

ARNOLD'S

Pure Cider

AND

Pickling Vinegar

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

T. N. ARNOLD.

Bunker Hill Villa Rica

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

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

CAL ATKINSON,

THE CORNER GROCER.

A PICTURE OF HEALTH!

The child who has been weaned and derives its principal nutriment from the many excellent "Pure Food" preparations such as are on sale at Peterson's will grow up well, strong and good humored. If you are wise you will increase your grocery bills and reduce your doctors' and druggists' bills.



PETERSON BROS

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.
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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.

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50c and 75c values.

35c.

Boy's Blue Serge Suits.

\$8.00, \$10.00 and
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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.

BY FREDERIC REDDALL.

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Meanwhile the cars were moving at a fair speed over a rough and uneven track, being evidently controlled by means of the hand brakes. After perhaps 20 minutes of this suspense the pace slowly slackened, and the windows reflected the uncertain flickering light of a torch flashing back and forth. Then there was a sudden grinding of the brakes, the sound of rough voices giving quick commands, a jolt, and all was quiet.

In vain the ladies implored to know what had happened. Neither John Draper nor Chester Ives could satisfy them, being themselves utterly mystified and puzzled. They were far from imagining the real situation.

FIFTH DAY.

This is what had happened. The Dalon gang had stolen the Miranda and the Pullman.

When No. 89 pulled out from the water tank, the two cars, as we have seen, were held to the rest of the train by a single coupling pin only. Just before reaching the old switch they were disconnected, when the main body of the train shot away on the down grade, which was the reason that the engineer did not immediately discover the loss of part of his load.

The instant the last car of the main train passed the switch to the spur track the spike was picked up, having previously been loosened, so that when the Miranda engine along with her consort, propelled by their own momentum, the switch was pushed over, and they went creaking and sliding down the gentle incline toward the gulch. A half dozen blows of a hammer in the hands of one of the robbers served to spike the switch back in its old position, and then a few handfuls of loose dirt were cast on the frogs and dusted off again with a sombrero so as to leave the marks of the tools in evidence. Having needed a practiced eye after that to detect that the switch had been tampered with.

Of course the two coaches would be missed as soon as the "Thunderbolt" reached Denver, but this Jim Dalon had foreseen. Before any effective search could be made his captives would be safely hidden where he could make his terms with them at leisure.

The railroad agent, along with his coaches and waiters, though this was doubtful, but this birds would have flown.

Talk of consummate daring! Engines have been stolen again and again, train robbers there have been without number where a handful of armed desperadoes "held up" and held at bay an entire train crew and a hundred passengers, the latter being stripped of their valuables, but robbers had never before been known to attempt to get away with a train itself or part of a train.

Dalon slapped his leg and chuckled with glee at the success of his plan so far. The rest, he thought, would be comparatively plain sailing.

When the Miranda and the Pullman came to a standstill, guards were posted all around the cars, two on each platform, five or six on each side, some 15 or 20 in all, with strict orders to prevent any one getting away. As the doors were securely barricaded from without the only possible chance for escape was through the windows.

Within the Miranda all was dismay. The brightly lighted interior—the car had its own gas tank—only served to make the darkness outside more palpable and intense. After the car came to a final stop and it was discovered that the doors were fast, Draper and Chester both rushed to a window, but on opposite sides of the car. Scarcely had the sashes been flung up than there came the peremptory command:

"Shut that window!" accompanied by the ominous click of a Winchester. Draper obeyed, but Chester tried to parley. The only answer he received was the reiterated command:

"Shut that window and shut it darned quick!"

Though his blood boiled with indignation at being thus caught like rats in a trap, Chester was compelled to obey out of regard for the feelings of the ladies.

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know that rough hands were being laid on the women they loved, while they were powerless for help or defense. Chester ground his teeth and strained at his bonds until they cut into his coat sleeve. The veins in Draper's neck and forehead swelled, and he grew purple in the face with suppressed rage.

"Infernal villains!" he roared, and then could have bitten his tongue in half, for at that instant the voice of Florence Graniss became audible as she appeared at the car door leading to the procession of four.

Their captors had forbidden to pinion the ladies' arms, but they were blindfolded like the rest, nor were they suffered to come near their natural protectors.

"Can't stand this," exclaimed Chester, as he started to run after the women, the bandage having dropped from his eyes during his contortions. But he was speedily yanked backward and downward by one of the desperadoes, Chester ground his teeth and strained at his bonds until they cut into his coat sleeve. The veins in Draper's neck and forehead swelled, and he grew purple in the face with suppressed rage.

"What's the row?" "Gettin' a little out of hand, that's all." "Set 'em up!" was the command. Among the desperadoes who were perched on the roof of the train, Draper and Chester, the captain of the gang thus spoke:

"You needn't be afraid that we're going to harm the ladies of your—matter of business to settle with you men first, and we're gone where we kin talk quiet and confidential like."

"If you harm a hair of their heads you shall pay dearly," exclaimed Chester, and in the same breath John Draper uttered the words:

"As sure as there's a God in heaven you shall suffer for this, you bound!"

