Again in the ring and now ready for business.....

I have recently refitted my former place of business on Franklin street and have placed therein a new and fresh line of

Groceries and Provisions.

It is my intention to keep a complete line of all goods usually kept in a first-class retail Grocery Store.

Former patrons and new ones are cordially invited to call and see me in my improved quarters.

'PHONE 152.

J. Harry Stewart

COAL AND WOOD

The cold weather is coming. Don't let it catch you with your coal bin empty. We can supply you with the best coal at lowest possible price. Call and leave your order.

MANCHESTER LUMBER CO.,

'Phone 156. Manchester, Iowa

A nice new and fresh line of

English Currants, Candied Citrons, Seeded Raisins, and Nuts at

T. N. ARNOLD'S.

Ours is the Peoples' Store.

RACKET STORE

BECAUSE we carry the goods you need every day in the year.

OUR QUALITIES are always as we represent them.

WE GUARANTEE satisfaction to our trade.

WE SAVE you a little money on every article you buy of us.

THE RACKET STORE

The Maid was in the Garden. . . . .

hanging out the clothes and met with a most unpleasant accident. Why not send your clothes to the Manchester Steam Laundry to be laundried and this save all trouble at nome? You can get better work for less money at a first class laundry than you can in any other way. Clothes called or and delivered promptly.

MANCHESTER STEAM LAUNDRY

We ask only one trial. 'PHONE 238

If 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.

Peterson Bros.

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

[Copyright, 1899, by F. Tennyson Neely.]

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Billy Gray, young college student, secures a lieutenant's commission on breaking out of Spanish-American war. He meets a Mr. Prime, Miss Prime and Miss Amy Lawrence.

CHAPTER II.—After a conference in his official tent, Gen. Drayton joins a gay company in his personal tent—Mrs. Garrison doing the honors as hostess.

"With every assurance that the prodigal should be produced forthwith and restored to the paternal bosom," declaimed Mrs. Garrison, melodramatically, and would have ranted on, never noting the flush of pain and embarrassment that almost instantly appeared in the faces of Miss Lawrence and her dark-eyed eastern cousin, nor seeing the warning in her husband's eyes; but at the moment the tent flap was thrown back and held open to admit a tall, gray-haired civilian whose silk hat was uplifted as he entered in courteous recognition of the group, despite the distress that was betrayed in the pallor of his face and the instant glance of his dark eyes toward the slender girl, who stepped eagerly forward. Mrs. Garrison, turning quickly, saw, and with swift, agile movement sprang to one side. The general slowly struggled up from his easy chair. Reaching her father's side Miss Prime laid her hand upon his arm, looking fondly and anxiously into his face. A soldierly, middle-aged officer, in dripping forage cap and rain coat, stepped quickly in and lowered the flap.

"Did you find him, father?" was Miss Prime's low-toned, faltering question.

"We found—the soldier referred to; Col. Armstrong has been most kind; but it wasn't your brother at all, my child."

CHAPTER III.

A day had dawned on the Presidio Heights as brilliant as its predecessor had been dismal. A soft south wind had kept the fogs of the Pacific far out to sea and cleared the summer sky of every wisp of vapor. The sun of early August shone hot and strong upon the sandy wastes between the western limits of the division camps and the foamy strand beneath the low bluffs, and beat upon the canvas homes of the rejoicing soldiery, slacking cloth and cordage so that the trim tent lines had become broken and jagged, thereby setting the teeth of "Old Squeers" on edge as he gazed grimly from under the brim of his unsightly felt hat and called for his one faithful henchman, the orderly. Even his adjutant could not condone the regimental commander's objectionable traits, for a crustier old villain of a veteran lived not in the line of the army. "Ould Canker" the troopers had dubbed him during the few years he had served in the cavalry, transplanted from a foot regiment at the time of the reorganization, so-called, of the army in '71; but a few years of mounted duty in Arizona and later in the Sioux country had sickened him of cavalry life and he gladly accepted a chance to transfer back to the infantry. Now, 20 years after, risen by degrees to the grade of lieutenant-colonel, he found himself in command of a famous old regiment of regulars, whose colonel had donned the stars of a general officer of volunteers, and the pet name—save the mark—of cavalry days had given place to the unflattering sobriquet derived from that horror of boyish readers—the ill-favored schoolmaster of Dotheboys hall. He had come to the —teenth with a halo of condemnation from the regiment in which he had served as major and won his baleful name, and "the boys" of his command soon learned to like him even less than those who had dubbed him "Squeers," because, as they explained, there wasn't any privilege or pleasure he would not "do the boys" out of if he possibly could. Gordon had promptly tendered his resignation as regimental adjutant when his beloved colonel left the post to report for duty in the army destined for Cuba, but Lieut.-Col. Canker declined to accept it, and fairly told Gordon that, as he hadn't a friend among the subalterns, there was no one else to take it. Then, too, the colonel himself added a word or two and settled the matter.

