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Special Sale on..... Quality considered, the PRICES ARE VERY LOW.

NAVAL ORANGES THIS WEEK

NOBLE ARNOLD

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.

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J. H. Stewart

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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.

CHAPTER III.—Lieut. Gray is invited to join the Prime party, to go over in Mr. Prime's carriage to see the review, but is denied leave by Col. Canker, whom the regiment had nicknamed "Squeers." Vacant seat in carriage is given Col. Armstrong.

CHAPTER IV.—On the way to the review the Prime party witnesses the capture of two soldiers suspected of having been accomplices in the stealing of stores intended for the soldiers—even of dainties contributed by the Red Cross.

CHAPTER V.—Gray receives a note from a prisoner, who is suspected of having been a large recipient of the stolen goods, but who declares his innocence, begs Gray's help and signs himself "George Morton," adding the Greek letters of the same fraternity Gray had belonged to in college. Gray had planned a night in town, expecting to meet the Prime party. In spite of the fact that this might be his last chance for a chat with Amy Lawrence, Gray manages to secure duty as officer of the guard, that he may have an opportunity to have an interview with Morton.

CHAPTER VI.—Preparations are made for sending part of command to Philippines. For some reasons Red Cross officials wish their tables, where they have been lunching departing soldiers, moved across platform directly under the side of the transport, but the officer of the guard has orders to allow no one to intrude on that space. However Mrs. Garrison overhearing wish of Red Cross official accomplishes the end by scrawling a note to the officer. The colonel of the regiment about to leave arrives and is surprised to see his reserved space occupied. Joining Armstrong at this moment he shows him Mrs. Garrison's note. Armstrong turns sharply to where Mrs. Garrison had been, but she had vanished. Armstrong now learns an important package has been taken from Gen. Drayton's tent. The night before an important prisoner, Morton, had escaped, and Billy Gray, officer of the guard, placed under arrest.

CHAPTER VII.—Board of officers, convened by Canker, investigates escape of prisoners from guardhouse. A tunnel from guardhouse to street is discovered. Canker places a sentry over Gray's tent, intending to hold him for prisoners' escape.

CHAPTER VIII.—The story goes back to the summer of '97, when the "Fairy Sisters" (Mrs. Garrison and Nita Terris) were the sensation at West Point. Mrs. Garrison warned Nita against accepting attentions of young Latrobe, a cadet who was shortly to graduate, insisting she must marry money. A card is handed Mrs. Garrison—"Mr. Gouveneur Prime."

It was the boy's first wild infatuation—as mad, unreasoning, absurd, yet intense as was ever that of Arthur Pendennis for the lovely Fotheringay. Margaret Garrison had never seen or known the like of it. She had fascinated others for a time, had kindled love, passion and temporary devotion, but this—this was worship, and it was something so sweet to her jaded senses, something so rich and spontaneous that she gave herself up for a day or two to the delight of studying it. Here was a glorious young athlete whose eyes followed her every move and gesture, who hung about her in utter captivation, whose voice trembled and whose eyes implored, yet whose strong, brown, shapely hand never dared so much as touch hers, except when she extended it in greeting. He was to accompany his father and sister to Europe in a week, so what harm was there? He would forget all about it. He knew now she was married. He was presented to Nita, but had hardly a word and never a look for her when Margaret was near. He was dumb and miserable all the day they drove in the park and later dined at Delmonico's with Col. Frost. He was sick, even when mounted on his favorite English thoroughbred and scampering about the bridle path for peeps at the drives, when she was at the park again with that gray-haired reprobate, that money shark, Cashton—a Wall street broker black-balled at every decent club in New York. Why should she go with him? He had been most kind, she said, in the advice and aid he had given her in the investment of her little fortune. She told the lie with downcast eyes and cheeks that burned, for most of that little fortune was already frittered away, and Cashton's reports seemed to require many personal visits that had set tongues wagging at the hotels, so much frequented of the army, where she had taken a room until Nita should have been graduated and they could go to the seashore. She had promised to be at home to her boy adorer that very evening and to go with him to Daly's, and he had secured the seats four days ahead. Poor "Gov" had trotted swiftly home from the park, striving to comfort himself over his bath and irreproachable evening clothes that there, with her by his side, the wild jealousy of the day would vanish. Sharply on time he had sent up his card and listened, incredulous, to the reply: "Mrs. Garrison has not yet returned." He would wait, he said, and did wait, biting his nails, treading the floor, fuming in doubt and despair until nearly ten, when a carriage dashed up to the ladies' entrance and that vile Cashton handed her out, escorted her in and vanished. She came hurrying to her boy lover with both little hands outstretched, with a face deeply flushed and words of pleading and distress rushing from her lips. "Indeed I could not help it, Gov," she cried. "I told him of my engagement and said we must not go so far, but away at the north end something happened, I don't know what, a wheel was bent, and the harness wrenched by too short a turn on a stone post at a corner. Something had to be repaired. They said it wouldn't take ten minutes, and he led me out and up to the piazza of that big hotel—you know, we saw it the day I drove with you—"

