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Simulating the Food and Regulating
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Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
NOT NARCOTIC.

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Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea,
Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness
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Always Bought
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In Use
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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

to \$20 an acre to the value of the farmers' land which they border. They also add immensely to the saving on hauling products to market, it being estimated that a good road will lessen the cost in such cases to a tenth of the cost on bad roads. The chief value of good roads, however, is that they awaken a new social life in the rural districts, eliminating the isolation and loneliness which have been such large factors in causing the boys and girls on the farms to long for the illusory brightness and false gaiety of the cities. A country neighborhood which enjoys good roads has more resources for good fellowship among its people and social recreations among the young folks than any city in the land. In cities it is work, work, work, and the long hours and close confinement are as a rule fatal to healthy pleasures or any sense of independence. In the country, on the other hand, where good turnpikes abound, the opportunities for play, for wholesome pleasures and general social relations are in agreeable variety with the work.

According to the Journal enterprising cities in all parts of the state have taken up the road idea and it is thought certain that work on many miles of macadamized roads will be started before the summer ends.

THE SUPERIOR SEX.

Wilbur D. Nesbit, writing in the Chicago Evening Post, says there is a lot of vainglorious expression on the part of the men about their being the superior sex. We hear, he says, too much of man's endurance, of his intellect, of his executive ability and all that sort of thing. Then he adds:

Take a man and make him wear a spotted veil and he will be nearly blind within a year.

Pinch a man into corsets and within a week he will have heart trouble, chronic pleurisy, acute indigestion, appendicitis, and funeral.

Pile a few pounds of false hair on a man's head and he will succumb to brain fever within a month.

Tie a man's ankles in a hoppel skirt and he will have rheumatism, followed by paralysis of the legs from lack of exercise.

Clamp a man's feet in tight shoes and make him toddle about on high heels and he will die of the charley-horse.

Man loses on the score of endurance alone. Intellect and executive ability are argued by the capacity to combat these tortures and trials.

Man, he sums it up, is undoubtedly the inferior sex and should retire to the last row of seats and be quiet.

ALREADY EFFECTIVE.

The Albia Union asks why there should be so much complaint about the primary law. "Some of the new laws enacted are now for its repeal," says the Union. "All laws must be given a chance to become effective before they are open to criticism or condemnation." The Burlington Hawk-Eye makes this reply:

Has not the primary law already become effective in the immense expense to the taxpayers? Who wants it to become any more "effective" in that respect?

Has it not reached the maturity of effectiveness in opening the campaign from 60 to 90 days too early?

Has it not become effective in the heavy expense to candidates seeking nominations? What gain will there be to them, or to the public weal, to make it more effective in that direction?

Has it not already become as effective as possible in the undue length of the ballot; who wants a longer ballot and more names of unknown men to mark on the ballot, or else fall in the full duty of citizenship by marking only part of the squares on the ballot?

Apparently, too, the primary law has become quite effective in creating universal dissatisfaction with its practical working, its complexity and its manifest defects. The next general assembly certainly will be justified in removing those defects that have already been clearly demonstrated.

GOES IOWA ONE BETTER.

Iowa built or rather improved, a river-to-river dragged road which has proved to be a splendid testimonial of the benefits derived from intelligent use of the road drag. Missouri, however, has gone Iowa one better. It has taken up an agitation for a cross-state road. A route has been suggested by the state highway engineer, organizations are being formed and bonds, bonuses, right of way and rock material quarried free are being offered by the various good roads associations in such abundance that the Kansas City Journal says it is plain to see two cross-state roads instead of the one first proposed could be built between Kansas City and St. Louis. The Journal adds this argument for road improvement:

"The general sentiment throughout the state has become awakened to the value of good roads and it is evident that the day when a farmer was kept a prisoner in his own home by roads that would bog a mosquito has passed never to return. The feeling on the subject is not confined to any one part of the state. It is general and quite as strong in the northwest and northeast tier of counties as in those along the Missouri river and down to the Ozarks. The benefits of good roads are so manifest that they require no argument. Experience in other states wherever they have been tried shows that they add from \$10

A SYMPHONY.

To live content with small means—to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement; rather than fashion—to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich—to study hard, quietly, talk gently, act frankly—to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart—to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never. In a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony.—William Henry Channing.

Misses Edna and Gladys Packwood have returned to their home in Ottumwa after visiting their grandmother, Mrs. Mary Knight.

