ALL THE NEWS IN

The Democrat,

$1.50 PER YEAR.

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.

A. E. PETERSON.

PURITY.

in flour ought to be an important consideration in every family. Pure flour really doesn't cost any more than flour that isn't strictly pure. In making

WHITE PEARL

(High Patent,)

every grain of the wheat is thoroughly cleaned before grinding, and is converted into flour in a hygienicly clean modern mill. The flour is purified, areated and sifted through delicate silk cloths before it is sacked. Absolute purity is thus assured

QUAKER MILL COMPANY.
Makers of Pure Flour.

Harvest Time,

Is coming and I have a full supply of

Machine Oils and Axle Grease.

Respectfully,

Geo. S. Lister.

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so universally demanded by 20th Century buyers of Men's Trousers—are, to-day, found only in the *best garments*—the product of skilled labor and exclusive fabrics. *Look for the "R & W" trademark.*

THE NEW MODEL "R & W" TROUSERS FOR 1902..

combining long-wearing features with irreproachable correctness of cut and fit—commend themselves to all purchasers. Our line is now *complete*—both as to price-range and patterns.

Allen & Storey.

OLD HEARTS AFLAME

By F. Y. Black

Copyright, 1902, By American Press Association.

Fin laughed uneasily and did not take off his coat. His anger was apt to cool more quickly than the other's.

"What's eating you, Healy?" he asked. "We ain't recrooties, as you say, and before I fight I want to know what I'm fighting about. It's the woman, of course."

"So it is," said Healy shortly. "Whip me an' go fur yer answer tomorrow. If I whip yez, sure 'tis t'other way."

"Choo, man, I've a right to court her, and, now the blood's cooled, I'll grant you've the same. But what's the use of our fighting about a thing's settled? She had her choice, free and fair, and she's choosed. What's the good of kicking?"

"Yis, she's choosed," said Healy fiercely. "An' whin I've whipped yez fur yer interfarin' tonight, tomorrow she'll say 'yis' to me."

"You're late for inspection, Healy, my boy," he said. "'Twas tonight she sat on my knee and kissed me. Isn't that as good as saying 'yes?'"

"You lie! You lie!"

"Go easy! You'd better take that back!"

"Ye're a dirty liar! She wuz in me arrms this very day! Wull yez fight, ye liar?"

In a second Fin's coat was thrown on the snow, and then of a sudden the two became outwardly calm. The shadows of the branches flitted across their faces, but the moonlight was quite good enough for each to watch the other's eyes. These, though still vengeful, were the eyes of practiced boxers, for indeed there were few among the younger men who could beat the brethren at the gloves; also each man remembered that if he were so beaten as to be ashamed to show himself next day at the little house in the town the rival suitor would have won the widow. Therefore they fought, in spite of their rage, with science and self control. It was no romantic duel. There was no dash of swords. The men were no courtly knights, the lady no highborn maid. The affair was a very vulgar one—two common soldiers of an age to know better, of a friendship which should have been above such folly, battering each other brutally with fists for the hand of a woman whose late husband had been a government teamster. It is to be conceived, however, that the sneering moon never looked down upon a combat fought by young lovers with honest wounded hearts more fiercely aflame.

In utter silence they fought until the snow was beaten and scattered b their dancing feet. There was no need here of seconds, no need of an arbit of the code. Feint, parry, smash; a moment's play for breath, a close, a wrestle; up and come again. The old boys were strictly honest, and, though none saw save that flying moon and an occasional jackrabbit startled in its tracks, each would have scorned to take an unfair advantage, to be guilty of a foul. Round after round, with all memory of their former comradeship forgotten, with no thought save the mad ones of a jealous rivalry, they struggled together. There was little difference in their weights, but Healy was the wirier, and neither man's wind was as good as in the days of early campaigns. So it happened that after half an hour's fierce fighting, when both were bloody and both more full of wrath than ever, they fell together and rolled in the trampled snow too blown to spring up. Healy had the upper hold, and he cried in Fin Strait's ear:

"Tek it back—about the kiss! Tek it back an' swear ye'll l'ave the widdy be!"

