

The Man in Lower Ten

By MARY ROBERT RINEHART
AUTHOR OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE
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CHAPTER XIV. The Trap Door.

By Sunday evening, a week after the wreck, my forced inaction had goaded me to frenzy. The very sight of Johnson across the street or lurking always within sight of the house, kept me constantly exasperated. It was on that day that things began to come to a focus, a burning focus of events that seemed to center on me.

I dined alone that evening in no cheerful frame of mind. There had been a polo game the day before and I had lent a pony, which is always a bad thing to do. And she had wrenched her shoulder, besides helping to lose the game. There was no one in town; the temperature was 90 and climbing, and my left hand persistently cramped under its bandage.

Mrs. Klopston herself saw me served, my bread buttered and cut in tidbits, my meat ready for my fork. She hovered around me maternally, obviously trying to cheer me.

"The paper says still warmer," she ventured. "The thermometer is 92 now."
"And this coffee is 250," I said, putting down my cup. "Where is Euphemia? I haven't seen her around, or heard a dish smash all day."

"Euphemia is in bed," Mrs. Klopston said gravely. "Is your meat cut small enough, Mr. Lawrence?" Mrs. Klopston can throw more mystery into an ordinary sentence than any one I know. She can say, "Are your sheets damp, sir?" And I can tell from her tone that the house across the street has been robbed, or that my left hand neighbor has appendicitis.

"What's the matter with Euphemia?" I inquired idly.
"Frightened into her bed," Mrs. Klopston said in a stage whisper. "She's had three hot water bottles and she hasn't done a thing all day but moan."

"She oughtn't to take hot water bottles," I said in my severest tone. "One would make me moan. You need not wait, I'll ring if I need anything."

Mrs. Klopston sailed to the door, where she stopped and wheeled indignantly. "I only hope you won't laugh on the wrong side of your face some morning, Mr. Lawrence," she declared, with Christian fortitude. "But I warn you, I am going to have the police watch that house next door."

I was half inclined to tell her that both it and we were under police surveillance at that moment. But I like Mrs. Klopston, in spite of the fact that I make her life a torment for her, so I refrained.

"Last night, when the paper said it was going to storm, I sent Euphemia to the roof to bring the rugs in. Eliza had slipped out, although it was her evening in. Euphemia went up to the roof—it was 11 o'clock—and soon I heard her running downstairs crying. When she got to my room she just folded up on the floor. She said there was a black figure sitting on the parapet of the house next door—the empty house—and that when she appeared it rose and waved long black arms at her and spit like a cat."

I had finished my dinner and was lighting a cigarette. "If there was any one up there, which I doubt, they probably sneezed," I suggested. "But if you feel uneasy, I'll take a look around the roof to-night before I turn in. As far as Euphemia goes, I wouldn't be uneasy about her—she's always had an attack of some sort when Eliza rings in an extra evening on her?"

So I made a superficial examination of the window locks that night, visiting parts of the house that I had not seen since I bought it. Then I went to the roof. Evidently it had not been intended for any purpose save to cover the house, for unlike the houses around, there was no staircase. A ladder and a trap-door led to it, and it required some nice balancing on my part to get up with my useless arm. I made it, however, and found this unexpected part of my domain rather attractive. It was cooler than downstairs, and I sat on the brick parapet and smoked my final cigarette. The roof of the empty house adjoined mine along the back wing, but investigation showed that the trap door across the low dividing wall was bolted underneath.

There was nothing out of the ordinary anywhere, and so I assured Mrs. Klopston. Needless to say, I did not tell her that I had left the trap-door open to see if it would improve the temperature of the house. I went to bed at midnight, merely because there was nothing else to do. I turned on the night lamp at the head of my bed, and picked up a volume of Shaw at random (it was "Arms and the Man," and I remember thinking grimly that I was a good bit of a chocolate cream soldier myself), and prepared to go to sleep. Shaw always puts me to sleep. I have no apologies to make for what occurred that night, and not even an explanation that I am sure of. I did a foolish thing under impulse, and I have not been sorry.

It was something after two when the door-bell rang. It rang quickly, twice. I got up drowsily, for the maids and Mrs. Klopston always lock themselves beyond reach of the bell at night, and put on a dressing gown. The bell rang again on my way downstairs. I lit the hall light and opened the door. I was wide awake now, and I saw that it was Johnson. His bald head shone in the light—his crooked mouth was twisted in a smile.

