

A Soldier of Commerce

Arrested by Russian Police
Convicted on a False Charge
Sentenced to Siberia
Liberated by His Sweetheart
Shipwrecked on the Caspian
Re-arrested by the Russians
In the Hands of Bandits
Final Trial and—

But we must not spoil the story for our readers by telling how it ended. The foregoing are a few of the things which happened to the American, Harvey Irons,

A Soldier of Commerce

while engaged in selling American goods in the

Empire of the Czar

We have secured the rights for this brilliant story, which, aside from its absorbing interest, portrays in vivid colors the peculiar methods of Russian officials

To Be Printed Serially
In This Paper



The girl smiled archly at him.

Tom Bowens' Love

...By...
JAMES NORFLEET

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The girl of the "I. X. L." ranch was Nora Davis, niece of the proprietor, who was passing a year in the far west by the advice of her doctor. The presence of a woman at the ranch house was no strange thing, as Mrs. Davis was there and had two or three women helpers, but the sight of a good looking girl of twenty riding and walking about kept the cowboys in a state of excitement.

Soon after the arrival of Miss Nora the jokers began to level their shafts at Tom Bowens. Tom was no cowboy, and was, therefore, looked down upon with good natured contempt. He was a poor rider, and he owned to a lack of nerve, and he had, therefore, been employed as a general "chore man." It was announced by the jokers that Tom had fallen head over heels in love with the young lady and would soon propose marriage.

Tom was too bewildered to deny or affirm. He had only caught sight of the girl once or twice and had then gazed upon her as something new in the menagerie line. The chaff set him to thinking, however. He began to wonder if he was not in love with the girl, and within three or four days he had convinced himself that he was. He was unlettered, uncouth and without a dollar to his name, but it did not occur to him that those things barred him out of the race. He acknowledged his passion to the men about him, but had opportunity been offered him a hundred times over he would not have broached the matter to the girl by word or look. Some time in the future, he reasoned to himself—some time after he had loved a long, long time and got to be a rich cattle owner, and the squint had been taken out of his eyes and the crook out of his legs—he might declare this love, but not till then.

The boys on the ranch had other things to think of besides gazing Tom Bowens, but they let up on him for

"Can a man like me ever hope to win a girl like her?"

Tom was scared at the thought, and he began to size himself up. He had often been called "Bow Legs" and "Squint Eye." He knew that he was "off" in looks; he was uneducated; he was without means. He was only a "chore man" at \$20 a month on a ranch, without the slightest prospect of rising higher. For the first time he realized the gulf between them. He had been an idiot, he admitted to himself, but he would be an idiot no longer. He would cease to love—go away—fall in love with the cook as a counterbalance.

He was thinking harder than he had ever thought before when a slight noise in the pass startled him, and he thought he made out a human figure skulking about. If it was a human figure it could only be that of one of the renegade Indians, and if he was skulking he meant murder. Tom Bowens had been charged with a lack of nerve and had always been ready to admit it. He had never been tried out, and, therefore, did not know himself. Within a minute after catching sight of the skulking figure he had turned the horses and was walking them slowly back toward the girl, whistling as he went. She looked up in surprise as he drew near, and he carelessly dismantled and calmly said:

"Miss Nora, don't be startled at what I say. There are Indians in the pass. I have seen one of them, and there is probably half a dozen. I want you to get on your horse and ride off slowly for a ways and then ride like fire for the ranch."

"Do you mean it?" asked Nora in a puzzled way.

"But you—you"—she asked as he lifted her into the saddle.

"I'm going to stay here a bit. The Indians must have their ponies in there with 'em, and they'd overhaul me before I got a mile away. Don't stop now, but ride on. You'll get away all right, and you'll tell 'em at the house."

She would have said more, but he gave her horse a slap, and the animal moved forward. His own would have followed, but he made it fast to a bush and then went whistling back to the mouth of the pass and dropped behind a boulder and drew one of his revolvers. Five, seven, ten minutes passed. Then came a yell from the Indians, who had been tricked, and a band of six rushed out. Pop, pop, pop, went Tom's revolver, and then they closed in on him, and all was over.

Two hours later when a dozen cowboys rode up they found two dead Indians and the trail of a wounded one, and Tom Bowens lay there stiff and cold, with a smile on his face. He couldn't win the girl he loved, but he had died for her.

The Queen of Romance.

An English lady tells a story of Queen Victoria which she knows is true. Three children were walking along the road between Windsor and Stoke Pogis. They heard the sound of carriage wheels. It was the queen's carriage, and she was in it.