A sneering laugh was the only response as the chief rascal gave the signal to march. The desperadoes were carefully looked to, and then the entire party set out in single file, a prisoner between every two robbers, the ladies and the maid heading the column, with Dalon in front.

They proceeded thus in silence and by a devious way for more than an hour, though it seemed like four. The road was rugged, and its general trend was upward. In fact, they were ascending the side of a high, steep mountain. The pace was necessarily slow for the ladies being ahead they could not proceed very fast and frequently had to be helped and half carried over the rougher places. Both Florence and Madge at first indignantly squirmed at such assistance, but when Dalon turned and said, "If they kick, boys, just 'carry 'em!'" they decided to accept the lesser of the two evils. As for Mrs. Hurst, she was too dazed and dispirited to offer any resistance.

At length a halt was called. Each captive was half lifted, hauled or boosted up what seemed like a steep bank, and then, moving forward again, they were again half carried into a carpet of soft sand, few paces more, and the bandages were removed from their eyes, and looking about them, our friends discovered that they were all confined and that they were standing in a large and airy cavern, cool, whose side meandered a little brook and dimly lighted from the entrance, which was fringed with bushes under its upper edges.

Both Florence and Madge sprang toward their natural protectors with exclamations of sympathy. Mrs. Hurst sank wearily down on the dry sand, while Reuben Filley looked grimly and angrily at his captors. He was, he thought, so far as he was concerned, it mattered not to him what became of the rest. So he leaned moodily against the rocky wall of the cave, biting his mustache.

Soon they were kindled, and sundry tin cups of wretched coffee were handed around, together with some half baked "dappacks," from which, however, the ladies turned in disgust, while the men muttered French invectives about the barbarous conduct of their captors. This apology for a meal being ended, the men were bidden to take their places in line again and were marched to the upper end of the grotto, the ladies being kept strongly guarded near the entrance.

When they were well out of earshot, Jim Dalon proceeded to unfold his "little matter of business."

SIXTH DAY. SHOOTING SOUVENIR. It was Sunday morning. What a Sabbath experience, thought Mrs. Hurst and the girls as they conjured up visions of Fifth avenue and the richly dressed churchgoing procession of which they usually formed a part!

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might be worse than John the gang when his own private and particular crash came.

"While the president hesitated, weighing so he clumsily, considering the sufferings of the ladies, seeing clearly that worse might follow if Dalon were enraged and also running over in his mind the chances of rescue or escape, the captain of the band resumed:

"Might as well understand that you're trapped hard and fast. Oh, yes, they'll send out a search party from Denver," he laughed, reading Draper's thoughts, "and they'll maybe find them k-yars. What then? They can't find you, not till I choose. You're a long cry from the railroad anyways." Then, stepping forward, he hissed in Draper's ear:

"How about the women folks? I shouldn't like 'em to get hurt, but I won't answer for the boys. If you're ugly, they'll be ugly too."

This decided John Draper. They were in a hole, that was clear. Better get out with as little damage as possible, he said to himself.

"Name your price." The gang crowded around in eagerness now that the crucial point was reached. Dalon was clearly embarrassed. It was his move. If he asked too much, the negotiations would be prolonged and thus increase the chances of detection. On the other hand, if he named too little he would "everlastingly kick himself," as he elegantly phrased his inward thoughts. Twice he moistened his lips and essayed to speak, but the words refused to come. At length he rapped out:

"Fifty thousand dollars!" "Done!" exclaimed Draper as quietly as though he were buying a block of stock on "change in New York." "But you don't suppose I carry that much money about me, do you?" he inquired.

"Not on your life!" was the slung rejoinder. "I've thought of that," said Dalon in a swaggering tone, elated and conceited at the success of his plot and strutting before his men like the monarch of a barony.

"You got a checkbook, I suppose?" "Yes." "Well, your name's good in Denver for a heap more'n \$50,000."

"I see what you mean," replied Draper. "But I'll be fair and plain with you. No bank in Denver would cash a check for any one of you men for \$5 without identification, much less for \$50,000. The man that presents that check will be detained and questioned, and then your whole plot is exposed."

"You make me tired," snorted Dalon. "As if I hadn't thought of all that. What do you take me for, a farmer?" "D'you think I'm such a fool as to show me my face in Denver or to let one of my boys do it? Not much! What's the matter with havin' one of your boys go to the bank—him or the minister, pointin' first at Ives and then at Filley, 'with a escort, of course, I mean,'" he added hastily. "I guess he can get it for me, and as he knows what it's for he ain't goin' to expose nothin'." "Hey, what d'you say?"

The thing was feasible certainly and proved that Dalon had engineered his vile scheme in a fiendishly clever manner. Uncle John thought a moment and then said:

"Yes, it will do." "Course, it'll do," growled Dalon. "Now, which of these 'ere young fellows is to go?"

If the light of the cave had not been so dim, Reuben Filley's manner might have attracted attention. He trembled from head to foot; his parched lips needed constant moistening, while great drops of sweat beaded his face.

