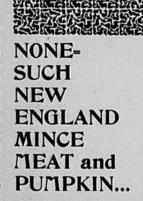
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is one of the hardest tasks the housewife has to do. She can make the work nearly twice as easy by using the None-Such New England Mince Meat and Pumpkin. By using these preparations the most appetizing pies can be made in a few minutes and they will be just as tempting and no more expensive than when home made mincemeat and home-prepared pumpkin are used. Economical housewives are trying this plan.

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| ı | Fancy Silk Vest | \$1.75 | to | \$4.00 |
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The price is within the reach of all. Come in and try these goods We are sure they will please you.

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The Maid was in the Garden....

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Owing to the short crop in fruits you did not get enough put up to supply your wants for the year. We anticipated this would be the case and very early in the season purchased a large assortment of canned goods of the best pack known. We have them in now and we offer here two assorted cases of fruits and vegetables which you can use at prices as low as the lowest, quality considered. Here they 2 cans Reindeer Lemon Clay Peaches.
2 cans Reindeer Yellow Peach.
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2 cans Reindeer Gold Drop Plums.
2 cans Reindeer Green Gages.
2 cans B. and B. Tomates.
2 cans B. and B. Corn.
2 cans Champion Peas.
2 cans B. and B. Lima Beans.
2 cans B. and B. String Beans.
2 cans B. and B. Succotash.

1 can Monarch Sliced Peaches.
1 can Monarch Apricots.
1 can Monarch Pears.
1 can Monarch Sliced Pineapple.
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2 can Monarch Tomatoes.

2 can Monarch Corn.
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If you can use one or both of these cases come in and see us, telephone or write us an order; in either case we will see that you

Peterson Bros "Enough to give me strong reason for believing that Morton, so-called, is young Prime, and that your nephew is with him. sir."



CHAPTER II.—After a conference in his official tent, Gen. Drayton joins a gay company in his personal tent.—Mrs. Garrison deing the honors as hostess.

CHAPTER III.—Lieut. Gray is invited to join the Frime party, to go over in Mr. Primes carriage to see the review, but is denied leave by Col. Canker, whom the regiment had nicknamed "Squeers." Vacant seat in carriage is given Col. Armstrong.

CHAPTER IX.—"Gov." Prime had fallen into a mad infatuation for Mrs. Garrison, though she was married and several cars his senior. He had been abroad time, but now unexpectedly returned. A time, but now unexpectedly returned a ditter about this time from Latrobe inended for Nita fell into Mrs. Garrison's head made, to break up what was already an engagement, took her sister west, months later Nita married Col. Frost. On this announcement Latrobe suddenly disappeared. Now, too, Mr. Prime, learning of his son's attentions to a married woman, became angry, whereupon "Gov" let home. Months later Mr. Prime got word of his son's enlistment and traced him to San Francisco, but without finding him. CHAPTER X.—During the Frosta honeymoon, Mrs. Frost received in Washington a note from Latrobe, who swore he would follow her until granted an inserview. Then the war broke out. Frost was assigned to duty in the Philippines, and he took his wife as far as Hong-Kong, While in San Francisco he learned of his wife's previous attachment to Latrobe.

CHAPTER X.—Col. Armstrong gets

"At least there's nothing to warran the posting of that sentry at Mr. Gray's tent, Col. Canker," said the brigadier, with some asperity. "Order him off at once. That's all for to-day, sir," and the man with the starred shoulders "held over" him with the silver leaves. The latter could only obey-and ob-But Canker's knuckles came in for an

other rasping within the hour. The brigadier being done with him, the di-vision commander's compliments came over per orderly, and would the colonel conker was furning to get to town. He was possessed with insane desire to follow up that boarding house clew. He believed the landlady could be bul-lied into telling where her boarder was taken, and what manner of man (or woman) he was. But down he had to

go, three blocks of camp, to where the tents of division headquarters were pitched, and there sat the veteran comnander, suave and placid as ever. "Ah, colonel, touching that matter stores. Suspicion points very strongly to your Sergt. Foley. Do you think it wise to have no sentry over him?" "Why-general," said Canker, "I've

known that man 15 years—in fact, I got him ordered to duty here," and the colonel bristled. "Well-pardon me, colonel, but you

heard the evidence against him last night, or at least heard of it. Don't you onsider that conclusive?" Canker cleared his throat and considered as suggested.
"I heard the allegation sir, but—he

made so clear an explanation to me, at least, and besides, general"--a bright idea occurring to him-"you know that as commissary sergeant he is not under

"Tut, tut, colonel," interrupted the general, waxing impatient. "The torehouse adjoins your camp. Your sentries guard it. Capt. Hanford, the commissary, says he called on you last night to notify you that he had placed the sergeant under arrest, but considered the case so grave that he asked that a sentry be placed over him, and it wasn't done."

