TOILET SOAP

Have you ever washed your face and, at the conclusion of the operation, emerge with red eyes and a skin that felt as if it were much too small for every day use? That is the result of using poor soap. If you wish a good toilet soap—quality and quantity—Arnold has it. A large selection of the best the market affords.

NOBLE ARNOLD

PANTS!

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

$1.50,

WORTH $2.75, and The CELEBRATED Madrid Pants for $2.50. Size, 30 to 50-in. waist measure.

We will give you some of the best bargains you ever sale on our heavy goods. Come in and let us show you what we can do for you.

J. H. ALLEN,
MANCHESTER, IOWA.

BAKERS,
MONACA COFFEES

are not only carefully cleaned, prepared and scientifically roasted, but what is of far greater importance, they are blended by a system exclusively our own and one which insures absolute uniformity. When you have selected a Monaca Brand Coffee, you will find it the same to-morrow, the same next week, the same next year!

For sale by

HARRY STEWART

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 for and delivered promptly.

MANCHESTER STEAM LAUNDRY
We ask only one trial. 'PHONE 238

For the quickest and best route to Delaware county homes use the MANCHESTER DEMOCRAT. It is religiously read in the office, the shop, the factory, on the street and in the home. Your ad in its columns is bound to bring business.

For the
Lenten Season

we have a delicious and appetizing stock of salted, dried and smoked fish that are selected from the choicest in the market. Our salted mackerel are A1—fat, white and appetizing. Our white fish and Salmon are toothsome and our fine codfish is the best. We have also sea foods of all kinds in cans of the freshest and choicest to be secured.

PETERSON BROS

The World Against Him

By WILL N. HARBEN.

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CHAPTER I.

Old Jason Fanshaw sat at an open window, his fat legs on the sill. As he talked, his hearers in the big bare room drowsed, nodded or stared at him with lack-luster eyes. He usually held forth on Sundays when the law and the Lord prohibited work and there was nowhere to go.

On this sultry afternoon his theme was his own misfortune in being burdened with a family that contributed naught to his desires. He had never, in exact words, voiced their shortcomings, but in his secret soul he would have had them perhaps less like himself, certainly less like his wife, who weighed 200 if she weighed a pound.

The two girls, Mary Lou, aged 18, and Ann Josephine, 20, threatened, as their bedslats continued to break, to surpass their mother in the flesh they were heir to, and in addition to this impediment to activity and encourager of sloth, they had come honestly by a combination of their father's tow-colored and their mother's red hair, which little suited their florid complexions. They had, also, freckles as big as pockmarks, which a diligent application of "stump water" had failed to dim.

Fanshaw had two sons. Ronald, the eldest child, was not in the room. David, a lusty fellow built on his father's plan, but with a more cheerful face, was lying on the high-posted bed in the corner of the room. He always hurled into his father's tirades against his family comments in favor of his brother, whom he admired intensely.

"You cayn't complain of Ron," he said this afternoon, as he fanned the flies from his face with his big straw hat lined with blue calico. "He looks after his own business. Mr. Hague said Saturday before last thal he'd ruther have Ron rent land from 'im than any man in the country. He 'lowed Ron paid every dollar he contracted to pay an' that the niggers liked 'im so much that they'd work twice as hard for 'im as they would for anybody else."

"That don't do me no good," snarled Fanshaw.

"No, I reckon not," admitted Dave, "but you won't ever be ashamed of 'im, if you are of the rest of us. He's been readin' and studyin' every spare minute sence he was knee high to a grasshopper. For the last six months Mr. Redding, the best lawyer in Danube, has been providin' 'im with books, an' my idea is that he is goin' to make a lawyer out'n hisse'f. You cayn't hold 'im down; he'll rise like a cork; an' as fur good looks, geewhillikins! Did I ever tell you-uns what happened at campmeetin'? I was a settin' under the bush arbor about four benches from the front last Sunday was a week when Ron come in dyked out in his best Sunday clothes. You ort to a-seed how the folks turned their heads. A young dude behind me axed a man next to 'im who in the thunder that was, an' the fellow said he wasn't certain, but he 'lowed it was some chap visitin' at Col. Hasbrooke's from Boston or New York. Then it was my put in. I bent over an' informed 'em that it was Ronald Fanshaw, the oldest son of Jason Fanshaw. An' you ort to a-heerd 'em giggle. Then the man that had axed the question come back at me fairly slobberin' in the mouth to keep frum laughin' out loud. "'You're away off, my friend,' sez he; 'you shorely ain't acquainted 'bout heer. Old Fanshaw is the daddy of the sorriest lay-out on the face of creation. I hain't never been to his sideshow myself, but I know a heap o' folks that has paid the'r way an' never axed fur the money back, nuther.'

