ARNOLD'S

"Sun Rise" and "Snow Flake" **flour**

EVERY SACK GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

T. N. ARNOLD

Pleased

Customers Are Our Best Advertisement

We make it a point to satisfy. If we have not just what you want we'll get it for you. Our stock of drugs and sundries is extensive—large enough for almost everyone, but you may want something special. You are the one we want to satisfy particularly. We know we can do it.

GREGG & WARD North End Druggists

A STARTLING ASSERTION

but one that is true, no matter what may be said to the contrary. We can prove to you that we carry the largest assortment of pine and hardwood lumber in Manchester. Flooring, ceiling, boards, joists, etc., at a very low figure. We deliver when we say we will, and just WHAT we say we will. You can rely on us.

MANCHESTER LUMBER CO.

PHONE 156.

Now is the time-This is the place To Buy Canned Goods.

Owing to the short crop in fruits you did not get enough put up to supply your wants for the year. We anticipated this would be the case and very early in the season purchased a large assortment of canned goods of the best pack known. We have them in now and we offer here two assorted cases of fruits and vegetables which you can use at prices as low as the lowest, quality considered. Here they are:

1 can Monarch Sliced Peaches.
1 can Monarch Apricots.
1 can Monarch Pears.
1 can Monarch Sliced Pineapple.
1 can Monarch Red Pitted Cherries.
1 can Monarch shredded Pineapple.
1 can Monarch Grated Pinapple.
2 can Monarch Tomatoes.
2 can Monarch Corn.
2 can Monarch Sweet Peas.
1 can Monarch Asparagus Tips.
1 can Monarch Spinach.
2 can Monarch Pumpkins
1 can Monarch Grated Corn.
2 can Monarch Marrowfat Peas.
2 can Monarch Salmon.
1 can Monarch Shrimp.
1 can Monarch Lobsters.

THIS ASSORTMENT $5.00

2 cans Reindeer Lemon Clay Peaches.
2 cans Reindeer Yellow Peach.
2 cans Reindeer Apricots.
2 cans Reindeer Pears.
2 cans Reindeer Gold Drop Plums.
2 cans Reindeer Green Gages.
2 cans B. and B. Tomates.
2 cans B and B. Corn.
2 cans Champion Peas.
2 cans B. and B. Lima Beans.
2 cans B. and B. String Beans.
2 cans B. and B. Succotash.

THIS ASSORTMENT $3.75

If you can use one or both of these cases come in and see us, telephone or write us an order; in either case we will see that you get the goods.

Peterson Bros

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 home? You can get better work for less money at a first class laundry than you can in any other way. Clothes called for and delivered promptly.

MANCHESTER STEAM LAUNDRY

We ask only one trial. 'PHONE 238

Van Camp's Pork and Beans.

Makes a tempting dish when served steaming hot. They come in cans of three sizes and make a delicious meal for a hurry up meal on wash day, or when some company comes in on you unexpectedly. also,

Van Camp's Soups

Vegetable, Tomato, Mock Turtle, Chicken, Oxtail.

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 nickmed "Squawsa." 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 "Fair 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."

CHAPTER IX.—"Gov." Prime had fallen into a mad infatuation for Mrs. Garrison, though she was married and several years his senior. He had been abroad for a time, but now unexpectedly returned. A letter about this time from Latrobe intended for Nita fell into Mrs. Garrison's hands, and, to break up what was already an engagement, took her sister west. A few months later Nita married Col. Frost. On this announcement Latrobe suddenly disappeared. Now, too, Mr. Prime, learning of his son's attentions to a married woman, became angry, whereupon "Gov." left home. Months later Mr. Prime got word of his son's enlistment and traced him to San Francisco, but without finding him.

CHAPTER X.—During the Frosts honeymoon, Mrs. Frost received in Washington a note from Latrobe, who swore he would follow her until granted an interview. Then the war broke out. Frost was assigned to duty in the Philippines, and he took his wife as far as Hong-Kong. While in San Francisco he learned of his wife's previous attachment to Latrobe.

