

Among the Apple Trees

By Clifford V. Gregory

A Story of Farm Life
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Read and there will unfold for you a romance from which you will learn how two plucky daughters of the farm yearned for a college education; how their father gave them the use of a worn-out orchard to secure the money necessary; how they grappled with the apple raising problem and Snyder, the sharper, who was cornering the apple crop; how their ambition had much to do with the futures of two young men, one rich and one poor; how the worn-out orchard influenced directly or indirectly not only the lives of four young people, but college work, college sport and college morals as well, and how some of those concerned in this idyl of farm and college were at last persuaded to exchange apple blossoms for orange blossoms.

CHAPTER I
"H, daddy!"
Mr. Sanders looked up from the harness he was mending in preparation for spring's work to see his two daughters standing before him.

"Well?" he said, with an inquiring smile.
"We—we want to go to college," said Mabel. She was the older of the two, a fair haired girl of seventeen. Her sister Gladys was a year younger, a short, plump little girl with unruly brown hair and an irrepressible smile.

Their father let the strap he was holding fall to the floor.
"What for?" he asked.
"To learn things," said Mabel. "We want to go to the agricultural college and take the domestic science course. If you'll come in the house I'll show you what the catalogue says about it."

Mr. Sanders picked up his strap and went to work again. "You're mighty good girls," he said, "and I want to do all I can for you, but I don't see where the money to send you to college is coming from."

Mabel's lip quivered. "Then can't we get it?" she asked.
Her father's eyes twinkled as he looked up. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll give you girls the old apple orchard, and you can use all the money you make from it to go to college with."

The old apple orchard consisted of an acre of apple trees that Mr. Sanders had set out several years before with the expectation of reaping a handsome reward when they should reach bearing age. But the locality was not especially well adapted to apple growing. Weeds and insects plagued the orchard, and the trees turned out to be anything but a paying proposition.

Mabel turned abruptly and left the shop, but Gladys sat down on a nail keg, with her forehead puckered up in thought. After a few moments she got up and went over to the window. There had been a hard frost the night before, and the apple trees were laden with a white coating of frost crystals that shone and sparkled in the sunlight.

"It's pretty this morning anyway," she said. "Can we really have it to do as we please with?"
"That's what I said," her father answered. "You'll have a hard time getting anything out of it, though."

"Well," Gladys replied determinedly, "we're going to get something out of it. I believe we can make that old orchard pay our way through college."
Mr. Sanders smiled. "I hope so," he said. "I'll help you all I can."
"I'm going over to Pearson's this afternoon," said Gladys as they were seated at the dinner table that noon. "Do you want to go along, Mabel?"

"What for?" asked Mabel.
"To find out how he raises so many apples."
"He's got better apple soil than we have," spoke up Mr. Sanders. "Maybe that isn't the only reason," persisted Gladys. "I want to talk with him anyway."

Mr. Sanders had a three-year-old bolt, which the girls had broken to drive that winter. They had had many a lively tussle with it before it would acknowledge that it was conquered, but now it was as quiet and docile as could be asked for and would follow the girls around like a big dog. Gladys always insisted that Mollie, as they called the colt, needed only a little training to rival Lou Dillon. Indeed, she had boasted of Mollie's speed qualities so much that Mrs. Sanders could not be induced to ride behind her, and she held her breath every time the girls drove out of the yard with the colt.

After the dinner dishes were washed and put away the girls hitched Mollie to the old fashioned square box cutter and drove over to Pearson's.
Mr. Pearson was a somewhat eccentric old farmer. He spent most of his time pottering around in his orchard and garden, leaving his three boys to do the farm work. The neighbors were forced to admit that he raised fine fruit, but they were inclined to give credit to his rich, somewhat sandy soil rather than to his painstaking care. He rubbed his bald head delightedly when the girls told him their errand.

