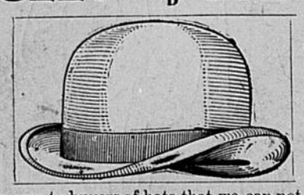
STOUT'S CLOTHING HOUSE

OUR SPRING STOCK OF HATS IS HERE!

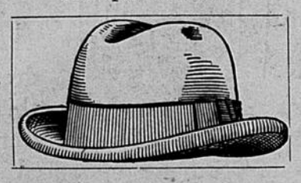
The Names

LONGLEY AND STETSON



are so well known to buyers of hats that we can not say anything that would add to their reputation for style and quality.

This line is replete with all the seasons novelties in shapes and colors.



Enough Said to Wise Heads.

We want to double our trade this spring

AND

We are going to make prices that wil do it.

CAL. ATKINSON.

IF YOU ARE

LOOKING FOR THE BEST

n 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.

Ladies! Do You Contemplate Cleaning Your Lace Curtains?

IF SO, We guarantee to clean them, Make Them Look As Good As New, and not damage them in the least, and the price will be right at

The Manchester Laundry.

Spring Suits and Overcoats.

Do You Need One?

If So This is the Place You are Looking For.

I will make you a Fine suit UP-TO-DATE in STYLE and PATTERN at any price, ranging from $12.00 to $50.00.

Overcoats from $18.00 to $35.00.

Shirts made to order from $1.50 to $4.50.

I have over 400 patterns to chose from. Come in and take a look at themeofroq buying elsewhere.

Scharles, The Tailor And Shirtmaker.

HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER;

Or, Christian Stewardship.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON,

Author of "In His Steps," "The Crucifixion of Philip Strong," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," "Malcom Kirk," Etc.

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Andrew looked gravely at Stuart. The short winter day was fast drawing to an end. Stuart still stood there, thoughtfully looking at the bowed form of Eric.

"There is one man who still has great influence over all the miners in Champion and De Mott," said Andrew gently.

Stuart started. Over at the other end of the hall he could see Rhena. She had just left her task and was coming toward him. Life was very sweet to him now. Why should he risk it in a possible—yes, probable—danger by going over to the scene of this new difficulty? Was he his brother's keeper.

"That one man is yourself," continued Andrew.

"You think I ought to go?" asked Stuart calmly.

"I cannot answer for you," Andrew made reply slowly.

"What are you talking about?" asked Rhena as she came up.

"Rhena," said Stuart, "it may be necessary for me to go to De Mott tonight. It looks now as if the strike had reached a crisis, and before morning something will probably occur to change the situation that has held all winter."

Rhena looked steadily at the three men.

"You are keeping back something," she said at last.

"Yes!" exclaimed Eric, lifting his head. "The men at De Mott are going to pull up the Queen mine pumps. I've lost my influence over them. If Stuart goes over there to prevent the men, he will risk his life. I know the men when they are drunk are devils. They would kill any one, even Christ himself, if he went over there tonight. Don't let him go, Miss Dwight. It's almost sure death. He will only lose his life and do no good by it."

Rhena did not say a word. Stuart looked over at Andrew as if half hoping he would second Eric's request. But Andrew was silent. Then he turned toward Rhena again. He had never loved her so much as at that moment.

"Rhena," he said in a low tone, "I feel as if I ought to go over to De Mott. I am sure Eric exaggerates the danger. If I am the only man with enough influence to prevent an outbreak, I am in duty bound to exert it."

"No; don't go!" cried Rhena, and then she stopped. She had taken one step toward Stuart. He was not looking at her, but seemed to be hesitating for something.

She spoke again. "I would not have you a coward to please me. If you must go"—

"I must," replied Stuart. "God bless and keep you." He leaned over and kissed her, and without another word to either Andrew or Eric he stepped to the door and threw it open.

"I'll send over to the hotel barn for a horse!" cried Andrew. Just at that moment Dr. Saxon drove up.

