

Was that dish a failure? Perhaps it was the fault of the spice. Did it lack snap and character of flavor? Then it surely was the fault of the spice. Next time use

TONE BROS SPICES

—the results will delight you. Snappy, flavorful tang comes from fresh ginger, pepper, cinnamon — the Tone kind—in airtight packages.



At Your Grocer's 10c

A STARR PIANO



Will aid you in best entertaining your friends. Start tone—pleasing to the ear. Starr action—pleasing to the touch. Starr design—pleasing to the eye. The three essentials of real piano value. You will also find that the Starr guarantee is absolute, price fair, terms easy.

Call or write for beautiful art catalog. **Gilbert Music Co.** (The best place to buy pianos.) 115 W. Main St. MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

The Only Steam Presses

in town are at the MEEKER. There are no cracked cuffs or wristbands on laundry done at the MEEKER. Cuffs and wristbands are not ironed, but pressed.

The Up-to-Date Laundry.



NOTE THE FALL

styles that we are now showing in high-class, well tailored garments. We make to order in short notice suits that are perfect in

FASHION, FABRIC, FIT AND FINISH and we are sure you will be more than pleased with our efforts and our low prices. A trial order solicited.

A. PSENICKA Fine Tailoring

Pills are wrong — so is every harsh cathartic. They callous the bowels so you must increase the dose. Candy Cascarets bring natural action. They never gripe nor injure. One tablet, taken when you need it, always remains enough.

Visit pocket box, 10 cents—48 drug-stores. People now use 6 million boxes monthly. **Fire, Lighting and Tornado Insurance** Written at lowest rates. **AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE SURETY BONDS** Farmers see me about **MAIL INSURANCE** On Growing Crops. **W. B. CLARK** Telephone 522 Bldg. 19. **FIRST NATIONAL BANK Bldg.**

The Girl and the Bill

By **Bannister Merwin**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY **RAY WALTERS**



Disappointed, baffled, he turned eastward and walked with long strides back toward the car line. He did not look to see whether Maku was behind him. That did not matter now. He had missed his second opportunity since the other Japanese escaped him in the university campus.

Crossing Clark street a block north of the point at which he and Maku had left the car, he continued lakeward, coming out on the drive only a short distance from the Pere Marquette, and a few minutes later, after giving the elevator boy orders to call him at eight in the morning, he was in his apartment, with the prospect of four hours of sleep.

But there was a final question: Should he return to the all-night restaurant near the car barns and try to learn from the cashier the address which Maku had sought? Surely she would have forgotten the name by this time. Perhaps it was a Japanese name, and, therefore, the harder to remember it; if it were a peculiar combination of letters, the very peculiarity might have fixed it in her mind. And if he hesitated to go back there now, the slim chance that the name remained with her would grow slimmer with every added moment of delay. He felt that he ought to go. He was dog-tired, but he remembered the girl's anxiety. Yes, he would go; with the bare possibility that the cashier would remember and would be willing to tell him what she remembered, he would go.

He took up his hat and stepped toward the door. At that moment he heard a sound from his bedroom. It was an unmistakable snore. He tiptoed to the bedroom door and peered within. Seated in an arm chair was a man. He was distinctly visible in the light which came in from the sitting room, and it was quite plain that he was sound asleep and breathing heavily. And now for the second time his palate vibrated with the raucous voice of sleep.

Orme switched on the bedroom lights. The man opened his eyes and started from the chair. "Who are you?" demanded Orme. "Detective?" "Sure—regular force."

The stranger pulled back his coat and displayed his nickle-plated star. "But what are you doing here?" gasped Orme, amazed. "Why, a foreign fellow came to the chief and said you wanted a man to keep an eye on your quarters tonight—and the chief sent me. I was doing a bit—but I'm a light sleeper. I wake at the least noise.

Orme smiled reminiscently, thinking of the snore. "Tell me," he said, "was it Senor Alcatraz who had you sent?" "I believe that was his name." He was slowly regaining his sleep-behaved wits. "That reminds me," he continued. "He gave me a note for you."

An envelope was produced from an inside pocket. Orme took it and tore it open. The sheet within bore the caption, "Office of the Chief of Police," and the few lines, written beneath in fine script, were as follows: "Dear Mr. Orme: You will, I am sure, pardon my seeming over-anxiety for your safety, and the safety of Portola's treasure, but I cannot resist using my influence to see that you are well protected tonight by what you in America call a plain-clothes man. I trust that he will frighten away the yellow peril and permit you to slumber undisturbed. If you do not wish him inside your apartment, he will sit in the hall outside your door.