Mrs. A. J. Rogers who has had a severe attack of tonsillitis is recovering.

Nelson English and family of near Salem were visiting the Labe Drummond home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker and family and Mr. and Mrs. Jake McCormick who went from here to Fort Morgan, Colo., over a year ago, have returned to make their future home. Mr. McCormick will locate in Hedrick and Mr. Baker will live in Highland until spring then he will take possession of his farm.

O. D. Emery and Richard Kelley and Charles Bacon loaded their goods on Wednesday and are now on the way to take possession of their Wyoming claims. Mrs. Emery and children and Mrs. Kelley will go later on.

The...
SILVER HORDE

By REX BEACH,

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(CHAPTER IV—Continued.)

"These figures you mention are on record?" he inquired.

"I believe they are available."

"What does it cost to install and operate a cannery for the first season?"

"About two hundred thousand dollars, I am told. But I believe one can manage his catch or borrow money on it from the banks and so not have to carry the full burden."

The man stared at his companion with unseeing eyes for a moment, then asked: "What's to prevent me from going into the business?"

"Several things. Have you the money?"

"Possibly. What else?"

"A site."

"That ought to be easy."

Cherry laughed. "On the contrary, a suitable cannery site is very hard to get, because there are natural conditions necessary, fresh flowing water for one; and, furthermore, because the companies have taken them all up."

"Ah! I see." The light died out of Emerson's eyes, the eagerness left his voice. He flung himself dejectedly into a chair by the fire, moodily watching the flames licking the burning logs. All at once he gripped the arms of his chair, and muttered through set jaws: "God! I'd like to take one more chance!"

The girl darted a swift look at him, but he fell to brooding again, evidently insensible to her presence. At length he stirred himself to ask: "Can I hire a guide hereabout? We'll have to be going on in a day or so."

"Constantine will get you one, I suppose you will avoid the Katmai pass?"

"Avoid it? Why?"

"It's dangerous, and nobody travels it except in the direst emergency. It's the shortest route to the coast, but it has a record of some thirty deaths. I should advise you to cross the range farther east, where the divide is lower. The mall boat touches at both places."

He nodded agreement. "There's no use taking chances. I'm in no hurry. I wish there was some way of repaying you for your kindness. We were pretty nearly played out when we got here."

"Oh, I'm quite selfish," she declared. "If you endured a few months of this monotony, you'd understand."

During the rest of that day Boyd was conscious several times of being regarded with scrutinizing eyes by Cherry. At dinner, and afterward in the living room while Fraser talked, he surprised the same questioning look on her face. Again she played for him, but he refused to sing, maintaining an unbroken taciturnity. After they retired she sat long alone, her brows furrowed as if wrestling with some knotty problem. "I wonder if he would do it!" she said, at last. "I wonder if he could do it!" She rose, and began to pace the floor; then added, as if in desperation: "Well, I must do something, for this can't last. Who knows—perhaps this is my chance; perhaps he has been sent."

There are times when the most momentous decisions are influenced by the most trivial circumstances; times when affairs of the greatest importance are made or marred by the lift of an eyebrow or the tone of a voice; times when life-long associations are severed and new ties contracted purely upon intuition, and this woman felt instinctively that such an hour had now struck for her. It was late before she finally came to peace with the conflict in her mind and lay herself down to rest. On the following morning she told Constantine to hitch up her team and have it waiting when breakfast was finished. Then she turned to Emerson, who came into the room, and said quietly:

"I have something to show you if you will take a short ride with me."

The young man, impressed by the gravity of her manner, readily consented. Half an hour later he was wrapped up in the sledge-rope and took station at the front whip in hand. Constantine freed the leader, and they started off at a mad run, whisking out from the buildings and swooping down the steep bank to the main traveled trail. When they had gained the level and the dogs were straightened into their gait, they skimmed over the snow with the flight of a bird.

"That's a wonderful team you have," Boyd observed, as he glanced over the double row of undulating gray backs and waving plume-like tails.

"The best in the country," she smiled back at him. "They are good for a hundred miles a day."

The young man gave himself up to the unique and rather delightful experience of being transported through an unknown country to an unknown destination by a charming girl of whom he knew nothing. He watched her in silence; but when he forebore to question her, she turned, exposing a rounded, ravishing cheek, glowing against the white fur of her hood.

