The Secret of Health

The health of the whole body depends upon the blood and nerves. Therefore the medicine that expels impurities from the blood and supplies the necessary materials for rapidly rebuilding wasted nerve tissues, reaches the root of many serious diseases. It is these virtues that have given

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

their wonderful power to conquer disease, and caused the miraculous cures that have startled the scientific world. Thousands of cases have demonstrated that this remedy is an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female.

Frank Tucker, is a prominent former, of Versailles, Indiana. His daughter, Lucy, is now fifteen years old; three years ago she began ailing. The rosy color in her cheeks gave way to a paleness, and she became rapidly thin. As she grew weaker she became the victim of nervous prostration. Most of the time she was confined to the bed and was almost on the verge of going into St. Vitus' dance.

"Finally the doctor told us to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Said he was treating a similar case with them and they were curing the patient. We began giving the pills at once, and the next day we could see a change for the better in her. The doctor told us to keep giving her the medicine. We gave her one pill after each meal until she was well. We began giving her the medicine last August, and she took the last dose in October, having used eight boxes. She is now entirely well and has not been sick a day since. We think the cure almost miraculous."

FRANK TUCKER, Mrs. FRANK TUCKER.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of April, 1897.

HUGH JOHNSON, *Justice of the Peace.*

Versailles, Indiana, April 28th, 1897.—*From the Republican, Versailles, Ind.*

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all druggists or sent, postpaid, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, 6 boxes, $2.50.

150 Feet

of floor all filled with bargains. Special price on Lawn Swings and Tables, Stands and Rockers. Something new in Children's Carriages.

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has attained for doing first-class work in all lines. If you have not given the Excelsior Laundry a trial. Why not? We think a trial would convince you. We have no small machines for ironing neckbands because our method does better and more satisfactory work.

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A COLONIAL FREE-LANCE

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 beats 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. He is armed 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.

Chapter XII.—A Quaker enters the tavern and tells the cavalryman of a girl he has seen in the woods to the north. The cavalryman leaves to find her. Thorndyke is seen by the sharper and a fight ensues, in which the Quaker kills the sharper as a body of cavalrymen approach, allowing Thorndyke time enough to be concealed by the waiter, Stryker.

"Are ye not the man who bearded Clinton? Who would not know ye after the day's rumpus with searchin's an' descriptions? Are there two o' yer shadow on the island? Is not yer name Thorndyke? 'Tis lucky ye fell afoul o' Nick Stryker instead o' others."

"By the 'Mighty! Are you Nick Stryker?" I asked, a light bursting on me.

"Nick Stryker is my name," he answered.

"I thought you said Nat Burns was—"

"Who ever saw Nat Burns?" he broke in. "No one. He's always away. Come, now, I've little to tell. What brought ye to the Dove?"

"To find one calling himself Rex—" I began, but he stopped me by an exclamation.

"Rex! an' ye asked for a man o' the name o' King? I know none such, but Rex—why, he it was that laid out the tory and saved yer neck. An' ye knew him not! Well, on my soul, 'tis scarce a wonder!"

"Is it possible? No more than a brother unborn would I have known him. Is Lowney dead?" I asked.

"Ay, he's dead, an' ye ha' the credit o' it. Did ye not hear a party putting after ye to the north? We have no time to palaver. Stay here until I guide the Quaker hither; he's makin' blind fools o' an officer an' three men over the body o' the tory, but his risk is great. I tell ye that Rex is sore beset himself, an' I would hang higher than Haman were my position known. Ye each need the other, for 'tis beyond me now to more than help ye out of the muss ye have just gotten in."

"What is the man's real name?" I asked as he turned to leave me.

"Ames," was the short answer as he made off, and in the small light of the moon that was now close to its setting I marked his figure grow less and less until the shadows swallowed it.

