BARGAIN

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We are sole agents for the Loomis tract of land (near the Backbone) in Richland township, and will sell same at any time during the present month for $15 per acre.

BRONSON & CARR,
Manchester, Iowa.

RACKET STORE.

RACKET STORE

The Excelsior Laundry still retains its reputation for doing all kinds of

LAUNDRY WORK

equa to that of any steam laundry in this section of the state. It not only has all the necessary machinery and appliances, but expert workmen as well, and the proprietor is determined to maintain the high rank which the

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To the People who wear Clothes:

IT WILL PAY YOU!

To send your linen to the

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DON'T YOU THINK SO?

Try Us! Satisfactory Work at the Same Kind of Prices. Phone 238

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You Do Not Know

You Should Know THAT the finest line of Groceries, Canned Goods, Relishes and, in fact, everything that should be kept in a first-class grocery and provision store can at all times be found at

Fruits of every kind during their season.

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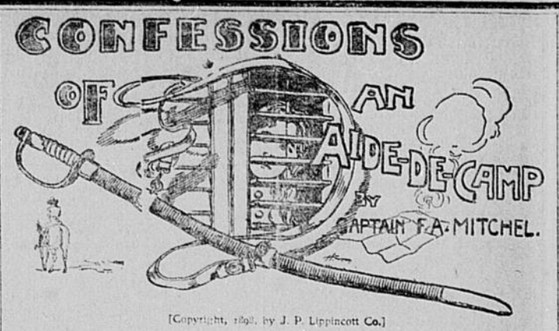
P. S. Have you examined our fine line of Crockery and Glassware?

CONFESSIONS OF AN AIDE-DE-CAMP



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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Gen. Heath is ordered to report to headquarters at Chattanooga. An aide is present at the interview. The general is shown an order for his arrest and court-martial, and is then assigned to special duty to watch a contemplated movement of Longstreet's corps. He accepts.

CHAPTER II.—Gen. Heath leaves Chattanooga with 500 men, his brigade, and moves out to Morganton's cross-roads. On the way he meets with a girl he knows who lives at the place he is to make his headquarters. He insists on her returning with his troops. At her home it is thought a face was seen at the window, but a search through the house revealed no suspicious persons. Lieut. Hall, the aide, is placed in charge of the young lady with orders to watch her and question her carefully. She faints.

CHAPTER III.—When questioned she said her mother is for the confederacy and herself for the union. At night she is caught in the kitchen attempting to burn a paper which contains the plans of Burnside's defenses at Knoxville. She is confined under guard as a spy.

"Very."

"Then confide in me. Tell me what all this means."

"What do you wish to know?"

"You have declared yourself to be a union girl, yet you are captured with information in your possession evidently destined for the confederates. I would expect another to tell any falsehood essential under such circumstances, but somehow you are so young, so apparently guileless. Give me a chance to—"

She extended her hand and grasped mine with a look of gratitude. "I thank you, but you can't help me."

There was something so decided in her withholding of confidence that I gave up the effort to gain it.

"I must send you upstairs now, but before you go I want you to forgive me."

"For what?"

"Being your jailer."

"You are only doing your duty, and doing it as considerately as possible."

"And you don't detest me for it?"

"On the contrary, I like you."

I called the corporal of the guard, and she was conducted to her room.

I was no sooner away from her than I was vexed at the sympathy I had shown. What reason had I to interest myself in this young confederate, who had doubtless been selected for her work on account of her capacity for lying? I wanted to get out into the air and pull myself together, so I called for my horse, mounted, and sent him flying down the road. I passed Maj. Snaffle's two companies, watching the pike half a mile below, the major stretched on a flat rail, dozing, some of the men playing cards, others sitting on the ground in groups, all doing their best to pass the time. They gave me an inquiring glance, but I rode on, without a word, till I reached an eminence from which I could see a long way ahead. Then I pulled up to enjoy the view.

