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A slight indefinite pain in the joints is the first sign of Rheumatism. Then come the aching pains and tenderness, the agonizing cramps, the fever and restlessness that characterize this disease.

When you feel the first slight pain, begin to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and the progress of the disease will be arrested. Neglect this and you will regret it.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a Positive and Permanent Cure for Rheumatism.

This remedy expels impurities from the blood, and supplies the material for rapidly rebuilding wasted nerve tissues. It has performed hundreds of almost miraculous cures in severe cases of Rheumatism, many times after doctors had given up hope. Read this sworn statement:

"In 1890 I was taken with rheumatism, which began in my hips and gradually spread throughout my body. For two years and a half I was confined to my bed; employed nine of the best physicians in Albany, and two specialists from New York city. They all declared my case hopeless, and finally told me that I had but six weeks to live. I told them to take their medicine away; that if I were to die I should take no more of the stuff.

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231 Hamilton St., Albany, N.Y.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1893.

NEILE F. TOWNER, *Notary Public*, Albany Co., N.Y.

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TELEPHONE 241. PROPRIETOR

BY CHAUNCY C. HOTCHKISS.

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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—Donald Thorndyke, as captain of the schooner Phantom, leaves Norfolk for New London with a cargo of lead for continental armies. His mate, John Lounsbury, proves treacherous after they get to sea and threatens to reveal the character of the captain and cargo to British ships then in sight, and from which they could not escape. Thorndyke strikes him and renders him insensible, apparently dead. One of the other two members of the crew attempts Thorndyke's life, but he bests him and throws him into the sea. The other, a negro, he scares into silence. He determines to impersonate the apparently dead mate, and tell the English that he has taken the ship as a prize and has killed the captain and all of the crew but the one negro.

Chapter II.—When the boat is boarded, he tells his story, which is believed by the naval lieutenant but is doubted by a dragoon officer, Scammell, who is along. While Thorndyke is proving his tale, Lounsbury shows signs of returning consciousness. Thorndyke is taken to the British vessel to repeat his story to the captain.

Chapter III.—The Phantom is taken to New York and there turned over to the king's authorities. Thorndyke determines to act the part of a spy, and when possible escape through the lines and deliver his information to Washington.

Chapter V.—Scammell enters during the progress of the row and asks to take a hand by relieving the naval officer of Thorndyke. Belden, the naval officer, discovers that Thorndyke is the man he is looking for for Clinton, and stops the fight, after which a challenge still stands between Thorndyke and Scammell.

Chapter VI.—Clinton postpones the interview with Thorndyke for a day, and in the meantime gives him papers which state he is to take the Phantom, still in New York harbor, and go to Newport with dispatches to the British general at that place.

Chapter VII.—During a great fire in New York Thorndyke assists a patriot spy to escape, and from him he gets the name of "Rex." After returning to his quarters he is surprised by a visit from Scammel.

Chapter VIII.—Scammell has discovered the identity of Thorndyke and comes to arrest him as a spy. His arrest only with a pistol, and into the priming pan of this Thorndyke manages to throw water, then, overcoming Scammell, Thorndyke escapes and makes his way to Clinton's headquarters, where his real identity is not yet known.

Chapter IX.—Clinton gives Thorndyke his instructions and a pass through the lines. Before leaving, a girl, Gertrude King, enters and demands of Clinton that she be allowed to see her brother. Clinton informs her that her brother was condemned as a spy, and while waiting for execution was burned to death in the fire of the day before. She then demands a pass outside the lines, proclaiming at the same time her loyalty to America. Mrs. Badely, Clinton's mistress, enters with the announcement that the brother, instead of being burned, has escaped.

Chapter X.—Clinton orders Thorndyke to arrest the girl, which he refuses to do, but instead proclaims his own identity, then gives her his pass through the lines, while he holds Clinton until she escapes. He follows her and makes his way to the picket lines, where he strikes and presumably kills a sentry.

Chapter XI.—Thorndyke stops at the Dove tavern for refreshments. The waiter takes an unusual interest in him. While there a British cavalryman and a card sharper, whom he had met in town a few days before, come in. He remains in the shadow and is not detected.

"Not I," I replied, having no desire to confide in a negro hostler. "Has anyone been here to-day?"

"Yes, sah," he answered, rolling his eyes. "Heap o' soldiers, sah. Deys makin' de house upset all froo lookin' for somebody."

