

# POISONED BY PRICKING PIMPLE

With a Pin—Inflammation Set In and Itching, Pain and Swelling Followed—Unable to Rest Day or Night—Suffered Six Months—Relieved in a Day and Wholly

## CURED BY CUTICURA ON SISTER'S ADVICE

"Several years ago I had a little pimple come between my ankle and knee. I opened it with a pin which caused it to inflame. In a short time my limb was so poisoned and swollen I could scarcely use it. I suffered intense pain, being unable to rest day or night. I tried every remedy recommended, consulted several specialists but grew worse all the time, finding no relief in anything. My sister recommended the Cuticura Remedies. I began using the Cuticura Remedies according to directions and I was so much relieved that I slept some the first night. The itching, burning and swelling in my limb gradually decreased and the sore began to heal. After six months' suffering such as I had endured, the relief was wonderful. I continued the treatment several weeks and a permanent recovery was the result. I shall ever recommend the Cuticura Remedies to anyone suffering from blood and skin diseases. Mrs. D. M. May, R. F. D. 5, Goldsboro, N. C., Oct. 25, '09."

## SOFT WHITE HANDS

In a Night by the Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

These pure, sweet and gentle emollients preserve the hands, prevent redness, roughness and chapping, and impart in a single night that velvety softness and whiteness so much desired by women. For those whose occupations tend to injure the hands or who suffer from dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms and chapped, cracked, and painful finger-ends, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are simply wonderful.

Cuticura Soap (25c). Ointment (50c). Resolvent (50c) and Chocolate Coated Pills (25c), are sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Mfrs., 135 Columbus Ave., Boston.

Mail Free. Cuticura Book on the Treatment and Cure of Skin and Scalp Diseases.

# Why Not Have the Best?

The MEEKER has all the new appliances of merit. It hires only capable and experienced help. If you are at all particular about your laundry, send it to the

**Meeker**  
Nothing like the  
**Meeker**  
Laundry  
In the state.

# Go to California

I have personally inspected the California lands and will guarantee description and quality.

Buy a 5 or 10 acre tract at Palemo, 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.

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.

**AMES,**  
Thursday, Feb. 17  
**Public Sale**

40 head of pure-bred Berkshire sows and gilts—Masterpiece, Lord Premier's Royal, Premier Francis, Rockwood Royal, and other popular families represented.

Catalog on application to **THOMAS H. MACDONALD,** OOL. F. H. WOODS, Auctioneers.

# THE MAN IN LOWER TEN

BY MARY ROBERT RINEHART  
ILLUSTRATED BY M. G. KETTNER

CHAPTER IX.  
The Halcyon Breakfast.  
We were still dazed, I think, for we wandered like two troubled children, our one idea at first to get as far away as we could from the horror behind us. We were both bare headed, grimy, pallid through the grit. Now and then we met little groups of country folk hurrying to the track; they stared at us curiously, and some wished to question us. But we hurried past them; we had put the wreck behind us. That way lay madness. Only once the girl turned and looked behind her. The wreck was hidden, but the smoke cloud hung heavy and dense. For the first time I remembered that my companion had not been alone on the train.

"It is quiet here," I suggested. "If you will sit down on the bank I will go back and make some inquiries. I've been criminally thoughtless. Your traveling companion—"  
She interrupted me, and something of her splendid poise was gone. "Please don't go back," she said. "I'm afraid it would be of no use. And I don't want to be left alone."  
Heaven knows I did not want her to go. I was more than content to walk along beside her aimlessly, for my length of time. Gradually, as she lost the exaltation of the moment, I was gaining my normal condition of mind. I was beginning to realize that I had lacked the morning grace of a have, that I looked like some lost one of yesterday, and that my left eye pinched outrageously. A man does not rise triumphant above such unctions. The girl, for all her disordered hair and the crumpled lines of her waist, in spite of her missing hat and the small gold bag that hung from a broken chain, looked exceedingly lovely.