"Then I jest punched my face over to his yeer an' said, I did: 'I ort to know 'im,' I says, tetchin' the butt o' my pistol. 'He's my brother, an' when meetin' is over me'n you'll go into the sideshow fur a minute; the tent's stretched right out thar in the bushes an' the latest addition to it is a Buffalo Bill dead shot.'

"He wilted an' got as white as the inside of a cucumber, an' then the preacher axed everybody to kneel down and pray. I was axin' the Lord to bless my purpose when them two riz an' poled it out over the straw. I half way got up, but the preacher broke off in his prayer an' begun to talk about the law agin disturbin' public worship, an' I sunk down on my knees an' seed them two mount an' gallop off like the woods was afire."

"You ort to a-mashed 'is teeth down his throat," said Mrs. Fanshaw. "Folks has poked too much fun at us to suit me. In war times you wouldn't a-stood it, Jade." She called her husband Jade, not because he was tired or was a horse, but because it was the only abbreviation of the name she knew.

An expression of hot fury lay on Fanshaw's wrinkled face as he looked out into the yard where half a hundred ducks, turkeys, guinea-hens and peacocks were feasting on the remains of the watermelon the family had just eaten. "My Lord," he grunted, "ef I took folks to taw ever' time they joked about you-uns, I'd have my hands full."

"Well, they'd better not let me heer 'em throwin' off on us," declared Dave, and he stood up and stretched himself. "But when you come to think of it, Ron is so different from the rest of us that it's no wonder folks take 'im for one o' that highfalutin' crowd. I tell you, he's no slouch!"

Dave went out into the back porch, where a stream of water shot from the end of a hollow log into a trough; the water came from a spring on a hillside half a mile distant. The inventor of this crude aqueduct was Ronald Fanshaw; he was only a boy when he conceived the idea, but he gave every spare moment to its construction. He had felled the trees, dug the long ditch through the meadows and fields, taken the level and completed what was still considered a marvel of convenience by the neighbors. While it was building, Jason Fanshaw had contributed many peevish objections to the work, which he considered a waste of time, but when the clear, cold water gushed out at his door, he melted under a blaze of wonder, and now no stranger ever came to his house who was not shown "the waterworks."

"Huh," he would exclaim with pride, "nobody else has got a spring on his land high enough fur such a thing. Col. Hasbrooke would pay no end o' money ef he could have it. He has to keep two niggers busy fillin' his tank an' then the water's stale an' hot. You see, we sunk our pipes so deep that the water's as cold as ice."

A hundred yards from the house was a dense wood which stretched on to a small river a mile away, and further on to a high mountain, and here Dave found his brother lying on the grass reading his Blackstone. In his unlikeness to his family he was an anomaly; he was over six feet in height, well built, slender, dark of complexion, hair and eyes. There was in the shapely prominence of his brow a suggestion of strong mentality one might look for in vain in any of the other Fanshaws; his limbs had the slight, strong look of a blooded horse; a palmist would have said that his hands indicated the possession of a refined, sensitive spirit.

"Oh, I had no idea you was heer!" exclaimed Dave. "I jest thought I'd take a walk to git away from all that clatter up at the house. An' to tell you the truth, I've got a quart hid in that stump thar; don't you want to wet yore whistle, as the feller said? I have to keep it hid from the old man; he's too all-fired stingy to buy whisky, but he loves it like a hog does slop."

"You know I never drink," replied the other, firmly. His words formed a striking contrast to the dialect of his brother; there was a vague sadness of tone in his voice, and his eyes drooped as if they were weary of the print upon which they had been resting.

