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H. A. WRIGHT

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A Comedy of Deceptions.

(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

It was at the end of one of those innumerable South American revolutions—which one it doesn't matter, since they are all alike—that Colonel Carlos Furtado was being hunted by the successful party, who wished to place him in a chair, a screw with handles like those of a letterpress behind him, and break his neck. Colonel Furtado was but twenty-five years old and engaged to be married to Dona Ysabel Herrera. It was reported to the existing government—it had existed for twenty-four hours—that Furtado was seen after the fight at which his party had been routed to enter the house of his fiancée, Captain Enrico Bartolomez, who wished to make a search. He found only the colonel's mother and a surgeon.

"Where is your daughter, senora?" asked Bartolomez.

"I do not know."

"Why are you here, senor?" he asked of the surgeon. "Is any one ill?"

"Yes—no. Senora Herrera is in poor health."

The officer looked incredulous at both these replies, but he had made a search of the house and there seemed nothing further to do but withdraw and report the matter to the government. Just as he was about to do so he saw something that looked like the point of a woman's slipper under a bed. He had not thought to find a brave soldier in such a position and had not looked there. He went up to the bed, seized the slipper and pulled out Dona Ysabel. She rose from the floor, pale with terror.

"Why do you hide from me?" asked the captain. "Do you suppose I am hunting for women?"

"Ah, senor captain," faltered the girl. "I feared that since I was known to be the betrothed of the man you seek you would have me shot."

"Nonsense! But I have a mind to shoot you if you don't tell me where is your lover."

"How do I know where he is? Was he not killed in the battle?"

"You know very well where he is. Come, tell me or I will have you shot right here where you stand."

Dona Ysabel folded her arms and mutely waited. The captain saw that she was felled.

Throughout this interview there was something peculiar in Dona Ysabel's conduct. There seemed to be something on her mind besides her lover's safety that troubled her.

"Let us go out into the open air," she said, "or I shall faint."

"We will stay right here," said the officer. "Will you tell me what I wish to know?"

"Santa Maria!" exclaimed the girl, clasping her hands. "What shall I do? If I do not tell you he will die, and if I do tell you he will die."

The officer was puzzled.

"I think I can explain this," said the surgeon. "Dona Ysabel sent for me to go with her to see her lover, who has been grievously wounded. She was about to make known his hiding place when you arrived."

"Aha, senor!" exclaimed Captain Bartolomez. "I was sure your presence here meant something." Then, turning to the girl, "Lead me to Colonel Furtado. If he is not dead from his wound you may secure a pardon for him."

Without a word the girl started for the door.

"Come, Senor Doctor," said the captain. "The colonel will need you."

The doctor started forward, hesitated, put his hand to his heart, gave a moan and fell on the floor. The captain stooped over him and looked at him with a puzzled and surprised expression.

"We must call for succor," he said.

"Oh, Senor Captain," pleaded Dona Ysabel. "If we delay Colonel Furtado will die. Leave my mother to take care of the doctor, and we will get another on the way for my lover."

"Very well; lead on."

Dona Ysabel led the officer a tortuous course, never arriving at their destination. Finally after an hour's wandering he said:

"You are making a fool of me. Lead me to the place where Colonel Furtado is concealed or I will kill you!"

He put a pistol to her temple. She started again and led the way, consuming another half hour, to a river and, pointing to a bridge, said:

"You will find Colonel Furtado under that bridge."

The officer and his men rushed to the bridge. They found no one, and when they turned to look for Dona Ysabel she had disappeared.

As soon as the searching party left the house of Senora Herrera the doctor suddenly revived and dragged a man from under the bed. He was ghastly white and unable to move. The doctor seized an instrument, put it into a wound in the man's arm and took up the end of an artery.

"You are saved, colonel," he cried. "Your little sweetheart has fooled them. But, heavens, what a position for her, fearing that you would bleed to death if she did not betray you and you would be executed if she did. How unfortunate that they should have come at the very moment when I was operating upon you!"

Colonel Furtado opened his eyes, the doctor poured brandy down his throat, and he was able to consult as to what next to do.

Half an hour later Colonel Furtado, under the doctor's care, was driven away. Making the coast, he sailed for the United States, where in time he was joined by the little heroine who had saved his life.

GWENDOLIN ADAMS.

A SCOTCH MARRIAGE.

(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

Billy and Fan were two New York waifs. Billy was about nine and Fan was about seven, though there was no record of the birth of either and no parents about to testify in the cases. What had become of their fathers and mothers does not pertain to the story. Billy remembered that once when he was put into the public schools for a few months he was known as William Burke. Fan had a spelling book in which was written Fanny Shaw.