The pike stretched southward, a straight white line, flanked by alternate openings and woods upon which the sun cast its early morning rays; the air was pure and the sky a deep azure. Happening to cast my eyes on a point where the road was lost behind the woods, suddenly a horseman shot into view. Distance prevented my distinguishing who or what he was, though the clear dry atmosphere through which I looked enabled me to see him distinctly. He was followed by half a dozen others; then the head of a mounted column came into view. As they drew nearer the clouds of dust prevented my discovering whether they wore the blue or the gray, but the sun shining brightly on a flag they carried showed me plainly the stars and bars of the confederates.

I dashed back at a gallop, drawing rein at Snaffle's tent to give him warning. Snaffle, a short, fat, red-faced man with corkscrew curls, could never get through a sentence without stuttering, except at giving the word of command, when, strange to say, his orders came clear and regular as shots from a repeating rifle.

"I thank you, but you can't help me."

"Wh-wh-at's up?"

"Johnnies, lots of them, down the road, coming right along."

"I've only a h-h-h-andful of men."

"And I've only a guard."

"I tell you what, lieutenant"—no better man than Snaffle ever drew a saber—"you go back and get ready to run, and I'll take my little command and make a show on the road up there. When you're ready, send me word and I'll fall back. Then maybe we can get up into a ravine in the ridge and fight."

He had scarcely spoken the last word before I was out of hearing. Approaching the plantation, I was surprised to see the yard full of armed men. Not knowing but that they were confederates, I pulled up, but in another moment caught sight of their flag. It was no stars and bars, but the real "Old Glory," and I confess I had never seen it look so beautiful. Dashing on and into the gateway, I shouted: "The johnnies are on us!" but before I could give any explanation there was a clattering of hoofs, and Snaffle with his men came tearing along, followed by the enemy.

Our men, having just come in, were all in the saddle, and soon formed in line of battle. On the right was Col. Wilton, a tall soldierly man with a beak nose and a black, gleaming eye, commanding a regiment of 200 men—not a fourth of its original strength, for it had been thinned by war. Next was the remains of a regiment—its complement had been killed or captured at Chickamauga—under a jolly, roistering Irishman, Lieut. Col. Rourke. On the left of Rourke's Irish boys was a somber, bushy-whiskered German, Maj. Ping, who had studied the art of war in Prussia, and whose men had studied the art of plunder in Missouri. Snaffle's men, panting like hungry stags, were hastily formed on the extreme left. All eyes were turned to the general, to learn whether he would surrender or fight. He waited till a force equal to our own was in the yard, leaving as many outside, then, drawing his sword, gave the order,—

"Charge!"

The initial force was with our men. The enemy, being on the defensive, half formed, surprised at an attack when they supposed we were waiting to surrender, soon became entangled with one another. Those nearest the gate tried to get back through it. Those on the outside, seeing their comrades charged, endeavored to join them, those within trying to get out, those without trying to get in, those in the passage packed like pigs in a pen.

I maintained my place by the general so far as I could, but it was impossible to keep close to anyone. I was jostled and knocked about, and narrowly escaped being sabered or shot by our own men. Then I was turned round with my face to the house. Borne backward by the confederates and our own men mingled, I saw Margaret Beach at the window of her mother's room, unmindful of the stray bullets that occasionally struck near her, watching the fight. Her eyes, I noticed, were following the general wherever he went. Raising mine to the room where she had been confined, there at the window, a ghost from another world, a melancholy attendant on death at the carnival, a presiding ghoul over the massacre of men, was a pale face with eager sunken eyes—the same I had seen before. Then some one dashed against my horse and set him spinning like a teetotum.

Confusion worse confounded reigned. Our men could do nothing but shoot, hack, pummel, each man fighting on his own hook. At last a troop of confederates were separated from the rest, driven to the rear, and captured. The enemy without began to tear down the fence on one side, but the general sent Rourke to beat them off. The force that had effected an entrance was depleted. The general by a skillful move brought Ping's and Snaffle's commands together behind Wilton's and, ordering Wilton to divide in the center, sent the united forces charging between the wings.

This finished the fight. A few confederates got out, the rest were trampled, shot or taken prisoner. Then the panic was communicated to those without. The general rode out, followed by the whole command, and commenced a pursuit that carried some of our men miles away.