Now I saw where I had made a mistake in not closely following directions and asking for "Rex" in the first place. And equally stupid had I been in determining that Nick Stryker was openly known by his name. When I inquired for "King," it had never entered my head that Rex could be aught but the brother of Gertrude, and it now came to me that mayhap Clinton was inside the truth when he said that youth had perished in the flames. How, then, could the poor girl have fared since she left me? Yet her brother had escaped, according to Mrs. Badely, and 'twas possible the girl had known where to join him. Either Clinton had lied or his mistress had been deceived, and 'twas a fair muddle to clear. Stryker had known me through reputation and description, and if my act had become celebrated so might have hers, and I determined to ask him if he knew aught of the girl for whom I had now more than a passing interest.

However, the matter was not to be cleared by thinking, and as just now I had need of my brains in my own behalf, I put it aside and came home, as charity should.

Where was I to pass the coming night? Where was I to procure bread for the morrow? I would not fast again, though it came to entering a house and demanding food at a pistol's point. What was the end of it all to be? Even now I was held prisoner by a quaking bog, and had put myself into the power of a man who, in my mind, was no more a negro than was Rex or Ames an aged Quaker.

'Twas foolishly weak in me, but as one hour went far into another and nothing chanced, I took a blue turn, thinking of home and my mother and my sister, and their worry and wonderment at my long absence, finally getting myself into a mood that was made up of universal doubts, and, were it not that I had a sense of shame left, I fairly think I might have whimpered like a sick child.

Indeed, there was nothing in my surroundings to prick my pluck. When the moon set, a darkness almost like that of the night before came down on me. The dew was like rain on all about, and not so much as a stone, wet or dry, was there to rest upon. The unusual fast, the lack of sleep, the unceasing danger and present inactivity made me look at matters with a jaundiced eye. The night voices of the swamp were well-nigh deafening, and I was like to lose my head betwixt the vociferous bellowings of the frogs and the strain under which my nerves had so long been strung, when, as though they had come from below, the figures of Ames and Stryker were before me.

CHAPTER XIII.

A HOUSE OF REFUGE.

Like smoke in a gale my vapors vanished with the sound of a human voice. It was Stryker who spoke:

"Come, now, put yer hands on my shoulders an' let me have ye out o' this. There be no time to lose."

"Where do we go?" I asked.

"Thee will be guided by me, friend," said the Quaker. "Let us get beyond this quagmire, and I will pilot thee. I will now make the rear."

So saying, he took me by the flap of my coat, and I, placing my hands on Stryker's shoulders behind, we three moved off into the bog in an opposite direction from that we had come.

The negro must have had the eye of a bat and the nose of a hound to make his way over such a ground in such a darkness. There were many turnings in the path, and more than once did I see the reflection of the stars in the black water that was almost under foot. More than once was there a loud splash as we disturbed some ancient croaker of the swamp, and now and again a tall clump of bushes or a mass of rank August growth came out of the gloom ahead like human figures. I think we must have walked in this close Indian file for something over half a mile before the ground began to rise and the sod felt firm beneath me; but when it did, Stryker stopped and turned about.

"Now I leave ye," he said. "Ye know yer way onward, Ames, an' ye can be safe till sunrise at least. I charge ye both to keep away from the Dove. I can do no more for ye, though much I regret it. I must not be suspected, and, were a spy caught in my house, I would be undone and my days of usefulness to the cause be over. Tell No. 5 that all is right thus far. I will hear of ye fast enough if ye be taken. God bless ye both for true men! An' now good night. I must hurry back."

Without a word being spoken in return, he started on a dogtrot in the direction of the morass from which we had just escaped. As he disappeared, I turned on the Quaker with the determination of settling a few small matters, and abruptly asked:

"Is that man what he seems—a negro?"

"Yea, and thee has seen as devoted a patriot as the colonies know," he answered.

"We three moved off in the bog."

"As for his race, 'tis anomalous. His parents' blood was almost white, but he bred backward, as men sometimes do, and is blacker than the average negro. And he has talent for a go-between. He can mimic so that the evil one might take him for a double. Did he not fool thee? Ah! Nick," he continued, apostrophizing the absent man, "an' were it not for thy color thy name would be great in the field, though not so great as is thy big heart!"

