ALL THE NEWS IN

The Democrat,

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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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4 Houses and Lots on Union Street,
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2 Houses " " in North Manchester,
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House and 5 acres of land on Union Street. Several vacant lots, centrally located. Also 100 lots in Shelden & Harris' addition to Manchester.

A. J. BROWN, Manchester, Iowa.

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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.

A PAY NIGHT LOVE FEAST

BY C. E. DINGWALL.

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IN the midst of a jumble of harsh and jarring evidences of industrialism there nestled a little boxlike shanty. Long lines of shabby dump cars, a couple of diminutive narrow gauge locomotives, piles of T rails, rock cutting and moving machines and rough boarded and tar paper roof repair shops and storehouses hedged it in on all sides. It differed from the neighboring structures only in that its sides were of planed stuff and painted. In other respects it was as dilapidated and strictly utilitarian in appearance as any shack on the job. As a guide for those having business thereabout there was a black and white sign running the length of the peak of its shed roof that bore the legend, "D. McDonald & Co." Over one of the two doors was another which said simply, "Office." The facade of each of its two long sides was divided with mathematical exactness into seven equal parts by two windows and a door. One of these spaces was punctured for a smoke pipe, which, with an abrupt turn, shot upward three or four feet and ended in a serrated edge that suggested a sudden separation of a rusted length during a high wind.

The view from one side was marred by the intervening low, rambling buildings of the boarding camp in the near foreground, with rows of bright hued articles of wearing apparel strung on lines along the wall to dry. Up the right of way of the canal immensely tall steel derricks towered high in the air, and the spider web ironwork of ponderous rock conveyors stood in sharp relief against the sky when the day was clear. From the excavation the smoke from hoisting engines and, farther away, from overworked steam shovels hung in a cloud over the land. Now and then the dull boom of a blast was heard and a mass of rock shot up into the air—another step was made toward the completion of the contract for section Z.

Men innumerable—thousands of them along the twenty odd miles of the drainage canal—and $2,000,000 worth of machinery worked hand in hand day and night. By night the immediate vicinity of the scene of operations was bright with the glare of electric lamps or powerful sputtering kerosene torches.

By night, too, the vicinity of the boarding shacks was made lurid by the bolsterous carrying on of rough workers. On pay nights that playful tendency overflowed, and a night's carousing ended in broken heads and bruised faces. Sometimes the inborn viciousness of a few guided the actions of the many, and the plant and belongings of the contractors suffered.

The McDonald outfit at the time had on their section nearly 300 men, as disreputable a lot of navvies as ever swung a shovel. Of these there were old hands to the number of perhaps forty or fifty, mostly skilled workers, with a few common laborers who followed the company about the country from one job to another. Every land that breeds men that can do a hard day's work was represented. There were Italians, Poles, Lithuanians and other "ians" from the same garlic eating, benighted districts, Scotch engineers and stone setters, Scandinavian riggers, handy with a rope; Irish drillers and foremen, Canucks from down Quebec way, and negroes. A few had dependent families in faroff homes and saved their money; the majority threw it up in the air by the second night after pay night at the farthest.

At the end of a wet, sloppy Monday in September the day shift was congregated in and about the little office, while the bookkeeper, behind a wire screen, pursued his welcome biweekly occupation of passing out the yellow pay envelopes to the men as they called off their numbers. Outside, a continual drizzling rain fell upon the crowd, and the moisture trickled from their clothing to the greasy mud pool on the floor in front of the railing.

Standing back of the bookkeeper, watching the operation of paying off, was the company's superintendent, David M'Keon, a bulky weather tanned Scotchman, who feared neither God nor man. His fist was like a sledge hammer, and his voice could be heard half way across the section. A younger man, not so heavy, but as tall, leaned against the desk. His strong, beardless features also bore the tan of sun and wind. A little felt crush hat covered his head, the brim drawn down into a spout from which the water dripped unnoticed down his front. A long, black rubber coat, liberally splashed with mud, covered his form and hung away in front, disclosing a good breadth of chest and a muscular frame. High laced russet boots reached almost to the knee, the canal mud clinging in quantity to their soles.

His name was Imrie—John L. Imrie—and he, in the capacity of assistant superintendent, divided with M'Keon the responsibility for the success of the operations on section Z.