Here was the chance to be free and to obtain this money he so sorely needed. No feelings of honor, of humanity, of chivalry, rose in his evil heart. His one dominant thought was that, once in possession of the check or money, he could start east, or if need be he could telegraph the funds to take up the forged paper. His "good name" would be saved, even though his friend and benefactor was sacrificed. He was roused from his cruel reverie by the voice of John Draper:

"Reuben, you should be the one to go. As my confidential man you can cash the check and avoid any awkward questions. Remember, the safety of these ladies is the first consideration. Do nothing that will imperil them."

To be continued.

To be continued.

Railroad Time Table.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

Illinois Central Time Table No. 27, 1st 1/2 of Feb. 1906, 1906.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No. 17 11:35 p.m.	First Train	No. 27 4:05 a.m.
No. 19 6:25 a.m.	Chicago Express	No. 29 10:00 a.m.
No. 21 10:00 p.m.	"Illinois"	No. 31 4:05 p.m.
No. 23 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 33 11:00 a.m.
No. 25 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 35 11:00 a.m.
No. 27 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 37 11:00 a.m.
No. 29 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 39 11:00 a.m.
No. 31 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 41 11:00 a.m.
No. 33 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 43 11:00 a.m.
No. 35 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 45 11:00 a.m.
No. 37 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 47 11:00 a.m.
No. 39 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 49 11:00 a.m.
No. 41 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 51 11:00 a.m.
No. 43 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 53 11:00 a.m.
No. 45 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 55 11:00 a.m.
No. 47 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 57 11:00 a.m.
No. 49 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 59 11:00 a.m.
No. 51 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 61 11:00 a.m.
No. 53 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 63 11:00 a.m.
No. 55 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 65 11:00 a.m.
No. 57 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 67 11:00 a.m.
No. 59 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 69 11:00 a.m.
No. 61 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 71 11:00 a.m.
No. 63 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 73 11:00 a.m.
No. 65 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 75 11:00 a.m.
No. 67 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 77 11:00 a.m.
No. 69 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 79 11:00 a.m.
No. 71 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 81 11:00 a.m.
No. 73 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 83 11:00 a.m.
No. 75 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 85 11:00 a.m.
No. 77 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 87 11:00 a.m.
No. 79 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 89 11:00 a.m.
No. 81 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 91 11:00 a.m.
No. 83 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 93 11:00 a.m.
No. 85 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 95 11:00 a.m.
No. 87 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 97 11:00 a.m.
No. 89 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 99 11:00 a.m.
No. 91 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 101 11:00 a.m.
No. 93 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 103 11:00 a.m.
No. 95 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 105 11:00 a.m.
No. 97 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 107 11:00 a.m.
No. 99 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 109 11:00 a.m.
No. 101 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 111 11:00 a.m.
No. 103 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 113 11:00 a.m.
No. 105 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 115 11:00 a.m.
No. 107 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 117 11:00 a.m.
No. 109 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 119 11:00 a.m.
No. 111 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 121 11:00 a.m.
No. 113 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 123 11:00 a.m.
No. 115 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 125 11:00 a.m.
No. 117 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 127 11:00 a.m.
No. 119 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 129 11:00 a.m.
No. 121 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 131 11:00 a.m.
No. 123 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 133 11:00 a.m.
No. 125 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 135 11:00 a.m.
No. 127 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 137 11:00 a.m.
No. 129 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 139 11:00 a.m.
No. 131 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 141 11:00 a.m.
No. 133 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 143 11:00 a.m.
No. 135 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 145 11:00 a.m.
No. 137 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 147 11:00 a.m.
No. 139 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 149 11:00 a.m.
No. 141 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 151 11:00 a.m.
No. 143 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 153 11:00 a.m.
No. 145 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 155 11:00 a.m.
No. 147 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 157 11:00 a.m.
No. 149 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 159 11:00 a.m.
No. 151 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 161 11:00 a.m.
No. 153 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 163 11:00 a.m.
No. 155 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 165 11:00 a.m.
No. 157 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 167 11:00 a.m.
No. 159 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 169 11:00 a.m.
No. 161 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 171 11:00 a.m.
No. 163 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 173 11:00 a.m.
No. 165 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 175 11:00 a.m.
No. 167 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 177 11:00 a.m.
No. 169 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 179 11:00 a.m.
No. 171 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 181 11:00 a.m.
No. 173 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 183 11:00 a.m.
No. 175 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 185 11:00 a.m.
No. 177 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 187 11:00 a.m.
No. 179 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 189 11:00 a.m.
No. 181 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 191 11:00 a.m.
No. 183 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 193 11:00 a.m.
No. 185 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 195 11:00 a.m.
No. 187 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 197 11:00 a.m.
No. 189 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 199 11:00 a.m.
No. 191 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 201 11:00 a.m.
No. 193 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 203 11:00 a.m.
No. 195 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 205 11:00 a.m.
No. 197 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 207 11:00 a.m.
No. 199 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 209 11:00 a.m.
No. 201 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 211 11:00 a.m.
No. 203 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 213 11:00 a.m.
No. 205 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 215 11:00 a.m.
No. 207 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 217 11:00 a.m.
No. 209 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight	No. 219 11:00 a.m.
No. 211 1:45 p.m.	Day Freight</	