"Well, I reckon you won't mind ef I take a pull at it," said Dave. "I'm dry as a powder-horn." He removed a flat stone from the hollow of the stump and took out his flask. "Here's lookin' at you," and the neck of the bottle went into his mouth.

"I suppose they made me the subject of their talk, as usual," said Ronald, when Dave had replaced the flask under the stone and sat on the stump, his legs crossed.

"Not any more'n common, Ron; they've got to talk; talkin' comes as

"WELL, I RECKON YOU DON'T MIND."

natural to women as cluckin' does to hens; the only difference is hens cluck when they are busy, an' cackle when they've laid; the time to git away from a woman's tongue is when she's idle, an' that's all the time. But, honest, I don't see why they won't let you alone. You want to read an' study, because it suits you, an' I am with you, tooth an' toe nail. Now, I had my head set on ranch life out west, because I liter'ly love hoss flesh an' cattle-raisin', but they all come down on me like a landslide an' I's had to hoe corn an' cotton like a nigger fur about forty cents a day, when I might a been makin' two dollars an' a-had my independence."

Ronald Fanshaw smiled genially, but he made no reply, and Dave sauntered away to the river to see if his trout lines had caught anything. When he found himself alone our hero fell to dreaming of his past life. Above the tree-tops half a mile to the east, or a slight elevation, he could see the high, steep roof and dormer windows of the chief mansion of the locality, "Carnleigh," the splendid home of the county's greatest planter, Col. Henry Hasbrooke.

The house, in its silent grandeur, representing wealth and power, had been a potent factor in the struggles of this young man towards the acquisition of things above and beyond him in the dreamy blue realm of possibility. Its massive Corinthian columns, its vast white proportions and its aristocratic inmates, whom he saw driving along the roads, told him constantly what he and his family were not. Up to his twenty-fifth year his fancy had dared to play only about the exterior of this old family seat, but of late his imagination—call it ambition, if you will, had led him beyond the mystic portals, and he walked there with men and ladies; he dined there; he discussed topics he had read with the white-haired host; he stood near the piano and heard Evelyn Hasbrooke play and sing; he saw her white hands flit over the keys, and felt her smile up at him. And then the bubble would burst and the grim, sordid contrast of his real existence would grasp and wring the gall from his soul.

Evelyn Hasbrooke was unwittingly responsible for these later dreams. He had rendered her a service the preceding summer when she was home from school. To him the act was nothing, but when it was over she had hung white and quivering on his arm, and in that wonderful cadence of hers had told him that he had saved her life. He had helped her over the fence and felt the warmth of her breath on his face. They had stood and chatted for awhile and then they had parted. He had not seen her since, for she was at school in Boston, but he had never forgotten the glory of her deep, gray eyes, the infinite sweetness and beauty of her face. A thousand times since that moment he had wondered if she, too, remembered. Sometimes when his hopes were brightest he fancied that she did—that she must if only because his mind was on her so constantly.

CHAPTER II.

About a week after this he heard that she was home again to remain, her school days being over. His informant also told him that Carnleigh was to have visitors—Mr. James Hardy, a cotton merchant of Charleston, who was supposed to be a suitor for the hand of the colonel's eldest daughter, Caroline, and Capt. Charles Winkle, who owned a fine plantation five miles beyond the mountain and was believed to be an admirer of the young debutante.

Ronald was longing to see Evelyn again, but he met the two sisters and their escorts sooner than he desired. He had taken his books and fishing tackle to a shady nook on the river bank and was just getting settled when he heard merry laughter in the wood between the river and the road and a moment later the two couples emerged from the tangle of cane, vines and foliage. Instinctively Ronald drew his wide-brimmed straw hat down over his eyes, and Evelyn did not recognize him for a moment. He had resolved that he should never speak to her again unless she showed a disposition to renew their informal acquaintance, and he was averse to putting her to the test before the others. But Capt. Winkle knew by sight (he did not bother himself with their names) nearly all of what he jocularly termed "the white trash" of that section, and he usually addressed them without ceremony or courtesy. For a moment he paused watching Ronald's line, and then he asked:

"Are they biting, my man?"