"Then I won't leave you alone," I said manfully, and we stumbled on together. Thus far we had seen nobody from the wreck, but well up the one we came across the tall dark woman who had occupied lower 11. She was half crouching beside the car, her black hair about her shoulders, and an ugly bruise over her eye. She did not seem to know us, and refused to accompany us. We left her here at last, babbling incoherently and rolling in her hands a dozen pebbles she had gathered in the road. The girl shuddered as we went on. Once she turned and glanced at my bandage. "Does it hurt very much?" she asked.

"It's growing rather numb. But it might be worse," I answered mendaciously. If anything in this world could be worse, I had never experienced it. And so we trudged on bareheaded under the summer sun, growing parched and dusty and weary, doggedly leaving behind us the pillar of smoke. I thought I knew of a trolley line somewhere in the direction we were going, or perhaps we could find a horse and trap to take us into Baltimore. The girl smiled when I suggested it.

"We will create a sensation, won't we?" she asked. "Isn't it queer—or perhaps it's my state of mind—but I keep wishing for a pair of gloves, when I haven't even a hat!"  
When we reached the main road we sat down for a moment, and her hair, which had been coming loose for some time, fell over her shoulders in little waves that were most alluring. It seemed a pity to twist it up again, but when I suggested this, cautiously, she said it was troublesome and getting in her eyes when it was loose. So she gathered it up, while I held a row of little shell combs and pins, and when it was done it was vastly becoming, too. Funny about hair: A man never knows he has it until he begins to lose it, but it's different with a girl. Something of the unconventional situation began to dawn on her as she put in the last hair pin and patted some stray locks to place.

"I have not told you my name," she said apologetically. "I forgot that because I know who you are, you know nothing about me. I am Allison West, and my home is in Richmond."  
So that was it! This was the girl of the photograph on John Gilmore's bedside table. The girl McKnight expected to see in Richmond the next day, Sunday! She was on her way back to meet him! Well, what difference did it make, anyhow? We had been thrown together by the merest chance. In an hour or two at the most we would be back in civilization and she would recall me, as if she remembered me at all, as an unshaven creature in a red cravat and tan shoes, with a soiled Pullman sheet tied around my neck. I drew a deep breath.

"Just a twinge," I said, when she glanced up quickly. "It's very good of you to let me know, Miss West, I have been hearing delightful things about you for three months."  
"From Richey McKnight?" She was frankly curious.  
"Yes. From Richey McKnight," I assented. Was it any wonder McKnight was crazy about her? I dug my heels into the dust.  
"I have been visiting near Cresson, in the mountains," Miss West was saying. "The person you mentioned, Mrs. Curtis, was my hostess. We were on our way to Washington together. She spoke slowly, as if she wished to give the minimum of explanation. Across her face had come again the baffling expression of perplexity and trouble I had seen before. "You were on your way home, I suppose?" Richey spoke about seeing you," I remembered, finding it necessary

