

FRECKLES

By Gene Stratton-Porter

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CHAPTER XXII

THE ANGEL'S GLAD STORY. The Chicago address was suit 11, Auditorium. She laid her hand on her driving sleeve.

"There's a fast driving limit!" she said.

"Yes, miss."

"Will you crowd it all you can without danger of arrest? I will pay well. I must catch some people!"

Then she smiled at him. The hospital, an orphan's home, and the Auditorium seemed a queer combination to that driver, but the angel was always and everywhere the angel, and her ways were strictly her own.

"I will get you there just as quickly as any man could with a team," he said promptly.

She clung to the card and paper, and, as best she could in the lurching, swaying cab, read the addresses over.

"O'More, suite eleven, Auditorium."

"O'More," she repeated. "Seems to fit Freckles to a dot. Wonder if that could be his name? Suite eleven, means that you are pretty well fixed. Suits in the Auditorium come high."

Then she turned the card and read on its reverse, Lord Maxwell O'More, M. P., Killyvan place, County Clare, Ireland.

"A lord man?" she groaned despairingly. "A lord man! Bet my hoe cukes scowled!"

She blinked back the tears and, spreading the paper on her knee, read: "After three months' fruitless search, Lord O'More gives up the quest for his lost nephew, and leaves Chicago today for his home in Ireland."

She read on, and realized every word of it. The likeness settled it. It was Freckles over again, only older and elegantly dressed. There was not a chance to doubt.

"Thank you; and wait, no matter how long," she said to her driver.

Catching up the paper, she hurried to the desk and laid down Lord O'More's card.

"Has my uncle started yet?" she asked, sweetly.

The surprised clerk stepped back on a belloy, and covertly kicked him for being in the way.

"His lordship is in his room," he said, with a low bow.

The clerk showed the belloy toward the stage.

"Show her lordship to the elevator and Lord O'More's suit," he said, bowing double.

At the belloy's tap the door swung open and the liveried servant thrust a card tray before the angel.

The opening of the door created a current that swayed a curtain aside, and in an adjoining room, lounging in a great chair, with a paper in his hand, sat the man who was, beyond question, of Freckles' blood and race.

With perfect control the angel dropped Lord O'More's card on the tray, whipped past his servant and stood before his lordship.

"Good morning," she said with tense politeness.

Lord O'More glanced her over with amused curiosity until her color began to deepen and her blood to run hotly.

"Well, my dear," he said at last, "how can I serve you?"

Instantly the angel bridled. She had been so shielded in the midst of almost entire freedom, owing to the circumstances of her life, that the words and the look appealed to her as almost insulting. She lifted her head with a proud gesture.

"I am not your dear," she said, with slow distinctness. "There isn't a thing in the world you can do for me. I came here to see if I could do something—a very great something—for you; but if I don't like you I won't do it!"

There was a silken rustle and a beautiful woman with cheeks of cherry bloom, hair of jet and eyes of pure Irish blue, moved to Lord O'More's side, catching his arm, shook him impatiently.

"Don't let me lose you, my dear," she cried. "Didn't you understand what the child said? Look at her face! See what she has!"

"I beg your pardon," he said. "The fact is, I am leaving Chicago sorely disappointed. It makes me bitter and reckless. I thought it was some more of those queer, useless people that have thrust themselves on me constantly, and I was careless. Forgive me and tell me why you came."

"I will if I like you," said the angel stoutly, "and if I don't I won't!"

"But I began all wrong, and now I don't know how to make you like me," said his lordship, with sincere penitence in his tone.

The angel looked into the beautiful woman's face.

"Are you his wife?" she asked.

"Yes," said the woman, "I am his wife."

"Wall," said the angel judicially, "the Bird Woman says no one in the whole world knows all a man's big-noses and all his littlenesses as his wife does. What you think of him ought to do for me. Do you like him?"

"Better than any one in the whole world," said Lady O'More promptly.

