

The Last Shot

By **FREDERICK PALMER**

CHAPTER II.

Ten Years Later.

His Excellency the chief of staff of the Grays was seldom in his office. His Excellency had years, rank, prestige. The breast of his uniform sagged with the weight of his decorations. He appeared for the army at great functions; his picture was in the shop windows. Hedworth Westerling, the new vice-chief of staff, was content with this arrangement. His years would not permit him the supreme honor. This was for a figurehead, while he had the power.

His appointment to the staff ten years ago had given him the field he wanted, the capital itself, for the play of his abilities. His vital energy, his impressive personality, his gift for courting the influences that counted, whether man or woman, his astute reading in stooping to some measure that were in keeping with the times but not with army precedent, had won for him the goal of his ambition. He had passed over the heads of older men, whom many thought his betters, rather ruthlessly. Those who would serve loyally he drew around him; those who were bitter he crowded out of his way.

In the adjoining room, occupied by Westerling, the walls were hung with the silhouettes of infantrymen, such as you see at maneuvers, in different positions of firing, crouching in shallow trenches, standing in deep trenches, or lying flat on the stomach on level earth. Another silhouette, that of an infantryman running, was peppered with white points in arms and legs and parts of the body that were not vital, to show in how many places a man may be hit with a small-caliber bullet and still survive.

In this day of universal European conception, if Westerling were to win in war it would be with five millions—five hundred thousand more than when he faced a young Brown officer over the wreck of an aeroplane—including the reserves; each man running, firing, crouching, as was the figure on the wall, and trying to give more of the white points that peppered the silhouette than he received.

Now Turcas, the assistant vice-chief of staff, and Bouchard, chief of the division of intelligence, standing on the right side of Westerling's desk, awaited his decisions on certain matters which they had brought to his attention. Both were older than Westerling, Turcas by ten and Bouchard by fifteen years.

Turcas had been strongly urged in inner army circles for the place that Westerling had won, but his manner and his ability to court influence were against him. A lath of a man and stiff as a lath, pale, with thin, tightly-drawn lips, quiet, steel-gray eyes, a tracery of blue veins showing on his full temples, he suggested the ascetic no less than the soldier, while his incisive brevity of speech, flavored now and then with pungent humor, without any inflection in his dry voice, was in keeping with his appearance. He arrived with the clerks in the morning and frequently remained after they were gone. As a master of detail Westerling regarded him as an invaluable assistant, with certain limitations, which were those of the pigeonhole and the treadmill.

As for Bouchard, nature had meant him to be a wheel-horse. He had never had any hope of being chief of staff. Hawk-eyed, with a great beak nose, and iron-gray hair, intensely and solemnly serious, lacking a sense of humor, he would have looked at home with his big, bony hands gripping a broadsword hilt and his lank body clothed in chain armor. He had a master's devotion to his master for his chief.

"Since Lanstron became chief of intelligence of the Browns information seems to have stopped," said Westerling, but not complacently. He appreciated Bouchard's loyalty.

"Yes, they say he even burns his laundry bills, he is so careful," Bouchard replied.

"But that we ought to know," Westerling proceeded, referring very insistently to a secret of the Browns which had baffled Bouchard. "Try a woman," he went on with that terse, hard directness which reflected one of his sides. "There is nobody like a woman for that sort of thing. Spend enough to get the right woman."

Turcas and Bouchard exchanged a glance, which rose suggestively from the top of the head of the seated vice-chief of staff. Turcas smiled slightly, while Bouchard was graven as usual.

"You could hardly reach Lanstron though you spent a queen's ransom," said Bouchard in his lister fashion.

"I should say not!" Westerling explained. "No doubt about Lanstron's being all there! I saw him ten years ago after his first aeroplane flight under conditions that proved it. However, he must have susceptible subordinates."

"We'll set all the machinery we have to work to find one, sir," Bouchard replied.

"Another thing, we must dismiss any idea that they are concealing either artillery or dirigibles or planes that we do not know of," continued Westerling. "That is a figment of our apprehensions. The fact that we find no truth in the rumors proves that there

is none. Such things are too important to be concealed by one army from another."