"Looking for whom?" I asked, now mightily interested.

"Two or free pussons an' a young gal, sah. But dey nebber finds dem here, no, sah! When am you goin' on, sah?"

I had hard work to restrain my curiosity about those who were being looked for. If the girl was Gertrude King, and I felt fairly sure of it, then she, too, had escaped arrest so far, though it gave me a strange feeling about the ribs to think that she might be suffering even as I had been. To his question I carelessly answered:

"Not to-night, at all odds." For I at once considered that if the house had been searched, it was the safest place I could find in which to abide.

"Ah, by the way," I inquired easily, "know you of a party named King?"

"King?" said he, rising and taking up the candle. "No, sah; no King, 'ceptin' the good King Gawge."

He held the candle so that for the first time I had a good look at him. I saw then that he was not a full-blooded negro, his hair being silky and waved, his nose straight, with fine nostrils, and his mouth lacking the thick lips as his skull lacked the prognathous development of the true African. His hide was abnormally black, however, and his tongue that of the southern darky improved by contact with the purer speech of the north. With all its fine points his face bore no signs of great intelligence, and as he looked at me it was almost expressionless.

I feared that if it ever had been, the tavern was now no longer a refuge for those of my party, for it seemed clear that Nick Stryker had lost the proprietorship, his place having been taken by one Burns (of whom I had never heard), whose very hostler was of rank tory breed. I was glad I had not put myself into the darky's hands, now even being afraid to ask for Stryker for dread of arousing suspicions against me.

"If yous boun' to stay all night, sah, I soon hab nice room, sah," he continued, while I was watching him, and taking the light with him, he went out with no apology for leaving me in the dark.

Being alone again, I filled my pipe and awaited his return with the means to light it. The difference betwixt the man I had been an hour since and was at that moment was amazing, so great is the power of nutriment to life both body and spirits. I was ready for another night's wandering if needs be, though I thanked my stars for lack of the necessity. Stretching myself along the bench, I was almost dozing from sheer comfort when I heard the tramp of horses in the yard, and the next minute the door opened and two boisterous voices rang through the room demanding lights and service.

The violent rattling of a chair on the floor, which one of the newcomers had used as a means of gaining attention, had hardly ceased when the negro returned with the candle. I could not see the faces of either of the parties from my position (which I deemed advisable to retain), naught but their legs showing, but for two they made a vast noise. The negro, without seeming to notice my apparent absence, placed bottles and glasses on the table farthest removed from mine, and the two, after ordering a meal, sat down and began drinking.

And without stint they drank, if one could judge by the sound of pouring. The single candle but broke the gloom of the apartment, though it was helped out by the moonlight, which streamed through the south windows and over the sanded boards. By it I made out that one of the party was a cavalryman, his muddy boots and short clothes proclaiming the fact, as well as the sabretasche that trailed on the floor by the side of his heavy sword. The other, also booted and armed, was not of the ranks, for his breeches were not embellished or of striking color (his coat I could not see), while the hat he flung under the table was but a nondescript slouch without a cockade.

That they had accidentally met was at once made plain by the first words that passed between them after the negro left the room.

"An' ye are from the north!" said the soldier. "It were a fine chance that brought us together, for I am nigh spent an' must ha' traveled back on an empty belly had we not crossed."

"Have ye no news o' either o' them?" asked the civilian, earnestly, inserting the former's remark.

"Nay, man. 'Tis the coldest scent I e'er put nose to. Scammell's an ass to think they fled together, an' twice an ass, too, to look for a flying man an' woman along the main highway! Have any of your gang lit on news? This failure puts me 20 poun's out o' pocket, for I was to ha' that if I could but locate the woman, the man he feels sure of."

"Why of him?"

"That he's not tellin' the likes o' me, though I think he means to lure him."

"Lure him! the fool!" said the civilian. "The man who can overcome Scammell with an ewer, throttle Clinton an' run the lines on his fist is no bird that can be touched with salt. Faith! 'tis nothing but cold lead an' steel that can take him, an' I wish I might cross swords with him, for all his bigness."

"Well, by the piper!" broke in the soldier, banging his fist on the table, "I'm fain to meet him myself. I'd show him sword play—"

"Shut up, ye brag! He'd make but a pinch o' ye! Better stick to the woman, who'd come easy when ye sighted her! What's the outcome along o' Belden?"

