The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

A Skin of Beauty Is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream and Magical Beautifier.

FURPIFES as well as beautifies the skin. No other cosmetic will do it. Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 62 yrs. and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the U.S., Canada and Europe.

Ferd. T. Hopkins, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., New York

Bad Breath

"For months I had great trouble with my stomach and used all kinds of medicines. My tongue has been actually as green as grass, my breath having a bad odor. Two weeks ago a friend recommended Cascarets and after using them I can willingly and cheerfully say that they have entirely cured me. I therefore let you know that I shall recommend them to any one suffering from such troubles."—Chas. H. Halpern, 114 E. 7th St., New York, N. Y.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 923

MUST SACRIFICE Minor County, South Dak. quarter. Railroad 5 miles; fenced; no buildings; 120 acres rich black Iowa loam just like nearby $50 land; $40 acre poor. In corn and rainbelt. Got $160 rent off 30 acres this year. Price $3. Mortgage $2500, balance must be quick cash. Address $5 BALDWIN BLOCK, Council Bluffs, Ia.

History of Red Cross Seal.

"Charity stamps," first used in Boston in 1862 for the soldiers' relief funds during the Civil war, were the original forerunners of the Red Cross Christmas seal, which will be used this year to bring happiness and cheer to millions. The Delaware Anti-Tuberculosis society in 1907 for the first time in America made use of a stamp for the purpose of getting revenue to fight consumption. In a hastily organized campaign of only three weeks they realized $3,000. The next year, 1908, the American Red Cross conducted the first national tuberculosis stamp campaign. From this sale $135,000 was realized for the anti-tuberculosis movement. In 1909, under many adverse conditions, $250,000 was realized from these stamps. This year the slogan of the tuberculosis fighters and the Red Cross is "A Million for Tuberculosis From Red Cross Seals in 1910."

The Place of Honor.

Farmer Hodge was of the good, old-fashioned school, and he always gave a feast to his hands at harvest time.

It was harvest time and the feast was about to commence.

Giles was the oldest hand and the hostess, with beaming cordiality, motioned him to the seat by her right hand. But Giles remained silently unresponsive.

"Come," said the hostess, "don't be bashful, Mr. Giles"—he was just Giles on ordinary occasions—"you've a right to the place of honor, you know."

Giles deliberated a moment, then spoke.

"Thank you kindly, Mrs. Hodge," he said, "but if it's all the same to you, I'd rather sit opposite this pudden'!"

COFFEE WAS IT.

People Slowly Learn the Facts.

"All my life I have been such a slave to coffee that the very aroma of it was enough to set my nerves quivering. I kept gradually losing my health but I used to say 'Nonsense, it don't hurt me.'

"Slowly I was forced to admit the truth and the final result was that my whole nervous force was shattered.

"My heart became weak and uncertain in its action and that frightened me. Finally my physician told me, about a year ago, that I must stop drinking coffee or I could never expect to be well again.

"I was in despair, for the very thought of the medicines I had tried so many times nauseated me. I thought of Postum but could hardly bring myself to give up the coffee.

"Finally I concluded that I owed it to myself to give Postum a trial. So I got a package and carefully followed the directions, and what a delicious, nourishing, rich drink it was! Do you know I found it very easy to shift from coffee to Postum and not mind the change at all?

"Almost immediately after I made the change I found myself better, and as the days went by I kept on improving. My nerves grew sound and steady, I slept well and felt strong and well-balanced all the time.

"Now I am completely cured, with the old nervousness and sickness all gone. In every way I am well once more."

It pays to give up the drink that acts on some like a poison, for health is the greatest fortune one can have.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

TAVERNAY

A Tale of the Red Terror

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON.

Author of "The Marathon Mystery," "The Holladay Case," "A Soldier of Virginia," etc.

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CHAPTER XI—(Continued.)

"You are right, of course," she agreed instantly, though her face was very pale. "I will wait for you here, and pray for you."

She gave me her hand and I bent and kissed it with trembling lips.

"There will be no danger," I assured her again, waived my hand to her and plunged into the ticket.