The angel mused a second, and then her legal tongue came to the fore again.

"Yes, but have you any one you could like better, if he wasn't all right?" she persisted.

"I have three of his sons, two other daughters, a father, mother and

several nephews and nieces. I can give up every one of them with dry eyes, if by so doing I could save him."

"Oh!" cried the angel. "Oh, my?"

She lifted her clear eyes to Lord O'More's and shook her head.

"She never, never could do that!" she said. "But it's a mighty big thing to your credit that she thinks she could. I guess I'll tell you why I came."

She laid down the paper and touched the portrait.

"When you were just a boy, did people call you Freckles?" she asked.

"Dozens of good fellows all over Ireland and the continent are doing it today," answered Lord O'More.

The angel's face lighted with her most beautiful smile.

"I was sure of it," she said winningly. "That's what we call him, and he is so like you. I doubt if any one of those three boys of yours are more so. But it's been twenty years. Seems to me you've been a long time coming!"

Lord O'More caught the angel's wrists and his wife slipped her arms about her.

"Steady, my girl!" said the man's voice hoarsely. "Don't make me think you've brought word of the boy at this best hour unless you know surely."

"It's all right," said the angel. "We have him, and there's no chance of a mistake. If I hadn't gone to that home for his little clothes and heard of you and been hunting you and had met you on the street, or anywhere, I should have stopped you and asked you who you were just because you are so like him. It's all right. I can tell you where Freckles is; but whether you deserve to know—that's another matter!"

Lord O'More did not bear her. He dropped back in his chair and, covering his face, burst into those terrible sobs that shake and rend a strong man.

Lady O'More hovered over him, weeping.

"Umph! Looks pretty fair for Freckles," muttered the angel. "Lots of things can be expienced. Now perhaps they can explain this."

They did explain so fully that in a few minutes the angel was on her feet, hurrying Lord and Lady O'More to reach the hospital.

"You said Freckles' old nurse knew his mother's picture instantly," said the angel. "I want that picture and the bundle of little clothes."

Lady O'More gave them into her hands.

The likeness was a large miniature painted on ivory, with a frame of beaten gold, and the face that looked out of it was of extreme beauty and surpassing sweetness.

Surrounded by masses of dark hair was a delicately cut face, with big eyes in the upper part of it there was no trace of Freckles, but the lips curving in a smile were his very own. The angel gazed at it as she could never leave off. Then with a quivering breath she laid the portrait aside and reached both arms for Lord O'More's neck.

"That will save Freckles' life and assure his happiness," she said positively. "Thank you, oh, thank you for coming!"

She kissed and hugged him and then the wife who had come with him. She opened the bundle of yellow and brown linen and gave just a glance at the texture and work. Then she gathered the little clothes and the picture to her heart and led the way to the car.

Ushering Lord and Lady O'More into the reception room, she said to McLean, "Please go call up my father and ask him to come on the first train."

She swung the door after him.

"These are Freckles' people," she said to the Bird Woman. "You can find out about each other. I'm going to him."

And she was gone.

The nurse left the room quietly as the angel entered, still carrying the bundle and the picture. When they were alone the angel turned to Freckles and saw that the crisis was, indeed, at hand.

"Angel," he panted. "Oh, angel! Did you get them? Are they white? Are the little stitches there? Oh, angel! Did my mother love me?"

The words seemed to leap from his burning lips. The angel dropped the bundle on the bed and laid the picture, face down, across his knees. She gently pushed his head to the pillow and caught his arms in a firm grasp.

girl with a little, the very girl of all the world his father wanted him to, and added a big adjoining estate to his, way, that pleased him mightily.

"Then he went and ordered his other son to marry a poly kind of a girl that nobody liked to get another big estate on the other side, and that was different. That was all the world different, because the eldest son had been in love all his life with the girl he married, and, oh, Freckles, it's no wonder, for I saw her! She's a royal beauty and she has the sweetest way."