"Lanstron certainly cannot carry them in his pockets," remarked Turcas. "Still, we must be sure," he added thoughtfully, more to himself than to Westerling, who had already turned his attention to a document which Turcas laid on the desk.

"The 123d Regiment has been ordered to South La Tir, but no order yet given for the 132d, whose place it takes," he explained.

"Let it remain for the present!" Westerling replied.

After they had withdrawn, the look that passed between Turcas and Bouchard was a pointed question. The 132d to remain at South La Tir! Was there something more than "newspaper talk" in this latest diplomatic crisis between the Grays and the Browns? Westerling alone was in the confidence of the premier of late. Any exchange of ideas between the two subordinates would be fruitless surmise and against the very instinct of staff secrecy, where every man knew only his work and asked about no one else.

Westerling ran through the papers that Turcas had prepared for him. If Turcas had written them, Westerling knew that they were properly done. Having cleared his desk into the hands of his executive clerk, he looked at the



"One-seventh the allotted span of life!" He mused.

clock. It had barely turned four. He picked up the final staff report of observations on the late Balkan campaign, just printed in book form, glanced at it and laid it aside. Already he knew the few lessons afforded by this war "done on the cheap," with limited equipment and over bad roads. No dirigibles had been used and few planes. It was no criterion, except in the effect of the fire of the new pattern guns, for the conflict of vast masses of highly trained men, with rapid transportation over good roads, complete equipment, thorough organization, backed by generous resources, in the cataclysm of two great European powers.

Rather idly, now, he drew a pad toward him and, taking up a pencil, made the figures seventeen and twenty-seven. Then he made the figures thirty-two and forty-two. He blackened them with repeated tracings as he mused. This done, he put seventeen under twenty-seven and thirty-two under forty-two. He made the subtraction and studied the two tens.

A swing door opened softly and his executive clerk reappeared with a soft tread.

"Some papers for your signature, sir," he said as he slipped them on the blotter in front of Westerling. "And the 132d—no order about that, sir," he asked.

"None. It remains!" Westerling replied.

The clerk went out impressed. His chief talking to sums of subtraction and totally preoccupied! The 132d to remain! He, too, had a question-mark in his secret mind.

Westerling proceeded with his mathematics. Having heavily shaded the tens, he essayed a sum in division. He found that ten went into seventy just seven times.

"One-seventh the allotted span of life!" he mused. "Take off fifteen years for youth and fifteen after fifty-five—nobody counts after that, though I mean to—and you have ten into forty, which is one-fourth. That is a good deal. But it's more to a woman than to a man—yes, a lot more to a woman than to a man!"

The clerk was right in thinking Westerling preoccupied; but it was not with the international crisis. Over his coffee the name of Miss Marta Gailand, in the list of arrivals at a hotel, had caught his eye in the morning paper. A note he had brought an answer, saying that her time was limited, but she would be glad to have him call at five that afternoon.

Westerling realized that the question of marriage as a social requirement might arise when he should become officially chief of staff with the retirement of His Excellency the field marshal. For the present he enjoyed his position as a bachelor who was the most favored man in the army too much to think of marriage.

It was a little surprising that the bell that the girl of seventeen had rung in his secret mind when he was on one of the first rounds of the ladder, now lost in the mists of a lower stratum of existence, should ever tinkle again. Yet he had heard its note in the tone of her prophecy with each step in his promotion; and while the other people whom he had known at La Tir were the vaguest shadows of

personalities, her picture was as definite in detail as when she said: "You have the will! You have the ambition!" She had recognized in him the power that he felt; foreseen his ascent to the very apex of the pyramid. She was still unmarried, which was strange; for she had not been bad-looking and she was of a fine old family. What was she like now? Commonplace and provincial, most likely. Many of the people he had known in his early days appeared so when he met them again. But, at the worst, he looked for an interesting half-hour.

The throbbing activity of the streets of the capital, as his car proceeded on the way to her hotel, formed an energetic accompaniment to his gratifying backward survey of how all his plans had worked out from the very day of the prophecy. Had he heard the remark of a great manufacturer to the banker at his side in a passing limousine, "There goes the greatest captain of industry of us all!" Westerling would only have thought: "Certainly. I am chief of staff. I am at the head of all your workmen at one time or another!" Had he heard the banker's answer, "But pretty poor pay, pretty small dividends!" he would have thought, "Splendid dividends—the dividends of power!"