"Have you no curiosity, sir?"

"None! Nothing but satisfaction," he observed.

It was his first attempt at gallantry, and she flashed him a bright, approving glance. Then, as if suddenly checked by sudden thought, she frowned slightly and turned away. She had mapped out a course of action during the night in which it was her purpose to use this man if he proved amenable, but the success of her plan would depend largely upon a continuance of their present friendly relations. In order, therefore, to forestall any possible change of base, she began to unfold her scheme in a business like tone:

"Yesterday you seemed to be taken by the fishing business."

"I certainly was until you told me there were no cannery sites left."

"There is one. When I came here a year ago the whole river was open, so on an outside chance I located a site, the best one available. When Willis Marsh learned of it, he took up all the remaining places, and, although at the time I had no idea what I was going to do with my property, I have hung on to it."

"Yes, you seemed eager yesterday to get in on a new chance, so I am taking you out to look over the ground."

"What's the use? I can't buy your site."

"Nobody asked you to," she smiled. "I wouldn't sell it to you if you had the money; but if you will build a cannery on it, I'll turn in the ground for an interest."

Emerson meditated a moment, then replied: "I can't say yes or no. It's a pretty big proposition—two hundred thousand dollars, you said?"

"Yes. It's a big opportunity. You can clean up a hundred per cent in a year. Do you think you could raise the money to build a plant?"

"I might. I have some wealthy friends," he said cautiously. "But I am not sure."

"At least you can try? That's all anybody can do."

"But I don't know anything about the business. I couldn't make it succeed."

"I've thought of all that, and there's a way to make success certain. I believe you have executive ability and can handle men."

"Oh, yes; I've done that sort of thing." His broad shoulders went up as he took a long breath. "What's your plan?"

"There's a man down the coast, George Balt, who knows more about the business than any four people in Kalvik. He's been a fisherman all his life. He discovered the Kalvik river, built the first cannery here, and was its foreman until he quarreled with Marsh, who proceeded to discipline him. Balt isn't the kind of a man to be disciplined; so, not having enough money to build a cannery, he took his scanty capital and started a saltery on his own account. That suited Marsh exactly; he broke George in a year, absolutely ruined him, utterly wiped him out, just as he intends to wipe out insignificant me! Thinking to bide his time and recoup his fallen fortunes, George came back into camp; but he owns a valuable trap site which Marsh is determined to sell, and before they would give him work they tried to make him assign it to them and contract never to go in business on his own account. Naturally George refused so they disciplined him some more. He's been starving now for two years. Marsh and his companions rule this region just as the Hudson Bay company used to govern its concessions; by controlling the natives and preventing independent white men from gaining a foothold."

"No man dares to furnish food to George Balt; no man dares to give him a bed, no cannery will let him work. He has to take a dory to Dutch Harbor to get food. He doesn't dare leave the country and abandon the meager thousands he has invested in buildings so he has stayed on. Living off the country like a Siwash. He's a simple, big-hearted sort of fellow, but his life is centered in this business; it's all he knows. He considers himself the father of this section; and when he sees others rounding up the task that he began, it breaks his poor heart. Why, every summer when the run starts he comes across the marshes and sinks about the Klavik thickets like a wraith, watching from afar just in order to be near it all. He stands alone and forsaken, harking to the clank of the machinery, every bolt of which he placed; watching his enemies enrich themselves from that gleaming silver army, which he considers his very own. He is shunned like a leper. No man is allowed to speak to him or render him any sort of fellowship, and it has made the man half mad; and he has turned him into a vengeful, hate-filled fanatic, living only for retaliation. Some time I believe he will kill Marsh."

"Hm—! One seems to be forever crossing the trail of this Marsh," said Boyd, who had listened intently.

"Yes, his aim is to gain control of this whole region, and if you decide to go into the enterprise you must expect to find him the most unscrupulous and vindictive enemy ever man had; make no mistake about that. It's only fair to warn you that this will be no child's play; but, on the other hand, the man who beats Marsh will have done something." She paused as if weighing her next words, then said deliberately: "And I believe you are the one to do it."

But Emerson was not concerned about his destiny just then, nor for the dangerous enmity of Marsh. He was following another train of thought.

(CHAPTER IV—Continued.)

"And so Balt knows this business from the inside out?" he said.