"Belden!" said the soldier, with a laugh and an oath; "Clinton will ne'er forgive him for bringing forward such a mountain o' fraud. He's e'en a prisoner on board his own ship, an' Scammell is in the old man's bad books for havin' blabbed something to the girl—I wot not what. There's the devil's own muss below, made worse by the fact that both man an' woman ha' gone up to Heaven or downward, for no sign o' them is on the island, an' they ha' not had time to get off it by plain means."

"The girl had a pass, I was told."

"All passes were stopped, though not in time at the lower lines, to my thinking. I fancy the man is in the woods to the west, an' the lass hiding in the city."

"Well! well!" said the civilian, stretching his legs under the table and refilling his glass. "Here must I bide till the rest come up. To the devil with rebel spies, man an' woman! I wish I had known that Thorndyke was not Lounsbury when I had him unarmed. 'Twould ha' been worth a pile, but a bigger pile this day could I get him."

Now all this was mighty interesting, and I lay as still as the bench beneath me until the civilian's last remark. Something there was in his voice that struck me as familiar, while his reference to having met me made me more than curious. Carefully lifting my eye above the table's level, I beheld the card-sharper of the Bull's Head, his companion being a non-commissioned officer and a total stranger to me.

CHAPTER XII.

A FIGHTING QUAKER.

Here was I at last pinned down to close quarters. I had hoped they would eat, then drink themselves drunk and leave, but the sharper's intention of remaining all night, if necessary, together with the known hardness of head of the average trooper, made the hope a forlorn one. It seemed that I was to be confined to the bench for hours unless some chance should free me, and I had resigned myself to this when the black came in with food for the two, and at the same time the door reopened, there entering a man whom even in the dim light I knew to be of a different stripe than the others.

H was a Quaker, and so infirm that he walked slowly and heavily with the aid of a staff. Giving the two at the table a wide berth, he wended his way to the rear of the room and, seating himself on the settle, ordered a plain meal of milk and bread and butter.

There was nothing remarkable in the advent of a tired Quaker, but his appearance caused the sharper and his companion to draw their chairs together and whisper, though after a moment's close talking the former shouted across the room:

"Hello, muffy! Where be thee from?"

There came no immediate answer to this, whereat the trooper swore roundly and repeated his fellow's question in a louder voice.

"I travel from the Kingsbridge and beyond, friend," was the final answer returned in a feeble treble.

"To where, then, thee son o' drab?" mimicked the gambler, as he put in his turn at insulting the old man.

"To a friend in the city—a Capt. Scammell, of De Lancy's regiment. Mayhap thee knows him?" was the innocent response.

But, innocent as it was, it had its effect on the two, who were at once more respectful in both tone and words.

"Ye'll not find him, then," volunteered the trooper. "He has a sore head an' a broken heart—the one from a scrimmage an' the other through loss o' his lady. Ha' ye seen aught o' a runaway beauty on yer travels—a tall young lass with a painted head?"

"Does thee mean a young girl with hair inclined to red?" asked the traveler, with something of interest in his voice.

"Ay, that same," returned the trooper, bringing his feet under him and half rising.

"Yea, friend. I met with a female, though scarce a beauty, and with hair as thee describes. She was tired and wan as she came from the woods near Day's tavern, by the Hollow Way, and asked me for victuals. But, friend, I was unprovided, and, indeed, in these times fear stragglers, be they male or female."

"Was the same tall an' fine o' skin, an' with dark eyes?"

"Ay, I think she was of proper height, and her eye was dark, if I do not err."

"'Fore God, an' I believe it the lass, Lowney!" said the trooper, starting up and for the first time giving the card-sharper a name. "I'm off on the scent. Where away did she go, old man?"

"Back to the woods, as I saw her," was the answer.

"What woods? In what direction?" hurriedly asked the redcoat.

"Thee knowest the woods and orchard where Washington worsted Howe on the heights of Harlem? That is the spot, friend. It strikes me she might be fair enough after food and rest. I would not have her harmed through me. Thee had—"

"Damn your thees an' thous an' Washington an' being worsted!" shouted the trooper, excitedly. "I'm off, Lowney. Tell the rest when they come. 'Tis a fair day that bid ye stop me for a sup in this place. I will requite ye yet. Give me a Quaker for truth an' good luck. Alloh, lad!" And with a rattle of metal he was out of the door, while in a moment I heard his horse putting from the yard full tilt.