He had a caste contempt for the men of commerce, with their mercenary talk about credit and market prices; and also for the scientists, doctors, engineers, and men of other professions, who spoke of things in books which he did not understand. Reading books was one of the faults of Turcas, his assistant. No bookish soldier, he knew, had ever been a great general. He represented the growing power of these leaders of the civil world, taking distinction away from the military, even when, as a man of parts, he had to court their influence. His was the profession that was and ever should be the elect. A penniless subaltern was a gentleman, while he could never think of a man in business as one.

All the faces in the street belonged to a strange, busy world outside his interest and thoughts. They formed what was known as the public, often making a clatter about things which they did not understand, when they should obey the orders of their superiors. Of late, their clatter had been about the extra taxes for the recent increase of the standing forces by another corps. The public was bovine with a parrot's head. Yet it did not admire the tolling ox, but the eagle and the lion.

As his car came to the park his eyes lighted at sight of one of the dividends—one feature of urban life that ever gave him a thrill. A battalion of the 123th, which he had ordered that afternoon to the new garrison at South La Tir that he had once commanded, was marching through the main avenue. Youths all, of twenty-one or two, they were in a muddy-gray uniform which was the color of the plain as seen from the veranda of the Gailand house. Where these came from were other boys growing up to take their places. The mothers of the nation were doing their duty. All the land was a breeding-ground for the dividends of Hedworth Westerling.

At the far side of the park he saw another kind of dividend—another group of marching men. These were not in uniform. They were the unemployed. Many were middle-aged, with worn, tired faces. Beside the flag of the country at the head of the procession was that of universal radicalism. And his car had to stop to let them pass. For an instant the indignation of military autocracy rose strong within him at sight of the national colors in such company. But he noted how naturally the men kept step; the solidarity of their movement. The stamp of their army service in youth could not be easily removed. He realized the advantage of heading an army in which defense was not dependent on a mixture of regulars and volunteers, but on universal conscription that brought every able-bodied man under discipline.

These reservists, in the event of war, would bear the call of race and they would fight for the one flag that they had any significance. Yes, the old human impulses would predominate and the only enemy would be on the other side of the frontier. They would be pawns of his will—the will that Marta Gailand had said would make him chief of staff.

Wasn't war the real cure for the general unrest? Wasn't the nation growing stale from the long peace? He was ready for war now that he had become vice-chief, when the retirement of His Excellency, unable to bear the weight of his years and decorations in the field, would make him the supreme commander. One ambition gained, he heard the appeal of another; to live to see the guns and rifles that had fired only blank cartridges in practice pouring out shells and bullets and all the battalions that had played at sham war in maneuvers engaged in real war, under his direction. He saw his columns sweeping up the slopes of the Brown range. Victory was certain. He would be the first to lead a great modern army against a great modern army; his place as the master of modern tactics secure in the minds of all the soldiers of the world. The public would forget its unrest in the thrill of battles won and provinces conquered, and its clatter would be that of acclaim for a new idol of its old faith.

(To Be Continued.)

For Bad Burns. Don't thrust a burned foot or hand into cold water. It relieves for a moment, only to be followed by an increase of pain, peeling off of the cuticle, and very frequently by ulceration of the wound. Don't tie up in a dry cloth; all woven material is porous and admits air. Don't drag off the clothing. Don't rub or cut off the hanging skin. Your object when called upon to treat a burn is at once to exclude air. For this purpose nothing is better than oil of some sort. Paraffin is not a bad thing, or vaseline, or common olive oil, or lard and butter, if both be entirely without salt.

First Aid for Everyday Accidents.

TEN TRADE COMMANDMENTS.

How a Steel Mill is Paving the Way for "Safety First."

At the plant of a prominent steel manufacturing concern in Johnstown, Pa., the following ten commandments have been adopted for the guidance of employees:

Thou shalt have no other thoughts than thy work.

Thou shalt take no unnecessary risks, nor try to show off, nor play practical jokes, for by thy carelessness thou mayest do injury which will have effect until the third and fourth generations to follow.

Thou shalt not swear nor lose thy temper when things do not go just right.

