform - England's Bluff and the Menace of the Far East Important Factors.

(Special Washington Correspondence) Washington, Aug. 25.—Naval policy is going to be one of the big and burning questions at the next session of congress. The people who last winter made the great fight for four battleships and finally as a compromise received the assurance of two each year hereafter, are expected, in view of expressions which some of them have indulged, and of shifts in international naval relations and programs, to be dissatisfied with that arrangement, and to insist on three or four new fighting monsters at the next session.

There are several reasons why the fight is going to be pushed with great vigor this time. One of the most important, tho the greater navy advocates mention it only in undertones, is that the coming session will be the last of Theodore Roosevelt's vigorous handling of the big stick. The president favors a powerful navy. When he was secretary of the navy he got the forty-eight-battleship, two-fleet idea in his head, and set at work to realize that ideal. He really started at that time the program which has brought realization in sight. Come now Admiral Evans and declares that our ships are good enough, only there should be forty-eight of them; a fleet of sixteen in commission on each ocean at all times, with eight in reserve on each ocean.

Democracy Swallow Hobson. The two-ocean standard has had a strong indorsement from the country. Nothing, indeed, has gone so far toward assuring that the future attitude of congress toward naval expansion will be increasingly liberal, as the adoption of a strong naval program declaration by the democrats at Denver. It can be said, moreover, that that plank went into the platform because Mr. Bryan, by telephone from Lincoln, told his confidential friends that they might "have all the fun they wanted with Hobson, but to be sure to adopt what he wanted in the platform." They did, too. The convention hissed his speech, but the resolutions committee took his plank and the speakers who had been chosen to deliver there were few expressions in the platform which, when read, received more earnest applause than this. That Hobson might easily be secretary of the navy in a Bryan cabinet is the guess which has been widely accepted since the Denver performance, by people who know how close he has stood to Bryan, and also to Roosevelt, on this question of naval expansion.

Democracy Change Front. The democrats have for many years tended to oppose the program, as the republicans have tended to favor them. Exceptions on both sides have not made the rule less obvious. The democrats are now pledged to expansion, while the republican leaders have pledged themselves to the program of ordering two new first class battleships per session.

But President Roosevelt has no more ardent ambition than to leave the White House with a greater navy program firmly established. To this end he is expected to join those who want the more than two battleships the coming session.

Arguments will be presented in favor of this policy, which have been brought to light in the brief period since the memorable four-battleship fight was decided in favor of the republicans. Naval developments in other parts of the world have been startling, in their effect on the American naval situation. Thus the British government's serious consideration of a half-billion loan to increase the navy, is simply a lead to every other country which would continue ambitious for any naval rank worth while. Aimed primarily at Germany, of course, it none the less affects other naval powers.

Could Call the Bluff. The United States is a country able to call every stupendous bluff as that, if it is necessary. It would really be called by adopting the four-battleship program, with the distinct understanding that this was to be the rule hereafter so long as other powers were so enthusiastically devoting themselves to naval aggrandizement. For America calmly to take up the four-battleships-a-year rule, and to pay for them out of current revenues without any demonstration of financial superiority to Britain, as Britain's half-billion lump investment in navy would be proof of British preminence as against Germany. This view is being strongly urged by people who feel that a financial showing at this juncture would very likely save the possibility of actually spending the money; just as the British government is suspected of bluffing Germany by showing the British "pile," in the hope that Germany will give up the competition and admit that she can't win in so fast a game as the understanding here that Germany will do just this.

pressions in that speech, of his attitude toward the east. It will be one of vigorous defense of Chinese autonomy and American commercial rights in China, even to the extent of fighting if need be.

Along with these aspects, the prospect for a considerable measure of naval reform is regarded as excellent. The president has not been satisfied with the present bureau organization for a long time, but has not been finally convinced that radical reform was needed. Reports from the naval war college at Newport strengthen the belief that the president will, as one of his efforts with congress, try to get it to provide for some reorganization of the department; and if it does not do so, then sweeping changes in the present personnel at the big bureaus are expected, in order to get them into control of men of the Roosevelt way of thinking. The critics of present naval organization have made their case, at least with the president. They have long been urging that the British system of admiralty organization ought to be adapted to the needs of this country; and they are expected to win before March 4 next.

DEAD BANDIT NOT IOWA MAN. Identified by Girl's Letter as Ashton, Mo., Citizen. Minneapolis, Aug. 25.—Information was received by the police from Ashton, Mo., which practically identifies as William Morris, of Ashton, the bandit killed late Saturday night in a street battle with Detectives Crumme and Hayes.

Identification was made possible by a letter found in the robber's pocket. The letter was written by Miss Frances Kildo of Ashton and was addressed to Walter Miller, in Ashton, who went to the Kildo home. There he learned that the letter was in reality written to William Morris. The girl said Morris had red hair, and a large birthmark on the arm. The bandit's hair was red, and he had the birthmark on the arm.

The sheriff asked the police to wire particulars of the shooting to "Lucky" Morris in Ashton. He did not say who "Lucky" Morris was.