A big review had been ordered for the morning. An entire brigade of sturdy volunteers was already forming and marching out by battalions to their regimental parades, the men showing in their easy stride and elastic carriage the effects of two months' hard drill and gradually increasing discipline. The regulars were still out in the park, hidden by the dense foliage and busy with their company drills. The adjutant and clerk were at their papers in the big office tent, and only the sentries, the sick and the special duty men remained about the body of camp. There was no one, said Private Noonan to himself, as he paced the pathway in front of the colonel's tent, after having scrupulously saluted him on his appearance: "No wan fur the ould man to whack at, barrin' it's me," but even Canker could find nothing to "whack at" in this veteran soldier who had served in the ranks since the days of the great war and had borne the messages of such men as Sheridan, Thomas and McPherson when Canker himself was sweating under his knapsack and musket. Like most men, even most objectionable men, Canker had some redeeming features, and that was one of them—he had been a private soldier, and a brave one, too, and was proud of it.

But life had little sunshine in it for one of his warped, ill-conditioned nature. There was a profound conviction in the minds of the company officers that the mere sight of happiness or content in the face of a subordinate was more than enough to set Canker's wits to work to wipe it out. There was no doubt whatever in the minds of the subalterns that the main reason why Squeers was so manifestly "down on" Billy Gray was the almost indestructible expression of good nature, jollity and enthusiasm that had shown in the little fellow's face ever since he joined the regiment. "If we call the old man Squeers we should dub Billy Mark Tapley," said Gordon one day, when the lad had laughed off the effect of an unusually acrimonious rasping over a trivial error in the guard report book. "He's no end kind when a fellow's in a fix," said Gray, in explanation, "and all the time he was soaking me I was thinking how he stood by Jimmy Carson in his scrape"—a serious scrape it was, too, for young Carson, detailed to escort certain prisoners to Alcatraz and intrusted with certain funds to be turned over to the chief quartermaster of the department, had unaccountably fallen into a deep sleep aboard the train and awoke to find both funds and prisoners gone. Explanations were useless. The commanding general would listen to no excuse; a court-martial was ordered, and a very worthy young officer's military career seemed about to close under a cloud, when "Old Canker" threw himself into the breach. He had long suspected the sergeant who had accompanied the party in immediate command of the little guard. He hated the commanding general with all his soul, and how it came about no one could thoroughly explain, but one day Canker turned up with indubitable proof that the sergeant was the thief—that he was bribed to bring about the escape of the prisoners, and that he had drugged the fresh spring water he brought in to the young officer after the burning heat of the desert was left behind in the dead of the summer night. Canker even recovered most of the stolen money, for there was a woman in the case, and she had safely stowed it away. Carson was cleared and Canker triumphant. "See what the man can do when his sense of justice is aroused," said the optimists of the army. "Justice be blowed," answered the cynics. "He never would have raised his finger to help Carson but for the joy of proving the general unjust, and a regimental pet, the sergeant—a thief."

Yet Gray reverted to this episode as explanation of his tolerance of Canker's harshness and thereby gave rise to a rejoinder from the lips of a veteran company commander that many a fellow was destined to recall before the regiment was two months older:

"In order to settle it, somebody's got to find his life or his commission in jeopardy. Maybe it'll be you, Billy, and I'm betting you won't find Squeers a guardian angel."