Remember thou art not the only one on the job, and that other lives are just as important as thine own.

Honor thy job and thyself, that thy days may be long in employment.

Thou shalt not clean machinery while it is in motion.

Thou shalt not watch thy neighbor's work, but attend to thine own.

Thou shalt not let the sleeves of thy shirt hang loose, nor the flaps of the coat to be unbuttoned, as they may get caught in the machinery.

Thou shalt not throw matches or greasy waste on the floor, nor scatter oil around the bearings, as a dirty worker is a clumsy worker, and a clumsy worker is a menace to his fellow workers.

Thou shalt not interfere with the switches, nor the dynamo, nor the cables, nor the engines, nor anything else thou art told is dangerous.—New York Times.

When Silence is Golden.

This delightful little story is being told of a certain well-known regiment of the line, at present stationed abroad. It concerns an officer who is something more than merely disliked by the men, on account of his strictness in

little matters that the Tommies think immaterial.

One evening, after a card party, which was prolonged into the small hours, this officer was returning to his quarters, and, in passing a deep pond, stumbled and fell into it. Not being able to swim, he would most certainly have drowned had it not been for a private of his regiment, who, happening to pass at the moment, succeeded in pulling him out, not much the worse for his dip.

The officer was very profuse in his thanks, and asked his rescuer in what way he could repay him.

"Well, sir," said the soldier, "the best way you could repay me would be to say nothing about it."

"How's that?" asked the other.

"Well, sir," was the reply, "if the other fellows knew I'd pulled you out, they'd chuck me in!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Civilized China.

The most tragic thing seen by Lord Bryce in China was, he said in a recent address in London, the total disregard by the people for their ancient monuments. The revolution, "carried out by a mere handful of students trained in England, the United States and Japan," was a most remarkable phenomenon—most remarkable, perhaps, in all history. China had changed. The pigtail had gone, women's feet were no longer compressed, opium had ceased to be cultivated, and, above and beyond all, the ancient system of examination for high official positions was being swept away. The most curious things in all China were the long rows of examination cells, not big enough to allow the occupants to lie down, in which the competitors used the intervals for long periods and allowed to come out once in two or three days to stretch their legs. And the test of their merit for administrative position was the composition of poems of immense length.

GOWNS LIKE THIS ARE ONLY FOR WOMEN WITH PERFECT SHOULDERS



SATIN EVENING GOWN

There is much that is worthy of note in this evening costume of pale satin. It illustrates the use which is being made of beading in adorning fall and

winter evening costumes. Black and white beads are combined in achieving the wonderful bordered effects on this garment.

DOES WOMAN DRESS FOR MAN?

Or is It For Other Women, or Just For Herself.

For whom do women dress, men or other women? Did Helen of Troy and Cleopatra dress for the men who fought for them, or for the fellow women who were jealous of them, or simply to please their petty selves?

So long and so triumphantly have women led the fashions that they have forgotten that at first it was for men that they dressed—the competition for man grew so keen that the rivalry of women inspired their apparel.

In the main, however, much man may still be an object, it is to a woman's standard of taste that her frocks appear. It is for women that women dress.

But then comes in the third school, whose champion says: "You are quite wrong! A woman dresses solely to please herself. Of course, women don't dress for men—who know nothing about it. You might as well urge that chefs cook for persons without palates; it is absurd."

"If I were quite alone on a desert island I should still continue to make the best of myself with the materials available. I should dress as I should eat, to satisfy a natural, an inexorable appetite."

"At the worst there be the sea on a calm day for a mirror; and then as I watched the sunshine gliding the colors I should imagine myself at Ascot for Francis and Gordon, watching the gay crowd and the horses.—London Times.

In the Australian savings funds there are, on the average, \$70 deposited for each man, woman and child in the country.

FOR SALE—TO RENT—TO EXCHANGE—

Classified Advertisements

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

WANTED. Wanted—Let your wants be known. Carl Real Estate and Employment Agency. Phone 950.

Wanted—Roomers and boarders. East Webster street.

Wanted—Aashes, rubbish and garbage to haul. Phone 801 Green.

Wanted—To rent a farm from 100 to 240 acres for term of years, by reliable party, for cash. Address L-10 care Times-Republican.

