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Marshalltown, Iowa.

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AUCTIONEER
PUBLIC SALES—M. M. Kendall, Auctioneer—Sept. 12, 1908, house and lot and household goods, 503 South Sixth; Sept. 29, J. L. Knight, 6 miles west, 3/4 mile north of Marshalltown, 2 miles north of Lamelle, horses, cattle, hogs, corn in field, hay, straw, machinery.

PORK BARREL IS SHY

Both National Committees Embarrassed by Lack of Campaign Funds
LITTLE PROSPECT FOR MORE

Shortage of Funds Causes Managers to Arrange Short But Whirlwind Campaign During Month of October—Stay-at-Home Campaigns Would Not Work for Either Taft or Bryan.

(Special Correspondence)
New York, Sept. 11.—Thirty days of real campaigning, every day of it red hot, is the motto of the political managers at both headquarters. The republican national committee doesn't expect to put out its official orators before that time; possibly the last week in September, but more likely the beginning of October. Then the campaign will be waged in the form of a determined charge against the entrenchedments of General Apathy, now regarded as well nigh impregnable.

This Apathy fellow is giving the republicans more worry than the democrats. The latter rather look upon him as their ally. They know that they have no means with which to make a real fight to arouse the voters, and they are hoping that nothing will happen to stir up the moneyed interests to liberality toward the republicans. "If we can just keep quiet enough to prevent any body getting scared, we may win," was the candid statement of one democratic politician. "But if we get out with a band and scare these downtown fellows into giving Hitchcock a lot of money—then it's all over with us."

In this connection, there was a report that some big interests which commonly give up to the campaign treasury, had postponed decision as to their course, until after Labor day. Just why, is not known; but the story goes that the one, there was a report that some big interests which commonly give up to the campaign treasury, had postponed decision as to their course, until after Labor day.

A story of this kind is taken in the most literal way by people who are interested in New York politics. They know nothing here by which to judge the probable outcome, except the respective piles. It is assumed that the party which can pay the most can get the decision; that's all. Wherefore any narration touching on the financial aspects of the contest gets most considerable listening.

There is every reason indeed for the belief that the one-month campaign is in a measure forced on both parties by financial exigencies. Mark Hanna probably raised \$5,000,000 in 1896, and certainly that much more was spent by state and local committees in the famous fight; all of it, really, bearing directly on the national result. Now, if to this \$10,000,000 be added the tremendous sum which would be necessary to represent the value of railroad transportation, free special rates, freight, express privileges, telegraph and telephone tolls provided free to the Hanna organization, it will be plain enough that to duplicate the fight made by the republicans, and pay cash for all these things—which is necessary in these days—would cost from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000. Where's it to come from? It isn't coming; and so both committees are going to make short, sharp campaigns.

ality, will sit lonesome. If he wants to talk, he'll have to go and hunt up his audiences.
That's what both Taft and Bryan early discovered. Mr. Bryan was going to be a bit more dignified about it, too; he designed staying around Fairview and talking to visiting parties. But it wouldn't work, not while the travel costs 2 cents the mile and the traffic managers are so squeamish about taking the chance of going to jail.

The dignity business is sadly at a discount, too. Mr. Taft, from all reports, was just going to be dignified at a discount. Not any chasing around over the country for him; no man really fit for the office would adopt such methods of running after it. The mad, mean, frenzied scramble would so cheapen the office that it wouldn't be worth having at such a price.

But the former secretary has got over these high-toned notions. He has discovered that when you run for office you want votes more than dignity; and the way to get 'em, he is assured, is to get out and show yourself and talk to a lot of people who, not being very long on dignity themselves, will overlook his sacrifice, if that sacrifice gratifies their ambition to see the candidate. It's mostly curiosity, anyhow; but if gratifying it will get the votes, why, who cares for dignity. Wherefore the dignity and front porch campaign is a thing of the past.