I made my way through it for some distance before venturing into the open; then, under shelter of a hedge, I hastened down the slope, gained the road and turned my face toward the village. Ten minutes brought me to it—a straggle of sordid houses along each side the road, teeming with dirty children and with a slatternly woman leaning in every doorway. There was an inn at either end to catch the traveler going east or west, and I entered the first I came to and asked for breakfast. It was served by a pert and not uncomely maid—bacon, eggs and creamy biscuits—and I fell to it with an appetite tempered only by the thought that I must eat alone. There was at the time no other guest, and as the maid seemed very willing to talk, I determined to turn her to account.

"These are delicious biscuits," I began. "I have tasted none so good since I started on this journey."

She dropped me a curtesy, flushing with pleasure.

"Have you come a long journey, monsieur?" she asked.

"What!" I cried. "You still say 'monsieur!' Is it a royalist, then, with whom I have to deal—a ci-de-vant—an aristocrat?"

"A royalist!" she repeated, visibly horrified. "Oh, no; but the habit is an old one."

"Yes," I admitted; "old habits are hard to break; even my tongue slips sometimes."

"Besides," she added, looking at me steadily, "there is about you something which made me hesitate to call you 'citizen.'"

It was my time to flush. I found myself unable to meet her clear eyes, and covered my confusion by a laugh which even I perceived did not ring true. If my disguise was so easily penetrated, it was time I was getting back to my hiding place.

"Nonsense!" I retorted. "It is proper to say 'citizen' to anyone. And, by the way, citizen, what is the name of this village?"

"What, you don't know!" she cried.

"Is that wonderful? It hardly seemed to me a second Paris."

"Yet you come to it!"

"I pass through it because it happens to be in my way; I stop for breakfast—I would wish to stop longer," I added, with an expressive glance, "but the nation needs me."

"Needs you?"

"As she needs every man she can get to stamp out those cursed rebels in Vendee."

"Oh, so it is there you go?" she said, her face clearing. "Yes—you are right. My father went yesterday to join the Blues; our guard marched last night. There is scarcely a man left in the village."

"And now perhaps you will tell me its name," I suggested.

"It is called Dairon."

"And where is the nearest republican force?"

"There is a small one at Airvault and another at Moncontour; but if it is fighting you are looking for, citizen, you will press on to Thouars."

"How far is Thouars?"

"Four leagues, and this road will lead you there."

"Then it is this road I will take. So there is to be fighting at Thouars?"

"Our officers dined here last night," she explained, "and I heard them talking. It seems that the brigands are gathering at Coulanges and expect to take Thouars. Bah! The Blues will fall upon them, surround them, exterminate them. For do you know what it is that they are planning, those scoundrels? They are planning to hold a place where that ogre of a Pitt may land troops upon the sacred soil of France!"

Her eyes were blazing. I sprang to my feet.

"Then I must be off!" I cried. "I can't afford to miss that fun. But first, citizen, can you put me up a lunch for the road—a big one, for I have the devil of an appetite. Ransack your larder—I can pay for it," and I laid a golden louis on the table. "In the vicinity of an army there is never anything to eat. I shall no doubt meet plenty of poor fellows with nothing in their bellies. And two or three bottles of wine would not be amiss."

"Just so," she nodded, and flew to the kitchen, where I heard her and another woman talking vigorously together, to the accompaniment of a clatter of knives and dishes.

I walked to the door and looked down the village street. It was still deserted, save for the women and children. Evidently the men had all been caught in the dragnet of the Blues, or had hurried into hiding for fear they would be drafted to the front. How these poor creatures left her to their own resources, managed to exist, I could not imagine.

"Well, citizen," asked a voice, "how is this?"

I turned to find the maid smiling up at me and in her hand a hamper, filled to the brim and covered with a cloth, through which the neck of three bottles protruded.

"Excellent!" I cried as I took it. "That will make me welcome, at any rate. A thousand thanks, my dear."

"There is one more thing I can do," she said. "Your disguise is a poor one, citizen."

"Disguise!" I echoed, my heart in my throat.

"Because the face does not match the clothes," she went on, imperturbably. "Any fool could see that these rags do not belong to you. Sit here a moment."

I sat down obediently, not daring to disobey. Whereupon she produced a greasy rag and rubbed it over my face, retiring a step or two from time to time to admire the effect and then returning to add another touch, much in the manner of an artist engaged upon a masterpiece. At last she was satisfied.