"Would I had known it!" I answered. "I would have atoned for the black thoughts I had of him. And now, friend Ames," I continued, "I have fancied you other than you are. Had I known what I now know, 'twould have saved a deal of trouble. But, first, I owe you my life for what you did for me, as, had you not sighted the redcoats and acted, I would—"

"We're quits, friend, we're quits, did thee but know it," he interrupted. "Let us not stand here; we have Turtle bay ahead and no bed nearer. The way is long and rough, seeing we are debarred the highway. Thee be well armed; give me a pistol, for as a Quaker I have not so much as a bodkin."

"Being no Quaker, then spare me your thees and thous," said I, thrusting a pistol into his hands.

"But I am a Quaker, in truth, friend," he answered.

"A Quaker, and fight!"

"I am a follower of one Elias Hicks, who takes a wider path than the orthodox. But the blood is not thick in me, though I am of the Quaker stock. I fall into the style when in need of concealment, and carry it out fairly well—eh, friend?"

"Faith," said I, "I take it you're on a broader path than Hicks e'er trod. That blow would have read you out of meeting were you a true broad-brim. And how did you cozen the party at the tavern?" I asked, as we stepped out.

"By sending most of them to the north after thee," he answered. "To the rest I outlied the father of lies, and ended by getting them into a fair state of drunkenness, and after, as an old man, I pleaded fatigue and went to bed. I am in bed now, friend, to them."

Though he still clung to the Quaker style of speaking, he had laid aside the voice and gestures of the old man he had represented, making a strange combination with his long, white hair, broad-brimmed hat, youthful tones, and sprightly behavior. Through all his words there was an undercurrent of dry humor, which seemed to take no account of the deep danger we were in, or the, to me, absolute blankness of the future.

Nor was this due to bravado or wonderful courage (though he lacked none of the latter), but, as he afterward told me, to the fact that with the failure to get help from Stryker—a help he had accounted as certain—he had given over hoping, and took a desperately calm view of the next day or two, surely believing that by then all would be over. Yet withal he in no wise abated his vigilance, though he considered the hand of death was near him, and when, finally, there opened up a bare chance for our escape from the island, he said it was as though he had come back from the grave. Ay, and so did I. It was as though a suffocating hand placed over my mouth had been suddenly withdrawn.

On the start he told me little of himself (though I had thought to find him communicative), and I had to drag from him that he had left a brother at Turtle bay, whom he was now journeying to join. The youth was but a year or two younger than himself, and fairly helpless, having been stricken by the Almighty with dumbness from birth, though not with its usual accompanying curse—deafness. From helping the great cause in some way both brothers were under a ban, and my companion's life was forfeit if he was taken.

Now as black as seemed my chances, I felt the weight of the old grace of life and hope being akin, and I was by no means overjoyed in knowing that we might be handicapped by a helpless youth should some chance open a way out from the surrounding danger. And this I frankly told my companion, though to me he made no reply.

For the most part he walked a pace or so ahead of me, and thus we went along, going easily enough while crossing open fields, but faring sorely when we struck woodland or plowed ground. Perilously near, too, we went to dwellings, even stopping at a well hard by one to drink, though first making sure there were no dogs about. I never would have dared this had I been alone, but my companion laughed at the risk, and I followed his lead, though it then struck me as strange that I should let this stripling take the upper hand in our expedition. The truth is, I was fagged and not myself, and though if driven to a corner would have fought like a shrew, I had no head for fine points on that night, and was growing timid.

Anon we took to the high road for a space to flank a swamp, and once a dog went wild at the smell of us, but we were unmolested. Not a house showed a light (though that was small wonder, it being past midnight), and now we felt the breath of the damp that rose in the cooling air, and could even mark the pondlike appearance of the mist as it lay in some black hollow of the land. Through brooks, small swamps and pools we went, I with heavy boots going dry-shod, though Ames, with but pumps and stockings, was wet to the knees, and I could hear the scrunching of water in his shoes as he walked. But there was little to choose about him after I had pulled him out of a ditch into which he stumbled, though he made a joke of it even while his teeth were chattering from the chill of his sousing.