SUPPORTS LOCAL CREAMERIES.
Minnesota Commissioner Thinks Small Concerns Turn Out Best Butter.
Chicago, Sept. 11.—The interstate commerce commission has no intention of acting as a buffer between the warring creamery companies of the west and the northwest. But it does intend to adjust rates so that neither side will be driven out of business, and it then will be up to the dairy concerns to fight out their little battle for supremacy among themselves. This fact developed at the hearing here late yesterday. The principal witnesses of the association, were State Dairy and Food Commissioner E. K. Slater of Minnesota, and Dairy and Food Commissioner J. O. Emery of Wisconsin.

There was a continuity of interest thru out the session of the hearing of the complaint by sixteen large creamery companies against fourteen western railroads to prevent an increase of approximately 100 per cent in the rates of cream, and charges and counter charges were frequently hurled back and forth by the opposing factions, chief among which was that local creamery interests are seeking to "try their cases in the newspapers" and attempting to besmirch the reputation of their rivals, the large centralizing creameries, by introducing witnesses and placing testimony before the public to show that the industry of the large companies are unwholesome.

It was also charged that the railroads are trying to secure an increase in rates by using the local creameries as proxies.
E. K. Slater of Minnesota, testified that in his opinion the local creameries made the best butter generally, altho in places where the milk supply is scattered the centralizer was a necessity.
He hesitated to say that any butter made in the United States is unwholesome," said Slater. "But I am convinced that the butter made nearest the milk supply is the better. The farmer is just about as well off under this system. But he has not improved since the last ten years, however, on account of the fiercer competition caused by the introduction of hand separators and the advent of the centralizer."

J. O. Emery, dairy and food commissioner of Wisconsin, said the price of butter depends more on the flavor than anything else and that butter of better flavor and quality can be produced from whole milk cream than from hand separated cream transported a long distance.
The hearing will be continued. The question of rate has hardly been touched upon as yet.

DAVIS IS UNDER ARREST.
Directly Accused of Murder of Dr. Rustin in Omaha.
Omaha, Sept. 11.—Late yesterday County Attorney English filed a complaint against Charles E. Davis, charging him with murder in the first degree in connection with the shooting of Dr. Frederick Rustin. The time of the hearing was not set, but probably will be before the end of the week, possibly today.
An important development was brought to the attention of the county attorney when Dr. J. P. Lord, the physician called by Mrs. Rustin to attend her husband immediately following the shooting, told the police that on his way to the Rustin home the morning of the shooting, he met a man answering the description of Davis two blocks from where Dr. Rustin was shot and coming from the direction of the dying physician's home. This feature was not brought out at the inquest, altho Dr. Lord was one of the witnesses.

THE PORT OF MISSING MEN
By MEREDITH NICHOLSON.
Author of "The House of a Thousand Candles"
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY THE BOBBY-MERRILL COMPANY

Armitage laughed aloud.
"I beg your pardon! I really beg your pardon! But is the ambassador looking for me?"
"I don't know, Mr. Armitage. You forget that I'm only a traitor and not a spy."

"You are the noblest woman in the world," he said boldly, and his heart leaped in him, and he spoke on with a fierce haste. "You have made sacrifices for me that no woman ever made before for a man—for a man she did not know. And my life, whatever it is worth, every hour and second of it, I lay down before you, and it is yours to keep or throw away. I followed you halfway round the world, and I shall follow you again and as long as I live. And tomorrow or the day after I shall justify these great kindnesses, this generous confidence, but tonight I have a work to do."

As they stood on the verge of the delfs by the bridge that swung out from the cliff like a fairy structure they heard far and faint the whistle and low rumble of the night train south-bound from Washington, and to both of them the sound urged the very real and practical world from which for a little time they had stolen away.
"I must go back," said Shirley and turned to the bridge and put her hand on its slight iron frame, but he seized her wrists and held them tight.
"You have risked much for me, but you shall not risk your life again in my cause. You cannot venture across that bridge again."

