QUAKER

is the name of our new brand of flour. It is made from selected hard wheat and the quality is guaranteed. For a limited time QUAKER FLOUR will be sold in sacks made from toweling. When the side seams are drawn the customer has a real roller towel, sixty-two inches long, selvage edges and red stripes.

IF YOU USE TOWELS

why not buy QUAKER FLOUR and get your towels free? The flour costs no more than our other high grades and not as much as some of the inferior stuff that is shipped into Manchester. Our object is to get you to patronize our home mill. It costs you nothing to try our flour—we give your money back if it fails to please.

$1,000 REWARD

to you if our buckwheat flour is not pure. Cakes made from "PURIFIED BUCKWHEAT" taste like buckwheat because it is buckwheat.

QUAKER MILL COMPANY.

A GOOD TOWEL

with every sack of our splendid flour. Come in and get one. They are fine.

PITTSBURG BEST SPLENDID, CLEAR QUILL, AND NEW IDEAL have no equal.

Cal Atkinson.

FOR SALE

One of the Best Farms in the County on Reasonable Terms.

We are sole agents for the sale of the STRAIN FARM, consisting of 494 acres of choice, well improved land, situated in section 18, Coffins Grove township, 2 miles north of Masonville.

The south half of the section has the best buildings, and can be sold for $50 per acre.

The northwest quarter of the section has its separate farm buildings and can be sold for $48 per acre.

Enquire on the premises or at the office of

Bronson & Carr,
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Something New in Breakfast Food

California Wheatine made from the very best selected White Wheat. Also have Cream of Wheat and Pillsbury Best and other breakfast foods. We always have it fresh.

T. N. ARNOLD.

IF YOU ARE

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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.

The Mystery of Agatha Webb.

By Anna Katharine Green.

Author of "The Leavenworth Case," "Lost Man's Lane," "Hand and Ring," Etc., Etc.

Copyright, 1900, by Anna Katharine Green.

I have done what I threatened. I have made the sacrifice. Our child is no longer ours, and now perhaps he may live. But, oh, my breaking heart, my empty home! Help me to bear my desolation, for it is for life. We will never have another child. And where is it? Ah, that is the wonder of it! Near you, Philemon, yet not too near. Mrs. Sutherland has it, and you may have seen its little face through the car window if you were in the station last night when the express passed through to Sutherlandtown. Ah, but she has her burden to bear, too—an awful secret burden, like my own, only she will have the child, for, Philemon, she has taken it in lieu of her own, which died last night in my sight. And Mr. Sutherland does not know what she has done and never will if you keep the secret as I shall for the sake of the life the little innocent has thus won.

What do I mean and how was it all? Philemon, it was God's work, all but the deception, and that is for the good of all and to save four broken hearts.

"Swear you will be a mother to this child!"

Listen. Yesterday, only yesterday—it seems a month ago—Mrs. Sutherland came again to see me with her baby in her arms. The baby was looking well, and she was the happiest of women, for the one wish of his heart and hers had been fulfilled, and she was soon going to have the bliss of showing the child to his father. My own babe was on the bed asleep, and I, who am feeling wonderfully strong, was sitting up in a little chair as far away from him as possible, not out of hatred or indifference, oh, no, but because he seemed to rest better when left entirely by himself and not under the hungry look of my eyes. Mrs. Sutherland went over to look at him. "Oh, he is fair, like my baby," she said, "and almost as sturdy, though mine is a month older." And she stooped down and kissed him. Philemon, he smiled for her, though he never had for me. I saw it with a greedy longing that almost made me cry out. Then I turned to her, and we talked. Of what? I cannot remember now. At home we had never been intimate friends. She is from Sutherlandtown, and I am from Porchester, and the distance of nine miles is enough to estrange people. But here, each with her husband absent and a darling infant sleeping under her eyes, interests we have never thought identical drew us to each other, and we chatted with ever increasing pleasure. Suddenly Mrs. Sutherland jumped up in terrible fright. The infant she had been rocking on her breast was blue; the next minute it shuddered; the next it lay in her arms dead.