Now success, plainly speaking, is profit—profit for old Donald McDonald. He employs some sharp people in the home office who are good at figures and who know very soon when a job is running short and are not backward in writing to the superintendent to that effect. And profit, plainly speaking, is the sweat of the brow of the man on the pay roll. Therefore it behooves a good superintendent to make the most of a man's capacity for labor during every minute of the ten working hours of a working day, if he would present a good report at the clean up. And in pursuing this profit and a consequent good character from the mercenary home office, it is the easiest thing in the world for those in authority to get themselves disliked.

But notwithstanding the easy possibility of friction between superintendents and employees, M'Keon and Imrie enjoyed, so far as they knew, an immunity from any ill feeling toward them. M'Keon was gruff and outspoken and used bad words and his fist at the drop of the hat, it is true, but he was fair and square and always impartial in his dealings with the men and did not haggle too much over claims for shortage in their pay. And he knew what was a fair day's work. Likewise Imrie, under the tutelage of the big Scotchman, fell into the right way from the beginning of his career on contract work, and the "kid" was called a pretty capable man at the business by the old hands. So when a rumor floated about that he was going to quit the job it created some little concern.

"They were sayin' somethin' 'bout you goin' to pull out, cap'n," said Kirby, the boss rigger, spitting out his words brusquely as he counted his money.

"Yes; I leave the end of the week," replied Imrie.

"That right? Pretty sudden, ain't it? I never did think you'd shake the old man; always s'posed you was married to him, sure. You an' he ain't got so you can't hit it off together, have you?"

"Oh, the lad's got some kind of a fool notion that his health will not admit of his remaining longer in these parts," said M'Kean, the "old man" of the job.

"Aw, that's a bluff. You ain't goin' to quit McDonald?" said Kirby.

"No," said Imrie. "I'm going home for a week and then down to that levee work below Memphis."

A short, stubby, florid person, Andy Cusack by name, rigger by trade, spoke up:

"You sure goin' down to that river job, Mr. Imrie?" he said. "Is that a fact?"

"It surely is," replied Imrie, with a smile.

"I heard somethin' like that talkin' round on the job, you know," continued Cusack, "but co'se I didn't think it was so. 'Twas Chapin as told me. 'Who do you s'pose quittin'?' says Chapin. 'Don't know,' says I. 'Who?' 'The 'sistent super,' says he. 'You're a liar,' says I just like that. 'For why is he quittin' this job?' says I, 'before it's finished, an' him with a girl in Lemont, too, an' a' "—

"Shut up, Cusack," said Imrie sharply.

"All right, sir," promptly replied the little man very businesslike, as though he was obeying an order to make a line fast or go up on top of a derrick.

M'Kean emitted a chuckle that came from away down in the cavernous depths of his throat and winked at Kirby. The bookkeeper grinned and took time to wipe the perspiration from his brow, while Imrie tried to look severe, but across his face sped a momentary shadow of pain, as if a sad memory had been recalled.

One after the other most of the old hands interrogated the young man on the why and the wherefore of his prospective movement and added in crude and inelegant terms, solemnly and with respect or familiarly, like Kirby, for it was pay night, an expression of their surprise and regret and a hope that they would meet on some other job of the company's. Stewart Brough, stone setter, stumbled around on his flat feet, getting his long and skinny body in the way of the file of men while this was going on, and finally grasped Imrie's hand in his own mortar crusted paw. He shook it heavily and tapped the superintendent's coat with the end of his bony finger while he said: "Weel, guid luck to ye, lad, and mind what Ah've

"Weel, guidby and guid luck to ye."

always telt ye about deescriminating between the guid and the bad. Night and day the de'l's abroad on the highway, ye'll mind."

"And no one knows it better than you, Stewart, for you have met him often and succumbed," said Imrie, with a laugh.

"If he don' meet him tonight, I don' know," began Cusack, "with the coin in his pocket an' his bowels cryin' out so you can hear their sufferin' cries, for a little drop that they have n' had since last pay, an' the beautiful"— He continued on in a low mumble, getting no attention to his words and expecting none and perfectly satisfied thus.

"Weel, guidby and guid luck to ye," he blurted out at last, pumping Imrie's arm again.

"I'm not going for five or six days, Stewart," said Imrie.

"So ye're not. Weel, guidby if Ah don't see ye again." Considering that he was liable to see the superintendent every time he cared to look up from his work during the ten hours of a working day, the remark was superfluous.

Taking their cue from Stewart Brough, the rest of those who were hanging around stepped up and shook hands with Imrie, with a word or two or saying nothing at all. Other employees, as they came in and lingered for a minute, caught the gist of the proceeding, and they also shuffled up to the young man and added their well wishes to what had already been expressed. The transient hands, not understanding, looked on in wonder.