"Of course you can make it pay!" he exclaimed. "That acre of apple trees ought to send half a dozen girls to college."
Thereupon he entered into a lengthy

discussion on apple growing, which the girls only half understood, though they listened with growing interest.
"What you want to do first," said Mr. Pearson, "is to prune your trees—cut out about a third of the old limbs and let the sun have a chance to get in. Jeff's out pruning now, I think. Don't you want to come on out and see how it's done?"

Their feet made no noise in the soft snow, and Jeff, who was busily sawing away, did not notice them until his father spoke.
He turned quickly and almost fell out of the tree in his embarrassment at seeing the girls. He was a tall, lank, awkward boy of eighteen, but when his honest smile lighted up the freckles on his usually solemn face his ugliness was forgotten.

"Hello!" he said in response to the girls' greeting as he started to climb down from the tree.
"Hold on," his father said. "Mabel and Gladys here want to learn how to prune apple trees. They are going to ship a carload of apples from their father's orchard next fall." And he chuckled as he pulled off his cap and rubbed his head.

"I believe you're just making fun of us," declared Gladys. "I don't see why we can't raise just as good apples as you do."
Mr. Pearson slapped his hat back on his head and drew his face down

get along all right," said Gladys. "Goodbye!"
"Just as if we wanted a big, awkward boy bothering around," she said to Mabel as they turned into the main road.
"Jeff's good if he is awkward," Mabel answered. "I don't like pretty boys."
"I don't like any kind of boys," said Gladys. "Apple trees are so much more interesting."
Mrs. Sanders met the girls with a white face as they turned into the yard.

"Your father is hurt awfully!" she cried. "He cut his foot while he was chopping wood, and I can't seem to stop the bleeding." She caught her breath with a frightened sob.
"Did you phone for the doctor?" asked Mabel as she sprang to the ground.
"Something's the matter with the line," her mother answered. "I can't get any one."

Gladys gathered up the reins and quickly turned Mollie around.
"You can't drive that colt to town in the dark!" cried her mother. "You go with her, Mabel."
"I'm not afraid, mommie," spoke up Gladys. "You need Mabel more than I do. Come on, Mollie!"

It was six miles to Brighton, the nearest place where she could get a doctor, and Gladys well knew that there was no time to lose. If the bleeding didn't stop—She leaned forward and spoke coaxingly to Mollie. The little mare seemed to realize that something was wrong and swung into a stride that made Gladys' heart swell with pride.

The fenceposts sped by in a long, jumbled procession, just visible in the dim, ghostly snow light. Gladys kept her eyes fixed on the strip of white road ahead. Just over the end of it the north star shone brightly. Gladys remembered the old story about the star that had led the wise men and whimsically wondered if this star was not there to lead her. On and on they sped, Mollie never varying from that long, steady stride that covered the ground so quickly and easily.

One, two, three, four miles, and still the little mare showed no signs of slackening her pace. There was no wind—nothing but stars and snow and that long, never ending stretch of white road. It was glorious, this night ride, or would have been if it were not so grimly necessary.
"Can't you go just a little faster, Mollie?" Gladys whispered.
Mollie gave a leap forward. It almost seemed as if they were flying, so little noise did the mare's swift hoof beats make on the snowy road.

Suddenly she gave a leap sideways. There was a crash as one of the runners struck a stone that some one had carelessly lost from his load that afternoon, and Gladys dived headlong into the soft snow at the roadside.
(To Be Continued.)

WANT OLEO REPEAL INDORSED.
Burleson Writes Women of Minnesota, For Opinions.
Washington, May 12.—Representative Burleson, of Texas, is trying to get expressions from women's organizations favorable to his oleomargarine repeal bill, and especially some from Representative Tawney's district. Among those to whom he wrote was Mrs. M. T. Grattan, president of the Browning Club of Preston, Minn. Mrs. Grattan's reply was a distinct disappointment to Burleson for she says:

"The effort to make it appear that butter is a more dangerous food than the miscellaneomargarine which contains no margarine, may alarm many persons not familiar with the constituents of the latter."
"By all means stamp out tuberculosis," Gladys said truthfully. Let butter be sold as butter and grease for what it is, so that buyers may know what they eat; imitations should be taxed and doubly taxed."