CHAPTER XI.—Col. Armstrong gets from Adjt. Gordon the story of Morton, and concludes that the young recruit (and now a deserter) is "Gov." Prime, and that Latrobe, nephew of Gen. Drayton, is probably with him. Canker has been ordered to have sentry taken from Gray's tent and to have one placed over Sergt. Foley, a favorite of Canker, but Foley is already missing.

CHAPTER XII.—Amy Lawrence asks Armstrong as a personal favor to herself to be Gray's counsel. Before Gen. Drayton and Col. Canker he clearly disproves all charges.

CHAPTER XIII.—Canker's regiment has sailed, and with it Billy Gray. At Honolulu Canker accuses Gray of having stolen the packet of letters from Gen. Drayton's tent in San Francisco. Then Gray was taken with brain fever and had to be left at Honolulu. Col. Armstrong is advised of all this, and goes in search of Mrs. Garrison, but that lady is already aboard a departing transport.

CHAPTER XIV.—In mid-October the "Queen of the Fleet" was sailing out from Honolulu. Mrs. Garrison had secured the exceptional privilege of sailing with her, had nursed Lieut. Gray back to health, and he in turn had fallen a victim to her charms and designs. Late one night Col. Armstrong had found them together. She was saying: "Do as I say; do as I beg you when we reach Manila, and see how I can reward."

One night, just one week later, Armstrong's eyes were opened. More than once in the meanwhile he had invited the young officer's confidence, and Billy, who three months earlier had been all gratitude and frankness, protested there was nothing on his mind. He had been very ill, that was all. As to

He knew Gray's voice at once.

Canker's charges they were simply rot. He hadn't the faintest inkling what had become of the purloined letters any more than he had of the whereabouts of his Delta Sig friend, young Morton, now officially proclaimed a deserter. But Armstrong heard more tales of Witchie's devotions to him in his illness, and the slow convalescence that ensued, noted how the boy's eyes followed her about the deck, and how many a time he would seek her side, even when other men were reading, walking or chatting with her. Armstrong looked with wonderment that was close allied to incredulity and pain. Was it possible that this blithe lad, who had won such a warm interest in the heart of such a girl as Amy Lawrence, could be forgetful of her, faithless to her, and fascinated now by this selfish and shallow butterfly? It was incredible!

But was it? The days had grown hotter, the nights closer, and the air between decks was stifling when the sea rolled high and closed the ports. Officers had taken to snoozing up on deck in steamer chairs. By an unwritten law the port side of the promenade deck was given up to them after 11 at night; but the women folk had the run of the starboard side at any hour when the crew were not washing down decks. Armstrong had been far forward about two o'clock one breathless night to see for himself the condition of things in the hospital under the forecastle. The main deck was crowded with sleeping forms of soldiers who found it impossible to stand the heat below; so on his return, instead of continuing along the gangway, he decided to climb the iron ladder from the main to the promenade deck. It would land him at the forward end of the starboard side. There he could smoke a cigar in peace and quiet. It was high time everybody was asleep.

But as his head and eyes reached the level of the deck he became suddenly aware of a couple huddled close together in the shelter of a canvas screen, and under the steps leading aloft to the bridge. He knew Gray's voice at once, and Gray was pleading. He knew her tones of old, and she was imperative, and listening with obvious impatience, for, almost at the instant of his arrival she spoke, low, yet distinctly: "Do as I say; do as I beg you when we reach Manila, and then come—and see how I can reward."

CHAPTER XV.