"She yielded without further parley, and he dropped her wrists at once.
"Please say no more. You must not make me sorry I came. I must go. I should have gone back instantly."
"But not across that spider's web. I must go by the long road. I will give you a horse and ride with you into the valley."
"It is much nearer by the bridge, and I have my horse over there."
"We shall get the horse without trouble," he said, and she walked beside him through the startled woods. As they crossed the open tract she said:
"This is the Port of Missing Men."

"Yes, here the lost legion made its last stand. There lie the graves of some of them. It's a pretty story, I hope some day to know more of it from some such authority as yourself."
"I used to ride here on my pony when I was a little girl and dream about the gray soldiers who would not surrender. It was as beautiful as an old ballad. I'll wait here. Fetch the horse," she said, "and hurry, please."
"Here are explanations to make"—he began, looking at her gravely.
"I am not a person who makes explanations, Mr. Armitage. You may meet me at the gate."

As he ran toward the house he met Oscar, who had become alarmed at his absence and was setting forth in the search of him.
"Come; saddle both the horses, Oscar," Armitage commanded.
They went together to the barn and quickly brought out the horses.
"You are not to come with me, Oscar."
"A captain does not go alone. It should be the sergeant who is sent—"
"Is it not an affair of war, Oscar, but quite another matter. There is a saddled horse hitched to the other side of our abandoned bridge. Get it and ride it to Judge Claiborne's stables and ask and answer no questions."
A moment later he was riding toward the gate, the led horse following.
He flung himself down, adjusting the stirrups, and gave her a hand into the saddle. They turned silently into the mountain road.
"The bridge would have been simpler and quicker," said Shirley. "As it is, I shall be late to the ball."
"I am contrite enough, but you don't make explanations."
"No; I don't explain, and you are to come back as soon as we strike the valley. I always send gentlemen back at that point," she laughed and went ahead of him into the narrow road.
She guided the strange horse with the ease of long practice, skillfully testing his paces, and when they came to a stretch of smooth road sent him flying at a gallop over the trail. He had given her his own horse, a hunter of famous strain, and she at once defined and maintained a distance between them that made talk impossible.

over which she rode. Who was John Armitage? She did not know or care now that she had performed for him her last service. Quite likely he would fade away on the morrow like a mountain shadow before the sun, and the song in her heart tonight was not love or anything akin to it, but only the joy of living.
Where the road grew difficult as it

"If you are seeing that man Armitage—"
dipped sharply down into the valley she suffered him perforce to ride beside her. She drew rein at the crossroads.
"We part here. How shall I return Bucephalus?"
"Let me go to your own gate, please?"
"Not at all!" she said, with decision. "Then Oscar will look him up. If you don't see him, turn the horse loose. But my thanks—for oh, so many things!" he pleaded.

"Tomorrow—or the day after—or never!"
She laughed and put out her hand, and when he tried to detain her she spoke to the horse and flashed away toward home. He listened, marking her light until the shadows of the valley stole sound and sight from him. Then he turned back into the hills.
Near her father's estate Shirley came upon a man who saluted in the manner of a soldier.
"Who are you, and how did you cross the bridge and ridden down by the nearer road?"
"Is my captain's horse—yes?" he said as the slim, graceful animal whinnied and pawed the ground. "I found a horse at the broken bridge and took it to your stable—yes?"

A moment later Shirley walked rapidly through the garden to the veranda of her father's house, where her brother Dick paced back and forth impatiently.
"Where have you been, Shirley?"
"Walking."
"Did you go for a ride, the stablemen told me."
"I believe that is true, captain."
"Did your horse was brought home half an hour ago by a strange fellow who saluted like a soldier when I spoke to him, but refused to understand my English?"
"Will they do any English isn't very well taught at West Point, captain," she replied, pulling off her gloves. "You ought to blame the polite stranger for his courtesy."