"I dislike very much to inflict such indignity on deserving soldiers, general," said Canker, stumbling into a self-made trap. "Until their guilt is established trap. "Until their guilt is established they are innocent under the law."
"Apparently you apply a different rule in case of officers," calmly responded the general, "vide Mr. Gray. No further words are necessary. Oblige me by having that sentry posted at once. Good morning, sir."

But to Canker's dismay the officer of the guard made prompt report. The sentry was sent, but the sergeant's tent was empty. The colonel's pet had flown. This meant more trouble for the colonel. Meantime Stanley Armstrong had hied him to Gen. Drayton's headquarters. The office tents were well filled with clerks, orderlies, aides and other officers who had come in on business. but the meeting was by appointment, and after brief delay the camp com-mander excused himself to those pres-ent and ushered Armstrong into his own private tent, the scene of the merry festivities the evening of Mrs. Garrison's unexpected arrival. There the

with any subaltern in camp, even if he is under charges."

There was no answer from the strong oldier standing observant at his elbow. But when the chief would have moved Armstrong detained him. "One more question, general. In case you were away and wanted something you had left in this tent, you would send an aide -or orderly, or would an order signed by one of your staff be sufficient?" "H'm, well—yee, I suppose it would," said the general.

CHAPTER XII. Opinion was divided at Camp Merritt

to a court or take the consequences.

manders, one after another, he feels that

were his friends of his innocence of all complicity in Morton's escape, there re-The old soldier's sad eyes lighted with mained the fact that he had telephoned sudden hope. Yet as he passed his hand wearily over his forehead, the look of for a carriage, that a carriage had come and that a carriage with four men, ap-parently soldiers, had driven rapidly oubt and uncertainty slowly returned. accounts for the letters reaching townward along Point Lobos avenue. It was seen by half a dozen policemen as it shot under the electric light or gas here," he said, "but-I've known and a more intense nature I have nev lamp. Then there was the bundle inside his rolled overcoat that Gray had perheard of. What he starts in to do he sonally handed Morton when a prison-er. Everybody agreed he should have sent it by orderly—everybody, that is, except some scores of young soldiers in will carry out if it kills him." And Drayton looked drearily about the tent as though in search of something he didn't quite know what. Then he settled back slowly into his favorite old the ranks, who could see no harm in chair. "Do sit down, Armstrong. two "Delta Sigs" in the -teenth. Then Yet it was the colonel who was the first there were the long conferences in the dark. What did they mean? All things

"May I ask if you have had time look at any of the letters, sir?". "Do I look as though I had time to do anything?" said the chief, dropping his hands and uplifting a lined and hag-gard face, yet so refined. "Anything but work, work, morn, noon and night. The mass of detail one has to meet here is something appalling. It weighs on me like a nightmare, Armstrong. No, was worn out the night after the package reached me. When next I sought it the letters were gone."
"How long was that, general?"

long, tapering fingers, came up to the old soldier's brow. He pondered a mo-ment. "It must have been the next afternoon, I think, but I can't be sure."

"In the inside pocket of that old overtent pole," was the answer, as the general turned half round in his chair and glanced wistfully, self-reproachfully

Armstrong arose and, going to the back of the tent, made close examina-tion. The canvas home of the chief was what is known as the hospital tent, but instead of being pitched with the ordinary ridge pole and upright, a sub-stantial wooden frame and floor had first been built and over this the stout canvas was stretched, stanch and taut as the head of a drum. It was all intact and sound. Whoever filched that must!"
packet made way with it through the And front, and that, as Armstrong well his mind. He liked that boy. He loved knew, was kept tightly laced, as a rule, a keen, alert, snappy soldier on drill, from the time the general left it in the and Billy had no superior in the bat-morning until his return. It was never tallon when it came to handling squad unlaced except in his presence or by his order. Then the deft hands of the orderlies on duty would do the trick in a twinkling. Knowing all this, the colonel queried further:



The letter bore no clew to the whereebouts of the writer.

Primes and other people at the Palace I think I saw you in the supper room. There was much merriment at your table. Mrs. Garrison seemed to be the life of the party. Now, you left your overcoat with the boy at the closk

ing. The coat was hanging at its usual place when I returned late, with a

Armstrong took the missive held out to him and slowly read it, the general studying his face the while. The letter bore no clew as to the whereabouts

der his mustache. The general, with moist eyes, had risen from his chair and most eyes, nad risen from his chair and mechanically held forth his hand. "Poor lad!" sighed Armstrong. "Of course—you know who the girl was?" "Oh, of course," and Drayton shrugged his shoulders.
"Well, we'll have to go," and led on to

the misty light without.