Manila at last! Queen city of the archipelago, and Manila again besieged! The loveliest of the winter months was come. The Luneta and the Paseo de Santa Lucia, close to the sparkling waters, were gay every evening with the music of the regimental bands and thronged with the carriages of old-time residents and their new and not too welcome visitors. Spanish dames and damsels, invisible at other hours, drove or strolled along the roadway to enjoy the cool breezes that swept in from the beautiful bay and take wistful peeps at the dainty toilets of the American belles now arriving by every boat from Hong-Kong. All the Castilian disdain they might look and possibly feel toward the soldiery of Uncle Sam gave place to liveliest interest and curiosity when the wives and daughters of his soldiers appeared upon the scene; and there was one carriage about which, whenever it stopped, a little swarm of officers gathered and toward which at any time all eyes were directed—that of the White Sisters. Within the old walled city and in the crowded districts of Bimondo, Quiapo and San Miguel north of the Pasig, and again in Paco and Ermita to the south, strong regiments were stationed in readiness to suppress the first sign of the outbreak so confidently predicted by the bureau of military intelligence. In a great semicircle of over 20 miles, girdling the city north, east and south, the outposts and sentries of the two divisions kept watchful eyes upon the insurgent forces surrounding them. Aguinaldo and his cabinet at Malolos to the north had all but declared war upon the obstinate possessors of the city and had utterly forbidden their leaving the lines of Manila and seeking to penetrate those broader fields and roads and villages without. Still hugging to its breast the delusion that a semi-Malaysian race could be appeased by show of philanthropy, the government at Washington decreed that, despite their throwing up earthworks against and training guns on the American positions, the enemy should be treated as though they never could or would be hostile, and the privileges denied by them to American troops were by the American troops accorded to them. Coming and going at will through our lines, they studied our force, our arms, equipment, numbers, supplies, methods; and long before the Christmas bells had clanged their greeting to that universal feast day, and the boom of cannon ushered in the new year, all doubt of the hostile sentiments of the insurgent leaders had vanished. Already there had been ominous clashes at the front; and with every day the demeanor of the Philippine officers and men became more and more insolent and defiant. Ceaseless vigilance and self-control were enjoined upon the soldiers of the United States, nearly all stalwart volunteers from the far west, and while officers of the staff and of the half-dozen regiments quartered within the city were privileged each day to stroll or drive upon the Luneta, there were others that never knew an hour away from the line of the outposts and their supports. Such was the case with Stewart's regiment far out toward the waterworks at the east. Such was the case with the Primeval Dudes on the other side of the Pasig, lining the banks of the crooked estuary that formed the Rubicon we were forbidden to cross. Such was the case with Canker and the—teenth in the dense bamboo thicket to the south, and so it happened that at first Armstrong and Billy Gray saw nothing of each other, and but little of the White Sisters, probably a fortunate thing for all.

Ever since that memorable night on the Queen of the Fleet, Gray had studiously avoided his whilom friend and counselor, while the latter's equally studious avoidance of Mrs. Garrison had become observed throughout the ship. The dominion and power of that little lady had been of brief duration, as was to be expected in the case of a woman who had secured for her undivided use the best, the airiest and by far the largest room on the steamer—a cabine de luxe indeed, that for a week's voyage on an Atlantic liner would have cost a small fortune, while here for a sea sojourn of more than double the time under tropic skies, and while other and worthier women were sweltering three in a stuffy box below, it had cost but a smile. The captain had repented him of his magnanimity before the lights of Honolulu faded out astern. The general began to realize that he had been made a cat's-paw of and, his amour propre being wounded, he had essayed for a day or two majestic dignity of mien that became comical when complicated with the qualms of seasickness. There was even noticeable aversion on part of some of the officers of the Dudes who, having made the journey from "the bay" to Honolulu with the women passengers, army wives and Red Cross nurses, naturally became the recipients of the views entertained by these ladies. Quick to see if slow to seem to see, Mrs. Frank has lost no time in begging one of the young soldier wives to share her big stateroom and broad and comfortable bed, and the lady preferred the heat and discomfort between decks to separation from her friend. Then Mrs. Garrison tendered both the run of her cabin during the day and evening; suggested, indeed, that on hot nights they come and sleep there, one on the bed and one on the couch; and they thanked her, but—never came. She coddled the general with cool champagne cup when he was in the throes of mal de mer, and held him prisoner with her vivacious chatter when he was well enough to care to talk. But, after all, her most serious trouble seemed to consist in keeping Billy Gray at respectful distance. He sought her side day after day, to Armstrong's mild amaze, as has been said; and when he could not be with her was moody, even fierce and ugly tempered—he whose disposition had been the sunniest in all that gray, shivery, dripping sojourn at the San Francisco camp.

