ALL THE NEWS IN

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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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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

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(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

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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.

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SALVAGE...

By ... Cutcliffe Hyne

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"THE boat's an old P. and O. lifeboat," said Mr. McTodd, "diagonal, built of teak and quite big enough for the purpose. Of course something with steam in her would be better, because we're both steamer men, but that's out of the question. That would mean too many to share. So the thing is, Can you buy this lifeboat and victual her for the trip? I'm no' what you might call a capitalist mysel' just for the moment."

Captain Kettle eyed the grimy serge of his companion with disfavor. "You don't look it," he said. "That last engine room you got sacked from must have been a mighty filthy place."

"'Twas," said McTodd; "but, as it happened, I didn't get the sack. I ran from her here in Gib because I'd no wish to get back to England and have this news useless in my pocket, and of course I had to let slide the £8 in wages that was due to me."

"By James, it's beginning to look like business when a Scottie runs away from siller that he's righteously earned!"

"Well, I'm no' denying it was a speculation. It's a bit of a speculation, if you come to reckon up, asking a newly sacked sea captain to join in such a venture."

"I don't suppose you'd have much choice here in Gibraltar."

"Maybe you'd not have heard of either me or the wreck if I had," said McTodd.

Kettle's face hardened. "See here," he said; "keep a civil tongue in your head or go out of this lodging. I'm to be treated with respect or I don't deal with you."

"Then let my clothes alone and be civil yoursel'. It's a mighty dry shop this, captain."

"I've no whisky in the place nor spare money to buy it. If we're to go on with this plan of yours, we shall want every dollar that can be raised."

"That's true, and Tonio and I haven't 10 shillings between us."

Kettle gave up pacing the room and sat himself on the edge of the table and frowned. "I don't see the use of taking either Antonio, if that's his name, or your other dago. I don't like the breed of them. You and I would be quite enough to handle an open boat and quite able to take care of ourselves. If the wreck's got the money on her and we finger it, we'll promise to bring them back their share all right, and if the thing's a fizzle, as it's very likely to be—well, they'll be saved a very unpleasant boat cruise."

"It's no go," said the engineer, "and you may make up your mind to have them as shipmates, captain, or sit here on your tail where you are. D'you think I've any appetite for dagoes mysel'? No, sir; no more than you. I don't trust them no more than a stripped thread, and they don't trust me. They wouldn't trust you. They wouldn't trust the provost of Edinboro if he was to make similar proposals to them."

"Then have you no idea where this steamboat was put on the ground?"

"Man, I've telled you no already."

"Seems to me you don't know much, Mr. McTodd."

"I don't. What I know is this: I come ashore here, after a vera exhausting trip down the Mediterranean, just for a drink to fortify the system against the chills on the run home. The brandy is poor here on the rock, though I'll admit it's cheap, and as for the whisky"—

"Never mind that. Get on with your yarn."

"Dinna hustle a man so. Weel, I went to a little dark shebeen where I kenned the cutthroat in charge, and gave the name of the ship I wanted sending back to in case sleep overcame me, and settled down for an afternoon's enjoyment. You'll ken what I mean?"

"I know you're a drunken beast when you get the chance for an orgy."

"I have my weaknesses, captain, or maybe I'd no' have left Ballindrochater, where my father was Free kirk meenister. We both have our weaknesses, Captain Owen Kettle, and it's they that have brought us to what we are."

"If you don't leave me alone and get on with your yarn," said Kettle acidly, "you'll find yourself in the street."

"Oh, I like your hospitality fine, and I'll stay, thanks. Weel, I'd just settled mysel' down to a good square drink at this Spaniard's shebeen when out of a dark corner come Tonio and the other dago, bowing and taking off their hats as polite as though I'd been an archbishop at the very least. It's extraordinary how the lower classes instinctively go to an officer when they need help."

"It is, Mac; it is."

"I'd met Tonio in Lagos. He was greaser on the branch boat there, and I was her second engineer. He's some English—coast English—and he did the talking. The other dago knew nothing but his own unrighteous tongue and just said see-see when Tonio explained to him what was going on and grinned like a bagful of monkeys. I give Tonio credit. He spat out his tale like a man. He and his mate were in the stokehold of a dago steamboat coming from the river Platte to Genoa and calling at some of the western islands en route. One night they were just going off watch and were leaning over the rail to get a breath of cool air before turning in. They were steaming past some rocky islands, and there in plain sight of them was a vessel hard and fast ashore. There was no mistake about it. They both saw her—a steamboat of 1,500 tons. And, what was more, the other Portugee, Tonio's friend, said he knew her. According to him, she was the Duncansby Head. He'd served in her stokehold three voyages, and he said he'd know her anywhere."

