

If you are using an engine

of any kind in sawing, baling, hulling clover, shredding or grinding, and need any supplies of any kind and you will but entrust your orders here. I will try to fill them promptly and with care. If I have not all that you want I will try and get it in town and send all as promptly as I had all myself. What more can you ask? Telephone, telegraph and mail orders solicited.

Both Phones 664

Opposite Union Depot.

JAS. H. SHEPHERD, "Shepherd's Ranch" Ottumwa Iowa.

Tri-Weekly Courier.

A DOMESTIC MARKET

CHANGING ADDRESS. Subscribers wishing their address changed will please give the name of the Post Office to which the paper has been sent as well as the Post Office where they desire it to be changed to.

LOCAL NEWS ITEMS.

From Saturday's Daily. Rosodora softens the hands and face. Sold by Elliott.

Mrs. D. A. McClelland of Mystic, returned to her home on the Milwaukee after visiting with friends and relatives in this city.

T. G. Given of Creston, was a visitor in the city yesterday. Mr. Given was a former resident of Ottumwa but is now located at Creston in the branch office of J. H. Merrill & Co.

Henry V. Buffington, 1230 Railroad street, has been awarded an increase of \$6 per month in pension. Mr. Buffington was a member of Company H, Ninety-first Indiana Volunteers.

Mrs. W. F. Farnsworth of Chillicothe, Mo., returned to her home on the Milwaukee after visiting at the homes of Mrs. J. W. Workman, 312 North Marion street and Mrs. William Sterling, 1312 South Benton street.

Dr. Lydia A. Carey of Fairfield who has been a guest at the home of Miss Laura Smith, 434 West Maple avenue, left this morning on the Milwaukee for Blakesburg, to make a short visit with friends.

TWO READER WEEKLY. For that cough, IXL Cough Cure is certain cure. Sold by Elliott.

From Monday's Daily

Mrs. J. F. Collins, of St. Louis, Mo., spent Thanksgiving in this city, a guest of Mrs. Elizabeth Doherty, who resides on South Marion street.

P. E. Shea of Eddyville a conductor on the Milwaukee, was taken to the hospital Saturday. Mr. Shea has an attack of pneumonia.

S. W. Pennington, cashier of the Albia State bank, is in the city today on business concerning the new building which is to be erected to take the place of the one that burned in the recent fire at that place.

Word has been received in this city that a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. George Egerly in Omaha, Nebraska, Wednesday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Egerly formerly resided in this city.

R. W. Gregory, who has for the past six months represented the Remington Typewriter Co. in this city, has been transferred to the Des Moines territory. Mr. Gregory is succeeded by W. F. Held of Burlington.

D. A. Manley, of Marysville, was taken to the hospital Saturday to undergo treatment for a disease of the eye. Mr. Manley just recently had his left eye removed in the hospital here, and is now suffering from a similar disease in the right eye.

Oscar Jordan, 419 North Court street, who has been spending the Thanksgiving vacation in this city with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Jordan, has returned to Grinnell where he will resume his studies in Grinnell college. Mr. Jordan was accompanied by Thomas Wolcott, of Decorah, who has been his guest while in the city.

By making a specialty of men's shoes, and only men's shoes, they become expert buyers at the Hub. If its good they have it. If you want something cheap they have that.

Get the boys an overcoat while you can save the profit at the Hub.

SOCIETY CIRCLE.

Miss Nellie M. Fitzgerald of this city was married on Monday, November 16, in Spokane, Wash., to Frank Tierney, of Walla Walla, Wash. Miss Fitzgerald is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Fitzgerald, 542 West Second street. She is a graduate of the Ottumwa high school and has a wide circle of friends in this city. The following is the account of the wedding given by the Spokesman-Review of Spokane, Wash.

"The marriage was solemnized yesterday morning at the Main avenue Catholic church of Frank Tierney of the John Smith company, Walla Walla, Wash., and Miss Nellie M. Fitzgerald of Ottumwa, Ia. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Verhagen, Thomas Scally, acting cashier of the O. R. & N. at Walla Walla, was the best man and the bride's sister, Miss Josie Fitzgerald, and the groom's sister, Miss Nellie Tierney, attended the bride. The entire party is at the Victoria hotel and will remain there about one week.