Ronald felt the hot blood of anger rush to his face and his fingers tightened on his rod. It was on his tongue to retort sharply, but Evelyn's presence helped him control his temper. He made no reply. Capt. Winkle curled his mustache with his white fingers; he thought the fisherman had not heard his question.

"I see you have some bait, my good fellow," he said in a louder tone. "Will you let me have some of your crickets? the boy has not come with ours," and the captain tossed a silver coin on the grass near Ronald. There was a pause. Ronald was conscious that Evelyn and Mr. Hardy had moved on and that Miss Caroline was waiting for Winkle. Then our hero picked up the piece of silver and tossed it into the stream, at the same moment he doffed his hat and lifted his basket of crickets.

"You are welcome to them," he said. "I should hate to see ladies lose their sport."

"Oh, no, Capt. Winkle!" objected Miss Caroline, "do not mind them; we are very much obliged, I hear the boy coming now."

As she turned away and the captain was following her he looked back and said with a sneer:

"I think, Miss Hasbrooke, that we'd better go further down the stream; he'll be diving for that money and will frighten all the fish."

Ronald's ear had never been so acute; he heard Caroline Hasbrooke's low, guarded voice above the rustling of the leaves against her stiff duck skirt. "You ought not to have noticed him," she said; "that's one of old man Fanshaw's sons; he has taken up the study of law, and it seems to have given him the big head."

"You don't tell me," laughed the captain, "haw, haw!"

Then the negro boy, carrying a basket of crickets, passed at the top of his speed. Ronald baited his hook and flung the line into the stream; his hands were quivering; he was almost beside himself with rage. The drone of voices told him that the fishing party had paused about forty yards away. The reflection of the sunlight on the face of the water was maddening. This, then, was his long dreamed of meeting with Evelyn; she would hear her sister's account of what had taken place after she had moved on. Half an hour passed; a fish nibbled at his bait, taking his line round in a circle, but he did not notice it. Suddenly there was a light step on the grass near him. It was Evelyn Hasbrooke and she came to him with hand outstretched.

"You must pardon me, Mr. Fanshaw," she faltered. "I did not recognize you under that big hat. I did not know it was you till sister mentioned it just now."

He stood up, dropping his hat on the ground.

"I really did not presume that you would care to—to renew our slight acquaintance," he stammered, red in the face.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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"Oh, I ought to have known how it would be if I left you a moment!" she cried, despairingly, on her reappearance, a little folded paper in her hand. "But at least you must stay half an hour. We can telephone direct to the dock and secure the staterooms, if you must go on the Doric. Yes," she continued, lowering her voice, "they are not going farther until Col. Frost comes. Mrs. Garrison explains that her sister was really too ill and too weak to come out here, but she thought the drive might do her good. She thought best to slip quietly away with her, and bids me say good night to you all."

So, when next day the Doric sailed, four new names appeared upon the passenger list, and the last men down the stage, already "trembling on the rise," were two young fellows in white uniform, who turned as they sprang to the dock and waved their jaunty caps. "Join you in ten days at 'Frisco!" shouted the shorter of the two, gazing upward and backward at the quartette on the promenade deck. "Oh! beg a thousand pardons," he added, hastily, as he bumped against some slender object, and, wheeling about to pick up a flimsy white fan, he found himself face to face with Witchie Garrison, kerchief waving, beaming, smiling, throwing kisses innumerable to the party he had so lately left. The hot blood rushed to his forehead, an angry light to his eyes, as she nodded, blithely, forbearingly, forgivingly at him. "Dear boy," she cried, in her clear, penetrating treble, "how could you be expected to see anyone after leaving—her?" But Gov's arm was linked in his at the very instant and led him glowering away, leaving her close to the edge of the crowded dock, smiling sweetness, blessing and bliss upon a silent and unresponsive group, and waving kerchief and kisses to them until, far from shore, the Doric headed out to sea.

