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a knock down and drag out fight between friends.  
 The Kansas City Journal says: One of the results of the "reform" propaganda which has been pretty generally discredited wherever it has been tried is the district primary. From several states come reports of dissatisfaction with the direct primary as being an expensive and faulty form of nominating candidates without possessing any compensating virtues. The chief trouble with the primary law, is that a poor man cannot have anything like an equal chance with a rich one. The man with plenty of money who plays the game of politics for amusement can make an effective primary campaign where the ordinary citizen would fail. The time will come sooner or later when the primary law will be repealed in the states that have adopted it, for the voters themselves will realize what a hindrance it is to good government.  
 Before the primary was adopted the Courier repeatedly called attention to its belief that the primary law in practice would not work out the benefits claimed for it in theory. The candidate in the city has an immense advantage over one in the country, because of a wider acquaintance and through the advantages he has of reaching the voters of the congested districts. The primary makes long two campaigns in fact, and works up feeling among the candidates that was unknown under the old system. As has been pointed out previously it gives the man who can spend money for advertising and for personal workers a great advantage over the man who has not the means to make an extensive campaign and has to leave his candidacy to work itself out. The means it provides for the arbitrary selection of delegates is another weakness that counts against the primary.

**MR. PINCHOT'S SQUEAL.**  
 Gifford Pinchot (pronounced Pinch-off) is certainly putting up a hard squeal because he is "fired." He is going all he can to get up a sympathetic strike, but he does not seem to be able to get much of a stampede started in his direction. He resembles the comet in that he attracted quite a lot of attention while, for day after day, his public appearance was being announced, but when once seen, seemed a very small and dull affair and not worth the space at the regular advertising rate. But there was one very commendable thing about the comet—it did not talk. They differ in this respect. Then they say that the comet will be back in seventy-five years. That's another difference.  
 Last Saturday night at St. Paul, the ex-forester made a frantic appeal to make his listeners feel that he has a corner on about the only honesty now known. During the previous administration all the honesty was used up and exhausted but one small job, and when Taft was inaugurated, Giff grabbed it and now has it cozily tucked away in a nice little cumfy box, with a little piece of coal that escaped the eye of Guggenheim in Alaska. That certainly was thoughtful of him, and from what he says about the matter, he got there just barely in time to keep this virtue from becoming extinct, at least as far as it concerns the human race, or that part of it that is either in congress or business. Oh, you Giff, you certainly are the comely kid.  
 So, at St. Paul last Saturday night, Giff took it upon himself to speak for the whole nation, and he took in the whole business in one sentence, when he said:  
 "The people of the United States believe that, as a whole, the senate and the house no longer represent the voters by whom they were elected."  
 Well, Giff surely is going some when he starts off by telling the people of the whole United States what they believe, without giving the fore-said people any voice in the matter. He is taking in some territory. He then, Saturday night is the time when lots of men figure that they can cover considerable territory, especially if it is a little late in the evening.

**THE PRIMARY LAW.**  
 There is a general protest over the primary election law. The primary held last week was the second since the Iowa law went into effect and the defects that appeared in the first primary were multiplied rather than diminished in the second. Following is some of the comment of the press on this question:  
 The Des Moines Capital says: Something will have to be done in regard to the primary election law. It has done no good. It has not accomplished the purpose in whose name it was enacted.  
 We are not in favor of its abolition unless something better can be proposed. But, if it is continued, it must be made more definite. It must be guarded better at its critical points. Think of it, two or three men named all the delegates from all the precincts in Polk county. The delegates thus named will nominate in a county convention the four district judges. There is no voice in the naming of these delegates. Their fate was entirely in the hands of one man who was himself a candidate for district judge.  
 The Denison Review, which is quoted more fully on this page says:  
 The primary is a farce. Each faction goes back to the caucus idea. Two secret conferences take the place of one public, legalized caucus. The primary operates against the poor man. He must make two fights—one in his own party, causing wounds which are hard to heal; the second against the opposing candidate at the regular election.  
 The cities, where the vote is easier got to the polls and where there is a larger community of interest, will always win in a primary contest. The primary offers no opportunity for compromise. It must be

