The GOOSE GIRL

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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CHAPTER VII.

AFFAIRS OF STATE.

THE grand duke stamped back and forth with a rumble as of distant thunder. They would play with him, eh? Well, they had loosed the lion this time. He had sent his valet to summon her highness and Herbeck.

"And tell them to put everything else aside."

He kneaded the note in his hand powerfully. It was anonymous, but it spoke clearly, like truth. The sender remained undiscoverable.

Had he not opposed it for months? And now, having surrendered against his better judgment, this gratuitous affront was offered him. It was damnable. He smote the offending note. War! Nothing less. He was prepared for it. Twenty thousand troops were now in the valley, and there were 20,000 reserves.

Herbeck came calmly in.

"Why the devil couldn't you have left well enough alone? Read this!" The duke flung the note down on his desk.

Herbeck picked it up and worked out the creases.

"Well?" The query tingled with rage.

The answer on the chancellor's lips was not uttered. Hildegarde came in. He embraced her and kissed her brow.

"Read," said the duke to her.

She slipped from her father's arms and looked with pity at the chancellor.

"What do you think of this, Hildegarde?"

"Why, father, I think it is the very best thing in the world," dryly.

"An insult like this?" The duke grew rigid. "You accept it calmly in this fashion?"

"Shall I weep and tear my hair over a boy I have never seen? No, thank you. I was about to make known to you this very evening that I had reconsidered the offer. I shall never marry his majesty."

Herbeck explained the situation.

"Your highness, the regent is really not to blame, for his majesty had given him free rein in the matter, and his royal highness, working as I have been for the best interests of the two countries, never dreamed that the king would rebel. The king has been generous enough to leave the publicity in our hands—that is to say, he agrees to accept the humiliation of being rejected by her serene highness."

"That is very generous of him!" said the duke sarcastically. "Send for Ducwitz."

"Ducwitz, your highness?" cried the chancellor, chilled.

"Immediately!"

"Your highness, if you call Ducwitz I shall surrender my portfolio." The chancellor was firm.

"Do so. There are others to take up your work."

Hildegarde flew to the duke's side and snatched at his sleeve.

"Father, you are mad!"

"At least I am master in Ehrenstein. Herbeck, you will have the kindness to summon General Ducwitz."

"Your highness," replied Herbeck, "I have worked long and faithfully in your service. I can not recollect that I ever asked one personal favor. But I do so now. Do not send for Ducwitz tonight. See him in the morning. This is no time for haste. You will throw the army into Jugendheit, and there will follow a bloody war."

"I will have my revenge!" stubbornly.

"Father, listen to me. I am the affronted person. I—I alone—have the right to say what shall be done in the matter. And I say to you if you do these cruel things, dismiss his excellency and bring war and death to Ehrenstein, I will never forgive you—never, never! You are wrong, wrong, and I, your daughter, tell you so frankly. Leave it to me. There will be neither war nor humiliation."

"My dear child," he said, "I have suffered too much at the hands of Jugendheit. It was my daughter the first time; it is my honor now," proudly.

"WILL IT BALANCE WAR AND DEVASTATION?"

"Will it balance war and devastation?" the girl asked quietly. "Is it not pride rather than honor? The prince regent made a pardonable blunder. Do not you, my father, make an unpardonable one?"

"A Portia to the judgment!" said the chancellor, his eye kindling. "Let it all rest upon my shoulders. I alone am to blame. It was I who first suggested the alliance."

Notwithstanding that he was generally hasty, the duke was a just man. He offered his hand, with half a smile.

"You are bidding me farewell, your highness?" said Herbeck.

"No, count. I would not let you go for half my duchy. Even a duke may be a fool sometimes."

Herbeck laid his cold hand upon the duke's. Then he went over to her highness and kissed her hand gratefully, for it was truly at her feet the wreath of victory lay.

"Highness," he said softly, "you shall marry when you will."

"And where?"