They were nearing home again. Day and night for nearly a week the good ship had borne them steadily onward over a sea of deepest blue, calm and unruffled as the light that shone in Amy's eyes. Hours of each twenty-four Armstrong had been the constant companion, at first of the trio, then of the two—for Mr. Prime had found a kindred spirit in a veteran merchant homeward bound from China—then of one alone; for Miss Prime had found another interest and favor in the eyes of a young tourist paying his first visit to our shores, and so it happened that before the voyage, all too brief, was half over Amy Lawrence and Armstrong walked the spacious deck for hours alone or sat in sheltered nooks, gazing out upon the sea. The soft summer breezes of the first few days had given place to keener, chillier air. The fog ahead told of the close proximity of the Farallones. Heavier wraps had replaced the soft fabrics of the Hawaiian saunterings. But warmth and gladness, coupled with a strange, new shyness in his presence, were glowing in her fresh young heart. One day she had said to him: "You have not told me how you came to leave there—just now," and it was a moment before he answered.

"That was the surgeons' doing. They sent me back from the front because the wound did not properly heal, and then ordered a sea voyage until it did; but I turn back at once from San Francisco."

She was silent a few seconds. This was unlooked-for and unwelcome news. "I thought," she said, "at least Gov. heard Dr. Frank say it would be four months before you could use that arm." She plucked at the fringe of the heavy shawl he had wrapped about her as she reclined in the low steamer chair; but the white lids veiled her eyes.

"Possibly," answered Armstrong; "but, you see, I do not have to use it much at our time. I'm all right other wise, and there will soon be need of me."

"More campaigning?" she anxiously inquired, her eyes one moment uplifting.

"Probably. Those fellows have no idea of quitting."

Another interval of silence. The long, lazy, rolling swell of the Pacific had

"You have not told me how you came to leave there."

changed during the day to an abrupt and tumultuous upheaval that tossed the Doric like a cork and made locomotion a problem. The rising wind and sea sent the spray whirling from her bows, and Mildred's young man, casting about for a dry corner, had deposited his fair charge on a bench along the forward deck house and was scouting up and down for steamer chairs. Armstrong had drawn his close to that in which Miss Lawrence reclined, her knitted steamer cap pulled well forward over her brow. His feet were braced against a stanchion. His eyes were intent upon her sweet face. He had no thought for other men, even those in similar plight. His gaze, though unhampered by the high peak of his forage cap, comprehended nothing beyond the rounded outline of that soft cheek. Her eyes, well-nigh hidden by her shrouding "Tam," saw the searching son of Albion and told her his need. The best of women will find excuse for interruption at such moments when sure of the devotion of the man who sits with a fateful question quivering on his lips; and, even when she longs to hear those very words, will find means to defer them as a kitten dallies with a captured mouse or a child saves to the very last the sweetest morsel of her birthday cake. Not ten minutes before, when Hon. Bertie Shafto had started impulsively toward the vacant chair by Armstrong's side, a firm hand detained him, and Miss Prime had hastily interposed. "Not on any account!" said she, imperiously. "Can't you see?" And Mr. Shafto, adjusting his monocle, had gazed long and fixedly and then, transferring his gaze to her, had said:

"Eh—eh—yes. It's not ours, I suppose you mean."

But now Amy Lawrence was beckoning, and he made a rush for the rail, then worked his way aft, hand over hand. Every movable on deck was taking a sudden slant to starboard, and the sea went hissing by almost on level with the deck as next she spoke. "Surely a soldier needs both arms in battle, and you— Oh, certainly, Mr. Shafto, take that chair," she added. Armstrong glanced up suddenly.

"Oh! that you, Shafto? Yes; take it by all means."

Anything, thought he, rather than that they should come here. The young Briton stepped easily past between them and the rail—behind there was no room—and, swinging the long, awkwardly modeled fabric to his broad shoulder, started back just as a huge wave heaved suddenly under the counter, heeled the steamer far over to port, threw him off his balance, and, his foot catching at the bottom of her chair, hurled him, load and all, straight at Amy's reclining form. One instant, and even her uplifted hands could not have saved her face; but in that instant Armstrong had darted in, caught the stumbling Briton on one arm, and the full force of the shooting chair crashing upon the other, already pierced by Filipino lead.

When, a moment later, she emerged, safe and unscratched, from the confused heap of men and furniture, it was to cut off instantly the stutter and stammer of poor Shafto's apologies, to bid him go instantly for the ship's doctor, and, with face the color of death, to turn quickly to Armstrong. The blow had burst open the half-healed wound, and the blood was streaming to the deck.