Fin gasped a sturdy, fierce defiance, and Healy's hand was raised over him when there came faintly thrilling over the snow the first clear note of a bugle. Healy's hand dropped harmlessly, and he raised his head and pricked his ears like a dog at the call of the master. More loudly rang the bugle, and suddenly the rivals were apart, sitting in the snow listening intently. Clear and shrill at last, loud, commanding, blood burning, out sang the bugle boldly, so that the cold air thrilled through the cottonwoods and every living thing on the plain stood still to listen. Ere the trumpeter was half through with the call the disciplined soldiers were on their feet, as they would have struggled to their feet at that call if a sword had passed through the body of each. All love and jealousy and hate must wait when thus the trumpets call.

"'Tis boots and saddles," cried Fin, "and me not at the stables!"

With that each seized his coat, and, all regardless of their bruised faces and blood stained shirts, they ran swiftly to the post. There were rushing of men to the corrals, the sharp commands of officers, the click of revolvers as they were hastily loaded, saddling of horses, curses of men belated, hasty issuing of ammunition and at last the cool, clear voice of the captain of the troop:

"Prepare to mount! Mount! Form ranks!"

The corporal and the farrier were in their accustomed places, breathing hard, flushed and bloody, but ready—ready as any lance corporal there, the pride of a first sergeant's heart. Then a whisper passed from man to man down the line of horsemen:

"There's an outbreak on the Snake river reserve. They've killed the agent, and the reds have massacred a ranchman and his family."

The moon had disappeared. Great gray clouds had been blown up by the gathering wind, and once more the snow fell, but now more fiercely, more heavily, than ever before. Through it the little blue coated column proceeded at a determined trot to the place, some twenty miles away, where the uprisen Indians were supposed to be gathered together. A plainsman who had brought the news of the massacre and the regular government scout attached to the post led the way. As ranking corporal Healy rode on the right of the first set of fours. The farrier was back in the column, so that for a time the rivals were effectually separated. But this midnight expedition, although it thrilled the hearts of younger men, troubled the minds of the two veterans little. They rode on as a matter of duty, just as they would, if ordered, have gone through the manual of arms. The unfinished fight had left them with heated brains too full of jealousy and disappointment and hate to do more than brood over the fancied treachery of each. Gone now were all memories of stirrup to stirrup charges, of friendly frolics, of pains and pleasures shared together. True comrades once, they were bitter foes now.

Faster and faster the snow drove in their faces; deeper and deeper it lay on the trail, to be scattered high by the laboring feet of the horses. To right and to left, one yard away from the column, nothing could be distinguished. A trooper could but faintly see the man in front of him. Only the half breed guide and the trained plainsman could devise an unerring path through that storm. In their hands the captain had to leave his troop and himself There was no pause, for revenge on the tribe must be swift to be sure. At every clearer space, where the freezing wind had swept the trail clean of drifts, the guide turned to the captain, and he raised his hand, pressing his knees to his horse, when at once the troop broke into a gallop with jingling of bridle and clash of steel and thunder of hoofs. So they rode, each man grimly silent, swiftly through the night and the storm.

They reached the place before daylight, seeing nothing before them, but all at once they heard the yapping of dogs and the shrill voices of squaws and the chant and yells of blood frenzied savages. In the fancied security of the storm the reds in their tepees were celebrating their hideous triumph to the monotonous beat of the drum and the shrill song of the warriors and the dance of the warpath.

The grim captain halted his column and gave his orders, and in a minute every man was tense, revolver at the ready, his bridle hand firm. The guide had reconnoitered in front and come back whispering. Then slowly on the whistling wind came the soft command along the line:

"Forward, march! Trot, march! Gallop, march!"

And loud and clear there followed the stirring yell, "Charge!" and the clean cut note of the trumpet, that one long, heart thumping note that sends a man to death as willingly as to the dance. Down they went on the camp, into the blackness of the night, into the whirl of the blizzard, and at once it was impossible to see one's right hand man or keep aligned. It was each man for himself, with the thought of a murdered woman and child to steel his heart and nerve his hand and direct his aim. The Indians were not all unready. Their arms were at hand, and very quickly they realized that the white men had braved even the blizzard to seek revenge and were upon them. In a tumult of yells and hasty orders the chiefs sprang to repel the attack. In a moment all was a corner of hell—shout and curse and dying yell, continuous crack of rifle and revolver, screech of squaw, bark of dog and crash of falling tepee as some headlong trooper charged madly into it. Over it all, round it all, the deadly wind shrieked and the snow fell unceasingly.