As I listened to the Quaker's description of the girl, of whose identity I doubted as little as did the trooper, my heart sank within me. I considered the suffering she had undergone to make necessary her asking food of a stranger on the high road, and was fast getting to the point of leaving my place of concealment, dispatching the man Lowney, stealing his horse, overtaking the trooper, and rescuing the girl myself, and all without a thought of my own risk, when an accident put an end to this sudden dream of heroism and caused me to face stern facts.

'Twas but natural that I had taken a quick dislike to the Quaker, who had innocently been the means of setting a pursuer on the track of the patriotic girl, and 'twas also natural that I wished to see more of him than his legs and the butt of his staff. To the end of satisfying my curiosity, I lifted my head as before, but was seemingly less cautious with my foot, for, moving it unthinkingly, I tilted my sword, which must have but just balanced on the edge of the bench, and sent it crashing to the floor with (to me) a racket that might have been made by a falling house.

Both the Quaker and Lowney gave a start as the sharp sound echoed through the room, the former dropping the spoon he was carrying to his mouth, while the latter sprang to his feet and looked toward the darkened corner in which I had been hiding. The two candles in the large apartment gave but scant light, but, scant as it was, it proved enough for the sharp eyes of the gambler, who evidently caught sight of a face, for with an oath he cried: "What have we here—a drunkard or a deserter?" and advanced toward the table.

And now it appeared that I would be suddenly forced to do the very thing that but a moment before had been buzzing in my brain as only a dream. Concealment being no longer possible, I would face matters as they fell out, and trusted to put all into execution before help in the shape of the negro or others without might arrive. Ere Lowney had covered half the space betwixt us, I stooped for my sword, and, jumping to the bench and from that to the table, drew the blade.

As the advancing man beheld my figure loom suddenly on high, for the beams of the ceiling barely cleared my head, he stopped short and stepped a pace or two backward, drawing his sword the while, then with a voice which might have been heard a furlong, he shouted:

"By the great Jehovah! 'tis Donald Thorndyke, or his spook from hell! Are ye run to ground at last? If ye be no ghost, surrender in the name of the king!—Ho, old man! here is the devil himself; get to my holsters and fetch the firearms!—Hither, ye black rascal! help me hold him here! Help here, I say! Damn the closed door!—Boy! boy! Oh, what a pass is this!"

Waiting for no action on the part of the old Quaker, and hoping to forestall the negro, I leaped to the floor, and in an instant the swords of Lowney and myself were crossed in combat.

The onset was so sudden that it drove the man backward against his table, which, with the candle and earthenware, was upset, though the crash did not mar the fellow's guard. Taking advantage of the opening thus made, I sprang between him and the door, and then the battle began in grim earnest.

The light was far too uncertain to permit my putting into practice my well-worn stroke, and Lowney was much too wary and too skillful in fencing to allow me to at once come at him by any other method. I was fairly sure of tiring him and in the end beating down his guard, but at present I had enough to do in looking for his tricks and avoiding his furious lunges. In the half light of the room the fire flew bright from the steel in the energy of the parry, and my opponent hurried his fatigue by wasting breath in a constant string of oaths.

I will not go so far as to say how this certainly would have ended had there been no interference, but the end came in a manner totally unlooked for. I had worked the fellow backward through the room, hoping to get him where he could retreat no farther, and had forced him well toward the heavy settle whereon still sat the Quaker, when that white-haired patriarch rose with an exclamation, and seizing his staff, stepped behind Lowney and brought the stick down on his bared head, felling him to the floor a senseless carcass.

Though the blow was serviceable to me, such an act of war on the part of a Quaker made me turn on my ally and regard him with astonishment.

"'Twas a foul thing to take a man from behind when engaged in front, my friend," I broke out, "and, though I give thanks for good intentions, 'twas an unseemly act, and you belie your cloth!"

"Thee has small time to pick fine holes in my service, friend," he answered, hurriedly. "Turn thee to the window and see my motive. I wish to make friends with thee, but we must hurry! Look yonder!"

I looked as directed, and to my amazement saw a squad of British cavalry about turning into the lane leading to the tavern. There was scant time for me to run for my arms and get to the window, but, as I was about to throw open the casement, the Quaker laid his hand on my arm.