**THINKING FOR THE WORKERS.**  
 Over in Chicago certain well-meaning persons have taken up the study of the working girl and are discussing various means of helping her to enjoy herself. At a meeting held for this purpose Mrs. Raymond Robins, a sociological worker, explained that "the employer generally sees to the directing of work, but there is no agency that looks after the intelligent directing of healthful and proper recreation of the workers, especially of the girls." So Mrs. Robins and some of her associates thought to supply this deficiency. Others who are quoted in the Chicago papers as aiding Mrs. Robins in this matter were Dr. Caroline Hedger, Dr. Josephine Young, and Dr. Stephens Walker, who do not seem, from the prefixes to their names, to be working girls. Dr. Hedger seemed to have more to offer than the others, for she is quoted as saying:  
 "Dancing is a fine exercise, and I would urge it as a means of preserving physical health. I want to warn young working girls, however, against the Saturday night saloon dance. We must have amusement and recreation. We were not intended to stand with our nose to the grindstone all the time. We have to have some fun in life, otherwise life doesn't amount to much. Prize fighting is not desirable."  
 The working girls will agree with Dr. Hedger that saloon dancing and prize fighting are not ladylike pastimes. Then the doctor adds:  
 "You could go out of an evening, have a great time and then come home and feel very badly the next morning. That isn't recreation, yet that is precisely what people do, because they don't know how to have a good time. Swimming is a fine form of exercise and the pools in the small parks afford excellent opportunity. We would urge extension of choral singing among girls. In recreation we should do something different than we do in our work. Do you know that at union picnics of stockyard workers sheep killing contests are held? This is wrong. The men kill sheep every day and they should do most anything else at a picnic. Let them have a taffy pulling contest or anything that makes them forget that they kill sheep for a living."  
 Another of the women doctors warned working girls against using headache tablets. Another advised them to get plenty of fresh air and sunshine. They did not have time evidently to take up other matters in which they thought they should advise the workers, as there was nothing said as to whether the working girl should eat pumpkin pie or ham sandwiches for lunch, whether she should or should not wear "rats" in her hair. These estimable people no doubt mean well, but they are handling a problem that is a trifle too deep for them. They do not seem to know that the working girl, like the working boy, is recruited from all walks of life. They are attempting to treat the workers as a class, and more or less of an inferior class, that needs some one to tell them how to play as well as how to work.

**HOW DAVENPORT DID IT.**  
 Ye gods Davenport found that its wards had grown so large that the vote could not be counted in a reasonable time and it was hard to get men to serve on election boards. The wards were then divided into two precincts and relief was secured. Later

the growth of the city necessitated another subdivision of the wards. Davenport is well satisfied with the changes it has made and is, therefore, in a position to give some valuable advice to Ottumwa. The following editorial reference to the situation in Ottumwa by the Davenport Times should be of interest:  
 The absurdity of sticking to the ward as a voting unit was illustrated this week at Ottumwa. Election judges who went to work at 7 o'clock Tuesday morning did not complete the work of counting the ballots in the Fourth ward until 7 o'clock Wednesday night, just 36 hours after they went to work. Some time ago the wards in Davenport contained only two precincts and when the biennial election law went into effect an equal long-time record was made in one of the precincts of the city. It did not require much discussion to show that it was necessary again to subdivide the wards. Davenport now has three precincts in each ward and the count was completed in the slowest one at 1:30 o'clock Wednesday morning. Ottumwa should at once divide its wards so as to provide for an early count and also so that it will not be a difficult matter to get capable men to accept positions of clerks and judges of election.  
 It was 11 o'clock Wednesday night and not 7 o'clock when the Fourth ward count was completed. This made it forty hours. However, that was not a circumstance to what happened at the last general election when they were still counting votes Thursday afternoon, the third day after they went to work. The election this November may find Ottumwa in the same fix unless action is taken before that time.