"He is just in time," said Stuart calmly, as if he had been expecting him.

He told the doctor in a few words that he must go to De Mott at once. The doctor understood.

"Get in, then! This means more gunshot wound practice for me maybe." He whispered to Rhena, who had come

He whispered to Rhena, who stood at the side of the cutter.

out to the side of the cutter, pale and trembling: "Don't you fear, lass. The Lord protects drunkards and fools when they don't know enough to stay at home nights. Whoa now, Ajax!" he yelled at his horse just long enough to allow Stuart to say goodby to Rhena.

The next instant Stuart had leaped into the cutter, and Ajax was flying over the road to De Mott. Andrew and Eric and Rhena stood at the door of the hall watching.

Finally Rhena said, "Let us go inside and pray."

Andrew and Eric followed her, and Andrew comforted her as they went. But Eric sat down moodily and was silent. While Rhena and some of the other women and Andrew were praying together he went softly out of the hall and after looking around in the gathering dusk he finally started in a brisk walk and gradually increased it to a run. He followed the track of the doctor's cutter and was soon running with all his speed over the De Mott road.

CHAPTER XI.

AN ORATOR.

When Stuart and the doctor swept into De Mott after a fierce ride behind the foaming Ajax, they found almost the entire population gathered around the postoffice block, in which was a large hall, used during the winter mostly for traveling show companies.

It was packed tonight with the miners. The union was in session, and every man who could find a foothold inside was there. The rest were waiting outside to hear a final decision. Not a man of them but believed the result had already been determined and that before morning every pump on the range would be pulled out and the companies would lose millions of dollars' worth of property in a few hours. It would be a grim contest of labor over capital. It would strike capital at its most sensitive spot. It would be a real satisfaction for the great suffering and want of the winter. And many and many a hollow faced miner in the crowd around the hall was thinking of a little child lying dead under the snow in the great burial place on the slope of the range, and he grasped his stick tighter and cursed the rich in his palace of comfort that bitter night.

Stuart never felt more helpless. He looked at the faces around him, and his heart sank as he realized how great was the force of a mob bent on doing its own pleasure. He felt as if any influence he might possess in Champion was an empty breath in De Mott. Surely Andrew had been mistaken when he said Stuart could influence such men as these at such a time as this.

He was roused from all this by the doctor, who spoke short and sharp.

"Now, then, let's make a break for the hall! We'll leave Ajax right here."

Stuart was astonished.

"They won't let us in the hall."

"We'll see about that," replied the doctor.

He drove Ajax up in front of one of the drug stores where he was in the habit of stopping when he came to De Mott, and, getting out of the cutter, with Stuart following with much wonder, he began to force his way to the hall door. As Stuart went on he began to realize that there had been a mistake made by Andrew. If there was one man left who had real influence over the miners, it was not Stuart Duncan, but Dr. Saxon.

It was almost comical to see the changes that went over the miners' faces as the doctor shoved men this way and that in order to get near the hall. At first they swore and threatened to do unspeakable damage for the rough treatment some one was giving them, but the minute they caught sight of the rugged, kindly face they were as polite and ready to make room as if he had been some high and mighty potentate and they his loyal subjects.

"Get out of the way there! Doctor, he be needed in the hall. Some one be hurt in there likely!" And a big Dane reached out and caught a miner, who was standing in front of the doctor, by the collar and pulled him off his feet as if he had been a dummy in a clothing store.

In this way the doctor, Stuart struggling in his wake, fought and had fought for him a way up to the hall door. Thirty years' absolute devotion to the great needs of the miners in De Mott as well as in Champion had endeared the doctor to every stolid, obstinate, dull, heavy brained, but warm hearted man out of the 5,000, but even tonight he was privileged to go where he wanted and no questions asked.