Billy and Fan met one hot summer night in City Hall park, where each had gone for the purpose of sleeping on the benches. Billy had a nickel in his pocket, and Fan was crying because she was hungry. Billy took her over to a vendor of waffles on Park row and appeased her hunger. This was the seed of love—a kindness. It was not planted in a gentleman's garden, but any soil to produce fruit requires manure.

So it came about that Billy and Fan became chums. There were societies organized to take care of stray children, and Billy and Fan were dreadfully afraid that some of these societies would take them and separate them. Billy confided his fears to his friend, MacCluney, who drove a cab. MacCluney facetiously told him that to prevent this they had better get married. Billy took the advice in earnest and asked how the knot could be tied.

"Of'm a Scotchman mesel," replied the cabman. "In Scotland if two people stand up before a third and says they marries, that ties 'em."

"S'pose Fan and I stand up before you and say that?" said Billy.

The cabman laughed, and Billy went off and called Fan, who was selling papers at the time. The two returned and asked for a "Scotch" marriage. MacCluney, thinking it a good joke, asked the necessary questions and, having received affirmative answers, with a guffaw pronounced them man and wife.

But the "Scotch" marriage didn't save them from the societies. One night when they were sleeping in a coal yard a band of slummers came down on them and carried them off. They protested that they were married, which brought a smile to the faces of their abductors, but received no further notice. After all, they were separated.

Billy was sent off to a community of farmer boys. Fan was provided with parents by adoption. Both grew up in the west, Billy as a tiller of the soil, Fan as the daughter of a store-keeper in a country town. Billy, though he would not have forgotten his wife, would have forgotten that her name was Shaw had he not held on to the spelling book with the name written on the fly leaf. There were just as many tears shed by both for months after they were torn apart as if they had been children of wealth. At first both sighed for the parks, the coal and lumber yards, sheds and other places where they had slumbered, not because they had been comfortable, but because they had been together in those retreats. As they grew older they conceived a horror of this part of their past, but they did not forget each other. Billy grew to manhood with one idea. He would "save up" to enable him to regain his wife.

Fan grew to womanhood wondering what had become of her pal. And, remembering the "Scotch marriage," when she was old enough to understand what it meant it made Billy an object of great importance to her. She was continually dreaming of what he was like as a youth, wondering where he was and if she would ever meet him.

But Fan grew to be twenty-four years old, and there was no sign of Billy. She had several proposals of marriage, but answered all suitors alike—that she was married already. One of them asked a lawyer if there was anything in such a marriage. He received the reply that only the courts could tell, but so long as neither claimed the other there would be nothing illegal in either marrying some one else.

One day a man drove up to Fan's home in a buggy and asked for a young woman named Frances Shaw. Fan was sweeping at the time, with a towel over her hair. She tried to get upstairs, but was too late. The man approached her and said:

"Fan?"

"Are you Billy?"

"Yes."

"How did you know me?"

"I wouldn't have known you if I hadn't known you were here. As it is I see a resemblance to my little!"

He took her by the hand. She turned her face away, but did not withdraw the hand.

"—wife," he added.

Billy had bought a farm, and as soon as settled upon it he had written to New York asking information as to where Fan had been sent. The records of the society that had provided her with a home showed where that home was, and since Fan had remained in it there was no trouble in finding her.

There was a new, but very short, courtship and a new marriage, just to be sure that they were legally married, and Billy and Fan settled themselves on his farm.

The story shows that, however high or low we are in the sphere of created beings, there is one motive power in us all, spiritually as well as physically—the human heart.

LOUISE B. CUMMINGS.

BRIMFUL OF ROMANCE.

(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

My dear, I have to announce my engagement. I am happy to say that it is not one of those practical affairs so common among people of our degree, but a real, genuine romance.

You may remember, one winter four years ago at St. Petersburg, how the American minister took pains to introduce us everywhere and how we were received even at the Winter palace. This much you know; but, though you are my bosom friend, it is all you know, and there is a great deal more to come. At the Winter palace, of course, I saw many of the young bloods of the empire and danced with them too. They were all very polite, and I found myself, an American without a title, receiving as much attention as any of the countesses or baronesses.

We became very intimate at the American minister's, and one evening while I was at the embassy a young man passed me in the hall who had called upon the minister and whom I recognized as one of the men who had favored me in the cotillon at the Winter palace. He did not appear to recognize me—indeed, he seemed very distrustful and was hurrying into the minister's private office. The same evening the minister told me that a young nobleman had called on him with a very singular request. He was implicated in a political affair that would send him to Siberia if it was discovered and was sure to be known within a few days. He asked the minister to give him a passport to America. This was impossible, the minister said, though I didn't understand why. Later I was told that the young man had been sent to Siberia for life. "Think how mean it was of the minister not to have given him the passport! It would have saved him from a fate worse than death."