"I would that I could make it so. But there is a penalty for being placed so high. We cannot change this unwritten law."

"Heaven did not write it," she replied.

"No, my daughter," said the duke. "Man is at the bottom of all the kinks and twists in this short life, not heaven. But Herbeck is right. You shall marry when you will."

The knock of the valet was again heard.

"Your highness, there is a young woman outside, a peasant, who desires to speak to her serene highness."

"What! She enters the palace without any more trouble than this?"

"By my orders, father," said Hildegarde, who gathered that this privileged visitor must be Gretchen of the Krumerweg. "Admit her."

Gretchen was ushered in. Her throat was a little full as she recognized the three most important persons in the grand duchy.

"The little goose girl!" the duke said half audibly.

"Yes, highness." Gretchen's face was serious, and her eyes were mournful. She carried an envelope in her hand tightly.

"Come to me, Gretchen," said the princess. "What is it?"

"She is dead, highness, and I found this letter under her pillow."

Herbeck took the envelope.

"Dead?" Hildegarde's eyes filled.

"Who is dead?" demanded the duke.

"Emma Schultz, father. Oh, I know you will forgive me for this deception. She has been in Dreiberg for a month dying, and I have often stolen out to see her." She let her tears fall unrestrained.

The duke stared at the rug. Presently he said: "Let her be buried in consecrated ground. Wrong or right, that chapter is closed, my child. What is in the letter, Herbeck?"

Herbeck was a strong man. He was always far removed from tears, but there was a mist over the usual clarity of his vision. He ripped down the flap. It was only a simple note to her serene highness begging her to give the inclosed banknotes to one Gretchen, who lived in the Krumerweg. The notes represented a thousand crowns.

"Take them, little goose girl," said the duke. "Your ship has come in. This will be your dowry."

An icy shiver ran up and down Gretchen's spine, a shiver of wonder, delight, terror. A thousand crowns! A fortune!

"And I shall add to it another thousand," said Hildegarde. "Give them to me, father."

In all this fortune amounted to little more than $400, but to Gretchen, frugal and thrifty, to whom a single crown was a large sum, to her it represented wealth. She was now the richest girl in the lower town. Dreams of kaleidoscopic variety flew through her head. Tears sprang into her eyes. She had the power to do no more than weep.

The duke was the first to relieve the awkwardness of the moment.

"Count, has it not occurred to you that we stand in the presence of two very beautiful young women?"

Herbeck scrutinized Gretchen with care. Then he compared her with the princess. The duke was right. And the thing which struck him with most force was that, while each possessed a beauty individual to herself, it was not opposite, but strangely alike.

When the duke was alone he slowly passed on to his secretary and opened a drawer. He laid a small bundle on the desk and untied the string. One by one he ranged the articles—two little yellow shoes, a little cloak trimmed with ermine. There had been a locket, but that was now worn by her highness.

* * * * * * *

Hermann Breunner lived in the granite lodge just within the eastern gates of the royal gardens. He was a widower and shared the ample lodge with the undergardeners and their families. He was a man of brooding moods, and there was no laughter in his withered heart. He adjusted his heavy spectacles and held the note slantingly toward the candle. A note or a letter was a singular event in Hermann's life. This note, left by the porter of the Grand hotel, moved him with surprise. It requested that he present himself at 8 o'clock at the office of the hotel and ask to be directed to the room of Hans Grumbach, whoever he might be.

He decided to go. Certainly this man Grumbach did not urge him without some definite purpose. The concierge at the hotel, who knew Hermann, conducted him to room 10 on the entresole. Hermann knocked. A voice bade him enter.

"You wished to see me?"

"Yes," offering a chair.

"You are Hermann Breunner," began Grumbach, "and you once had a brother named Hans."

Hermann grew rigid in his chair. "I have no brother."

"You did have."

Hermann's head dropped. "My God, yes, I did have a brother, but he was a scoundrel."

"Perhaps he was a scoundrel. He is dead!" softly.