Mr. and Mrs. Tierney will make their home at Walla Walla.

For a good square deal in clothing and shoes go to the Hub.

Now is Skating Time

and we are well supplied with the celebrated Keen Kutter Skates. They are stronger and of better steel than other makes and cost no more, at Keating's.

KEATING'S

114 East Main St.

AFTER LONG YEARS...

By Zoe Anderson Norris

Copyright, 1932, by Zoe Anderson Norris

WHEN Gabrielle looked at the card they had brought her, she was for a moment puzzled.

Then she gave a little cry of joy. "Courtney Griswold." And how many years had it been since she had seen him! So many it was impossible to count, and he waiting there while she made ready to go down.

She hurried. The glass reflected brilliantly excited eyes and cheeks that were red. She forgot the years and the difference they must have made in that reflection of hers, or she would not have herself think, for Gabrielle had partly learned the lesson of putting aside the thought of those things that hurt.

Ready, she ran half way down the stairs and stopped, peeping over the



"YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL AS EVER," HE SAID.

fall bronze figure at the foot of the banister, in whose uplifted hand was the torchlight of the jet, into the parlor. She could not see him from there, for the parlor was dark, or he sat hidden in another part of it.

She ran all the way down and entered. He arose, advanced and, taking her by the elbows, pushed her back into the more brilliant light of the uplifted jet in the hall.

He looked down at her. "I want to see you," he said. "I want to see how these long years have dealt with that beauty of yours."

She faced unflinchingly, since she must, the light of the lamp, together with the searchlight glance of his eyes. The glance softened. It glowed. Through half closed lids he smilingly regarded her. His down dropped hands released her.

"You are beautiful as ever," he concluded. And she laughed.

"As if that could be," the laugh turning into a sigh, "after all these years."

"Come, sit down by me," he insisted, "and let's talk about it—about those rare old days when I used to be with you."

"But first," she reminded him, "take off your overcoat and hat. Here. Let me help you. And stay an hour or two."

"Or three will be more like it, if I may."

"You may," she laughed back from the hall, where she had gone to hang up his coat and hat, "and longer."

He leaned forward listening. "There is one thing I have heard through all these years," he said to her softly when she had taken the seat by his side.

"And that is?"

"Your laugh."

She hushed it, thinking how its echo had stayed with him through the years, breathlessly, reverently, wonderingly.

Her restless fingers toyed with the jeweled cords of a pompon she wore. She whirled them about, first this way and then that.

"Those dear old days," she began, "when you were my pupil—those rollicking old days! What fun they were!"

"And fancy your being a teacher—you, with your short hair curled about your face and your pretty gowns and your prettier ways and your big eyes and your laugh—above everything, your laugh!"

Showing some dimples in a smile, she turned suddenly grave.

"To tell the truth," said she, "my conscience doesn't lacerate me so much as to the art I taught. But of all the bluffs I ever perpetrated upon an unsuspecting public that bluff of teaching mechanical drawing was the most audacious, the most gigantic, the most—well, words fail me when I think of it; they actually do."

"They fail me, too," he assured her, "for I was the victim, the sole victim. When I think of the money I cheerfully paid out for the learning of absolute—"

"She threw back her head in another laugh.

"Say it if you want to," she cried. "I don't care. It is only just. For nothing for absolutely nothing."

"What?"

"I only wish I had it to pay all over again," he finished, caressing her with his eyes.

"That goes to show the reckless character of you," she averred, but was quiet a little while, thinking, warmed by his glance.

"The old studio," she commenced by and by, "with its wide north window, with its flowers on the sill that you and I watered."

"About all we did," he interrupted, "was to water those flowers."

"And the giant table you would drag in for your mechanical drawing—that huge, horrible table that took up all the room."

"I had it there," he apologized, "because it was the only way I could seem to get the worth of my money. Tell me," straightening himself, facing her squarely, looking her boldly in the eye, "did you ever hear of mechanical drawing before you struck that academy?"

"Once or twice," she acknowledged, "before I left Washington city, where I was studying, I heard the word."

"Once or twice," he groaned. "And then to teach it! Of all things! Mechanical drawing!"

"I wrote to my teacher in Washington," Gabrielle continued, explaining, "asking her if she thought I could study it up from a book and teach it that way?"

"And what did she reply?"

