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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.

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Demand it. Its put up in Towel Sacks
QUAKER MILL COMPANY.

A Fulfilled Prophecy.

By JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

Copyright, 1900, by Jeannette H. Walworth.

"Yes, but—oh, well, I'm not pining to appropriate him. I simply want somebody to marry into this family to keep us from falling to pieces from a sort of dry rot. I am so dreadfully tired of living on nothing a month."

"So am I," said Jack, yawning so portentously that his sister Julia advised his going after Marston's shoes before slumber should overtake him irrevocably. He stretched his arms and got up obediently.

"I say, Nan, we are in for this masquerade. Let's make it a howling success."

Marston had been the guest of the Hendersons quite two weeks when he felt the necessity of explaining himself to some trustworthy friend laid inexorably upon him. He selected for this purpose the chum he had left behind him in Berlin.

"Nobody knows better than yourself, my dear Holbrook," he wrote, "how entirely in accord with my dear father's wishes for my settlement in life I was when I started for America.

"It all seemed to dovetail beautifully. The proximity of the estates, the wishes of our elders, the beauty and goodness of the Henderson girls, all pointed to the fulfillment of the prophecy uttered over my cradle by my black mammy, who declared 'it was writ on the stars I was to fetch home a bride from this house.'

"But now let me abase myself. I can only do so with comfort while seas roll between us. The Henderson girls are all that my father painted them—handsome, cultivated, dignified, proud as Lucifer and bearing poverty, which cannot be hidden, with a gracious dignity that actually exalts it.

"Nothing would seem easier than for a vagabond like myself to fall in love with one of these sweet girls and take her over to my own old house to brighten it with the light of home. They are famous housekeepers, and my old home—when I get rid of the army of workmen now in full possession of it—wouldn't be a bad place to take a bride to. But, bah! Let me out with it.

"Old chum, I've made a fool of myself—a beastly ass! I've fallen in love with my cousin's waitress, the girl who passes me my coffee at table and stands behind my cousin's chair with a tray in her hands—I, who call myself a gentleman!

"Not that I mean by that that I've demeaned myself. She is no ordinary servant girl. I'm not quite sure who or what she is. I should never dare question my high bred cousins about their domestics. But—oh, well, to make the matter short, this demure little Nancy, with her downcast eyes and graceful figure, has got between me and all my plans, making it forever impossible for me to fall in love properly. A word in self excuse.

"That she is no ordinary housemaid I am sure, for I found her dusting cloth left accidentally between the leaves of my Browning, and one day at table, when I gave my young cub of a cousin, Mr. Jack Henderson, a mathematical nut to crack, I am quite sure she contrived to give him the solution while offering him the waffles.

"All the same, I must get away from here. I can't court my cousins' waitress, and I won't court my cousins. I shall move over to my own place in a day or two and shall then claim you for my guest."

There was matter in this letter that Marston would have been very sorry to have go astray, so he concluded to walk into the village with his mail. He stopped at the open door of the family sitting room to let Miss Mellicent know his intention. She entered a polite protest. "If you are not in a particular hurry, cousin, I can send it in by the boy. He always goes in for our mail about 3 o'clock."

But Marston thought the walk would do him good, and presently they heard him swing past the library windows with that long, easy stride which carried him over so much ground with so little apparent effort.

Miss Mellicent looked at Miss Julia anxiously. "He will come back with the appetite of a wolf and nothing but soup meat for dinner!"

"Jack went out with his gun."

"Yes, and Jack will come back with his gun. We can't serve that up for Teddy."

"In—but, dear me, Mel, he is making us positively fussy. I wish he would go—not that he is any trouble at all. He is a dear, simple fellow. I'm really fond of him."

The dear, simple fellow was at that moment swinging through a grove of black walnuts and pecans which intervened between his own home and the Hendersons'. He would "take a look at the workmen on his way to the village and hurry them up."

Now that he had actually confessed his weakness to Holbrook he felt in honor bound to get from under his cousins' roof as promptly as possible. Once established under his own, with his books and work around him, he might perhaps "forget that bewitching little Nancy."

The thought of his folly enraged him. He struck out savagely with his stout walking stick at a sapling by the roadside, then started and stopped, with the hot blood of anger surging through every vein.

In the olden times, when the Henderson and Marston families had been in daily intercourse, a small pavilion—"the half way house," they called it—had adorned this grove. It still stood there, ruinous and deserted, and so covered over with vines that one might easily pass it by unnoticed, as Marston would have done this time but for an arresting sight and sound.