"God's will be done!" But Hermann's face turned lighter.

"As a boy he loved you."

"And did I not love him?" said Hermann fiercely. "Did I not worship that boy, who was more like a son to me than a brother?"

"I knew your brother. I knew him well. He was not a scoundrel, only weak. He went to America and became successful in business. He fought with the north in the war. He was not a coward. He did his fighting bravely and honorably. He died facing the enemy, and his last words were of you. He begged your forgiveness. He implored that you forget that black moment. He was young, he said, and they offered him a thousand crowns. In a moment of despair he fell."

"Despair! Did he confess?"

"Yes."

"Did he tell you to whom he sold his honor?"

"That he never knew. A gypsy from the hills came to him, so he said."

"From Jugendheit?"

"I say that he knew nothing. He believed that the gypsy wanted her highness to hold for ransom. Hans spoke of a girl called Tekla."

"Tekla? Ah, yes; Hans was in love with that doll face."

"Hans followed the band of gypsies into the mountains. The real horror of his act did not come home to him till then. Ah, the remorse! But it was too late. They dressed the little one in rags. But when I ran away from them I took her little shoes and cloak and locket."

Hermann was on his feet. Grumbach's eyes were as bright and glowing as coals.

Hermann leaned forward.

"Is it you, Hans, and I did not know you?"

"It is I, brother."

"My God!" Hermann sank down weakly.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SOCIALISTS.

THE ceiling spun and the gaslight separated itself into a hundred flames before the gaze of the amazed Hermann. "You said he was dead!" he gasped to Grumbach.

"So I am to the world, to you and to all who knew me," quietly.

"Why have you returned? The duke will hang you."

"Perhaps I am a fool, perhaps I am willing to pay the penalty of my crime. At least that was uppermost. I have learned that her highness has been found, and the rope is not made that will fit my neck. Will you denounce me, brother?"

"I?"

"Why not? Five thousand crowns still hang over me."

"Blood money for me? No, Hans!"

"Besides, I have made a will. At my death you will be rich."

"Rich?"

"Yes, Hermann. I am worth 200,000 crowns."

Hermann breathed with effort.

"But riches are not everything."

"Sometimes they are little enough," Hans agreed.

"Oh, why did you do it?"

"Have I not told you, Hermann? There is nothing more to be added." Then, with rising passion: "Nothing more now that my heart is blistered and scarred with regret and remorse. God knows that I have repented and repented. I went to war because I wanted to be killed. They shot me here and here and here, and this saber cut would have split the skull of any other man. But it was willed that I should come back here."

"My poor brother! You must fly. The chancellor is suspicious."

"I know that. But since you, my brother, failed to identify me certainly his excellency will not. And you will not betray me when I tell you that I have returned principally to find out whence came those thousand crowns."

"Ah! Find that out, Hans; yes, yes!" Hermann began to look more like himself. "But what was your part?"

"Mine? I was to tell where her highness and her nurse were to be at a certain hour of the day, nothing more. My running away was the expression of my guilt; otherwise they would never have connected me with the abduction."

Hans rose.

"Hans, have you no other greeting?" Hermann asked, spreading out his arms.

The wanderer's face beamed, and the brothers embraced.

"You forgive me, then, Hermann?"

"Must I not, little Hans? You are all that is left me of the blood. True, I swore that if ever I saw you again I should curse you."

"And what has become of the principal cause—Tekla?"

"Bah! She is fat and homely and the mother of seven squalling children."

"What a world! To think that Tekla should be at the bottom of all this tangle!"

A rap on the door startled them. Hans slowly opened the door. Carmichael stood outside.

"Ah, captain!" Hans shook Carmichael by the hand and drew him into the room.

Hermann passed into the hall and softly closed the door after him. It was better that the American should not see the emotion which still illumined his face.

"What's the good word, captain?" inquired Hans.

Carmichael put in a counter query. "What was your brother doing here?"

