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WE have so many single pants and we are bound to sell them out. In order to do so we have greatly reduced the price on them. We will sell you A HEAVY, ALL WOOL PANTS for

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The Maid was in the Garden. . . . .

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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."

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."

CHAPTER XV.—At Hong-Kong Nita joined her sister and proceeded to Manila. Nita's nervous moods had become more apparent, and Col. Frost's jealousy correspondingly increased. One day Latrobe broke through the corporal's guard, threw off Lieut. Gray, who was still seen much with Mrs. Garrison. He had tightly grasped Nita's arm, and held in one hand her unreturned letters. Then was heard a bugle call "To arms," and he disappeared.

CHAPTER XVI.—War with the Filipinos had begun. Gray was acting adjutant to the regimental commander. The left wing of the column assaulted the enemy's position. The fight was in the open after capturing block house 14. Down went several men, Billy Gray among them. As Billy was led away he recognized Latrobe, who held toward him a package of letters. Billy promised to hand them to Gen. Drayton.

Oddly enough, the boy had hardly bothered his head with any thought of what Frank Garrison might think of his attentions or devotions, whatever they could be called, to this very captivating and capricious helpmate. When a husband is so overwhelmed with other cares or considerations that he never sees his wife from morn till night, society seems to correspondingly lose sight of him. Down in the depths of

"Give to—Gen. Drayton—promise—"

his heart the boy was ashamed of himself. He never heard Armstrong mentioned that he did not wince. He knew and she knew that, coming suddenly upon them as Armstrong had that tropic night on the Queen, he must have heard her words, must have realized that some compact or understanding existed between them, which neither Gray nor Mrs. Frank could palliate or explain. It had not needed that episode to tell her that Armstrong held her in contempt; and yet, when they chanced to meet, she could smile up into his eyes as beamingly, as guilelessly, as though no shadow of sin had ever darkened her winsome face. But not so Gray. He moaned in secret over the loss of a strong man's confidence and esteem. He longed to find a way to win it back. He had even thought to go to the colonel with his trouble, make a clean breast of it, tell him the truth—that he had fallen deeply, as it was possible for him to fall, in love with Amy Lawrence; had hoped his love was returned; had found it was not—that she had only a frank, friendly, kindly interest in him; and that, wounded and stung, he had fretted himself into a fever at Honolulu, aided by Canker's aspersions, and then—well—any man is liable, said Billy to himself, to get smitten with a woman who tenderly and skillfully nurses him day after day; and that's just what Witchie Garrison did. But somehow the opportunity to tell him never seemed to come; and now, now that Armstrong and himself were thus thrown together with the prospect of being in the same room day and night for the best of the month, a third officer, a stranger, lay there, too, and in his presence or hearing any confidences would be impossible, even if Armstrong encouraged them, which he probably would not. In this embarrassment Billy's wish was that the colonel were fifty miles away. It was fate and a hard one, thought he, that brought him there—an ever-present reproach. It was luck of the worst kind that they should be confronted under such circumstances, since neither could retreat. He submitted in anxious silence to the keen, quick examination of the skillful surgeon in charge and to the redressing of his wound. He could have been proud and happy but for that shadow on his life, of which Armstrong's presence would so constantly remind him. He could not even think how his dear old dragoon daddy would rejoice in the congratulations that would surely greet him when the story of the brave dash of the —tenth, Billy among the foremost, should reach the states. He could not even dream how it might affect her—Amy Lawrence. He was beginning to be ashamed now in this presence to think how that other—how Margaret Garrison might be impressed, forgetting that, to the army girl who has lived long years on the frontier, tales of heroism are the rule, not the exception. He wondered how long it could be before she would come to him to bring him comfort. Surely by this time she knew that he had been seriously, painfully wounded. He did not know, however, that at the very first sound of battle Frost had bundled the sisters aboard his launch and steamed away to the transports. Yet, what comfort could her visit bring to him with that stern censor lying there, seeing and hearing all? Billy Gray that Monday night could almost have wished that Armstrong's slumber might be eternal, never dreaming that before a second Monday should come he would thank heaven with grateful heart for Armstrong's presence, vigilance and intervention.