I hear the shriek yet with which she fell with it in her arms to the floor. Fortunately no other cars were open to her cry. I alone saw her misery. I alone heard her tale. The child had been poisoned, Philemon, poisoned by her. She had mistaken a cup of medicine for a cup of water and had given the child a few drops in a spoon just before setting out from her hotel. She had not known at the time what she had done, but now she remembered that the fatal cup was just like the other and that the two stood very near together. Oh, her innocent child, and oh, her husband! It seemed as if the latter thought would drive her wild. "He has so wished for a child," she moaned. "We have been married ten years and this baby seemed to have been sent from heaven. He will curse me; he will hate me; he will never be able after this to bear me in his sight." This was not true of Mr. Sutherland, but it was useless to argue with her. Instead of attempting it I took another way to stop her ravings. Lifting the child out of her hands, I first listened at its heart and then finding it was really dead—I have seen too many lifeless children not to know—I began slowly to undress it. "What are you doing?" she cried. "Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Webb! What are you doing?" For reply I pointed to the bed where two little arms could be seen feebly fluttering. "You shall have my child," I whispered. "I have carried too many babies to the tomb to dare risk bringing up another." And catching her poor wandering spirit with my eye, I held her while I told her my story. Philemon, I saved that woman. Before I had finished speaking I saw the reason return to her eye and the dawning of a pitiful hope in her passion drawn face. She looked at the child in my arms, and then she looked at the one in the bed, and the long drawn sigh with which she finally bent down and wept over our darling told me that my cause won. The rest was easy. When the clothes of the two children had been exchanged, she took our baby in her arms and prepared to leave. Then I stopped her. "Swear," I cried, holding her by the arm and lifting my other hand to heaven, "swear you will be a mother to this child! Swear you will love it as your own and rear it in the path of truth and righteousness!"

The convulsive clasp with which she drew the baby to her breast told me plainer than her shuddering "I swear!" that her heart had already opened to it. I dropped her arm and covered my face with my hands. I could not see my darling go. It was worse than death. "Oh, God, save him!" I groaned. "God make him an honor"— But here she caught me by the arm. Her clutch was frenzied, and her teeth were chattering. "Swear in your turn," she gasped; "swear that if I do a mother's duty by this boy you will keep my secret and never, never reveal to my husband, to the boy, or to the world that you have any claims upon him." It was like tearing the heart from my breast with my own hand, but I swore, Philemon, and she in her turn stood back. But suddenly she faced me again, terror and doubt in all her looks. "Your husband!" she whispered. "Can you keep such a secret from him? You will breathe it in your dreams." "I shall tell him," I answered. "Tell him!" The hair seemed to rise on her head, and she shook so that I feared she would drop the babe. "Be careful!" I cried. "See, you frighten the babe. My husband has but one heart with me. What I do he will subscribe to. Do not fear Philemon." So I promised in your name. Gradually she grew calmer. When I saw she was steady again, I motioned her to go. Even my more than mortal strength was failing, and the baby—Philemon, I have never kissed it, and I did not kiss it then. I heard her feet draw slowly toward the door. I heard her hand fall on the knob, heard it turn, uttered one cry and then— They found me an hour after lying along the door clasping the dead infant in my arms. I was in a swoon, and they all think I fell with the child, as perhaps I did, and that its little life went out during my insensibility. Of its little features, like and yet unlike our boy's, no one seems to take heed. The nurse who cared for it is gone, and who else would know that little face but me? They are very good to me and are full of self reproaches for leaving me so long in my part of the building alone. But, though they watch me now, I have contrived to write this letter, which you will get with the one telling of the baby's death and my own dangerous condition.

Under it these words: "Though bidden to destroy this, I have never dared to do so. Some day it may be of inestimable value to us or our boy.

PHILEMON WEBB.

This was the last letter found in the packet. As it was laid down sobs were heard all over the room, and Frederick, who for some time now had been sitting with his head in his hands, ventured to look up and say:

"Do you wonder that I endeavored to keep this secret, bought at such a price and sealed by the death of her I thought my mother and of her who really was? Gentlemen, Mr. Sutherland really loved his wife and honored her memory. To tell him, as I shall have to within the hour, that the child she placed in his arms 25 years ago was an alien and that all his love, his care, his disappointment and his sufferings had been lavished on the son of a neighbor, required greater courage than to face doubt on the faces of my fellow townsmen or anything, in short, but absolute arraignment on the charge of murder. Hence my silence, hence my indecision, till this woman here"—he pointed a scornful finger at Amabel now shrinking in her chair—"drove me to it by secretly threatening me with a testimony which would have made me the murderer of my mother and the lasting disgrace of a good man who alone has been without blame from the beginning to the end of this desperate affair. She was about to speak when I forestalled her."