"I have told him who I am."

"Was it wise?"

"Hermann sleeps soundly. He will talk neither in his sleep nor in his waking hours. He has forgiven me."

"For what?" thoughtlessly.

"The time for explanations has not yet come, captain."

"Pardon me, Grumbach. But I came to bring you the invitation to the military ball."

The broad white envelope emblazoned with the royal arms fascinated Hans, not by its resplendency, but by the possibilities which it afforded.

"Thank you. It was very good of you."

"It was a pleasure, comrade. What do you say to an hour or two at the Black Eagle? We'll drown our sorrows together."

The Black Eagle was lively, as usual, and there were some familiar faces. The vintner was there, and so was Gretchen. Carmichael hailed her.

"This is my last night here, Herr Carmichael," she said.

"Somebody has left you a fortune?" There was a jest in Carmichael's eyes.

"Yes," replied Gretchen, her lips unsmiling. "The poor lady who lived on the top floor of my grandmother's house was rich. She left me a thousand crowns."

"And what will you do with all that money?" asked Hans.

"I am going to study music."

"I thought you were going to be married soon," said Carmichael.

"Surely. But that will not hinder. I shall have enough for two."

The vintner scowled over the top of his paper. Carmichael eyed him mischievously. Gretchen picked up her coppers and went away.

"A beautiful girl," said Hans abstractedly. "She might be Hebe with no trouble at all."

At that day there was only one newspaper in Dreiberg. The vintner presently smoothed down the journal, opened his knife and cut out a paragraph. Carmichael followed his movements slyly. The vintner crushed the remains of the sheet into a ball and dropped it to the floor. Then he finished his beer, rose and proceeded down the stairs leading to the rathskeller below. Carmichael called a waitress and asked her to bring a copy of that day's paper. Meantime he recovered the vintner's paper, and when he finally put the two together it was a simple matter to replace the missing cutting. Grumbach showed a mild interest over the procedure.

"Why do you do that, captain?"

"A little idea I have. It may not amount to anything." But the American was puzzled over the cutting. There were two sides to it. Which had interested the vintner? "Do you care for another beer?"

"No; I am tired and sleepy, captain."

"All right. We'll go back to the hotel."

A little time later Herr Goldberg harangued his fellow Socialists bitterly. Gretchen's business in this society was to serve. They had selected her because they knew that she inclined toward the propaganda. The rathskeller had several windows and doors. These led to the biergarten, to the wine cellar and to an alley which had no opening on the street. The police has as yet never arrested anybody, but several times the police had dispersed Herr Goldberg and his disciples on account of the noise. The window which led to the blind alley was six feet from the floor, twice as broad as it was high and unbarred. Under this window sat the vintner. He was a probationer, a novitiate. This was his second attendance.

"Brothers, shall this thing take place?" cried Herr Goldberg. "Shall the daughter of Ehrenstein become Jugendheit's vassal? Oh, how we have fallen! Where is the grand duke's pride, we have heard so much about? Are we, then, afraid of Jugendheit?"

"ARE WE, THEN, AFRAID OF JUGENDHEIT?"

"No!" roared his auditors.

"I have a plan, brothers. It will show the duke to what desperation he has driven us at last. We will mob the Jugendheit embassy on the day of the wedding. We will tear it apart, brick by brick, stone by stone."

"Hurrah!" cried the noisy ones.

The noise subsided. Gretchen spoke.

"Her serene highness will not marry the king of Jugendheit."

"Oh, indeed!" said Goldberg, bowing with ridicule. "Since when did her serene highness make you her confidant?"

"Her serene highness told me so herself."

A roar of laughter went up, for the majority of them thought that Gretchen was indulging in a little pleasantry.

"Ho-ho! So you are on speaking terms with her highness?" Herr Goldberg laughed.

"Is there anything strange in this fact?" she asked.

"Strange!" echoed Herr Goldberg. "Since when did goose girls become intimate with her serene highness."

