

Among the Apple Trees

By Clifford V. Gregory

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CHAPTER II. GLADYS picked herself up and shook the snow out of her eyes. The soft snow had broken her fall and kept her from getting hurt. She looked around for Mollie and saw her standing in a field up to her knees in a little way from the road, with nothing left of the snow but the hills. In a moment she had waded through the snow and was loosening the straps. As soon as the thills were unfastened she leaped to Mollie's back and headed her again toward town and the doctor.

Mollie was much better as a driver than as a rider, and Gladys found riding her without a saddle hard, jolting work. But she set her teeth and held grimly to the little mare's mane, urging her to a still faster gait.

She was almost to the town now and could see the light in the doctor's big house on the corner. In another moment she was at the door. Giving Mollie's reins a twist around the post, she ran up the steps and rang the doorbell.

The doctor's wife opened the door. "The doctor?" she said in reply to Gladys' breathless question. "I'm sorry, but he started to Kentsen just about ten minutes ago."

Gladys started back as if she had been struck. The doctor's wife sprang forward and caught her. "Why, my girl," she cried, "you're all tired out. Come in and get warm."

Gladys shook her head. "I—I must catch the doctor," she gasped. "Has he a saddle I can take?"

The doctor's wife, quickly realizing that this was no ordinary call, led toward the barn and hurried into the house after the lantern. It was but a moment's work to throw off the harness and replace it with the saddle. Gladys hesitated an instant and then reached for the doctor's riding whip. She was so stiff that she could hardly swing into the saddle, but she smiled bravely back at the good doctor's wife as she turned away into the darkness.

Kentsen was directly west, and her own home was straight south. If she could catch the doctor soon enough he might still be able to get there in time. But what chance did a weary, cold, ridden by a still weaker girl have of overtaking a fresh team of bronchos?

Gladys leaned forward and spoke carelessly to Mollie. The little mare sprang nimbly forward, but Gladys felt rather than saw that she was not running as easily as at first.

Minute after minute passed and still the mare held pluckily to her pace. At last after what seemed hours of hard riding Gladys heard the tinkle of sleigh bells ahead. She knew the time had come for the final spurt. She raised her whip to strike the struggling mare, but threw it in the snow instead.

"Go, Mollie," she cried, leaning forward. "Go, Mollie, go—just for a few moments more!"

Mollie gave a snort that was almost a groan and struck a slightly faster pace. Louder and louder sounded the bells, and soon Gladys could see the sleigh as a black speck ahead.

Then she called with all her might, and the sound of the bells stopped abruptly. In a moment she was beside the doctor's cutter and in a few gasping sentences told her story.

"Ride up to the Greys' and have them put that colt in the barn and give her a good rubbing down," the doctor ordered. "She's done a great night's work tonight. And tell Mrs. Grey to give you some hot coffee and put you to bed!"

He shouted the last words back over his shoulder as he turned quickly around and commenced his part of the race with life and death.

That climb up the hill to the Greys' seemed harder to both Mollie and Gladys than all the rest together. Mr. Grey lifted the exhausted girl from the saddle and led the steaming mare away to the barn, while his wife put Gladys in the big chair back of the stove and set the old granite coffee pot on to boil.

At home Mrs. Sanders and Mabel watched and waited anxiously. Mr. Sanders moaned and tossed in a feverish delirium. The towel which he had twisted tightly around his leg had failed to stop the bleeding entirely, and the faces of the silent watchers grew white with fear as they saw the blood slowly oozing from the tightened bandages.

The patient grew weaker and more delirious as the hours passed. Mrs. Sanders ran to the window every minute or so to peer out into the darkness. "He ought to be coming!" she cried hysterically. "Oh, what if anything has happened to Gladys?"

Mabel tried to comfort her, but with little success. At last they heard the jingle of sleigh bells, and almost before they had time to look the big doctor himself was at the door.