"But that poor younger son, he had been in love with the village vicar's daughter all his life. That's no wonder either, for she was more beautiful yet. She could sing like the angels, but she hadn't a cent. She loved him to death, too, if he was boy and freckled and red haired—I don't mean that; but he didn't say what color his hair was, but his father's must have been the redder ever, for when he found out about them, and it wasn't anything so terrible, he just cried."

"The old man went to see the girl—the pretty one with no money, of course—and he hurt her feelings until she ran away. She went over to London and began studying music. Soon she grew to be a lovely singer, and then she joined a company and came to this country."

(To be Continued.)

A Viper in the Stomach is dyspepsia complicated with liver and kidney troubles. Electric Bitters help all such cases or no pay. 50c. McBride & Will Drug Company.

Vanity of the Song Bird. Gatti-Casazza, the manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, was talking about famous song birds.

"These women, as a rule, are modest," he said; "but now and then we meet a song bird of inordinate vanity."

"In Milan, in the Arcade, I chanced one afternoon upon a song bird of the vain type, and she asked me how I liked her performance the evening before."

"It was superb, perfect," I said, "she beamed with such delight that, to please her still more, I added: 'It was divine, like an angel's song.'"

"But at that she bit her lip," I said, "I don't see any need," she said, with an annoyed air, "of dragging in the angel."

Do you know that more real danger lurks in a common cold than in any other of the minor ailments? The safe way is to take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, a thoroughly reliable preparation, and rid yourself of the cold as quickly as possible. This remedy is for sale by all dealers.

Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache was describing the aristocratic exclusiveness of Philadelphia.

"There is something splendidly direct, positive and terse," she said, "about the aristocratic claims of the Philadelphia society leaders. These people, in fact, remind one of the one that Lord Macdonald wrote to the head of the Gleanery clan when the latter wanted to claim precedence over him."

"This letter ran: 'Dear Gleanery—As soon as you can prove to me that you are a Scotchman, I shall be ready to acknowledge you, but in the meantime I am Yours, The accent,'" ended Mrs. Bache Pratt, "was, you see, on the 'yours.'"

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Economy of a Sort. Job E. Hedger, at the St. Andrew's Society dinner last evening, was talking to a neighbor about Scotch economy.

"The Scotch," he said, "are economical and honest. They live on principle and interest. But the desire to economy is not allowed by the Scotch to affect their honor."

"It wasn't a Scotch economist who said one day to a friend: 'It is wonderful how I make things last. Do you see this umbrella? Well, I bought it eleven years ago. I had it recovered in 1903 and 1907, got three new ribs put in it in 1908, and exchanged it for a new one at Mouquin's restaurant last November.'"

IF YOU ARE A DRINKING MAN You had better stop at once or you'll lose your job. Every line of business is closing its doors to "Drinking" men. It may be your turn next. By the aid of ORRINE thousands of men have been restored to lives of sobriety and industry.

We are so sure that ORRINE will benefit you that we say to you that if after a trial you fail to get any benefit from its use, your money will be refunded.

When you stop "Drinking" think of the money you'll save; besides, sober men are worth more to their employers and get higher wages.

Costs only \$1.00 a box. We have an interesting booklet about ORRINE that we are giving away free on request. Call at our store and talk it over.

McBride & Will Drug Company, corner Center and Main streets, and 321 South Third avenue.

MERCHANTS TRY THE UNITED SALES CO. MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA. MERCHANTS AUCTIONEERS If you want to sell or buy, if you want to reduce your stock, if you have old, unseasonable, out of style goods you wish to convert into cash.

Write for valuable information and dates. Best season now on. We employ only successful salesmen, who are experts in this line. We sell anything in merchandise. Seven sales booked for February and March.

WHO'S NEXT. THE UNITED SALES CO. Marshalltown, Iowa.

Oliver Visible Typewriter for sale cheap. Perfect condition and does splendid writing. Could ship on approval and trial. Write to CHARLES W. RICKART, Reedsdale, Kan.