"Good heavens, man," I said irritably. "Don't you ever go home and go to bed?"

"He closed the vestibule door behind him and cavalierly turned out the light. Our dialogue was sharp, staccato.
"Have you a key to the empty house next door?" he demanded. "Somebody's in there, and the latch is caught."
"The houses are alike. The key to this door may fit. Did you see them go in?"
"No. There's a light moving up from room to room. I saw something like it last night, and I have been watching. The patrolman reported seeing things there a week or so ago."
"Light?" I exclaimed. "Do you mean that you—"
"Very likely," he said grimly. "Have you a revolver?"
"All kinds in the gun rack," I replied, and going into the den, I came back with a Smith and Wesson. "I'm not much use," I explained, "with this arm, but I'll do what I can. There may be somebody there. The servants here have been uneasy."
Johnson planned the campaign. He suggested on account of my familiarity with the roof, that I go there and cut off escape in that direction. "I have Robison out there now—the patrolman on the beat," he said. "He'll watch below and you above, while I search the house. Be as quiet as possible."

I was rather amused. I put on some clothes and felt my way carefully up the stairs, the revolver swinging free in my pocket, my hand on the rail. At the foot of the ladder I stopped and looked up. Above me there was a gray rectangle of sky dotted with stars. It occurred to me that with my one serviceable hand holding the ladder, I was hardly in a position to defend myself, that I was about to hoist a body that I am rather careful of into a danger I couldn't see and wasn't particularly keen about anyhow. I don't mind saying that the seconds it took me to scramble up the ladder were among the most unpleasant that I recall.

I got to the top, however, without incident. I could see fairly well after the darkness of the house beneath, but there was nothing suspicious to sight. The roof, separated by two feet of brick wall, stretched around me, unbroken save by an occasional chimney. I went very softly over to the other trap, the one belonging to the suspected house. It was closed, but I imagined I could hear Johnson's footsteps ascending heavily. Then even that was gone. A near-by clock struck three as I stood waiting. I examined my revolver then, for the first time, and found it empty!

I had been rather skeptical until now. I had had the usual tolerant attitude of the man who is summoned from his bed to search for burglars, combined with the artificial courage of firearms. With the discovery of my empty gun, I felt like a man on the top of a volcano in lively eruption. Suddenly I found myself staring incredulously at the trap-door at my feet. I had examined it early in the evening and found it bolted. Did I imagine it, or had it raised about an inch? Wasn't it moving slowly as I looked? No, I am not a hero; I was startled almost into a panic. I had one arm and whoever was raising that trap-door had two. My knees had a queer inclination to bend the wrong way.

Johnson's footsteps were distinct enough, but he was evidently far below. The trap, raised perhaps two inches now, remained stationary. There was no sound from beneath it; once I thought I heard two or three gasping respirations; I am not sure they were not my own. I wanted desperately to stand on one leg at a time and hold the other up out of focus of a possible revolver.

I did not see the hand appear. There was nothing there, and then it was there, clutching the frame of the trap. I did the only thing I could think of; I put my foot on it!

There was not a sound from beneath. The next moment I was kneeling and had clutched the wrist just above the hand. After a second's struggle, the arm was still. With something real to face, I was myself again.

"Don't move, or I'll stand on the trap and break your arm," I panted. What else could I threaten? I couldn't shoot. I couldn't even fight. "Johnson!" I called.

And then I realized the thing that stayed with me for a month, the thing I cannot think of even now without a shudder. The hand lay ice cold, strangely quiescent. Under my fingers, an artery was beating feebly. The wrist was as slender as I held the hand to the light. Then I let it drop.

"Good Lord," I muttered, and remained on my knees, staring at the spot where the hand had been. It was gone now; there was a faint rustle in the darkness below, and then silence.

I held up my own hand in the starlight and stared at a long scratch in the palm. "A woman!" I said to myself stupidly. "By all that's ridiculous a woman!"

Johnson was striking matches below and swearing softly to himself. "How the devil do you get to the roof?" he called. "I think I've broken my nose!"

He found the ladder after a short search and stood at the bottom, looking up at me. "Well, I suppose you haven't seen him?" he inquired.