Yet on this sunshiny summer morning, with hope and sunshine and confidence in his handsome, boyish face, Lieut. Gray came bounding up to the presence of the regimental commander as though that sour-visaged soldier were an indulgent uncle who could not say him nay. A stylish open carriage in which were two remarkably pretty girls and a gray-haired, slender gentleman, had reined up in the street opposite the entrance to the row of officers' tents and Canker had ripped out his watch, with an ugly frown on his forehead, for three of his companies had just marched in from drill, and three of their young lieutenants, on the instant of dismissal, had made straight for the vehicle and he half-hoped to find they had lopped off a minute or so of the allotted hour. The sound of merry laughter seemed to grate on his ears. The sight of Gray's beaming face seemed to deepen the gloom in his own. Instinctively he knew the youngster had come to ask a favor and he stood ready to refuse.

"Colonel, I'd like mightily to go over and see that review this morning, sir; and Mr. Prime is good enough to offer me a seat in his carriage. May I go, sir?"

"You can't go anywhere, sir, with the tents of your company in that disgraceful condition. Just look at them, sir! as ragged as a wash line on a windy day." And Canker scowled angrily at the young fellow standing squarely at attention before him.

"I know that, colonel, but the sun did that while we were out at drill, and the men will straighten everything in ten minutes. I'll give the order now, sir." And Billy looked as though refusal were out of the question.

"You'll stay and see it done, sir, and when it's done—to my satisfaction—will be time enough to ask for favors. Mr. Gordon, send word to the company commanders I wish to see them here at once," continued the senior officer, whirling on his heel and terminating the interview by so doing. It was in Gray's mind for a brief minute to follow and plead. He had made it tell many a time with an obstinate university don, but he knew the carriage was waiting—the carriage load watching, and deep down in his heart there was keen disappointment. He would have given a big slice of his monthly pay to go with that particular party and occupy the seat opposite Amy Lawrence and gaze his fill at her fair face. He well-nigh hated Squeers as he hurried away to hail his first sergeant and give the necessary orders before daring to return to the carriage and report his failure. His bright blue eyes were clouded and his face flushed with vexation, for he saw that the rearmost regiment was even now filing into the Presidio reservation afar off to the north, and that no time was to be lost if his friends were to see the review. The distant measured boom of guns told that the general in whose honor the ceremony was ordered was already approaching the spot, and away over the rolling uplands toward the Golden Gate a cavalry escort rode into view. Billy ground his teeth. "Run and tell them I cannot get leave," he called to a fellow sub. "Squeers has set me to

It thrilled him with a new and strange delight.

work straightening up camp. Turn out the company, sergeant! Brace the tent cords and align tents," and a mournful wave of his forage cap was the only greeting he dare trust himself to give, as after a few minutes of fruitless waiting, the vacant seat was given to another officer and the carriage rolled rapidly away. A second or two it was hidden from his sight behind the large wall tents along the line of fence, then shot into full view again as he stood at the end of the company street looking eagerly for its reappearance. And then occurred a little thing that was destined to live in his memory for many a day, and that thrilled him with a new and strange delight. He had never been of the so-called "spooney" set at the 'varsity. Pretty girls galore there were about that famous institute, and he had danced at many a student party and romped through many a reel, but the nearest he had ever come to something more than a mere jolly friendship for a girl was the regard in which he held his partner in the "mixed doubles," but that was all on account of her exuberant health, spirits, general comeliness of face and form, and exquisite skill in tennis. But this day a new and eager longing was eating at his heart; a strange, dull pang seemed to seize upon it as he noted in a flash that the seat that was to have been his was occupied by an officer many years his senior, a man he knew only by sight and an enviable reputation, a man whose soldierly, clean-cut face never turned an instant, for his eyes were fixed upon a lovely picture on the opposite seat—Amy Lawrence bending eagerly forward and gazing with her beautiful eyes alight with sympathy, interest and frank liking in search of the sorely disappointed young officer. "There he is!" she cried, though too far away for him to hear, and then, with no more thought of coquetry than a kitten, with no more motive in the world than that of conveying to him an idea of her sorrow, her sympathy, her perhaps pardonable and exaggerated indignation at what she deemed an act of tyranny on the part of his commander, with only an instant in which to convey it all—her sweet face flushed and her eyes flamed with the light of her girlish enthusiasm—in that instant she had kissed her hand to him, and then Col. Armstrong, turning suddenly and sharply to see who could be the object of interest so absorbing, caught one flitting glimpse of Billy Gray lifting his cap in quick acknowledgment, and the words that were on the tip of Armstrong's tongue the moment before were withheld for a more auspicious occasion—and it did not come too soon.