Over across the way were the headquarters tents of a big parade, hopefully awaiting orders for Manila. To their left, separated by a narrow space, so crowded were the camps, were the "Col. Armstrong, will you kindly open the carriage door? I want to talk with you a moment."

Without a word he wrenched the handle and the attentive Schuyler. But where was Miss Lawrence? Armstrong had already seen. Lingering, she stood at Billy's tent front, her carriculed to his protruding pate. He was saying something that took time, and she showed no inclination to hurry him. Miss Prime looked back, then she and Schuyler exchanged significant smiles and glances. There was rather a lingering handclasp before Amy started. Even then is a blooked back at the boy and smiled.

"H'm!" said the general, as he gased, "that younester wouldn't map places."

"Col. Armstrong, will you kindly open the carriage door? I want to talk with you a moment."

Without a word he wrenched the handle and threw wide the door. Light as a bird sho sprang to the ground, her fingers just touching the extended hand. Side by side they strolled away across the sunlit lawn, he so strong, virile, erect, she so lissome and graceful. Full of her purpose, yet fearful that with delay might come timidity, she looked back, then she and Schuyler exchanged significant smiles and glances. There was rather a lingering handclasp before Amy started. Even then is allooked back at the boy and smiled.

"H'm!" said the general, as he gased, "that younester wouldn't map places" and she wouldn't map places."

"Col. Armstrong, will you kindly open the carriage door? I want to talk with you a moment."

Without a word he wrenched the handle and threw wide the door. Light with you a moment."

Without a word he wrenched the handle and threw wide the door. Light handle and threw wide the door.

gan again.

to whether Billy Gray should or

should not stand trial. Confident as considered, the older and wiser heads saw that, as the lieutenant could or would make no satisfactory explana-tion of these to his colonel, he should Looking down, he saw that her eye

"You've made a mees of the thing and an ass of yourself, Billy," was Gordon's comprehensive if not consolatory sum-"Yes, and there is no time to be lest. mary of the matter, "and as Canker has been rapped for one thing or another by camp, division and brigade com-

these last days, it will be remembered, Mrs. Frank Garrison with pretty "Cherry Ripe" had found shelter at the Presidio. The palace was no place for a poor soldier's wife, and there was he's got to prove that he isn't the only fool in the business. You'd better em-ploy good counsel and prepare for a fight." no longer a grateful nabob as a possible source of income. It is doubtful indeed whether that mine could be further tapped, for the effusive brother-in-law of the winter gone by had found dis-illusion in more ways than one. Gar-rison, busy day and night with his staff duties, had plainly to tell his capricious wife that she had come without his knowledge or consent, and that he could not think of meeting the expense of even a two weeks' stay in town. He could not account for her coming at all. He had left her with his own peo-ple where at least she would be in comfort while he took the field. He desired She determined to remain and gayly tapped his cheek and bade him have no concern. She could readily find

a court is going to regard any schoolboy obligation as paramount to that which your oath of office demands. Look hyuh, Billy, your head's just addled! I can't work on you, but somebody

in fact, when he was not dancing atyoung deserter, who the father now felt confident was his missing boy), Miss Lawrence looked the captain full in the face with her clear, searching eyes and plumped at him the point-blank

"Miss Lawrence, I grieve to say that not one has any other opinion now. There could be no doubt of it. Amy Lawrence turned very pale and her

trembling of her lips. "Has—is there no one—influential enough—or with brains enough (this with returning him?

beautiful drive of the Golden Gate overcoat with the boy at the clock stand?"

"No, Armstrong, that's the odd part of it. I only used the cape that evening. The coat was hanging at its usual place when I returned late, with a least of the coat was hanging at its usual place when I returned late, with a least of the coat was hanging at its usual place when I returned late, with a least of the coat was least place when I returned late, with a mass of new orders and papers. Not no! But here, I must get back to the office, and what I wished you to see was that poor boy's letter. What can you hope with a nature like that to deal with?"

I supervising the work, and as Miss Lawrence quickly turned to see who they might be, her eyes met those of Col. Armstrong. Five minutes later the carriage returning drew up, as though by some erder from its occupants, at that very spot. Armstrong and his adjustant were still there and promptly jutant were still there and promptly

It was one of those rare August days

in her kind and loyal heart. Heaver knows his heart beat high with an emo tion he could not subdue, though his bearing was grave and courteous as ever, but about that sweet and flushing face there shone the halo of a woman's brave determination, and no sooner had he reached the carriage side than, bend ing toward him, she spoke. Mildred Prime could not repress a little gasp of

"Col. Armstrong, will you kindly open the carriage door? I want to talk with you a moment."

