

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

One cent a word each insertion—No. ad received for less than 15 cents.

MILLIONS OF LIVES LOST.

An Awful Toll Collected by Consumption—Many Unnecessary Deaths from This Disease.

If people could only understand that systemic catarrh is an internal disease that external applications can not cure, they would not need to be warned so often about this malady, which, when neglected, paves the way oftentimes for consumption, at the cost of millions of lives every year.

Catarrh is caused by a general diseased state of the system which leads commonly to annoying and perhaps serious local conditions, which may prove a fertile breeding ground for germs of consumption. External remedies give but temporary ease.

The only way to successfully treat catarrh is by employing a medicine which is absorbed and carried by the blood to all parts of the system, so that the mucous membrane or internal lining of the body is toned up and made capable of resisting the infection of consumption and other diseases.

We have a remedy prepared from the prescription of a physician who for thirty years studied and made catarrh a specialty, and whose record was a patient restored to health in every case where his treatment was followed. We prescribe this remedy, the Rexall Mucuo-Tone, which is so positive that it will completely overcome catarrh in all its various forms, whether acute or chronic, that we promise to return every penny paid us for the medicine in any case where it fails or for any reason does not give the user.

We want you to try Rexall Mucuo-Tone on our recommendation and guarantee. We are right here where you live, and you do not contract any obligation or risk when you try Rexall Mucuo-Tone on our guarantee.

We have Rexall Mucuo-Tone in two sizes, 50 cents and \$1.00. Very often the taking of one 50-cent bottle is sufficient to make a marked impression upon the case. Of course in chronic cases a longer treatment is necessary. The average in such instances is three \$1.00 bottles. Remember you can obtain Rexall Mucuo-Tone in Marshalltown only at our store—The Rexall Store. The Mc-Bride & Will Drug Company.

Go to California

Buy a 5 or 10 acre tract at Palermo, California, joining orange groves from \$90 to \$125 per acre. These are the finest fruit lands in the state and will double in value in two years. Can sell on very favorable terms. See me.

One hundred fifty-four acres one mile from Melbourne, Ia., for sale good fair improvements, house, barn, double corn crib, hen house, drilled well, wind mill and tank.

Have several good properties for sale, good terms, from \$500 to \$6,500. Let me sell you a home and stop paying rent.

Two hundred twenty-seven acres Logan township, \$100 per acre, fair improvements. Will take good residence property in Marshalltown as part payment.

M. E. MELVIN, ROOM 14 WOODBURY BLDG. PHONE 54.



GOOD TAILORING. It is sometimes the secret of business success.

Our long experience in tailoring and our acquaintance with the best lines of goods has given us a perfect knowledge of what constitutes CORRECT TAILORING.

The clothes must be made to fit the man, and in that respect they are quite different from the ready-made article. Let us take your measure for a new suit.

A. PSENICKA Fine Tailoring

Is Your Health Worth 10c?

That's what it costs to get a week's treatment of CASCARETS. They do more for you than any medicine on Earth. Sickness generally shows itself first in the Bowels and Liver; CASCARETS cure these. It's so easy to try—why not start tonight and have help in the morning?

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Millions bear a witness.

Every Woman

Is interested in and should know about the marvelous benefits of the new "Douches" for women.

For sale by E. A. Morgan, Hall O'Brien, Belmont.



CHAPTER II. A Torn Telegram.

I lunched alone at the Gilmore house, and went back to the city at once. The sun had lifted the mists, and a fresh summer wind had cleared away the smoke pall. The boulevard was full of cars flying countryward for the Saturday half-holiday, toward golf and tennis, green fields and babbling girls. I gritted my teeth and thought of McKnight at Richmond. And then, for the first time, I associated John Gilmore's granddaughter with the "West" that McKnight had irritably flung at me.

I still carried my traveling bag, for McKnight's vision at the window of the empty house had not been without effect. I did not transfer the notes to my pocket, and, if I had, it would not have altered the situation later. Only the other day McKnight put his very thing up to me.

"I warned you," he reminded me. "I told you there were queer things coming, and to be on your guard. You ought to have taken your revolver."