**THE COURT'S DECISION IS RIGHT.**  
 The Courier is in receipt of a communication from Rudolph Benkert, National Chairman, Christian Party, Davenport, Ia. The writer asks the question, "Is our supreme court guilty of murder in ordering Junkin hanged," and then makes an attempt to show that the court is now in a bad moral position in affirming the decision of the district court.  
 The Courier invites the freest discussion of public matters in its columns and is glad to give the widest publicity to ideas that are set forth for the general good of the community. But we want it understood, without any qualifying phrases, whatever, that we are not in favor of endorsing any such foolishness as Mr. Benkert is trying to put into the minds of the people. The unfortunate part of the matter in Junkin's case, is that his hangings happens about two years too late.  
 Legal execution of dangerous and depraved specimens of humanity are as necessary for the life of the community and the lives of those who are law abiding, as wars sometimes are necessary for the life of the nation. Certain phases of existing conditions in every line can be taken up and criticized by those who are trying to perform the impossible. That has always been true and always will be true. It is much easier to criticize than it is to construct. It does not require as much thought to tear down as it does to build. The theory for the partial destruction of many successful institutions will always find a few listeners. It is to be regretted that Mr. Benkert asks questions which lead a few people.  
 We will answer Mr. Benkert's question and inform him that it is no more of a sin to legally hang Junkin than it would be to kill a lion, a tiger or a mad dog.

**THE EVENING STORY**  
 HER STUTTERING SUITOR  
 By Lawrence Alfred Clay.  
 Copyright 1910 by Associated Literary Press.  
 Up to the age of fifteen Roy Chester could talk as fast and as well as any youth in the land. Then the shadow fell. He found himself in love with a schoolgirl and began to stutter. The medical journals say that such cases are rare, but are to be met with occasionally.  
 Young Chester not only stuttered to the girl, but to his teacher, his parents and brothers and sisters and others. It was looked upon as a novelty at first; then it became serious. He could not say "dog" without hanging on to the "d." A doctor was called in. He examined throat, tongue, larynx and palate, and said it was a case where the nerves of bashfulness had overpowered the nerves of cheek, or something to that effect, and he doubted if it ever could be cured. The only thing that would work a cure would be some great pill coming on the victim suddenly—so suddenly as to stup him for a moment. This would give a sort of back-act twist to certain nerves, and muscles, and the stut would take its departure.  
 The youth suffered as the years went on and he grew to manhood. He stammer kept him out of society. It kept him from making new acquaintances. It made a recluse of him. Many of his friends predicted that he would commit suicide before he reached man's estate, but this did not occur. The victim lived in hope. In fact, he went about looking for the great pill and sudden shock that was to effect a cure. Whether it would come in the shape of a policeman bearing down on him with his club, a reckless auto, or a street car collision no one could say.  
 Roy Chester was twenty-two years old when he was induced to become a pupil in a stuttering school in a New England town. In that same town there was a young ladies' school, and in that school was Miss Minnie Schoolcraft, of Beech Haven. Fate sent her to the postoffice one day when Mr. Chester was there. Fate caused her to ask him if the moon man had gone out. Oh, came his hat, the blood rushed to his cheeks and he stuttered out that he d-d-d-d-n't k-k-know.  
 It was the first time Miss Minnie