to say something. She looked at me with level, direct eyes.  
"No," she returned quietly. "I did not intend to go home. I—well, it doesn't matter; I am going home now."  
A woman in a calico dress, with two children, each an exact duplicate of the other, had come quickly down the road. She took in the situation at a glance, and was explosively hospitable.  
"You poor things," she said. "If you'll take the first road to the left over there, and turn in at the second pigsty, you will find breakfast on the table and a coffee pot on the stove. And there's plenty of soap and water, too. Don't say one word. There isn't a soul there to see you."  
We accepted the invitation and she hurried on toward the excitement and the railroad. I got up carefully and helped Miss West to her feet.  
"At the second pigsty to the left," I repeated, "we will find the breakfast I promised you seven eternities ago. Forward to the pigsty!"  
We said very little for the remainder of that walk. I had almost reached the limit of endurance; with every step the broken ends of the bone grated together. We found the farmhouse without difficulty, and I remember wondering if I could hold out to the end of the old stone walk that led between hedges to the door.  
"Allah be praised," I said with all the voice I could muster. "Behold the coffee pot!" And then I put down the cup and folded up like a jack-knife on the porch floor.  
When I came around something hot was trickling down my neck, and a despairing voice was saying, "Oh, I don't seem to be able to pour it into your mouth. Please open your eyes."  
"But I don't want it in my eyes," I replied dreamily. "I haven't any idea what came over me. It was the shoes, I think; the left one is a red-hot torture." I was sitting by that time and looking across into her face.  
Never before or since have I fainted, but I would do so joyfully, a dozen times a day, if I could waken again to the blissful touch of soft fingers on my face, the hot ecstasy of coffee spilled by those fingers down my neck. There was a thrill in every tone of her voice that morning. Before long my loyalty to McKnight would step between me and the girl he loved; life would develop new complexities. In those early hours after the wreck, full of pain as they were, there was nothing of the suspicion and distrust that came later. Shorn of our gauds and baubles, we were primitive man and woman, together; our world for the hour was the deserted farmhouse, the slope of the woodfield that led to the road, the weedland lot, the pasture. We breakfasted together across the homely table. Our cheerfulness, at first sheer reaction, became less forced as we ate great slices of bread from the grubby oven back of the house, and drank hot fluid that smelled like coffee and tasted like nothing that I have ever swallowed. We found cream in stone jars, sunk deep in the chill water of the springhouse. And there were eggs, great yellow-brown ones—a basket of them.  
So, like two children awakened from a nightmare, we chatted over our food; we hunted mutual friends, we laughed together at my feeble witticisms, but we put the horror behind us resolutely. After all, it was the hat with the green ribbons that brought back the strangeness of the situation.  
All along I had had the impression that Allison West was deliberately putting out of her mind something that intruded now and then. It brought with it a return of the puzzled expression that I had surprised early in the day, before the wreck. I caught it once, when, breakfast over, she was tightening the sling that held the broken arm. I had prolonged the



"No, I Did Not Intend to Go Home."

It was a queer affair of straw, that hat, with a round crown and a rim that flopped dismally. With a single movement she had turned it up at one side and fitted it to her head. Grotesque by itself, when she wore it it was a thing of joy.  
Evidently the lack of head covering had troubled her, for she was elated at her find. She left me, scrawling a note of thanks and pinning it with a bill to the tablecloth, and ran upstairs to the mirror and the promised soap and water.  
I did not see her when she came down. I had discovered a bench with a tin basin outside the kitchen door, and was washing, in a helpless, one-sided way. I felt rather than saw that she was standing in the doorway, and I made a final plunge into the basin.  
"How is it possible for a man with only a right hand to wash his left ear?" I asked from the roller towel. I was distinctly uncomfortable. Men are more rigidly creatures of convention than women, whether they admit it or not. "There is so much soap on me still that if I laugh I will blow bubbles. Washing with rain water and home-made soap is like motoring on a slippery road. I only struck the high places."  
Then, having achieved a brilliant polish with the towel, I looked at the girl.  
She was leaning against the frame of the door, her face perfectly colorless, her breath coming in slow, difficult respirations. The erratic hat was pinned to place, but it had slid

rakishly to one side. When I realized that she was staring, not at me, but past me to the road along which we had come, I turned and followed her gaze. There was no one in sight; the lane stretched dead white in the sun—no moving figure on it, no sign of life.  
(To Be Continued.)

More people are taking Foley's Kidney Remedy every year. It is considered the most effective remedy for all kidney and bladder troubles that medical science can devise. Foley's Kidney Remedy corrects irregularities, builds up the system, and restores lost vitality. McBride & Will Drug Company.