"It would have been of exactly as much use as a bucket of snow in Africa," I retorted. "If I had never closed my eyes, or if I had kept my finger on the trigger of a six-shooter (which is novelties for revolver), the result would have been the same. And the next time you want a little excitement with every variety of thrill thrown in, I can put you by the way of it. You begin by getting the wrong berth in a Pullman car, and end—"

"Oh, I know how it ends," he finished shortly. "Don't you suppose the whole thing's written on my spinal marrow?"

"But I am wandering again. That is the difficulty with the professional storyteller: He yaws back and forth and can't keep in the wind; he drops his characters overboard when he isn't any further use for them and browns them; he forgets the coffee pot and the frying pan and all the other small essentials, and, if he carries a love affair, he mutters a fervent 'Allah be praised' when he lands them, drenched with adventures, at the matrimonial dock at the end of the final chapter.

I put in a thoroughly unsatisfactory afternoon. Time dragged eternally. I dropped into a summer vaudeville, and brought some ties at a haberdasher's, who was bored but unexpectant; I had no premonition of what was to come. Nothing unusual had ever happened to me; friends of mine had sometimes sailed the high seas of adventure or skirted the coasts of chance, but all of the shipwrecks had occurred after a woman passenger had been taken on. "Erge," I had always said "no women!" I repeated it to myself that evening almost savagely, when I found my thoughts straying back to the picture of John McKnight's granddaughter. I even argued as I ate my solitary dinner at a downtown restaurant.

"Haven't you troubles enough?" I reflected, "without looking for more? Hasn't Bad News gone lame, with a matinee race booked for next week? Otherwise aren't you comfortable? Isn't your house in order? Do you want to sell a pony in order to have the library done over in mission or the drawing room in gold? Do you want somebody to count the empty cigarette boxes lying around every morning?"

Lay it to the long idle afternoon, to the new environment, to anything you like, but I began to think that perhaps I did. I was confoundedly lonely. For the first time in my life it occurred to me to be lonely. The needle registered warning marks on the matrimonial seismograph, lines vague enough, but lines.

My alligator bag lay at my feet, still locked. While I waited for the coffee I leaned back and surveyed the people incuriously. There were the usual couples intent on each other; my new state of mind made me regard them with tolerance. But at the next table, where a man and woman dined together, a different atmosphere prevailed. My attention was first caught by the woman's face. She had been speaking earnestly across the table, her profile turned to me. I had noticed casually her earnest manner, her somber clothes, and the great mass of odd, bronze-colored hair on her neck. But suddenly she glanced toward me and the utter hopelessness—almost tragedy—of her expression struck me with a shock. She half closed her eyes and drew a long breath, then she turned again to the man across the table.

Neither one was eating. He sat low in his chair, his chin on his chest, rigid folds of thick flesh protruding from his collar. He was probably 50, bald, grotesque, sullen, and yet not without a suggestion of power. But he had been drinking; as I looked, he raised an unsteady hand and summoned a waiter with a wine list.

The young woman bent across the table and spoke again quickly. She had unconsciously raised her voice. Not beautiful, in her earnestness and stress she rather interested me. I had an idle inclination to advise the waiter to remove the bottled temptations from the table. I wonder what would have happened if I had? Suppose Harrington had not been introduced when he entered the Pullman car Ontario that night!

For they were about to make a journey, I gathered, and the young woman wished to go alone. I drank three cups of coffee, which accounted for my wakefulness later, and shamelessly watched the tables before me. The woman's protest evidently went for nothing; across the table the man

granted monosyllabic replies and grew more and more lowering and sullen. Once, during a brief unexpected passimmo in the music, her voice came to me sharply: "If I could only see him in time!" he was saying. "Oh, it's terrible!"

In spite of my interest I would have forgotten the whole incident at once, had it not been for the fact that I almost forgot the essentials and clatterings of memory, had I not met them again, later that evening, in the Pennsylvania station. The situation between them did not visibly alter: The same dogged determination showed in the man's face, but the young woman—laughter or wife? I wondered—had a wistful look on her face and I could only suspect what white misery lay beneath.