It was fearful going in the dark. The Dove lay five miles from Turtle bay by road, but, with our circling and retracing, we must have gone three or four more. For the most part we spoke little, and, though much remained to talk about, I was in no spirits to ask questions—or answer them either, for that matter. With me there was now no thought of what lay behind or before, all that remained of my wits being a stupid, stubborn determination to get on and reach our destination, be it what it might.

I take it 'twas past one o'clock, and I had been following my leader in an aimless fashion for half an hour without a word between us when he halted and laid his hand upon me, pointing toward a house with the bulk of a barn looming through the gloom behind it. I seemed to wake then, and notice the glimmer of water stretching beyond, and knew we were on the bank of the Sound river.

"Is this the place, then?" I asked, as I tried to make head or tail of the bleak building that stood against the faint sky like a black block.

He grunted an assent and climbed a fence, I following tamely behind, but instead of proceeding to the house, we cut around it, and finally entered what might have been a disused cow shed built against the rear of the barn. Going to the end, he laid his ear against the rough boards of the barn and began scratching gently. Nothing coming of this, he fumbled about, and presently, to my great astonishment, a broad board came away in his hand, leaving in the barn's side a long, black hole that looked to lead into the bowels of darkness.

Ames pushed me toward the opening, and I squeezed through, feeling solid boards under my feet, and being greeted by such a strong smell of old hay that I might have been in the heart of an ancient rick. And this proved to be the case, for I soon heard the story of this hole of refuge. It had been made inside the barn and beneath the mow, and was now scantily covered with the little hay the British had a habit of leaving farmers to take the curse from their wholesale robbery. There was no entrance to this concealed den save the loosened board, and all cracks and openings being stuffed with wisps, from the outside this part of the building seemed bursting from fullness.

'Twas the finest masking of a retreat that could be imagined, and here one might lie and escape hanging (if he ventured not abroad), though there would be starvation to grapple with, and no small danger of smothering, for the heat was vile, the air heavy, and there was no means of ventilation.

My companion followed me into this inclosure, quickly readjusting the board, and, as though familiar with the place, struck his steel and got a light in a pierced tin lantern, which he set on the end of an upturned log serving as a table, on the top of which lay a scrap of paper.

This he seized, and, bending low to the glimmer, read the contents while I took in the details of the queer apartment. The rough boards of the room were barren of everything save a rifle hanging on a nail, and the wisps of hay that penetrated each crevice from the mow without. A heap of small arms lay in one corner; in another was a sleeping bunk with straw at the foot of which was a closely strapped bundle filled, as I afterward found, with provisions to be used in the extremity of being driven to this retreat for a protracted stay. It was a hiding place pure and simple, and not one to be defended save by secrecy, for a brand touched to any part of the structure would reduce it to ashes in less than an hour.

"'Tis all right!" said Ames, raising his head as I finished my brief survey. "We are not bound to this hole yet. We may go to the house and sleep like modern Christians for once more at least. Come!"

Extinguishing the light, he loosened the board, and we passed out, the night air coming to the lungs like a cooling balm after the heat and closeness of the contracted den.

"There is little danger for the next few hours," he whispered as we made a straight line for the house. "The redcoats were here this noon and searched the place, but my—the boy was then in the barn. They will hardly try here again until they have beaten up other quarters. 'Tis a sorry outlook, Thorndyke! Have you not in your head a way off this island? Think hard, man! We must both think hard, and then take chances, however desperate. You are willing that we pull together?" he concluded interrogatively.

