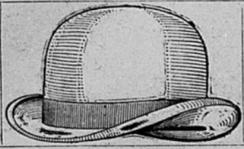


STOUT'S CLOTHING HOUSE

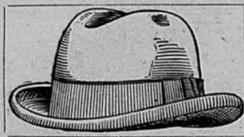
OUR SPRING STOCK OF HATS IS HERE!

The Names
LONGLEY & 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 will do it.

CAL. ATKINSON.

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.

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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.

A SAVORY AROMA

that is an appetizer, as well as a tickler of the palate, arises from the rich and nourishing soups that are made for the edification of the epicure and will suit the pocketbook of the economical. Our fine canned soups, as well as our choice canned goods of all descriptions, are of the best brands, and all of recent canning, fresh, nourishing and palatable.

PETERSON BROS

Our Specialty is Pure Food.

It is our intention to keep as First Class GROCERIES as can be found in any First Class Grocery Store in the City, and to sell them as close as Good Goods can be sold.

We are selling A NO. 1 PATENT FLOUR and guaranteeing every sack to be First Class. We can save you money on every sack.

Try our TEAS and COFFEE. They are just immense.

A. B. WATERS,

SUCCESSOR TO NOBLE ARNOLD.

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," "Malcolm Kirk," Etc.

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One day Rhena slipped away from her while she was busy in this manner, and as she was going into the library Stuart came in from the drawing room. He had been down superintending the new building.

"Oh, Stuart, Stuart," Rhena almost sobbed as she closed the door so that Louise could not hear, "it is so horrible! It seems so like—so like clothing Death itself in time and glitter. Oh, the mockery of it makes my heart ache! If we only knew more of the real cause of Louise's trouble, we might know how to bring her back to reason!"

"Only what, dear?" Stuart asked, taking her in his arms to comfort her as he remembered how faithful she had been to her great trust in caring for his sister.

"Only—the end is not far off, I fear. She is wasting away like the snow on the hills in spring."

Stuart groaned. "I have seen it, dear. The doctor has done all he can. He gives no hope." He was silent. Then he spoke with calm strength. "Am going down to New York, and I am going to see Aunt Royal and probe the thing to the end. I have written her, but had no reply. And all our efforts to find Vasplaine have failed. The family knows nothing of him. I must go down anyway to see after some necessary matters for the building. I will be back inside of a week."

So that was the way Stuart came to be in New York just before Aunt Royal had planned to pack her trunks and go abroad for the summer.

It was ushered into the great drawing room of the mansion on the avenue and remained standing by one of the windows waiting for Aunt Royal to come down. His heart was heavy as he thought of Louise. He tried to compose himself for the interview, remembering his Christian faith and all that it required of him in all circumstances.

Her entrance was hardly noticed by him when she finally appeared. Velvet carpets are made to deaden the footsteps of market gardeners' daughters who have made their money by investing in tenement and saloon property.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Stuart, I am sure," said Aunt Royal in her usual polite, gentle voice.

"You know what I am here for, aunt," Stuart asked, coming to the point at once.

"No; I don't know that I do. I suppose some business in connection with your philanthropic schemes in Champion. I hear the strike is all over. I suppose the miners have learned sense by their folly."

"Aunt," said Stuart firmly, ignoring all she said, "I have come down here to learn the truth about Louise. Tell me all you know about it. It may help to restore her reason before she dies. God's sake, aunt, if you know what I ought to know, let me have it."

Aunt Royal's face paled just a trifle. "Restore her reason?"

"Yes," replied Stuart, with some sternness of tone. "Her reason, give it over to her mind. Her memory of events since her marriage is a blank. She must have received some great shock. Of course we know Vasplaine has deserted her. And she is dying. After all, if—"

Stuart paused, and his heart almost stood still as he caught the expression on Aunt Royal's face. He was not looking at her, but at her reflection in the large chrysal glass. And it was the reflection of an absolutely selfish and heartless enjoyment of social standing, untroubled by the coarse sins and miseries and aches of a dying humanity.

Aunt Royal's voice came to his ears with its usual placid smoothness.

"Louise left me on her wedding tour immediately after her marriage. They went south and then took a trip out west. When they returned, they took rooms in the Avenue hotel. I saw them often, but not intimately. Vasplaine had begun to drink. There was trouble, of course. But when he finally left her I was as much surprised as any one."