"Not thut way!" he cried. "It is swamp land, and thee would be mired in the night. Upstairs—'tis safer for now—leave the rest to me."

With mighty nimbleness for so old a man, he drew me toward the kitchen, and, throwing open the door, pointed to a set of boxed-in steps leading above, and then quickly drew back, closing the door behind him.

I had but gotten up the short flight when I heard him go to the barroom entrance and shout for help with all the might of his cracked voice. In a moment I heard the clatter of arms as the men entered the lower room, and at the same time the negro came bounding up the stairs behind me.

The moonlight through the hall window just showed me his black face as he ran toward me, and with a will to sell myself at high cost I lifted my sword to cut him down when he cried in a horse whisper, and without the slightest trace of dialect:

"Hold up, man! I'm yer friend! This way!"

As he spoke he indicated a door the latch of which he lifted, and, throwing it wide, placed his finger on his lips as he pointed to a passage with a window at its far end. With the words: "I have no time to explain; lie quiet till I get back!" he turned and left me, running downstairs as quickly as he had come up.

Now from the moment I had crossed swords with Lowney till the present the

"Thee has small time to pick fine holes in my service, friend."

time had been so short that it was as nothing. I was not confused as regards losing my head, but mighty strange it seemed that two friends had so suddenly arisen, and this fact was a trifle bewildering. In some blind way the Dove was still a Whig station (unless treachery lay hidden about), though what had become of young King and how I could come by Nick Stryker, were still puzzles. In the face of the action and words of the Quaker, whose blow had saved me from immediate capture, I could but think he was not what he had seemed to be, even if he was a Quaker at all. That he was a friend to the cause was plain enough now, though at first, with the feeling that every man's hand was against me, I even thought his sending me above might be but a trap to take me alive. But this could not be, for on going to the window I saw the casement opened on a roof that sloped easily to near the ground—a common arrangement in architecture in those days, and one that still holds.

I had been alone a bare five minutes when through the still night air I heard the sound of voices and the clattering of hoofs from the yard, and guessed that some of the troopers below had gone in haste to the north, for, my window being on the south side of the house, I saw nothing of them as they passed. All below became silent as the confusion melted in the distance. My nerves were like harp strings as I stood and listened, but, as the time went on and nothing occurred, I breathed a trifle easier, and finally gathered enough confidence to reprime my firearms. Had it not been for the damp I knew was in them, I should have used a pistol on the gambler at the start.

For all of an hour I waited in the passage, which turned out to be little more than a narrow lumber room, but at last I heard the door below open, and even as I was hoping for some one to guide me to my next move, the negro was before me. Like a spirit he entered the passage, for no sound of steps had heralded his coming, and the only words he spoke were:

"Pull off yer boots and follow me!"

His own were in his hand, and obeying, I trailed after him in and about two or three rooms and a hall, coming at last to a flight of steps that led us down and out by a back way.

It was something like waking from a nightmare to breathe the outer air again and not feel the cramping of close quarters. Motioning me still to follow, he bent himself like an Indian seeking footprints, and thus we passed beneath the rear bar windows, soon being at a distance from the house and toward the stream I had noticed. Under some low bushes we stopped long enough to pull on boots, and then onward we went, now bearing toward the east and through a swamp, which would have been fatal to me had I attempted to traverse it alone.

Save to caution my going, not a word my guide spoke, nor did I ask a question, only stepping close behind him as he made his way through a blind path he evidently well knew. Presently we came to something like a rod of firm ground slightly overgrown with coarse weeds and low shrubbery. Here my guide halted, and, turning about with a chuckle, said:

"Considering they know nothing of yer going, ye be safe enough here."

"What the devil—" I began, but he interrupted me.

"'Tis plain enough, my friend. I know ye now, an' thought I did at first. Did ye mark me draw the light from ye at the table and shut the windows?"

"How did you know me?"

CONTINUED.

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Railroad Time Table

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Main Line Passenger Trains.