ALASKAN INDIANS DYING. Death Exceeds Birth Rate to Alarming Extent.

[Special Correspondence.] Washington, Feb. 21.—No Indians in Alaska at all will be left in two or three generations unless the government at once takes vigorous measures to check disease among them. This is in substance the statement made in a report by Dr. M. H. Foster, past assistant surgeon in the public health and marine hospital service, who was sent on special detail to make a survey of the health conditions of southern Alaska. The survey was made for the bureau of education, which has general supervision of Alaska natives, and as a result of it an estimate for an appropriation of \$70,000 for additional medical work among the natives is now before congress.

Dr. Foster discusses the decrease in the native population of Alaska as follows: "Owing to the usual lack of vital statistics in a pioneer country such as this, the exact facts on which to base an opinion have never been available and most of the statements have been mere conjecture. At Sitka accurate records have been kept by the churches and they show that for a period of five years and seven months the annual birth rate has been 73.3 per thousand and the annual death rate \$5.4 per thousand. During this period, with an estimated population of 400, there were twenty-nine more deaths than births."

The very unusual mortality in Alaska, \$5.4 per thousand, is to be attributed largely to pulmonary tuberculosis, and unless it is checked in some way it will result in the extinction of the natives in sixty or seventy years. Fortunately, it is counteracted to a certain extent by an unusually large birth rate, but the birth rate will probably decrease as time goes on."

In accordance with these findings, Dr. Foster's recommendations include the establishment of a tuberculosis sanatorium, provision for which is made in the appropriation now before congress. Conservative estimates put the proportion of natives suffering from some form of tubercular trouble at from 30 to 50 per cent. This is in addition to some 15 per cent who have large percentage of sufferers from specific blood poisoning or allied diseases. Without medical attention, natives mingling with the whites furnish an element of considerable danger to the entire population of Alaska.

In addition to a sanatorium for consumptive and a home for destitute blind and crippled natives, the estimate of appropriation of \$70,000 now before congress also contemplates additional doctors and nurses, as well as new hospitals for surgical operations and various diseases other than consumption.

LARGE GIFT FOR MUSEUM.

Francis L. Leland's Donation Largest Gift Received by the Institution. New York, Feb. 20.—A gift approximating \$1,000,000 to the Metropolitan Museum of Art was announced tonight. It is one of the largest gifts ever made to the museum and is from

Francis L. Leland, president of the New York County National Bank, a civil war veteran, and a member of the museum's board of trustees.

The announcement came as a surprise to the officers of the museum after the annual meeting yesterday. Leland requested J. P. Morgan, Jr., son of the president of the museum, and Robert W. DeForest, vice president, to call at his residence and apprise them of his intention.

The gift is made in the form of 1,200 shares of the New York County National Bank, which at the current quotations are worth \$1,020,000. The museum has received three

larger gifts during its history, but they were bequests in will and the greatest gift is the largest ever received during the life of a donor.

A Frightful Experience with diphtheria, measles and scarlet fever, is quickly overcome by taking Dr. King's New Life Pills. See McBride & Will Drug Company.

Expensive Luxury. "Yes," said the literary man with a sigh, "style is a fine thing for a writer to have; but when his wife's got it, too, it takes all the profit away."—Harper's Weekly.

S.S.S. REMOVES THE CAUSE OF CATARRH

No remedy that does not entirely remove the cause of Catarrh of the blood will ever make a permanent cure of the trouble. Just as long as the circulation remains contaminated with the impurities and catarrhal matters which produce the trouble, the mucous membranes or inner linings of the body will be kept in a state of irritation and disease. Sprays, lotions and other local applications will sometimes temporarily relieve the tight, full feeling in the head, buzzing noises in the ears, uncomfortable, stuffy feeling of the nostrils, and help to loosen the mucus in the throat; but Catarrh is a constitutional blood disorder and until it has been entirely driven from the system there can be no permanent cure. S. S. S. cures Catarrh by removing the cause from the blood. It attacks the disease at its head and by thoroughly purifying and cleansing the circulation, and ridding it of every particle of impurity, and at the same time enriching the blood, allows the inflamed and irritated membranes to heal, improves the general health, and cures every disagreeable symptom. S. S. S. reaches down to the very bottom and leaves no trace of the disease in the system. Book on Catarrh and any medical advice free to all who write.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

WANTED—FOUND—LOST

Wanted—By young man in town, job on farm. Address U-20, T-R.