In three days the colonel was able to sit up. Within the week he was permitted to take air and exercise in the spacious court of the old college, his sword arm in its sling. But Gray and the young officer of volunteers were too seriously wounded to leave their pillows. The —tenth had occupied a new line far south of the old one; but, at one time, several of Billy's brother officers had dropped in to see him and tell him regimental news; and one of them, the young West Pointer who had broken down at sight of the dying face that stirring Sunday morning, told him of Latrobe's soldier funeral and of Gen. Drayton's presence and speechless grief; and Billy's hand groped beneath the pillow for that little blood-stained packet still undelivered. He had promptly caused the information to be conveyed to the veteran commander that it was his own lost nephew who had died his soldier death in front of the firing line; but the packet still remained in his hands; and even before the tiny thermometer confirmed his views the keen eye of the surgeon saw that something had heightened Billy's fever that day; and so, when just at sunset there came driving into the court the most stylish equipage in all Manila and Mrs. Garrison fluttered up the broad stairway and confidently asked to be announced to Mr. Gray, the steward in charge of the door was very, very sorry, but—the doctor had given instructions that no more visitors should see the young gentleman that day. Mrs. Frank smiled indulgently, and asked for the doctor himself, and beamed on him with all her witchery and begged for just a few words; but the suave, placid, yet impenetrable doctor said he, too, was sorry—sorry that Mr. Gray was not able to see anyone else, but such was the case. Mrs. Garrison said she thought if Mr. Gray knew that it was—but perhaps Dr. Frank didn't know it was she who had nursed Mr. Gray so assiduously at Honolulu. Dr. Frank did know that and more; but he did not say so; neither did he yield. There were tears in her eyes as she sprang into her carriage again; but they were tears of anger and defeat. She dashed them away the very next instant and smiled joy and congratulation, even adulation, at sight of the tall stalwart officer, his arm in a sling, who stood the center of a staring group as her carriage flashed by. She would have ordered stop; but while the rest of the party had gazed as they lifted their caps, Armstrong's uninjured hand performed its duty, his cap had been lifted with the others, but not so much as a glance went her way; and Margaret Garrison, bitter in spirit, drove on down past the old cuartel to her luxurious quarters where Nita, a piteous shadow of the "sweet girl graduate" of the year before, was awaiting her coming. With the insurgents' retreat and the advance of the American lines there had been a gradual return of the refugees among the transports; and Frost had finally brought his birdling back to shore; but Nita dare not drive, she said, for fear of again seeing those stern, reproachful eyes. The guard at the gate had received orders to admit no more of the rank and file, even when they came as messengers; and so the child was safe, said Margaret. As for herself, she must drive, she must see Will Gray.

But the instant she reentered the house Mrs. Garrison knew that during her brief absence some new trouble had come. Good heavens, could she never leave Nita's side that harm did not befall her! At the head of the broad flight of stairs stood her brother-in-law, a black frown on his brow.

"Go in and do what you can for her," he briefly said. "I thought—she'd be glad to know that—that—fellow would trouble her no more."

"That fellow?" she gasped. "You mean—"

"I mean—Yes—Latrobe—killed and buried a whole week ago."

"And you told her!" she cried clinching her little hands in impotent wrath. "You—brute!"

Another week rolled by. The tide of battle had swept inland and northward; and all eyes were on the plucky advance of MacArthur's strong division, while far out to the south and east the thinned and depleted lines of Anderson held an insurgent force that forever menaced but dare not attack. The Primeval Dudes, sorely missing their calmly energetic colonel, had drifted into a war of words with their nearest neighbors on the firing line, a far western regiment gifted with great command of language and small regard for style. The latter had crowed mightily over their more rigorously disciplined comrades because of the compliments bestowed on them in an official report, wherein the Dudes received only honorable mention. It was Capt. Stricker of the volunteers who had led the dash on the rebel works across the Tripa to the left of Blockhouse 12. It was their Sergt. Finney who whacked a Filipino major with the butt of his Springfield, and tumbled out of him the batch of reports and records that gave the numbers and positions of every unit of Pilar's division on the southward zone. It was their Corporal Norton who got the Mauser through the shoulder just as, foremost in the rush, he bayoneted the last Tagal at the Krupp guns in the river redoubt. It was his devoted bunky, Private Latrobe, who volunteered to carry the division commander's dispatch across the open rice field and the yawning ditches that separated the staff from the rest of the charging —tenth, and who died gloriously in the rush on the rebel works. Man after man of the woolly westerners had been referred to by name, while the Dudes had nothing to show but their wounded colonel's modest report that "where every officer and man appeared to do his whole duty it would be unjust to make especial mention of even a limited few." The Dudes were getting hot over the taunts of the "Toughs," as some one had misnamed their neighbors; and one night when there was more or less interchange of pointed chaff in lieu of a fight with a common foe there was heard a shrill voice from the flank of the rifle pit nearest the westerners, and what it said was repeated in wonderment over the brigade before the Dudes were another day older.