The oldest child, a little boy, had been reading oriental stories and fairy lore. He knew what was due to a queen, and cried to the others:

"Get down flat in the dust before the carriage, and we'll all call out at once, 'O queen, live forever!'"

Down went the three little bodies flat in the dust, much to the mystification of the coachman, who reined up sharply.

The queen leaned forward and asked: "What in the world is the matter, children? Are you frightened?"

Three voices came out of the dust in a smothered treble.

"Yes, O queen!"

Then there was a pause, and one reproachful voice said, "There, we forgot the 'live forever part.'"

The queen grasped the situation and laughed aloud, as her coachman afterward said, "more heartily than she had laughed for years."

A Tiger's Charge.

A writer in the Bombay Gazette describes the rare experience of seeing the charge of a famous man eating tiger which ended harmlessly. "A camel with a slipping load had," the writer says, "been halted not far from his lair, when with a 'wrouff' (once heard never to be forgotten) the tiger charged for the man leading the camel. The tiger, I have no doubt, would have carried off the camel man, but when he saw the long, and to him unfamiliar, neck of a camel coming between him and his intended victim I dare say he thought things were not quite as he had calculated. Anyway, he paused, casually surveyed the whole party and, with tail erect, calmly walked back into the jungle. The camel man was either so frightened or the whole thing from beginning to end had occupied so short a time (less than a minute, I should judge) that he did not stir from the place where he was when the tiger first made his attack."

An Omission to Be Rectified.

A German nobleman, in course of a visit to New York, commended the wines of America. He praised especially the California red wines, which seemed, he said, to be exceedingly pure. Then, apropos of wine's purity, he narrated a recent happening in Berlin.

"A Berlin vintner," he said, "was accused of selling a wine made of chemicals. He was brought to court, found guilty and fined. After he had paid his fine he approached the chemist whose testimony had convicted him. 'How did you know,' he asked curiously, 'that my wine was manufactured?'"

"Because it contained no bitartrate of potash," said the chemist. "In natural wines bitartrate of potash is always found."

"Thanks," said the vintner in a tone of relief. "It will be found in my wines hereafter."—New York Tribune.

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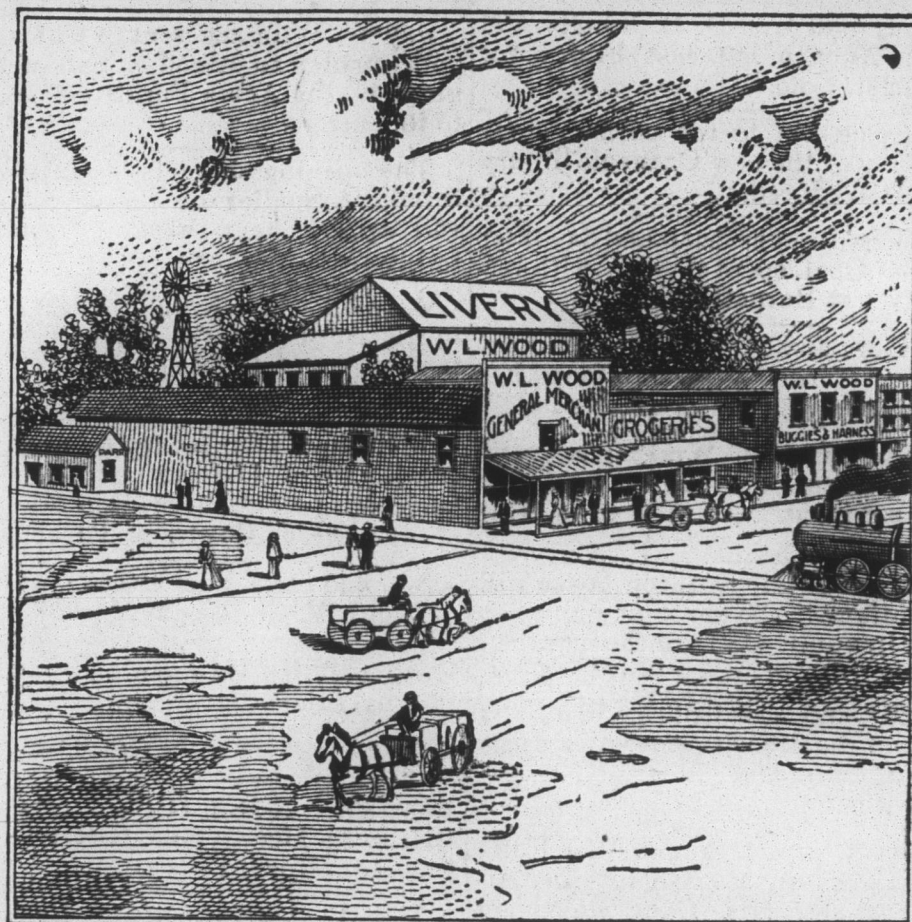
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THE TRAVELER'S STORY.