That afternoon before the inquest broke up the jury brought in their verdict. It was:

"Death by means of a wound inflicted upon herself in a moment of terror and misapprehension."

It was all his fellow townsmen could do for Frederick.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FATHER AND SON.

But Frederick's day of trial was not yet over. There was a closed door to open, a father to see (as in his heart he still called Mr. Sutherland). Then there were friends to face, and foes, under conditions he, better than any one else, knew were in some regards made worse rather than better by the admissions and revelations of this eventful day—Agnes, for instance. How could he meet her pure gaze? But it was his father he must first confront, his father to whom he would have to repeat in private the tale which robbed the best of men of a past and took from him a son, almost a wife, without leaving him one memory calculated to console him. Frederick was so absorbed in this anticipation that he scarcely noticed the two or three timid hands stretched out in encouragement toward him and was moving slowly toward the door, behind which his father had disappeared so many hours before, when he was recalled to the interests of the moment by a single word, uttered not very far from him. It was simply, "Well?" But it was uttered by Knapp and repeated by Mr. Courtney.

Frederick shuddered and was hurrying on when he found himself stopped by a piteous figure that, with appealing eyes and timid gestures, stepped up before him. It was Amabel.

"Forgive!" she murmured, looking like a pleading saint. "I did not know, I never dreamed you were so much of a man, Frederick; that you bore such a heart, cherished such griefs, was so worthy of love and a woman's admiration. If I had"—

Her expression was eloquent, more eloquent than he had ever seen it, for it had real feeling in it, but he put her coldly by.

"When my father's white hairs become black again, and the story of my shame is forgotten in this never forgetting world, then come back and I will forgive you."

And he was passing on when another touch detained him. He turned, this time in some impatience, only to meet the frank eyes of Sweetwater. As he knew very little of this young man save that he was the amateur detective who had by some folly of his own been carried off on the Hesper and who was probably the only man saved from its wreck he was about to greet him with some commonplace phrase of congratulation when Sweetwater interrupted him with the following words:

"I only wanted to say that it may be easier for you to approach your father with the revelations you are about to make if you knew that in his present frame of mind he is much more likely to be relieved by such proofs of innocence as you can give him than overwhelmed by such as show the lack of kinship between you. For two weeks Mr. Sutherland has been bending under the belief of your personal criminality in this matter of Mrs. Webb's death. This was his secret, which was shared by me."

"By you?"

"Yes, by me. I am more closely linked to this affair than you can readily imagine. Some day I may be able to explain myself, but not now. Only remember what I have said about your father—pardon me, Mr. Sutherland—and act accordingly. Perhaps it was to tell you this I was forced back here against my will and best interests by the strongest series of events that ever happened to a man. But," he added, with a sidelong look at the group of men still hovering about the coroner's table, "I had rather think it was for some more important office still. But this the future will show, the future which I seem to see lowering in the faces over there."

And, waiting for no reply, he melted into the crowd.

Frederick passed at once to his father.

No one interrupted Frederick after he had shut that door behind him, but the large crowd that in the halls and on the steps of the building awaited his reappearance showed that the public interest was still warm in a matter affecting so deeply the heart and interests of their best citizen. When, therefore, that long closed door finally opened and Frederick was seen escorting Mr. Sutherland on his arm, the tide of feeling which had not yet subsided since Agatha's letters were read vented itself in one great sob of relief, for Mr. Sutherland's face was calmer than when they had last seen it and his step more assured, and he leaned or made himself lean on Frederick's arm, as if to impress upon all who saw them that the ties of years cannot be shaken off so easily and that he still looked upon Frederick as his son.

But he was not contented with this dumb show, eloquent as it was. As the crowd parted and these two imposing figures took their way down the steps to the carriage which had been sent for them Mr. Sutherland cast one deep and long glance about him on faces he knew and faces he did not know, on those who were near and those who were far, and, raising his voice, which did not tremble as much as might have been expected, said deliberately:

"My son accompanies me to his home. If he should afterward be wanted, he

"My son accompanies me to his home."

will be found at his own fireside. Good day, my friends. I thank you for the good will you have this day shown us both."

Then he entered the carriage.

The solemn way in which Frederick bared his head in acknowledgment of this public recognition of the hold he still retained on this one faithful heart struck awe into the hearts of all who saw it. So that the carriage rolled off in silence, closing one of the most thrilling and impressive scenes ever witnessed in that time worn village.