It was only four days after that initial meeting in the general's tent the foggy evening of the girl's first visit to camp, but both in city and on the tented field there had been several occasions on which the colonel had been in conference with Mr. Prime and in company with the young ladies. Junior officers had monopolized the time and attention of the latter, but Armstrong was a close observer and a man who loved all that was strong, high-minded and true in his own sex, and that was pure and sweet and winsome in woman. A keen soldier, he had spent many years in active service, most of them in the hardy, eventful and vigorous life on the Indian frontier. He had been conspicuous in more than one stirring campaign against the red warriors of the plains, had won his medal of honor before his first promotion, and his captaincy by brevet for daring conduct in action long antedated the right to wear the double bars of that grade. He had seen much of the world, at home and abroad; had traveled much, read much, thought much, but these were things of less concern to many a woman in our much married army than the question as to whether he had ever loved much. Certain it was he had never married, but that didn't settle it. Many a man loves, said they, without getting married, forgetful of the other side of the proposition advanced by horrid regimental cynics, that many men marry without getting loved. Armstrong would not have proved an easy man to question on that, or indeed on any other subject which he considered personal to himself. Even in his own regiment in the regular service he had long been looked upon as an exclusive sort of fellow—a man who had no intimates and not many companions, yet, officers and soldiers, he held the respect and esteem of the entire command, even of those whom he kept at a distance, and few are the regiments in which there are not one or two charcters who are not best seen and studied through a binocular. Without being sympathetic, said his critics, Armstrong was "square," but his critics had scant means of knowing whether he was sympathetic or not. He was a steadfast fellow, an unswerving, uncompromising sort of man, a man who would never have done for a diplomat, and could never have been elected to office. But he was truthful, just, and as the English officer reluctantly said of Lucan, whom he hated: "Yes—damn him—he is brave." The men whom he did not seem to like in the army and who disliked him accordingly, were compelled to admit, to themselves at least, that their reasons were comprised in the above-recorded, regrettable, but unmistakable fact—he didn't like them. Another trait, unpopular, was that he knew when and how to say no. He smoked too much, perhaps, and talked too little for those who would use his words as witnesses against him. He never gambled, he rarely drank, he never lent nor borrowed. He was a bachelor, yet would never join a "mess," but kept house himself and usually had some favored comrade living with him. He was 40 and did not look 35. He was tall, erect, athletic, hardy and graceful in build, and his face was one of the best to be seen in many a line of officers at parade. His eyes were steel gray and clear and penetrating, his features clear-cut, almost too delicately cut, thought some of the best friends he had among the men. His hair was brown, sprinkled liberally with silver; his mouth, an admirable mouth in every way, was shaded and half-hidden by a long, drooping mustache to which, some men thought and some women said, his tapering white fingers paid too much attention, but I doubt if a knowledge of this criticism would have led to the faintest alteration in the habit. Generally the expression of Armstrong's face was grave, and, on duty a trifle stern; and not ten people in the world were aware what humor could twinkle in the clear, keen eyes, or twitch about the corners of that mobile mouth. There were no five who knew the tenderness that lay in hiding there, for Armstrong had few living kindred and they were men. There lived not, as he drove this glorious August morning to the breezy uplands beyond the camps, one woman who could say she had seen those eyes of Armstrong's melt and glow with love. As for Amy Lawrence, she was not dreaming of such a thing. She was not even looking at him. Her thoughts at the moment were drifting back to that usually light-hearted boy who stood gazing so disconsolately after them as they drove away, her eyes were intent upon an approaching group that presently reclaimed her wandering thoughts.