But once fairly settled in Manila, the White Sisters seemed to regain all the old ascendency. Col. Frost had taken a big, cool, roomy house, surrounded by spacious grounds, down in Malate and close to the plashing waters of the bay. Duties kept him early and late at his office in the walled city; but every evening, after the drive and dinner, callers came thronging in, and all Witchie's witcheries were called into play to charm them into blindness and to cover Nita's fitful and nervous moods, now almost painfully apparent. Frost's face was at times a thunder-cloud, and army circles within the outer circle of Manila saw plainly that all was not harmony betwixt that veteran Benedict and that fragile, fluttering, baby wife. The bloom of Nita's beauty was gone. She looked wan, white, even haggard. She had refused to leave Hong-Kong or come to Manila until Margaret's arrival, then flew to the shelter of that sisterly wing. Frank Garrison had been occupying a room under the same roof with his general, but both general and aide-de-camp were now much afield, and Frank spent far more days and nights along the line of blockhouses than he did at home. The coming of his wife was unannounced and utterly unlooked for. "Did I consult my husband!" she exclaimed in surprise, when asked the question one day by the wife of a veteran field officer. "Merciful heaven, Mrs. Lenox, there was no time for that except by cable, and at four dollars a word. No! If any doubt of what Frank Garrison will say or do exists in my mind I go and do the thing at once, then the doubt is settled. If he approve, well and good; if he doesn't—well, then I've had my fun anyway."

But it made little difference what Frank Garrison might think, say or do when Nita's need came in question. It was for Nita that Margaret Garrison so suddenly quitted the Presidio and hastened to Hawaii. It was for her sake, to be her counsel and protection, the elder sister had braved refusal, difficulties, criticism, even Armstrong's open suspicion and dislike, to take that long voyage to a hostile clime. That she braved, too, her husband's displeasure was not a matter of sufficient weight to merit consideration. She was there to help Nita; and until that hapless child were freed from a peril that, ever threatening, seemed sapping her very life, Margaret Garrison meant to stay.

For the letter that came by way of Honolulu had told the elder sister of increasing jealousy and suspicion on the colonel's part, of his dreadful rage at Yokohama on learning that even there—the very hour of their arrival—when the consul came aboard with a batch of letters in his hand, he had one for Mrs. Frost. She had barely glanced at its contents before she was stricken with a fit of trembling, tore it in half, and tossed the fragments on the swift ebbing tide, then rushed to her stateroom. There she added a postscript to the long letter penned to Margaret on the voyage; and the purser, not her husband, saw it safely started on the Gaelic, leaving for San Francisco via Honolulu that very day. That letter beat the ordinary mail, for the Queen was heading seaward, even as the Gaelic came steaming in the coral-guarded harbor, and a little packet was tossed aboard the new troop ship as she sped away, one missive in it telling Witchie Garrison that the man whose life had been wrecked by her sister's enforced desertion was already in Manila awaiting her coming, and telling her, moreover, that the packet placed in Gen. Drayton's hands contained only her earlier letters. In his reckless wrath Latrobe had told her that those which bound her to him by the most solemn pledges, those that vowed undying love and devotion, were still in his hands, and that she should see him and them when at last she reached Manila.