At Cresson I got up on my elbow and blinked out at the station lights. Some passengers boarded the train there and I heard a woman's low tones, a southern voice, rich and full. Then quiet again. Every nerve was tense. Time passed, perhaps ten minutes, possibly half an hour. Then, without the slightest warning, as the train rounded a curve, a heavy body was thrown into my berth. The incident, trivial as it seemed, was startling in its suddenness, for although my ears were painfully strained, and awake, I had heard no step outside. The next instant the curtain hung limp again; still without a sound, my disturber had slipped away into the gloom and darkness. In a frenzy of wakefulness, sat up, drew on a pair of slippers and fumbled for my bath robe.

From a berth across, probably lower one, came that particularly aggravating snore which begins lightly, delicately, faintly soprano, goes down the scale a note with every breath, and, after keeping the listener tense with expectation, ends with an explosion that tears the very air. I was more and more irritated: I sat on the edge of the berth and hoped the snorer would choke to death.

He had considerable vitality, however; he withstood one shock after another and survived to start again with new vigor. In desperation I found some cigarettes and one match, piled my blankets over my grip, and drawing the curtains together as though the berth were still occupied, I made my way to the vestibule of the car.

It was not clad for dress parade. It became the male is so restricted to his in his every-day attire that he blossoms into gaudy colors in his pajamas and dressing gowns? It would take a Turk to feel at home before an audience in my red and yellow bath robe, a Christmas remembrance from Mrs. Klopston, with slippers to match.

So, naturally, when I saw a feminine figure on the platform, my first instinct was to dodge. The woman, however, was quicker than I; she gave me a startled glance, wheeled and disappeared, with a flash of two bronzed braids, into the next car.

Cigarette box in one hand, match in the other, I leaned against the uncertain frame of the door and gazed after her vanished figure. The mountain air flapped my bath robe around my bare ankles, my one match burned to the end and went out, and still I stared. For I had seen on her expressive face a haunting look that was horror, nothing less. Heaven knows, I am not psychological. Emotions appear to be written large before I can read them. But a woman in trouble always appeals to me, and this woman was more than that. She was in deadly fear.

If I had not been afraid of being ridiculous, I would have followed her. But I fancied that the apparition of a man in a red and yellow bath robe, with an unkempt thatch of hair, walking up to her and assuring her that he would protect her would probably put her into hysterics. I had done that once before, when burglars had tried to break into the house, and had started the parlor maid into bed for a week. So I tried to assure myself that I had imagined the lady's distress—or caused it, perhaps—and to disengage my mind from the matter.

Perhaps she was merely anxious about the unpleasant gentleman of the restaurant. I thought smugly that I could have told her all about him: That he was sleeping the sleep of the just and the intoxicated in a berth that ought, by all that was fair and right, to have been mine, and that if I were tied to a man who snored like that I should have him anaesthetized and soft palate put where it would never again flap like a loose sail in the wind.

We passed Harrisburg as I stood there. It was starlight, and the great crescent of the Alleghenies had given way to low hills. At intervals we passed smudges of gray white, no doubt in daytime comfortable farms, which McKnight says is a good way of putting it, the farms being a lot more comfortable than the people on them.

I was growing drowsy; the woman with the bronze hair and the horrified face was fading in retrospect. It was colder, too, and I turned with a shiver to go in.

As I did so, a bit of paper fluttered into the air and settled on my sleeve, like a butterfly on a gorgeous red and yellow blossom. I picked it up curiously and glanced at it. It was part of a telegram that had been torn into bits.

There were only parts of four words on the scrap, but it left me puzzled and thoughtful. It read: "—over ten car sev—" "Lower ten, car sev—" was my berth—the one I had bought and found pre-empted.

(To Be Continued.)

Daily Thought. In childhood be modest, in youth temperate, in manhood just and in old age prudent.—Socrates.

SOUTH TEXAS. In Austin county, near Houston, Tex., we can sell you the rich farm lands that grow corn, cotton, alfalfa, figs, oranges, melons, and all sorts of vegetables. You are not buying raw prairie land of uncertain value, but well improved farms that have been producing good crops for several years.

Good Lands—Low Prices—Easy Terms. Good railroads. Good churches. Fine schools. Stores, banks, factories, etc. 45 inches of rainfall; no irrigation necessary. Our lands are rapidly increasing in value. Let us tell you about them. Only \$3 to \$20 per acre. Write J. H. SHOOK, Co., Suite 708 New York Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

For Sale. Twenty acre tract, fairly improved and partly set to fruit. Ten acre tract well improved. Four acre tract nearly all set to fruit and well improved.