"With all regard for your continued good health, believe me, dear Mr. Orme, Yours, affectionately, "PEDRO ALCATRAZ."

In view of everything that had happened since the note was penned, Orme smiled a grim smile. Alcatraz must have been very anxious indeed; and yet, considering that the minister knew nothing of Orme's encounter with the Japanese and his meeting with the girl, the sending of the detective might naturally have been expected to pass as an impressive, but friendly, precaution.

The detective was rapidly losing his self-assurance. "I had only been asleep for a moment," he said. "Yes!" Orme spoke indifferently. "Well, you may go now. There is no longer any need of you here."

"But my instructions—" "Were given under a misapprehension. My return makes your presence unnecessary. Goodnight—or good-morning rather." He nodded toward the door.

The detective hesitated. "Look a here!" he suddenly burst out. "I never saw you before."

"Nor I you," replied Orme. "Then how do I know that you are Mr. Orme? You may be the very chap I was to keep out, far as I know."

"Sure enough, I may be," said Orme dryly, adding: "But I am not, any longer."



He Read It Over Several Times.

"Here's my card. That ought to do you."

He took a card from his pocket case and offered it to the detective, who, after scrutinizing it for a moment, let it fall to the floor. "Oh, it's all right, I guess," he said. "But what shall I say to the chief?" "Simply say that I didn't need you any longer."

The detective picked up his hat and went. "Thank heaven!" exclaimed Orme as he closed the door. "But I wonder why I didn't notice his hat. It was lying here in plain sight."

He went to the telephone and spoke to the clerk. "Did you let that detective into my apartment?" he asked. "Why, yes, Mr. Orme. He was one of the regular force, and he said that you wanted him here. I called up the chief's office, and the order was corroborated. I meant to tell you when you came in, but you passed the desk just while I was down eating my supper. The elevator boy let you in, didn't he?"

"Yes. Never mind, it's all right. Good night."

But when Orme examined his traveling bag he found that some one had evidently made a search through it. Nothing had been taken, but the orderly arrangement of his effects had been disturbed. His conclusion was that Alcatraz had bribed the fellow to go much farther than official red demanded. Doubtless the minister had paid the detective to hunt for a marked five-dollar bill and make a copy of whatever was written on it—which would have been quite a safe proceeding for the detective, if he were not caught at the task. A sub-

man, Alcatraz; but no subtler than the Japanese. Dismissing the incident from his mind, Orme again made ready to return to the all-night restaurant. He paused at the door, however, to give the situation a final analysis. Maku had lost something. After hunting for it vainly he had gone to the city directory for information which appeared to satisfy him. Then what he lost must have been an address. How would he have been likely to lose it? Orme's fatigue was so great that he repeated the question to himself several times without seeing any meaning in it. He forced his tired brain back to the first statement. Maku had lost something. What was it he had lost? Oh, yes, a paper. It was futile. His brain refused to work.

Maku had lost a paper. A paper? "Ah!" Orme was awake now. "How stupid!" he exclaimed. For he had entirely forgotten the paper which he had taken from the pocket of the unconscious Maku, there on the campus! He had thrust it into his pocket without looking at it, and in the excitement of his later adventures it had passed utterly from his memory.

Another moment and he had the paper in his hand. His fingers shook as he unfolded it, and he felt angry at his weakness. Yes, there it was—the address—written in an unformed hand. If he had only thought of the paper before, he would have been saved a deal of trouble—would have had more sleep. He read it over several times—"Three forty-one North Park street"—so that he would remember it if the paper should be lost.

"I'm glad Maku didn't write it in Japanese!" he exclaimed. (To Be Continued.)

Your kidney trouble may be of long standing. It may be either acute or chronic, but whatever it is Foley's Kidney Remedy will aid you to get rid of it quickly and restore your natural health and vigor. "One bottle of Foley's Kidney Remedy made me well," said J. Sibbald, of Grand View, Wis. Commence taking it now. McBride & Will Drug Company.

Premature. "Blinking surely has an eye to the future." "What's he doing now?" "Why, he is organizing a paint concern that will manufacture a coating for airships guaranteed to withstand high altitudes."

An Ounce of Precaution. In spite of printed directions on cans, it has never been perfectly safe to put a sealed tin in hot water to heat. It is best to empty the contents out into a saucepan, otherwise an explosion is possible.

The Day of the Elevator. Every day there are twice as many people traveling vertically in New York in the elevators as are carried horizontally by the various transportation lines.

For Long and Useful Life. If thou desire to take the best advantage of thyself, keep temperate diet, use moderate exercise, observe reasonable and set hours for rest.—F. Quarles.

He Won't Like It There. The man who isn't satisfied with good health and a steady job will find heaven a disappointing place.