She paused suddenly, and Stuart was silent. The great gilt clock on the marble mantel dropped a silver ball into a bowl, and Aunt Royal turned her head slightly toward it. Stuart still looked at his reflection in the mirror.

"When did Louise leave New York for Champion?" he finally asked.

"I don't know anything about it," replied Aunt Royal, with the first mark of irritation she had shown.

"Do you mean to say, aunt, that after Vasplaine's desertion of her, Louise never came near you?" asked Stuart, turning full upon her and looking into her face almost as resolutely as if he really knew the facts.

"No, I don't," said Aunt Royal, pale. She could not control her blood, even after so many years of artificial repose in the exercise of society manners.

"I tell you I did not see her after Vasplaine's disgraceful desertion of her. He turned out to be a gambler and a thief, and I was forced to flee with my property and money away like a madman. I don't know where he is now."

"I have not asked about him," said Stuart dryly. "I am anxious for Louise."

He remained a moment more in silent thought. He could not help believing that this woman had not told the truth, but he was powerless to prove his belief. At last he found his heart so sick at the thought that he longed to escape from the house.

"You will just go to lunch?" Aunt Royal asked politely as he rose and moved to go.

"No, I thank you," replied Stuart quietly. "I must start back to Champion this afternoon."

"I hope poor Louise will recover," she said, and was about to add something more, when one of the servants came into the hall and announced an important message at the telephone from some one connected with Aunt Royal's proposed summer tour.

"Excuse me while I answer this. I will let you see yourself out!" she exclaimed with her conventional politeness, and was gone.

Stuart was just going out when the servant who had opened the door for him when he came in, spoke to him.

"I can tell you something about your sister, sir, if you will wait a minute."

"Of course I want to know all I can," Stuart was surprised, and reflected that this man might be simply a talebearer, or trying to earn a fee, but the thought that Louise might possibly be the gambler by knowledge he might learn of her quieted Stuart to listen.



"This is an unexpected pleasure, Stuart," truth, I leave her this week, anyway. I'd as soon live with the devil's wife as with her, but I beg your pardon if it is your relative."

Stuart clinched his hands tightly, and in his heart he uttered a groan.

There stood Aunt Royal, her face flaming. She had come into the hall through a side door right behind the servant. How much of the man's story she had heard Stuart could not tell, but it was enough to let her know that Stuart at last knew.

"It is a lie, a miserable lie!" she screamed. "It was only this morning I saw her in my passion. He had his back to the door, and for a moment he looked in the face, and then, without a word, he turned around, opened it and walked out. The warm sunshine seemed like something almost human as he came through the door behind him and fled away. He knew the truth now. At last there was no doubt in his mind that Louise had been denied a shelter in her greatest need by this society woman, who would risk hell itself rather than the possibility of losing her standing and her own selfish case of believing. And that he was right in believing the servant's story was shown by after events as well as by items of news which came to him from various sources through New York acquaintances."

Putting all he could gather into a connected series, he managed, before returning to Champion, to learn in general what must have been Louise's experience. Her husband had ruined her financially and then brutally abandoned her.

She had found herself practically without friends in New York. The only relative there was Aunt Royal. She naturally turned to her in the hour of her trouble. But the more he learned of the time which had fallen upon her, it seemed to Stuart incredible at first that Vasplaine in so short a time could get possession of Louise's money and squander it. But the more he learned of her career the less he wondered. Louise had trusted him, fascinated by a certain attractiveness of sense and person. And when he finally left her she found herself alone in a great city.

Her aunt's refusal to receive her added the final stroke to the weight of her shame and misery. Stuart never knew what Louise had done after leaving her aunt's house before she appeared so unexpectedly in Champion. The shock of her experiences told the story of her condition as Stuart found her when he lifted her up from the doorstep that rainy night.

All this gave Stuart bitter thoughts as he hurried back to Champion. He almost dreaded to get off the train for fear the doctor would meet him, as he did before when his father had died, but no one was there with any news, and when he reached the house he was greeted by the doctor, who was looking no worse than when he went away. He tried to take courage for her. The doctor said she might linger on through the summer, but gave no hope of mental recovery. With this constant shadow of death in their home, therefore, Stuart and Rhena, with thoughtful and serious hearts, their love for each other refined and strengthened by this affliction, went forward with their great plans for the brotherhood of humanity.