On one of the rickety benches, with their backs to the road, sat Jack, "the cub," and "Nancy, the waitress." On the floor of the pavilion lay the stark bodies of some birds and squirrels, "the boy's" hard earned contribution to that day's dinner.

At the moment when, by slashing away a branch of the sapling, Marston discovered them Nancy was actually kissing Jack and calling him by all manner of endearing names. How could Marston know that her demonstration sprang from ecstatic gratitude to Jack for saving them the humiliation of that soup bone? And Jack! He was simply being insufferable! Marston had much ado to restrain himself from collaring him there and then.

What was that he was saying?

"My dear girl, this can't go on much longer without a grand blowout. Concealment is preying on your damask cheek. You know how I love you, Nancy."

"Then let me alone. Let me have my own way. Don't be trying to—to"—

But there she grew utterly incoherent and, to Marston's complete disgust, fell to weeping silently, with her head upon Jack's shoulder and his "villainous young arms" about her waist.

It was with this picture maddening him that Marston strode past the pavilion on his way to the village. It was with the memory of the "cub's" endearing tones lashing him into a fury of jealous wrath that he came back by the same route an hour later and found himself suddenly confronted by Mr. Jack Henderson, who was com-

Nancy was actually kissing Jack.

posedly arranging his game bag to the best advantage over his shoulder.

"Hello!" said Jack cheerfully. He was in high good humor with himself and his prospective dinner.

"Hello!" Marston answered grimly. He was in the worst of humor with everybody.

"Been rowing your workmen up?"

"No; I've been to the village with a letter."

Jack grinned.

"The boy would have taken it if you'd waited until 3 o'clock."

"I did not object to the walk." Then, with sudden fierceness, "What have you done with your companion?"

"That measly little setter? She's no good. I drove her home. I've done better without her."

"I am talking of your sister's girl, Nancy. I am not good at beating about the bush, Jack. I may as well tell you I saw everything. I know everything."

"Oh, the deuce you do! Then I may as well tell you I'm confoundedly glad to hear it. I told Nancy it couldn't be concealed much longer without a grand blowout."

Marston stopped his further progress by planting himself squarely in front of him. His eyes were ablaze. Jack looked at him in amazement.

"Hello! What's up?"

"This is up," said Marston in a choked voice. "You are an insufferable young cad, Jack, and as the oldest male representative of the family I've a great notion to thrash you where you stand."

"Well, you just try it on!" said Jack, waxing wroth in his turn. "What are you rowing about anyhow?"

"Didn't I hear you tell your sister's waitress that you loved her?" said Marston savagely.

"Yes."

"Didn't I hear you tell her that concealment was preying on her?"

"If you were standing near enough, you did."

"Didn't I see you kiss her?"

"You know better than I do whether you did. I have kissed her lots of times."

"And you"—Teddy's throat swelled with passion—"you call yourself a gentleman?"

"Oh, by George! I see! I wonder how many sorts of an ass you would make of yourself if I let you go on. Look here. It's time you were learning the truth. I told Nan this farce was verging on to tragedy, and nothing but special Providence kept you from throttling me before you heard the truth about our Nan."

"The truth?"

"Yes; suppose we sit down here on this log and have it out."

They sat down on the log and had it out, Marston's fine face now glowing with tenderest shame for the poor little makeshifts his coming had entailed, now shining with the light of the great happiness Jack's revelation made possible.

"What an ignorant brute I've been, Jack!" he said, laying his hand caressingly on the boy's.

Jack gave him absolution patronizingly.

"I don't suppose you made a bigger ass of yourself than I would have done under the same circumstances. It all comes from our girls being so infernally proud."

"They are three angels," said Teddy enthusiastically, "and Nancy is the most angelic of the three."

Jack executed a prolonged and inconsequent whistle, then shouldered his heavy game bag and proposed "an adjournment."

Nanny was dressing the lettuce for dinner when Jack and Marston reached the house. Jack steered straight for the butler's pantry, where she stood, demure and bewitching, in her cap and apron.

"The cat's out of the bag, Nan, and I'm glad of it. You and Teddy fix it."

One wild glance at Jack's laughing face made her long for flight, but Teddy was standing in the doorway ready to intercept her.

"Oh, my little cousin, how could you treat me so badly?" he said, holding out beseeching hands.