CHAPTER XXV.

FREDERICK ARRESTED.

But, alas, all tides have their ebb as well as flow, and before Mr. Sutherland and Frederick were well out of the main street the latter became aware that notwithstanding the respect with which his explanations had been received by the jury there were many of his fellow townsmen who were ready to show dissatisfaction at his being allowed to return in freedom to that home where he had still every prospect of being called the young master. Doubt, that seed of ramifying growth, had been planted in more than one breast, and while it failed as yet to break out into any open manifestation there were evidences enough in the very restraint visible in such groups of people as they passed that suspicion had not been suppressed or his innocence established by the overfavorable verdict of the coroner's jury.

To Mr. Sutherland, suffering now from the reaction following all great efforts, much, if not all, of this quiet but significant display of public feeling passed unnoticed. But to Frederick, alive to the least look, the least sign that his story had not been accepted unquestioned, this passage through the town was the occasion of the most poignant suffering.

For not only did these marks of public suspicion bespeak possible arraignment in the future, but through them it became evident that even if he escaped open condemnation in the courts he could never hope for complete reinstatement before the world, nor, what was to him a still deeper source of despair, anticipate a day when Agnes' love and domestic happiness should make amends to him for the grief and errors of his more than wayward youth. He could never marry so pure a being while the shadow of crime separated him from the mass of human beings. Her belief in his innocence and the exact truth of his story (and he was confident she did believe him) could make no difference in this conclusion. While he was regarded openly or in dark corners or beside the humblest fireside as a possible criminal neither Mr. Sutherland nor her father nor his own heart even would allow him to offer her anything but a friend's gratitude or win from her anything but a neighbor's sympathy, yet in bidding goodby to larger hopes and more important desires he parted with the better part of his heart and the only solace remaining in this world for the boundless griefs and tragic experiences of his still young life. He had learned to love through suffering, only to realize that the very nature of his suffering forbade him to indulge in love.

And this seemed, even in this hour of public justification, a final judgment. He had told his story and been for the moment believed, but what was there in his life, what was there in the facts as witnessed by others, what was there in his mother's letters and the revelation of their secret relationship to corroborate his assertions or to prove that her hand and not his had held the weapon when the life blood gushed from her devoted breast? Nothing, nothing; only his word to stand against all human probabilities and natural inference, only his word and the generous nature of the great hearted woman who had thus perished. Though a dozen of his fellow citizens had by their verdict professed their belief in his word and given him the benefit of a doubt involving his life as well as his honor, he, as well as they knew that neither the police nor the general public were given to sentimentality and that the question of his guilt still lay open and must remain so till his dying day, for from the nature of things no proof of the truth was probable. Batsy being dead, only God and his own heart could know that the facts of that awful half hour were as he had told them.

Had God in his justice removed in this striking way his only witness as a punishment for his sins and his mad indulgence in acts so little short of crime as to partake of its guilt and merit its obloquy?

He was asking himself this question as he bent to fasten the gate. His father had passed in. The carriage had driven off, and the road was almost solitary, but not quite. As he leaned his arm over the gate and turned to take a final glance down the hillside he saw with what feelings no one will ever know the light figure of Agnes advancing on the arm of her father.

He would have drawn back, but a better impulse intervened, and he stood his ground. Mr. Halliday, who walked very close to Agnes, cast her an admonitory glance, which Frederick was not slow in interpreting, then stopped reluctantly, perhaps because he saw her falter, perhaps because he knew that an interview between these two was unavoidable and had best be quickly over.

Frederick found his voice first.

"Agnes," said he, "I am glad of this opportunity for expressing my gratitude. You have acted like a friend and have earned my eternal consideration, even if we never speak again."

There was a momentary silence. Her heart, which had drooped under his greeting, rose again. Her eyes, humid with feeling, sought his face.

"Why do you speak like that?" said she. "Why shouldn't we meet? Does not every one recognize your innocence, and will not the whole world soon see, as I have, that you have left the old life behind and have only to be your new self to win every one's regard?"

