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Joseph & W. H. Hutchinson,
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HOLDS
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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.

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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.

PETERSON BROS

The cook struck luck the day she read:
"White Pearl Flour makes perfect bread."

The Perfect Loaf

of bread must be made from perfect flour.

White Pearl

(High Patent.)

makes perfect bread—light, sweet, wholesome and nutritous. White Pearl is a flour of quality at a common flour price. Ask your next door neighbor; she knows.

QUAKER MILL COMPANY.
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IRIS PAINT!

Will not crack, peel, blister nor chalk, The color is bright and lasting. This paint has been thoroughly tried in Manchester the past year and found to be all that was claimed for it.

Respectfully,

G. S. LISTER.

PARSON HARWOOD'S CURVES

By Bert Estes

Copyright, 1901, by Bert Estes.

GALLIA CITY, like most Ohio river towns, had a mixed population full of sharp antagonisms, social, political and religious. Notwithstanding, there was one local institution about which there was only one mind. The Gallia City Baseball club, the apple of the municipal eye, was felt to be set for the city's defense against the world in general and the nine from Centerport in particular.

Centerport, a few miles down the river, was a high headed little town given to vaunting itself unseemly and challenging other towns to come out and meet their doom. Worse than that, Centerport had in hand a large stock of doom and was liberal in applying it—over the diamond. The mutual scorn of Centerport and Gallia City had something tragic in its intensity. To beat Centerport was the summit of Gallian achievement; Centerport lived only to repeat its victories over the hated foe. In both business of all sorts was transacted as a sort of adjunct to the larger mission in life.

Brent Harwood came to Gallia City to supply Dickson's pulpit while Dickson, poor man, was away in hospital. Dickson was the Presbyterian minister. Harwood was to live in the vacant parsonage and take his meals over with the Potters. Dickson had arranged all that. Harwood hoped he had arranged also for some one to meet him, but when he stepped off the boat from Cincinnati early one Saturday morning and looked about he found none to welcome him.

When the dock had been deserted by all but roustabouts and chronic loungers, Harwood made up his mind that there was some hitch—his letter of announcement had possibly miscarried—so he walked up to an old river man in the freighthouse and said:

"I believe I am to board with a family here named Potter. Do you know of any such people?"

"Know 'em! Why, sonny, they ain't man, woman ner child—doggone it, even er ornerey yaller purp ner scasely er flea on that purp—livin' in these here parts that I don't know! You bet I know 'em—bull fambly, includin' the cat—ole chap, with b'iles on his nose; nice ole gal fer his missus, son, the gol-alfernalest cuss in seventeen states ter sell planners an' orgins, an' the son's wife, Annie, who is jest er great big hunk o' the salt o' the earth. Say, what d'ye want with 'em? Be ye one o' them drummer chaps tryin' ter sell Pot some more goods?"

Harwood shook his head. "I've come to spend the summer here," he said. "I shall take my meals with the Potters and live at the parsonage."

"Why, it's shet up! Dickson's gone ter New York ter have some big doctor cut him open an' right him up inside," the river man said.

"I did hear thar was a—say, young fellow, you ain't the new preacher that's comin'?"

"I am going to try and preach," Harwood said modestly. "My name is Harwood."

"Brother Harwood," faltered the river man, "lemme beg your pardon the durndest worst way. I had no idee—you don't look like a parson, you don't dress like a parson, you didn't let on you wus a parson—how in tunkit was a fellow to know? I hope you'll fergit I called you sonny. If you will, by grab, you can lick me if I don't come to church—not next Sunday, but some time before you go."

"That's a bargain," Harwood said, shaking hands before he made his way to breakfast at the hotel.

Upon his second Monday morning in Gallia City Harwood strolled down to Stevenson Potter's music store. Stevenson he had found a fine fellow, although everybody but his own family did call him Pot. Pot, on his part, had at first been doubtful of the young preacher just out of seminary, but after a little had said of him to a friend:

"Lemme beg your pardon, brother Harwood," faltered the river man.