How a Nervous Man Caused a Severe Strain on His Nerves.

"A traveling man stopped at a hotel at Monticello. The proprietor told him he could not lodge him—not a room in the house," said a commercial traveler. "The traveling man protested. He must have a room. Finally the proprietor told him there was a room, a little room separated by a thin partition from a nervous man, a man who had lived in the house for ten years."

"He is so nervous," said the landlord, "I don't dare put any one in that room. The least noise might give him a nervous spell that would endanger his life."

"Oh, give me a room," said the traveler. "I'll be so quiet he'll not know I'm there."

"Well, the room was given the traveler. He slipped in noiselessly and began to disrobe. He took off one article of clothing after another as quietly as a burglar. At last he came to his shoes. He unlaced a shoe and then, manlike, dropped it.

"The shoe fell to the floor with a great noise. The offending traveler, horrified at what he had done, waited to hear from the nervous man. Not a sound. He took off the second shoe and placed it noiselessly upon the floor. Then in absolute silence he finished undressing and crawled between the sheets.

"Half an hour went by. He had dropped into a doze when there came a tremendous knocking on the partition. 'The traveler sat up in bed, trembling and dismayed. 'Wh-wha-what's the matter?' he asked. Then came the voice of the nervous man:

"Blame you, drop that other shoe!"

—Indianapolis News.

Wanted the Result.

"Horse racing is a heroic sport, and to this feature alone is due its intense fascination," said Wallace P. Herndon of Chicago. Mr. Herndon had just come down from a race meeting at Latonia, loaded with his winnings.

"People who condemn the sport seem to forget the heroic feature."

"Recently I perpetrated a sorry trick on one of these folks, and it was a clergyman too. As an eyewitness I described the running of a great handicap, and to make it more interesting I proceeded to color my story a bit to tell how a certain horse was challenged repeatedly from the start and how the race was in doubt up to the last moment.

"I left the field a few jumps from the finish. Then I said:

"I knew a famous horseman once who said that a race horse is of interest to only three persons—the kid that rides him, the lobster that bets on him and the thief that owns him."

"Yes, yes," cried the clergyman impatiently, "but which of those horses won on the day you spoke of?"

—Louisville Herald.

Paradoxical Woman Again.

"I can't understand them at all,"

complained the white bearded philosopher, muttering into his whiskers and shaking his head dolefully.

"What can't you understand?" asked the man with the pickle nose.

"Women. Now, my daughter has had to buy an automobile habit and seems perfectly satisfied to wear it, although everybody knows she has not the automobile habit."

"She has it, and she hasn't it," mused the pickle nosed man. "That is the answer. If you knew women as well as I do, you'd know those were the facts in the case."—Judge.

Wise Father Knows His Own Child. Ernestine—Pa, the young man who calls on me says I don't know how to cook.

Pa—H'm! Prove to him that you do know how. Start to do our family cooking every day.

Ernestine—And when shall I start, Pa?

Pa—Why—er—just as soon as I start on my summer vacation.—Philadelphia Record.

Just Another Variation.

"Did you hear about Newman?"

"No."

"He lost his right leg."

"Gracious! I thought he had everything in his wife's name."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Stony Eye.

Billings—Oh, beg pardon. I didn't recognize you when I first saw you. Borden—You mean you didn't see me when you first recognized me. I noticed it.—Boston Transcript.

For Wet Feet.



The Chick—What's the matter? The Duckling—You'd cry, too, if your ma made you wear overshoes when you went swimming.—Leslie's Weekly.

He Always Knows It.

"Do you ever feel as though there was nothing in life for you?"

"No. Life is always full of work for me, and they never let me forget it."

If you have a keepsake to be made into a charm or pin, take it to Jesse.

Real Estate Transfers.

Orlando J. Miller to Augusta Brown, June 25, its 1, 2, 3, 4, bl 3. Miller's add., Wheatfield, \$140.

Fred Granger to William Wiersma, June 22, its 2, 3, bl 7. McDonald's add., DeMotte, \$230.

Ernest E. Cockerill to James A. Caldwell, July 5, its 5, 8, 9, 12, 13, bl 13. Leopold's add., Rensselaer, \$1,500.

Warren T. McCray to Willis Kirkpatrick et ux, June 29, se 20-27-7, 160 acres, Carpenter, \$16,000.