The scene changes. I am in America. I have forgotten much of my winter's experiences in Russia, for three years have passed since then. But I have not forgotten the young man who was sent to Siberia because our minister wouldn't give him a pass. I am in our touring car, taking a morning sixty mile spin, and am thinking of the poor prisoner at the time. Turning a sharp bend in the road, the chauffeur reduced the speed, going very slowly, when suddenly I saw a man standing in front of the car pointing a revolver at us. He ordered the chauffeur to stop, which he was obliged to do or be killed, and, coming to the side of the car, he said to me:

"You are rich. I want \$5,000. Give it to me or you are a dead woman."

What did I do? I fainted. When I revived the robber was sitting beside the chauffeur, holding his revolver where he could use it at a moment's notice. As soon as he saw that I had opened my eyes he said to me:

"Your man told me that you hadn't much with you. He has promised to take us all to your home, which he says is a few miles up the road, and you are to get me the money. If he doesn't I'll kill both of you."

"It's the only way to save our lives," said the chauffeur.

The chauffeur was a man of great strength, but what could he do with an armed man? I noticed that he was increasing the speed, and we were soon going at the machine's full capacity. Presently the road veered slightly, but enough to sway the robber. All of a sudden the chauffeur partly turned, caught the robber's hand with which he was holding himself in his seat, disengaged it, then threw his whole weight against the robber, who went head downward on to the road. I thought the machine was going over, but the chauffeur held the steering gear with his right hand and kept control.

I looked back and saw a horrid mass in the road. It was immovable, and I knew the creature was either dead or badly hurt, for we must have been going at a frightful rate.

I had been saved first by the presence of mind and afterward by the ingenuity and daring of the chauffeur. Leaving the robber to his fate, we pressed on, turned at the first road leading backward and in an hour drew up under the porte-cochere at home. I had so far recovered from the shock that I was able to walk into the house without assistance.

When father came and learned all about our escape he called the chauffeur into the library. I was there, and father said to me:

"How shall we reward him, pet?"

What was father's astonishment when I said, "With your permission, papa, I will reward him myself." Then, seeing the pain father felt with his surprise—for it was evident the case was one of those where a girl loves far beneath her—I continued:

"He may be a chauffeur, papa, dear, but he is a nobleman. I once danced in the cotillon with him in the Winter palace at St. Petersburg. He became involved in a political conspiracy, was sent to Siberia, escaped and made his way to America. The day your hired him for a chauffeur I recognized him, though he did not remember me. There has been lovemaking, papa, I admit, but it is your daughter who has done it, not your chauffeur. But let me introduce him under his own name and title, Count Alexis Ivan Alexandrovitch, formerly of the Emperor Nicholas' household guard."

Now, don't you think my affair is very romantic and that I have concealed the genuineness very well? When you send your congratulations tell me if you knew how my story was going to end.

TERESE C. HOIT.

A New Way of Settling Accounts.

(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

John and Martin Stokes, brothers, were in business together for many years. They made money, but when John died Martin found great difficulty in settling up the business. John's oldest son Peter, fearing that his uncle would absorb the dead partner's interest, bothered and delayed his uncle in such fashion that a financial panic coming on, what was left of the firm's assets was so entangled that it could only be liquidated after a patient management. Martin Stokes, breaking down in health, turned the whole matter over to his nephew and left for parts unknown.

Ten years later he reappeared, a sickly looking old man, but with some appearance of having prospered. Peter Stokes had meanwhile saved some \$20,000 from the wreck, half of which, of course, belonged to his uncle. But Peter furnished accounts to show that the firm had been insolvent. His uncle looked them over, studied them and handed them back to his nephew with the remark:

"I'm sorry, Peter, that you got nothing out of it. But, after all, I may not have been away so long for nothing. I have no children to enjoy what I have accumulated and have determined to leave it to you and your sisters. I will place it in a safety deposit company's vault and tell you where I keep the key. After my death you can unlock the box containing the securities, and they will be yours without any will and testament on my part. All I ask from you is a bareittance so long as I live, which will be at most but a few years."

He took a long, fat envelope from his pocket sealed with his own seal and wrote on it, "I give this property to my nephew, Peter Stokes, and his sisters, Lydia and Grace Stokes." The words bore that day's date and was signed by the donor.

"This plan," he said, "leaves at my death nothing to be settled. By a will an estate must be liquidated the same as a business. And you know that in winding up a business there is a lot of shrinkage. You have done all the work in settling the affairs of John & Martin Stokes with no pay. Whatever there may be between us of a business nature connected with these affairs is settled now by this transaction. The envelope goes into a box of the Fidelity Trust company, and here is the key on my ring."