He was in the hall and Stuart behind him. It was contrary to union rules, but tonight there was no such strict enforcement of regulations. The men had reached or were nearing a desperate resolve and did not care much who knew it.

So the doctor, still silent, as he had been from the time he started to make his way into the hall, went on through the dense crowd that blocked the aisles, and Stuart still crowded after him, his mind in a dream, his amazement at the doctor's action not yet relieved by a real inkling of his purpose.

They were on the platform, and the speaker had stopped to shake hands with the doctor, and then the doctor had asked in a low voice if he might say a word to the men.

The chairman of the union happened to be one of the Champion men. It was only two weeks before that Dr. Saxon had gone out into one of the fiercest storms of the winter, waded through drifts over his head, where Ajax had refused to go, and at a critical time in the illness of this man's baby had dragged it, as if by sheer force of defiance against death, out of the very shadow of the valley back into the warmth of life. The chairman was a hard faced, hard fisted, but big hearted Cornishman, who loved his babies as much as any man on earth, and if Dr. Saxon had asked for his last crust of bread or a share of his pasty he would have said, "Take it all."

"Boys, doctor, he be wanting to say a word or two. It don't belong to be by the rules, but I say let doctor say his say!"

"Aye, aye! Let's hear doctor!" shouted a hundred voices, and the man who had been speaking at once sat down.

The doctor turned around and faced the men. Stuart never forgot the scene. It flashed into him like light that the doctor was taking all this upon himself to save him. Stuart, from danger of collision with the men. He almost forgot Rhena in his love for his old friend tonight.

And it was a scene for painters, only painters never could catch the full meaning of it all. The doctor looked into the faces of men by whose side he had stood in the little cabins where life was going out or at the bottom of the mines after some horrible accident, and he was always the same in his unflinching devotion to duty and his unspoken love for the suffering and his great skill to beat death back and look hell in the face without a tremor of a nerve or the quiver of an eyelid.

"Now, then," began the doctor in his usual abrupt manner, "there isn't a man here ever heard me try to make a speech in public, is there?"

It was very quiet in the hall, so quiet that the noise of the crowd outdoors could plainly be heard. No one replied to the doctor's question. The men were all waiting to hear the next word. They were not easily surprised, but the sight of the doctor up there and the sound of his voice in this new revelation of him were almost like seeing or hearing a man who had been dead for 30 years come suddenly to life.

"And I'm not going to try it now. But I want to tell you that if you do what you are threatening to do tonight you'll be bigger fools than I've been calling you for 30 years or more. Why, you must be insane idiots, every mother's son of you, to think you can gain anything by pulling up pumps! Who'll suffer? The mine owners? What if they do lose a little property up here? Haven't you got sense enough to know that it is only one item out of thousands for them? But it's the whole thing for you, and if you weren't a lot of blockheaded dummies you would know that the result of pulling up the pumps will be simply to give me more work to do in mending your cracked skulls and sewing up a lot of gunshot wounds in your useless bodies, and I tell you I've got my hands full now without having a lot of extra work piled on me just because you want to have a little picnic with those pumps. And after you've pulled 'em up and about a hundred of you are killed or get what few brains you have left knocked out what will you gain besides that? How much chance will there be for mining in the spring with all the shafts flooded? Do you want to kill me with all this preparation for bloodshed? Tell you what I'll do. Any man here that wants me to amputate an arm or leg or fix his brains back into his empty head after he's gone and got himself mixed up in a fight with the militia can just take my word for it here and now that I will turn him over to the job work of these stranger doctors that have been practicing on you since the fever struck in this winter. Hear that? I simply won't do a thing for you!