The Hall of Humanity was going up rapidly now. Stuart had determined to have it ready for dedication before winter set in if possible. He had employed a very large force of the best workmen he could find. All this, Stuart and Rhena and the doctor, together with other good people in the town, had given a vast amount of thought to the plans and purposes of the building. At the same time Stuart was beginning the foundations of his own home down in the town. The Hall of Humanity stood on one side of the square nearly opposite St. John's church. Stuart had owned several small buildings there and had torn them down to make room for the new building. His own house was to be nearby.

A few days after Stuart's return Rhena was sitting in the library at the Duncan mansion discussing the plans that were now beginning to take visible shape. Eric had gone back into the mines with the other men and seemed to be passing through an experience of bitterness. He had not

yet recovered from his humiliation at the loss of his father's over the man. He was able to be present at the conference on this occasion, owing to a half holiday which the miners were celebrating in one of the numerous lodges.

"I don't understand this arrangement here," said Andrew, who was examining the plans of the hall, which lay spread out on the table.

Stuart explained the particular point, and then they all began to talk about the building.

"What is your exact idea about the use of the big hall?" asked Eric as he pointed at the diagram marking the place of an immense auditorium.

"I don't know that I have very many 'exact' ideas about any of the uses of the world's best wealth. There is something in general the great world-holiness. I have thought of great singers and players and lecturers who could be induced to come up here at moderate prices, understanding our object, and then pack the hall of men and women and children at a small sum within their reach to pay. I believe we could attract up here some of the best talent in music and speech in all the world and give the miners of Champion a taste of some of the world's best wealth. Then I would have a week or two of fine picture exhibitions or fine art exhibits and so on, with, say, four times a year a great flower exhibit. I am a convert to your idea, Eric, of music and flowers for everybody. We could let the fall and have a change of flowers show if we would promise not to ruin us with hothouse extravaganzas."

Andrew was so excited over the thought that he got up and began to pace the room.

"But," he exclaimed, "just think of a hall the size of that lined all the way around with chrysanthemums or callas or orchids! You'll allow me a few orchids, won't you, Stuart?"

"But, look here!" cried Rhena. "Don't look here!" she cried, pointing to the orchids she had brought in. "I admit it looks beautiful on paper, and it will no doubt look fine when it is done in wood and stone, but will the army feel at home in it? Will they be able in time to reach the very people who now come into the old hall?"

"Why, you critical snob, what do you want us to do—make a specimen army hall like the old shanty we have already and knock out a dozen pangs of glass and stuff miners' hats and the like?"

"There's a good deal of sense in what your wife says, just the same," said Andrew. "If the Salvation Army gets to be too foolish, it won't be the Salvation Army any more, and it won't do the army's work."

"Christ would good clothes, didn't he?" asked Eric bluntly.

Everybody was silent a minute. They all knew what he meant. And still, if they could not get a better practice here, they would look after the men outside if I stay here all the time?" the doctor asked abruptly.

"Why, we can get a man all right. There are plenty of young doctors who are eager to begin practice here."

"Yes," burst out the doctor, "young upstarts who have a lot of newfangled surgical instruments and are eager to try every one of 'em on every case that get—anything from rheumatism to liver complaint. I was talking with one of 'em last winter, and he wanted me to swallow his latest contraption for operating on the throat with an electric searchlight and battery combined, and I don't know what all that'll becom' to the people of these fellows who've got loose on 'em with their inventions! No, sir; I don't intend to turn 'em over to any such risks! Mines and providence are dangerous enough, but a new doctor with a lot of brand new instruments is too much even for Champion men."

Stalking antelope among the Rockies may have its humorous as well as its thrilling side. Says Mrs. Seton-Thompson in "A Woman Tenderfoot."

We tied our horses on a dizzy height, and started to descend with a carbide, I with a rifle, along a treacherous, shaly bank which ended 20 feet below in the steep, rocky bluffs that formed the face of the cliff.

A misstep would have sent us flying, but I did not think of that. My only thought was to avoid starting the shy, feet-footed creatures we pursued. I hadly dared to breathe. Every muscle and nerve was strained with long suspense.

Suddenly I clutched Nimrod's arm and laid it as an oblique, and colored bulk 50 yards above us on the mountain.

"Antelope! Lying down!" I whispered.

Nimrod nodded and motioned me to go about 100 yards down the slope, inch by inch, my gaze riveted. It did not move. I grew more excited. It was not so hard to approach an antelope after all. I felt astonishingly pleased at my performance. Then rattle crash! and a stone went bounding down. I raised my rifle and fired a shot before the swift animal should go flying away.