"There," she said, "I defy any one to detect you now. And remember, as long as you wear those rags, you are not to wash face or hands. Your business is none of mine, but you are too pretty a fellow to be permitted to run your head into a noose."

"Thank you, my dear," I said again, and rose and took up my hamper.

She came to me and stood on tiptoe.

"A solute for the Nation, citizen," she said, and kissed me on either cheek. "If you return this way, you are to stop here and inquire for Ninette. She will be glad to see you. Adieu—and may the good God have you in His keeping."

I turned westward along the street, unheeding the curious glances cast at me, with a conscience not wholly at peace. I had secured these generous provisions under false pretenses. I had not merited those pure kisses.

* The Partridge:—The book was no doubt "The History of Tom Jones" by Fielding, which had been translated into French some years before.—Translator's note.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PONIARD AGAIN.

Not until a turn of the road hid me from the village and I was satisfied that I was unobserved, did I turn aside, and again sheltering myself behind a friendly hedge, gain the thicket which stretched along the ridge. Then, plunging into its cover, I hastened back with what speed I could toward the spot where I had left my comrade, uneasily conscious that I had lingered at the inn longer than I had thought to do, for the sun told me that noon had come and gone.

So it was with an anxiety which increased at every step that I broke my way through the underbrush, unheeding the briers which clutched at my clothes and stung hands and face—an anxiety which leaped to mortal anguish as I came out suddenly into the litle ampitheater where I had left her and saw at a glance that it was empty.

I set down the hamper with a groan of agony and wiped the cold sweat from my forehead. Fool, idiot that I was to leave her unguarded for so long a time. Some one had blundered into our retreat, had discovered her, had taken her prisoner. What could I do? Where should I look for her? This thicket doubtless harbored many scoundrels seeking to evade the draft. It was they who had captured her, and I trembled at the thought. Perhaps even at this moment—

"Good day, M. de Tavernay," called a gay voice and I turned my head mechanically, to see her emerging from the thicket, her face alight. "So you have returned."

"Thank God," I cried. "Thank God! You are safe, then?"

"Safe," she repeated, eyeing me a little curiously. "But certainly. What did you imagine?"

"I feared you had been captured," I answered hoarsely. "Carried away! No matter, since you are safe."

"I heard some one approaching," she explained, still eyeing me, "and decided I would better conceal myself until I was certain it was you. That was wise, wasn't it?"

"Wise? Oh, yes. But I thought I had lost you. I had stayed away so long."

"And in truth," she went on, laughing again, "I am not yet quite certain that it is really you. What a villianous countenance."

"Yes," I said, flushing. "The—the maid at the inn fixed it for me."

"So," she cried. "It was a maid that kept you—and pretty. I'll be bound. To think that I have been worrying about you."

"You must be nearly starved," I said, anxious to change the subject.

"I confess a lively pleasure at the sight of that hamper. May I explore it?"

"At once," I urged, and sat down a little weakly, for I was not yet wholly recovered from the swift reaction from that agony of fear.

She spread upon the grass the cloth with which the hamper was covered and uttered little cries of delight as she drew for its contents and arranged them before her.

"Why, you are a wizard, M. de Tavernay!" she cried, when the hamper was empty. "Here is a feast fit for a king. That maid must have fallen desperately in love with you! A real passion! Poor thing!"

"I posed as a Republican," I explained. "She is a good patriot and anxious to serve the Nation."

"Especially when it is personified by a handsome and gallant fellow," she amended. "No matter; I am not jealous. Indeed, I have no right to be. But I wonder what the betrothed would say Rest easy; she shall never know, I promise you that. And now, if you will draw the corks, we are ready to begin."

"I am glad to see you in such spirits," I remarked with irony, as I got out my knife.

"It is so much pleasanter than being dull and gloomy, is it not?" she agreed.

"You remind me of a red Indian," I continued, as I drew the corks, "dancing around his captive and burying a barb in his flesh from time to time, just to see his anguish."

"Well," she retorted, "I am going to treat you as no red Indian ever treated a captive. Sit down and share the feast."

"But I have already eaten," I protested. Nevertheless I sat down in the place she indicated.

"Hours ago!"

"Besides, my fright when I found you gone killed any return of appetite."

"Were you really frightened?"

"Horribly!"