Arrive	West Bound.	Leave
6:05 p. m	.....†No. 31, Clipper.....	6:25 p. m
8:43 a. m	.. †No. 3, Day Express....	8:43 a. m
10:20 p. m	..... *No. 1, Flyer	10:25 p. m
Arrive	**East Bound.**	**Leave**
9:40 a. m	.....†No 32, Clipper.....	9:40 a. m
8:10 p. m	....†No. 4, Day Express....	8:10 p. m
3:22 a. m	..... *No. 2, Flyer	3:25 a. m

Freights Carrying Passengers

Arrive	West Bound.	Leave
12:25 p. m	....†No. 91, Way Freight ..	1:05 p. m
2:00 p. m	.†No. 71, Through Freight.	2:30 p. m
Arrive	**East Bound.**	**Leave**
10:10 a. m	...No. 92† Way Freight...	10:55 a. m
12:15 p. m	.†No. 82, Through Freight.	12:50 p. m

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

South Bound —Leave—	Det Cedar Rpds and Manchester	North Bound —Arrive—
No. 303 9:45 a.m	...†Passenger ..	No 304 6:10 p. m
No 331 6:30 p.m	..†Passenger...	No 322 8:35 a. m
No. 351 5:30 p.m	....†Freight....	No.351 1:45 p. m

*Daily.
†Daily Except Sunday.

H. G. PIERCE, Station Agt.

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RY.

"The Maple Leaf Route."

Time card, Thorpe, Iowa.

Chicago Special, Daily, Going East.....7:40 a m
Day Express, daily except Sunday.....3:04 p m
Way Freight, daily.....11:35 a m

Going West, North and South.

Way Freight, daily.....9:35 p m
Day Express daily except Sunday.. .. 1:53 p m
St Paul & Kansas City Exp, daily ... 5:41 a m

For information and tickets apply to

J. L. O'HARROW Agent Thorpe.

C. M. St. P. Ry.

DELAWARE TIME CARD.

North Bound

St. Paul & West. Passenger,..... 9:03 a. m.
Way Freight,.....11:59 a. m.

South Bound

Davenport & Kansas City, Pass.,.... 6:07 p. m.
Way Freight,..... 10:20 a. m.

B. C. R. & N. R'y.

CEDAR RAPIDS TIME CARD.

MAIN LINE GOING NORTH.

Arrive		Leave
7:35 a m	No. 1 Minneapolis Express..	8:05 a m
1:15 p m	No. 3 Waverly Passenger...	3:30 p m
11:25 p m	No. 5 Minneapolis Express..	11:45 p m
5:45 a m	No. 61 Chicago Passenger.	
11:15 p m	No. 19 Chicago Passenger.	

MAIN LINE GOING SOUTH.

8:30 p m	No. 2 Chicago Passenger....	8:40 p m
10:15 a m	No. 4 St. Louis Passenger..	3:05 p m
3:10 a m	No. 6 Chicago & St. Louis Ex.	3:30 a m
12:25 a m	No. 62 Chicago Fast Express.	12:32 a m
	No. 20 Passenger.....	6:05 p m

DECORAH DIVISION.

8:10 p m	Decorah Passenger	8:15 a m

IOWA FALLS DIVISION.

2:50 p m	Spirit Lake Passenger....	8:30 a m
12:25 a m	Sioux Falls Fast Express...	12:05 a m

IOWA CITY, CLINTON AND DAVENPORT.

1:15 p m	Passenger.....	3:05 p m
7:50 p m	Passenger.....	7:15 a m
1:5 a m	Passenger.....	8:40 p m
11:15 p m	Passenger.....	6:05 p m
7:20 p m	Clinton Passenger	7:15 a m
7:50 p m	Davenport Passenger....	7:15 a m

Trains numbers 5, 6, 61, 62, and Sioux Falls Fast Express run daily, all other trains daily except Sunday.

J. MORTON, Gen'l Pass & Tkt Agt. J. A. LOMAX, Ticket Agent. Cedar Rapids Iowa.

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Flock headed by choice IMPORTED RAMS. Fancy Cotswold Ewes bred $25 and up. Grade Ewes bred $6 and up. If you want something good come to the Delaware County Sheep farm.

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R. W. TIRRILL

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BLACKSMITH

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Interfering and Corns Cured or no Pay.

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The name and the symptoms may be different but the cause of disease can usually be traced to the imperfect action of the millions of pores of the human body. A bath in accordance with scientific requirements is the best preventative and remedy known. The methods employed by me are the most scientific, ever invented or discovered for dispelling disease. Results tell the story. Give me a trial. This is the Conant system of baths. A competent lady attendant in charge of the ladies department.

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