

Bunker Hill Villa Rica

THEY are making us Trade
THEY are making us a profit.

Sunrise Black Hawk

YOU CAN'T BUY ANYTHING BETTER.
YOU CAN'T BUY AS CHEAP.
THEY ARE PLACING US AT THE HEAD.

CAL ATKINSON, THE CORNER GROCER.

IT'S THE UNEXPECTED



That's seen in our aggregation of food specialties. A jollier collection of surprises cannot well be imagined than our cans and jars and boxes of tempting delicacies, which would whet an epicure's jaded appetite. Mere words and glances cannot describe what appeals directly and exclusively to the taste. The banquet is ready; don't stay away from the feast.

PETERSON BROS ARNOLD'S

Pure Cider
AND
Pickling Vinegar

Guaranteed to keep your pickles; the price within the reach of all.

T. N. ARNOLD.

Boys' Clothing,

Very Special Prices.

Boy's 2-piece Suits.
Ages 7 to 16 years.
\$3.00 and \$4.00 values.
\$2.50.

Boy's Vestee Suits.
Ages 3 to 9 years.
\$3.00 and \$4.00 values.
\$2.50

Boy's Long Trouser Suits.
Ages 14 to 20 years.
\$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.00 up to
\$12.50

Boy's Blouses and Waists.
Banner Brand
50c and 75c values.
35c.

Boy's Blue Serge Suits.
\$8.00, \$10.00 and \$12.00.

Children's Wash Suits.
Crash, Duck and Percales.
50c, 75c, \$1.00 and
\$1.50.

L. R. STOUT.

IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR THE BEST

in the way of Vehicles, Buggies, Spring Wagons and Lumber wagons or any special job in this line.

WE HAVE WHAT YOU WANT!
Anything in our line that can or cannot be had anywhere else we can manufacture on short notice.

WORK POSITIVELY GUARANTEED

It must also not be forgotten that we keep constantly on hand everything pertaining to a buggy or wagon and do all kinds of repairing, having expert men in all the departments required for carriage and wagon building.

POSITIVELY
TEN TO FIFTEEN DOLLARS CAN BE SAVED on every vehicle by making your purchases of us.

WE DO AS WE ADVERTISE

Kennedy Buggy Co.

A ROMANCE OF THE RAIL.

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Reuben Filley kept the wires humming on his account, but as his purposes and plottings were so apparent it is not necessary to cite his various messages nor the replies they elicited. He was playing a deeply dangerous game. Detection meant ruin, disgrace and possibly a long imprisonment at the hands of the law.

Although in receipt of a handsome stipend from John Draper, he was not content. His was one of those devious and deceitful natures that prefer a crooked road and a surety to a direct path and complete candor. He was a gambler from choice, not from necessity, and scrupled not to avail himself of the "inside" information which it was so easy for him in his position to obtain and use surreptitiously. But he longed for a larger sphere where he could handle and gamble with millions instead of thousands.

About six months before this story opens what Filley vulgarly called "snip" presented itself. A quarter interest in a stockbrokerage house was going begging, being offered for sale very cheaply. Yet the sum required was greatly beyond his means, but he resolved to "make a bluff" and capture the prize. Falsely representing to the members of the firm in question that

John Draper was his "backer," he purchased the retiring partner's interest, paying \$50,000 down, raising the money with notes for the amount at six months, drawn by himself and purporting to bear the indorsement of John Draper. With the name of the great financier on their backs these notes were regarded on "the street" as "kilt edged paper," and Filley had no trouble in getting them discounted. But the indorsements were skillfully forged, and Reuben K. Filley was the forger!

No announcement of his partnership in the new firm was to be made, at Filley's request, for six months. Everything was booked in the stock market, and by the end of the term he confidently hoped that his half yearly share of the profits would be enough or nearly enough to enable him to take up the notes when they fell due. Failing in this, he would be pressed to their indorser for payment, and the forgery would be discovered. Of course it was imperative that he be on the spot to "keep the wires from sagging." Judge then of his dismay when informed by John Draper that he was to accompany him to Denver! In one way the trip was fortuitous, as it would take his employer out of New York at a critical time. In six days the forged paper would mature and be followed by John Draper's return, and for the usual three days of grace customary at that time, would be presented for payment before the date set for his return. But there was also the general risk of something going wrong at such a ticklish time. Hence Filley's determination to quit the car party on the first plausible pretext so as to hasten back to New York, take up his profits, redeem, destroy or renew the forged notes and thus protect his impudently interested employer.