"Agnes," returned Frederick, smiling sadly as he observed the sudden alarm visible in her father's face at these enthusiastic words, "you know me perhaps better than others do and are prepared to believe my words and my more than unhappy story. But there are few Agneses in the world. People in general will not acquit me, and if there was only one person who doubted"—Mr. Halliday began to look relieved—"I would fail to give any promise of the new life you hope to see me lead if I allowed the shadow under which I undoubtedly rest to fall in the remotest way across yours. You and I have been friends and will continue such, but we will hold little intercourse in future, hard as I find it to say so. Does not Mr. Halliday consider this right? As your father he must."

Agnes' eyes, leaving Frederick's for a moment, sought her father's. Alas, there was no mistaking their language. Sighing deeply, she again hung her head.

"Too much care for people's opinion," she murmured, "and too little for what is best and noblest in us. I do not recognize the necessity of a farewell between us any more than I recognize that any one who saw and heard you today can believe in your guilt."

"But there are so many who did not hear and see me. Besides," here he turned a little and pointed to the garden in his rear, "for the past week a man—I need not state who or under what authority he acts—has been in hiding under that arbor watching my every movement and almost counting my sighs. Yesterday he left for a short space, but today he is back. What does that argue, dear friend? Innocence completely recognized does not call for such guardianship."

To Be Continued.

B. C. R. & N. R'y.

CEDAR RAPIDS TIME CARD.

MAIN LINE GOING EAST AND SOUTH.

Arrive		Leave
8:30 p m	No. 2 Chicago Passenger	8:40 p m
9:30 a m	No. 4 Chi. & Burl'n Pass	9:35 a m
3:10 a m	No. 6 Chicago & St. Louis Ex.	3:30 a m
12:20 ngt	No. 8 Chicago Fast Express	12:27 ngt
	No. 18 Burl. & Davnp't. Pass	3:55 p 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 and free chair car to Chicago; arrives Chicago 7:50 a. m. Dining car will serve breakfast from Joliet to Chicago.

Ngt—night.

MAIN LINE GOING NORTH.

7:35 a m	No. 1 Minneapolis Pass	8:05 a m
12:10 p m	No. 3 Rockford Passenger	3:30 p m
12:03 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 Albert Lea. No. 5—Pullman sleepers and coaches to Minneapolis and St. Paul.

DECORAH DIVISION.

8:10 p m	Decorah Passenger	8:30 a m
9:30 a m	West Union Passenger	3:40 p m
4:05 p m	Decorah Freight	6:20 a m

IOWA FALLS DIVISION.

8:00 p m	Iowa & Minnesota Pass	8:15 a m
12:20 ngt	Minnesota & Dakota Pass	12:30 ngt

IOWA CITY, DAVENPORT, BURL. AND CLINTON.

12:10 p m	Burl. & Ia City Pass	3:55 p m
7:50 p m	Clin., Ia City, Dvpt Pass	7:15 a m
7:35a p m	Burl. & Ia City Pass	8:40 p m

"Trains numbers 5, 6, 8, 13, 19, and Minn & Dakota Pass run daily, all other trains daily except Sunday."

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Railroad Time Table.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No 1* 11:49 p m	Fast Train	No 2* 3:44 a m
No 3* 3:15 p m	Thro Express	No 4* 3:15 p m
No 31 †6:22 p m	Clipper	No 32†9:40 a m
No 5 †9:40 a m	Local Express	No 6† 8:40 p m
No 91†2:05 p m	Way Freight	No 92*11:45 a m
	Thro Freight	No 66*2:05 p m

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

North Bound —Arrive—	Set Cedar Rpds and Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No.306 6:15 p.m	†Passenger	No.305 9:45 a.m
No. 332 9:30 a.m	†Passenger	No.331 6:25 p.m
No. 808 1:30 p.m	†Freight	No.353 5:00 p.m

All above trains carry passengers.
*Daily.
†Daily Except Sunday.

H. G. PIERCE, Station Agt.

Nos 5 & 6 run between Dubuque and Albert Lea.

Nos. 31 & 32 run between Lyle and Dubuque with connection through to Ft Dodge by train No 31.

New train 4 makes same stops east of here as No. 2 except that east of Rockford it stops at East Rockford, Genoa & Coleman. This train is a through vestibule train with dining car from Omaha to Rockford. No 2 & 4 only stop at Dyersville between Manchester and Dubuque.

No 2-4-6-1-3 & 31 Run daily Sunday Included.

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Way Freight daily.....11:35 a m
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Way Freight daily.....9:35 p m
Day Express daily except Sunday.....1:58 p m
St Paul & Kansas City Exp, daily.....5:41 a m
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