V.

PAROLE.

Turning my horse over to an orderly, I hurried to the house to discover what had become of Margaret Beach. I hoped she had gone. What was my disappointment at finding her on the veranda!

"You here?"

"Yes; why not?"

"Why, I thought perhaps, inasmuch as your neck was in a halter, you might take advantage of the scrimmage to get away."

"How could I? The gate was blocked."

"Not while we were following the enemy."

"The sergeant put a sentinel there as soon as you left."

"Nonsense! Why do you try to deceive me? You did not wish to leave or you would have found a way."

An expression of pain passed over her face which I could not understand. She sat down; I placed myself beside her. Below us in the yard men were caring for the wounded, and when all were removed, burial parties began spading by the light of torches, interring the dead where each had fallen. We could hear the men talking and see their dimly lighted figures, while every now and again a torch was held before an ashen face, a body was lifted into its grave, we could hear a sound of falling earth, then a funeral volley. I was continually thinking that the girl beside me might within a day or two be put into her own grave—not an honorable one, but that of a felon. Margaret sat alternately looking at the gravediggers and averting her face, fascinated yet repelled by the grim sight.

"Strange condition, war," I said.

"Horrible!"

She looked so wretched that I could not refrain from resting my hand for a moment on hers. She did not withdraw it, though something told me that it was no dawning love that led her to leave it in mine, but a craving for sympathy, for some friend on whom to lean. I tried to speak to her encouragingly, but there was something so grewsome in the ashen faces of the dead, the torches, the clods falling on the uncoffined bodies, that I too was filled with gloom and remained silent.

An orderly rode up to the gallery with an order for me to report to the general. Leaving my companion, I went to him at once, and found him pacing before his tent, while Walter was engaged in taking down the names of the prisoners, who were being paroled to go to their homes, for we had no force to guard them, and they nearly all lived in Tennessee. As I came up the general looked at me eagerly.

"You sent for me, general."

"Yes. Miss Beach—where is she?"

"In the house."

He could not conceal a look of disappointment.

"Tell her to get ready for a journey," he said.

"Shall I inform her where she is to go?"

"To Gen. Burnside."

"It would be hardly safe," I ventured, "to send her under a guard of less than a hundred men, and I supposed you wished to keep the command together. Besides, her guard might be either dispersed or captured. In that case the game would not be worth the candle."

He looked at me, surprised that I should dare to instruct him as to what course he should pursue. Then he amazed me by asking: "What would you do with her?"

"I would put her on her parole of honor not to escape, and let her do as she likes within the limits of the plantation."

"A spy! parole!"

"If you will parole her, general, I will be responsible for her with my head."

"You would lose your head."

I am a natural gambler; it is many a year since I have staked a penny, but at that time I was considered the best poker-player in the brigade.

"I will wager—" I was beginning.

"No, no, lieutenant; I'm not in the habit of gambling with my staff, and on such a subject. Take her parole not to escape or aid the confederate cause, and I hold you responsible for its keeping. If she breaks it, I will dismiss you from my staff, try you by court-martial for neglect of duty, and enforce the severest penalty the court will inflict."

"Done," I cried. "I accept the terms."

I went straight to the house, and in a few minutes was with Miss Beach.

"I have an important announcement to make to you. The general has decided magnanimously to take your parole—to put you on your word of honor to do nothing that will aid the confederate cause, or to escape."

I pronounced the words with something of a flourish—for I was delighted as well as proud to have accomplished the feat of gaining the general's assent to my plan—and waited for her reply. She stood for awhile looking down at the floor in deep meditation.

"It is not the general's magnanimity that grants this parole; it is yours."

"That doesn't matter. Even though I may have suggested it, the general is still the one to act. In order that you may understand his generosity, I must remind you that the ordinary course to pursue in the case of a spy caught as you have been is to try him by drumhead court-martial and hang him at sunrise the day after trial."

"Is that the way it's done?" she asked, blanching.

"It is."

"What am I to do?"

I sat down at the table and wrote:

"I, Margaret Beach, in consideration of being relieved from confinement under guard, promise not to aid the confederate cause or attempt to escape."