Coming up Point Lobos avenue strode a party of four—all soldiers. One of these, wild-eyed, bareheaded, disheveled, his clothing torn, his wrists lashed behind him, walked between two armed guards. The fourth, a sergeant, followed at their heels. Miss Lawrence had just time to note that the downcast face was dark and oval and refined, when it was suddenly uplifted at sound of the whirring carriage wheels. A light of recognition, almost of terror, flashed across it, and with one bound the prisoner sprang from between his guards, dove almost under the noses of the startled team, and darted through the wide open doorway of a corner saloon. He was out of sight in a second.

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.

Through Pullman Touris Sleeping Car Service To Texas, Old Mexico And California.

via the Chicago Great estern Ry. to Kansas City and the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, the San Antonio & Arkansas Pass and Southern Pacific Railways through Dallas, San Antonio, El Paso and Los Angeles to San Francisco. The only through car line from the Northwest to Texas points and connecting at Spofford Junction for all points in Old Mexico. A new weekly service established on November 3rd and continuing weekly thereafter. They will be in charge of an experienced official and will leave Minneapolis at 10:45 p. m. and St. Paul at 11:20 p. m. every Friday and reach Dallas the following Sunday, San Antonio on Monday, El Paso on Tuesday, Los Angeles at noon Wednesday and San Francisco early Thursday morning. These cars are the Standard Pullman Sleeping Cars, similiar to those run on all transcontinental lines and the charges for berths are about half those charged in regular Standard Pullman Sleepers. To persons who have made the trip to California via other routes, this Southern route will prove a most delightful change, and to persons contemplating a trip to Texas or Mexican points it furnishes facilities heretofore unoffered. This car may be taken at any point along the Line of the Chicago Great Western Railway between Minneapolis and Kansas City. For full information and assistance call on or address any Chicago Great Western Agent, or F. H. Lord, General Passenger & Ticket Agent, 113 Adams St., Chicago. 44-9

Mexico.

On Tuesday, January 23, a special vestibule train of Pullman Palace cars, compartment, drawing-room, library, observation and dining cars will start from Chicago going to the City of Mexico and to the other prominent cities of the Republic and back to Chicago again without change, making THE TOUR OF ALL MEXICO, complete. The party will be strictly limited and absolutely first-class.

TICKETS INCLUDE ALL EXPENSES EVERYWHERE.

The tour is under the personal escort and direction of Mr. Reau Campbell, General Manager of The American Tourist Association.

For maps, books of tour, tickets, etc., call on Agents of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y. 47w4

Eureka Harness Oil is the best preservative of new leather and the best renovator of old leather. It oils, softens, blackens and protects. Use

Eureka Harness Oil

on your best harness, your old harness, and your carriage top, and they will not only look better but wear longer. Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes from half pints to five gallons.

Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

SALESMEN WANTED

to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed. GOOD PAY for successful men. Apply at once stating age. Mention this paper.

E. L. Watrous, Des Moines, Ia.

37w12

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the

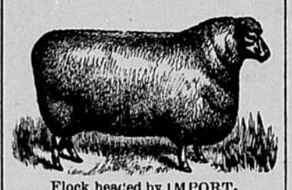
Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

COTSWOLDS.



Flock headed by IMPORTED RAMS. A nice lot of breeding ewes and a dozen ram lambs FOR SALE. Eight hundred head to select from.

W. J. STRAIN & SONS, Masonville, Ia.

Something NEW IN

LEATHER JEWEL CASES,

Pocket books. and Calling Card Cases. Just what

Every Lady Needs

We have a fine line of

Silk umbrellas

with FANCY HANDLES.