The Gratitude of Elderly People. Goes out to whatever helps give them ease, comfort and strength. Foley Kidney Pills cure kidney and bladder diseases promptly, and give comfort and relief to elderly people. McBride & Will Drug Company.

HEIR WORKS AS PORTER.

German Man Well-Born Found in Iowa Hotel. Washington, Sept. 8.—A devilous search by Gustave Prince, German consul at Pittsburg, has ended here by the finding of Max Lutz and the unfolding of his romantic career. Born in Munich, Bavaria, sixty years ago of parents high in court circles of that kingdom, Lutz has seen many ups and downs in his life. He was reared in the palace of King Ludwig I. of Bavaria and was in the German army when it humbled France in the Franco-Prussian war. Years ago he disappeared into the American west with pioneers, who built up that part of the country.

Now after an absence of over a quarter of a century from his native land Lutz has been found, to be told that his aunt, who was once a maid of honor to the queen of Bavaria, has left him an inheritance of \$1,000. Lutz is working as a porter in Hotel Coloson here.

Not a great deal was known of the man here until he was discovered by the German consul. He is a sort of a recluse, but is well educated and is a great reader. His employer speaks highly of his attention to duty.

Lutz came here ten years ago from Marengo. He had lived on a farm near there for a number of years, was married there and raised his family of four children. His wife is now dead, but his three sons reside in Iowa county, while his daughter lives in Omaha. All are married.

LONE BANDIT ROBS TRAIN.

Jumps Rear Pullman, Shoots Employe and Holds Up Passengers. St. Louis, Sept. 7.—A lone robber leaped into the rear Pullman of Burlington train No. 15, which left the union station at 9 p. m., and after shooting the flagman, J. N. Wire, of Clarence, Mo., robbed the four pas-

sengers on the car and made his escape. The robber was discovered on the rear platform of the car by the flagman, who was shot and killed in trying to eject the intruder. The holdup occurred shortly after the train had left the union station and while it was yet in the yards.

BETTER FARM LIVING.

[Sioux City Journal.] Insofar as there may be a "problem for the betterment of rural life" it is really not only for farmers themselves, but they are actually solving it. No other "problem" in the whole long list of problems which it is now the fashion of so many people other than those directly involved to rapidly dispose of as this one of betwixt living on the farms, by farmers themselves. This is certainly true if we consider particularly the recognized great agricultural states of the northern Mississippi valley.

The assumption that life is being stunted by depressing farm conditions and that because of retrogression there is imperative need of return to better past conditions is preposterous. On the contrary, it may safely be said that no other class in the history of this country, or probably in the whole world's history, has enjoyed such a phenomenal broadening of life, such enrichment in the means of comfort and pleasure, intellectual as well as physical, as the American agricultural class during the last decade. And advancement therein is going forward right under our eyes today with more rapid strides than ever before. In Iowa and adjacent states the average farm home is beyond question immeasurably better than that of the average city home, and the conditions of life favorable to peace of mind, independence, hopefulness and ambition are correspondingly better.

Everybody but the preaching philanthropists who have not taken pains to ascertain the facts knows what the rural telephone and mail delivery have done for rural life, and how increase of wealth has placed within the average farmer's reach practically all the modern conveniences for heat, light, sanitation, locomotion, etc., which only the wealthier urban classes can have, and many of which even they can hardly get. As to the more numerous poorer classes within the cities, they are in comparison to be pitied. Their case, indeed, is worthy the attention of those who are so eager for "problems" to solve.

It is fast coming to pass on the representative Iowa farm that the provisions for housing and caring for domestic animals are better than the conditions in which a large portion of the city population is living. Unnumbered thousands of Iowa farm homes today are incomparably more comfortable in every way than the residences of aristocrats were a few decades ago, and the average farm habitation is rapidly being brought up to that standard. What is there of the best in city living that the average Iowa farmer, if he have the wit and the will, can not have? How much of the good things that he has in excess and counts as common is utterly beyond the reach of the average city dweller.

As a matter of fact it is supremely difficult to get the patronizing and preaching paternalist to broaden his knowledge of the facts of farm life to aid him to realize that the farmer himself is solving and has already actually so far solved the "problem" better than his glib advisers could have done for him, and better by far than they are solving their own problems for themselves.

Should He Deserve? A man who is good because he has never had a chance to be bad may be worthy of respect, but he should not attempt to make capital of his virtue.

Classified Advertisements

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

WANTED.

Wanted—Southern Minnesota farm lands. Must be bargainable; want to deal direct with owners; give all particulars, legal description and location. Address Box 2, Arlington, Iowa.