In his earnestness he dropped his assumed manner of speech, and there was an appeal in his voice that made me think it was not for himself he was most anxious. However, I could give him no comfort, only saying that I had small head for thought until I could clear my brains with sleep, but that if taken, though it were barren of gain, I would send some of the enemy ahead of us to announce our coming. Then I laid my hand in his and swore I would stand by him, and his brother, too, if need be (though such swearing seemed useless in the face of matters), telling him I would be but an ungrateful brute to desert him after he had lost his chance for help at the tavern by giving his hand in my behalf.

We had halted on our way, and in the darkness we came to the agreement each to stand by the other so long as a chance to help remained. 'Twas a compact hurriedly thought of and hurriedly made, but there, under the stars dimly showing overhead, was completed a bond that failed not. 'Twas made through necessity and became strengthened by love. Not conceived in an excess of happiness nor backed by the exuberance or fictitious generosity of strong drink, not even expected to extend beyond the present period of danger, it held through life like an invisible chain.

There was no delay in getting into the house. Though every window I could see was closed by solid wooden shutters, the back door stood wide for entry, and I soon found myself in what was probably the kitchen. It was pitch black within, but Ames knew his whereabouts, and I, with my hand on his shoulder, followed him through this room into a hall and up a flight of stairs. At the top a man's voice broke out with:

"Who's there?"

"Seven!" spoke Ames in return.

"Five!" was the answer.

"Well enough! And I have a friend," said my companion. And without more parley he went ahead and up more stairs, opening a trap or hatch, and landing in the garret at last, where he struck a light.

The room was undivided, and took in the entire ground plan of the house. So large was it that the single candle failed to clear the gloom from the corners, and made the great rafters spanning the space overhead deeply mysterious. Two immense chimneys pierced the floor and went out at the roof, but beyond these the sweep of level was unbroken save by a large bed with curtains, a table, and several chairs. A half-moon window at either gable end was let high into the wall. A long ladder leading to one of them showed it had been used as a post of observation, but now both were carefully covered to prevent any interior light reaching abroad.

Here, then, were comfortable quarters at last. It was none too cool, but there was plenty of air, and could I but get a bite and a few hours' sleep I felt something might come of it, especially as there was a safe hiding place near at hand which could be used at a pinch, and such a possible refuge would prove a mighty factor in preventing demoralization.

I was looking at the trapped hole in the floor through which we had come when I heard a footstep on the stairs and a man appeared from below. He rose into sight as though there was no end to him, so tall and gaunt was he, and as he came to the light I saw that he possessed but one eye, and that set in a face which had the length and expression of that of a horse. With barely a glance at me, he took my companion aside, where they held a whispered conference. Suddenly turning, he held out to me an arm like a flail and grasped my hand. Then with a smile which disclosed a magnificent set of teeth, and like magic transfigured the expression of his face, he said in the purest English and with a voice of wonderful modulation:

"Donald Thorndyke, you are heartily welcome to the poor house of Peter Burt. I trust it will hold you in safety until a way of escape is made clear. Your deed is known to me. I honor you for your generosity, bravery, and patriotism. Pardon me," he interrupted as I was about to speak, "I know your present needs, and will supply them at once; then we will talk." And with this he abruptly turned and went below.

CONTINUED.

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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 Fr. light.	12:50 p. m

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH

South Bound —Leave—	Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester	North Bound —Arrive—
No. 303 9:45 a.m	...Passenger...	No 304 6:10 p. m
No 31 6:30 p.m	..†Passenger...	No 322 8:35 a. m
No. 3 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.....2:04 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.....11:50 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.

8:20 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
7:50 p m	....Clinton Passenger.....	7:15 a m
7:50 p m	....Davenport Passenger....	7:15 a m

"Trains numbered 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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Is Loaning Money as cheap as any person or Corporation.

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BLACKSMITH

Makes a Specialty of

Horse Shoeing

Interfering and Corns Cured or no Pay.

Do All Kinds of Work in Iron—

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Compound Vapor and Shampoo Baths.

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Vapor and Shampoo.

Most all diseases are caused by poisonous secretions, which clog the wheels of NATURE. 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 misease. 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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P. J. Roche.

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