Wanted—To rent five or six-room house, modern or partly modern, by Oct. 3. Address U-14, care T-R.

Wanted—Horses to pasture at 711 North Center street. Phone 667.

Wanted—Chairs to cane and repair. Phone 1190 white. Royal Elliott, 395 South Third avenue.

Wanted—House move. H. S. Miller, 110 North Fourth street.

Wanted—Have your featherbed made into a folding feather mattress. All kinds of mattress work. Roberts Upholstering & Mattress Company, 119 West Main.

Wanted—Upholstering, refinishing and furniture repairing. Mattresses made over. See me now about your work. Phone 525. Roberts Upholstery, 119 West Main street.

Wanted—List your property with me. I will bring buyers and sellers together. Always have demand for property on installment plan. Let your wants be known. W. E. Crawford, real estate and employment. Phone 893. Over 214 East Main.

Wanted—Everyone to know that the services of the visiting nurse employed by the Visiting Nurse's Association, are to be had at what patients are able and willing to pay or without pay, by those in straitened circumstances. Telephone Susan Lampman, 208 West Main street, phone 471.

HELP WANTED—MALE. Wanted—Become railway mail clerks. Commence \$75 month. Sample examination questions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. 106-R, Rochester, N. Y.

Wanted—Railroad fireman, brakeman, etc. Experience unnecessary. Send age, postage, Railway, care Times-Republican.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE. Wanted—Girl at Palace laundry.

Wanted—Girl, general housework. Prefer one who can go home nights. Work to begin about Oct. 13. Telephone 195.

Wanted—Girls at once. Meeker Laundry Company.

SITUATIONS WANTED. Wanted—By lady, work by day or hour. Phone 510 red.

SALESMEN WANTED. We have an excellent side line for salesmen calling on dry goods trade. Liberal commission. Address X-11, care T-R.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS. For Sale—Potatoes. Early Ohio. Phone 871.

For Sale—Hard coal burner and range, good condition; 306 North Second street. Call at noon or evening.

For Sale—No. 217 German heater. Phone 1068 red.

For Sale—Thoroughbred Scotch Collie pups. Eligible to registration. Address W. T. Bennett or J. A. Walker.

For Sale—Second hand gas stove. Call over 13 North First street. Phone 475 green.

For Sale—A hard coal stove and Buck range. Inquire 403 North Fourth avenue.

For Sale—Household goods. Call at 502 West Church.

For Sale—Hard coal stove. First class condition; 1194 Summit. Phone 745.

For Sale—Fully equipped with modern machinery, shoe repair shop; shine parlor in connection. Doing good business. Price reasonable. For particulars write G-20. Times-Republican.

For Sale—Five passenger Ford in good shape, cheap if taken at once. Also one forty-eight horsepower, five

passenger Vellie, all new tires, good as new, cheap if taken at once. Gates Plumbing Company, 131 West Main.

For Sale—High class granite monuments, erected anywhere at money saving prices. Free cuts and prices for those ready to buy, write, Frank Harding, Grinnell, Iowa.

For Sale or Rent—Large six foot wall tent. Les Matson. Phone 1328 red.

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

LIVESTOCK, HORSES, ETC. For Sale—Horse, buggy, wagon and harness. Phone 861 green.

For Sale—Good milk cow, just fresh. Phone 1177 white; 411 South Sixth street.

For Sale—Twenty-five head of March Duroc and Poland hogs; two big stretch fall yearlings and one 2-year-old Poland. Come and have a look at them. One mile south of depot. H. W. Ogan, R. No. 2, Marshalltown.

For Sale—Sixty head Poland China hogs of both sex, at public auction, in the Harmon feed and sale barn, Marshalltown, Iowa, Wednesday, Sept. 23, 1914. Each hog has been immunized by the simultaneous treatment. Catalog ready. See my exhibit at county fair. F. G. Paul, R. F. D. No. 1.

For Sale—Registered Hereford bulls. From twelve months to four years old. One fine horn herd bull, best of breeding, grandson of Old Disturber. Ellis Bailey, one mile southeast of depot, Marshalltown, Iowa.

POULTRY. For Sale—Pure bred poultry. List yours with us. Phone or write C. C. Lounsbury, secretary.