Police Superintendent Corstian has sent a letter to the state concerning Morris and has also written to the police in several South Dakota towns the highwayman is believed to have visited recently.

The man said after he was taken to the city hospital his name was Walter Fry and that his home was in Fort Madison, Iowa, where his father, Leonard Brant, a horse dealer, lived. Later he said his name was Miller, but said his home was in Fort Madison. No one by either name is known to the police here.

WESTERN UNION LOSES CASE. State of Minnesota Obtains Judgment for \$48,000 in Taxes. Minneapolis, Aug. 25.—Minnesota has won another suit in its contention with the Western Union Telegraph company over taxation of the property of that corporation in this state. A decision has just been rendered in the suit in the two suits so far tried, the company is still in arrears for last year in the tax upon \$300,000 of its property. It is believed that the company now will pay the arrearage of last year without further protest, but if necessary the state will bring suit to collect that also.

THE PORT OF MISSING MEN By MEREDITH NICHOLSON. Author of "The House of a Thousand Candles"

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Chapter XII A CAMP IN THE MOUNTAINS

HE study of maps and time tables is a far more profitable business than appears. John Armitage possessed a great store of geographical knowledge as interpreted in such literature. He could tell you without leaving his room and probably without opening his trunk the quickest way out of Tokyo or St. Petersburg or Calcutta or Cincinatti, Mo., if you suddenly required a cablegram calling you to Vienna or Paris or Washington from one of those places.

Such being the case, it was remarkable that he should have started for a point in the Virginia hills by way of Boston, thence to Norfolk by coastwise steamer and on to Lamar by lines of railroad whose schedules would have been the despair of unhardened travelers. He had expressed his trunks direct and traveled with two suit cases and an umbrella. His journey since his boat swung out into Massachusetts Bay had been spent in gloomy speculations, and two young women booked for Baltimore wrongly attributed his reticence and aloofness to a grievous disappointment in love.

He had wanted time to think—to ponder his affairs—to devise some way out of his difficulties and to contrive the defeat of Chauvenet. Moreover, his relations to the Claibornes were in an ugly tangle. Chauvenet had dealt him a telling blow in a quarter where he particularly wished to appear to advantage.

He jumped out of the day coach in which he had accomplished the last stage of his journey to Lamar just at dawn and found Oscar, with two horses, waiting.

"Good morning," said Oscar, saluting. "You are prompt, sergeant." And Armitage shook hands with him.

As the train roared on through the valley Armitage opened one of the suit cases and took out a pair of leather leggings, which he strapped on. Then Oscar tied the cases together with a rope and hung them across his saddle bow.

"The place—what of it?" asked Armitage. "There may be worse. I have not decided." Armitage laughed aloud. "Is it as bad as that?" The man was fidgeting the saddle girths, and he answered Armitage's further questions with soldier-like brevity. "You have been here"— "Two weeks, sir." "And nothing has happened? It is a good report." "It is good for the soul to stand on mountains and look at the world. You will like that animal—yes? He is lighter than a cavalry horse. Mine, you will notice, is a trifle heavier. I bought them at a stock farm in another valley and rode them up to the place."

horses and play the foolish game you describe with little white balls." "I could not tell it better," responded Oscar, who had dismounted, like a good trooper, to rest his horse.

"And our place—is it below there?" demanded Armitage. "It is not, sir. It lies to the west. But a man may come here when he is lonesome and look at the people and the gentlemen's houses. At night it is a pleasure to see the lights, and sometimes, when the wind is right, there is music of bands."

"Poor Oscar!" laughed Armitage. His mood had not often in his life been so high. On his flight northward from Washington and southward down the Atlantic coast, he thought that Shirley Claiborne and her family must now believe him an ignoble scoundrel had wrought misgivings and pain in his heart, but at least he would soon be near her—even now she might be somewhere below in the lovely valley, and he drew off his hat and stared down upon what was glorified and enchanted ground.

"Let us go," he said presently. Oscar saluted, standing bridle in hand.

"You will find it easier to walk," he said, and leading their horses, they retraced their steps for several hundred yards along the ridge, then mounted and proceeded slowly down again until they came to a mountain road. Presently a high wire fence followed at their right, where the descent was sharply arrested, and they came to a barred wooden gate, and beside it a small cabin, evidently designed for a lodge.

"This is the place, sir," and Oscar dismounted and threw open the gate. The road within followed the rough contour of the hillside that still turned downward until it broadened into a wooden platform. The flutter of wings in the underbrush, the scamper of squirrels, the mad lops of a fox, kept the eye busy. A deer broke out of a

hazel thicket, stared at the horsemen in wide eyed amazement, then plunged into the wood and disappeared.

"There are deer and of foxes a great plenty," remarked Oscar. He turned toward Armitage and added with lowered voice: "It is different from our old hills and forests—yes? but sometimes I have been homesick."

"But this is not so bad, Oscar, and some day you shall go back." "Here," said the soldier, as they swung out of the wood and into the open. "Is what they call the Port of Missing Men."

lighting in the far stretching pine covered barricade of hills. He was aroused by Oscar, who appeared carrying the suit cases.