Wanted—Furnished room, close in for light housekeeping. Box 24.

Wanted—A few good men for general agents National Fence Supply Company, 34 North First avenue, Marshalltown.

Wanted—Tomatoes. Will pay 25 cents per bushel, at 505 Bromley street.

Wanted—Anyone having any tiling to be done, call Carl's Employment Agency.

Wanted—Anyone having houses for sale or rent, list same with Carl's Employment Agency.

Wanted—We want immediately women to peel corn and men to husk corn. We prefer Marshalltown people rather than to bring from outside. Good wages can be made at both jobs. Western Grocer Company Mills, canning department.

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

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—Practical timer for job and shop work. Abbott & Son.

Wanted—Young man to work in mailing department. Apply at mailing room in this office.

Wanted—Two first-class barbers \$13.00 per month, no boozers needed. Apply Lou Seeley, New Hampton, Iowa.

Wanted—An all around blacksmith. No boozers need apply. Address M-S, Care T-R.

Wanted—A good all round man at county farm. Write or phone J. C. Koontz, Marshalltown.

Wanted—A man to cut cord wood all winter. House furnished. T. Binford.

Wanted—First class barber at once, good wages for first class man, steady job. George Klebenstein.

Wanted—Bell boys at Pilgrim Hotel; steady job to reliable boys.

Wanted—Harbor at once; must be a first class workman, no boozers need apply. Ernest A. Franklin, Traer, Iowa.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

Wanted—Housekeeper in family of three, in town. Perry Oviatt, Belmont, Iowa.

Wanted—Girl for general household work. No washing. W. T. Bennett, 401 North First avenue. Phone 922 red.

Wanted—Woman to cook. Standard bakery.

Wanted—Good girl for general household work; also woman to wash and iron at home, and to do cleaning. Apply 117 North Second street.

Wanted—Middle-aged women for general work, \$25 per month. Phone or write J. C. Koontz, county farm, Marshalltown.

Wanted—At once, bright capable lady to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. \$25 to \$50 per week. R. R. R. paid. Goodrich Drug Company, 1308-10 Harney street, Omaha, Neb.

Wanted—Good experienced dressmaker of good character in connection with millinery store. References required. Address P. O. Box 184, Union, Iowa.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale—Four second-hand sewing machines, cheap. 107 East Main street.

For Sale—Pure re-cleaned Turkey Red seed wheat, \$1.25 per bushel. S. J. Burroughs, Albion, Iowa.

For Sale—Cook stove and cupboard, 1008 Iowa street.

Assignee's Sale at Eagle Grove, Iowa. \$4,000 stock of clothing, shoes, hats, etc., nice fresh goods for sale at greatly reduced prices. Proposals solicited. Must be cash sale, to pay claims. Address E. Schaffter, Eagle Grove, Iowa.

For Sale—200 bushels Turkey Red

winter wheat for seed, also one Shropshire ram, 2 years old. Inquire of George H. Van Slyke, Liscomb, Iowa.

For Sale—Bicycle cheap; only used short time. No. 8 North Fourth street.

For Sale—Household goods, 303 East Church street.

For Sale—Winter seed wheat, good, clean and right for fall sowing, in any quantity. Telephone Verer, Stary, Grove line, ten miles southwest of this city, R. D. No. 4, Box 47.

For Sale—A canvas glove factory with a good town and country trade, established. Algona Glove and Mitten Factory, Algona, Iowa.

For Sale—Waste feed at canning factory. A No. 1 feed for dairy stock or hogs. Western Grocery Mills canning department.

For Sale—On easy payments, bar fixtures, new and second hand, billiard and bowling supplies. We lead in cheap prices. The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, Marshalltown, Iowa.

Lawton, Oklahoma. City property or farm lands. Ask about free transportation to Lawton and return. Agents wanted in every county in Iowa. Call on or address R. B. Myford, Pilgrim, Marshalltown, Iowa.

LIVESTOCK—HORSES, ETC.

For Sale—Three registered Shropshire rams. W. H. C. Woodward, R. No. 3, city.

For Sale—A choice registered 2-year-old Shropshire ram, \$25. W. T. Richards, Clarion, Iowa.

FOR SALE—CITY PROPERTY.

For Sale—Stock of groceries and china in large double block, best location in city, rear driveways and hitching place. Cement basement. Business \$35,000 to \$40,000 per year. Only a cash proposition considered. D. S. Good Grocery Company.

For Sale—Blacksmith shop, good five-room house, four lots, shop is rented at \$8 per month. Other business interests reason for selling. B. F. Dawson, Green Mountain, Iowa.