Wanted—Manager, for Farmers Elevator Company. Apply to V. A. Keise, secretary, Gilman, Iowa.

Wanted—Position on farm by married man. Address, W-20, T-R.

Wanted—A buyer for small roll top desk, cheap. The Andrews store.

Wanted—Work on farm by boy with farm experience. Address "G-20" care T-R.

Wanted—A buyer for Wheeler and Wilson tailor's machine, equipped for electric power. The Andrews store.

Wanted—Farmers, to raise tomatoes. Call at Dunham's, 505 Broome street.

Wanted—Hardware store for cash. We have a cash customer, for a \$5,000 or \$6,000 hardware stock. Seaside City Land & Loan Company, Iowa Falls, Iowa.

Wanted—Position with small telephone exchange, as all-around "trouble man." Nine years' practical experience. V-17, care T-R.

Wanted—A position in a garage. Have had experience. Address box 343, Reinbeck, Iowa.

Wanted—Carpenter work, experienced man, small repair jobs, will work in country. Phone 1120 green.

Wanted—General teaming. Call 1121 White.

Wanted—Ashes to haul, and all kinds of teaming. Phone 974 green.

Wanted—Everyone to know that the services of the visiting nurse employed by the Visiting Nurses' Association are to be had at what patients are able and willing to pay for without pay, by those in straitened circumstances. Telephone Anna Coffins, 680 red; residence, 114 1/2 North Center; or to superintendent of nurse, 1230 yellow.

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

HELP WANTED—MALE. Wanted—Experienced farm hand. Best of wages for reliable party. I. J. Conrad, Melbourne, Iowa, Rural Route No. 2.

Wanted—Good girl for general housework. 411 West Main street.

Wanted—Housekeeper for small family. Apply Bendig's hardware store.

Wanted—Experienced lady to do housework and care for children. References. Write "H-20" care T-R.

Wanted—At Stoddard Hotel, experienced chamber maid.

WANTED AGENTS. Wanted—Agents to sell new article, 100 per cent profit, rare opportunity. Every man, woman and child needs it. Send for particulars. Charles A. Johnston Company, Dept. J, 103 Fulton street, New York.

BUSINESS CHANCE. Truthworthy Men or women wanted as local representatives of responsible manufacturer. High-class merchandise and clean selling methods. \$12 per week guaranteed on easy conditions, with possibility of \$30 and advance. Experience not necessary. Manufacturer, Box 278, Philadelphia.

Wanted—Three or four solicitors for Marshalltown and vicinity; ladies or gentlemen. Pleasant work, and you can make good wages. Address Golden Rod Sales Company, 307 Good Block, Des Moines, Iowa.

I want an honest man as a partner in an established business, a business that is safe and will give good returns; \$1,000 will handle this. Inquire O-14, care this office.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS. For Sale—Cheap, air tight heater, 206 West Grant. Phone 1366 red.

For Sale, Trade or Rent—Livery barn, shed and stock. Will exchange for small farm. Address Box 148, Union, Iowa.

For Sale—Three Cucco incubators, one Carry safe. C. L. Duffield, Phone 61.

For Sale—Two 8 foot floor show cases, two 6 foot counter cases, one 8 foot candy case, counters and shelving. Inquire at The Racket store.

For Sale—\$10,000 life insurance; age 24 years; \$23 for \$1,000 annually.

Other agents in proportion. Let us carry your risk if you like \$1,000 or more. See McCormack, Hopkins block, by appointment.