"I know what you need—a draught of wine——"

"If you will drink first," I agreed.

She raised the bottle to her lips, then handed it to me.

"You were right," I said, as I put it down. "That was really what I needed. My heart is bounding again, though perhaps not wholly from the wine."

She smiled and looked at me.

"Whatever the cause, I am glad to see you more like yourself. And now you will eat—I detest eating alone."

"I will try," I said, but I confess I found eating a difficult task with that vision just across from me.

"Did you learn where we were?" she asked at last.

"The village is called Dairon. We are about four leagues from Thouars, where the Blues are in force. We must get past them somehow to Coulanges, a league beyond, where we shall find friends."

"And we must wait until tonight to go forward?"

"Till twilight, at least."

"We should get to Coulanges tonight, then?"

"Yes," I answered with a sinking heart at the thought that my dream was to end so soon. "If all goes well, we should reach Coulanges by midnight."

"You actually say that in a tone of despondency!"

"And do you see in it nothing to regret, mademoiselle?"

"To regret? Assuredly not! Shall you regret being in safety again?"

"Danger is not the worst thing that can come to a man," I said, "more especially—"

"Well?" she questioned tantalizingly, as I hesitated.

I leaned across the cloth and caught her hands and held them prisoner.

"More especially when it is shared by the woman he loves," I concluded, throwing discretion to the winds. "Ah, then he forgets the danger, mademoiselle; he remembers only that she is beside him, that he may look into her eyes as I look into yours, that he may kiss her hands as I kiss these dear ones. And when he knows that to restore her to her friends is to severe himself from her, he may well despond as he sees the hour approach."

She sat looking at me, the color coming and going in her cheeks, her lips parted, her eyes a little misty. And she made no effort to take her hands away. Ah, what a woman she was! The beauty of her, the whiteness, the delicacy, the sheer grace; and what with all, a woman's passionate heart, a women's power of loving and desire of being loved. It was there I knew, just below the surface, waiting to be awakened.

"You really love me!" she murmured. "You really love me!"

"Oh, my dearest!" I cried. "Can you doubt it? Looking into my eyes, can you doubt it? And last night, looking into yours, I fancied that you swept aside the veil for a moment and that I saw into your heart, your soul, and read a secret there which made me madly, blindly happy! Did I read aright?"

"Not to value your devotion would be indeed ungrateful, monsieur," she answered in a whisper.

"It is not gratitude that I ask." I broke in. "It was not gratitude that I saw! Did I read aright?"

"Suppose I say yes," she said; "what is it you propose?"

"I propose to take you and keep you," I answered madly, drawing her toward me, my blood on fire. "You do love me—come, confess it! Look into my eyes and tell me! I defy the whole world to take you from me now!"

She swayed toward me for an instant, her lips parted, her eyes swimming in a veil of tears. I had won! I had won! Then she drew her hands away and sat erect, a convulsive shiver running through her.

"And your honor?" she asked, her face suddenly white. "What of it? The word you have given? What of it? The vow you have taken—what of it? And if I did love you, do you not see that it is the man of honor that I love? Do you think I could keep on loving a dishonored man—even though that dishonor were incurred for me? Do you think I could find any place in my heart for a man unfaithful to such a vow as you have taken? No, no,—you cannot believe that—you cannot so mistake me! I have built a temple for you in my heart—do not tell me that you are unworthy to dwell there!"

I was struck dumb before her. I could find no word of answer. She was right—a hundred times right. And by the trembling which shook her I saw it was not I alone who suffered. Oh, I had been selfish to pull her down, to entangle her in this net from which there was no escaping! At least I should have been brave enough to spare her that!

"Forgive me!" I groaned. "Forgive me!" and I flung myself forward at her feet.

But her arms were about me, and she raised me up and kissed me, on the forehead, and her eyes were shining and her face was very pale.

"Be brave!" she whispered brokenly. "Be brave, my friend! The future will be brighter than you think. Oh, you are worthy to occupy that temple! Oh, I must—"

A sudden rattle of arms and tramp of feet rose to us from the valley.

"What is that?" she asked, with bated breath.

I spring to my feet, went cautiously to the edge of the thicket, and looked down. A regiment was marching westward along the road by which we had come—a regiment, dusty and travel-stained, with tri-colored cockades in their hats and tri-colored scarfs about their necks. I watched them until they disappeared around a turn of the road. Then I rejoined my comrade.