("He was a blackguard to take you there!" burst in Prime, the blood boiling in his veins.) "Then we waited and waited and he went to hurry them, and then he came back and said they had found more serious damages—that it would take an hour, and meantime dinner had been ordered and was served. He had telephoned to you and the butler had answered all right."

"He's a double-dyed liar!" raved "Gov," furiously.

"And so what could I do, 'Gov?' The dinner was delicious, but I couldn't eat a mouthful. (This time it wasn't Cashton who lied.) I was worrying about you, and—and—about myself, too, 'Gov.' It had set my heart on going with you. It was to be almost our last evening. Oh, if you only didn't have to sail Saturday, and could be here next week, you dear boy, you should have no cause for complaint. Won't you try to forgive me?"

And, actually, tears stood in her eyes, as again she held out both hands. They were the only people in the parlor, and in an instant, with quick, sudden, irresistible action, he had clasped and drawn her to his breast, and though she hid her face and struggled, passionate kisses were printed on her disheveled hair. It was the first time he had dared.

And then he did not sail Saturday. Prime, Sr., was held by most important business. They gave up the Saturday Cunarder and took the midweek White Star, and those four additional days riveted poor "Gov's" chains and left her well-nigh breathless with excitement. The strain had been intense. It was all she could do to make the boy try to behave in a rational way in the presence of others. When alone with her he raved. A fearful load was lifted from her spare little shoulders when the Teutonic sailed. Even Nita had worried and had seen her sister's worry. Then no sooner did "Gov" reach Europe than he began writing impassioned letters by every steamer, but that wasn't so bad. She had several masculine correspondents, some of whom wrote as often as Frank, but none of whom, to do her justice, got letters as often as he did, which, however, was saying little, for she hated writing. "Gov" was to have stayed abroad three months, piloting the pater and sister about the scenes so familiar to him, but they saw how nervous and unhappy he was. They knew he was writing constantly to some one. Mildred had long since divined that there was a girl at the bottom of it all, and longed and strove to find out who she was. Through the last of June and all through July he resolutely stood to his promise and did his best to be loving

"Would you like to go to her at once?"

and brotherly to a loving and devoted sister and dutiful to a most indulgent father. But he grew white and worn and haggard, he who had been such a picture of rugged health, and, in her utter innocence and ignorance as to the being on whom her brother had lavished the wealth of his love, Mildred began to ask herself should she not urge her father to let "Gov" return to America. At last one sweet July evening, late in the month, the brother and sister were wandering along the lovely shore of Lucerne. He had been unusually fitful, restless and moody all day. No letter had reached him in over a fortnight, and he was miserably unhappy. They stopped at a grassy bank that ran down to the rippling water's edge, and she seated herself on a stone ledge, while in reckless abandonment he threw himself at full length on the dewy grass. Instantly the last doubt vanished. Bending over him, her soft hand caressing his hair, she whispered: "'Gov,' dear boy, is it so very hard? Would you like to go to her at once?"

And the boy buried his face in her lap, twined his arms about her slender waist, and almost groaned aloud as he answered: "For pity's sake help me if you can, Mildred, I'm almost mad."