"There are enough darned cubbyholes in this house to hide a patrol wagon load of thieves." He lit a fresh match. "Hello, here's another door!"

By the sound of his diminishing footsteps I supposed it was a rear staircase. He came up again in ten minutes or so, this time with the policeman.

"He's gone, all right," he said ruefully. "If you'd been attending to your business, Robison, you'd have watched the back door."
"I'm not twins," Robison was surly. "Well, I broke in, as cheerfully as I could, 'if you are through with this jolly little affair, and can get down my ladder without having my house-keeper ring the burglar alarm, I have some good Monongahela whiskey—'
They came without a second invitation across the roof, and with them safely away from the house I breathed more freely. Down in the den I fulfilled my promise, which Johnson drank to the toast, "Coming through the rye." He examined my gun rack with the eye of a connoisseur, and even when he was about to go he cast a loving eye back at the weapons.

"Ever been in the army?" he inquired.
"No," I said with a bitterness that he noticed but failed to comprehend. "I'm a chocolate cream soldier—you don't read Shaw, I suppose, Johnson?"

"The book entitled, 'Banditti of the Prairies' was presented to my mother by Bonney himself, he being a frequent caller at our home. It was a well-established fact and so concealed by all good citizens, that Nauvoo, the then Mormon headquarters, was a hiding place for an organized gang of desperadoes, and was so recognized by our general government at that time. Bonney was arrested several times, but notified the officers when and where meetings were to be held, but it was while acting in the capacity of a spy for the authorities and was always released.

Several of our neighbors were arrested and convicted of horse stealing and served their time in prison. I could give their names but will not at this time.

As to Mrs. Hines' affidavit, will say at this late date, after a lapse of fifty years, it will become a woman to make under oath a statement incriminating her husband in a case of murder. It matters not who committed the murder of Colonel Davenport. Many others were deserving of a hemp rope about their necks and hung dangling between heaven and earth.

My home was at Knox's Grove, Lee county, eight miles north of where Mendota now stands. Such was the reign of terror in Lee, LaSalle and Bureau counties that it became necessary to organize vigilance committees in every neighborhood for home protection. Committees were organized at Perkins Grove, Knox's Grove, Inlet Grove, Malungos Grove, Four Mile Grove and Troy Grove. Just prior to these organizations a peddler near Troy Grove was murdered and his stock and team taken away; a Mr. Haskell, a storekeeper at Inlet Grove, was robbed; a Mr. Sawyer's racing mare, known as the Queen of the Track, was stolen, and many citizens were notified by warnings to leave the country or be burned out or killed. It was a fact that this man Bonney joined the ranks of the thieves, not for the purpose of gain, but to ferret out their plans and find their hiding places, which he did, and some were brought to justice.

Stage coaches were intercepted, mail pouches rifled and passengers pockets relieved of what money they had. Such was the status of crime that the government took the matter in hand, and the Mormon colony was broken up and Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, with their followers, emigrated to Utah. After they had gone the people became quiet and the reign of terror was over.

Whether it was Mormons that murdered Colonel Davenport and others I know not, but it was conceded by all that they were at least responsible for the hiding of many from the officers of the law.

It seems to the writer that this is a late day to undertake to refute charges so well established as were these at that time.

Yours,
J. CANFIELD.

HE KNEW AUTHOR BONNEY.

Resident of Marshalltown Writes of Crimes in Days of Mormons.

Editor Times-Republican: After having read the statement in your news columns concerning the efforts of the Latter Day Saints to exterminate the Mormons of the crimes committed during the reign of terror along the Iowa and Illinois borders, and to dispute the statement of the author, Bonney, in his story, "The Banditti of the Prairies," I am moved to recall some of the facts regarding those stirring times of 1844-47.

I was a resident of Lee county, Illinois from May 1845, until May 1854, and was familiar with the experiences of these days, and knew Edward Bonney, the author of the story exposing the men connected with the murder of Colonel Davenport, and of many other crimes committed during those years of lawlessness and crime along the Mississippi and Illinois rivers, extending over into southern Iowa.

The book entitled, "Banditti of the Prairies" was presented to my mother by Bonney himself, he being a frequent caller at our home. It was a well-established fact and so concealed by all good citizens, that Nauvoo, the then Mormon headquarters, was a hiding place for an organized gang of desperadoes, and was so recognized by our general government at that time. Bonney was arrested several times, but notified the officers when and where meetings were to be held, but it was while acting in the capacity of a spy for the authorities and was always released.