"It was a regiment of Blues," I said. "That is bad. I had hoped to take that road. Now we must take the other; but we must keep to the cover of this thicket until we are past the village. We would better be starting now while there is light; then at dusk we can descend to the road and hasten on to Coulanges."

She was replacing the food in the hamper before I had finished.

"We may need it," she said. "You shall not risk yourself again."

She was entirely self-controlled and turned to me the old, clear friendly gaze; the emotion which had shaken her a moment before had been conquered and swept aside. What was it she had been about to say? Should I ever know? Should I ever again get past the barrier of her reserve? I thought it most unlikely, and a deep dejection descended upon my spirits. Never again would the moment be so favorable, and, beneath my breath I cursed the chance that had broken in upon our tête-a-tete.

I watched her as she slipped my shoes over her own again and fastened them. Then I took up the hamper and started. At the edge of the little glade, she paused and threw a kiss back to it.

(Continued Next Week.)

A Ticklish Subject.

From the London Mail.

A great Scotch lawyer was pleading before a judge with whom he was on most intimate terms. Happening to be retained for a client of the name of Tickle, he commenced his speech:

"Tickle, my client, the defendant, my lord——"

He was interrupted by a laugh in court.

"Tickle her yourself," said the judge promptly. "You are as able to do so as I am."

Whereupon the laughter increased.

How She Earned It.

From Harper's Weekly.

"Cultivate a little more sunshine in your disposition, my dear," said Mr. Dubbley. "Happiness and success in life depend upon the quantity of rays one emits."

"Very well, John," replied Mrs. Dubbley, "I'll do my best, but I think I'd be happier and more successful into the bargain if you would emit a ten-dollar raise in my allowance."

Where They're Rarest.

From the Washington Star.

Harry Lehr, at a diner in New York, said, apropos of the opening of the shooting season:

"Birds are very dear in the restaurants. They say a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, but both those kinds of birds are valuless beside one on a menu."

Not Nice French.

From Tit-Bits.

In the dining room of a hotel at Nice, on a huge placard posted over the mantelpiece, you can read the following:

"Our English visitors are kindly requested to address the waiters and servants in English, as their French is not generally understood."

JOHN DIETZ GIVES UP FIGHT WITH THE LAW

Wisconsin Outlaw, After Long Battle With Officers, Surrenders Himself.

Winter, Wis., Oct. 12.—"If papa comes out will you promise not to shoot him! He is shot through the hand and wants to surrender." These words spoken to Sheriff Mike Madden at the endge of the clearing surrounding the besieged home by little Helen, youngest daughter of John F. Dietz, brought to an end Saturday afternoon the stubborn resistance of the man whose stand for the last six years against what he considered injustice has attracted widespread interest.

The surrender did not come, however, without death and bloodshed. One man is dead, five men and a woman are wounded and much property has been destroyed.

The dead:

OSCAR HARP, 25 years old, deputy sheriff.

The injured:

John F. Dietz, aged 49, defender of Cameron dam, shot through the hand.

Chet Colepuch, aged 35, deputy, right ear shot off.

Leslie Dietz, injured in hip.

Clarence Dietz, shot through arm.

Myra Dietz, shot through the body; will recover.

The last two named, children of John Dietz, were shot the previous week by deputies.

Bullet Hole in Head.

Harp was found on a hill beyond the Dietz cabin with a bullet hole in his head. He, with Mont Wiley, Thomas Pomerlo and William Rankin, all deputies, had tried to crawl to a place of vantage in the lumber piles near the Ditz barn when a well directed bullet caught him. According to Wiley three bullets whistled through the air at about the same time and one of them struck Harp. The other deputies retreated without trying to rescue their comrade. He was found at 3:30 o'clock and had been dead about three hours.

Ditz was not wounded during the morning fusillade, as had been supposed. His drop to the ground was merely a ruse to fool the deputies. He was injured, however, while firing from the barn during the afternoon when a bullet went through a crack and passed through his left hand. Dietz denied that the wound caused him to surrender.

To Father Joseph Pition, the priest, who was largely instrumental in bringing the long drawn out contest to a close, he whispered that a baby was about to be born to his wife and he feared that both she and the infant might die.