"That if I could I would be a wonder worthy of traveling in a sideshow, and if I succeeded to let her know, because the thing would be little short of a miracle."

"And you attempted it after that?"

"I attempted it after that," she asserted, "and with success."

He slapped a resounding hand on a knee.

"With success!" he repeated, a grimace contracting the cords of his countenance. "Those hours I spent in racking my brain with problems of mechanical drawings impossible to solve! Those mornings I spent in drawing diagrams on boards, you, standing by trying hard to look wise!"

"And all the time knowing less than you did."

"Less! I should go one better and say knowing nothing at all. And the poor old professor coming in from his classes now and again to help me out. Then to call it a success!"

"I call it a success," she reasoned demurely, "because you told me you'd be only too glad to pay the money all over again."

"You are right," he assented after a period of thought. "It was a success."

"The professor?" she questioned. "Do you think he ever caught on?"

"If he didn't, he hadn't the perspicacity I gave him credit for, and so far as perspicacity was concerned the professor was all right. He knew a thing or two when he could think of them. He often proved it. I shall never forget how he came unexpectedly down into the cellar at luncheon one day and found four of us busily engaged in playing a game of cards. Playing cards, now, in an academy of religious principles so exceedingly strict! And that wasn't all. By the side of each sinner of us was a bottle of beer."

"Yes. And what did he do?"

"He expelled every last one of them with the exception of me. You can rest assured that there was no doubt about the perspicacity of the professor."

"If he hadn't worn celluloid collars—I forgive him everything but that."

"It was a minor matter. He was as good as gold. There was no flaw in him. Do you remember how regularly every Christmas time we made him a little present, and I was the spokesman?"

"Probably that was why he let you off so lightly."

She clasped her right hand over her left, which rested on her knee. A diamond flashed.

"Dear old fellow!" she murmured. Her fingers showed white in the dim light of the faroff lamp. Bending over, he looked at them.

"It's the same little cluster ring," said he, "isn't it?"

"The very same," holding up her hand for him to see.

"I remember. I wore it once. Have you forgotten?"

"When was it?" she queried.

"At one of those famous presentation speeches. You let me wear it on my little finger. It wouldn't fit the others."

"I don't know!" she sighed.

"Oh, if I had known! If I had known! Why didn't you tell me?"

"You know why I didn't tell you. You were engaged to be married to another man."

"But it was an unhappy engagement, finally broken off. If I had known, what harm could it have done? I could have kept the thought in my heart all these years, and it would have warmed it maybe."

"I went away partly because of it."

"Without letting me know."

"A dozen times I was upon the point of telling you."

"Then, since you couldn't tell me, why didn't you write?"

"When I came to say goodbye, I said something about writing, but you seemed indifferent."

"Never indifferent; just occupied with my own unhappiness, with my desperate effort to believe in this man to whom I was engaged, to make of him the ties of betrothal, which should in my eyes be binding as marriage. Never indifferent! I remember now when you went away. I grieved after you. You left an ache in my life. If you had only said you cared for me!"

"I not only cared for you then, but all these years I have kept you in my heart. And now that you are free?"

Her eyes dilated, listening.

"And now that I am free," she repeated.

"I have come to claim you."

"He drew her to him, laid her head against his shoulder and smoothed back her hair.

"I will make it all up to you," he promised, his tones deep and tender. "I will wipe out every memory of your old unhappiness."

There are nearly two hundred and seventy religions in the United Kingdom.

It is not necessary to pay a fancy price for overcoats and clothing so long as the Hub is in running order.

Her fingers had clinched into her palms.

Taking them up, he straightened them out and raised them to his lips.

"If it hurts you now, then don't let's talk about it," he said soothingly, as to a child.

With big, sad eyes she stared across at the mirror of the mantel.

"The only thing that kept me alive through that awful time," she went on, "was that little class at the academy. I threw myself into the fun of it, and I wasn't so bad a fraud as I seemed, either. What I lacked in knowledge of mechanical drawing I made up in art. I understood art. I drew well. I painted well. I had come from an excellent teacher. I had painted in galleries. My worst sin was against you."

"Don't let that worry you. I was glad enough to help you water those flowers, as I have told you."

"If you could have known how I rushed into the fun of it in order to forget, you would have been still more glad. Do you remember how Claude Raines used to spend his hour of drawing?"