"This your reception day?" queried the bookkeeper.

In fact, the assistant superintendent was holding a levee in the little office and in a quiet, good natured way returned the kindly and sincere good wishes of the uncouth but good hearted workers. It is not an everyday occurrence for a man's popularity among his workmen to be shown so unmistakably, and M'Keon felt proud both of his protege and of the fact that such sentiment was possible on a job in his charge.

But, though outwardly Imrie was pleased and gratified at the kind felicitations, there was ever running through his mind a current of thought that tainted the sweetness of the occasion. And what to a young man should have been welcome and agreeable was all the more bitter and ironical by its order in the succession of events.

A matter of two weeks ago he had stood at the gate of an old fashioned homestead in the neighboring village of Lemont and had asked the girl he loved to be his wife. It was in the gloaming of a summer's evening, in the shadow of the house which, set back but a few feet from the picket fence, nestling in a cluster of half grown elms, was the home of Barbara Elwell. You can see from the top of the cantilever conveyors on the canal, or from the crest of the spoil bank, its white walls gleaming among the green of its surroundings. There, tremblingly, but with confidence born of hope, he had whispered the words that had lain on his tongue for a long time.

And she had given him his answer. He was forewarned by a laugh—a laugh apparently sincere, but what there was to afford merriment is beyond man's capacity for guessing. She was no more than a child, and it was the answer of a child, and of a spoiled child. She drew away quickly in a fleeting moment of surprise at the unexpectedness of it, and then a rippling laugh sounded the deathknell of his hopes. He had better taken that as final, cutting though it was. But he must know the why and wherefore, and she had given him cause to hope and all that, and was there another?

Miss Barbara Elwell was a very pretty girl of a breezy, fresh, western brand of prettiness, and swains of Lemont and of the neighboring big metropolis had told her so in terms of varying frankness. Finishing school ideas still floated through her brain, and she looked upon worldly matters from the standpoint of a nineteen-year-old, novel reading girl. To her the good clothes of a man were the index of his worthiness, or at least such sentiment did in some degree at this period in her life mold her opinions of the other sex.

She put it this way to Imrie: "Marry a man whose duties require him to associate with those dreadful canal men? Oh, really, I could not think of it! And then your work is so—so—well, dirty, you know. Besides, Mr. Imrie, I'm sure I do not love you." The last sentence was uttered with a marked effort to bring it out in a tone that would carry conviction with it.

Crushed and sore in heart, the unsuccessful suitor left her and wended his way to his lonesome and cheerless room in the hotel, there to make himself more miserable with bitter thoughts.

But do not allow yourself to become prejudiced against her, for she is the heroine of this story and is a brave little girl.

So Imrie was furnished with one woman's view of his calling and spent many minutes in the following days in wondering whether he had been wrong in liking a trade that built railroads and canals and such mean things and required him to mix up with ablebodied, strong men who wore overalls ten hours out of the twenty-four. It being the only business he was conversant with and as he had been fairly successful at it for a man of his age, he did not contemplate a change in his line of work, but the next day he did write to the home office asking to be transferred to another job, preferably the Memphis work, where the climate would not be as severe on his health. Such was the reason he offered, and nobody knew that he wanted to get away from the vicinity of Lemont because it was the scene of his disappointment in a woman he had installed in his heart as an idol fit for his worship. He wanted to obliterate all recollection of her entirely, to forget her as though she had not been always in his thought ever since his advent on the canal. He wanted to forget the solitary walks, the buggy rides alone together over shady roads of that part of the unchaperoned west, which he could not do while he was obliged to pass her house four times a day to and from the hotel where he stopped.

With a cold, stiff lifting of his hat he greeted her when she happened to be in the garden when he passed, and in the same spirit was his salutation returned. In her innermost heart, however, she longed for him to stop and speak, and yet that same heart was all a-flutter with fear lest he should do so as his steps brought him nearer the gate. Her eyes, when his back was turned, looked shyly out from under their lashes and, wistful and pleading, they followed him down the graveled walk. Could he on that evening have been induced to subdue his mental upbraiding of all womankind and look back he might have seen her standing on the porch with an arm encircling the post looking longingly in his direction. For a moment, then, his name was on her tongue to call him back, but it remained unuttered until his figure was lost in the gathering darkness. For awhile she stood there and then, with a little sigh, turned and went into the house.