Once over this stile, he told himself, he could snap his fingers at John Draper and as a member of an old and honored firm enter the lists with him for the hand and fortune of Miss Grannis.

THIRD DAY.
SOLID COMFORT.

When Reuben Filley entered the door of the Miranda after enjoying a solitary smoke in the "smoker's car," as Madge Hurst dubbed the Pullman, he beheld the following tableau:

Mrs. Hurst, following the example of all good commuters, was fast asleep on the chair to be found, and he at her side, conversing earnestly in a low tone. Her gracefully poised head, the earnest eyes looking full into his, the earnest color in her cheeks and the half smile on her parted lips indicated that she was an interested listener, even as Dodosma hearkened to Othello of old. And yet all the world might have heard the burden of John Draper's speech. He was only telling her some of the adventures of days long gone by when he and her father—the father she had never seen—were boys and young men together. From this starting point he went on to speak of their early struggles, when the foundations were laid of the great fortune Florence now possessed. Modest John never once alluded to the part borne by himself in adding to that fortune until now it needed seven figures to express it. But the girl divined all this, and when he ceased speaking she laid her hand caressingly on the back of his arm, rested on the arm of her chair and murmured:

"How can I ever repay the debt?"

"Perhaps I will tell you some day, if I may; not now," was the deep toned answer, for at that moment Reuben K. made his appearance.

"I am just in time," thought the marplot. "Another moment and the old fool would have been down on his knees before me at this moment."

Advancing into the car, Filley took up a magazine and flung himself into a chair. One spoke to him, yet both couples widened the distance between them. In the slight bustle and movement of the car, Mrs. Hurst awoke and in that semi-surprised and half injured tone which all good people affect when they are caught dosing in public affirmed that she had not slept a wink.

"I heard every word you said, my dears," averred the good lady, at which announcement Chester muttered, "Good Lord, I hope not!" in mock horror just loud enough for Madge to hear, which sent that young lady into convulsions of suppressed laughter.

Being awake and refreshed, it behooved Mrs. Hurst to do something for the general good. So a game of innocuous and rather tame six handed euchre was proposed and agreed to, although Chester whispered to Madge that "he would as soon play old maid or beggar as neighbor. Filley was compelled to join the circle, but he suffered tortures and qualms like those experienced by hard drinkers who are forced to quaff Sunday school lemonade and make believe he likes it.

Mrs. Hurst was the only one who really enjoyed herself that afternoon. John Draper, usually bluff and debonair, was quiet and preoccupied. Florence was distant and on more than one occasion she looked at her husband with a reverie when it was her turn to "pass" or "make it." Madge Hurst was feverishly lively and had to be mildly rebuked by her mother for her pertness. Chester, free thought of the precious time between the cards, ill at ease and mentally cursing every revolution of the wheels that bore him farther from New York.

While the interior of a private car or even of an ordinary Pullman or Wagner car had its charms, and a scene of luxury, it is at night that the full sense of comfort and convenience comes over the traveler. One by one the silver plated lamps are lighted. The windows shades may be drawn down if the night be stormy, or left up the drying day is seen slowly fading over a constantly changing horizon. In either event a cozy feeling supervenes.

Then the white capped and aproned waiter comes to take your order for dinner. You hear the appetizing preparations in the mysterious region of the buffet, hardly bigger than a conjurer's box, yet out of which come, of Germanic magic, stores of good things. Your eyes and set with glittering crystal and shining silver. Last, but not least, a dainty meal is served in course and in style to compare favorably with the best restaurants in Paris, London or New York. After which, if you belong to the masculine gender, comes the postprandial cigar in the smoker or, in the case of a woman, the novel and the cozy chat with one's traveling companion.

All these varied experiences were gone through with on the evening of this third day of which I write. They were an old story to some of the party, but Madge and Florence and Chester were like children in their gratified amusement and entertainment at every fresh feature and incident. None of them had ever taken a similar journey before.