"I only remember how indignant I was that he should have an hour of drawing to spend."

"He never drew a line. He merely repeated quotations from Shakespeare to catch me. He made me tell him what plays they were from. And wasn't he rejoiced when I made a mistake—when unfortunately I hit on the wrong play? He harped on it for weeks and weeks. What fun?"

"It seems to me," he mused, "that I remember one day when you and I were in the studio, just you and I alone. We had left an unfinished mechanical drawing on the blackboard and were watering those flowers, and—have you forgotten?"

"I am afraid I have. Tell me."

"I leaned forward close to you, so close that I came near to touching your cheek."

"Yes, yes."

"Only those short curls of yours provoked it, those dear little curls that stood bushy about your head, making

me think of the heads of wax dolls you see in the windows of toyshops—almost too big for your shoulders, but pretty as pretty."

"It is a real pity they don't wear short hair now. I'd cut it off again and curl it since you like it so. Did you think it curled naturally?"

"I didn't care how it curled so it curled."

"I nearly burned my fingers off and my ears keeping it curled," she asserted. "Once I dropped the curling iron on my bare shoulder, and the scar stayed there for months. Then, when you touched my cheek, what happened?"

"Nothing. That was the worst of it. Nothing at all. But that was the nearest I ever came to kissing you."

"Why did you want to kiss me?"

"You ought to know."

Interlacing her fingers, she clasped them about her knee, rocking back and forth slightly.

"But I didn't know," she sighed.

"Oh, if I had known! If I had known! Why didn't you tell me?"

"You know why I didn't tell you. You were engaged to be married to another man."

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New Holiday Goods

We have put in stock this year a new line for our business. It is Holiday Goods for Gifts. We have such an assortment that it makes one dizzy to see the mass of new pretty Toys. The following items are a few of the many things we will carry. Make your selections now. They will be laid away for you and you can get them at any time.

Toys and Novelties

- Album.
- Musical Album.
- Toilet Sets.
- Shaving Cases.
- Collar and Cuff Boxes.
- Glove and Handkerchief Boxes.
- Celluloid Novelties.
- Necktie Boxes.
- Manicure Sets.
- Photo Boxes.
- Work Boxes.
- Jewel Boxes.
- Stationery Novelties.
- Smoking Sets.
- Books of every kind.
- Extra Doll Heads.
- Knit Dolls, Kid Body Jointed Dolls.
- Clipping Figures.
- Printing Presses.
- Doll Furniture.
- Musical Toys.
- Whip Cord.
- Trumpet and Drum.
- Spanish Ship.
- Magic Lanterns.
- Doll Houses.
- Doll Beds and Cradles.
- Buggies, go-carts.
- Games of all kinds.
- Safety Targets.
- Blocks.
- Toy Wringers.
- Toy Clocks.
- Watches.
- Walking and Running Boys.
- Iron Toy Banks, Sad Irons, etc.
- Rattles—Teaballs.
- Christmas Tree Ornaments.
- Musical Buzzes.
- Figures, Tinsels.
- Metalophone Pop Pistols.
- Transparent Slates.
- Trains.
- Pewter and China Tea Sets.
- Carts.
- Express Wagons.
- Trunks.
- Santa Clausets.
- Tin Dishes.
- Guns.
- Brownie Ladders.
- Planos.
- Spelling Boards.
- Rubber Balls.
- Engine and Laundry Sets.
- Pom Pom Guns.
- Air Guns.
- Safety Guns.
- Pop Guns.
- Mirrors.
- Marbles.
- Sponge Balls.
- Assorted Animals.
- Wire Beds.
- Trimmed Doll Beds.
- Tool Chests.
- Trick and Panic Games.
- Shell Novelties.
- Coffermills.
- Wheelbarrows.
- Shoo-Flies.
- Doll Cabs.
- Wire Go-Carts.
- Sleds of all kinds.
- Blackboards.
- Hobby Horses.
- Ten Pins.

Remember the place and call early to get your choice. There is almost anything you want.

C. B. CASTLE, 118 East Second Street

AN EXHIBITION RUN

SOUTHWESTERN LIMITED TRAIN WILL STOP THIRTY MINUTES IN OTTUMWA.