A 10 cent delivery business doing good business. All kinds of city property to sell or exchange. H. J. ALLARD. W. R. MOON.

ITCH CURED. In 30 minutes by Woolgates' Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. Sold by Charles J. Landis, Druggist.

WANTED.

Wanted—Poultry house. Phone 1276 Green.

Wanted—Two or three year old colt. Phone 770.

Wanted—Position on farm, with house, wife, no children. Enquire where now employed, at Merritt Green's, Marshalltown.

Wanted—A lady or gent clerk at post card arcade, 34 North First avenue.

Wanted—To employ the services of a young woman to assist in the care of small children. Educated and refined person can make her home with us if she desires. Address "Children," care T-R.

Wanted—Have you a house to rent? Have you any collecting to be done? See Carl's Employment Agency.

Wanted—Let your wants be known. Carl's Employment Agency, Phone 959.

HELP WANTED—MALE.

Wanted—Single man on farm. Henry Bohling, rural No. 7.

Wanted—A first class paper hanger and painter; stated salary or commission. Want reference. Address No. 24, Times-Republican.

Wanted—Married man to work on farm, good wages for man with experience. Separate five roomed house. Lewis D. Coble, Geneva, Iowa. R. R. No. 2 box 3.

Wanted—Man to make fence posts, two miles southwest of court house. R. E. Graham, rural phone.

Wanted—Boys to deliver papers. Apply at the Times-Republican office.

Wanted—Young men to learn automobile business by mail and prepare for positions as chauffeurs and repair men. We make you expert in ten weeks; assist you to secure position. Pay high; work pleasant; demand for men great; reasonable; write for particulars and sample lesson. Empire Automobile Institute, Rochester, N. Y.

Wanted—Man with horse and light wagon to work small piece of ground. Phone 738, evenings.

Wanted—Representative for this section. Liberal pay. Experience and capital unnecessary. Fairview Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

Wanted—Men to prepare for railway mail examinations. Commencement salary \$800. Preparation free. Franklin Institute, Dept. 93 L, Rochester, N. Y.

Wanted—Married man to work on farm; good wages for experienced man. Guy French, Faulkner, Iowa.

Wanted—Man. Must be willing to learn and capable of acting as one representative; no canvassing or soliciting; good income assured. Address National Co-operative Realty Company, 99 Marston building, Washington, D. C.

Wanted—Cigar salesman. Experience unnecessary; sell our brands to the retail trade; big pay. Write for full particulars at once. Globe Cigar Company, Cleveland, O.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

Wanted—A girl 12 to 14 years old not in position to attend school to take care of baby in family. Good home. Fair wages. Address D-5, care T-R.

Wanted—Dining room girl. Henry Sundell, 31 North Center street.

Wanted—Dishwasher, at Let's Eat restaurant.

Wanted—Capable lady well acquainted in city, to demonstrate and take orders for local dealer. Good pay. Address Goodrich Drug Company, 1308-10 Harney street, Omaha, Neb.

Wanted—Experienced dining room girls at the Pilgrim Hotel; wages \$20 per month, room and board.

Wanted—Middle aged housekeeper on farm. Good wages. References required. McClure Bros., Williams, Iowa.

Wanted—Three bright, capable ladies over 21, to travel in Iowa, demonstrate and sell dealer, 1910 contract, \$25 to \$50 week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, 1308-10 Harney street, Omaha, Neb.

WANTED—SELLING ABILITY

Large land company has high grade opening for man who can sell land; in small or large acreage; county or state manager wanted; state qualifications for place. Secretary of land company will be here for personal interview. Address C-31, care T-R.

WANTED—SALEMEN.

Wanted—A thorough, energetic, capable and business getting salesman. Permanent position; get in the game right; represent the leaders in the trade; none but reliable men need apply. Brown Bros., nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

Wanted—Salesmen of ability and neat appearance to call on all merchants in their territory; elegant side line, convenient to carry; good commissions; prompt remittance. Belmont Mfg. Company, Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS WANTED.

Agents—Write quick. Big field. Good money. Handle stovings the great liquid stove blacking. Not paste. Will not burn off. No polishing. The Hayden-Griffin Company, Toledo, O.