It was strangely still. I stole a little nearer and then turned and went gently back to Nimrod. He was convulsed with silent laughter. My elaborate stall had been made on a nice buff stone!

Guessing a Cliff's Height. Shortly after making the turn to the east and in the depths of a beautiful, terraced canyon along the Rio Grande, writes Robert T. Hill in The Century, we came upon a capacious hot spring running out of the bluff upon a low bench, where it made a large, clear pool of water. The sight of this naturally led to the thought of the water being bath of warm water was tempting to tired and dry men, and here we made our first and only stop for recreation. After lunch most of the party proceeded to the warm pool, and, stripping, we literally soaked for hours in the sun-drenched water, stopping occasionally to soap and scrub our linen. While here the party indulged in guessing the height of the inclining cliffs. The air was so clear in this country that one always underestimated the magnitude of the relief. None of our estimates exceeded 500 feet. Seeing a good place for the first time in all our course to scale the canyon walls, I climbed them and measured the exact height, which was 1,850 feet. The view from the summit was superb, revealing an panorama of the uplands, which is completely shut out while traversing the chasm below.

The Man and the Mule. "Now," said the Man, "Corn is High, and I cannot afford to Feed it to A Mule. So the Proper Caper is to Turn The Animal out to Browse and Let Him get any Old Diet he can Pick Up." Then the Man took off His Coat and Hung on the Fence while He went to get His Tools together to Sharpen them on The Grindstone.

"Haw, haw!" said the Mule. "Since I am to feed Myself I will Eat Early and Often, and for Fear that I might suffer the Pangs of Hunger I will Regain on That Coat."

So the Mule ate up the Man's Coat and Then feeling the Need of A Little Exercise he kicked the Grindstone to Pieces, and when the Man saw the Result of his Economy He said that He would Feed The Mule with Corn, no Matter how High the price was, for It would be Cheaper than Coats.

Moral.—It is a Wise Mule that knows Its Own Fodder.—Chicago Times-Herald.

An Opportunity. A number of years ago Adolf Wenzel, the great German artist, always a man of wonderful powers of observation, consented to act as mentor for a group of young artists, and, having posed their model one morning, as was his custom, he left them to their work. The model, it seems, was new to the profession and unequal to the strain of remaining immovable in one position, and so promptly fainted.

While the young men were making futile attempts at resuscitation, one of their number ran excitedly to the master's studio, informed him what had happened and asked what to do.

"Do!" exclaimed the hero professor. "The best thing you can do is to sketch it. You may never have another such opportunity."

Bill Nye and Wagner. When Bill Nye was in Philadelphia in 1893, he visited the office of George W. Childs. At parting Mr. Childs asked the humorist to write a sentiment in his autograph album. Nye at once produced this: "Wagner's music is not as bad as it sounds."—Literary Era.

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WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No. 11:45 p.m. Fast Train.	No. 7:45 a.m.	No. 7:45 a.m.
No. 9:30 p.m. Local Express.	No. 5:30 a.m.	No. 5:30 a.m.
No. 8:15 p.m. Local Express.	No. 4:15 a.m.	No. 4:15 a.m.
No. 7:00 p.m. Local Express.	No. 3:00 a.m.	No. 3:00 a.m.
No. 5:45 p.m. Local Express.	No. 1:45 a.m.	No. 1:45 a.m.
No. 4:30 p.m. Local Express.	No. 12:30 a.m.	No. 12:30 a.m.

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Daily Except Sunday.

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New train 4 makes same stops east of here as No. 4, but with the exception of East Rockford, Genoa & Coleman. This train is a 4-6-0 engine with 1000 lbs. of coal per hour from Omaha to Rockford. No. 3 & 4 only stop at Dyerville between Manchester and Dubuque.

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Ar. Minneapolis 7:30 a.m. Ar. St. Paul 6:00 p.m.
Lv. Omaha 8:00 a.m. Lv. St. Paul 6:30 p.m.
Ar. Minneapolis 8:00 a.m. Ar. St. Paul 6:30 p.m.

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Ar. Minneapolis 7:00 a.m. Ar. St. Paul 6:00 p.m.
Lv. Omaha 7:30 p.m. Lv. St. Paul 6:30 p.m.
Ar. Minneapolis 7:30 p.m. Ar. St. Paul 6:30 p.m.

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