It turned out that this was John Draper's birthday, and in the event Mrs. Hurst had dropped a hint to Gustave, the chef, to make a few extra preparations. So they were treated to a sumptuous repast, at the close of which the host leaned back in his chair and remarked:

"Well, Gustave has surpassed himself tonight! These Frenchmen are marvels of ingenuity and resource." "Have you forgotten what today is?" inquired Mrs. Hurst of her brother.

"Thursday, is it not?" responded John Draper.

"Yes; Thursday, May 13, and the fortieth birthday of a certain distinguished friend of ours," was the arch rejoinder.

A half puzzled expression crept into Uncle John's face; then a smile of recollection rippled out.

"God bless me so it is! I declare I had almost forgotten about it. How good of you to remember it!" "Wasn't this?" he exclaimed as the ladies rose and grouped themselves about his chair.

Each of them saluted the good fellow with a birthday kiss, and each left some little tangible token by his plate. Florence's gift was a four leaf clover pin, a diamond nestling in its heart, which the delighted magnate proceeded to affix in his scarf.

"You have always brought me luck, my girl," he said as he took her hand, and then, before them all, he drew her to him and kissed her on the brow, as he had often kissed her before, only now there was a new meaning and new conservatism in that caress, which both felt and recognized.

During all this pretty scene Reuben Filley writhed as the serpent in old Eden must have contorted himself when he witnessed the close of the first pair of lovers. At the earliest opportunity he stole away unnoticed and unmissed to solace himself with numerous drinks and cigars in the solitude of the Pullman.

In order to break the journey for the ladies Draper had arranged for the party to sleep at a St. Louis hotel that

night, remaining the journey in the morning. So thither the next day, Filley regarded this as a prime opportunity to make his escape. He would "accidentally" miss the train in the morning!

But when the morning came there was a great pile broken and the train proceeded to make himself snug in the smoker. Eighty-nine would be in Denver by 11 o'clock.

Gradually the speed increased. There were no stops for passengers to be made, and the only stations passed were mere hamlets or watering tanks, showing only one or two dim lights.

The conductor went through the cars for the last time and then proceeded to make himself snug in the smoker. Eighty-nine would be in Denver by 11 o'clock.

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side farthest from the well lighted platform, crept under the trucks of the Miranda and disappeared. This was Jim Dalton himself.

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Dalton attended the main points of the scheme.

In the Miranda the following was the situation: Mrs. Hurst was dozing in a wicker chair, John Draper and Florence were playing a desultory game of chess, while Madge and Chester were simply doing nothing, talking love, and that without any attempt at concealment. If Madge had told the truth she might have written back to her "dearest Dan" that two weddings were in prospect. Reuben Filley had retired to the Pullman after dinner to smoke and think and swear—"unwiped, unhampered and unsmug."

Six miles north of a little place called Greenland the track makes a sudden bend to the west, and then just before Palmer Lake is reached as quickly turns nearly due east and begins the long ascent of one of the steepest places on this part of the road. The great engine puffed and pulled, and every coupler and pin told of the sagging strain of the heavy train composed mainly of Pullman coaches. Slower and slower became the speed until at length the head of the grade was reached, the track for a mile being then quite level before commencing the descent of a down grade nearly if not quite as steep as the one just surmounted.

Here was situated a watering tank, and here No. 89 passed for a drink.

At this instant a man, all dusty and begrimed, crept from under the trucks of the Miranda. A half dozen human figures appeared as if by magic from the desert shadows at the side of the track. Dalton himself leaped noiselessly on the platform of the private car and with one stroke of his keen knife severed the bell rope, knifing the two ends to prevent their sagging in either car. In an instant the air couplings were disconnected, so that the Miranda was held to the rest of the train by the coupling pin only. Two of the gang ran to the rear platform of the Pullman, two more stowed themselves away on the rear steps of the Miranda, while Dalton and the rest remained on the front platform, guns in hand, ready to menace any one who might appear from the cars ahead.

But the stop was such a slight one and the station such an insignificant affair that no one troubled to get out. Two short blasts of the whistle, and the express went on its way again. Scarcely had the lights of the station shone from sight when Dalton yanked the chain of the coupling pin, and the engine and cars shot into the blackness beyond the Miranda and her escort.