Measuring Hardness.
The different methods hitherto used for testing the hardness of metals and minerals, such as scratching with a diamond, filing or pressing with a wheel ball, do not measure precisely the same quality, and are therefore open to objection. A simple instrument, the scleroscope, has recently been invented which measures hardness by the rebound of a hammer with a fine pointed end, which is allowed to drop on the tested substance from a little height. By this device relative degrees of hardness can be expressed exactly.

OLE IS THRU VOTING.
Not Naturalized, But Exercised Right of Franchise and is Shy \$40.
Special to Times-Republican.
Boone, May 12.—Ole Olson, a Swede by name, did not have to be naturalized to be thought to cast his vote in Madison a short time ago for municipal officers. He went right ahead and voted, and Judge Albrook, today, in the district court, told him the error of his ways and the foreigner is shy about forty pieces of the coin of the realm and a bit wiser.

It came about in this way. Olson went to the polls and insisted on voting. He said that he was a resident of Madison and had been for some time. He didn't know anything about naturalization papers and this is what got him into the trouble. He voted and some one who was familiar with the situation and who belonged to the side opposite to that which Olson was supporting got busy and reported the matter. Ole was arrested and taken before Judge Hull, in that city. The judge told Olson where to go and what he was talking about, so he came to Boone and had attorneys appeal the case to the district court.

In the lower court he plead guilty to voting, but said he thought that it was customary for people to vote, that he heard people voting the men to get out and vote, and he thought he was merely doing his duty. Judge Albrook thought he went beyond the bounds of his duty and fined him \$30 and costs, which brought the total up to \$40 and the same was paid. Olson vows that he will never vote again.

Expected Contest in Shugart Estate Case Went by Default.
Glenwood, May 12.—The anticipated contest in the J. M. Shugart estate case went by default. The lawyers lined up in battle array at Glenwood for the hearing on the application to oust the administrators, L. S. McCracken of Imogene and Elbert A. Read of Shenandoah.

It proved to be a sort of sham battle for when Judge Thornell, before whom the hearing was to be held, convened court, the resignations of McCracken and Read were tendered.
Robert Hammond of Malvern, and Charles S. Shugart of Silverton, Colo., were then sworn as the administrators. Their bond was fixed at \$10,000, the same as that of the old administrators.

The suit to partition the land in the estate, comprising 240 acres near Strahan, will not come up for consideration till the September term.

MILLETTS' PARENTS ARRIVE.
Reach Waterloo in Time For Funeral Held Today—Miss Scott's Condition.
Waterloo, May 12.—Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Millett, parents of Jesse Millett, who met death last Saturday, arrived here today from Chicago, where they had been on a long trip from their home in Collins, Col. Mrs. Millett had suffered

terrible anguish since learning of the death of her son, and collapsed on reaching this city.
Her condition at noon was somewhat improved and she fought bravely to bear the shock. The telegram informing the parents of the accident was delayed many hours and did not reach their home until Sunday morning. They live several miles from a railroad, and it was necessary to convey the message by slower means than that would ordinarily have been taken. Young Millett was buried this afternoon.

Mrs. Elsie Scott, the young lady who was seriously injured at the time that Millett was killed, is getting along very well. Her condition yesterday morning was encouraging. She is still ignorant of the death of her sweetheart and it is feared the shock of that intelligence will be such as she may not be able to withstand. Her heart is weak and she continually requests that something be told her of his condition. That something serious happened to Jesse she realizes, but she does not know that death has claimed him.

DIDN'T MATERIALIZE.
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STORY OF WRECKED LIFE.
Woman Arrested at Bluff City Attempts Suicide Enroute to Jail.
Council Bluffs, May 12.—Pathos, crime and tragedy are mingled in the story of Mrs. Edith Blaine, formerly a domestic in St. Joseph, Mo., who attempted to commit suicide Tuesday morning after having been arrested at the Blue Front restaurant on West Broadway, charged with being a fugitive from justice.