"Does not your socialism teach that we are all equal?"

The vintner thumped with his stein in approval, and others imitated him. Goldberg was no ordinary fool. He sidestepped defeat by an assumption of frankness.

"Tell us about it. Tell us under what circumstances you met her highness. Every one knows that this marriage is to take place."

Gretchen nodded. "Nevertheless, her highness has changed her mind." And she recounted picturesquely her adventure in the royal gardens, and all hung on her words in a kind of maze.

"Hurrah!" shouted the vintner. "Long live her highness! Down with Jugendheit!"

There was a fine chorus.

A police officer and three assistants came down the stairs quietly.

"Let no one leave this room!" the officer said sternly.

The dramatic pause was succeeded by a babel of confusion.

"Ho, there! Stop him, you!"

It was the vintner who caused this cry, and the agility with which he scrambled through the window into the blind alley was an inspiration.

"After him!" yelled the officer.

But they searched in vain.

"Out into the street, every mother's son of you!" cried the officer. "This is your last warning, Goldberg. The next time you go to prison."

Gretchen alone remained. It was her duty to carry the steins up to the bar. The officer, rather thorough for his kind, studied the floor under the window. He found a cutting from a newspaper. This interested him.

"Do you know who this fellow was?" with a jerk of his head toward the window.

"He is Leopold Dietrich, a vintner, and we are soon to be married."

"What made him run?"

"He is new to Dreiberg. Perhaps he thought you were going to arrest every one."

"Ask him if he is not a spy from Jugendheit," the officer said roughly.

The steins clicked crisply in Gretchen's arms. One of them fell and broke at her feet.

(To Be Continued.)

Real Politeness.

Little Barbara's mother is careful about her manners and teaches her to answer everybody politely. But Barbara has a faculty of mixing up her polite speeches. The other day she came running into the house with some letters, and cried: "Mamma, I met the postman at the gate and I took the letters, and he said, 'Thank you!'" "And what did you say to him, then?" asked her mother. "Oh, I said, 'Pleasant dreams!'" answered Barbara.

Bottle Many Centuries Old.

In a recent lecture in Paris, Professor Julian, a member of the faculty of the College de France, showed a bottle of wine which he declared was 1,500 years old. He said it had been found in the old cemetery of St. Seurien, near Bordeaux. The shape of the bottle was closely studied and this, as well as the place of discovery, seemed to carry out the professor's contention, according to a report made by a member of the academy.

Bushido.

Bushido, in a word, is the popular literature of the mikado's realm. It includes country theatricals, tales of story tellers and musical compositions. It is not only a literature; it is an idea and an ideal. The word means loyalty, fidelity, devotion and it may be expressed in dozens of different ways.

Who'd A-Thought It!

Farmer Wagg—"If I wuz you, Silas, I wouldn't lay in too big a stock uv butter; it's a-goin' to take a mighty big drop soon." Storekeeper (in alarm) — "When's that?" Farmer Wagg—"Why, haw-haw! when the propellers uv airships start churning the milky way!"

The Grasshopper's "Ears."

Grasshoppers have their organs of hearing at the base of the abdomen, that is, at the same place where the corresponding organ of the Noctuidae has been discovered.

TIN A GOOD SOUND BARRIER

German's Experiment With Telephone Booth Convinces Him It Should Be Put in Walls.

Any one who in a telephone booth has been disturbed by loud talking outside, or some other noise to interrupt the electric conversation, will be interested in an article in a German periodical, Der Gesundheitsingenieur. The writer tells how he dealt with this difficulty. He had been making some acoustic experiments, which convinced him that if a wooden telephone booth were lined with tin, all noises would be excluded. He nailed sheets of tin on the wooden walls, with the result that an expert, who had laughed at his idea, was so impressed that he forthwith proceeded to construct a number of such booths. Nor are telephone users the only ones who may profit by this experiment. The writer referred to appeals to architects to introduce tin, or aluminum, in the walls of houses generally, to deaden sounds. He is convinced that if this were done the neighbor's daughter's piano and voice would cease to be a disturbing factor in life, except, of course, in summer, when all the windows are open. The tin manufacturers may be trusted to see to it that this plan is properly pushed and advertised.