"I wonder if you can put my team in," he said to Mabel as he threw off his coat and stepped over to where the injured man lay.

Mabel ran to put away the bronchos and then came back and stood holding both mother's hands while the doctor worked. Somehow his masterful presence was reassuring, and they breathed freer in the confidence that their respect for his skill inspired.

"There," he said at last, straightening up. "He'll be all right now as soon as the fever goes down. We'll have him on his feet again in a week. It wasn't a moment too soon, though," he added. "I want to tell you Mrs. Sanders, that you have a daughter to be proud of. She saved her father's life tonight. And he succeeded to tell the story of as much

of that lonely night ride as he knew. When Gladys came down to breakfast the next morning an unwonted pallor on her cheeks was the only visible effect of her hard night ride. She stopped in surprise as she entered the dining room door. A tall, handsome youth, with the soft assured smile of one who has supreme confidence in his own ability to do and say the right thing at the right time, came forward with a low bow.

"Harold Du Vall," cried Gladys. "What are you doing out here?" Harold held out his hand with a smile. "I might ask you the same question, only I happen to know all ready," he replied. "You're a brave girl, Gladys."

"You haven't answered my question yet," persisted Gladys, the color heightening in her cheeks. "Oh, that's easy. Didn't you know Mr. Gray was my uncle? I've been sick, and the folks sent me out here to recuperate."

The announcement of breakfast cut short further conversation. After the meal was finished Harold insisted on hitching up and taking Gladys home. "I thought you were sick," she said. "I can ride Mollie just as well as not."

"I'm not sick enough to let the girl who used to work most of my problems for me ride eight miles on horseback," he replied as he put on his overcoat and started for the barn. "What have you been doing since you left high school?" asked Gladys when they were on their way.

Harold winced a little at the tone of her question. "Oh, nothing much," he answered. "Father wants me to go to college, but I don't like to study well enough."

"What are you going to do?" Gladys went on. "You surely don't mean to go on doing nothing all your life?" "Why not?" inquired Harold as he tilted his hat a little to one side. "I'm having a pretty good time as it is."

"Is that all the ambition you have—just to have a good time?" A disappointed surprise shone in Gladys' honest brown eyes.

"Oh, come now," Harold answered lightly. "This is getting too serious. Let's talk about something else—yourself, for instance."

"There isn't anything to say on that subject, isn't—oh, I wonder how dad

of overtaking a fresh team of bronchos? Gladys leaned forward and spoke carelessly to Mollie. The little mare sprang nimbly forward, but Gladys felt rather than saw that she was not running as easily as at first.

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and tied his horse to a post. "Don't you want some help?" "Oh, I'm getting along very nicely," replied Gladys, smiling and vigorously.

Jeff came over and stood beneath the tree where she was at work. "Isn't that pretty hard work?" he asked.

"Well, a little," she confessed. "But we've trimmed twenty-five already, and there's only ten more to do."

"Let me do that while you rest," persisted Jeff, seizing a limb and pulling himself up into the tree.

"Well, since you want to so badly, I suppose I'll have to let you," Gladys said as she reluctantly handed him the saw.

"Where did you learn to be so polite?" asked Jeff. Gladys smiled a little. "I'm not being very nice, am I?" she said. "But boys are such nuisances."

The sentence ended in a half stifled cry as the limb on which she was sitting suddenly gave way with a loud crack. It was not very far from the ground, and the fall did not hurt her in the least—that is, nothing but her pride.

"That was the finest branch on the whole tree," said Jeff regretfully as soon as he saw that she was unhurt. "If it hadn't been for you, Jeff Pearson, it would never have happened. I don't care if I break them all off now, and, grasping the broken stub, she swung herself up and sat down on another branch.

"I don't believe there's any danger of this one breaking," said Jeff teasingly as he sat down beside her. He seemed to be rapidly getting over his diffidence.