"Our parson is all right from the ground up, not one of those white chokered fellows who go around with faces as long as a snail track, as if they had given up the world, the flesh and the devil and were almighty sorry they had to. Harwood is none of that sort. He's a man first and a minister afterward."

As Harwood stepped inside the music store a strong voice called across the street:

"Hey, there, Pot!"

"Coming, colonel," Potter answered, picking his way across the newly sprinkled street to a big crockery store opposite. A muscular young fellow leaned against the doorjamb.

"Here's the devil to pay and no pitch hot, and mighty far to water," he said. "Centerport has challenged us to play 'em Saturday, and Tom Jordan is off on a big, big bat. You know, there ain't another man in the whole darn town that can pitch a ball within four feet of the plate. Centerport knows it too—that's just why they've run this challenge on us."

"Round up Tom. He can get in shape," Potter said confidently.

Colonel snorted: "Round nothin'! Tom's a holy terror when he's on a spree—besides, he's gone. Maybe the Lord knows where he is—I don't, for sure. It's the very cussedest luck—I'd rather lose a hundred dollars than have them fellows come and wallop us—and we've got to play 'em. If we refuse they'll crow over it forever and the day after."

"Great mud!" said Potter—he never said anything stronger—"that mustn't happen. Can't we import a pitcher? What's the matter with Stevens of the Riversides? He's a bird—no mistake."

Colonel shook his head. "Never do in the world," he said. "'Twouldn't be a square deal for one thing; for another, they'd be sure to get on to it—and then"—

"Well, we've got to accept the challenge," Potter said. "Do it right away and throw in a big bluff. Tell 'em we've got a new pitcher that will take all the kinks out of 'em. Then we must rustle for a pitcher—we've got to—that's all."

"Lord, Pot, it makes me sick abed thinkin' of the luck of those Centerport scrubs," Colonel said. "They've beat us and beat us on flukes this way—we've not had a fair show in the longest time. And now, just as Tom Jordan was pitching in such great shape, off he goes and gets full again. Wish the old man Jordan would pitch him in the river, neck and crop—it's less than he deserves."

"Well, whining nor cussing don't help us, as I see. I'm going back to talk with the preacher," Potter said.

"Preacher be hanged!" Colonel said irreverently. "Are you going to set him praying against the Centerports?"

Potter did not answer—the last word caught him half way across the street. "Who is your military friend?" Harwood asked, smiling.

Potter explained briefly that Colonel was not a military man. He had been baptized that way and was the "son" of Roodsell & Son. Moved by an impulse he did not understand, he told also of the challenge and of Gallia City's predicament. Harwood listened, thrumming softly on the strings of a fine guitar. At the end he said:

"I'm feeling pretty dull and blue this morning. Do you think your friend Colonel would let me toss ball to him long enough to set my blood circulating?"

"Great mud, parson! Do you play ball?" Potter asked.

"I did at college, also at the seminary, whenever I had the chance," Harwood answered. Potter whistled.

"Dickson almost had fits if you named baseball to him," he said. "Why, he preached against it and came near losing his job. He did lose half the congregation. But come on. I want Colonel to see you."

Colonel stared a little at Harwood's request, but invited his two visitors out into the alley back of the store, where they might toss balls to their hearts' content and not a soul be the wiser. But to Harwood's suggestion of gloves he only said, "If it gets too hot, I'll put 'em on, but I reckon there won't be any long whiskers on the balls you pitch."

Harwood's eye twinkled wickedly, but he said nothing, only stripped off coat, vest and collar and began to toss. He played lightly, but easily. Colonel caught with an air of condescension and returned the ball with a great show of consideration for the minister's soft hands. After a little Harwood asked if Colonel would mind catching a bit while he tried his hand at pitching.

"Blaze away, parson," grinned Colonel. In a minute or two a square box cover was in place as a "home plate" and Colonel behind it, caricaturing the man at the bat. Harwood pretended not to see the implied satire. He stepped into the pitcher's place, which he had marked at the proper distance. A ball or two went over the plate true as an arrow.

"Good enough, parson!" Colonel laughed, still patronizingly. "You've got the ball under bully control, sure."