As a result the two coaches soon slackened speed and came almost to a standstill. Then there was a sudden jolt as the Miranda took the disused switch, and immediately the speed increased again. But the horses cough of the locomotive was gradually dying away in the distance, and the motion of the cars became of a gentle sliding nature.

Chester sprang to his feet and peered out of the window. "Uncle John!" looked up from his game, while Madge and Florence excitedly exclaimed, "What is it?"

Then Mrs. Hurst awoke and added her questions and ejaculations to the rest of the clamor. By this time it was plain to all that something out of the ordinary was going on. Chester ran to the forward door, but found it fastened.

To Be Continued.

NEW SHORT LINE Omaha - Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Illinois Central between Omaha and Fort Dodge in connection with the Minneapolis and St. Louis between Omaha and Minneapolis and St. Paul, also to be inaugurated January 30, 1905.

Omaha to St. Paul, daily, carrying through Pullman sleeping car and coaches.
St. Paul to Omaha, daily, carrying through Pullman sleeping car and coaches.
Omaha to St. Paul, daily, carrying through Pullman sleeping car and coaches.
St. Paul to Omaha, daily, carrying through Pullman sleeping car and coaches.

Fast day train, daily except Sunday, carrying through Pullman sleeping car and coaches.

Railroad Time Table. ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

Illinois Central Time Table No. 1, taking effect June 10, 1904.

Main Line Passenger Trains.
WEST BOUND MAIN LINE EAST BOUND
No. 11:35 p.m. Fast Train, No. 2:45 a.m. in
No. 6:25 a.m. Tho Express, No. 11:00 p.m.
No. 11:45 p.m. Tho Express, No. 11:00 p.m.
No. 11:45 p.m. Way Freight, No. 11:00 a.m.
No. 11:45 p.m. Tho Express, No. 11:00 p.m.

Chicago Great Western Ry.
"The Maple Leaf Route."

Chicago to St. Paul, daily, 7:40 a.m.
Chicago to St. Paul, daily, 7:40 a.m.
Chicago to St. Paul, daily, 7:40 a.m.
Chicago to St. Paul, daily, 7:40 a.m.

B. C. R. & N. Ry.
CEDAR RAPIDS TIME CARD.
MAIN LINE GOING EAST AND SOUTH.

Arrive
8:30 p.m. No. 6 Chicago Passenger, 8:40 p.m.
8:45 p.m. No. 4 Chicago & St. Louis Ex., 8:50 p.m.
12:30 p.m. No. 4 Chicago & St. Louis Ex., 12:30 p.m.
No. 15 Burl. & Davenport, Pass 4:00 p.m.

Decatur Division.
8:10 p.m. Decatur Passenger, 8:30 a.m.
8:20 a.m. West Union Passenger, 8:30 p.m.
4:00 p.m. Decatur Freight, 6:00 a.m.

Iowa Falls Division.
8:00 p.m. Iowa & Minnesota Pass., 8:15 a.m.
12:30 p.m. Minnesota & Dakota Pass., 12:30 p.m.

Henry Hutchinson
Breeder of Thoroughbred
Shorthorn Cattle.
JOSEPH HUTCHINSON
Manchester, Iowa.

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Drugs, Stationery, Etc.
RYAN IOWA

Compound Vapor and Shampoo Baths.
BATHS
Vapor and Shampoo.

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PATENTS
Scientific American.

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

BLACK SMITHING
Horse Shoeing a Specialty.
Courses and Interfering Cured or no pay. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Something NEW IN
LEATHER JEWEL CASES,
Pocket books, and Calling Card Cases. Just what
Every Lady Needs
We have a fine line of
Silk umbrellas
with FANCY HANDLES.
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To keep your feet dry during during the wet weather this spring. We can suit you in quality and price. Also rubbers of all kinds.

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CONVEYANCING.
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MANAGER.

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Covers....." 50c to 1.50
Sweat Beds....." 37c to .50
Prices lower than ever before.
Come in and I will save you money.

S. A. Steadman.

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Interfering and Corns Cured or no Pay.

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