"Badly! Why, I thought—why, we"—

"Nanny—Nanny, my heart was wiser than my head. I've loved you, little one, for two whole weeks now—so dearly, so very dearly."

"In spite of"—

"Your deceit—cap and apron!"

Not being able to recall his letter to Holbrook, Marston sent a cablegram after it:

"Prophecy fulfilled. Will be married to Miss Nancy Henderson as soon as home is ready. Try to come over at once."

And Holbrook came.

"If I thought that any girl would accept me," casually remarked the bashful Mr. Dolyers, "I'd propose tomorrow."

"Why not this evening?" asked Miss Fosdick coyly.

The affair will take place in about a month.—Detroit Free Press.

First Public Pianist.

Of all the myriads who play the piano how many know that "Tom Bowling" Dibdin was the first man who played the instrument in public? That was in 1767, and the feat was performed at the first night of "The Beggar's Opera."—Invention.

Ants can stand extremes of heat and cold. Forty-eight hours' exposure to frost will not kill them, and one sort has been observed to build its nest in chinks in a blacksmith's forge.

IN THE DAY OF WORK

By CLINTON ROSS.

Copyright, 1901, by Clinton Ross.

THAT morning—it was near dawn—the new superintendent was tired out, for the situation was grave, and the last days and nights had been busy.

The men were out in the steel mills, and they were as rough and mixed a lot as you could find.

The new superintendent had started in as one of the steel workers and had mastered his trade so well that now, with little previous mechanical training, Delafield had thought him the man for the position at Otranto. The cause of the trouble had been due in great measure to the old superintendent's (Billings') lack of tact, and Delafield, who had watched Denby from the first, had considered him the man.

For three years he had worked among the men—knew them from A to Z—and had gone his way up mastering details. He did not seem to have a vice or a failing, though when he had appeared at Otranto he was a sorry enough fellow. He had brought a letter from Bronson, himself one of the principal directors, recommending him to Delafield's good graces.

"I don't want any favoritism on account of Mr. Bronson's letter," he had said. "All I want is a chance to begin in the mills at the very lowest rung of the ladder. I am strong enough or shall be when I am myself again."

Delafield had looked him over, putting him down as a man who had gone to pieces and thinking that he would wear out. But he did not wear out, and Delafield, watching him curiously, had seen him day by day, his face growing strong, his slight, compact, muscular figure gaining grace that rough clothes could not hide. He was a gentleman, certainly, Delafield decided. But he had no mail; no one inquired for him. Whether his real name were Denby or not nobody knew. He never accepted Delafield's invitation to dine—that came after a year. He was a curious, isolated figure, with, directly the manager saw, the power to command men. The engineers, with their mechanical school experience—men who brought a touch of the city to Otranto, some men from the sophisticated world, too—began to defer to him, and Delafield, watchful of everything, saw it all. Directly he was advising with this man of 30, of whose past he knew so little, but who was certainly an educated man.

Once his curiosity led him to ask (he had asked no questions when Denby had appeared):

"You are a connection of Mr. Bronson's?"

"No."

"Or—excuse me, won't you—you were sent here to learn the business?"

"I came here because I had to have work. That was all. My matters are of no consequence to any one."

But Delafield still had a private theory that this was some one from the powers who might suddenly develop into a director, and, outside of his admiration for Denby's pluck and aptitude, he gave him further deference. But Denby required nothing, nor books save those bearing on his trade, nor companionship—only his thoughts and his work, for which he had a Berserker rage. And now, after three years, during which he had not stirred from Otranto, he was the new superintendent.

Otranto is 20 miles from Byfield, among the wooded northwestern Pennsylvanian hills. For 20 miles about there is nothing but rough hill country. The place has 5,000 miners and steel workers. There is no one else there save the local merchants and the grogshop keepers, nothing but the high, desolate hills that Denby had grown to like.

Now, after this hard day, out of sheer exhaustion he had sunk his face in his hands on his desk in the superintendent's office and slept. Fifteen hundred of the steel workers were out, and all day a sheriff's posse of 30 men, the superintendent, a few clerks and a few others who had not gone out had protected the company's property. Delafield was in Pittsburg. This morning a militia company would arrive. The matter would be knocked into order, of course. But Denby must hold out. For a week he had scarcely slept.

He was dreaming of places far away, of events long past, when the sheriff touched him on the shoulder.

"They are out there—everywhere—swarming, Mr. Denby, and here is a man to speak to you."

Denby, his blond hair in disorder around a high forehead, wheeled about.