FOR SALE—CITY PROPERTY. For Sale—One of the best located properties in Second ward. Eight room modern house. Part cash, P. O. box 274.

For Sale or Trade—Small lot, close in, now vacant, part of town. Address X-14, care T-R.

For Sale—Immune big type Poland China hogs. I. J. Conrad, R. R. 2, Melbourne, Iowa.

For Sale—Two lots on West Main and four lots on North Thirteenth street. Phone 1239 green.

For Sale or Trade—Good house and lot in Grinnell, will sell at a reasonable price or will consider trade for Marshalltown property. George F. Thayer, Marshalltown.

For Sale—Modern house, six rooms and bath, electricity, gas, good lot, fruit, excellent neighborhood. Address "S-30," care Times-Republican.

NUGENT'S SPECIALS. Six room modern house, good location, south front, two blocks from Main street, for only \$2,000 and possession given. Six room modern house on Park street for \$2,500. Modern bungalow, \$3,000. New seven room house, modern, second ward, \$4,000. Others at all prices, also good list of lands. G. S. Nugent.

IOWA LAND. For Sale—Iowa and Minnesota farms, some on very easy terms. If interested write W. O. T. Olson, Bailey, Iowa.

For Sale—Eighty acre farm, four miles from Marshalltown. Fair improvements, 60 acres fenced hog tight, one-half mile from school. Mail route and telephone. Write W-1, care T-R.

For Sale—134 acres, Franklin county, good soil, fair improvements. Located close to good markets and right in \$25,000 new consolidated school district. This is a bargain at \$130 per acre on best of terms. Also first class, well improved eighty, three miles of court house, at \$215 per acre. James Sawyer, Hampton, Iowa.

For Sale—Well improved 320-acre farm, good land, near school, town, church; near Stout. C. M. Fobes, Stout, Iowa.

For Sale—Twenty-seven acre farm, three miles from Marshalltown. Good improvements, new eight-room house. Write W-14, care T-R.

For Sale—Twenty acres of good land in Marshall county, Iowa, good build-

ings, plenty of good water, land in high state of cultivation, well fenced and cross fenced, 100 bearing apple trees; one-half mile to three churches and high school. Land joins the town of Albion. Price right. See owner, George W. Hobbs, Albion, Iowa.

For Sale—40 acres, 3 1/2 miles south of city on Center street road, good seven room house, spring water, cistern at house, large barn 45x80, with basement and other good outbuildings. Well fenced. Good orchard. Address S-12 care this office.

For Sale—Good 70-acre farm at public auction, well improved, land lays fine, three miles southeast of Marshalltown. Extra good terms. Will be sold at public auction Wednesday, Sept. 23, 2 p. m., on premises. For further information see Fred W. Carl, agent, or W. P. Maulsby, auctioneer.

For Sale—Three choice farms three to six miles from town; well improved; high state of cultivation; land in neighborhood selling for \$135 to \$200 per acre; (1) 247 acres at \$125; (2) 160 acres at \$135, and (3) 160 acres at \$140; these farms belong to same family estate and good terms can be arranged. E. G. Randall, Robinson, Iowa.

For Sale—One of the best 218 acre farm in Iowa or Illinois. Must sell to divide partnership. Possession any time. Best of terms. Fine improvements. Come at once, at our expense if you want the best at less than its value. Hicks Brothers, owners, Hampton, Iowa.

For Sale—Fifty-six acre farm, well improved, at Lamolle, Iowa; also two town lots in Lamolle. Railroad siding and land. Residence three blocks from depot and postoffice. Address J. L. Stevens, box 539, Boone, Iowa.

MINNESOTA LANDS. For Sale—By owner, improved 80, 160 and 320 acre farms in Pop, Grant and Wilkin counties, Minnesota. Send for lists and full description. Easy terms. J. L. McLaury, Glenwood, Minn.

For Sale—Two hundred twenty-nine acres four miles from Owatonna, Steel county, Minn. This land lays perfect with a gentle roll, good black soil with clay sub-soil. Buildings are in the best of repair and consist of a large house, three barns, machine shed, hog house, corn crib, granary, milk house equipped with gas engine, good wells of water, and everything that a first class farm would need. There is good shade around the buildings and a large orchard. Only four miles from a town of 7,000 people on a main graded road, good neighborhood. Price \$150 per acre, \$4,000 down balance can run long time to suit purchaser at 5 per cent. L. N. Hall, Owatonna, Minn.