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GETS FREEDOM AND FORTUNE.

Indigent Man Spends Twelve Years in Asylum—Now Millionaire.

San Antonio, Tex., Feb. 21.—A case stranger than was ever pictured in fiction is that of William I. Browne, of this city, who a short time ago was released from the Southwestern Insane Asylum on an order from County Judge Phil Snook, based on illegal restraint of liberty. After having spent nearly twelve years in the asylum Browne today is once more at the agent and a millionaire.

About twelve years ago the man, upon recommendation of Dr. Miguel Barragan, Mexican consul at Brownsville, was consigned to the asylum without proper process of law or adequate examination. Browne at the time is alleged to have been a heavy drinker and it is thought that the effects of this habit made his incarceration possible.

During a recent hearing of his case it developed that his wife was a willing party to his transfer to the institution and that during the many years he was confined she did nothing to aid him in getting his release, also she admitted having her doubts as to his mental status. A sister and brother of the man seem to have shown the same indifference and it was not until Browne succeeded interesting C. M. Chambers, A. B. Cowen and others of this city in his case that he secured action in his behalf. When taken before the county judge he answered many perplexing questions in the most rational way and thereupon was restituted to the status of a sane man.

While comparatively poor at the time of his incarceration, the death of his father shortly afterwards gave him a share in a great deal of valuable property. In the course of time this has increased in value to an extent that will easily make him at least a millionaire. His share in his father's will, as well as the property he owned, was taken possession of by his brother, James I. Browne, and his sister, Mrs. Carolina de San Roman, both of Brownsville, Tex. Whether Browne, after his release, threatened them with a law suit

or not, his lawyers would not state, but they signified their intention to come to San Antonio and do whatever the law requires.

Smallest Watch in the World.
The smallest watch in the world is said to be one that once belonged to the late Marquis of Anglesey, whose taste in jewelry was extravagant and bizarre. The size of this watch is just that of a three-penny piece and its minute hand is an eighth of an inch long.—Home Chat.

To Die on the Scaffold is painless, compared with the weak, lame back kidney trouble caused. Electric Bitters is the remedy. 50c. McBride & Will Drug Co.

Prudent.
"So the bride and groom especially requested their friends not to throw rice after them."
"Yes. They asked us to hand the rice over in a package so that it could be used when they go to housekeeping."

A Poor Weak Woman

As she is termed, will endure bravely and patiently agonies which a strong man would give way under. The fact is women are more patient than they ought to be under such troubles. Every woman ought to know that she may obtain the most experienced medical advice free of charge and in absolute confidence and privacy by writing to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., for many years and has had a wider practical experience in the treatment of women's diseases than any other physician in this country. His medicines are world-famous for their astonishing efficacy.

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We can please in machines, if you want one that washes clean, run easy, has lasting qualities.

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The Wrist Was Slender.

"Never heard of him," the detective said indifferently. "Well, good night, Mr. Blakeley. Much obliged." At the door he hesitated and coughed.
"I suppose you understand, Mr. Blakeley," he said awkwardly, "that this—surveillance is all in the day's work. I don't like it, but it's my duty. Every man to his duty, sir."
"Sometimes when you are in an open mood, Johnson," I returned, "you can explain why I am being watched at all."
(To Be Continued.)

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Made Cats His Booty.

Says the Pekin and Tientsin Times: "A novel sort of crime was discovered by the Tientsin police when a portly native was arrested and asked to explain his embonpoint. He had a thieves' bag around his waist, filled with dead cats to the number of seven. One of them, a very fine specimen of the tortoise-shell, was still quite warm. In a smaller bag was found the lure; it consisted of bits of dried fish treated with some deadly poison. The man was sent up to the yamen, where he received thirty blows and one month's imprisonment."

Longevity of Birds.

The duchess of Bedford is an enthusiastic ornithologist. In an article in British Birds she gives some remarkable instances of longevity among birds in her own collection. A Barbary dove which has been in the duchess's possession for fifteen years was left her by an old woman who also owned it for fifteen years and who always said it was an old bird when it was given to her.

A Break for Liberty

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

A Noble Heart.