"Well, dash your thievin' gang! We made our record for ourselves, anyhow. We didn't have to rely on any dashed deserters from the regulars—as you did."

And that was why Sergt. Sterne, of the Dudes, was sent for by the field officers of both regiments the following morning and bidden to explain, which he did in a few words. He was ready to answer that the wounded Corporal Norton was the very same young man he saw in the adjutant's office of the —tenth regulars at Camp Merritt, and was then called Morton. And that evening the veteran sergeant major of the —tenth was bidden to report at the reserve hospital in Ermita, close to the Malate line, was conducted to the bedside of a pallid young soldier whose ticket bore the name of Norton, and was asked to tell whether he had ever seen him before.

"I have, sir," said the veteran, sadly and gravely. "He is a deserter from the —tenth. His name on our rolls was Morton." And that night Col. Armstrong cabled to "Primate," New York, the single word "Found." Nor was it likely the lad would soon be lost again, for a sentry with fixed bayonet stood within ten feet of his bed with orders not to let him out of his sight a second.

Mrs. Garrison appeared at the hospital that very evening and heard of the episode, and reached Billy Gray's bedside looking harassed, even baggard. During the past three days she had been accorded admission, for Gray was so much improved there was no reason to longer forbid; but on each occasion the wounded volunteer officer and the brace of attendants present had precluded all possibility of confidential talk. She must bide her time. Gray would be up in a few days, said the doctor; and then nothing would do, said Mrs. Garrison, but he must be moved to their big, roomy, lovely house on the bay side, and be made strong and well again—made to give up those letters, too, thought she; for she had wormed it out of a bystander that a packet of some kind had been given by the dying soldier to the lieutenant, and she well knew what it must be. She had even penned him a little note, since not a whisper could be safely exchanged, and headed it: "Give this back to me the moment you have read it." In it she reminded him of his promise, and—did he need to be reminded of hers? She knew that packet of Nita's letters had been intrusted to his care. She assured him she had it straight from the surgeon who attended both Latrobe and himself, and they must reach the hands of no man on earth, but must come to her. Would he not give them at once or tell her where she could find them?

He gave back the note, but closed his eyes and turned away. In the presence of Armstrong day after day, and in the recollection of Latrobe's dying face and the last parting touch of his stricken hand, Gray's eyes were opening to his own deplorable weakness. She plainly saw her power was going, if not gone. He had wrapped a silk handkerchief about the packet and still kept it, with his watch and purse, beneath his pillow. He would not tell her where it lay. She

"Quick, I must have them now!"

smiled archly for the benefit of the attendant; but her eyes again eagerly claimed a look from his, her lips framed the word "to-morrow."