For Sale—Good business building and living room, paved street, best location in city, price \$3,500; about six blocks east of court house on East Main street, Marshalltown, Iowa. Address J-7, care T-R.

IOWA LANDS.

For Sale—160 acres, improved, Marshalltown township. Inquire J. L. Carney.

For Sale—Improved Iowa farms from \$55 to \$100 per acre. W. O. T. Oleson, Riceville, Iowa.

For Sale—Iowa farm. One of the best improved 160 acre farms. Level, tiled, grove, fine buildings, 1/2 mile of Havelock, Iowa. D. H. Epler, Clarion, Iowa.

I am offering my farm of 250 acres, 4 1/2 miles east of Marshalltown, Iowa. Can sell on terms to suit purchaser. Unpaid portion to run at 3 per cent interest. J. M. Hughes, 2138 West Grand avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

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

For Sale—Cheap to settle an estate, 320 acres. Best farm land in Franklin county, Iowa; improved; 1 mile from town. Inquire W. H. White, 2135 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

For Sale—Iowa land; 240 acres good Iowa land, \$50 per acre. Owner, Mrs. E. E. Overmuth, Bonwick, Iowa.

For Sale—Cheap, Good improved 160 acre farm near Havelock, Iowa. Finely improved 80 acre farm near Plover, Iowa. Best of reasons given for selling. Address A-17, care T-R.

WISCONSIN LANDS.

Richest undeveloped land on the continent, 500,000 acres Round Lake, Wis., farm lands thrown on the market as mere fraction of future value. The choicest, located in Sawyer County, going at \$6.50 to \$20 an acre on long time. Settlers 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! Purest of water! Books and maps of the Round Lake country free. Address J. B. Bates, Woodbury Bldg., Marshalltown, Iowa.

MINNESOTA LAND.

Bumper crops in Lyon, Redwood and Murray counties. Come and let us show you the best crops of corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye and flax of any section of the west. We have a large list of fine improved farms, and we are offering them at from \$40 to \$80 per acre, any one of which will make the buyer a profit of at least \$10 per acre before winter. If you can't come now, write us stating what size farm you want and kind, and we will send you the descriptions of some choice bargains. Bonnalie & Bartlett, Tracy, Minn.

TO RENT.

To Rent—Nice large front room over 109 West Main street. Reynolds & Sheldon.

To Rent—Oct. 1, four-room cottage, 109 North Fifth avenue. Inquire 12 North Fifth avenue, or phone 484 White.

To Rent—Five-room house on south side. I. S. Finkle.

To Rent—Large front room with alcove, strictly modern. 210 North Third street.

To Rent—Front room, furnished, strictly modern. 110 North Center street.

To Rent—Large, furnished down stairs room, 12 East State street.

To Rent—Furnished room for one or two gentlemen. Modern. 203 North First avenue.

To Rent—My store room at feed yard, 110 East Church. Good location for grocery. G. A. Schick.

LOST.

Lost—A black silk jacket somewhere on the highway leading southwest from town or on city street. Finder can receive reward at T-R office.

Lost—Ladies' black leather hand bag, containing money, keys, watch, etc., at Northwestern depot or platform, Friday, Sept. 2, between 5 and 6. Reward. Address T-R.

Lost—A gold pocket and chain, either at Woodbury school or between there and the New England store. Engraved on pocket "Marie". Reward. 702 East Main, or phone 648 Red.

Lost—Lady's small pocketbook, in or near the New England Store, containing money. Finder phone 510 red.

Lost—A light brown leather pocketbook, containing a \$10 and a \$5 bill. Reward. Charles Schryver, Liscomb, Iowa.

STRAYED.

Strayed—From pasture, one bay mare, blind in left eye, white star in forehead. Any one finding her call phone No. 534 J. C. Haney.

STOLEN.

Stolen—Bicycle taken Monday evening from front of Meeker Laundry building. Reward will be paid for return to George Willgard.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Southwest Iowa is a fertile field for the man with anything to sell that has merit. It is thickly populated and prosperous. Seventy-five thousand people in southwest Iowa read the daily Nonpareil. It is the great want ad medium of this section. It is known far and wide as a producer of results. If you have land or anything else to sell or trade, get in touch with southwest Iowa through the Nonpareil. Write for our special offer. Nonpareil, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

CUT RATE SHIPPING.

Cut rates on household goods to Pacific coast and other points. Superior service. Reduced rates. The Boyd Transfer Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

FOR SALE

An Income Property. 10 ROOMS. 2 BATH ROOMS. STRICTLY MODERN. STEAM HEAT. LARGE YARD AND FRUIT. Part Cash and Terms. No. 9 North Third Avenue.