His Wife (2 a. m.)—Still working, dear? The great author—Yes, I've just finished my four hundred and fiftieth only unpublished poem. You see, I want to leave enough so that the family and all my friends will be able to live comfortably after I die.—Puck.

Carrying a Can.

A man who carries a cane always seems important to us. An Atholston man not only carries a cane, but when he stops to talk he hooks it in his outside coat pocket in order that he may swing his arms freely.—Atholston (Kau.) Globe.

Enticing Desserts

It's the wonderful quality of Runkel's Baking Chocolate that makes it the best for baking. It is smooth-rich, and irresistibly delicious. Gives just the right degree of delicacy to Ice Cream, Eclair and Layer Cake. Pine for Fudge and Pudding. Grocers everywhere sell.

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

Wanted—Representatives in Marshall, Tama, Grundy, Hardin, Story, Jasper counties for household specialties write M-17, care Times-Republican.

Loan Wanted—\$1,600 or \$2,000 at 6 per cent for five years or 7 per cent for optional loan. Security, 160 acre farm near state capital. Address H-21, care T-R.

HELP WANTED—MALE. Wanted—Experienced farm hand for nine months. Apply or write, James Quincey, Rockwell, Iowa. R-8.

Wanted—A good horse shoer. Write to M. Watts, Eldora, Iowa.

Wanted—A man to do the road work in Vienna township. A house can be furnished. See Howard Eckles or John Nickerson, trustees.

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

TWO GROCERY STOKES FOR SALE. No Dead Stock. Each invoice \$1,500 to \$2,000. \$16,000 to \$20,000 business in 1909. Good locations in city of 4,000. Address S. C. L., care this paper.

FOR SALE—CITY PROPERTY. For Sale—Five room cottage on East Linn. Address K-19, care T-R.

For Sale—Modern home, on easy terms if taken within thirty days. Charles Glick, 411 West State street.

For Sale—Two and one-half acre land, eight-room house, well, cistern, good cellar, small fruit of all kinds, good orchard, good barn. Cheap if sold soon. Inquire 111 South Third street.

For Sale—Lot 50x160 on Park street, graded, cement walk, cement curb and gutter, best 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. Pietscher, 1211 Fifth street, Des Moines, 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. 2, 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.

IOWA LAND FOR SALE BY OWNER. My several farms in Howard county, from 89 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 \$90. Easy terms. Farms to rent. List on request. H. L. Spaulding, Elma, Iowa.

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ARKANSAS LAND. For Sale—Famous Springdale stock farm, 550 acres, near Mayesville, Benton county, Ark.; nothing finer in any country; large running spring; excellent improvements and a bargain. For descriptive circular and price address owner, A. Wally, Montrose, Mo.

CALIFORNIA LANDS. For Sale—California orange and alfalfa lands in tracts from five acres up in the famous Lindsay early orange district; with its twelve acre packing houses and over 9,000 acres of orange groves. Good orange land has increased from \$50 to \$125 an acre in three years. With the limited amount of orange lands, these same lands will double again in three years. Buy land that has increased in value, not where it is at a standstill and California has a climate better than any other state. An eight acre grove was sold at Lindsay for \$4,000 an acre. Crop this year paid \$10,000 for the grove. Ten acres mean independence. Buy for investment or a home. Now is the time. Lindsay the place. Our private car leaves Minneapolis thru Marshalltown, March 2, at 6:45 p. m. Round trip only \$65. Free berths for ten days. We are owners; no agents. Buy direct and save commissions. Address us for book and information for this excursion. Write quickly. Your opportunity. D. J. Wilson Land Company, Rogers' Hotel, Minneapolis. Main office at Los Angeles, Cal. Branch office Lindsay, Cal.

TEXAS LANDS. Texas Farm—640 acres, 350 farmed, corn, wheat, oats, cotton; open prairie, new 8 room house, abundance of water; \$25 per acre, third cash, other five annual payments, can be made on place. Good as your \$150 land. Climate pleasant. Write G. J. Clark & Co., Iowa Park, Wichita county, Texas.

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

MISCELLANEOUS. See Bills For Big Sale at Montger Station Feb. 23. Anyone wishing to pay accounts belonging to the John Engert estate call at 308 Bromley street, between the hours of 9 and 12 a. m. and 1 to 5 p. m.

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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.

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