She seized the paper eagerly, read it, and signed it with impatient haste. Her action impressed me with the suspicion that she only wished to get a chance to save herself by flight. But I had gone too far in the matter to retreat; indeed, were it not that I shrank from her disgrace, I would have hoped she would go. I took the paper to the general, who declined to read it.

As I turned to leave him I remembered that I had had no opportunity to speak of having again seen the face at the window.

"General, a little circumstance occurred to-day which I suppose I should report."

"What is it?"

"I saw that face again."

"When?"

"During the fight I got turned round—"

"Was it your horse that was turned, or is it your head that is turned?"

"I got turned round," I went on, coloring, but repressing my anger, "and, looking up at the house, saw the face."

"Indeed!"

In the single word he contrived to throw a world of irony. "You have not told me," he added, "whether this face belonged to an old man, a young man, or a boy."

"To tell the truth, general, I couldn't tell you whether it was man or woman."

There was a curl of the lip that would have made me insubordinate had I dared to be so. "Lieutenant," he said, "have you ever had any severe illness?"

"No, general."

"Any accident? Did you ever fall from your horse and light on the top of your head?"

"No, general."

"Well, if I hear any more of that face I'll send you north on an indefinite leave to recover your health in a government hospital. You may go."

I turned and left him. For the first time it occurred to me that perhaps, after all, the face at the window might be the creation of my own fancy.

I selected a good man and directed him to occupy the room I had slept in on the night of our arrival at the plantation. He was to go there after all were asleep and remain awake all night. If anything unusual occurred he was to call me. I chose a room on the second floor, and, after the house was still, went upstairs and to bed.

My room was at the front of the house. I could hear the burial parties still at work, and see through a window the flare of the torches on the leaves of the trees. The mystery of Margaret Beach, the uncertainty of her fate, had by this time so excited my brain that I could not sleep. No sooner would I drop off than a volley outside would awaken me, and the knowledge that it was fired over some poor fellow's grave was by no means conducive to the return of slumber. However, oblivion came at last.

At midnight I was brought back to consciousness by the man I had placed below, standing over me with a lighted candle.

"Lieutenant!"

"Well?"

"The young girl has gone."

"Where?"

"Out of the door; out of the gate; away from the plantation."

I rubbed my eyes and glared at the man standing beside my bed.

"She slipped away with the tread of a cat, sir."

"Did you stop her?"

"No; I had no orders."

"You were right."

"Is that all, sir?"

"Yes; you may go to bed."

My first feeling was one of joy that Margaret had fled, my second one of regret that she should have broken her parole.

There was no more sleep for me that night. I tossed and tumbled till morning, and during the long hours but one subject occupied my excited brain. It was Margaret Beach.

VI.

SUDDEN CHANGES.

I rose from my bed the next morning completely disgruntled. Margaret's flight had placed me in a position so galling that I would almost rather have fled myself and been shot for desertion than report her breach of faith to the general. I looked out of the window while putting on my clothes, wishing that I might see an enemy coming down on us to occupy his attention, that he might have no time to ask after my escaped prisoner, but saw only a number of newly made graves. When I had finished dressing I went to the messtent and found the general and the personal staff seated at breakfast.

To my satisfaction, the general ate in silence, making no reference to Margaret Beach. When breakfast was over he ordered Walter to ride to the commanding officers and direct them to get ready to march in two hours. I secured the general's permission to go with the command, a change of duty which especially delighted me.

Promptly at the appointed hour the men were drawn up on the road, mounted and ready to move. We made straight for the railroad, throwing out skirmishers to the front and flanks. On every avenue our scouts reported watchful bodies of confederate cavalry. In vain the general tried one road after another. All were guarded. All day we were advancing by different roads, invariably to be stopped by the sound of firing ahead. Foiled everywhere, the general determined to return to the plantation. The distance was considerable; we were greatly fatigued, and he gave an order for a brief rest before setting out.