Gladys turned her head away and did not deign a reply. "Say, Gladys," spoke up Jeff after a few moments. "I don't know what you're thinking about, but I've just thought of a scheme to get double pay out of the old orchard."

Gladys turned quickly toward him. "What is it?" she demanded. "Plant something else in between the trees. Take cabbage, now. You could raise—let me see—about 11,000 cabbages on an acre. At 10 cents apiece that would come to \$1,100. It will be a lot of work, but I'll come over after supper evenings and help you hoe them."

"And leave all your chores for some one else to do?" queried Gladys. "I guess they'd manage it some way," he replied.

"And I guess they wouldn't. I've a good notion to try raising cabbages, but if you say anything more about helping us I'll get mad. Jeff—honest, I will. You see, father told us we could have all that we could get out of the old orchard ourselves, and it wouldn't be fair to let any one else help."

"I don't see why," objected Jeff. "But you'll let a fellow come over and watch you once in awhile, won't you?" "Yes, I don't suppose we can help your looking at us if you want to, but—oh, there's the supper bell! Good night!" And she leaped to the ground and hurried toward the house.

(To Be Continued.)

A touch of rheumatism, or a twinge of neuralgia, whatever the trouble is, Chamberlain's Liniment drives away the pain at once and cures the complaint quickly. First application gives relief. Sold by all dealers.

Is a Natural Sculptor. M. Auguste Bodin, the famous French sculptor, who is said to have invented a new kind of "dance," which is performed by various extraordinary motions of the hands, did not show any signs of artistic ability in childhood. He was the son of poor parents, and first earned his living by modeling in plaster for an architect. He was 22 before his first statue, "The Man with the Broken Nose," was executed. He used a stable as a studio, and was so poor that he had the greatest difficulty in providing material for his work. The first statue was so realistically done, however, that the judges at the Paris salon accused him of having cast it from a living model.

A Ton of Gold could buy nothing better for female weaknesses, lame back and kidney trouble than Electric Bitters. 50c. McEldry & Will Drug Co.

Thickness of Gold Leaf. While a leaf of gold is so thin that it is impossible to measure its thickness, scales have been made which weigh it accurately. One leaf weighs one-fifth of a grain. It is so light that a breath will blow it away. Held to the light, it is translucent and greenish.

Not What She Meant. "My husband never gets what he should for his poetry," said the poet's wife with a tinge of sadness. "Oh, don't be too hard on him," replied the girl absent-mindedly.

A Preliminary Step. "Why in emigrating to America have you planned to leave your young son behind?" "Oh, I guess he'll follow later. He has just been appointed cashier in a Berlin bank," Meggendorfer Blatter.

PROBE RIVER DISASTER.

Sinking of Packet Sallito to Be Investigated. St. Louis, May 13.—A federal investigation of the sinking of the Packet City of Sallito in the Mississippi near Glen Park, Mo., which cost twelve lives, will begin as soon as possible.

Seven passengers and five of the crew were drowned by tilting of the gang plank when it hit a tree.

That the loss of life was due to the mistake of ordering the passengers to hurry from the sinking boat when she was near the shore, was the assertion of Captain Crane.

Crane said that if the passengers had been ordered to stay aboard a minute longer that no one would have been hurt. He said he feared that any minute the boat might roll over in the river.

One of the bodies recovered was Mrs. Isaac T. Rhea, of Nashville, wife of the president of the St. Louis and Tennessee River Packet Company, the owners of the boat. Smoke and high water kept the boat from keeping the channel. The boat hit a rock and sank in twenty-five feet of water. It carried twenty-seven passengers and a crew of thirty. Most of the survivors have arrived here.

FAMILY IN JAIL.