The Egman in Philadelphia.  
A young farmer from Clementon, N. J., was selling eggs at the corner of Fourth and South streets when a bartender walked up to him and asked him the price of a dozen eggs. The farmer answered: "Forty cents a dozen," and as there was an extra egg in the dozen he wanted three cents extra, but the bartender wanted it "thrown in with the bargain."  
"Well," said the one who sells the liquor, "I will take the egg and treat you to a drink."  
"All right," said the farmer. When they came to the tavern he was asked what he would drink, to which he replied:  
"Well, I allus drink sherry with an egg in it."  
And they say farmers buy gold bricks.—Philadelphia Times.

## Classified Advertisements

ONE CENT PER WORD EACH INSERTION—NO AD. RECEIVED FOR LESS THAN 15 CTS.

**WANTED.**  
Wanted—Two to four modern rooms for light housekeeping, either on Main, Church or State. Address D-15, care T-R.

Wanted—Sewing; dressmaker of 20 years' experience. Mrs. Snowe, 206 North First avenue.

Wanted—We have a party wanting to buy a house, \$2,000 to \$2,800. What have you to offer. Carl's Employment Agency.

Wanted—To rent, farm of 125 to 160 acres, three years lease preferred, cash or grain rent, latter preferred. C. H. Ottemar, rural No. 2, Garfield, Iowa.

Wanted—Position as stationary engineer. Experienced, best of references. Address V-12, care this office.

Wanted—Married man, some experience, wants steady job on farm. Write to Paul Franke, Albion.

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—Let your wants be known. Carl's Employment Agency. Phone 950.

**HELP WANTED—MALE.**  
Wanted—A good canvasser to sell agricultural implements. Address P. B., care T-R.

Wanted—Elevator man at once; must be experienced, steady job. Address W. H. Sloppy, city.

Wanted—Manager for farmers' elevator at Anthony, Iowa. Give references. Address L. K. Peterson, secretary.

Wanted—Farm hand for six or nine months. Address Theodore Redding, Jewell, Iowa. State experience and wages expected.

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

Wanted—Men to learn barber trade. Few weeks completes. Time saved by steady practice. Careful instructors, tools given. Diplomas granted. Wages Saturdays. Positions waiting. Splendid demand for graduates. Write today. Moler Barber College, Chicago, Ill.

**HELP WANTED—FEMALE.**  
Wanted—Girls, at Meeker's Laundry

Wanted—Housekeeper. Apply T. M. Tripplett, State Center, Iowa.

Wanted—A good girl for general housework. No washing. Mrs. Skegs, 110 North Center street.

Wanted—Housekeeper. Woman having one or two children no objection. Apply to William Powell, Dysart, Iowa.

Wanted—Competent girl for general housework. Mrs. M. U. Chesire, 309 North First street.

**WANTED—SALESMEN.**  
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.

**AGENTS WANTED.**  
Wanted—A good energetic agent to represent a prominent life insurance company in this section. Special and attractive features. Liberal contract to right party. Address Stacey Wilson, general manager, American Temperance Life, 253 Broadway, N. Y.

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

**BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.**  
The Sales of Our Products, for which there is a general demand among merchants, farmers, schools, etc., now greatly increased by state laws, recently passed, necessitates opening a distributing office in this territory. We desire resident sales manager, well acquainted, of good character, who can superintend sales, deliveries, advertising, collections, etc., with \$100 to \$125 monthly, extra commissions, office and other expenses; no canvassing; position permanent. "Liberty" Mfg. Assn, 12 and 14 State street, Chicago.

**FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.**  
For Sale—Partridge Wyandotte cockerels, at 105 South Third street.

For Sale—Partridge Wyandotte cockerels, at 105 South Third street.

For Sale—Our 6-months old three

color male shepherd pups, \$2.50 each. John, Shoehar, Clemons, Iowa.

For Sale—Home made kraut cheap. 305 Jerome street. Phone 189 green.

For Sale—Two loads quarry stone, one hydrant and one go-cart, 406 South Fifth street.