"A dago's word isn't worth much for a thing like that," said Kettle.

"Wait a bit. The pair of them stayed where they were and looked at the rest of the watch on deck. The second mate on the bridge was staring ahead sleeplily; the quartermaster at the wheel was nodding and blinking at the binnacle; the lookout on the forecastle was seated on a fife rail, snoring. No one of these had seen the wreck, and so they themselves didn't talk. Their boat was running short of coal, and so she put into Gib here to rebunker, and from another dago on the coal hulk who came aboard to help trim they got some news. The Duncansby Head had shifted her cargo at sea, had picked up heavy weather and got unmanageable and had been left by her crew in the boats. The mate's boat and the second mate's boat were picked up. The old man's boat had not been heard of. It was supposed that the Duncansby Head hersel' had foundered immediately after she was deserted."

"Yes; all that's common gossip on the rock. Mulready was her skipper—J. R. Mulready. I'd known him years."

"Weel, poor deevil, it's perhaps good for him he's drowned."

"Yes, I suppose it is. He's saved a sight of trouble. D'you know, Mac, Jimmy Mulready and I passed for mate the same day and went to sea with our bran' new tickets in the same ship—him as mate, me as second."

"The sea's an awful poor profession for all except a shipowner that lives ashore."

"'Tis. Yes, that's a true word; it is. And so Antonio and his mate told the other dago that they'd seen the wreck?"

"Not much. They kept their heads shut. There was money in the idea if it could only be worked, and a Portugee likes a dollar as much as a white man. So there you have the whole yarn, except that they got to know that the Duncansby was on her way home after a long spell at tramping when she got into trouble and carried all the money she'd earned in good solid gold in the charthouse drawer."

"It sounds like a soft thing, I'll not deny," said Kettle. "But why should Mr. Antonio and his friend come to you?"

"They ran from their ship here in Gib and lay low till she had sailed. It was the natural thing for them to do. But when they began to look round them in cold blood they found themselves a bit on the beach. They'd no money. There's such a shady crowd here in Gib that everything's well watched, and they couldn't steal, so there was nothing for it but to take a partner into the concern. Of course, being dagoes, they weren't likely to trust one of their own sort."

"Not much, and so they came to you?"

"They knew me," said the engineer. "and I came to you because I knew you, captain. I'm no navigator mysel', though I can make shift to handle a sailboat, so a navigator was wanted. I said to mysel' the man in all creation for this job is Captain Kettle, and then what should I do but run right up against you."

"Thank you, Mac."

"But there's one other thing you'll have to do, and that's buy, beg, borrow or steal the ship to carry the expedition, because the rest of us can't raise a blessed shilling among us. It needn't be a big outlay. That old P. and O. lifeboat which I was talking about would carry us fine, and I think three five pound notes would buy her."

"Very well," said Kettle. "And now let's get a move on us. There's been enough time spent in talk, and the sooner we're on that wreck the less chance there is of any one else getting there to overhaul her before us."

It would be unprofitable to follow in detail the fitting out of a wrecking expedition upon insufficient capital, and so be it briefly stated that the old lifeboat, which had passed through many hands since she was cast from the P. and O. service, was purchased by dint of haggling for an absurdly small sum and victualed and watered for eighteen days. The Portuguese, who still refused to disclose the precise location of the wreck, said that it might take a fortnight to reach her, and prudence would have suggested that it was advisable to take at least a month's provisions, but the meagerness of their capital flatly forbade this, and they were only able to furnish the boat with what would spin out to eighteen days on an uncomfortably short ration. They trusted that what pickings they might find in the storeroom of the wreck herself would provide them for the return voyage.

With this slender equipment, then, they sailed forth from Gibraltar bay, an obvious party of adventurers. They were bombarded by the questions and the curious stares of all the shipping interest on the rock. They were flatly given to understand by a naval busybody, who had been bidden to carry his inquisitiveness to the deuce, that they had earned official suspicion and would be watched accordingly, and if ever ill wishes could sink a craft that ancient P. and O. lifeboat was full to her marks.

The voyage did not begin with prosperity. There is always a strong surface current running in through the straits, and just then the breezes were light. The lifeboat was a dull sailer, and her people in consequence had the mortification of keeping Carnero point and the frowning rock behind in sight for three baking days. The two Portuguese were first profane, then sullen, then frightened. Some saint's day, it appeared, had been violated by the start, and they began first to hint at and then to insist on a return, to which Kettle retorted that he was going to see the matter through now if he had to hang in the straits for the whole eighteen days and subsist for the rest of the trip upon dew and their belts, and in this McTodd backed him up. Once started and away from the whisky bottle there was nothing very yielding about Mr. McTodd. Only one compromise did Kettle offer to make. He would stand across and drop his Portuguese partners on the African shore if they, on their part, would disclose the whereabouts of the wreck, and in due time, when the dividends were gathered, he faithfully promised them their share. But to this they would not consent. In fact, there was a good deal of mutual distrust between the two parties.

