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Manchester, Iowa.

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APPRECIATIVE CUSTOMERS.

RACKET STORE

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LAUNDRY WORK

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EXCELSIOR LRUNDRY

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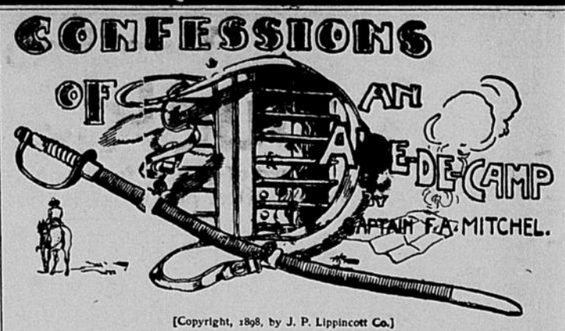
P. S. Have you examined our fine line of Crockery and Glassware?

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.

CHAPTER IV.—Gen. Heath's command is attacked by confederates, but they are beaten off. During the fight Lieut. Hall again sees a mysterious face at the window.

"Rebels op every road, and a force coming down the mountain from the rear."

"I t-t-t-ell you, Wilton, the man's a f-f-fool to get us into such a f-f-fix."

"I consider him a genius."

They did not see the staff engaged at cards, or they would never have discussed the general so freely in our hearing.

"A g-genius! I've read every book on the science of war, and damme if I can find anything he ever does in the index. He violates every principle laid down from Julius Caesar to Napoleon."

"I don't remember that either of them paid much attention to the authorities of their day. Wait a moment; he has caught on to something."

The general was looking intently at the dry bed of a creek on the right, running parallel with a road, along which a column of cavalry was coming at a canter.

"Colonel."

The word rang out in the same sharp key as a rifle-ball that just then cut a twig above our heads.

"Yes, general."

"Move your men back of that clump of trees, down into the bed of yonder creek. Major, you follow. No bugles. Whisper the orders. Quick."

Two officers dashed backward into the thicket.

"Halloo, there; where's the staff?" It was the general calling.

I grabbed the cards and the shinplasters at the same time, and made a bound for my horse tethered to a sapling.

"Here, general," I said, saluting.

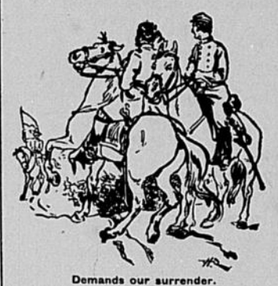
"Ride quick to Col. Rourke and Maj. Ping and tell them to follow the others into the bed of the creek."

"I'll go to Rourke, you to Ping," I shouted to Walter. We were off as fast as the ground would let us, leaving the general peering at the approaching columns. I got back first, and the general motioned me to keep to the rear. Wilton's regiment was filing down over stones and underbrush to enter the creek bed. We could see only a few files as they passed in, and the enemy could not see them at all. In a trice I had the general's idea. He was intending to screen the men behind the high banks of the creek, moving them out of the trap, while the confederates on the road running parallel with the creek were moving in an opposite direction to capture us.

Will the men all get in before the rebels come up? It is a desperate chance. If we have the luck to go through without their getting their eyes or ears on us, we may escape. If they catch us there we will be slaughtered like cattle in a pen. There go Snaffle's troopers, but there is a long break between Rourke's and Ping's.

"What's the matter with Ping?" called the general. "Hurry him up."

I dug in my spurs, but just then Ping's head of column entered the



Demands our surrender.

creek. The general stepped back to where an orderly held his horse, mounted, and sat for a moment with an eye on the confederates pouring along the road, while we could occasionally catch a glimpse through the trees of our own fellows down in the waterway moving in the opposite direction. The confederates came on till they got to within 600 yards of where we were standing, then halted and formed line of battle, never doubting that they had us bagged. A man rode out with a white flag to demand surrender. I noticed a smile flit over the general's face. He took off his hat and ran his fingers through his hair, a habit with him when pleased. Then we both rode down to the bed of the creek.

What followed seemed ages. The men, crammed into a narrow channel, the horses stepping on smooth water-worn rocks, were obliged to go slowly. Surely we will be caught in this slaughter-pen, this death-trap, this dead man's trench; and if the enemy choose, not a man will come out alive.