The woman, while employed as a domestic in the home of a well known St. Joseph widow, was the victim, she says, of a criminal assault, supposedly at the hands of a colored cook who had been employed by some of the best families of St. Joseph, and who had borne a good reputation. He was identified by the woman as the negro who had committed the crime, was arrested and thrown into jail, but, having influential and wealthy friends, was released upon \$5,000 bonds; and skillful lawyers were hired to defend him.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Blaine, who had been married twice, and has a 5-year-old boy, had answered an advertisement of an old couple in Bradyville, Iowa, for a domestic. On account of the boy, she was unable to get along with her employers, and went from Bradyville to Villisca, Iowa.
Before leaving St. Joseph, she became acquainted with James Ellis, a Hebrew waiter, of unknown origin. From Villisca she telegraphed him to meet her in this city, from where they planned to go to Butte, Mont. Ellis, however, did not keep the appointment. Detective J. W. Wilson of St. Joseph arrived here last night, and, after an interview, the woman consented to return to St. Joseph without requisition papers, and testify against the negro.

Mrs. Blaine is a comely young woman, an about 30 years of age. She had been in a hospital for an operation just before the assault was committed, and had not yet recovered.
Spanish War Veterans' Initiation.
Fort Dodge, May 12.—Final arrangements are being made by the members

of the local camp of the United States Spanish War Veterans for a second initiation which will occur on the night of Saturday, May 28, and which follows closely upon that of April 26. The initiation will be as elaborate as the recent one and while the date selected does not commemorate any particular event, the gathering will be made as enthusiastic and patriotic as possible.

Commander Julius A. Pratt Post No. 143 Dept. III, G. A. R.
Mr. Isaac Cook, Commander of above Post, Keosauqua, Ill., writes: "For a long time I was bothered with backache and pains across my kidneys. About two months ago I started taking Foley's Kidney Pills and soon saw they were doing just as claimed. I kept on taking them and now I am free from backache, and the painful bladder misery is all gone. I like Foley's Kidney Pills so well that I have told many of my friends and comrades about them and shall recommend them at every opportunity." McBride Will Drug Company.

Anecdote.
Man told us this the other day. We never heard it before, but we don't know whether it's original, so we won't stand for it. Merely repeat it: "How can you tell a Yale man from a Harvard man?"
"Well, a Yale man always acts as if he owned the world."
"Yes?"
"And a Harvard man always acts as if he doesn't know what vulgar person owns the world, and furthermore, he doesn't care to know."

What Everybody Wants
Everybody desires good health which is impossible unless the kidneys are sound and healthy. Foley's Kidney Remedy should be taken at the first indication of any irregularity, and a serious illness may be averted. Foley's Kidney Remedy will restore your kidneys and bladder to their normal state and activity. McBride & Will Drug Company.



"MABEL AND GLADYS HERE WANT TO LEARN HOW TO PRUNE APPLE TREES."

solemnly. "I'm not making fun, he assured them. "Let me take the saw, Jeff." And he proceeded to give them a lesson in practical pruning.

"Do you see how it's done?" he asked as he finished the tree and smeared some white lead on the larger wounds. "Don't try to leave pegs long enough to hang your sunbonnets on, but cut the limbs off close."

"We've ever so much obliged," said Mabel. "We'd better be going home, hadn't we?" she added, turning to Gladys.
"Come in and get warm first," said Mr. Pearson. "Jeff'll bring your horse around in a few moments."

Jeff's few moments was nearly half an hour, and it was almost dark when he drove Mollie up to the door.
"Here's a few books you may be interested in," Mr. Pearson said as they started to leave. "Most of the folks around here don't think much of book farming, but just as like as not they may be mistaken." He chuckled to himself as he closed the door.

"Ain't there something I can do to help you with your apple trees?" asked Jeff as he handed the lines to Gladys. "I ain't very busy now, and I thought maybe—"
"Oh, thank you! But I guess we"

Why buy a piano and be satisfied with piano music only, when for a small fraction of the cost of a piano you can have

The EDISON Phonograph

bringing music of every instrument into your home, the whole band, orchestra, Grand Opera, the whole vaudeville show.