"I'm as mad as you are at the mine owners. I think that, with the exception of Mr. Duncan here, they will have a heavy account to settle at the day of judgment. But, sure as death, you won't gain anything by trying to improve God's punishment for 'em. You know what'll happen if the mines close down for good in the spring. The owners will have to open if you let the pumps alone, and you can go back at a rise over old wages. The pressure for ore will force the companies to resume. But once you ruin the mines, and what will you do? The babies cry for food in the cabins now, you say, but it will be worse than that if"—The doctor softened his voice for a minute. The effect of it was magical. Stuart could not believe and will not as long as he lives that Dr. Saxon was talking for the next few sentences. He has never heard him with that voice since. "The babies that lie out there on the great slope will never hunger again. I have watched hundreds of them leave this unsatisfactory world this winter and not one of them that did not pull my heartstrings with his little fingers as death won him from me. But God is merciful. There is no doubt of his justice. There isn't a man here who doesn't know I love him and would never counsel an act that I was not sure would be for your good and the good of the wives and children in the long run. Why, every one of you knows"—here the doctor resumed his voice that the miners knew so well, and every one started and came back again, staring at the great rough coated figure—"that even Ajax has more sense than to go and kick over the measure that contains his oats. But that's what you plan to do. I always said that the stupidest numskulls that ever lived could be found in De Mott, where I've looked into more cracked craniums than anything else, and I've made up my mind that after this when I've broken heads to fix up I'll use cotton or wool or something like that to stuff the vacant places I find"—

Just then there was a disturbance down by the door, and the next moment a voice broke the silence of the crowd: "Is the doctor here? He's wanted at once outside. Been a row, and Pat Penryck has got a broken head. Tell the doctor to come right out."

"Hear that!" roared the doctor. "If you pull up pumps, I'll go right up and get killed with the rest of you when the militia fires, and after I've gone who'll come and pump life into you when death has you by the throat? And if I don't get shot I'll leave you and go down to Chicago, where I won't have to furnish the brains for the whole community."

Without another word the doctor jumped down off the platform and worked his way outside, where he cared for the wounded man as skillfully and tenderly as if his patient had been the president of the republic.

At first Stuart had started to go out with the doctor. Then he suddenly changed his mind and decided to remain. The doctor had made a decided impression on the men. They were used to his rough, uncomplimentary invective, and they loved him as perhaps they never loved any one else, and he had put the matter so plainly, even if it had been flung at them so roughly, that they were compelled to think.

The next half hour in that old hall that night witnessed the closing chapter in the great strike. Man after man rose and declared that it would be madness to pull up the pumps. The doctor's words had struck into the heart of things, and men who had sworn when they entered the hall to destroy every cent's worth of mine owners' property they could lay hands on now urged caution and waiting. There was, however, one element they had not reckoned on.

The union had been for several weeks in a condition bordering on dissolution. Eric had found that out some time before he was confronted with the fact of his own loss of power. He knew that the end was very near. The entire effect of the evening's event so far tended to break down what remained of the union. Stuart could see the end coming. He sat back against the wall, forgotten by the leaders and their men as the talk went on. There were several fiery appeals for carrying out the original plans of destroying the mines. The crowd swayed all over the room as one and another from the floor as well as from the platform spoke. Finally the end came in a rush. A great, shambling figure, no less than our old friend Sanders, who had been charged by the doctor with getting cod liver oil from the dispensary wherewith to grease his boots, rose and in a voice that in spite of its being perforated with spasmodic coughs was easily heard made a motion that the strike be declared off.

A pandemonium started in with the debate on this motion. The crowd outside caught the news, and it maddened the mob. There was a great rush for the hall entrance. The chairman finally put the motion as yells of "Question!" "Question!" rose on every side, and it carried by a two-thirds vote.

Instantly the men in the hall started to rush into the street and were met at the hall entrance by the yelling crowd trying to get in. For several minutes there was a tremendous struggle, but gradually the crowd outside, as it learned of the action of the union leaders, gave way, and when one of the most prominent men in the De Mott range put the question, standing on the steps of the courthouse at the corner, the majority of the voices yelled "Aye!" to the question declaring the strike off. There was no accounting for this to Stuart's mind except by the fact that all along the men had grown more and more tired of the strike and had really been waiting for some one to make the break. Then they followed like sheep, and in less than ten minutes the union was past history.