One of the Two Finest Trains Ever Built Will be Open for Inspection at Jefferson Street Depot Next Thursday Evening—Other Railroad News.

At 7:30 o'clock Thursday evening, December 3 one of the two Southwestern Limited trains which are to furnish the Chicago-Kansas City through service over the Milwaukee cut-off will arrive in Ottumwa and be on exhibition thirty minutes at the Jefferson street depot. While this train is in the city visitors will be made welcome and an invitation is extended to the public to call and inspect what is said to be one of the two finest railroad trains ever constructed.

The Southwestern Limited will be put into service on Sunday evening, December 8 at 6 o'clock. At that hour the two trains which will furnish the service will start, one from Kansas City and the other from Chicago. The two trains will have electric controlling apparatus in order to get one of them to Kansas City to be ready to start from that point it will be necessary to send one over the line ahead of time. This has been arranged to do this and to make the run during daylight, allowing a short stop at all the more important points in order that the people may see and inspect the train. The Southwestern Limited will be a night service and this daylight run will afford about the only opportunity for a good view of the train to a majority of the people along the line.

The Equipment. The trains in this service will consist of baggage car, carrying dynamo for electric light, free reclining chair car with smoking room, high back coaches with smoking room, standard sleeping cars, dining car for each train, and a compartment buffet observation car at the rear of the train. The trains will be electric lighted and will have electric controlling apparatus, and electric reading lamps in each sleeping car berth. The Southwest Limited is said to be the best, finest and handsomest train ever in service between Chicago and the Missouri river.

New Mileage Book. W. S. Parker, ticket agent at the union depot, and A. J. Packard, Milwaukee agent, have received the new credential and mileage books recently adopted by the Western Passenger Bureau, which are to be placed on sale tomorrow for the first time. The book is the result of long and careful study by passenger men.

The book contains 2,000 miles and when purchased the price of \$60, or 3 cents a mile, is charged. The book is peculiar in that it contains simply the date of the sale. There is no personal description, no signature and no name. The man who first presents the book for transportation must sign a slip given to him by the conductor. The latter also uses an identification blank of the first man who uses the book. If the purchaser uses up the 2,000 miles within one year from date of sale he is given a rebate of \$15 which makes the cost about 2 cents a mile.

Anybody May Use It. If, however, the book is presented by any other than the first purchaser no rebate is allowed. The man who buys the book may sell it or give it away but if it is found in another's hands no rebate is allowed. The mileage, however, is good. The identification

blank of the first man is used later to see if the purchaser is entitled to the rebate. The book is good on all of the western lines in the association, including practically all of the roads in the west.

The interchangeable books will be sold for 4,000 miles now instead of 2,000 as before, and will have a dark blue cover in place of red. The rate of 2 cents, if used within the year, will be allowed as before.

New Burlington Time Card. The new Burlington time card No. 8 went into effect yesterday at noon. There are no changes in the passenger service affecting Ottumwa. The train on the Albia branch which formerly went north at 9 o'clock in the morning will leave under the new card at 10:35 a. m. It will, however, make the same connection with the Burlington train for Des Moines.

"Y" Nearly Completed. The new "Y" which is being built near the Milwaukee junction depot to connect with the main line down town track is nearing completion. It is thought that it will be suitably finished to allow of its use on next Monday.

According to a report emanating from Winterset, the Rock Island has practically completed arrangements for the construction of a new line across Iowa which will be the shortest line between Davenport and Council Bluffs and incidentally the shortest between Chicago and Omaha. The distance between Davenport and Council Bluffs will be shortened between forty and fifty miles. The terminals of the new line will be Knoxville and Council Bluffs.

It is said that surveys have already been made for the greater part of the route, where the route will be almost direct straight line across the state. Warren, Madison, Adair, Cass and Pottawattamie counties.

Knoxville is now the terminal of a branch of the Rock Island, which is built almost straight west from Davenport. The country to be tapped by the proposed extension has very poor railroad facilities, nearly all the line reaching it running north and south.

Among the towns that will probably be reached by the proposed extension are Indianola, Winterset, Greenfield, Cumberland, Griswold and Carson.

It is said that the main object in building the road is to facilitate the handling of grain through business on the Rock Island.

It is also rumored that the Rock Island will go after the mail contracts between Omaha and Chicago, over which the Northwestern and Burlington have been scrambling for years