"Thoroughly; every dip, angle, and spur of it, so to speak. He's practical, and he's honest, in addition to which his trap site is the key to the whole situation. You see, the salmon run in regular definite courses, year after year, just as if they were following a beaten track. At certain places these courses come close to the shore where conditions make it possible to drive piling and build traps which intercept them by the million. One trap will do the work of an army of fishermen with nets in deep water. It is to get this property for himself that Marsh has persecuted George so unflinchingly."

"Would he join us in such an enter-

prise, with five chances to one against success?"

"Would he?" Cherry laughed. "Wait and see."

They had reached their destination—the mouth of a deep creek, up which Cherry turned her dogs. Emerson leaped from the sled, and, running forward, seized the leader, guiding it into a clump of spruce, among the boles of which he tangled the harness, for this team was like a pack of wolves, ravenous for travel and intolerant of the leash.

Together they ascended the bank and surveyed the surroundings. Cherry expatiating upon every feature with the fervor of a land agent bent on weaving his spell about a prospective buyer. And in truth she had chosen well, for the conditions seemed ideal.

"It all sounds wonderfully attractive and feasible," said Boyd, at last; "but we must weigh the overwhelming odds against success. First, of course, is the question of capital. I have a little property of my own which I can convert. But two hundred thousand dollars! That's a tremendous sum to raise, even for a fellow with a circle of wealthy friends. Second, there's the question of time. It's now early in December, and I'd have to be back here by the first of May. Third, could I run the plant and make it succeed? It must be a wonderfully technical business, and I am utterly ignorant of every phase of it. Then, too, there are a thousand other difficulties, such as getting machinery out here in time, hiring Chinese labor, chartering a ship, placing the output—"

"George Balt has done all that many times, and knows everything about it," Cherry interrupted with decision. "Every difficulty can be met when the time comes. What other people have done, you ought to be able to do."

But he was not to be won by flattery. Youth that he was, he already knew the vanity of human hopes, and it was his nature to look at all sides of a question before answering it finally.

"The slightest error of judgment would mean failure and ruin," he reflected, "for this country isn't like any other. It is cut off from the rest of the world, and there's no time to go back and pick up."

"The odds are great, of course," she acquiesced, "but the winnings are in proportion. It isn't casino, by any means. This is worth while. Every man who has done anything in this world believes in a goddess of luck, and it's the element of chance that makes life worth living."

"That's all right in theory," he answered her, somewhat cynically, "but in practice you'll find that luck is the result of previous judgment. For every obstacle I have mentioned, a thousand unsuspected difficulties will arise, any one of which—" The girl interrupted him sharply for a second time, looking him squarely in the eyes, her own flushed face alight with determination.

"There's only one person in the whole world who can defeat you, and that person is yourself; and no man can finish a task before he begins it. We'll grant there's a chance for failure—a million chances; but don't try to count them. Count the chances for success. Don't be faint-hearted, for there's no such thing as fear. It doesn't exist. It's merely an absence of courage, just as indecision is merely a lack of decision. I never saw anything yet of which I was afraid—and you're a man. The deity of success is a woman, and she insists on being won, not courted. You've got to seize her and bear her off, instead of standing under her window with a mandolin. You need to be rough and masterful with her. Nobody ever reasoned himself out of a street fight. He had to act. If a man thinks over a proposition long enough it will whip him, no matter how simple it is. It's the lightning flash that guides a man. You must lay your course in the blue dazzle, then follow it in the dark; and when you come to the end, it all ways lightens again. Don't stand still, because you won't get anywhere."

Her words were charged with an electric force that communicated itself to the young man and galvanised him into action. He would have spoken, but she stayed him, and went on:

"Wait; I'm not through yet. I've watched you, and I know you are down on your luck for some reason. You've been miscast somehow and you've had the heart taken out of you; but I'm sure it's in you to succeed, for you're young and intelligent, cool and determined. I am giving you this chance to play the biggest game of your life, and erase in eight short months every trace of failure. I'm not doing it altogether unselfishly, for I believe you will be sent to Kalvik to work out your own salvation, and mine, and that of poor George Balt, whom you've never seen. You're going to do this thing, and you're going to make it win."

Emerson reached out impulsively and caught her tiny, motioned hand to his eyes were shining, his face had lost the settled look of dejection and was all aglow with a new dawn of hope. Even his shoulders were lifted and thrown back as if from some sudden access of vigor that lightened his burden.