Harwood said over his shoulder to Potter: "Open your eyes and get right behind me. You'll see something. So will Colonel." Then in a louder voice: "Do you mind if I pitch a few stiffer ones? I want to see if I have lost the hang of it."

"Let 'em come, parson!" Colonel shouted back, almost convulsed that a little man, whom he could fling over his shoulder, should be so considerate. Harwood nodded, saying:

"Thank you. Of course I would not put twist in them unless I knew you did not object. I wish you'd put on gloves, though. I hate to pitch hard to a man in bare hands."

"Gloves, nothin'!" Colonel said, almost nettled. "Maybe I don't look contagious, but you can bet your last nick you'll find me catching."

"Very well, my Christian friend!" Harwood called back. "Catching as you may be, you are not entirely immune. Mind out! Here goes!"

Biff! sizz! the ball went out of the parson's right hand like a rifle shot, flipping off the ends of his fingers with a crack like a whiplash. It started to the right of Colonel so fast the eye could scarcely follow it. Colonel darted to get behind it, when suddenly it changed its mind, plunged to the left, passed him entirely and writhed, hissing, far down the alley.

"Sufferin' jiminy! What was that?" gasped Colonel.

"Oh, only one of the things you didn't catch—not exposed enough, I fancy," Harwood grinned. "Now let me give you another."

Whizz! A great outshoot went whistling through the air. Colonel did his little dance again—only this time he reversed. As he brought up standing, empty handed, he said in awe-struck tones:

"For the love o' God, parson, nobody but a crosseyed man could catch those dum things! Get one right at me—right here!" folding his hands in front of his stomach.

"That's right where they would go if you didn't get out of the way. Stand still and keep your eyes open," Harwood commanded. "Now!"

Biff! Another sizzling inshoot. Crack! Colonel was in the air dancing like a wild Indian, trying to blow on his hands and rub his elbows at the same time. The ball had gone as Harwood said. The concussion of it had jarred Colonel from finger tips to shoulder blades.

"If you'd only put on the mitts," Harwood said, with a tantalizing grin, "I'd like to throw you a few speedy ones. Otherwise I'm really afraid I might hurt you."

"Hurt me!" Colonel's tone was abject. "And them paws feeling like a full crockery crate had smashed 'em. I'm no glutton, parson. I know when I've had enough. But, say, you're the deceivingest package ever I struck."

"Mr. Harwood," said Potter, "if you don't mind I'll go get Bill Reed to come and catch for you."

"I should like it of all things," said Harwood. "The little I have done makes me feel a new man."

"Me, too, and a derned poor one." Colonel added, but he plucked up spirit to grin heartily when Potter came back with Bill Reed, catcher to the Gallias, two or three other members and several "fans" besides.

When Harwood suggested gloves, Bill sniffed even more disdainfully than Colonel had done. Harwood smiled as he took position in the box and said softly: "Say where you want the balls.

"I'm very sorry," Harwood said demurely.

Mr. Reed. I'll try to put them over the plate about right."

Bill squatted back of the plate, spat tobacco juice on his hands and said, "Give us a low ball."

Harwood gripped the leathern sphere, leaped the length of the box, gave a twist of the wrist and let drive a straight drop over the middle of the plate. Reed put up his hands; but, to his amazement, the thing ducked under his fingers and went skipping down the alley. He was chagrined, of course, but when Harwood again named gloves he said almost roughly: "Don't you lay awake nights thinkin' o' Bill Reed. He don't need no gloves to catch no preacher's pitchin'."

Harwood nodded and pitched the same inshoot he had sent to Colonel. Bill leaped to this side and that in a vain attempt to get behind the ball. As it passed him and went hustling through the dust he cried:

"Fellows, did you see that thing? If I hadn't quit drinkin', I'd swear I had 'em again!"

Potter lined up his forces behind the Parson. Harwood winked at Potter; then, with a motion like the uncoiling of a steel spring, he sent another inshoot to Reed so swift that Reed had no time to dodge it. Bill managed to get his hands up in the instinctive movement of self defense. He caught and hung to the pigskin cannon ball, though his fingers did not feel it, they were so jarred and numb.