Little Girl Approaches.

The surrender of Dietz was very dramatic. The alert lumbermen, leaning on their rifles at the edge of the clearing and gazing intently at the windows of the log cabin, suddenly saw the flutter of a white handkerchief at the door. Then little Helen appeared and advancing with the cloth over her head walked to the edge of the clearing, where she announced that her father was willing to surrender.

A short consultation followed between the sheriff and his deputies, and Deputy Heffelfinger volunteered to go back with the girl. In the meantime Father Pition, in his eagerness to bring the combat to an end, had started running toward the cabin. He waived a handkerchief as he ran and unhesitatingly entered the door. When Heffelfinger got half way the priest was returning. He did not stop, but hurried to meet the sheriff.

Priest as Intercessor.

"Dietz will surrender," said the priest, "but he wants a doctor to dress his wounds and he desires to talk with the newspaper men."

"I won't trust him," said the sheriff. "If he wants to surrender let him come out with his hands over his head."

Sheriff Madden refused to go to the cabin and kept behind a tree. Deputies Thornbahn, Sully, Heffelfinger and Dr. D. G. F. Grofton, of Sayward, went to the cabin, dressed Dietz's wound, handcuffed him and Leslie brought them out. Dietz's left hand was in a sling and he was smiling and spoke cheerfully to the newspaper men. He posed for several pictures.

"Why didn't you give in when assured of a fair trial by the attorney general?" he was asked.

"They kept on changing their plans," he replied, "and I did not know what I could depend upon. Besides, we thought we could have lasted it out, and we could have but for the little baby we expected. I am now glad it is over. We have lived all right. You might go into the house, though, and see what we have to stand."

J. C. Davis, district attorney of Sawyer county, said there were enough warrants out against Dietz to send him to prison for the rest of his life if he was convicted.

ROAD EXTORTS MONEY FOR HAULING VICTIMS

McKinley System Gets Cash for Carrying Home Dead Bodies of Persons.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 12.—George L. Huntin, Pullman conductor, of 1463 Blackstone ave., complains because, he says, it cost him $71 to have his wife's body brought back to St. Louis after she had been killed in the McKinley Interurban line wreck at Staunton, Ill. W. B. McKinley, president of the system, is chairman of the republican congressional committee.

He says that the agent of the McKinley system at Carlinville told him that the company on whose road his wife met her death would charge him $5 to transport the body to St. Louis. He also complains that the coroner collected from him an inquest fee of $17 and that, unable to purchase a shipping box in Carlinville he was compelled to buy a casket for $45.

Carlinville officials said that the charges were not exorbitant. It was explained that the coroner is entitled to a fee of $17 for each inquest. Of this he receives $11 and the jury receives $6. The fee may be paid out of the estate of the deceased or collected from surviving members of the family. If it is not obtained from either of these sources, the state pays it. According to advices from Carlinville, no one was compelled to pay coroner's fees or to purchase a casket.

GOVERNOR STARTS HIS AUTOMOBILE CAMPAIGN

Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 12.—Governor B. F. Carroll, tomorrow starts his automobile campaign in Iowa in Crawford county. One hundred automobiles will accompany him in his tour over the county. He will aim to cover the entire state by automobile.

OSKALOOSA MILLS BURN.

Oskaloosa, Ia., Oct. 12.—The elevator and flour mills operated by the John Siebel estate, burned to the ground yesterday afternoon from a blaze which originated in the boiler room. The loss is estimated at $12,000.

REPUBLIC AVOWS PURPOSE TO RULE PORTUGAL WISELY

Associated Press Elected as Medium for Conveying to Other Nations Formal Declaration.

The censorship at Lisbon has been relaxed somewhat, and dispatches are coming more freely today from the scene of the revolution. All confirm earlier reports that the revolutionists are in complete control of the capital, and that the infant republic is making progress. The republic also has been proclaimed at many points in the provinces.

Three regiments of infantry from the country districts reached Lisbon today and joined the revolutionist. The causalties in the recent fighting are placed at 3,000. King Manuel is the guest of Great Britain. He remains on board the imperial yatch Amelia, which arrived off Gibraltar last night. The British officials paid visits of respect to the Portuguese monarch today and surrounded his yacht with patrol boats to safeguard the royal family.