"You're right!" he said, firmly. "We'll send for Balt tonight."

CHAPTER V.

In Which a Compact is Formed.

Now that he had committed himself to action, Boyd Emerson became a different being. He was no longer the dispirited cynic of yesterday, but an eager, voluble optimist athirst for knowledge and afire with impatience. On the homeward drive he had bombarded Cherry with a running fusillade of questions, so that by the time they had arrived at her house she was mentally and physically fatigued. He seemed irresolute, drawing from her every item of information she possessed, and although he was still hard, incisive, and aloof, it was in quite a different way. The intensity of his concentration had gathered all feeling into one definite passion, and had sucked him dry of ordinary emotions.

In the days that followed she was at his elbow constantly, aiding him at every turn in his zeal to acquire a knowledge of the cannery system. The odd conviction grew upon her that he

was working against time, that there was a limit to his period of action, for he seemed obsessed by an ever-growing passion to accomplish some information, as he had done with his hostess, within a given time and had no thought for anything beyond the engrossing issue into which he had plunged. She was dumfounded by his sudden transformation, and delighted at first, but later, when she saw that he regarded her only as a means to an end, his cool assumption of leadership piqued her and she felt hurt.

Constantine had been sent for Balt, with instructions to keep on until he found the fisherman, even if the quest carried him over the range. During the days of impatient waiting they occupied their time largely in reconnoitering the nearest cannery, permission to go over which Cherry had secured from the watchman, who was indebted to her. The man was timid at first, but Emerson won him over, then proceeded to pump him for dry information, as he had done with his hostess. He covered the plant like a ferret; he showed such powers of adaptability and assimilation as to excite the girl's wonder; his grasp of detail was instant; his retentive faculty tenacious; he never seemed to rest.

"Why, you already know more about a cannery than a superintendent does," she remarked, after nearly a week of this. "I believe you could build one yourself."

He smiled. "I'm an engineer by education, and this is really in my line. It's the other part that has me guessing."

"Balt can handle that."

"But why doesn't he come?" he questioned crossly. A score of times he had voiced his impatience, and Cherry was hard pushed to soothe him.

Nor was she the only one to note the change in him. Fraser followed him about and looked on in bewilderment.

"What have you done to 'Frozen Ankle'?" he asked Cherry on one occasion. "You must have fed him a speed-ball, for I never saw a guy gear up so fast. Why, he was the darndest craphanger I ever met till you got him gingered up; he didn't have no more spirit than a sick kitten. Of course, he ain't what you'd call genial and expansive yet, but he's developed a remarkable burst of speed, and seems downright hopeful at times."

"Hopeful of what?"

"Ah! that's where I wander; he's a puzzle to me. Hopeful of making money, I suppose."

"That isn't it. I can see he doesn't care for the money itself," the girl declared emphatically. She would have liked to ask Fraser if he knew anything about the mysterious beauty of the magazine, but refrained.

"I don't think so, either," said the man. "He acts more like somebody was going to ring the gong on him in this fish thing don't let him out, it seems to be a case bet with him."

"It's a case bet with him, too," said the girl. "My men are ready to quit, and well, Willis Marsh will see that I am financially ruined!"

"Oh! So this is your only out, grinned 'Fingerless' Fraser. "Now, I had a different idea as to why you got Emerson started." He was observing her shrewdly.

"What idea, pray?"

"Well, talking straight and side-stepping subtlety; this is the lonely place for a woman like you, and our mutual friend ain't altogether unattractive."

Cherry's face flamed, but her tone was icy. "This is entirely a business matter."

"Hm—! I ain't never heard you touted none as a business woman," said the adventurer.

"Have you ever heard me—the color faded from the girl's face and it was a trifle drawn—discussed in any way?"

(To Be Continued.)

PULASKI.

James Milligan, wife and daughter Hazel are visiting relatives here this week.

Mrs. Dennis Parish and little daughter Maline left Saturday for an extended visit with the formers' parents Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hunt of Farmington.

Miss Irene Beauchamp visited relatives in Bloomfield last week returning home Saturday evening.

Mrs. J. M. Anderson moved into her new residence on Anderson Heights last Friday evening.

Clint Burnhaugh returned from Muscatine Monday where he had spent a few days visiting his brother and family. His little nephew Cecil accompanied him home for an extended visit.

Halle King and Sarah Wagner visited in Bloomfield over Sunday.