"Whoop!" roared Bill, sitting down suddenly and staring wild eyed at the parson. "Boys," he went on solemnly, "that wuz a close shave. If I hadn't caught the durned thing 'twould a-gone plumb through my innards. Say," looking ruefully at his hands, "no more ball today, thank you! I've got to see Doc Johnson about them things."

"I'm very sorry," Harwood said demurely, "but you wouldn't put on gloves for a parson's pitching, you know. Soak your hands in very hot water; it will set them all right. Now, is there any other gentleman who cares to play ball?"

In the soft, warm twilight of that eventful day Harwood sat coatless and comfortable in the parsonage study. He was smoking and trying hard to keep cool. He was also very lonely and, it must be confessed, blue from staying alone in the deserted house. So he was genuinely glad to hear heavy steps upon the gravel and a little later to welcome Potter, Colonel, Reed and some more men he did not know.

"This isn't exactly a social call," Potter began, "yet we can't exactly call it business, and the fact is we're all afraid to begin."

"Oh, ho! Somebody going to commit matrimony? Who is it—Colonel or my friend Reed?" Harwood asked, his eyes twinkling. Reed grinned broadly. The day before he would have thrashed the man who had named him friend to a parson. But a man who could play such ball—that was another matter altogether.

"You're dead wrong, parson. That sort of thing comes right in your line, and ours is way off it," Potter said. "We are in a hole. We want your help, but we don't know how you'll take our proposition."

"But you do know—at least you ought to—that if I can legitimately help you or any one in this town I shall be both proud and happy to do it," said Harwood.

"But this is clean outside ministerial duty," Potter began. Harwood smiled.

"I am a man as well as a minister," he said.

Bill Reed broke in: "Now, looky here. 'Aint no use chawin' longer on that rag. Parson has give out fair an' square he wants to be took on the dead level—a man same as we are, only a dashed sight—excuse my French, parson—it gits the best o' my United States before I know it. The case is this—we want you to help us lick them da—er, them measly Centerport chaps. We can do it if you pitch fer us. Nothin' in this county 'aint in the game with you. If you'll do it, every man Jack o' us 'll stick to you like a lean tick to a hog. That's what's the matter with us, and there ye be."

Harwood's face was a study. He was amused, pleased, beyond everything touched, by this recognition of common manhood. It was the passion of his life to help men realize their own possibilities. He yearned to preach manhood rather than dogmas. His heart was warm, and he smiled as he said:

"I thought you had come for that, and am glad you came. If you had not, I should have volunteered—that is, if you had agreed to my conditions"—

"We'll fix all that, parson," two or three began eagerly.

Harwood held up his hands. "You don't understand. I don't want money," he said. "I do want—yourselves. If I do something for you—something on which your hearts are set, you ought to do something for me. That is to say, if I play ball you come to church. Is it a bargain?"

"You help us everlastingly lick them Centerports," Bill burst out, "and you can say, 'Boys, come roost on the church steps from sunup to sundown every Sunday,' and gamble on our doin' it—every dashed one of us. Hey, boys? Oh, do excuse me, parson. I've been a tough sort all me life, but I'll be hanged if I don't quit swearin' right now."

"Ah!" said Harwood. "Gentlemen, this brings up something else. You know, and I know, how ill I can afford to have it said I belong to an organization of toughs. I want to belong to—an organization of gentlemen in the best sense of the word. If I am to be a club member, you must give me your word that drunkenness and swearing shall stop. Now we understand each other. There's my hand. If you shake it, I shall know you take me—conditions and all."

Every man in the room gave him a hearty grip; then talk began to buzz about Saturday's game. All agreed the new pitcher had best be kept dark; also that Harwood should wear a baseball suit. "I have my own with me. A 'G' on the shirt will make it all right," Harwood said. And so the little company went away, exultant beyond words.

Saturday was fair and hot—the very weather for great ball. But, hot as the sun shone, it was mild compared to the baseball enthusiasm of Gallia City. Posters all about announced the coming contest. The local press under the biggest, blackest headlines possible to its fonts hinted darkly at a "phenomenon" in the pitcher's box for the home team. Placards also warned citizens to do their Saturday buying betimes, as every shop would be shut during the hours of the game. The little city bubbled and seethed. Local patriotism had risen to a passion and swept through it in a tidal wave.