A few of the disaffected men that night, inflamed with drink and mad at the close of the strike, went up to the Queen mine, determined to pull up the pumps and destroy as much as possible, but the troops had already anticipated such an attempt and in a skirmish with the miners drove them back, no one, however, being killed and only a few heads broken with clubs and ore missiles. Stuart did not know of this until the next day, and the doctor helped mend the broken heads, grumbling as he did so and declaring with each new case that it was positively the very last he would attend.

Stuart came out into the street feeling that his part of the evening's work had been very insignificant. He had, in fact, been almost ignored in the excitement and had sat a silent spectator of the affair. He was calm enough to realize that the doctor's abrupt statement, combined with the great love the miners had for him, had a great deal to do with the way the matters were being shaped. The crowd still remained in the streets, but it was broken up into groups, discussing the situation and wondering what the owners would do now.

Stuart was standing by the doctor's cutter, waiting for him to return, when a man touched him on the arm. He turned, and there stood Eric. He had run nearly all the way from Champion, but Stuart did not know that.

"Eric!" cried Stuart.

"I got here just in time to be of no use," said Eric gloomily. Then he added, with more feeling, "You are not hurt?"

"No. There has been no disturbance. You've heard that the strike is declared off? How did you come over?"

"Yes, I heard the news quick enough. I came on foot. I will never trust a crowd again. I thought I knew these men. I would have sworn nothing could prevent their pulling up the pumps tonight. That shows how little I have really known them."

"We thank the doctor for the way things have turned. You never heard such a talk as he gave the men."

"No, and you never will again," said the doctor as he came up and began to untie Ajax. "It was my first and will be my last on the stage. I wouldn't have gone up this time only I wanted to tell the good for nothing lot of them what fools they are. I seldom have such a chance to say so to as large a number of them at once. Come on. Going back to Champion with me, Stuart?"

"Wait a minute, doctor!" cried Stuart. He drew Eric off one side. "Eric, you came over on purpose to share the danger with me. I know what it means." Eric did not answer. "You are not feeling the injustice of the men toward you. Don't let it make you bitter. The cause is the same." Still Eric was silent. "Won't you go back with us? The doctor can make room."

"No; I'll stay over here with some friends. I'll be back tomorrow," Eric replied as if with an effort.

Stuart laid a hand on his shoulder. "Eric," he said simply, "I love you."

Eric choked. In the darkness a tear rolled down over his cheek. He turned away and walked into the street, and Stuart went back to Champion with the doctor.

"Eric takes it hard; his loss of influence over the men," said Stuart, with a sigh.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Belgium holds the world's record in canals, having 535 miles, which carry 8,000,000 tons a year.

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Almost A Daily At The Price Of A Weekly.

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The regular subscription price of the two papers is $2.50. 12

Knight Templars of Iowa.

The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company has recently published a circular concerning the Triennial Conclave to be held at Louisville, Aug. 27 to 30, 1901. The circular is illustrated with cuts of Most Eminent Sir Reuben H. Lloyd, of San Francisco, who will be Grand Master of the Encampment of the fine old Southern Home on East Broadway that has been secured for the Iowa Headquarters, and other buildings that will interest Knight Templars. Every Knight living on or adjacent to the Illinois Central Railroad in Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota or Nebraska should address the undersigned, at Dubuque, Iowa, for a free copy of this circular.

J. P. MERRY,
Asst Gen. Pass. Agent.

Compound Vapor and Shampoo Baths.

Baths

Vapor and Shampoo.

Most all diseases are caused by poisonous secretions, which clog the wheels of NATURE.

The name and the symptoms may be different but the cause of disease can usually be traced to the imperfect action of the millions of pores of the human body. A bath in accordance with scientific requirements is the best preventative and remedy known. The methods employed by me are the most scientific ever invented or discovered for dispelling disease. Results tell the story. Give me a trial. This is the Conant system of baths. A competent lady attendant in charge of the ladies department.