And Two of Members Are Newlyweds—Abduction Charged. Burlington, May 13.—There is an interesting family locked up at the Central police station. They are not criminals, but appear to be people of good social respectability. Two members of the party are enjoying the unique experience of spending part of their honeymoon behind the bars. The party

consists of G. L. Scott of Lincoln, Neb., a machinist employed at the Burlington shops in that city, his daughter, Pearl, aged 14 years, his daughter, Dora, 17 years old, who is the wife of J. W. Clarke, and Mr. Clarke, who is 20 years of age.

They were arrested and taken off train No. 3 while enroute from Aurora to Lincoln, at the request of the Aurora authorities and the instigation of Mrs. Scott, the divorced wife of Scott. The couple have been separated thirteen years. A charge of abduction was lodged against Scott and he has already consented to return to Aurora and face the charge and the others will accompany him.

Scott says he has been trying to have his daughters come and live with him for a long time, but his wife always opposed him. Chief Michaelis of the Aurora police department will be here this afternoon to escort the Scott family back to Aurora to face the irate Mrs. Scott.

Miners Get Relief Fund. Centerville, May 13.—About \$18,000 was paid out Wednesday by the U. M. W. of A. officials to the coal miners of Appanoose county who have been out of work during the suspension

of front, speedometer, electric lights, magnet, etc. Address X. Y. Z., care Times-Republican.

For Sale—Organ in good condition, 1113 West Boone street.

For Sale—Gas stove almost good as new. 701 West State.

For Sale—A new rubber tire survey. Cost \$140, yours for \$100. B. A. Beeson.

For Sale—Milk delivered. 535 North Third street.

For Sale—Pested seed corn. I have on hand just out of test Calico seed corn. Am still testing. My record to date is 235 bushels sold and none returned. Ninety-five per cent guarantee. Six grams tested from each ear. Five dollars per bushel. See me if you have to replant. Telephone Bangor, or write to Clemens. W. J. Winslow.

For Sale—The fixtures of a blacksmith shop. All in good order. Bargain for a cash customer. If sold soon. Tallman Auto Company, Clarion, Iowa.

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. N. C. Miller, 305 South Fourth avenue.

For Sale—White Silver Mine seed corn, 90 cents per bushel shoveled out of crib. H. A. Lundstrum, Rural No. 1, Liscomb, Iowa.

For Sale—One 16 horse Rumley engine double cylinder, run 30 days; one Case separator 36-58, Hawkeye feeder and Saiter stacker attached, run three falls; one Birdsell chaffer huller No. 6, run 15 days; one 3-horse International gas engine; one 4 hole Sandwich corn sheller; all machinery in good running order. Will take young stock as part payment on either outfit. James Dolzack, Tama, Iowa.

For Sale—240 acres, two miles from Sibley. The best of land and good large buildings. Price \$30, 150 acres, five miles from Sibley. Splendid land and good buildings. Price \$45. These are bargains. Correspondence requested. T. S. Redmond, Sibley, Iowa.

For Sale—600 bushels late seed potatoes. E. S. Cruise, Liscomb.

For Sale—My Staver "30" automobile, almost new. A. J. Clark.

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 Brunswick-Bulke-Collider Company, Marshalltown, Iowa.

FOR SALE—POULTRY AND EGGS. For Sale—Eggs from choice thoroughbred Partridge Wyandottes, three weeks 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 mated, 2 1/2 third pen, 1 1/2 combination settings, pens 1 and 2, \$2.50; 2 and 3, \$1.50. No matter 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 2, Standard bred, E. E. Carver, 207 North Center street.

For Sale—Choice young Shorthorn bulls of the best Scotch and Scotch topped breeding. Fricke Bros., State Center, Iowa.

FOR SALE—CITY PROPERTY. For Sale—Fine home, modern in every respect, best neighborhood and location in town. Good barn on lot. E. E. Hood, 418 Park street.