Early in August the swiftest steamer of the line was splitting the Atlantic surge and driving hard for home, with "Gov" cursing her for a canal boat. The day after he reached New York he had traced and followed the White Sisters to West Point, and Margaret Garrison stared in mingled delight, triumph and dismay at the card in her hand; delight that she could show these exclusive Pointers that the heir to one of the oldest and best names in Gotham's Four Hundred was a slave to her beck and call, dismayed to think of the scene that might occur through his jealousy when he saw the devoted attentions she received from so many men—officers, civilians and cadets. Old Cashton came up now as regularly as Saturday night came around, and there were others. Margaret Garrison was more talked about than any woman in Orange county, yet who could report anything of her beyond that she was a universal favorite, and danced, walked, possibly flirted with a dozen different cavaliers every day of her life. There were some few people among her accusers, demure and most proper—even prudish—women, of whom, were the truth to be told, so little could not be said.

"Gov" Prime took the only kind of room to be had in the house, so full was it—a little seven by ten box on the office floor. He would have slept in the coalbin rather than leave her. He saw her go off to the hop looking radiant, glancing back over her shoulder and smiling sweetly at him. He rushed to his trunk, dragged out his evening clothes and stood at the wall looking on until the last note of the last dance—he, a noted German leader in the younger set and the best dancer of his years in Gotham. Not so much as a single spin had he, and he longed to show those tight-waisted, button-bestrewed fellows in gray and white how little they really knew about dancing, well as many of them appeared on the floor. His reward was tendered as the hop broke up. She came gliding to him with such witchery in her upraised face. "Now, sir, it is your turn. I couldn't give you a dance, for my card was made out days ago, but Mr. Latrobe was glad enough to get rid of taking me home. He is daft about Nita, and of course she can't let him take her to more than one hop a week. Mr. Stanton is her escort to-night."

Then she placed her little hand on his arm, and drew herself to his side, and when he would have followed the others, going straight across the broad plain to the lights at the hotel, turned him to the left. "I'm going to take you all the way round, sir," she said, joyously. "Then we can be by ourselves at least ten minutes longer."