But neither on that morrow nor yet the next day came her opportunity. The gallant fellow who had lain there for days, dumb and patient, but a barrier to her plans, had taken a turn for the worse, and she was again denied admission. Then came the tidings that the barrier was removed, the long fight was over; and the heartless woman actually rejoiced. Now at last she could talk to Will Gray; and when midnight came she knew that now at last she must, for Frank Garrison, worn and weary, returning late from the front, briefly announced that Gen. Drayton succeed visiting the hospital the following afternoon, and long before noon—long before visiting hours, in fact, she was there with flowers as winsome as her smile, and some jelly as dainty as her own fair hands. She was there, and the instant the hour sounded was ushered in, and Billy Gray, propped on his pillows, was writing to his father, and alone. No time was to be lost. Any moment the attendant might return. She threw herself on her knees beside the homely, narrow cot, seized his hand in hers, and looked him in the face. "Where are they, Will?" she pleaded. "Quick! I must have them now!" But well she realized that the spell was broken—that the old fascination had died its death. Then it was useless to hint at love; and in a torrent of impassioned words she bade him think of all he owed her, appealed to his sense of gratitude and honor, and there, too, failed, for, admitting all she claimed, he clumsily, haltingly, yet honestly told her he saw now that it was all for an object, all done in the hope that he might become her instrument for the recovery of those compromising letters; and now the fate had delivered them into his hands he was bound by honor and his promise—unheard, unspoken perhaps, but all the same his promise—to the dead to give them to Gen. Drayton.

Then rising in fury and denunciation, she played her last trump. Trembling from head to foot, pale with baffled purpose and with growing dread, she bent over him, both hands clinched.

"You mad fool!" she cried. "Do you know what I can do—will do—unless you give them to me here and now? As God hears me, Will Gray, I will give that other packet to Gen. Drayton myself and swear that Col. Canker was right—that you were the thief he thought you, and that I got those letters from you."

For a moment she stood there, menacing, at his bedside, looking down in almost malignant triumph on his amazed and incredulous face; and then, with an awful fear checking the beat of her heart and turning her veins to ice, she grasped at the flimsy framework that supported the netting over the cot, and stood swaying and staggering, her eyes fixed in terror on the man in the uniform of a colonel, who, quietly entering, stood between her and the door, two papers in his half-extended hand—a man whose voice, long and too well known, cut her to the very quick as she heard, in calm and measured tone, the words:

"Mrs. Garrison, here are two reasons why you will do nothing of the kind. Shall I hand these to Gen. Drayton—or to your husband?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

The long wait for the coming of the big transports with the regulars was over. For the first time in history America was sending her soldiery past the pyramids and through the Indian sea, landing them, after 40 days and nights of voyaging, upon the low, flat shores that hem Manila bay, and shoving them out to the hostile front before their sea-legs could reach the swing and stride of the marching step; yet, to all appearance, as unconcernedly at home as though they had been campaigning in the Philippines since the date of their enlistment. This, to be sure, in the case of more than half their number, would have given them scant time in which to look about them, since raw recruits were more numerous than seasoned men. But no matter what may be his lack of drill or preparation the average Anglo-Saxon never seems to know the time when he doesn't know how to fight. So, with all the easy assurance of a veteran, our Yankee "Tommies" wriggled into their blanket rolls and trudged away to the posts assigned them; and once more the army assumed the aggressive.

There were changes in the composition of the forces even before the move began. The dudes and the "toughs" parted company; and the former, with Stanley Armstrong once more riding silent at their head, joined forces with Stewart's riddled regiment up the railway toward Malolos. Col. Frost had succeeded in convincing the surgeons that he would be as much out of place as his name itself in such a clime and climate, and was in daily expectation of an order home. Billy Gray, mending only slowly, had been sent to Corregidor, where the bracing breezes of the China sea drove their tonic forces through his lungs and veins, and the faintly rising hue of coming health back into his hollow cheeks. The boy had been harder hit than seemed the case at first, said the fellows of the —tenth; but the wise young surgeon of the "Second reserve" and a grave-faced colonel of infantry could have told of causes little dreamed of in the regiment—were either given to telling the half of what he knew.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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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* 9:58 p m
No 23† 9:02 a m	Local Express	No 24† 8:20 p m
No 21† 5:42 p m	....Upper....	No 22† 10:27 a m
No 91† 1:45 p m	..Way Freight.	No 92† 10:27 a m
No 71† 4:05 p m	.Thro Freight.	No 72† 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 21 5:50 p.m	...†Passenger...	No 324 5:35 p. m
No. 93 5:00 p.m	....†Freight....	No.352 1:45 p. m

*Daily
†Daily Except Sunday.

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Chicago Special, Daily, Going East.....7:40 a m
Day Express, daily except Sunday.... 3:01 p m
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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
12:3 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.

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
1:50 p 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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