Three mortal weeks had the sisters been there together, and never once in that time did Nita venture forth except when under the escort of her black-browed husband or the protection of her smiling, witching, yet vigilant Margaret. Never once had their house been approached by anyone who bore resemblance to the dreaded lover. All along the Calle Real, where were the quarters of many officers, little guards of regulars were stationed; for black rumors of Filipino uprising came with every few days, and some men's hearts were failing them for fear when they thought of the paucity of their numbers as compared with the thousands of fanatical natives to whom the taking of human life was of less account than the loss of a game chicken, and in whose sight assassination was a virtue when it rid one of a foe. Already many officers who had weakly yielded to the importunity of a devoted wife was cursing the folly that led him to let her join him. The outbreak was imminent. Anyone could see the war was sure to come—even those who strove to banish alarm and reassure an anxious nation. And when the call to arms should sound, duty, honor and law would demand each soldier's instant answer on the battle line; then who was to care for the women? The very servants in each household, it was known, were in most cases regularly enrolled in the insurgent army. The crowded districts in the city, the nipa huts surrounding the wealthy homes in the suburbs swarmed with Filipino soldiery in the garb of peace. Arms and ammunition, both, were stored in the great stone churches. Knives, bolos and pistols were hidden in every house. Through the clergy, in some instances, and foreign residents in others, the statement was set afloat that every American officer's residence was mapped and marked, that the Tagals were told off by name—so many for each house in proportion to the number of American inmates—and day after day, awaiting the signal for their bloody work, were native devotees greeted with servile bows and studied the habits of the officers they were designated to fall upon in their sleep and slay without mercy. Even women and children were not to be spared; and many a woman, hearing this grewsome story, trembled in her terror. For a time, in dread of this new peril, Nita Frost almost forgot the other; but not so Margaret. She scoffed and scouted the rumor of Filipino outbreak. She laughed at Frost, who all too evidently believed in it and was in hourly trepidation. He begged that the guard at his quarters might be doubled, and was totally unnerved when told it might even have to be reduced. Not so Mrs. Frank. She made friends with the stalwart sergeant commanding; always had hot coffee and sandwiches ready for the midnight relief; made it a point to learn the name of each successive non-commissioned officer in charge, and had a winsome smile and word for the sentries as she passed. It wasn't Filipino aggression that she feared. The men wondered why she should so urgently bid them see that no strangers—Americans—were allowed within the massive gates. There were tramps, even in Manila, she said. When the sisters drove, their natty little Filipino team flashed through the lanes and streets at top speed, the springy victoria bounding at their heels to the imminent peril of the cockaded hats of the dusky coach and footman, if not even to the seats of those trim, white-coated, big-buttoned, top-booted, impassive little Spanish-bred servitors. The carriage stopped only at certain designated points, and only then when a group of officers stood ready to greet them. Not once had they been menaced by anyone nor approached by any man even faintly resembling poor Latrobe; and Witchie Garrison was beginning to take heart and look upon that threatening letter as a mad piece of "bluff," when one day the unexpected happened.

The men of the house, Frost and Garrison, were accustomed, when the latter was at home, to breakfast together quite early. Then the colonel would drive off to the Ayuntamiento in the walled city, and Frank would mount his pony and ride away to his long day's duties. Later the sisters would have their leisurely breakfast, secure in the protection of the guard, would give their Chinaman chef his orders for the day, and send him off to make such purchases as were possible in the now scanty market. Then reading, writing, receiving callers of their own sex would fill up the morning. There would be a brief siesta after luncheon, an hour or so on the broad veranda overlooking the sparkling bay, then dress and the inevitable drive. Of Armstrong they had seen nothing, heard next to nothing. He was busy with his men over toward East Paco. Of Billy Gray of late they had seen rather too much. On one pretext after another he was now forever coming to the house, and Witchie was beginning to wish that Canker had had his way; but Canker had failed dismally. The witnesses he counted on proved dumb or departed, and it had pleased the general-in-chief to send him with a regiment of infantry and a brace of guns to garrison an important point on an adjacent island, and to tell him that in view of the impossibility of his substantiating his charges against Gray the youngster had some shadow of excuse for his violent outbreak. Rather than bring up a scandal it was best to drop the matter entirely. Gray had been sent to duty with the—teenth before he was thoroughly well, and a good-hearted battalion commander, taking pity on his obvious change for the worse, had found occasion after the first ten days at the front to send him back to quarters in Malate, instead of incessantly on duty along the threatened line toward Singalon church; and while he seldom came in the evening when numbers of visitors were present, the boy had a way of dropping in between three and four, when he could generally count on a few moments, at least, alone with Mrs. Frank. She had nursed him well in his slow convalescence, had made deep impression on his boyish heart, lacerated as he conceived it by a disappointment at home. She had won him to her service, as she thought, until she felt sure he was ready to do almost anything for her sake, then she had put him to the test, and he had failed her. Believing, as she did, that the boy well knew the whereabouts of the alleged deserter, Morton, and his friend, Nita's reckless lover, she had counted on him to wring from them the letters poor Latrobe declared he still possessed; but the three weeks had passed without a sign, and it was becoming evident to her that Gray had lost track of them entirely.