We pushed on, listening for firing ahead. The only sound was the iron shoes of the horses beating on the rocks. It seemed that their tread would surely be heard. But the banks held the sounds. Soon the men ahead began to leave the creek and enter upon a dirt road. The way grew lighter, and I caught sight of our foremost files, trotting up the road. A few moments more and we would have an open field in which to fight for our lives, if we must. It seemed during these last moments that I must spur ahead of the slowly moving men, but there was no room, and I would never have dared to pass before the general, for shame, if not for breach of etiquette. At last the closing files before us were out of the creek, and we followed. I drew a long breath of relief and glanced at the general. He took off his hat and looked upward. I did not hear, but knew what he said:

"My God, I thank thee."

Never was there a clearer case of playing at corners in the game of war. We had gained the very road by which the confederates were marching to capture us, and as we entered it their last files were but a few hundred yards around a bend to our left. Dashing off to the right, we lost no time in putting distance between them and us.

The night was coming on, and the general, who took his place at the head of the column, and whose horse and whose impatience outstripped the rest of us, soon placed a hundred paces between himself and us, his figure forming a silhouette against a strip of twilight on the horizon. The brim of his hat flapped with the trot of his horse, and the skirts of his overcoat fluttered, while the animal was continually throwing up his head to catch at his bit, or lowering it to give that sputter peculiar to a horse trotting along a good road.

The stars came out; the air was dry, and the spangled heavens seemed more than usually thick with bright points of varying magnitude, from the flaming Sirius to the faintest glimmer of light. The general had a way of looking, as he rode, up at the heavens, often at a bright star in the zenith, Alpha Lyra, and I had noticed that when on one of his night forays and in a dangerous position he was sure to cast his eyes heavenward, as if invoking the aid of a presiding diety. To-night I saw him throw back his head for his accustomed glance, and I knew that our position was critical.

"General," said Wilton, who was vainly endeavoring to catch up with him, "my horse is nearly done for, and the same is true of every mount in the command. We must halt for rest."

"It can't be done, colonel. We must put more miles between us and the enemy."

"As you like, general. The men are dropping out so fast that you will soon ride alone."

The general made no reply. I saw him look up again at the star, as one scenting danger will nervously finger the handle of a weapon. At last, suddenly coming to a thick wood beside the road, he gave an order to turn into it, and, after gaining sufficient distance from the road not to be readily seen from it, we went into bivouac. Vendettes were posted, and the men ordered to preserve silence, in the hope that our enemy, who was doubtless at our heels, might pass without observing us.

Worn with a fatiguing day's campaign, I rolled myself in my blanket, and, with a dirt pile for a pillow, was asleep almost before I had stretched my legs.

How long I slept I never knew. It seemed to me that I had but just lost myself when I was awakened by shots, yells, every conceivable noise that could be heard in a fight. I knew the confederates were on us. Through the gloom I caught a glimpse of the general already in the saddle riding among our men, inspiring them with his presence and gathering them together in the best formation practicable under surprise. Walter was with him, sticking to him like wax, though there was no opportunity to use a staff officer, while I was separated from them by some of our own men who were trying to get into line. I pushed forward, but just then a troop of confederates came galloping down, firing their revolvers as they came—they had no sabers—and before I could cover the space which separated me from the general they rode through it, scattering the half-formed platoons before them, making a wedge that divided me and a number of others from the rest of the command. Seeing a number of us cut off from our comrades, they surrounded us, and at the point of a hundred pistols our hands went up as if we had been as many images worked by wire springs.

Hurried to the rear, we waited the result of the attack. The fight kept shifting, and I fancied that the general had gathered what men he could and was cutting his way out. My irritation at finding myself hors de combat at a moment of greatest necessity was intense. Whenever the firing would rise to pandemonium pitch, I would emit a volley of responsive rasping words for which I sincerely hope I have been forgiven. As the combatants kept receding, the noise grew fainter and fainter, and at last died away entirely. I had gone to sleep at midnight, surrounded by union soldiers; at four in the morning I turned in once more, on the bare ground, watched by confederate troopers. I was too tired to be long awake, and, though I had before me the prospect of a southern prison, soon fell into a profound slumber.

VII.