For Sale—We have a good, new, modern eight-room house, finished in hard wood, on first floor and hardwood floors over entire house, good barn and chicken park, on one of the best residential streets in Marshalltown. We will sell this property for \$2,400, \$500 cash, balance on easy terms. The improvements could not be built today for less than \$2,600, without the lot. Anyone wishing a home or investment, can not afford to let this go. Citizens' Lumber Company, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale or Trade—Schlick's feed yard. Address G. W. Schlick.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS. For Sale—Staver rubber tired survey, good as new. A. E. Myers.

For Sale—At a bargain, Buick Model 10, equipped complete with top, glass

since April 1st while a new wage scale was being negotiated. Locally \$11,720 was received and distributed and \$1,720 was paid out. The distribution of this amount of money was quickly noticeable in the local trade channels.

Miners, business men, and operators, in fact, everybody, is glad the suspension is about over and that the miners are to resume operations.

Pathfinder Trip Ended. Davenport, May 13.—The Glidden pathfinder arrived at Davenport at 10:40 yesterday morning from Iowa City, making the run in three hours and thirty minutes and ending the trip. The passengers say the Iowa roads are the best that they have encountered on their trip to far, and they made better time across this state than any like distance.

More About the North Pole. "While partisans are disputing as to who reached it first and while others refuse to believe that anyone accomplished the feat, the north pole has engaged the attention of the explorer Nansen in another way," says Figaro. "He has been putting the finishing touches to his book, 'Nord i Taaageheim'—The Northern Mist-lands—and the work will soon be made public. Professor Nansen, in his book reviews the work of all arctic explorers and the geographical and ethnological data furnished by them up to the end of the sixteenth century."

Daily Thought. Our reputation for wisdom depends much on our success.—Burleigh.

MOTHER'S FRIEND A LINIMENT FOR EXTERNAL USE. One of the most valuable qualities of Mother's Friend is that it safe-guards the future health of the mother. It is a liniment to be applied externally to the body, the use of which lubricates the muscles and tendons, softens the glands and ducts, prevents lumps forming in the breasts, and relieves the pain, nervousness, nausea, and other troubles from which so many expectant mothers suffer. When Mother's Friend is used regularly it fits and prepares the system for an easy and natural consummation of the term. Women who massage with this great liniment are always saved much suffering when baby comes, and recover more quickly, and without ill effects. Mother's Friend is sold at drug stores. Write for our free book for expectant mothers.

THE BRADFIELD CO., ATLANTA, GA.

WANTED—FOUND—LOST—

Classified Advertisements

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

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—Public to know that my grocery store, phone is 654. Store 709 E. Marshall street, Marshalltown, Iowa. Jacob Schirmayer.

Wanted—Two furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Modern. References given. Address V-12, care this office.

Wanted—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 950.

HELP WANTED—MALE. Wanted—Three bricklayers by Monday morning. John Jacobson, contractor.

Wanted—Carpenters for finishing work at new Masonic Temple and for rough carpenter work at county farm. Apply Ed Peters, Masonic Temple.

Wanted—A young, experienced grocery clerk. Address with references and salary expected, Alfred Price, Clarksville, Iowa.

Wanted—At once, sixteen teamsters, \$2 per day, free transportation to Harwarden, Iowa. Also good woman cook, \$30 per month and expenses. John Hebert, 701 South Second street, Marshalltown, Iowa.

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—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 completed. 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—Girl for general house work, two in family. 407 East State street.

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—Salesmen to sell "2" post mould to farmers, also one district manager. Liberal pay; weekly settlements. See McElroy, Pilgrim Hotel to-night only, or address McElroy Post & Pole Company, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Wanted—A salesman of ability to introduce our line of high grade lubricating oils and greases. Exceptional inducements. Champion Refining Co., Cleveland, O.

Wanted—Good men and women agents at once for "Roosevelt's Famous Hunt For Big Game," also for "Traffic in Girls." Immense sellers. Price \$150. 50 per cent commission. Outfit free. Send fee 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 us if interested in large tracts for dividing up, which can be sold on easy terms and low prices. Interstate Land Agency, Merriam, Neb.

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