In the midst of it, right in the center of the camp, two men came crash together and in that instant recognized each other. In neither's mind was even that charge the uppermost thing. With a sudden mutual curse their rage was let loose. Healy extended his arm and fired, not two yards from his old comrade. Old Fin, the farrier, gave a terrible scream, and Healy saw him drop. But even in falling the veteran sought revenge, and his pistol was discharged. The corporal felt a sting in his side, the noise all suddenly ceased, and he also dropped inanimate from his horse.

* * * * * * *

In a little separate room in the post hospital the old campaigner came out of the fever, out of the delirium, weeks after the fight on the Snake river. The doctor was with him and a stiffly upright and martial attendant.

"You've the constitution of a horse, Healy," said the doctor. "You ought

Healy extended his arm and fired.

to have died, you know. Take this and go to sleep, and don't bother about the widow you've been raving over for two weeks. A man of your age ought to know better. Never mind, if you'll keep quiet, you can go to see her, whoever she is, before very long."

They left the veteran alone in semi-darkness, but the drink the doctor gave him did not send him to sleep. He lay thinking, thinking, thinking, until at last, with shuddering horror, he had the facts clear in his mind. The widow? He shrank from the thought of her. She was but a woman he had known for a little while, whom he had gone crazy over like any young fool, and—and for love of her he had become a murderer. A murderer! Poor old Fin! Good old Fin! Fin had nursed him after the fever in the Bad Lands. Could any widow have done it more carefully? Fin and he had held off a band of Ogallalas all one afternoon in a rifle pit until help came, and Fin had risked his scalp twice that day to get water. Would any widow have stuck to a pal like that? Fin Strait—the best friend, the warmest hearted, closest comrade, a soldier ever had—he had killed him. Homicide! It was worse than that—fratricide. Had they not always been nicknamed "the brethren?" What was the widow to a brother?

When the attendant came in again, old Healy was very silent. For many days longer he lay, feverish, but still, asking no questions. He knew that no man could have seen the deed in that whirl of snow and blackness and that Fin's death would be credited to the Indians, but that thought gave him no ease. With the honest simplicity of a child he felt it would be some relief to confess, to go to the major and be court martialed, tried, hanged. Hour after hour he spent in recalling every incident of his twenty years' friendship—the war, the fierce Indian fighting after the war, the comparative ease that had come to them when they were privileged characters with the officers of the regiment because of their long and faithful service. He felt a scornful horror of himself and a terrible loathing for the laughing woman who would kiss two men on the same day and send them out, frenzied, to kill each other.

Yet he got well pretty quickly, for, as the doctor said, he had the constitution of a horse. One warm day he was peremptorily ordered out, much against his will, to take the air on the broad veranda which ran around the hospital. He got himself comfortable in a low chair in a quiet corner and began for the hundredth time to go over all the murdered man had done for him in those long, active years of fun and fighting. His head drooped on his breast, and he dumbly thought of suicide. Round the corner of the house came the unmistakable thump, thump of a man on crutches. Healy's eyes sought the corner vacantly. In an instant they opened wide with fear, and he rose to his feet, spreading out his hands to fend off something horrible. The man on crutches stopped. He was pale with long sickness when he turned the corner, but now his face colored and his eyes lit up with sudden unspeakable relief and joy.

"Howly Mother, defind me!" cried Healy. "Aw, fur me sins, it's thrue I killed him, but I'm near crazy fur the sorro' av it! I'll confess it all, Fin, an' be hanged like a man. Yez can have the widdy, hang her, if she's any good to yez now! But go back to yer grave an' lave me be, fur the sake av ould toimes!"

"Healy, Healy!" gasped the man on crutches, hopping toward him. "I've been 'feared to ask. I thought I killed you. Healy, you old chump! Healy! O Lord, I'm thankful for this!"

"Fin," said Healy, slowly ceasing to tremble, "is it rale flish an' blood yez are? Me God, but I can't belave it!"

But touch of familiar hands reassured the veteran, and in another minute the two sat side by side, and—there were no recruits to see—their hands were clasped in each other's and their eyes were wet. They did not refer, save briefly, to their nearly fatal quarrel, understanding that each in a moment's madness had fired on the other, and each, when convalescent, had been afraid to ask for news of his friend. For a long time they were silent until old Fin looked slyly at the corporal.

"She's married!" he said abruptly.

"Chuh!" said Healy.

"To the schoolmaster, Graves," said Fin.