The nephews and nieces accepted the gift and the conditions with alacrity. The envelope was fat enough to contain some twenty or thirty bonds, or if the property was in stocks there might be twice as many certificates.

Those to whom the gift was made desired their uncle to come and live with them. This he declined to do. He rented a little cottage, where he kept house by himself. He said nothing to his nephew or nieces about the payment of the rent, but it was paid by them. He said nothing about supplies, but they opened accounts for him at provision stores, though they secretly instructed the tradesmen to keep them posted as to the amount the old man was being credited with. At the end of the first year Peter Stokes figured up the amount expended at about \$600. But the owners of the estate, which could not be used till after the donor's death, fearing that if they appeared niggardly the donor might take back his gift, expended for him an additional \$400, making a total of \$1,000. This they considered keeping within bounds.

The old man remained for a time very delicate. Indeed, the doctor's bills amounted to several hundred dollars. His loving nephew and nieces begged him to come and live with them, that they might the better administer to his comfort. But he said he didn't wish to be a burden on any one, assuring them that they would not be the loser by a cent for what money they expended upon him. After the first five years his health became very good and remained so for three years, when he died rather suddenly. Before the old man breathed his last Peter Stokes figured up that the amount expended upon him had amounted to exactly \$9,850. But there were funeral expenses to be paid amounting to about \$150. However, since his uncle was dead, there would be no need to be extravagant in this respect, and he resolved to cut the amount down to \$75.

The first thing Peter did when his uncle was pronounced dead was to take his key ring from his pocket and, detaching the safety deposit key, start for the trust company. His sisters exacted a promise that he would not open the envelope till the day after the funeral, the same as in case of wills. Bringing the packet home, he locked it in his desk and waited.

The morning after the funeral the family gathered in the library, locked the door, took out the envelope and tore it open. Within were folded pieces of blank parchment, on one of which was written:

Martin Stokes in account with Peter Stokes, \$10,000; to amount due from settlement of the business of John & Martin Stokes, \$10,000. Account balanced and closed.

Peter read this posthumous message and, exclaiming "Sold!" tore up the parchment, threw it on the floor and stamped on it. His sisters, exclaiming "The old ingrate, the old fraud!" wept a few bitter tears of chagrin. But that was the end of the matter, for they could not recover any of the money they had spent on their uncle, whose address had given him his own, which he needed in his old age.

HELOISE AMES.



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ONE "LITTLE POLLY" BROOM WILL OUTWEAR ANY TWO ORDINARY BROOMS.

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How to Cure Constipation

Simple Home Remedy That Is Safe and Pleasant

Few people escape constipation. Catching cold, over eating, worry, lack of exercise, failure to answer promptly the calls of nature, diseased or weakened system or strong medicines may cause it. The too common practice of taking salts, or pills or some such violent cathartic has always done more harm than good. They make the bowels act quickly and violently simply because they irritate them, and leave them in a worse condition than before.

What is needed is a mild easy herb laxative, that gives regular daily movements in all cases, yet does not pain or gripe, and which will strengthen the bowels and tone up the system instead of depleting it.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin taken at night before going to bed will bring an easy pleasant natural movement in the morning even in the most obstinate cases, and without any bad effects. No pain, no gripe and it is so safe and pleasant to take, mothers give it to their babies with splendid results. It is an aid to digestion and tones up the system as well as cures bowel trouble. Dr. L. E. Covey, Savannah, Tenn., writes: "I get better results from it than any Pepsin I ever used." Dr. T. Jones, Osgood, Mo., says: "I consider Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin the best of all laxatives." Mrs. Almon Willis, Jamaica, Vt., says: "I truly believe it saved my little boy's life."

Rev. A. J. Fletcher, Eutherford, Tenn., says: "I am 80 years old and your Syrup Pepsin has cured me of dyspepsia and bowel trouble."

W. D. Jackson, Burns Station, Tenn., says: "I was afflicted with constipation and dyspepsia for nine years, and found no relief until I used Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin." All druggists sell it at 50c and \$1.00 per bottle.

We are glad to send a free sample to any reader of this paper who has never used it and will give it a fair trial. Write today to Pepsin Syrup Co., 303 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill.

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT OF SPECIAL ADMINISTRATOR.

In the district court of the state of Iowa, in and for Decatur county.

In Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Daniel J. Hullinger, deceased.

To whom it may concern:

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed and has qualified as special administrator of the estate of Daniel J. Hullinger, late of Decatur county, Iowa, deceased. All persons in any manner indebted to said deceased or his estate will please pay to the undersigned, and those having claims against said deceased or his estate will present them in manner and form as by law required, for allowance and payment.

Dated this 2nd day of April A. D. 1909.

M. E. HULLINGER, Special Administrator of said estate.