"Well, Lynch, what's the matter now?"

Lynch shuffled from side to side, his burly hands bulging his pockets.

"I am not for burnin and pullin to pieces. It can't do no good."

"Only hurt yourselves, of course. But you made us fight to keep you from yourselves."

"You have worked among us."

"I work among you now."

"But for the company."

"So do you, Lynch. Well, what is it?"

"I have been talkin this among the men, but they are mad."

"I ought to know that."

"And they are madder about the sheriff and madder about the soldiers. Why, if it hadn't been for you"—

"Don't mind me."

"If it hadn't been because many knew you and respected you they'd had this thing over your heads long ago."

"They'd burn the company's houses, I suppose, if they had anywhere else to put their families," Denby remarked.

"Yes," said Lynch, with a grim smile, "they would. But now it's come to the pass where they can't be held back. Nothin can hold them back. Those of us that has stood up can't any longer."

"Poor devils, poor devils, why can't they know? They are only trying to starve themselves. They can't hold out."

"Of course not, but that 'mounts to nothin when their blood's up."

"I know, but I want to talk to them."

"They would heave rocks at you now."

"Radford is the worst, of course."

"Yes, sor."

"I am going out to speak to them."

"I wouldn't," said Lynch.

"You mustn't," said the sheriff.

"No, no, Mr. Denby," Lynch went on. "I am here to let you and the sheriff's men get away. It will be slaughter—1,500 against no more than 50, and strong men, with a lot of guns 'mong 'em. It's on your account this is—my bein here—on yours. The men know you. They know you, and they feel better for givin you the chance, and the chance is yours."

"I will speak to them once more," he said for answer. "Look to your men, sheriff. Come on, Lynch."

He walked out into the cool dampness. The dawn was breaking over the high hills, but the low valley was much in shadow. The spaces before the mills were thronged with a somber throng, a silent throng now, and Denby knew the significance of that silence. Before the buildings men of the sheriff's stood at their muskets. The crowd behind seemed endless indeed. It continued up the long, narrow street, edged by its ugly buildings. They in that dim valley seemed a group out of purgatory, with faces upturned to the light.

Denby stepped on a pile of castings that he might better command the scene and the sullen faces. It was the same crowd as yesterday's, but no longer noisy.

Only the steel workers were out. The miners might follow at any hour. They easily could "pull the buildings over his head." He remembered that the sheriff had almost advised running. The sheriff of that county had regard for his own bones and for a re-election as well as for the law, while the posse, he knew, more than half sympathized with the rioters.

"Well, Denby, what are you going to do?" came a voice—Radford's. He could see the man's dark, earnest face. In some way he felt like an actor in a play—the high hills, the dull, enraged mob grouped there in that half light as if arranged by the stage manager.

"To fight you, my friends, if you won't listen; to save you, my friends, with whom I have worked, if you will be saved. For you fight hopelessly. You array against you the law. You weaken yourselves. You end by starving yourselves. Whatever the wrong in this difference, you are not righting it now. In protecting the company, my employer, I am as well protecting you. Yesterday you burned buildings and the railroad bridge and tore up some track. You destroyed $60,000 worth of property."

"Easily," jeered one.

"But you shall go no further. You have honored me by liking me—some of you. Now, I say, back to your homes, for your women's sake, for your children's sake. If you are wronged as workingmen, you have a power mightier than your muscles—public opinion and the ballot. You can make laws; you can govern trusts. If you are organized capably, if you are honest and true, you can have what you want. Now, I say, back to your homes—back, or back to work in these mills. If you

Denby stepped on a pile of castings that he might better command the scene.

wish, you can come back. It's your privilege to work or not to. It's your privilege to organize, not to destroy."

"What if we don't go back?"

The superintendent took from his pocket a long revolver and held it, tapping it.

"Then, my friends, we fight—I for you as well as for this company. I have told you all this before, as well as now. I am sorry—heart sorry—that you give me no alternative."

In the crowd Denby's words as he spoke them had been translated into Hungarian, Polish and many dialects to little, attentive throngs. Already in the rear many had begun to walk back down the long street, and the sun burst in its glory over the fringe of pines. As if its advent were a signal, several in the front pushed toward the speaker and the mills. And it was then—for Denby's presence might have awed them—that a number of the posse, nervous an untrained, fired. A man fell, while dull roar of rage arose.

The superintendent walked calmly back into the mills, still tapping his pistol, but not raising it, and then turned with folded arms.