For Sale—Cheap. Kingery's steam power peanut and popcorn machine, nickel plated and silver mounted, good as new. Address William Haskell, 408 North Fourth avenue, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—Having decided not to return to Marshalltown before September of the present year, I will offer for sale my 6-cylinder, 40 horse power Thomas Flyer automobile. For price and terms write to E. W. Whinery, Los Angeles, Cal. You will find auto at the Johnson Auto Company Garage, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—Barber fixtures and tools. Business from \$20 to \$25 per week; for sale at a bargain. Address or come and see me. C. H. Wegersien, Coulter, Iowa.

For Sale or Trade—\$125 phonograph for horse. S. H., care Times-Republican.

For Sale—Hotel ranges, cooking utensils, dishes, chairs, and tables, cheap. Stoddard Hotel, Marshalltown.

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

For Sale—On easy payments, bar fixtures, new and second hand billiard and pool tables, and bowling supplies. We lead in cheap prices. The Brunswick-Balke-Coleander 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—Brown Percheron stallion, coming 3 years old in May, has good sound clean bone. Will make 1,800 pounds when matured. Recorded sire. Also black French stallion, coming 3 years old in June, weight 1,750 now, has fifteen inch bone, the making of a big horse. Farm located seven miles north of Conrad. P. J. Baasch, Conrad, Iowa.

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

**SEED CORN.**  
For Sale—Home grown early yellow, \$3.50 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, Belmond, Iowa.

**FOR SALE—CITY PROPERTY.**  
At a Bargain—Six fine, modern houses for sale, and must be sold by March 1. Call at my office and get prices. J. B. Bates, room 1, Woodbury Building.

For Sale—Seven room house, good barn and barn lot, chicken house and yard, fruit, full lot, on alley and facing the east. L. C. Hampton, 207 South Second street.

For Sale—Lot 50x150 on Park street, graded, cement walk, cement curb and gutter, barn suitable for garage, located in best residence part of city. Charles H. Eckman, room 13, Woodbury building.

For Sale—Modern seven-room house, 507 North First avenue, lot 50x185, will sell cheap if taken soon. Henry J. Pletscher, 1211 Fifth street, Des Moines, Iowa.

For Sale or Trade—A five-room cottage for a small piece of land from five to ten acres with house, close in. Inquire 806 West State or phone 426 red.

For Sale—In Albion, new house with lot 92x140 feet. Apply W. B. Jackson, Albion. Terms to suit.

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—An eight room house in Albion, good cistern, 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 hard-

**Sport.**  
A man out Rookport way has a little tame fox that is led about by a chain. He proposes in the near future to have a "hunt." He will invite "sportsmen" from Cleveland to come out with their dogs, then he will turn loose the little tame fox and send the dogs after him. It is expected that the dogs will catch the little tame fox and tear him to pieces.  
The hunt was scheduled to come off some time ago. But the invited guests with their trained hunting dogs failed to arrive, and the dogs of the neighborhood—just ordinary dogs—were pressed into service. For some reason or other these uneducated canines failed to enter into the spirit of the occasion, and could not be induced to

# MOTHER'S FRIEND

A LINIMENT FOR EXTERNAL USE.

Baby's coming will be a time of rejoicing, and not of apprehension and fear, if Mother's Friend is used by the expectant mother in preparation of the event. This is not a medicine to be taken internally, but a liniment to be applied to the body, to assist nature in the necessary physical changes of the system. Mother's Friend is composed of oils and medicines which prepare the muscles and tendons for the unusual strain, render the ligaments supple and elastic, aids in the expanding of the skin and flesh fibres, and strengthens all the membranes and tissues. It lessens the pain and danger at the crisis, and assures future health to the mother. Mother's Friend is sold at drug stores. Write for our free book, containing valuable information for expectant Mothers.

**THE BRADFIELD CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

## WANTED—FOUND—LOST

ue \$3,500. Will exchange my equity of \$1,500 for property of equal value. C. H. Lantz, Wellman, Iowa.