There are rumors of fighting between loyalists and revolutionists at Setubal, and some anxiety is felt lest a civil war develop in northern Portugal, where the monarchy has a stronger hold on the people.

Bernardo Machado, minister of foreign affairs of the provisional government of Portugal, cabled today to the Associated Press, at the request of Provisional President Braga, announcing that order had been restored at Lisbon, and that the new republican government will immediately organize general reforms in the general interest of all the people. Much uneasiness is felt at Madrid regarding the events in Portugal on the republican cause in Spain and precautions against an outbreak have been taken.

New York, Oct. 10.—The associated Press this morning received direct from Lisbon a dispatch from Senor Bernardo Machado, minister of foreign affairs in the newly constitutional government in Portugal, in which the republican leader sets forth the purposes and aims of the present government. Senor Machado, who speaks at the request of, and for Theophile Braga, the provisional president of the new republic, cabled as follows:

"The republic of Portugal has been proclaimed by the army, the navy and the people.

"The maintenance of order is completely assured. There is general adhesion to the government in the provinces. The enthusiasm of the public is unparalled.

Must Make Country Over.

"The provisional government has before it a great duty involving much work. It has, in effect, a country to make over. Concerning other programs I can say that we will endeavor to put in operation the program of the republican party. This includes a policy of decent realization, both in the local administration and in the government of colonies.

"The financial budget is to be equalized in the general interest of the country and it will be made up with honesty and fairness. The national wealth will be developed.

"All national alliances now existing will be respected and friendly relations with all other states are desired.

Freedom of the People.

"Freedom of the press will be assured and all star chamber methods and opportunist laws will be abolished. Public instruction will be completely secularized, relieved from religious control, and the religious congregations will be suppressed. We plan the establishment of a broad system of public instruction, both primary and advanced, under government endowment.

"The reorganization of the army and the navy, whose patriotic services have been beyond all praise, will be proceeded with.

"The government has profound respect for public opinion and it approaches its task with a high resolve to perform its duties with unfailing honesty. Its wish is to serve the best interests of the country.

"The foregoing sets forth in a few words the purposes, the aims and the earnest endeavors in these moments of anxious labor of the members of the provisional government of Portugal.

"I send the above at the request of the president of the provisional government, Theophile Braga.

"Bernardo Machado,
"Minister of Foreign Affairs."

FLIGHT OF THE DOYAL FAMILY IS PRECIPITATE

Lisbon, Oct. 10.—The Capital a republican newspaper, gives the following description of the flight of the royal family:

"Between 5 and 8 o'clock Wednesday morning the duke of Oporto embarked on the yacht Amelia and sailed for Ericeira, a fishing town on the Atlantic coast, 22 miles northwest of Lisbon.

At the same time the queen mother, Amelia, left Sinctra by automobile for Mafra. She was followed an hour later by the dowager queen, Maria Pia. King Manuel, after escaping by a rear door of the palace in the course of the bombardment, went to Cintra and thence to Mafra.

"At 10 o'clock the royal yacht arrived at Ericeira. In the meantime the royal family had completed the preparations for flight, escorted by 20 horsemen from the Mafra cavalry school, proceeded to Ericeira. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon they embarked upon fishing boats accompanied by two attendants and two ladies of their court, and carrying their personal baggage. The fishing boats put out to sea and at some distance from the harbor transferred their royal passengers to the yacht Amelia.

"Dr. Jose Maria de Alpoim, chief of the progressive dissidents, and a former minister of justice and worship, has joined the republican movement and his own party has been dissolved.

"President-elect Fonseca, of Brazil, who was a guest of King Manuel when the revolution broke out, sailed for Rio Janeiro on the Brazilian battleship Sao Palo today. The Brazilian cruiser Barroso has arrived here.

"The custom house here has been reopened."

QUEEN MOTHER BLAMED FOR FALL OF KINGDOM

Lisbon, Oct. 10.—According to a person who said that he witnessed the embarkation of the royal family, the Duke of Oporto boarded the royal yacht at Cascaes weeping, and said that he hated to leave his beloved country in deep pain. He complained that the downfall of the monarchy was due wholly to the fatal influence of his sisterinlaw, the queen mother, and added that he had found it impossible to give his nephew, King Manuel, liberal counseis.