Andrew George made a business trip to Ottumwa Tuesday.

Last Monday evening Ray Murphy and his uncle Nelson Murphy of Des Moines were driving from the Manuel Whitte home when the horse became frightened at a binder and ran away. In their endeavor to hold the horse the lines broke and the occupants jumped to save their lives. In jumping Nelson fell striking his head with great force, rendering him unconscious. Dr. Power was called and found that he was suffering from concussion of the brain. He is still in a critical condition.

Epworth league will give an ice cream social at the band park Saturday evening.

Bertha Merideth returned home Saturday from a week's visit with her sister Mrs. C. E. Stockham south of Bloomfield.

W. K. Miller of Lawton, Okla., arrived Monday for a visit with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Mike Miller.

ALBIA.

Miss Blanche Palmer, cashier in the Strasburg and Vevor department store is spending her vacation in Denver and other points in the west.

Miss Myrtle Teas of Gridley, Kans., is the guest of relatives and friends at Albia. The climate in Kansas does not agree with Miss Teas.

Miss Anna Orr was chosen as teacher in the grades by the school board at their last meeting.

Mrs. C. W. Stoops of Des Moines is the guest of her daughter Mrs. Joe Harlow who lives east of Albia.

"Col. Roosevelt if you tank he have best show, or best press agent, ay dont know which. Enny way ay bin tank he is king of Jagamoreville, or whatever that place is, he live at Exchange.

Tri-Weekly Courier.

BY THE COURIER PRINTING CO.

Founded August 8, 1848.

Member of the Lee Newspaper Syndicate.

A. W. LEE, Founder

JAS. F. POWELL, Publisher

J. K. DOUGHERTY, Managing Editor

Daily Courier, 1 year, by mail . . . \$3.00

Tri-Weekly Courier, 1 year . . . 1.50

Office: 117-119 East Second Street, Telephone, Bell (editorial or business office) No. 44.

New telephone, business office 44; new telephone, editorial office 167.

Address: The Courier Printing Company, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Entered as second class matter October 17, 1908, at the postoffice, Ottumwa, Iowa, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

BURLINGTON'S WHITE WAY.

Burlington has decided to adopt the new system of street lighting in the business district. The main business streets are to have twelve lights to the block, six on each side of the street, and it is proposed to carry the wires in conduits and thus remove the overhead wires. One of the Burlington papers says of the proposed improvement:

At a meeting of business men held yesterday afternoon at the Commercial exchange the first definite step was taken that will result in the brilliant illumination of the down town section. Mayor Cross and Councilmen Funck and Canny met with the merchants and the mayor made a brief talk commending the effort to beautify the city.

A committee of four will be appointed to enlist the support of the people in the business district, and to arrange for the contract to light the streets. The wires will be carried in conduits and it is possible that all electric light wires now in the air may be placed in the tubes, thus eliminating the unsightly feature.

The electric standard system as used in other cities was discussed, with the prices paid. It was agreed that six standards to the block on each side, would not be too many. The expense to any one individual will not be great, if every person in the block who benefits by the lighting, will contribute toward paying for the lights.

The standards are to be uniform in appearance, and the effect will be very fine. It is proposed to light Main street from the Union station to Washington, and Jefferson from Front to Sixth streets. It is hoped that a number of blocks in the side streets may also be lighted.

Ottumwa has made a start in improving the down town street lighting, but the plans as proposed for a "white

S.S.S. CURES RHEUMATISM

No case of Rheumatism was ever cured except by a thorough purification of the blood; just as long as the blood remains charged with fermenting uric acid poison the painful disease will continue. The pains and aches of Rheumatism are only symptoms, and it is true these may be scattered and temporarily relieved by the application of plasters, liniments and home remedies of various kinds, but the person who trifles with this dangerous disease by depending on local treatment alone is bound to pay for the mistake with constant suffering, later on. S. S. S. cures Rheumatism in the only way it is possible to cure the disease. It goes down into the blood and removes the uric acid from the circulation, so that the nerves, bones, muscles and joints are all lubricated and fed with nourishing matter, instead of being continually irritated and inflamed with the sharp, uratic impurity. When S. S. S. has cleansed and purified the blood the pains and aches cease, all inflammation disappears, stiffened muscles are made supple, and every miserable symptom of Rheumatism is corrected. Book on Rheumatism and any medical advice free to all who write.

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