To Exchange—One hundred and sixty acres improved farm in southern Minnesota, good improvements, all tiled, all under cultivation; price \$70 per acre; will exchange for good general merchandise stock of \$6,000 or \$10,000 or good residence property same value will be accepted. H. H. Buck, owner, Marshalltown, Iowa.

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, Hamilton Land Company, Castilewood, S. D.

One modern nine-room house in good repair, and two lots of equity, \$2,000, located near Longview park, Block 1, land, Ill. Will exchange for high grade values and help. Herford preferred. Address C. M. Schaffer, Deep River, Iowa.

**AUCTION SALE.**  
I will sell the household goods, canned fruit, etc., of the Lydia A. Richey estate at the premises, 106 South Twelfth street, at 1:30 p. m. Friday, Feb. 18, 1910. G. W. Schick, executor.

**Referee's Sale.**—The Meeker-Albion 160 acre farm will be sold at public auction at the front door of the court house Saturday, Feb. 19, 1910, at 11 o'clock a. m. This farm is well improved and located just south of State Center. C. H. Van Law, Referee.

**FOR SALE—IOWA LAND.**  
For Sale—109 acres improved farm one and one-half miles from Green Mountain. E. G. Wallace, Marshalltown.

**IOWA LAND FOR SALE BY OWNER.**  
My several farms in Howard county, from 50 to 240 acres, well improved, near town, smooth, black soil, good drainage, no ponds or ditches, no better corn or dairy land. Prices \$50 to \$200. Easy terms. Farms to rent. List on request. H. L. Spaulding, Elma, Iowa.

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

**MINNESOTA LAND.**  
For Sale—220 acres unimproved timber land, six miles from railroad town, Clearwater county, Minn. Good soil, price \$2,700, incumbrance \$1,200 at 6 per cent, due four years. Might consider trade for equity. O. T. Stenvick, Bagley, Minn.

For Sale—Improved 42 acres in Blue Earth county, Minnesota, all under cultivation; can give possession March 1. Price \$67.50 acre. Hopkins Land Company, Marshalltown, Iowa.

**DAKOTA FARMS.**  
For Sale—By owner, 150 acres of deeded land, six miles S. of Midland, Stanley county, S. D. Price \$2,000. B. C. Van Nice, Yankton, S. D.

Land in the Rosebud County—In 80 acre to 640 acre tracts, \$15 to \$75 per acre. Write for prices and descriptions, stating about what you want or call on E. L. Crosby, Bonesteel, S. D.

**WESTERN CANADA.**  
Thousands of people are going to western Canada every month, where they are building comfortable homes and becoming independent in a few years. Canada is taking her place among the producing nations of the world; it will be the source of the future wheat supply of North America. Reliable information given on business openings and first class farm land in central Saskatchewan. Call on W. H. Ellwanger, Green Mountain, Iowa.

**MISSOURI LAND.**  
For Sale or Exchange—Good improved fruit farm of fifty acres in the famous Koshkonong fruit district. For further information see J. C. Koozitz, Marshalltown, Iowa.

**LAND BARGAINS.**  
Now is the time to buy before land advances in price. See the following: "San Joaquin Valley, California, Eucalyptus and other fruit lands." "Judith Basin," Montana, fruit and agricultural lands. Gulf Coast, Texas, truck, fruit and farming lands.

Over N. B. MEADE, Agent. Over Stricker's Clothing Store.

**FOR RENT.**  
For Rent—Two furnished modern rooms. Phone 1150 red.

For Rent—Two rooms, suitable for light housekeeping, 105 South Third street.

For Rent—Good, well improved Iowa quarter section. Dr. Evans, LeGrand.

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

**TO EXCHANGE.**  
To Exchange—Modern eleven-room residence property in city in Iowa, valued

Ask for the Union Label on your printed matter and read newspapers that are entitled to its use.