had ever heard a man stutter. There was something captivating about it to her. It was original. It was unique. It was a hundred times better than a mere "don't know." She returned thanks and smiled.  
 When there are a great many good-looking girls going to a postoffice more or less frequently, there will be a good reason why—more or less young men will drop into the same place. Thus it was in the New England town. Somehow they get introduced and become acquainted, and the world seems brighter all around.  
 In time Miss Schoolcraft and Mr. Chester became acquainted. He was bashfulness itself, and he had little to say. The school wasn't doing for him what he hoped. Even when he fell in love he realized that it was a hopeless case. He was not until after he had been assured over and over again that he had a delightful vermacular that he took courage. If that peril would only come and give him the longed-for sudden shock! He hoped for it when he lay down at night, and he hoped for it when he got up in the morning.  
 And then vacation came and he and Miss Minnie were separated. He could write without stuttering and he did write. It was one of his letters that the girl's mother found and carried to the father. The colonel read every last word of it, and then called the daughter up to ask:  
 "Who is this fellow who writes love to you?"  
 "Papa, he's just the nicest young man you ever heard of," was the reply. "We are engaged."  
 "Never! You can't be! My consent has not been asked."  
 "But it will be some day. Roy wants to wait until his stuttering is better."  
 "Stutter! Do you mean to tell me he stutters?" thundered the colonel.  
 "Yes, papa, and it's just the nicest stut you ever heard of. I only wish you could hear him say: 'L-I-look at t-t-the s-s-s set—set—ing s-s-un, l-l-l love.' You would be positively charmed."  
 "Holy smoke! He stutters! He wants to be my son-in-law, and he stutters! Drop it! Drop it or I'll lock you up!"  
 "But, papa, the doctors told him long ago that if he met with a sudden—"  
 "I say drop it! I want my son-in-law to enter the army. How can a stut enter the words of command? You write to him that you are done with this flirtation."  
 The command was flat, and must be obeyed. That is, some daughters would have obeyed it. Miss Minnie kept on writing whenever she had a chance, and never even hinted that her father was a terrible man. Mr. Chester was informed by letter just what hotel in the Catskills the family was going to, for six weeks, and he was invited to make his appearance, and love did what money couldn't have hired him to do. He journeyed down there. Miss Minnie was on the watch for him, while the doughty colonel wasn't. The latter was passing his days and evenings on the veranda telling war stories to interested listeners. Miss Minnie was truthful and ingenious. As she and young Mr. Chester sat on a bench in the twilight she asked:  
 "Roy, do you love me?"  
 He nodded his head and tightened his hold on her hand.  
 "You will have to ask papa if we can be married. Papa's an awful man. Have you the courage?"  
 She felt him shudder.  
 "Oh, but you must have. After breakfast in the morning you must meet him as he walks out."  
 "But I stut-tut-tut."  
 "I don't care for that. That was why I first fell in love with you. Just talk right up to papa. You must, or there would be nothing left this year except gooseberries. However, we have been getting home grown fruit on the market right along and the supply seems to be about as good as ever. It takes more than freezing temperature, frosts and snow to kill the crops when the Iowa soil and Iowa climate get in their summer's work."