Office and bath rooms on Franklin street, opposite Globe Hotel

6tf G. D. GATES.

Do You See How the Time Flies

So be sure you are right then go ahead. And it is time you came to our yard and bought your lumber as we are giving you the best of it. We have it and we sell it too.

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One sip—one cup—and you'll never be in coffee-doubt again.

BAKER'S MONACA COFFEE

is received fresh daily for particular people's coffee pots.

For Sale by L. G. WELLS.

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While there is Life there is Hope.

I was afflicted with catarrh; could neither taste nor smell and could hear but little. Ely's Cream Balm cured it. —Marcus G. Shantz, Rehwa, N. J.

The Balm reached me safely and the effect is surprising. My son says the first application gave decided relief. Respectfully, Mrs. Franklin Freeman, Dover, N. H.

The Balm does not irritate or cause sneezing. Sold by druggists at 50 cts. or mailed by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York. 2

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EUREKA HARNESS OIL

Unequaled by any other.
Renders hard leather soft.
Especially prepared.
Keeps out water.
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HARNESS

An excellent preservative.
Reduces cost of your harness.
Never burns the leather; its efficiency is increased.
Secures best service.
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OIL

Is sold in all Localities

Manufactured by Standard Oil Company.

Railroad Time Table

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No 1* 11:49 pm	Fast Train	No 2* 3:44 a m
No 3* 3:15 pm	Thro Express	No 4* 3:15 p m
No 81 *6:22 p m	Clipper	No 82 *9:40 a m
No5 †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—	Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No.306 6:15 p.m	†Passenger	No 305 9:45 a.m
No 82 9:30 a.m	†Passenger	No 81 6:25 p.m
No. 86 1:30 p.m	†Freight	No.85 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. 81 & 82 run between Lyle and Dubuque with connection through to Ft Dodge by train No 81.

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 3-4-6-1-3 & 81 Run daily Sunday Included.

NEW SHORT LINE

Omaha - Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Illinois Central between Omaha and Fort Dodge in connection with the Minneapolis and St. Louis between Fort Dodge and Minneapolis and St. Paul, also to be inaugurated January 28, 1900

"THE LIMITED"	Lv. Omaha 7.35 p. m.	Lv. St. Paul 8.00 p. m
	Ar. Minneapolis 7.30 a. m.	Lv Minneapolis 8.30 p. m.
	Ar. St. Paul 8.00 a. m	Ar. Omaha 8.15 a. m.

A fast vestibule night train, daily, carrying through Pullman sleeping car and couches.

"THE EXPRESS"	Lv. Omaha 7.00 a. m.	Lv. St. Paul 9.00 a. m.
	Ar. Minneapolis 7.00 p. m.	Lv Minneapolis 9.30 a. m.
	Ar. St. Paul 7.30 p. m.	Ar. Omaha 9.40 p. m.

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

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

CEDAR RAPIDS TIME CARD.

MAIN LINE GOING EAST AND SOUTH.

Arrive		Leave
8:20 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	8:20 a m
9:20 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 m	Burl. & Ia City Pass	3:40 p m

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

JNO. G. FARMER, Gen'l Pass & Tkt Agt. J. A. LOMAX, Ticket Agent. Cedar Rapids Iowa.

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RY.

"The Maple Leaf Route."

March 3, 1901.

Time card, Thorpe, Iowa.

Chicago Special, Daily, Going East.....7:37 a m
Day Express daily.....2:28 p m
Way Freight daily.....11:30 a m
Going West. North and South
Way Freight daily.....11:30 am
Day Express daily except Sunday.....3:26 p m
St Paul & Kansas City Exp. daily except Sunday.....5:11 a m

For information and tickets apply to W. T Brander, Agent Thorpe.

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