One brilliant afternoon, as she lay on the broad, cane-bottomed bedstead with its overhanging canopy of filmy netting, she drowsily heard the corporal posting the new sentinel in the marbled corridor below, and then marching the relief to the rear gate opening to the beach. Nita was already up and moving about in her room. Margaret heard the rustle of her skirts and the light patter of her tiny feet as she sped over the hardwood floor of the main salon. She heard her throwing back the sliding shutters that kept out the glare of the sun in the morning hours, and knew that she was gazing out over the tree-dotted lawn toward the gate where the guard lounged through the warm afternoon. All of a sudden, quick and stirring, a bugle sounded over on the Calle Nueva, where the North Dakotas had a strong detachment. The call was repeated, and, army woman though she was, she did not recognize it. She could not remember ever having heard it before. Then up the street, from the engineer barrack, there came thrilling echo, and there was a sound of movement and excitement along the dusty thoroughfare. She heard Nita calling her name, and then the child's quick, nervous step along the hallway toward the stairs. Then came a sudden stop, a gasping, wailing cry, and, springing from her bed and to the door, Margaret found her sister cowering before a tall slender man in the rough dress and field equipment of a private soldier. With a little packet—letters, apparently—held forth in one hand, while the other grasped her wrist, Rollin Latrobe stood sternly gazing at the girl shrinking at his feet.

The tableau was over in another second. Springing up the broad marble stairs came Billy Gray, the corporal of the guard at his heels, and Latrobe saw his danger in a flash. Throwing little Gray aside as he would a terrier, the young athlete whirled on the stalwart regular. There was the sound of a crashing blow, followed by a heavy fall. The corporal went rolling down the steps with Latrobe bounding over the tumbling form, and the next instant he had vaulted over the ledge of the open window on the lower floor, and vanished through the gateway to the beach.

TO BE CONTINUED.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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.

Railroad Time Table.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

Illinois Central Time Table No. 23, taking effect at 12:00 o'clock noon, Sunday, Jan. 28, 1900.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No 1* 11:35 p m	Fast Train	No 2* 4:05 a m
No 3* 6:23 a m	Thro Express	No 4* 9:53 p m
No 23† 9:02 a m	Local Express	No 24† 8:30 p m
No 21† 5:42 p m	Clipper	No 22† 10:27 a m
No 91† 1:45 p m	W'y Freight	No 92† 10:27 a m
No 71† 4:05 p m	Thro Freight	No 52* 2:10 p m

Nos 21 and 22 run between Dubuque and Fort Dodge.
Nos 23 and 24 run between Dubuque and Lyle.

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

South Bound —Leave—	Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester	North Bound —Arrive—
No.323 10:30 a.m	†Passenger	No.322 8:55 a. m
No 321 5:50 p.m	†Passenger	No.324 5:35 p. m
No. 351 5:00 p.m	†Freight	No.352 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.....1:58 p m
St Paul & Kansas City Exp, daily.....5:41 a m

For information and tickets apply to
J. L. O'HARROW Agent Thorpe.

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. 4—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	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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