"There shall be breakfast," said the man. He threw open the doors, and they entered a wide, bare hall, with a fireplace, into which Oscar dropped a match.

"All one floor—plenty of sleeping rooms, and a place to eat here—a kitchen, here—a fair barracks for a common soldier; that is all."

"It is enough. Throw these bags into the nearest bedroom. If there is no choice, and camp will be established."

"This is yours. The baggage that came by express is there. A wagon goes with the place, and I brought the things up yesterday. There is a shower bath beyond the rear veranda. The mountain water is off the ice, but you will require hot water for shaving—is it not so?"

"You oppress me with luxuries, Oscar. Wind up the clock, and nothing will be wanting."

Oscar unstrapped the trunks and then stood at attention in the door. He had expected Armitage to condemn the place in bitter language, but the proprietor of the abandoned hunting preserve was in excellent spirits and whistled blithely as he drew out his keys.

"The place was built by fools," declared Oscar gloomily. "Undoubtedly! There is a saying that fools build houses and wise men live in them. You see where that leaves us, Oscar. Let us be cheerful!"

He tried the shower and changed his raiment, while Oscar prepared coffee and laid a cloth on the long table before the fire. When Armitage appeared coffee steamed in the tin pot in which it had been made. Bacon, eggs and toast were further offered. "You have done excellently well, Oscar. Go get your own breakfast." Armitage dropped a lump of sugar into his coffee cup and surveyed the room.

burn. He laughed suddenly and looked about, his back to the flames. Oscar stood at attention in the middle of the room.

"It is a capital idea," said John Armitage. "I was struck for my own sake also, who had fourteen pairs of boots and a bad disposition—and his uniforms—yes? He was very pretty to look at on a horse."

"The ideal is paper into the fire," high, Oscar, but I shall do my best. That one first, please."

The contents of the two trunks were disposed of deftly by Oscar as Armitage directed. One of the bedrooms was utilized as a closet, and garments for every imaginable occasion were brought forth. There were stout English tweeds for the heaviest weather, two dress suits and Norfolk jackets of corduroy. The owner's taste ran to grays and browns, it seemed, and whimsically ordered his raiment grouped by colors as he lounged about with a pipe in his mouth.

"You may hang those scarfs on the string provided by my predecessor, sergeant. They will help our socks well in our rainbow—put it in your pocket and wear it, with my compliments; and those tan shoes are not bad for the Virginia mud. Drop them here. Those gray campaign hats are comfortable. Give the oldest to me. And there is a riding cloak I had for gotten I ever owned. I gave gold for it to a Madrid tailor. The mountain nights are cool, and the thing may serve me well. Oscar, how far is it down to Storm Springs?"

"A forced march, and you are there in an hour and a half, sir."

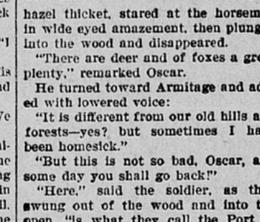
(To Be Continued.)

Men Past Sixty in Danger. More than half of mankind over sixty years of age suffer from kidney and bladder disorders, usually enlargement of prostate glands. This is both painful and dangerous, and Foley's Kidney Cure should be taken at the first sign of danger as it corrects irregularities and has cured many old men of this disease. Mr. Rodney Burnett, Rockport, Mo., writes: "I suffered with enlarged prostate gland and kidney trouble for years and after taking two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure I feel better than I have for twenty years, although I am now 81 years old. McBride & Will Drug Co."

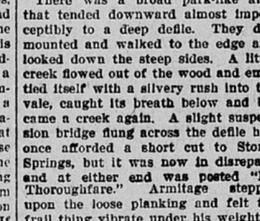
Not His Fault. "Before we were married," said Mrs. Chatterton, "you used to tell me how much you loved me, but you never do now." "Of course not, my dear," replied the masculine end of the matrimonial combine. "Since our marriage you haven't given me a chance to tell you anything."



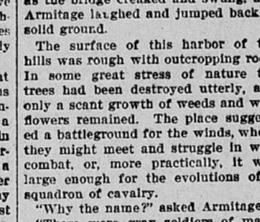
Oscar dismounted and threw open the gate.



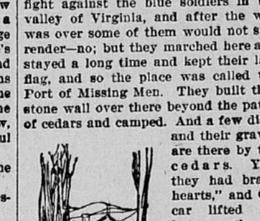
They came upon a red-roofed bungalow.



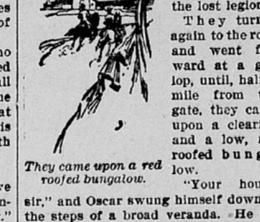
He found Oscar, with two horses, waiting.



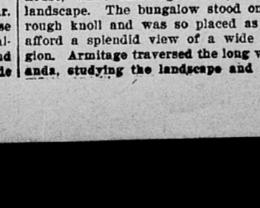
They came upon a red-roofed bungalow.



He found Oscar, with two horses, waiting.



They came upon a red-roofed bungalow.



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