"The divil!" said Healy and suddenly laughed aloud.

"Healy," said the farrier solemnly, "women are frauds."

"Ye're roight, so yez are, Fin!" said the corporal and hitched up his chair more closely to Strait's, with a sigh of content.

Arago's Dilemma.

Arago, the great French scientist, dreaded nothing more than seeming ridiculous. He was careful of his dignity even with his most intimate friends.

Eugene de Mirecourt gives an amusing account in his "Portraits et Silhouettes du XIX Siecle" of Arago's mortification at having to share a room with his friend M. Quetelet, director of the Brussels observatory.

They were at Louvain. When it appeared that the best accommodation that could be given them was one room with two beds, Arago seemed much disturbed. When they went to the room, he paced the floor impatiently, while the Belgian astronomer watched him in astonishment.

Finally Arago seemed to form a desperate resolution. He exclaimed, "I ought to tell you, my dear friend, that it is impossible for me to sleep unless I have on my head a cotton nightcap!"

"Faith, that is my own habit," replied M. Quetelet. "Many persons cover their heads so when they go to bed."

"Do you think so?" said Arago with a sigh of relief. "But that is not all. When I sleep, I snore."

"Ah, so do I. I make as much noise as a pipe organ," returned the Belgian.

"Oh, well, then, that is different," said Arago, much consoled. "Let us go to bed."

How to Tell Iron From Steel.

A scientist in pointing out some of the most practicable data in testing iron and steel lays down a simple rule to start with—namely, that in any case where a fracture of iron gives long, silky fibers of a leaden hue the fibers cohering and twisting together before breaking, it may be considered a tough, soft iron. Further, a medium, even grain, mixed with fibers, is a good sign, while a short and blackish fiber indicates badly refined iron, a very fine grain also denoting a hard and steely iron, which is apt to be cold-short and hard to work with the file. Again, coarse grain, with a brilliant crystallized fracture and yellow or brown spots, denotes a brittle iron, cold-short, working easily when heated and welding well.

Nitric acid will produce a black spot on steel—the darker the spot the harder the steel—while iron, on the contrary, remains bright if touched with that acid. Good steel in its soft state has a curved fracture and a uniform gray luster, but in its hard state a dull, silvery, uniform white. Again, good steel will bear a white heat without falling to pieces and will crumble under the hammer at a bright heat, while at a middling heat it may be drawn out under the hammer to a fine point.

Not Quite What She Meant.

The pitfalls which the English language offers to the foreigner are many. A Frenchwoman who has undertaken housekeeping in New York thought she had a good working knowledge of the language, says Short Stories, but she soon discovered her mistake.

One day last summer she called a carpenter and planned with him to have some work done about the house in the way of putting up shelves, casing some doors and improving the place in other small ways. She went over the ground with him as carefully as possible to get from him an estimate of what the work would cost.

After it was done the bill submitted was considerably in excess of the sum first named. The woman endeavored to remonstrate, but succeeded only in putting her French thought into the following English: "But you have more dear to me than when we were first engaged."

What Spectacles Have Done.

Eyeglasses are commonly ground with equal convexity on both sides. The material for their manufacture is both glass and a kind of stone called Brazilian pebble. It is really a rock crystal of very fine quality and does not resemble a pebble in any particular. Spectacles have alleviated more misery than all other human agencies because there is no sorrow equal to that caused by impaired sight.

A Corn Cure.

To cure corns get a little gutta percha tissue from a druggist, cut it into strips and then wind a piece round the corn, which must first be moistened with oil. See that the edges of the tissue are as even as possible, and when you have wound it round wet the inside of the end with spirits of turpentine. This will cause it to stick firmly if you press it down. With a feather dipped in turpentine touch the edges of the tissue, and they will unite. Leave for four days, then take off the dressing, and you will be able to remove the corn with the back of a penknife.

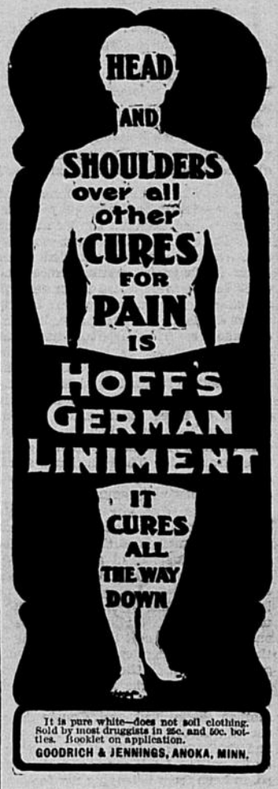
The Monocle Is Harmful.