For Sale—Edison Home phonograph, recorder and records; nearly new; also Singer cabinet sewing machine, practically new. Will sell cheap. Address Box 71, Rhodes, Iowa.

For Sale—One 400 account McCaskey register and safe. One large Toledo scale, good as new. One National cash register, cheap. Peckham Grocery Company.

For Sale or Trade—New Avery engine, 22 horse power, under-mounted, been used sixty days; cash, or will trade for mules or horses; also new 14-barrel water tank. Phone 644 white, or write John Herbert, 703 South Second street.

For Sale—We have the largest stock of Regal and Maytag Mason repair parts of the factory. Mail orders will receive prompt attention. Marshall Auto Company.

For Sale—My oil wagon, horse and business; cheap if taken at once. Phone 696 white.

For Sale—Cheap, a five h. p. steam engine in excellent condition. We have installed motors. Address, "Engine," care T-R.

For Sale—New and second-hand carom and pocket-billiard tables, and bowling alleys and accessories; bar fixtures of all kinds; easy payments. The Grinnick-Baile-Collander Company 113 Walnut street, Des Moines, Iowa.

FOR SALE—CITY PROPERTY. For Sale—Most desirable lot on West Main, corner Seventh street. A. D. Steven, 6 North Fifth street.

For Sale—Most comfortable 9-room residence in the city, at a bargain. W. G. Kane, 707 West Church street.

For Sale—Caswell homestead, cheap to settle estate, nine-room house, good rental, furnace, bath, city water and cistern, barn, all kinds of fruit, garden plot. C. C. Caswell.

For Sale—The home you are looking for. It is new and up-to-date, at a bargain. Address or inquire at 609 East State.

For Sale—Six-room house and barn on lot 57x130. Inquire 606 East Church street.

For Sale—My residence at 105 North Second avenue. This property is modern in every particular and in good repair. Will make good terms to purchaser. No trades entertained. E. W. Whinery.

For Sale—Five acres improved, with house and outbuildings. Fruit trees, etc. Inquire at 411 Inglede street.

For Sale—Nine room house, modern, at 305 West Summit. Will trade for vacant lots, or small property. W. E. Detrick, phone 1119 yellow.

For Sale—Two modern six-room cottages. Payment plan if wanted. A. J. Clark.

For Sale—Choice of two desirable residence lots on one of the best streets in the west part of the city, north of Main. Terms if desired, inquire W. B. Wildman, at Times-Republican office.

LIVESTOCK—HORSES, ETC. For Sale—One fresh cow. Call 890 red. F. A. Bellus.

For Sale—Shorthorn bull, red, 14 months old. A good one. Address Lock box 28, Albion, Iowa.

For Sale—Black Percheron stallion, registered 4 years old. Sound, good action, sire breeder. Priced right. Charles Hum, Rockwell, Iowa.

For Sale—Four large work horses. Phone 895 red.

For Sale—One good work horse. Phone 882 green.

For Sale—Choice Poland China brood sows and gilts that will farrow in March, April and May. Bred to choice big and medium type boars. J. T. Malley, Albion, Iowa.

For Sale—One team of mares coming in yearling, in foal, and one team of geldings, 2 years old. H. D. Spencer, Rural phone.

For Sale—My Imported Belgian stallion, age 7, weight 2,200. He is a sire breeder and we have the goods to show. If interested phone or write, as he is priced to sell. J. E. Stewart, Grinnell, Iowa.

For Sale—Pair good work mules, 7 years old; weight about 2,400. Will give year's term on approved note at Main. Terms if desired, inquire W. B. Wildman, at Times-Republican office.

For Sale—Jersey bull, Cupid's Gold on King, No. 73111, also bull calf 6

months; a few choice Partridge Wyandotte cockerels. J. A. Waddington, Geneva, Iowa.

For Sale—Eight head registered Percherons. Two mares in foal, three yearling fillies and three sucking