During the next two weeks there was continued the homage due the prettiest girl in the village, and so her thoughts were diverted more easily from the occurrence of that night than were Imrie's. One there was, a young man of the family of Anson, who, wounded more deeply than the rest, came down the thirty odd miles from the city of a Sunday to spend the afternoon and evening in her company. He was a nice young man, take it all in all, and was possessed of admirable assurance in ladies' society and more wonderful collars. On the last occasion of his weekly trip he had contrived to carry his visit over the succeeding Monday, which was a holiday, and this Monday was the pay day on McDonald's section with which this story has to do. About 9 o'clock that night they sat upon the veranda that filled in a corner between two wings of the house. The air was warm and moist and heavy, and from the canal came the soft patter of the machine rock drills and the dull coughing of hoisting engines. He was beginning to say goodby, as it was near train time. She was listening a little wearily, for he had outstayed his welcome.

Suddenly there arose from the direction of the center of the town a clatter of many voices raised apparently in anger. Breaking so abruptly into the quietude of a village night it sent a thrill of nameless fear into those that heard. A shrill whoop punctuated the discord, and now and again a grating drunken laugh rose above the noise. Then the ring of a breaking window pane was heard; a moment's silence, and the babel, louder than before, and added to by an irate proprietor's blasphemous tongue, broke forth afresh.

"It's that dreadful canal crowd. This must be pay night," explained Miss Elwell to Anson in answer to his query.

A little figure glided down the street, hurrying from the noise as fast as two bowlegged pins could carry him. He mumbled some indistinct breathless words as he passed.

Barbara went to the gate and looked up the street, and Anson held an umbrella over her head. A couple of hundred yards away the light from numerous saloons that drew their sustenance from the canal workers shed a weird and infernal illumination over a crowd of men moving about unsteadily for the most part, for the liquor had circulated freely. All were talking at once and loud, and in the distance it sounded like the snapping and snarling of a pack of fighting dogs.

The neighborhood of the big ditch and the towns along its course often felt the blighting effect of the congregation of thousands of hard drinking men. Dissatisfied laborers, primed with alcohol, had wreaked vengeance upon bullying foremen upon one or two occasions, and once had gone further, and for some grievance, fancied or real, had wrecked expensive machinery of their employers. Good people, unused to the ways of construction hands, and supposing that all the men were equally bad with the parasites and hangers on who infested the vicinity, lived in a state of continual terror, especially when pay days came around.

Cognizant of all this, Barbara heard the clamor with alarm. A vague presentiment of impending danger to some one near to her possessed her, and her hand, resting on the gate, trembled. The crowd appeared to be forming into line with the object of marching down the road past the Elwell house and toward the canal.

From out of the shadow in the other direction two men appeared, talking volubly but low and walking swiftly to the scene of the uproar. A third followed in a run at their heels. The latter was little Andy Cusack. Kirby and Chapin, who were the first two, looked with what appeared to be apprehending intentness at the mob ahead of them. Miss Elwell hailed the mannikin as he approached. "Mr. Cusack, what is it?" she said.

Cusack pulled up with a jerk and gazed questioningly at the girl and her escort. "Oh," he muttered as he recognized her and turned again to follow the other two.

"Cusack, stop!" said Barbara in a well simulated tone of command.

He halted obediently.

"What is the matter down there?" she asked again.

"Where? Down there? Oh, 'tain't anything, 'cept that McDonald's pets is goin' to celebrate the occasion with appropriate cer'monies."

"What occasion?" said Anson as Cusack stopped.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To be sure, faint heart never won fair lady, but, on the other hand, discretion is seldom sued for breach of promise.—Indianapolis News.

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A Few Drops Cures an Aker Of Aches

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ENNIS BOGGS, MANAGER.

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* 12:18 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
No 5 † 8:53 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 6:10p.m	...†Passenger..	No.305 9:00 a. m
No 332 8:40 a.m	..†Passenger...	No.331 6:25 p. m
No. 366 1:30 p.m	....†Freight....	No.358 5:00 p. m

All above trains carry passengers.
*Daily.
†Daily ExceptSunday.

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.

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

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"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.....5:41 a m
For information and tickets apply to W. T. Brander, Agent Thorpe.

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

CEDAR RAPIDS TIME CARD.

MAIN LINE GOING EAST AND SOUTH.

Arrive — Leave
9:30 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 7:50 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
12:05 ngt No. 5 Minneapolis Express.. 12:20 ngt
8:45 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

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

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J. F. MERRY, Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent, Illinois Central Railroad.
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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:

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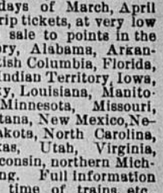

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