FOR a good piano you have to pay about \$400.00. Think! For one-half that price you can have an Amberol—the highest type of Edison Phonograph made, and just as beautifully finished as a \$1000.00 Grand Piano. And you can get other types of Edison Phonographs at any price you want to pay, from \$12.50 up.

FOR SALE—FOR RENT—TO EXCHANGE—

WANTED.
Wanted—Place on farm for boy of 13, work for board. Address M-12, care this office.
Wanted—Work in town or on a farm by boy 15 years old. Enquire over 117 West Main street, room No. 8.

Wanted—Two furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Modern. References given. Address V-12, care this office.
Wanted—Public to know that my grocery store 'phone is, 654. Store 709 East Main street, Marshalltown, Iowa. Jacob Schirmayer.

Wanted—You to try D. A. Moore for wall paper cleaning. 'Phone 1261 green.
Wanted—Leave your wants at the Marshalltown Employment Agency, 'Phone 783.
Wanted—Let your wants be known. Carl's Employment Agency, 'Phone 959.

HELP WANTED—MALE.
Wanted—Porter and bell boys at Pilgrim Hotel. Steady jobs and good pay.
Wanted—Good barber. Steady job for right man. E. E. Boomer.
Wanted—At once, good barber. R. W. Richards, Kanawha, Iowa.

Wanted—Married man to work on farm. Good wages. Satisfactory references must be given. C. L. Cole, Geneva, Iowa.
Wanted—Barber. First class reliable man. Steady job. No students. R. A. Buck, State Center, Iowa.

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

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.
Wanted—A middle aged or elderly lady of good morals to help with light housework. No objections to a child. Box 7-B, R. D. 3, Dowse, Iowa.
Wanted—Chambermaid at Pilgrim Hotel. Good steady job.
Wanted—Waitresses at Pilgrim Hotel; \$20 per month, room and board.
Wanted—Dishwasher. Henry Sundell, 31 North Center street.

Wanted—Three good girls, Palace Steam Laundry. Good wages.
WANTED—SALESMEN.
Wanted—A salesman of ability to introduce our line of high grade lubricating oils and greases. Exceptional inducements. Champion Refining Co., Cleveland, O.

AGENTS WANTED.
Wanted—Good men and women agents at once for "Rosevelt's Famous Hunt For Big Game," also for "Traffic in Girls." Immense sellers. Price \$150. 50 per cent commission. Outfit free. Send 1c for mailing. Both outfits 25c. Also district managers for easy payment installment plan. Permanent work. \$2,000 to \$5,000 per year profits. Particulars free. Address, A. B. Kuhlman Company, Chicago, Ill.

Agent Wanted—For best proposition, selling high grade household specialty; exclusive territory free. Write today to M-7, care T-R.

WANTED—LAND AGENTS.
Prefer practical farmers to represent the finest of South Dakota farm land bargains. The greatest land movement on record is now under way. Also write if interested in large tracts for dividing up, which can be sold on easy terms and low prices. Interstate Land Agency, Merriman, Neb.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.
For Sale—Gas stove almost good as new. 701 West State.
For Sale—A new rubber tire surrey. Cost \$140, yours for \$100. B. A. Beeson, Third Street.
For Sale—Milk delivered. 535 North Third street.
For Sale—The fixtures of a blacksmith shop. All in good order. Bargain for a cash customer, if sold soon. Tallman's Auto Company, Clarion, Iowa.
For Sale—Tested seed corn. I have on hand just out of test Calico seed

corn. Am still testing. My record today is 235 bushels sold and none returned. Ninety-five per cent guarantee. Six grades tested from each ear. Five dollars per bushel. See me if you have to replant. Telephone Bangor, or write to Clemons, W. J. Winslow.