And so began the second period of Gouverneur Prime's thralldom. A young civilian at the Point has few opportunities at any time, but when the lady of his love is a belle in the corps, he would much better take a long ocean voyage than be where he could hear and see, and live in daily torment. One comfort came to him when he could not be with Mrs. Garrison (who naively explained that "Gov" was such a dear boy and they were such stanch friends, real comrades, you know). He had early made the acquaintance of Pat Latrobe, and there was a bond of sympathy between them which was none the less strong because, on Prime's side, it could neither be admitted nor alluded to—that they were desperately in love with the sisters, and it was not long before it began to dawn on Prime that pretty Nita was playing a double game—that even while assuring her guardian sister that she had only a mild interest in Latrobe, she was really losing or had lost her heart to him, and in every way in her power was striving to conceal the fact from Margaret, and yet meet her lover at hours when she thought it possible to do so without discovery. As the friendship strengthened between himself and Latrobe they began using him as Cupid's postman, and many little notes and some big ones found their way to and from the Fourth division of cadet barracks. Mrs. Frank was only moderately kind to her civilian adorer then, granting him only one dance at each hop, and going much with other men, but that dance was worth seeing. Prime's was the only black "claw-hammer" in the room, and therefore conspicuous, and cadets—who know a good thing when they see it—and many a pretty girl partner would draw aside to watch the perfection of their step and the exquisite ease with which they seemed to float through space, circling and reversing and winding among the other dancers, he ever alert, watchful, quick as a cat and lithe and strong as a panther—she all yielding, lissome, airy grace. That dance was "Gov" Prime's reward, and almost only reward, for hours of impatient waiting. Other women, charming and pretty and better women, would gladly have been his partners. Some two or three whom he met at the hotel even intimated as much. But not until Lady Garrison told him he must—to protect her from scandal—did he ask another to dance. At last came the end of the summer's encampment, the return of the corps to barracks and studies, one blissful week in which he was enabled to spend several uninterrupted hours each day at her side, and then a cataclysm. A letter intended only for Nita's hands fell into those of her sister. It was bulky. It was from Latrobe. She hesitated only a moment, then, with determination in her eyes, opened and read—all. Two days after Nita was whisked away to New York, and within another week, leaving two most disconsolate swains on the Hudson, the sisters, one of them bathed in tears, went spinning away to the west, where Frank Garrison was on duty at department headquarters. Prime was permitted to write once a fortnight (he sent a volume), and Latrobe forbidden, but already the poor boy owned a thick packet of precious missives, all breathing fond love and promising utter constancy though she had to wait for him for years. For a month Nita would hardly speak to her sister, but in October there were lovely drives, picnics and gayeties of all kinds. There were attractive young officers and assiduous old ones, and among these latter was Frost, with his handsome gray mustache and distinguished bearing, and that air of conscious success and possession which some men know so well how to assume even when their chances are slimmer than my lady's hand. The sisterly breach was healed before that beautiful month was over. Frost dined at the Garrisons' four times a week and drove Miss Nita behind his handsome bays every day or two. In November he asked a question. In December there was an announcement that called forth a score of congratulations around headquarters, and in January the wedding cards went all over the union—some to West Point, but to Latrobe, who had been looking ill and anxious for six weeks, said his classmates, and falling off fearfully in his studies, said his professors, only a brief note inclosing his letters and begging for hers. At reveille next morning there was no captain to receive the report of roll call from the first sergeant of company B. "Where's Latrobe?" sleepily asked the officer of the day of the cadet first lieutenant. "I dn' know," was the answer, and to the amaze of Latrobe's roommate, who had gone to bed and to sleep right after taps the night before, they found evidence that "Pat" had left the post. He had not even made down his bedding. His cadet uniforms were all there, but a suit of civilian clothes, usually in a snug package up the chimney, that had been used several times "running it" to the hotel after taps in August, was now, like its owner, missing. After three days' waiting and fruitless search, the superintendent wired Latrobe's uncle and best friend, old Gen. Drayton, and that was the last seen or heard of "Pat." In the spring and ahead of time his class was graduated without him, for the war with Spain was on. In the spring an irate and long-tried father was upbraiding another only son for persistent failures at college. "'Gov' Prime will get the sack, not the sheepskin," prophesied his fellows. And then somehow, somewhere the father heard it was a married woman with whom his boy was so deeply in love, and there were bitter, bitter words on both sides—so bitter that when at last he flung himself out of his father's study "Gov" Prime went straight to Mildred's room, silently kissed her and walked out of the house. This was in April. The next heard of him he had enlisted for the war and was gone to San Francisco with his regiment with the prospect of service in the Philippines ahead of him, but that was full four months after his disappearance. Thither, late in July, the father followed, bringing Mildred with him and—the reader knows the rest.

CHAPTER X.

One of Col. Frost's consuming ambitions was to be the head of his department, with the rank of brigadier general, but he had strong rivals and knew it. Wealth he had in abundance. It was rank and power that he craved. Four men—all with better war records and more experience—stood between him and that coveted star, and two of the four were popular and beloved men. Frost was cold, selfish, intensely self-willed, indomitably persevering, and though "close-fisted," to the scale of a Scotch landlord as a rule, he would loose his purse strings and pay well for services he considered essential. When Frost had a consuming desire he let no money consideration stand in the way, and for Nita Terriss he stood ready to spend a small fortune. Everybody knew Mrs. Frank Garrison could never dress and adorn herself as she did on poor Frank Garrison's pay, and when she appeared with a dazzling necklace and a superb new gown at the garrison ball not long after Frost and his charming bride left for their honeymoon, people looked at her and then at each other. Nita Terriss was sold to "Jack" Frost, was the verdict, and her shrewd elder sister was the dealer. Mrs. Frank knew what people were thinking and saying just as well as though they had said it to her, yet smiled sweetness and bliss on every side. Frankly she looked up into the faces of her sisters in arms: "I know you like my necklace. Isn't it lovely? Col. Frost's wedding present, you know. He said I shouldn't give Nita away without some recompense, and this is it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Ralroad 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

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

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.

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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

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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.

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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 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.

12:50 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.....	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

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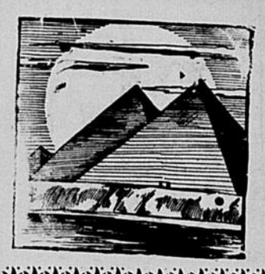

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