Woman in Methodist Conference.

Miss Job of Queenstown, Tasmania, is said to be the only woman who has ever sat within the bar at a Wesleyan Methodist conference. When she first took her seat one minister protested that the conference was composed only of ministers and laymen and that they had no power to admit the best lady in the land. All others, including the president of the conference, took the position that women were included as laymen and Miss Job retained her seat within the bar.

Unanswerable.

At the dedication of a new fire engine in a little town on the Massachusetts coast, the following toast was proposed: "May she be like the dear old maids of our village; always ready, but never called for."—Success Magazine.

Rejects Favorite Dish.

One of the articles of food that have disappeared from the New York restaurants is the thick slice of cold roast beef. "It doesn't make any difference where you go or what you pay," said a New Yorker who always seeks this dish when he dines in a restaurant, "you never find the thick, cold slab of a few years ago. It is gone. The price asked for cold roast beef is everywhere higher than it was and the difference ranges all the way from five cents to a quarter. But neither the place nor the price seem to avail. The slice is certain to be about half as thick as it used to be. And I'm not the only man who'd pay even a greater advance for one of the old thick slices."

Made Him a Fair Offer.

A good story is told of the late A. H. Wyant, the artist. A young man called at Mr. Wyant's studio one day and asked him to give him some lessons in painting. "What can you do?" asked the old artist. "Oh, I can finish a landscape first-rate, but I never know how to begin one!" was the reply. "If that's so," remarked the veteran painter, solemnly, "I think we can easily make a bargain. I find that I can begin a picture without any trouble; but it is a dreadful task to finish it satisfactorily. Now, if you'll teach me how to finish my pictures, I'll teach you how to begin yours." Then the old gentleman went back to work, and the young artist went away to think over the proposition.

Luxury of Law.

"I haven't the vestige of a case," said the crafty client to the craftier lawyer, "but I have money."

"How much?" casually inquired the legal one.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars," proclaimed the client.

The lawyer put out his hand.

"Shake hands!" he said. "You have the best case I ever heard of. I'll see that you never go to jail with that sum!"

And he did.

The client there went "broke."

Action and Happiness.

Action may not always bring happiness, but there is no happiness without action.—Disraeli.

Classified Advertisements

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

WANTED.

Wanted—Sewing at 110½ South First avenue.

Wanted—Barn; must be cheap, in good repair. 10 North Sixth street.

Wanted—Lace curtains to laundry. 305 West Nevada street.

Wanted—We want several carloads clam shells. Will pay $8 per ton. H. Willard, Son & Co.

Wanted—For good clam shells free from meat and dirt, will pay 40 cents a hundred or $8 per ton. H. Willard, Son & Co.

Wanted—To rent a good stock farm, well improved and close to town. Address Lock Box 306, Eldora, Iowa.

Pearls Wanted—Send by registered mail. If my offer is not satisfactory, will return. Lathrop Produce Company, Belmond, Iowa.

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—Night porter at Pilgrim Hotel. Good wages and steady job.

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Wanted — A general blacksmith; steady job. Address E. J. Heffner, Sheffield, Iowa.

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Wanted—Dining room girl. Sundell's restaurant.

Wanted—Lady stenographer. Carl's Employment Agency.

Wanted—Competent girl for general housework, permanent position. Mrs. B. W. Sinclair, 113½ North Second street.

Wanted—A girl in the country for general housework; three in family. No objection to a woman with a child under 2 years. Mrs. E. Spire, Grinnell, Iowa.

Wanted—Girl. Standard Bakery.