We were halted on a hillside. Beneath us three roads met, a fourth leading over the hill in our rear. The men were all back in the woods, the general a few rods in advance with a field glass. I was lying on my stomach on the ground opposite Walter, who was in the same position, with a pack of cards between us—I always carried cards in my saddle pouch. Walter had won a pot of fractional currency, and was raking it in, when I glanced aside at the general, intent on the lower country to the south.

"Great guns! look there."

On every road a column of confederates was coming to eat us up. There was little of the confederates to be seen for the dust, but here and there the sun shone on their accoutrements and arms, as they moved along the roads, looking for all the world like gigantic snakes.

At that moment Wilton and Snaffle rode up and reined in behind a clump of underbrush.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Residence Property for Sale.

A good house, barn and large lot in Manchester, for sale at a bargain. Long time given on half of purchase money if desired.

Inquire of BRONSON & CARR.

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Via the B., C. R. & N. R., June 20, July 4 and 18, Aug. 1 and 15, Sept. 5 and 19, Oct. 3 and 17.

On these dates round trip tickets, good 21 days will be sold at the rate of One Fare, plus $2, to all points on this line in Iowa, Minnesota and South Dakota, north of and including Shell Rock and Abbott Crossing and to Waverly. Tickets at this rate will also be sold to a large number of cities and towns in Northern, Western and Southern states. For further information call on B., C. R. & N. Agents or address

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LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN ROUTE
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Leaves St. Louis every evening, is a solid train to Nashville, and carries a

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Day Express also leaves St. Louis every morning and carries a through sleeping car, St. Louis to Nashville and Chattanooga, connecting with through sleeping car to Augusta. Through coach St. Louis to Nashville, thus giving

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Near the Dam.

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When you want anything in the line of

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do not forget to write us or examine our stock and prices. We have no room for shoddy goods, but with forty years of experience can guarantee you honest goods at fair prices. Remember this and you will profit by it.

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Get a box and learn why it's the best grease ever put on an axle. Sold everywhere. Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

Angel's Dainty Dyes
WON'T STAIN THE HANDS
10cts. a package—
At all Drug Stores and General Dealers.

Railroad Time Table,

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

Illinois Central Time table No. 21, taking effect at 12:00 o'clock noon, Sunday, July 3, 1898.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

Arrive	West Bound.	Leave
6:00 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—	Bet 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,..... ....11:50 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
12:30 p m	No. 3 Waverly Passenger...	3:30 p m
12:03 ngt	No. 5 Minneapolis Express..	12:20 ngt
5:45 a m	No. 13 Chicago Passenger.	
11:45 p m	No. 19 Chicago Passenger.	

No. 1—Free chair car and coaches to Minneapolis and St. Paul. No. 5—Pullman sleepers and coaches to Minneapolis and St. Paul.

MAIN LINE GOING EAST AND 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
12:20 ngt	No. 8 Chicago Fast Express.	12:30 ngt
	No. 10 Passenger.....	6:05 p m
	No 42 Burlington Passenger	7:15 a m

No 2—Pullman sleeper, free chair car and coaches to Chicago. No. 6—Pullman sleepers and through coaches to Chicago and St. Louis. No. 8—Pullman sleeper to Chicago; arrives Chicago 7:50 a. m. Ngt.—night.

DECORAH DIVISION.

8:10 p m.....	Decorah Passenger.	8:15 a m
4:05 p m.....	Decorah Freight.....	6:20 p m

IOWA FALLS DIVISION.

2:50 p m....	Spirit Lake Passenger....	8:30 a m
12:20 ngt ..	Sioux Falls Fast Express ..	12:30 ngt

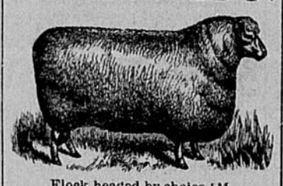
IOWA CITY, CLINTON AND DAVENPORT.

2:20 p m.....	Passenger.....	3:05 p m
7:35 p m.....	Passenger.....	7:15 a m
1:5 a m.....	Passenger.....	8:40 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 numbers 5, 6, 8, 13, 19, 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.

PURE-BRED COTSWOLDS.



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Buy our bucks now and fit them up for work to suit yourself. Best and cheapest at

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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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