Both liner and transport turned back without Stanley Armstrong, Doric and Sedgwick sailed unheeded, for the highest surgical authority of the department of California had remanded him to quarters at the Palace and forbidden his return to duty with an unhealed wound. He was sitting up again, somewhat pallid and not too strong, but with every promise, said the "medico," of complete recovery within two months. But not a month would Armstrong wait. The Puebla was to start within the week, and he had made up his mind. "Go," said he, "I must."

They had been sitting about him, the night this opinion was announced, in the parlor of the suite of rooms the Primes had taken. Billy Gray had gone with his father to the club, Shafto had been hanging about in the agonies of an Englishman's first love. Gov disappeared a moment and came back with tickets for the Columbia, bidding Mildred get her hat and gloves at once, and whispering to Shafto that he had a seat for him. As the little mantel clock struck eight Amy Lawrence, lifting up her eyes from the book she was trying hard to believe she meant to read, saw that Armstrong was rising from his easy chair, and, springing to his side, laying her white hand on his arm, she faltered: "Oh, please! You know the stipulation was that you were not to stir."

But then her heart began to flutter uncontrollably. The blood went surging to her brows, for all of a sudden, as through impulse irresistible, her hand was seized in his—in both of his, in fact—and the deep voice that had pleaded at her behest for the cause of Billy Gray was now, in impetuous flow of words that fell upon her ears like some strain of thrilling music, pleading at last his own. Ever since that day in the radiant sunshine of the park she had learned to look up to him as a tower of strength, a man of mark among his fellows, a man to be honored and obeyed. Ever since that night at the Palace, when she saw his glowing eyes fixed intently upon her, and knew that he was following her every move, she had begun to realize the depth of his interest in her. Ever since that day when the China slipped from her moorings, with Witchie Garrison singling him out for lavish farewell favors, she had wondered why it so annoyed and stung her. Ever since the day she read the list of killed and wounded in the first fierce battling with the "insurrectos" she knew it was the sight of his name, not Billy Gray's, that made her for the moment faint and dizzy and taught her the need of greater self-control. Ever since that moonlit night upon the Marsdens' lanai, when her heart leaped at the sudden sound of his voice, she had realized what his coming meant to her, and ever since that breezy day upon the broad Pacific, with the sailors' song of Land, ho! ringing from the bows, and he, her wounded soldier, had sprung to shield her from the crash of Shafto's hapless stumble, and the deck was stained with the precious blood from that soldier's reopened wound, shed for her—for who so revered him—she had longed to hear him say the words that alone could unlock the gates of maidenly reserve and let her tell him—tell him with glad and grateful heart that the love he bore her was answered by her own. Hovering over him only one minute, her lips half parted, her eyes still veiled, her heart throbbing loud and fast, with sudden movement she threw herself upon her knees at the side of the low chair, and her burning face, ever so lightly, was buried in the dark blue sleeve above that blessed wound.

THE END.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured.

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c
Halls family pills are the best.

Ralroad 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	..Way Freight.	No 92† 10:27 a m
No 71† 4:05 p m	.Thro Freight.	No 52*‡ 3:10 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... .. 1:53 p m
St. Paul & Kansas City Exp. daily .. 5:41 a m
For information and tickets apply to
J. L. O'HARROW Agent Thorpe.

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..	12:20 ngt
8:45 a m	No. 13 Chicago Passenger.	
11:45 p m	No. 19 Chicago Passenger.	

No. 1—Free chair car and coaches to Minneapolis and St. Paul. No. 5—Pullman sleepers and coaches to Minneapolis and St. Paul.

MAIN LINE GOING EAST AND SOUTH.

8:30 p m	No. 2 Chicago Passenger....	8:40 p m
10:15 a m	No. 4 St. Louis Passenger..	3:05 p m
3:10 a m	No. 6 Chicago & St. Louis Ex.	3:30 a m
12:20 ngt	No. 8 Chicago Fast Express.	12:30 ngt
	No. 10 Passenger.....	6:00 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 7:59 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
1:15 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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Full Particulars concerning all of the above can be had of agents of the Illinois Central, or by addressing A. H. Hanson, G. P. A., Chicago.

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