Wanted—Dishwasher, at Robertson & Strub's.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

Wanted—Special or district managers; company has quarter million assets; issues most attractive health-accident policy on market; first class reputation; claim settlements; exceptional opportunity for personal producer with organizing ability. Write Federal Casualty, Detroit, Mich.

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For Sale—Five second-hand organs, $8 and up. Will sell on payments. 110 West Main street.

For Sale—A steel range, bed room suite, davenport, parlor furniture and other household goods. Dr. Waston Roberts, 7 North Fourth street.

For Sale—Dining hall and other privileges at Marshall county fair. W. M. Clark.

For Sale—Bicycle in good repair; also horse, harness, buggy and colt. Carl's Employment Agency.

For Sale—If you wish to buy a farm of any size or city property, write me just how much you wish to put in cash and I will describe what I have that you can handle. J. C. Hollingsworth, over 108 East Main street.

For Sale—Iron beds, matresses, springs, also a number of fruit jars. Call after 6 o'clock at 114 North Third avenue.

For Sale—A nice clean stock of groceries with fixtures in Marshalltown, Iowa; will invoice from $1,200 to $1,500 total. Have done a good business in same place for over ten years; have a nice clean trade ready for purchaser. Reason for selling, going into a new manufacturing enterprise. Rent cheap; expenses very small; snap if taken soon. Address C-30, care T.-R.

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-Balke-Collender Company, Marshalltown, Iowa.

LIVESTOCK, HORSES, ETC.

For Sale—Span of 3-year-old colts, well broken, nicely matched; also wagon, double harness and set single harness. Call at 607 North Center street or telephone 591.

For Sale—Three loads of heavy feeding cattle. B. F. Wickersahm, 3 miles south of Lamoille, R. F. D. No. 4, Starry Grove telephone line.

FOR SALE—CITY PROPERTY.

For Sale—Two good modern houses in Grinnell, close to town and to the college. Prices right if taken soon. P. G. Norris, Grinnell, Iowa.

For Sale—My modern home, 105 North Second avenue. Will make easy terms to purchaser. For further information enquire at house. E. W. Whinery.

IOWA LANDS.

For Sale—A 79-acre farm five miles south of Marshalltown; $130 per acre; all good buildings. Address Fred Vojgrt, Rural 6, Marshalltown.

For Sale—No. 1 stock and grain farm. Well improved, plenty of water. Inquire A. F. Smith, four miles north of Montour, Iowa.

For Sale—35 acres, good improvements, orchard, small fruit. On main road 6 miles north of Grinnell, 3½ east of Newburg. One mile from church and high school. For particulars address J. W. Fisher, Grinnell, Iowa, R. R. 2.

For Sale—Iowa lands in Howard county, $50 to $90 per acre. Large list on request. Address Spaulding & O'Donnell, Elma, Iowa.

ACT NOW.

We have one of the best farms in Franklin country for sale if taken within ten days. Quarter section three miles from town that has modern house, good barns, in fact an up-to-date, ideal, Iowa farm. This is one of the best of our many bargains. Come and see this grand farm if interested, or write at once. Carr & Luke, Popejoy, Iowa.

BUY DIRECT AND SAVE COMMISSION.

160, well improved, close to small town, $60; 186, well improved, 3 miles from Estherville, $68; 160, well improved, good land, $68; 80 acres, fine improvements, good land, $85; 80 acres good improvements, good land, $80; 80 acres, good improvements, good land, $62.50; 60 acres, joining this city, well improved and the biggest bargain we have, for some one that wants to live close in, 125. Send for our big list of bargains. The Brown-Richman Company, Estherville, Iowa.

FOR SALE.

800 acres improved, adjoins Dodge Center, Minn. Will sell 480, 400, 320, 270, 160 level black land, not one acre waste.

640 acres improved, Redwood county, Minn.

320 acres improved, two miles of Rochester, Minn.

320 acres improved, three miles of Dover, Minn.

Terms up to 20 years. Not an agent, but owner. Write E. M. Weston, Winona, Minn.

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