For Sale—Owner will sacrifice good dairy quarter, five miles out, 30 acres improved, 80 acres fenced, new seven room house with full basement, bank barn 42x26, drilled well and spring, at only \$31 per acre. Want about half cash, balance at 6 per cent. Better look up this snap. William H. Lamson, Hinckley, Minn.

For Sale—Look here, 80 acres in Goodhue county, all tillable; lays fine; best kind of soil, good buildings, fine neighborhood, close to markets. \$33 per acre. Write for list. C. W. Sartberg, Kenyon, Minn.

SOUTH DAKOTA LAND. For Sale—Bargain, 160 acres rich corn land, partly improved, close to county seat city, Hixmore, S. D. For quick sale, \$25 per acre, half cash. Write owner, L. S. Drew, Prairie-du-Lac, Wis.

NEBRASKA LANDS. For Sale—320-acre farm, in settled community, rich soil, sand; full crop \$200; must have your filing right. W. T. Young, Jr., Surveyor, Kimball, Neb.

MISSOURI LAND. For Sale—Farm, 185 acres in one body, all under plow but fifteen acres, blue grass pasture and timber, six room new house, frame barn, and all other necessary outbuildings. Very productive soil, slightly rolling, all plowed with gang plow, apples, peaches and other fruit, mild climate. Write owner, C. H. Richardson, Bolivar, Mo., R. F. D. No. 1.

For Sale—Now is the time to get a good Wisconsin farm at a bargain. We have them of all sizes, price ranging from \$30 to \$100 per acre. Unimproved land, well located, from \$8 to \$21 per acre. Crop failure unknown. Write

for maps and list. W. E. Webster, Hudson, Wis.

AUCTION SALES.

My entire household goods on premises, No. 408 South First avenue, Marshalltown, Saturday, Sept. 12, 1914, at 1:30 sharp. Eight iron beds, springs, mattresses, pillows, slips, sheets, blankets, spreads, comforters, all laundered; table linens, dressers, commodes, sanitary couch, organ, large and small rugs, cupboards, dining and kitchen tables, heaters, malleable steel range, oil stove, carpets, lace curtains, cleaning, pillows, slaps, aprons, dishes, lamps, rockers, dining chairs, lawn mower, refrigerator, garden and carpenter tools, lanterns, carpet balls, tubs, jars, mirrors, and many other articles. I am selling out on account of poor health. Everything is clean and good and will be sold for cash. Don't miss it. Call on Kendall, auctioneer. Mrs. Wagoner, owner.

OKLAHOMA LANDS.

For Sale—170 acres finest bottom, \$2,000 6 per cent loan. All high grade alfalfa land, all in cultivation. Your miles of Ardmore. Price \$10,000. Ben Curtis, Ardmore, Okla.

CHEAP FARM LANDS.

INDIAN LAND SALE BY U. S. GOVERNMENT; last chance to buy cheap land in Oklahoma; appraisement \$1 to \$25 per acre; government title; easy terms; unusual opportunity; residence not necessary. Complete, reliable information, 25 cents. TIMES-DEMOCRAT, Muskogee, Oklahoma.

TO RENT.

To Rent—All or part of store room. Address V-14, care this office.

To Rent—Modern furnished room. 211 North First avenue.

To Rent—Furnished room at 591 South Third street. Gentlemen preferred.

To Rent—Three unfurnished rooms for light housekeeping. Phone 1476 green.

To Rent—For six months or longer, a modern six room house, well furnished. Lock Box 131.

To Rent or Sell—A well built warehouse, 60x60 feet. One and one-half blocks north of Main street. Suitable for warehouse or garage. Inquire at Schmidt's hardware.

To Rent—Eight room modern house, good location, Second ward. Six blocks from court house. C. W. Sparks.

To Rent—One large furnished room, in modern house, close in. Phone 772 green.

To Rent—Modern furnished light housekeeping rooms. No children. 1 South Sixth avenue. Phone 1024 red.

To Rent—Storage room or place for factory. Marshalltown Syrup and Sugar Company.</