No sensible person will ever wear a single eyeglass unless he is blind of one eye. Its use means that one eye is neither employed nor unemployed, but is engaged in ceaseless though no doubt unconscious efforts to see as much as its more favored fellow. This straining is as harmful as anything could well be and cannot fail to lead to the gravest results.

One or the Other.

"What do you think of that wheel?" asked Sprockets, whose bicycle had been in a collision.

"I think it ought to be re-tired or retired," replied Dinwiddie.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.



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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 6:35 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 9:30, arrives at Manchester at 9:50 a. m.

Train No. 8, leaves Manchester at 2:10 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 2:40 p. m. Connects with C. G. W., No. 4, east bound, and No. 9, west bound. Returning leaves Oneida at 3:00 p. m., arrives at Manchester at 3:30 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 4:5 0p. m., arrives at Manchester 5:20 p. m.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN,
Gen. Traffic Manager.

Through tickets for sale at Manchester to all points in North America.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No 1* 12:15 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†6: 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 ¾ m
	.Thro Freight.	No 66*9:05 p m

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

North Bound —Arrive—	Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No.306 6:10 p.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.365 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 26, 1900

"THE LIMITED"	Lv. Omaha 7.25 p. m.	Lv. St. Paul 5.00 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 throughparlor car and coaches.

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RY.

"The Maple Leaf Route."

April 13, 1902.
Time card, Oneida, Iowa.

Chicago Special, Daily, Going East.....7:46 a m
Day Express daily.....2:41 p m
Way Freight daily ex. Sunday.....11:55 a m
Going West, North and South.
Way Freight, daily ex. Sunday.....10:45 am
Day Express daily except Sunday.....2:59 p m
St Paul & Kansas City Exp, daily except Sunday.....5:31 a m
For information and tickets apply to
C. E. Markham, Agent, Oneida.

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

CEDAR RAPIDS TIME CARD.

MAIN LINE GOING EAST AND SOUTH.

Arrive — Leave
9:20 p m No. 2* Chicago Passenger....9:40 p m
10:40 a m No. 4 Chi. & Burl'n Pass.....11:00 a m
8:10 a m No. 6 Chicago & St. Louis Ex. 8:30 a m
1:05 ngt No. 8 Chicago Fast Express. 1:01 ngt
No. 18 Burl. & Davap'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; 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
12:05 p m No. 3 Rockford Passenger...3:30 p m
12:05 ngt No. 5 Minneapolis Express..12:30 ngt
5:45 a m No. 13 Chicago Passenger.
11:50 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.

9:10 p m.....Decorah Passenger.....8:30 a m
10:50 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.....9:00 a m
1:05 a. m...Minnesota & Dakota Pass..12:30 a m

IOWA CITY, DAVENPORT, BURL. AND CLINTON.

12:05 p m.....Burl. & Ia City Pass.....3:05 p m
7:45 p m....Clin., Ia City, Dvpt Pass.....7:15 a m
7:35a m.....Burl. & Ia City Pass.....9:40 p m

"Trains numbers 5, 6, 8, 18, 19, and Minn & Dakota Pass run daily, all other trains daily except Sunday." No *2 daily between Cedar Rapids and West Liberty.

JNO. G. FARMER, Gen'l Pass & Tkt Agt. W. H. DUTTON, Ticket Agent Cedar Rapids Iowa.

For Homeseekers and Land Investors.

The passenger department of the Illinois Central railroad has just received from the hands of the printer, a new folder in the interests of Homeseekers and Land Investors. Many are looking for new homes and for land investments. This folder furnishes brief but reliable information as to the resources and possibilities of the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. The opportunities for investments in the above mentioned states are unsurpassed in any part of this great country. Homeseekers' excursions to points within these states are run by the Illinois Central the first and third Tuesdays of every month, at a rate of one fare plus $2.00 and these excursions should be taken advantage of by everyone in search of a home or investments in timber or farm lands.

For a free copy of this, address the undersigned at Dubuque, Iowa.

J. F. MERRY,
Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent,
35tf Illinois Central Railroad.

Ringling Bros. Circus.