robust health. There was a prier pause before he spoke as though he wished

time to weigh his words.
"I fear it is true," he gravely said. Then in a moment: "Miss Lawrence, will you not take my arm?" And he felt her hand tremble as she placed it there. It was a moment before she be

"They tell me he should have counsel but will not heed. I have not seen him to-day. There is no one in his battalion, it seems, whom he really looks up to. He is headstrong and self-confident.
Do you think he should—that he needs
one?" And anxiously the brave eyes
sought the strong, soldierly face. "It would seem so, Miss Lawrence."

straight came the next question:
"Col. Armstrong, will you do me "Col. Armstrong, will you do me a great favor? Will you be his counsel?" +Daily Except Sunday. +Daily Except Sunday. H. G. PIERCE, Station Agt as she spoke. Something told him what was coming, yet he could not answer all at once. What did it mean, after all, but just what he had been thinking for a week, that the girl's fresh young heart had gone out to this merry, hand some, soldierly lad, whom he, too, had often marked with keen appreciation when in command of his big company at drill. What possible thought of here could he, "more than twice her years," have ever hoped to win? She had come to him in her sore trouble-and her lover's-as she would have gone to he father had he been a soldier schooled in such affairs. Armstrong pulled himself together with quick, stern self-com-mand.

were filling, her lips paling, and a rush of tenderness overcame him as he sim ply and gently answered:

All these last days, it will be remem

"Can't afford it," said Billy, briefly, and I'm blowed if I'll ask my dear old dad to come to the rescue. He's had to cough up (shame on your slang, Billy) far too much already. I tell you, Gordon, I'm so fixed that I can't explain these things unless I'm actually brought to trial. It's-it's-well, you have no secret societies at the Point as we do at college, so you can't fathom it. I'm no more afraid of standing trial than I am of Squeers—and be

d-d to him!" "Good Lawd, youngster-you, you aren't quite such an ass as to suppose

And Gordon went away very low in or company. The adjutant plainly saw the peril of his position, and further consultation with his brother officers confirmed him in his fears. Schuyler the brigade commissary, being much with the -teenth-messing with them, tendance on Miss Prime—heard all this camp talk and told her. Thus it happened that the very next day when he drove with the cousins (Mr. Prime being the while in conference with the detectives still scouring the city for the young deserter, who the father now felt

"Capt. Schuyler, do Mr. Gray's broth er officers really consider him in dan ger of dismissal?"

coment's struggle to conquer the

joined them. Long weeks afterward that morning lived in Stanley Armstrong's memory. iter bore no clew as to the whereabouts of the writer. It read:

"March 1, '88.

"It is six weeks since I repaid all your loving kindness, brought shame and sorrow to you and ruin to myself by deserting from West Point when my commission was but a few short months away. In an hour of intense misery, caused by a girl who had won my very soul, and whose words and letters made me believe she would become my wife the month of my graduation, and who, as I now believe, was then engaged to the man she married in January, I threw myself away. My one thought was to find her, and God knows what beyond.

"It can never be undone. My career is ended, and I can never look you in the food again. At first I thought I should show the letters, one by one, to the man she married, and and him what he thought of leaf and flower close at hand. It was not chance that brought the stalward soldier instantly to Amy's adde. Her gaze was upon him before the carriage stopped, and irresistibly drew him. The man of mature years, the hero of sharp combats and stirring ampaigns with a fierce and savage foe, the commander of hundreds of eager and gallant men, obeyed without thought of demur the unspoken sum mons of a girl ye in her teens. There was new light in her clear and beau-

mons of a girl ye in her teens. There was a new light in her clear and beau tiful eyes, a flush upon her soft and rounded cheek, a little flutter, possibly,

amaze.

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WEST BOUND | MAIN LINE | EAST BOUND Nos 21 and 22 run between Dubuque and For

Nos 23 and 24 run between Dubuque and Lyle. "It would seem so, Miss Lawrence."

She drew a long breath. She seemed to cling a little closer to his arm. Then straight came the next question:

"Col. Armstrong, will you do me a "Col. Armstrong, will you do

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10:15 a m No. 4 St. Louis Passenger... 3:05 p m

12:20 ngt No. 8 Chicago & St.Louis Ex. 3:30 a m

12:20 ngt No. 10 Passenger... 6:05 p m

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the houses of two or three, completely furnished so far as army furnishings go were there in charge of the post quar-termaster. From being the temporary guests of some old friends, Mrs. Frank

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opened housekeeping in one of these wacated homes, and all her witchery WM. DONNELLY, M. D. ment at the post. Money she might lack, but no woman could eclipse her in the dazzle of her dainty tollets. The Presidio was practically at her feet be-fore she had been established 48 hours Other peoples' vehicles trundled her over to camp whenever she would drive. Other peoples' horses stood saddled at her door when she would ride. Other

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