Wanted—Live agents to handle South Dakota land. Morden Land & Loan Company, 411 Good Block, Des Moines, Iowa.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

Wanted—\$90 a month, \$60 expense advance at start to put out merchandise and grocery catalogs; mail order house. American Home Supply Company, Des Moines, Iowa.

Be Your Own Boss—Make \$4 daily silvering mirrors. Anyone can do the work at home in spare time. Booklet and sample free. G. F. Redmond, Dept. 159, Boston, Mass.

Wanted—\$90 monthly and expenses to advertise, leave samples and collect names. Write Silvering Company, G-75, Chicago.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale—Flour from home grown buckwheat, twenty-five pounds \$1. Rock Valley telephone, D. S. Forrey, route 2.

For Sale—Several good Plymouth Rock roosters at county farm.

For Sale—One revolving candy case cheap. L. S. Peckham Grocery Company.

For Sale—One double cooler \$x12, height 10 feet, nearly good as new, at very low figure. Address City Meat Market, Sheffield, Iowa.

For Sale—On easy payments, bar fixtures, new and second hand billiard and pool tables, billiard and bowling supplies. We lead in cheap prices. The Branswick-Balke-Collider Company, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—Apples. E. E. Hood.

For Sale—Old papers, large bundles, for 5 cents, at T-R office.

FOR SALE—LIVESTOCK.

For Sale—My half Jersey cow. Will sacrifice to some farmer who has cheap pasture and feed as an injury has temporarily impaired her efficiency. D. W. Norris, Jr., 411 Jerome street.

For Sale—Two geldings, colts, coming two years old; large ones, E. E. Craver, Rural Route No. 7, three and one-half miles northeast city.

For Sale—Pure bred Morgan stallion, O. K. and Rule One, J. Ed Bailey, Iowa Falls, Iowa.

For Sale—Mares in foal, farm mares, shipping and driving horses, a horse team and one pair mules at Stansberry's feed yard. Harmon & Ewing.

For Sale—Sixty imported draft stallions, thirty mammoth jacks, 411 Good block, Des Moines.

SEED CORN.

For Sale—Home grown early yellow, \$2.50 bushel. Buy it, test it, if not satisfactory, return it inside of fourteen days and get your money. Order now. Supply limited. E. M. Lathrop, Belmont, Iowa.

FOR SALE—CITY PROPERTY.

For Sale—At a bargain, a five-room cottage on North Second street. L. R. Ido, Ferguson, Iowa.

For Sale—Lot 60x90 north side Fifth street between Fourth and Fifth streets, room for two houses. H. R. McMahon.

For Sale—Sundell's Cafe in Mason City, Iowa, the best booming town in the state, at a bargain; doing a good business. Good lease, cheap rent. The reason selling is going into the hotel business. Investigate. J. H. Sundell.

For Sale—In Albion, new house with lot 92x140 feet. Apply W. B. Jackson, Albion, Price \$950.

For Sale—A small hotel, Terms reasonable. Inquire at the Garwin House, Garwin, Iowa; W. N. Rairdon, proprietor.

For Sale—Small laundry in Iowa town of 3,000, doing good business, only laundry in town, must be sold, will show buyer that it is a paying business. Those not intending to buy need not write. Address Laundry, care of the Times-Republican, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—We can sell you a lot for \$200 to \$2,000; a house for \$500 to \$29,000; farms of all sizes in Iowa and many other states, all prices. Money to loan; insurance, rents, etc. Kimberly & Nugent, 28 East Main.

For Sale—A good clean stock of furniture and undertaking, also fine fireproof brick building in good repair, central Iowa town. No competition. Good reason for selling. If interested, write today to X Y Z in care of Times-Republican.

For Sale—At a bargain for cash, my place consisting of three houses and one and one-fifth acres of ground, plenty of fruit, or will trade for small farm, wagon and harness as part payment, or horses and cows. Address J. H. Ball, 612 Jerome street, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—Modern ten room house, 205 South Fourth avenue.

For Sale—Six room house, \$1,600; five room house, \$1,100; seven room house, \$2,200; six room house, \$1,500; five room house, \$900; nine room house, \$4,000; and others. John Coburn, 25 West Main street.