Waterloo, Iowa, July 18.—For the above occasion the I. C. R. R. will sell tickets to Waterloo and return at a rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip. Tickets good to return until July 19. 27w3 H. G. PIERCE, Agent.

National Convention of the Christian Church.

To be held at Omaha, Neb., October 16-23. For the above occasion the I. C R. R. will sell tickets to Omaha and return at a rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale October 15, 16, and 18, good for return until Oct. 24 with privilege of depositing tickets on or before Oct. 24 and payment of a fee of 50 cents when same will be extended to and including Nov. 30.

H. G. PIERCE, Agt.

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CALIFORNIA Personally conducted weekly excursion cars through to Los Angeles and San Francisco as follows: via New Orleans and the southern route every Wednesday from Chicago; every Friday from Cincinnati. Via Omaha and the scenic route every Friday night from Chicago.

HAMMOND Send for Hammond, Louisiana as a winter resort, a beautifully illustrated folder showing a few of the winter attractions in and about Hammond, copies of which will be mailed free on application to J. F. Merry, A. G. P. A. Ill. Cent. R. R., Dubuque, Iowa.

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.

An Appreciation.

Rear Admiral Evans in the May issue of McClure's Magazine says: "For comfort and luxury, the special train on which he traveled made a lasting impression upon the Prince and his suite. Prince Henry said: 'I have seen the best equipment on Russian railroads, and they are the best in Europe; but I have never seen or imagined that a train like this could be put together.'"

Coming from such an authoritative source this is indeed a compliment, especially so as two of the cars, the Ohio and Iowa, belong to the regular equipment of the Chicago Great Western Ry.

These beautiful compartment sleeping cars run every night between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis on the "Great Western Limited" the new sumptuous electric lighted train.

Illinois Central

EXCURSION RATES.

Excursion tickets will be sold by the Illinois Central, to the points, and at rates, as follows:

Fare and one-third on Certificate Plan.

Burlington, Ia.,—Iowa Grand Lodge, Knights of Pythias, July 22-24.

Portland, Me.,—Annual Convention Young Peoples Christian Union July 9—16.

Open Rate of Fare Plus $2.00.

Minneapolis, Minn.,—Annual Meeting National Educational Association, July 7 to 11.

Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo and Glenwood Springs, Colorado; Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah; Hot Springs, Lead, Deadwood and Custer, S. Dak. Special Excursions, Tickets on sale June 1 to 21 inclusive; June 26 to 30 inclusive; July 14 to 31 inclusive; Aug. 15 to 29 and Sep 26 to 29 inclusive; and Sept. 11 to 15 inclusive; all tickets limited to Oct. 31, 1902, for return.

Less than one Fare.

Salt Lake City, Utah,—Annual Meeting, Grand Lodge, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, Aug. 12 to 14.

San Francisco, Cal.,—Biennial Meeting, Knights of Pythias, Aug. 12 to 14.

Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, and Glenwood Springs, Colorado; Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah; Hot Springs, Lead, Deadwood and Custer, South Dakota. Special Excursions. Tickets on sale June 22 to 24 inclusive; July 1 to 13 inclusive; Aug. 1 to 14 inclusive; Aug. 22 and 24, and Aug. 30 to Sept. 10 inclusive; all tickets limited to Oct. 31, 1902, for return.

For information as to the exact rates, dates of sale, limits, etc., for any of the above excursions, apply to the nearest Illinois Central Ticket Agent, or address the undersigned.

J. F. MERRY Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent. 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, roundtrip 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.

For a free copy of the Homeseekers' Guide describing the advantages and resources of the South, address J. F. Merry, A. G. P. A., I. C. R. R., Dubuque, Iowa. For information regarding lands in the famous Yazoo Valley of Mississippi, address S. P. Skene, Land Commissioner Y. & M. V. R. R., Chicago.

Money to Loan at Low Rates. Hubert Carr.

Mother Always Keeps It Handy.

"My mother suffered a long time from distressing pains and general ill health due primarily to indigestion," says L. W. Spalding, Verona, Mo., "Two years ago I got her to try Kodol. She grew better at once and now, at the age of seventy-six, eats anything she wants, remarking that she fears no bad effects as she has her bottle of Kodol handy." Don't waste time doctoring symptoms. Go after the cause. If your stomach is sound your health will be good. Kodol rests the stomach and strengthens the body by digesting your food. It is nature's own tonic.—Smith Bros.

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