Call and see them

BOYNTON & McEWEN

Railroad Time Table.,

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

Illinois Central Time Table No. 22, taking effect at 12:00 o'clock noon, Sunday, Oct. 8, 1899.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

Arrive	West Bound.	Leave
5:55 p. m	.....†No. 31, Clipper.....	6:15 p. m
8:44 a. m	.....†No. 3, Day Express...	8:44 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
8:20 p. m	....†No. 4, Day Express....	8:20 p. m
3:22 a. m	..... *No. 2, Flyer	3:22 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

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH

South Bound —Leave—	Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester	North Bound —Arrive—
No. 303 9:45 a.m	...†Passenger..	No.304 5:50 p. m
No 331 6:20 p.m	..†Passenger..	No 322 8:35 a. m
No. 351 5:55 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
12:30 p m	No. 3 Waverly Passenger...	3:30 p m
12:03 ngt	No. 5 Minneapolis Express..	12:30 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 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.

8:10 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.

2:30 p m	.....Passenger.....	8:05 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."

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

R. W. TIRRILL

Is Loaning Money as cheap as any person or Corporation.

DON'T YOU NEED A NEW HARNESS

We have the right kind at the right kind of prices. Come in and

LOOK THROUGH our line of horse furnishings--a complete line of A1 goods.

H. R. EATON

ALEX SEFSTROM,

BLACKSMITH

Makes a Specialty of

Horse Shoeing

Interfering and Corns Cured or no Pay.

Do All Kinds of Work in Iron—

Machinery and all kinds of Farm Implements and Machinery repaired The best of work guaranteed.

PRICES REASONABLE.

A share of the Public Patronage is solicited.

Alex. Sefstrom,

Successor to Peter Meyer

Compound Vapor and Shampoo Baths.

BATHS

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 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.

Office and bath rooms on Franklin street, opposite Globe Hotel

16tf G. D. GATES.

The Old Reliable Blacksmith,

P. J. Roche

Can be found at his shop on Franklin street during business hours, with a competent force of workmen to do all kinds of

BLACK SMITHING

Horse Shoeing a Specialty.

Corns and Interfering Cured or no pay. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Respectfully,

P. J. Roche.

FARMS FOR SALE

Choice Farm Lands, easy terms, very desirable property at low prices. Large list to select from. When you want to buy or sell call on

H. C. HAEBERLE,

Manchster, Iowa.

DELAWARE COUNTY

Abstract Co.,

Manchester, Iowa.

ABSTRACTS, REAL ESTATE, LOANS AND CONVEYANCING.

Office In First National Bank Building.

Orders by mail will receive careful attention.

We have complete copies of all records of Delaware county.

ENNIS BOGGS, MANAGER.

Felt Boots, Snag Proof Overs

ARCTICS. MITTENS, UNDERWEAR, ETC.

We are better prepared than ever to supply your wants in the above goods Prices away down.

F. M. FOLEY

RYAN, IOWA.

ABSTRACT OFFICE.

J. E. DAVIS, Manchester, Ia., Main St., North of Court House.

MONEY.....TO LOAN TODAY.....5%

I am making first-class farm loans at 5 and 6 per cent., with privileges.

ABSTRACTS furnished at a rate meeting all competition.

J. E. DAVIS, Abstracter.

EATON & HOCKADAY.

Successors to A. W. Stevens & Co. . . . .

THE DAIRY CITY MARKET

(CITY HALL BLOCK.)

We have on hand all kinds of

FRESH MEATS

Oysters in season. Fish, sausage and the best cured meats.

SHOP CLOSED ON SUNDAY.

EATON & HOCKADAY.

TELEPHONE 261.

Good Advice.

When you want anything in the line of

Furniture

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.

F. Werkmeister,

3-91 Earlville, Iowa.

Our Winter Suitings

have arrived, and those desiring GOOD AND STYLISH **SUITS**

Should not fail to call and examine our stock.

Our **Suits AND Overcoats** are admirable in fabric and in fit, in winsomness and in workmanship.

Nearly a quarter of a century in business in Manchester ought to be a guarantee of our competency and qualifications to give satisfaction.

You are invited to inspect our stock and get our prices.

L. & A. WOLFF.

PATENTS DESIGNS TRADE-MARKS AND COPYRIGHTS OBTAINED

ADVICE AS TO PATENTABILITY FREE
Notice in "Inventive Age"
Book "How to obtain Patents"

Charges moderate. No fee till patent is secured.

Letters strictly confidential. Address,

E. G. SIGGERS, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.