"I believe you have been up to some mischief, Shirley. If you are seeing that man Armitage?"
"Captain!"
"Bah! What are you going to do now?"
"I'm going to the ball with you as soon as I can change my gown. I suppose father and mother have gone."
"Have you, for which you should be grateful."
"Captain Claiborne lighted a cigar and waited."
(To be Continued.)

BUYS MANY GUNS.
Bannerman Says Arms Are Not Intended for Venezuelan Rebels.
New York, Sept. 11.—If the Hotchkiss cannon and galling guns purchased from the war department last Tuesday by Francis Bannerman are destined for an active part in a revolutionary attempt to oust President Castro of Venezuela, Mr. Bannerman says he has no knowledge of the fact.
"I bought the guns as a speculation," said Mr. Bannerman, "just as I have frequently before made such purchases from the government of superfluous weapons and munitions of war. I have in mind no prospective purchaser whatever for the stuff as yet, nor have I been approached by Gen. Velozia or any other person reputed to represent revolutionary interests in Venezuela or anywhere else. I shall probably store the material on Bannerman island near West Point, where we have facilities for keeping it, until opportunity arises to dispose of it profitably."

from Chicago and proved an affectionate as well as diligent nurse. A local physician states that typhoid patients are very susceptible.
Color On to Stay.
(Judge)
Mother (viciously scrubbing her small boy's face with soap and water)—"Johnny, didn't I tell you never to blacken your face with burnt cork again? Here I have been scrubbing half an hour and it won't come off!"
Boy (between gulps)—"I—ouch—ain't your little boy—ouch. It's Mose, de colored lady's boy."

A Bloody Affair
Is lung hemorrhage. Stop it; and cure weak lungs, coughs and colds, with Dr. King's New Discovery. 50c and \$1.00. McBride & Will Drug Co.

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Weds Woman Who Nursed Him.
Lafayette, Ind., Sept. 11.—Miss Elizabeth Ward, a beautiful nurse and former Iowa girl, familiar to the leading hospitals of Chicago, where she has passed the last five years since leaving her home in Mason City, Ia., and Lafayette county politics, trustee of Union township and a wealthy grain buyer of Union Center, are the principals in a pretty romance whose finale was marked by their marriage in St. Joseph's parish.

The couple left post haste for Mason City, where they will spend their honeymoon of two weeks.
The romance was born two years ago at the bedside of Mr. Johann during a prolonged illness of typhoid fever. Pretty Miss Ward was summoned

What will we have for Sunday Dinner? Well, a Salad for one thing, and we'll use GAMEO SALMON

Yes, the O. K. Was Accepted
by the people of Iowa at the great state fair as being the best and most practical Gas Generator that was on exhibit. There was more O. K. Generators sold than all other machines combined. Why? Because the people like the O. K., they don't like to do so much work to get a little light as you have to do with other machines. Over 600 of these machines working in Iowa every night and never an accident, and that many happy people read what Mr. L. C. Hain of Centerville, Iowa, says: "I came to the state fair to buy some kind of a lighting system for my residence and I looked them all over and heard all their talk and thoroughly investigated all their claims and I finally decided to buy the O. K. Generator, which in my opinion is what I need." Mr. Hain was wise, so were many others at the fair. Before buying a generator investigate the O. K., or if you don't you will be sorry later. Made only by the NORMAN HECKER MANUFACTURING CO., MARSHALLTOWN, IA.

Young Men's Clothes
Ederheimer, Stein & Co., Makers
YOU young fellows must depend on this store for your style ideas same as on your books for a knowledge of history and science, or the daily paper for the news. We make it a point to know how a Young Man wants to look and ought to look; and sell the clothes that make him look that way.
Marvelous how easy it comes with these Ederheimer-Stein suits. They're the product of specialists in the Young Men's field; more authentic and dependable on that account. We're showing the new Fall styles now; the new shades; in all sizes for Young Men
Henry Pappe