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A southern editor who was compelled by a few irate readers literally to eat an editorial clipping from his papers that offended, has brought suit for damages on the grounds that his health has been damaged as a result of chewing and swallowing the literary morsel.  
 It ought not to be much trouble to railroad the rate bill through.  
 David Rankin Jr. finds it necessary to give away \$3,000,000 in order that he may die poor. That is one feature of the wory problem that some of us will escape.  
 Denison Review: We dislike the primary. We have been in a number of instances throughout the entire state the battle of the grand old party, but this is the first time we have been constrained to antagonize our friends and fellow workers. It has been a positive gain to see the coolness grow between those who have worked together for so many years—to see whispered conferences in which one was not invited to share; to have conversations suddenly cease when one came along; and in the same way to be obliged to keep one's own plans from those with whom he had been wont to hold conferences. Three of the best friends we have have lined up on the other side of the controversy yesterday, and for the past month we, who have been almost as brothers, have met welling strangers. We shall make it our business to try to get back to the old footing as soon as possible, but such scars take a long time to heal and the game is not worth the arrangements it caused. This is only an instance; throughout the entire state this has been going on. It is bad enough to fight Democrats, but it is beastly to fight among ourselves.  
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cret conferences take the place of one public, legalized caucus. The primary operates against the poor man. He must make two fights—one in his own party, causing wounds which are hard to heal; the second against the opposing candidate at the regular election.  
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and hung aside his cigarette in a sudden gesture of despair, "My soul, my life, I love you! Truly, of what use this daring plunge into the mountain lumber camp of El Oro, this exile from friends and family in persistent quest of forgetfulness? Of what use when the forgetting is so far distant as to be in the continual round of Indian duties, the overseeing of countless accounts, as it was in the first days?"  
 The long hours of morning toil brought, for a time, detachment and mental relaxation, but when evening came with its crying demand for physical rest, its breathing of wind in the oak trees and glittering of first stars above the shadowy pines, Marston was invariably overwhelmed with old memories, and a slender girl, red cloaked, her hood drawn over her soft brown hair, stood once more before him, gazing wistfully outward through her tear-dimmed eyes. Unnumbered times had the bitterness of that parting been renewed.  
 "My soul, my life, I love you!" Marston tilted his chair legs back against the crude, unfinished boards, and stared meditatively out through the miserable cutting huts of the lumber camp, his gaze passing along the narrow dirt road, cut and sealed with the continual repassing of the heavy loads, and lingered above on the hillside, where, its lights gleaming brightly through the intervening trees, stood the comparatively princely cottage of his friend and employer, Lewis Pemberton, promoter and engineer.  
 Several days ago, Lewis Pemberton had droned to Marston to his attention a fact that had long since been suggested by the radiant shining of his eyes and his frequent outbursts of gay, impulsive laughter—that the young lady, back home, had finally come to a favorable decision, and was now expected, accompanied by her mother and several friends, to spend a month or so in the crude but hospitable shelter of her fiancé's cottage. Pemberton, as guides and general cavaliers to the ladies during of hours—Newton, Jim Howard and young Dick Marston.  
 Newton and Howard had jumped at the invitation but Dick had shaken his head with finality, pleading that he was too busy. Pemberton had replied, "Wait till you see the girl, my boy," and had laughed immoderately.  
 What pleasure could companionship with any girl be since the death of her? At best these friends of Pemberton's betrothed would be colorless, insipid creatures, or the usual forward type of chattering girls. Natalie, with her deep, grave eyes, her tactful understanding, her unfeeling sympathy, had spoiled him for the frivolous banter of the girls whom Newton and Jim Howard were now finding so enchanting in their first enthusiastic greetings at Pemberton's festive, little cottage, on the hillside.  
 To Marston, companionship by his loneliness and sorrow, occasional gleams of girlish laughter mingled with broken snatches of conversation and song, softened by the distance and the trees, floated downward through the night. He closed his eyes in hopeless surrender to homesick, longing depression. And, even now, in the midst of gloom, seared and overshadowed by the contrasting gayety above, his thoughts turned to Natalie and the days long past.  
 How sweet she had been, how brave! How loyal to her father, a grained old father, who, in a burst of ungovernable rage, had forbidden Marston the house and further communication with his only daughter. It was on that never-to-be-forgotten night of humiliation and dismay that Natalie had explained, out under the stars of the great suburban estate.  
 "You see, Dick, he's very old, and mother left him to me when she died. Always think first of your father," she said, and so, Dick dear, you had better get away somewhere, for I can't possibly marry you. Go away somewhere and forget!"  
 He had gone away, to the ends of the earth, it had seemed. At first, he had received unselfish little letters from his far-away sweetheart, but soon these were entirely dropped, and his only news of her was gleaned from the month-old newspapers from home. But, in spite of seeming indifference on her part, and persistent endeavor on his, he had in no way followed out the injunction of the piteous pleading girl: "Dick, please Dick, forget."  
 Not even, after a long period of neglect on the part of the social section, when he had perceived this glaring headline, final and complete, "Broker's Daughter Betrothed—Miss Vernon to Wed Son of British Peer," had he denounced the loved one.  
 Natalie, Natalie! Without, the wind whispered tender things to the towering pines, and the stars still shone, unheeding and unmindful of his

hurt. Only the guitar, sounding mellow and deep toned, seemed in sympathy with the throbbing tyrant, bound fast within his breast. "My heart, my soul, I love you."  
 For a long time, he sat there, his eyes closed, oblivious to his surroundings. So completely had he been swept onward by the ever-increasing current of his deep imaginings, that when he opened his eyes again, it seemed that a strangely familiar figure stood framed within the doorway. The rising moon from without enlaid her soft brown hair, a heavy cloak enfolded her; her hands reached outward, and even in the shadows he saw the questioning wonder of her eyes.  
 She stopped forward, trembling and half afraid. "Dick you haven't forgotten? I came with Ellen Du Val, Lewis Pemberton's fiancée. Lewis knew from the beginning. He told me to find you here."  
 The boy's chair legs were still tilted carelessly against the wall, his mud-caked boots twisted rakishly about them, his hands thrust deep into his pockets. Though he had been looking thus for the last hour in meditative abandon of despair, he did not feel the cramped unnaturalness of his position, nor the growing ache across the muscles of his back, so forgetful had he been of his physical self in the pain of despondency.  
 Even now, confronted by the entrancing little figure, he did not move a muscle, so assured was he that it was but the embodiment of his dreams before him. Surely, it he care now, I thought that you might still want me. Dick, and so I came."  
 He managed to stammer, as one addressing a pleasantly shimmering but utterly impractical delusion. "The Englishman!"  
 She laughed, "Dick, foolish Dick, it was only a rumor! Surely you never believed!"  
 He stood then, his arms stretched outward in a great longing for possession, and she found her way to them.  
 Without a voice was raised, sweet toned, melodious:  
 "My soul, my lips, I love you."