For Sale—Houses and lots from \$500 to \$5,000 in all parts of the city. We have a seven-room house for sale or rent, also a forty-acre farm for sale or rent. McDermott and Boland Realty Company, over 104 East Main street.

For Sale or Trade—For business in good town; a nice four room cottage; also buildings and well, some fruit; also \$1,500 dry goods stock and groceries, building and lot. Address H-29, care T-R.

For Sale—An eight room house in Albion, good elstern, cellar, good wood house, and good barn, together with one block land on which house is situated, known as Sarah Cowgill place. For terms of sale see Forrest Smith, R. 3, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—General store in northern central Iowa, doing \$15,000 business annually. Stocks are composed of groceries, dry goods, shoes and some hardware. Good reason for selling. Address "K-18" care T-R.

FOR SALE—IOWA LAND.

For Sale—Ten acres in county seat town of 15,000; modern eleven room house, barn, windmill, fruit, four ninety-foot greenhouses. Will sell with or without. Price right for quick sale. J. C. Mitchee.

For Sale—To settle an estate, 160 acres best farm land in Lucas county, Iowa, three miles from Chariton, \$100 per acre; also sixty and eighty acre farms cheap. C. W. Ramsey, Oakley, Iowa.

We have for sale the Lachlan McKinnon farm in Bangor township, two miles north of Minerva station, Marshall county, Iowa. There are 274 acres, has an eight room brick house, new barn, deep well, with gasoline engine, and tanks in feed lots and pasture. Soil first class. Possession given March 1. This is a bargain, and we know it. Call or write, French & Turner, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—35 acres Jones county, Iowa. Small improvements, \$0 acres broke, \$2,000 mortgage due 1912, equity \$2,100. No trades or agents. Box 389, Perry, Iowa.

REFERE SALE.

We will sell 217 acres of fine bottom land one mile east of Marietta, at private sale. For further information see W. H. C. Woodward, Marietta, James Andrews or E. B. Emes, Marshalltown.

IOWA LAND FOR SALE BY OWNER

My several farms in Howard county, from \$9 to 240 acres, well improved, near town, with fine soil, good drainage, no ponds or ditches, no better corn or dairy land. Prices \$50 to \$90. Easy terms. Farms to rent. List on request. H. L. Spaulding, Elmas, Iowa.

SOUTH DAKOTA LAND.

For Sale or Exchange—The best farm in Brown county, South Dakota, for sale cheap or will exchange for some business I can attend to. Stock general merchandise hardware or drug stock. P. O. Box 128, Frederick, S. D.

MISSOURI AND TEXAS LANDS.

Investors—Buy where values are doubling. A postal will bring you full information. Etts Realty Company, Kirkwood, Mo.

SAFE INVESTMENTS.

Talk with me about early fruit and eucalyptus lands, which furnish one of the greatest investments in California today. The protected "Judith Basin," Montana, its golden grain, fruit and elegant climate. N. B. Meade, agent, over Strickler's clothing store.

FOR RENT.

For Rent—Fruit and vegetable farms, 2 1/2 miles from city. Good buildings. Phone 1192 white.

For Rent—Three improved farms, one 120 acres, one fifty acres, one thirty acres. Phone 931 green.

For Rent—Farms, 240 acres fine land, 200 acres under plow, twenty acres pasture, twenty acres hay. Good new buildings. Three hundred twenty acres, new 2 buildings, twenty acres plowed, balance hay and pasture. Will pay for breaking. Crop or cash rent. B. C. Hoyt, Barnesville, Clay county, Minn.

For Rent—Farm of 180 acres, two and one-half miles west of Albion, known as the Irene Thomas farm, Albion Savings Bank.

For Rent—Furnished modern rooms at 412 Frederick street.

For Rent—Two rooms for light housekeeping, 401 East Main street.

For Rent—One brick house on south side. I. S. Finkle.

TO EXCHANGE.

We have several fine farms on which we will take as part payment a medium sized stock of general merchandise or clothing, boots and shoes, or a good young stallion or good automobile. Hamlin Land Company, Castletown, S. D.

One modern nine-room house in good repair, and two lots equity, \$2,000, located near Longview park, Rock Island, Ill. Will exchange for high grade cows and heifers, Herforda preferred. Address C. M. Schaffer, Deep River, Iowa.

MISCELLANEOUS.