As he did so the crowd began to break, while some one shouted over his shoulder—it was Graham, one of the bookkeepers:

"Company F came on last night. They saw that the road was torn up and took the log pike over Pelton's hill and are coming down through the woods. They have found it out."

"They certainly have," Denby cried as he watched the scattering crowd. "I would give a hundred if that man hadn't shot."

He rushed down into the street.

"Who was hurt?" he asked.

He forgot himself, though the men before the mills shouted after him. These were his people after all; he understood them—he had worked with them.

As he ran he dropped his pistol into his pocket, and soon he was in the throng. But though the faces were sullen no fist was raised. He was risking his life, if he had known it. But he was not thinking of this at that moment.

"Who was it?"

"Radford—curse you, Denby! They are taking him to his mother's."

"Curse me or not, but get Dr. Fox. Quick!"

He pushed his way into a bare frame house. A number of men stood about, looking at him in sullen surprise. On the bed Radford's big, brawny form was stretched out, while a woman leaned over him.

"They've killed him—my lad—killed him—my lad—and there he is—there he is—to take him to prison."

One of the standersby lifted his fist, with, "Get out of here," and a number of adjectives thrown in. But it was Radford himself who protested.

"Don't touch Mr. Denby. I've worked beside him. Don't touch him. He didn't do it. It was that farmer of the sheriff's."

"I couldn't help finding out how badly you were hurt. I am dead sorry. I came here without thinking."

And it is said to this day that this impulsive act of Denby's did more than anything else to patch up the troubles between the company and its men. He might have been torn to pieces, and he risked it to see how the wounded man was. Radford's wound was but a slight one—principally shock—and he was shortly around.

On returning to the street Denby found that the militia was already policing the crowd. At his office Delafield, the manager, met him. For the first time in his life the manager was demonstrative.

"My dear boy, my dear boy! I can never say enough of your pluck."

"It wouldn't have amounted to much if you hadn't turned up, and now—I can't hold up—I must get some sleep." And presently he was tumbled on his bed, his clothes all on.

Hours after he awoke. The window was open. It was wonderfully still. You could hear the splashing of the little stream not far away. His eyes, half open, saw the pines on the hillside.

Then it was not these things at all, but a long stretch of lawn, with beyond an old red brick house. It was his own; it was home. And the finest gentleman in all the world was walking there—the dear old general—while presently his mother drove up in her phaeton and called to him. But he said he hadn't time, because he was teaching Annie how not to "muff" a ball. Annie was a chubby faced, small girl, who laughed at this and said she knew as much about it as he.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Early Experience.

Mother (to baby)—It's muzzer's little ootsy-tootsy. Muzzer loves her little darling baby.

Fanny (who has just been spanked)—Don't you believe her, baby. When you (sob) grow up, she'll spank you t-t-too! —Exchange.

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No 3* 3:15 p m	.Thro Express..	No 4* 3:15 p m
No 31 †6:22 p m	....Clipper....	No 32†8:55 a m
No5 † 8:53 a m	Local Express	No 6† 8:40p m
No 91† 2:05 p m	..Way Freight.	No 92*†11:45 a m
	.Thro Freight.	No 66*3:00 p m

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North Bound —Arrive—	Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
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No. 332 8:40a.m	..†Passenger...	No.331 3:25 p.m
No. 305 1:30p.m	....†Freight....	No.333 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 3-4-6-1-3 & 31 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 coaches.

"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
8:30 p m No. 2 Chicago Passenger.... 8:40 p m
9:30 a m No. 4 Chi. & Burlt'n Pass.....9:35 a m
8:10 a m No. 6 Chicago & St. Louis Ex. 8:30 a m
12:20 ngt No. 8 Chicago Fast Express. 12:27 ngt
No. 18 Burl. & Davnp't. Pass 3:25 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.
11:55 p m No. 19 Chicago Passenger.

No. 1—Free chair car and coaches to Albert Lea. No. 5—Wide Vestibuild Pullman Buffet sleepers and coaches to Minneapolis and St. Paul.

DECORAH DIVISION.

8:10 p m..... Decorah Passenger. .... 8:30 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.

7:30 p m....Iowa & Minnesota Pass.....8:15 a m
12:20 a. m..Minnesota & Dakota Pass..12:30 a m

IOWA CITY, DAVENPORT, BURL. AND CLINTON.

12:10 p m.....Burl. & Ia City Pass.....3:25 p m
7:45 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.

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