For Sale—A good out house, price \$5.50. No. 9 North Seventh street.
For Sale—Household furniture. Mrs. Edmondson, 105 South Fourth street.
For Sale—Household goods, 111 North Fifth avenue.
For Sale—One single wagon, one single top buggy. Will sell cheap. E. E. Hood, 23 South Center street.
For Sale—Household goods. N. C. Miller, 305 South Fourth avenue.

For Sale—White Silver Mine seed corn, 90 cents per bushel shruval out of crib. H. A. Lundstrum, Rural No. 1, Liscomb, Iowa.
For Sale—240 acres, two miles from Sibley. The best of land and good large buildings. Price \$90. 150 acres, five miles from Sibley. Splendid land and good buildings. Price \$85. These are bargains. Correspondence requested. T. S. Redmond, Sibley, Iowa.

For Sale—600 bushels late seed potatoes. E. S. Crouse, Liscomb.
For Sale—My Staver "30" automobile, almost new. A. J. Clark.
For Sale—On easy payments, bar fixtures and second hand billiard and pool tables, billiard and bowling supplies. We lead in cheap prices. The Brunswick-Balke-Clender Company, Marshalltown, Iowa.

FOR SALE—POULTRY AND EGGS.
For Sale—Eggs for hatching. Rose Comb, Rhode Island Reds, choice males \$2 per setting, utility mating \$1 per setting. Italian Runner duck eggs \$1.25 per setting. F. E. Peek, 1503 Summit street.
For Sale—Eggs from choice thoroughbred Partridge Wyandottes, three pens to select from. First pen, headed by superior cockerel, mated for fine stock in both males and females, \$3 per setting of fifteen. Second pen mating \$2; third pen, \$1. Combination settings, no prettier or better bird for all purposes is obtainable than the Partridge Wyandotte. Address Rodney C. Wells, Marshalltown, Iowa.

LIVESTOCK, HORSES, ETC.
For Sale—One colt coming 2, one filly coming 3. Standard bred. E. E. Carver, 207 North Center street.
For Sale—Three cows giving milk. Five miles from Sibley. North First avenue, or Elmer Alsbough, three and one-half miles northwest Marshalltown.
For Sale—Small black driving horse, cheap. 'Phone 959.

FOR SALE—CITY PROPERTY.
For Sale—The Downing house, 211 South Ninth street. Eight rooms, besides bath and closets. Strictly modern. Oak floors in 4 rooms, 3 rooms in basement, nearly new Lenox furnace, good barn, chicken park, fruit, lot 60x180; pavingplaid. Possession given soon. Price \$2,500, worth \$4,000. G. S. Nugent, owner.

For Sale or Trade—Schick's feed yard. Address G. W. Schick.
For Sale—The most desirable property in Marshalltown for flats, ninety feet frontage on paved street two blocks from the court house. House of ten rooms in good repair and capable of being converted into flat building economically. Address N. E. care of T-R.

IOWA LANDS.
For Sale—A well improved 200 acre farm near Charles City, Iowa. Price \$20,000. Fawcett, Charles City, Iowa.
For Sale—A fine 1/4 section farm 8 miles from Sioux City, 7 room house. Barn for 18 horses, 30 tons of hay, blue grass pasture, running water, well, windmill, orchard, telephone, daily mail; everything to make a farm home. Owner, J. A. Whitaker, Sioux City, Iowa.

For Sale—Iowa lands in Howard county, \$50 to \$50 per acre. Large list on request. Address Spaulding & O'Donnell, Elma, Iowa.

WASHINGTON LANDS
For Sale—Fruit lands, five and ten acre tracts, never lose crops by frosts. Fine climate. Twelve miles from Spocane, Wash. For particulars, call A. Snyder, Woodbury Bldg., Marshalltown.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY LANDS
In central Alberta along new lines of the Canadian Pacific railway, \$9 to \$15 per acre, 1-6 cash, balance ten years at 6 per cent. Excursion May 17, June 7 and 21. See round trip to Vancouver. Join our crowd. Private cars, C. E. Pearson, room 3 Tremont block, sales collector, 'phones 613 and 609 White.