[CONTINUED.]

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Railroads.

Manchester & Oneida Ry.

TIME TABLE.

Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 5 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 5:30 a.m Connects with west bound C. G. W. No. 5 Returning leaves Oneida at 5:35 a.m. arrives at Manchester at 6:05 a. m.

Train No. 4, leaves Manchester at 7:15 a. m arrives at Oneida at 7:45 a. m., connects with east bound C. G. W. No. 6. Returning leaves Oneida at 7:50 a. m., arrives at Manchester at 8:20 a. m.

Train No. 6, leaves Manchester at 8:45 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 9:14 a. m. Connects with the north bound C. M. & St. P., No. 22. Returning leaves Oneida at 9:20, arrives at Manchester at 9:50 a. m.

Train No. 8, leaves Manchester at 2:05 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 2:35 p. m. Connects with C. G. W., No. 4. east bound, and No. 9, west bound. Returning leaves Oneida at 3:20 p. m., arrives at Manchester at 3:50 p. m.

Train No 10, leaves Manchester at 4:20 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 4:49 p. m. Connects with south bound C. M. & St. P., No. 21. Returning leaves Oneida at 4:55 p. m., arrives at Manchester 5:25 p. m.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN,
Gen. Traffic Manager.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No 1* 12:13 a m	..Fast Train..	No 2* 3:30 a m
No 3* 2:16 p m	Thro Express	No 4* 3:15 p m
No 31 †6:22 p m	....Clipper..	No 32†8:55 a m
No5 † 8:51 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*3:05 p m

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH

North Bound —Arrive—	Bet Cedar Rpds an' Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No.30o 6:10 p.m	...†Passenger..	No 3-5 9:00 a.m
No. 332 8:40 a.m	..†Passenger..	No 351 2:25 p.m
No. 366 1:30 p.m	... †Freight....	No.353 5:00 p.m

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

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March 3, 1901.
Time card, Thorpe, Iowa.

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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.....5:41 a m
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W. T. Brander, Agent Thorpe.

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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
11:45 ngt No. 8 Chicago Fast Express. 12:05 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 7:00 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
12:5 ngt No. 5 Minneapolis Express..12:20 ngt
5:45 a m No. 13 Chicago Passenger.
11:53 p m No. 19 Chicago Passenger.

No. 1—Free chair car and coaches to Albert Lea. No. 5—Wide Vestibuld 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.
11:45 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

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HOMESEEKERS Send to J. F. Merry, A. G. P. A., Ill. Cen. R. R., Dubuque, Iowa, for a free copy of a folder entitled "For Homseekers and Land Investors." It furnishes brief but reliable information as to the resources and possibilities of the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana.

FLORIDA Through "Dixie Flyer" sleeping car lines, St. Louis to Jacksonville, and Chicago to Jacksonville. Route via. Nashville, Chattanooga and Atlanta.

Illinois Central Through to Florida.

Beginning Monday, January 6, 1902, the Illinois Central will run a through sleeping car between Chicago and Jacksonville, Florida, via Nashville, Chattanooga and Atlanta. It will leave Chicago daily at 6:10 p. m. and arrive at Jacksonville the second morning, running over the celebrated "Dixie Flyer" scenic route. This is an extension of its all-the-year-round Chicago and Nashville sleeping car line.

Full Particulars concerning all of the above can be had of agents of the Illinois Central, or by addressing the nearest of the undersigned representatives of the Central:

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A. Chicago, Ill.
J. F. MERRY, A. G. P. A., Dubuque, Iowa.

LOW-RATE-EXCURSIONS

Twice each month, on specific dates, the Illinois Central will sell at greatly reduced rate from points on its line north of Cairo, round trip Homeseekers' Excursion tickets South to certain points on or reached by its lines in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana and Alabama. Also to certain points West and Southwest in Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas Oklahoma and Indian Territory. Particulars of your Illinois Centralagents.

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