**S.S.S. FOR SUMMER SKIN DISEASES**  
 Smooth, healthy skins are a rarity in Summer. Most persons are annoyed with pimples, boils, rashes or eruptions, while others suffer more severely with Eozema, Aine, Tetter, Salt Rheum, or some kindred skin disease. All skin affections come from humors and acids in the circulation. The blood, as it circulates through the system, deposits these acids and humors in the sensitive membranous flesh which lies just beneath the outer skin or tissue covering the body. This acid matter causes inflammation and a discharge which breaks through the delicate cuticle and skin diseases are the result. To cure any skin trouble the blood must be freed from all acids and humors, and for this purpose nothing equals S. S. S. This great blood purifier goes down into the circulation and completely removes every particle of impurity, enriches the blood and in this way permanently cures skin diseases. S. S. S. cures, because it purifies the blood and allows it to nourish, soothe, and soften the skin instead of irritating it with fiery acids and humors. Book on Skin Diseases and all medical advice free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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 Denison Review: We dislike the primary. We have been in a number of instances throughout the entire state the battle of the grand old party, but this is the first time we have been constrained to antagonize our friends and fellow workers. It has been a positive gain to see the coolness grow between those who have worked together for so many years—to see whispered conferences in which one was not invited to share; to have conversations suddenly cease when one came along; and in the same way to be obliged to keep one's own plans from those with whom he had been wont to hold conferences. Three of the best friends we have have lined up on the other side of the controversy yesterday, and for the past month we, who have been almost as brothers, have met welling strangers. We shall make it our business to try to get back to the old footing as soon as possible, but such scars take a long time to heal and the game is not worth the arrangements it caused. This is only an instance; throughout the entire state this has been going on. It is bad enough to fight Democrats, but it is beastly to fight among ourselves.  
 The primary is a farce. Each faction goes back to the caucus idea. Two se-