WISCONSIN LAND.
Richest undeveloped land on the continent. 500,000 acres Round Lake, Wis., farm lands thrown on the market at a mere fraction of future value. The choicest, located in Sawyer County, Wis., at \$5.50 to \$20 an acre on long time. Stitlers and investors who act quickly, sure to make big money. Remember, this land is equal in productive capacity to Iowa or Illinois land that sells for \$100 to \$150 per acre. Abundant rainfall! Forest of water, books and maps of the Round Lake country free. Address J. B. Bates, Woodbury Bldg., Marshalltown, Iowa.

Classified Advertisements

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

WANTED—FOUND—LOST—

FOR RENT.
For Rent—May 21. Six-room house 111 North Fifth avenue. Inquire 13 North Fifth avenue. 'Phone 484 white.
For Rent—Three furnished rooms for light housekeeping. 206 South Fourth avenue.
To Rent—A furnished house, close in. References required. Address B-9, care T-R.

FOR RENT.
For Rent—Store room No. 22 South Center street, fine location for grocery, meat market or fruit store. Reason for making change is poor health. E. E. Hood.
For Rent—Furnished rooms from \$1 to \$2.50 per week. Leland hotel.
For Rent—Furnished room for one or two gentlemen. Modern. 202 North First avenue.
For Rent—One brick house on south side. J. S. Finkle.

LOST.
Lost—Pocketbook containing money. Return to Wilhau & Halverson, Reward.
TAKEN UP.
Taken Up—A pony, five miles south on Center street. Owner can have same by calling and paying charges. George Strong.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Orders received for sweet cream not later than 8 a. m. F. E. Bills, 6th street, Phone 6.
If You Love Flowers, our special money saving collections will interest you. Nothing but the best—for the yard, the home and the garden. Write at once for catalog. Joseph Bancroft & Son, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Call on R. W. Bixby, district manager for Bankers' Accident Insurance. Pays from \$30 to \$100 per month for accident and sickness. Office 27 North Center street.
CUT RATE SHIPPING.
Cut rates on household goods to Pacific coast and other points. Superior service at reduced rates. The Boyd Transfer Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

Will Sell at Public Auction
The property known as the Frank E. Ray place, 211 West South street, Marshalltown, Iowa,
MAY 14, 1910
At 2 p. m., consisting of 4 acres of land with 5 room cottage. Good barn and other outbuildings. All kinds of fruit consisting of 20 apple trees, 20 cherry trees and 75 plum trees, 20 berries, raspberries, grapes, gooseberries, currants, asparagus and strawberry beds. Pasture for 3 cows and a large garden; all fenced and cross fenced and all in good shape. Will make a fine home for you within 6 blocks of city schools. Terms made known on date of sale. See banner on the house.
SADIE MULVINE, Owner.

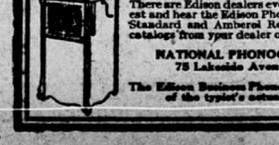
W. R. MOONE, Auctioneer.
Ask for the Union Label on your printed matter and read newspapers that are entitled to its use.

South Dakota.
I have a Choice List of few good bargains in deeded land and relinquishments. Arthur Larson, Rapid City, S. D.
For Small and Large Tracts or good farm and grazing land in alfalfa and corn belt of Charles Mix county, South Dakota. Write for list or come and see for yourself. John Fritz, Platte, South Dakota.

A well improved half section in Hamlin county, S. D.; all fenced and cross fenced; never failing supply of good water; in a prosperous German and Holland community; 2 1/2 miles from county seat town; price and terms reasonable. W. B. Shaw, owner, Castlewood, S. D.
Bargains in Lyman county land—We have a large list of the finest farms and ranches in Lyman county. Write for lists. Clark & Kentch, Reliance, S. D.

For Sale—One quarter section deeded land. Every foot can be broken; small building on it; good well, fence posts every two rods apart. Will sell reasonable to a cash dealer. Reason for selling, my wife is unable to stand farm life. Charles Edward Lammon, Meadow, S. D.

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