AN IMPORTANT DOCUMENT.

When I awoke the sun stood high. A young confederate officer rode up to our bivouac, and, singling me out from among the prisoners—doubtless because I was the only officer present—ordered the sergeant of the guard to send me to headquarters. A man with a cocked carbine conducted me to a house beside the road, where I was halted for a time, then led to a room inside. An officer in immaculate confederate gray was seated by a table, writing and smoking a cigarette. He was so swarthy that I fancied he must have African blood in his veins, while his sombrero's conical shape and the upward turn of his mustache suggested Mephistopheles. I noticed, as he wrote, a sealring on the little finger of the hand that held the pen. Presently he finished, folded the paper and gave it to an orderly, then looked up at me with as wicked a pair of eyes as I ever gazed into.

"Good-morning, sir," he said, in a soft voice which contrasted singularly with his threatening eyes. "I hope you are quite well this morning."

"Quite well, thank you."

"I must apologize for the constraint put upon you. It is the fortune of war."

"A mere trifle to a soldier."

"Perhaps you will favor me with some information I desire."

"Certainly, if not inconsistent with my honor."

"I am you are on the staff."

"How do you know that?"

"The wreath on your cap. I ought to know a United States uniform after a service of ten years in the United States army."

"Indeed?"

"What is your commander doing in this region?"

"That is for you to find out."

Without changing his expression, except a wickeder gleam of his eyes, he drew a revolver, and, pointing it at me, said, placidly:

"Perhaps your breakfast this morning was not sufficiently peppered."

I was familiar with this mode of extracting information, as I had seen the general use it often; nevertheless, those little serpent eyes appalled me, but I succeeded in mastering my fear, and said, imitating his own cool tone:

"Thank you, I would like the breakfast first and the pepper afterwards. If an invitation to a morning repast were sent me, it must have gone astray."

He regarded me curiously. "You are good pluck, anyway." He lowered his revolver, and evidently made up his mind to try another plan. "I'll order something for you to eat presently. Perhaps you won't mind telling me the name of the general you serve?"

"Certainly. Gen. Alan Heath."

"The devil!"

"Quite a different person, I assure you."

"Singular," he said, musingly, "what meetings this war brings about. Young man, your general and I were classmates at West Point."

"Indeed?"

"And served at the same posts."

"What luck!" I said to myself. "I'll be treated splendidly; perhaps exchanged at once."

"Gen. Heath makes his headquarters at Morgantown's Cross-Roads, I believe?"

I made no reply.

"At the Beach plantation?"

I was surprised at the accuracy of his information.

"Making love to Margaret Beach?"

Inwardly I started; outwardly I maintained my composure. "He is treating her as an enemy," I said, coldly.

"I have occasion to remember Alan Heath," he went on, with one of his wicked looks. "Would you mind taking a message to him? That is, if you ever see him again, which won't be very soon."

"I will, with pleasure."

"Tell him that I have carefully preserved the letter he wrote the mayor of —— in March, '61, accepting his offer to turn over the United States troops at the post under his command for a consideration."

What did this mean? I had had much to stagger my faith in the general, and now it began to look as if where there was so much smoke there must be some fire. However, I maintained my presence of mind before his accuser.

"That would mean dishonor. Gen. Heath is the soul of honor."

He smiled knowingly. "Would you like to see the letter?"

"No."

"I wish you to see it; I wish, if you ever see Gen. Heath again, that you may be able to convince him that Cadet Berante, Lieut. Berante, of the —th United States artillery, Maj. Berante, of the confederate army, holds a royal flush over his four aces."

He got up and went out. In a few minutes he returned with a long leather pocketbook fat with papers. Looking through it, he selected one and held the superscription up for me to read. It was the general's peculiar bold hand.

"Do you know that writing?"

"Never saw anything like it before."

"What a splendid liar! On Gen. Heath's staff and don't know his handwriting!"

He opened the letter and held it before my eyes. If it was not what Maj. Berante claimed—the acceptance of a proposition to turn over a command for gain—I could not read aright. Never in my life have I had occasion to use so much effort in masking my feelings.

"Are you convinced?" asked Maj. Berante.

"No."

He exposed his white pointed teeth in a derisive smile.

"Take him away," he said to the guard.