and hung aside his cigarette in a sudden gesture of despair, "My soul, my life, I love you! Truly, of what use this daring plunge into the mountain lumber camp of El Oro, this exile from friends and family in persistent quest of forgetfulness? Of what use when the forgetting is so far distant as to be in the continual round of Indian duties, the overseeing of countless accounts, as it was in the first days?"  
 The long hours of morning toil brought, for a time, detachment and mental relaxation, but when evening came with its crying demand for physical rest, its breathing of wind in the oak trees and glittering of first stars above the shadowy pines, Marston was invariably overwhelmed with old memories, and a slender girl, red cloaked, her hood drawn over her soft brown hair, stood once more before him, gazing wistfully outward through her tear-dimmed eyes. Unnumbered times had the bitterness of that parting been renewed.  
 "My soul, my life, I love you!" Marston tilted his chair legs back against the crude, unfinished boards, and stared meditatively out through the miserable cutting huts of the lumber camp, his gaze passing along the narrow dirt road, cut and sealed with the continual repassing of the heavy loads, and lingered above on the hillside, where, its lights gleaming brightly through the intervening trees, stood the comparatively princely cottage of his friend and employer, Lewis Pemberton, promoter and engineer.  
 Several days ago, Lewis Pemberton had droned to Marston to his attention a fact that had long since been suggested by the radiant shining of his eyes and his frequent outbursts of gay, impulsive laughter—that the young lady, back home, had finally come to a favorable decision, and was now expected, accompanied by her mother and several friends, to spend a month or so in the crude but hospitable shelter of her fiancé's cottage. Pemberton, as guides and general cavaliers to the ladies during of hours—Newton, Jim Howard and young Dick Marston.  
 Newton and Howard had jumped at the invitation but Dick had shaken his head with finality, pleading that he was too busy. Pemberton had replied, "Wait till you see the girl, my boy," and had laughed immoderately.  
 What pleasure could companionship with any girl be since the death of her? At best these friends of Pemberton's betrothed would be colorless, insipid creatures, or the usual forward type of chattering girls. Natalie, with her deep, grave eyes, her tactful understanding, her unfeeling sympathy, had spoiled him for the frivolous banter of the girls whom Newton and Jim Howard were now finding so enchanting in their first enthusiastic greetings at Pemberton's festive, little cottage, on the hillside.  
 To Marston, companionship by his loneliness and sorrow, occasional gleams of girlish laughter mingled with broken snatches of conversation and song, softened by the distance and the trees, floated downward through the night. He closed his eyes in hopeless surrender to homesick, longing depression. And, even now, in the midst of gloom, seared and overshadowed by the contrasting gayety above, his thoughts turned to Natalie and the days long past.  
 How sweet she had been, how brave! How loyal to her father, a grained old father, who, in a burst of ungovernable rage, had forbidden Marston the house and further communication with his only daughter. It was on that never-to-be-forgotten night of humiliation and dismay that Natalie had explained, out under the stars of the great suburban estate.  
 "You see, Dick, he's very old, and mother left him to me when she died. Always think first of your father," she said, and so, Dick dear, you had better get away somewhere, for I can't possibly marry you. Go away somewhere and forget!"  
 He had gone away, to the ends of the earth, it had seemed. At first, he had received unselfish little letters from his far-away sweetheart, but soon these were entirely dropped, and his only news of her was gleaned from the month-old newspapers from home. But, in spite of seeming indifference on her part, and persistent endeavor on his, he had in no way followed out the injunction of the piteous pleading girl: "Dick, please Dick, forget."  
 Not even, after a long period of neglect on the part of the social section, when he had perceived this glaring headline, final and complete, "Broker's Daughter Betrothed—Miss Vernon to Wed Son of British Peer," had he denounced the loved one.  
 Natalie, Natalie! Without, the wind whispered tender things to the towering pines, and the stars still shone, unheeding and unmindful of his

hurt. Only the guitar, sounding mellow and deep toned, seemed in sympathy with the throbbing tyrant, bound fast within his breast. "My heart, my soul, I love you."  
 For a long time, he sat there, his eyes closed, oblivious to his surroundings. So completely had he been swept onward by the ever-increasing current of his deep imaginings, that when he opened his eyes again, it seemed that a strangely familiar figure stood framed within the doorway. The rising moon from without enlaid her soft brown hair, a heavy cloak enfolded her; her hands reached outward, and even in the shadows he saw the questioning wonder of her eyes.  
 She stopped forward, trembling and half afraid. "Dick you haven't forgotten? I came with Ellen Du Val, Lewis Pemberton's fiancée. Lewis knew from the beginning. He told me to find you here."  
 The boy's chair legs were still tilted carelessly against the wall, his mud-caked boots twisted rakishly about them, his hands thrust deep into his pockets. Though he had been looking thus for the last hour in meditative abandon of despair, he did not feel the cramped unnaturalness of his position, nor the growing ache across the muscles of his back, so forgetful had he been of his physical self in the pain of despondency.  
 Even now, confronted by the entrancing little figure, he did not move a muscle, so assured was he that it was but the embodiment of his dreams before him. Surely, it he care now, I thought that you might still want me. Dick, and so I came."  
 He managed to stammer, as one addressing a pleasantly shimmering but utterly impractical delusion. "The Englishman!"  
 She laughed, "Dick, foolish Dick, it was only a rumor! Surely you never believed!"  
 He stood then, his arms stretched outward in a great longing for possession, and she found her way to them.  
 Without a voice was raised, sweet toned, melodious:  
 "My soul, my lips, I love you."

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