"Any orders about him?"

"No; he'll go south with the others to-morrow."

As I was leaving, I asked: "Will you kindly inform me, major, the cause of your interest in this matter of Gen. Heath's?"

"Gen. Heath will tell you. Ask him if he remembers the casemate at Fort ——?"

I coveted the letter he had shown me. Innocent or guilty, I was interested deeply in my general, and with that letter in my possession at least one point of evidence against him would be canceled. I caught at a straw, or rather my intuitions served me. Berante was plainly of Spanish extraction, and there never was a Spaniard who was not a gambler. He had used a simile that told me he was familiar with the game of poker. Perhaps, being a natural gambler myself, I knew another by instinct.

"Major," I said, "I have a trinket that I would like to play against that finger ring of yours."

"You impudent boy, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I want that ring, and I am willing to risk an equal value against it."

"You have nothing to risk. Did you not get a receipt for your effects when captured?"

"I did, but I kept one article."

I was accustomed to carry with me, ingeniously concealed for use in case I should be captured, a fifty-dollar greenback. Ripping off a button from my coat, I asked the loan of the major's knife. Then, inserting the blade between the brass covering of the button and its base, I drew forth a crumpled little ball. Opening it, I showed my bill.

The major's eye glistened. He could easily have taken it under pretext of "turning it in," but I had judged him to be one of those men who would make great pretensions to honor in order to cover the blackest dishonor, and for appearance' sake would scorn to rob me. Besides, if he could win my money, he would not be accountable to anyone for it. My judgment was correct. A dirty pack of cards was produced, and, with the guard looking on, we sat down at a table, I to play my fifty dollars against the major's ring; the game to be euchre, the best four games in seven to win.

Berante won the first two games, I the second two. He scored the fifth, I the sixth, which left us the deciding game to play. The major won two points, forcing me to win three in succession. The cards ran well for me, and I scored two. The next hand was dealt by Berante. Happening to glance at the staked ring on his finger as he dealt the cards, I saw him "turn jack," that is, having, in shuffling, placed a knave on the bottom of the pack, he dexterously turned it for the trump card. It would have been a case of "wolf and lamb" to notice the irregularity, and I said nothing. However, having a peculiar hand that I had learned to play in a peculiar way, I scored a point and my opponent's ring at the same time. He took it off his finger and handed it to me. I rose to go.

"Wait a bit," he said, feeling in his pockets and drawing out two ten dollar confederate bills. "I must have that ring back. It's a keepsake."

"Not against two confederate tens," I said, "except on compulsion. And I am sure you would not use compulsion, major."

"Dont insult me, sir, by intimating such a course."

"I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll stake the ring and the bill against the letter you showed me."

The major smiled, a sardonic Mephistophelean smile, and assented. He laid the letter on the table; beside it I placed the ring and the bill. As before, the games were seven, four winning. The major won three straight games, and it was easy to see that "turning jack" was not the only trick at cards he knew how to practice.

And now I am obliged to own to a misdemeanor which, notwithstanding the palliating circumstances, I blush at confessing. My interest in cards had led me to become expert at certain devices employed by professional gamblers, though, in justice to myself, I must say that, except for innocent amusement, I had no use for them. I must now confess to one exception. My desire to get possession of the incriminating letter overbore all remembrance that two wrongs do not make one right. I won the fourth game fairly, the fifth barely, the sixth brilliantly, and carried off the seventh triumphantly with a hand of bowers and court cards that filled my opponent with astonishment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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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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WONT 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

Freight-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—	Met Cedar Rpds and Manchester	North Bound —Arrive—
No. 303 9:45 a.m	...Passenger..	No 304 6:10 p. m
No 301 6:30 p.m	...†Passenger..	No 322 8:35 a. m
No. 351 5:30 p.m	...†Freight....	No. 351 11:45 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
Fast 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
12:30 ngt	No. 5 Minneapolis Express	1:00 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.

8:30 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
12:20 ngt	No. 8 Chicago Fast Express	12:30 ngt
	No. 10 Passenger	6:05 p m
	No 12 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.

8:30 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
12:30 ngt	Sioux Falls Fast Express	12:30 ngt

IOWA CITY, CLINTON AND DAVENPORT.

2:30 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."

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