At last, however, a kindly slant of wind took the lifeboat in charge and hustled her wetly out into the broad Atlantic, and when they had run the shores of Europe and Asia out of sight and there was nothing round them but the blue heaving water, with here and there a sail and a steamer's smoke, then Senor Antonio saw fit to give Captain Kettle a course.

"We was steamin' froma Tenerife to Madeira when we saw thosea rocks with Duncansby Head asho'."

"H'm," said Kettle. "Those'll be the Salvage islands."

"Steamah was pilea up on de first. 'Nother island we pass after."

"That's Piton island, if I remember. Let's have a look at the chart." He handed over the tiller to McTodd, took a tattered admiralty chart from one of the lockers and spread it on the damp floor gratings. The two Portuguese helped with their brown paws to keep it from fluttering away. "Yes, either Little Piton or Great Piton. Which side did you pass it on?"

Antonio thumped a gunwhale of the lifeboat.

"Kept it on the port hand going north, did you? Then that'll be Great Piton, and a sweet shop it is for reefs, according to this chart. I wish I'd a directory. It will be a regular cat's dance getting in. But I say, young man, isn't there a light there?"

"Lighta? I not understand."

"You savvy lighthouse—faro—showmark light in dark?"

"Oh, yes, lighta house. I got there. No, no lighta house."

"Well, there's one marked here as 'projected,' and I was afraid it might have come. I forgot the Canaries were Spanish and Madeira was Portugee and that these rocks, which lie half way, would be a sort of slack cross between the pair of them. Manana's the motto, isn't it Tonio? Never do today what you hope another flat will do for you tomorrow."

"Si, si, manana," said the Portuguese, who had not understood one

"That's Piton island, if I remember."

word in ten of all this. "Manana we find rich, plenty too much rich. God save queen!"

"Those Canary fishing schooners land on the Salvages sometimes," said McTodd. "So I heard once in Las Palmas."

"Then there'll be fleas on the islands, whatever else there is," said Kettle. "I guess we've got to take our chances, Mac. If the old wreck's been overhauled before we get there, it's our bad luck. If she hasn't been skimmed clean, we'll take what there is, and I fancy we shall be men enough to stick to it. It isn't as if she was piled up on some civilized beach, with coast guards to take possession and all the rest of it. The islands are either Spanish or Portugee. They belong to a pack of thieves anyway, and we've just as much right to help ourselves as any one else has. What we've got to do at present is to shove this old ruin of a lifeboat along as though she were a racing yacht. At the shortest, we've got 700 miles of blue water ahead of us."

Open boat voyaging in the broad Atlantic may have its pleasures, but these, such as they were, did not appeal to either Kettle or his companions. They were thoroughgoing steamer sailors. They despised sails, and the smallness of their craft gave them qualms both mental and physical. By day the sun scorched them with intolerable glare and violence; by night the clammy sea mists drenched them to the bone. For a larger vessel the weather would have been accounted favorable; for their cockleshell it was once or twice terrific. In two squalls that they ran into, breaking combers filled the lifeboat to the thwarts, and they had to bale for their bare lives. They were cramped and sore from their constrained position and want of exercise, they got sea sores on their wrists and salt grime on every inch of their persons, they were growing gaunt on the scanty rations, and, in fact, a better presentation of a boat full of desperate castaways it would be hard to hit upon. Flotillas of iridescent pink sailed nautilus scudded constantly beside them, dropping as constantly astern, and these made their only company. Except for the nautilus the sea seemed desolate.

In this guise, then, they ended their voyage, which had spun out to nigh upon 1,000 miles, through contrary winds and the necessity for incessant tacking, and in the height of one blazing afternoon there rose the tops of the islands out of a twinkling turquoise sea.

These appeared first as mere dusty black rocks sticking up out of the calm blue, Great Salvage island to the northward and Great Piton to the south and beyond, but they grew as the boat neared them and presently appeared to be built upon a frieze of dazzling feathery whiteness. The lifeboat swept on to reach them, climbing and diving over the rollers. She had canvas decks, quarter mast high, which contrived to throw off the sprays, and over these the faces of her people peered ahead, wild and gaunt, salt crusted and desperate.

Great Salvage island drew abeam and passed away astern. Great Piton lay close ahead now, fringed with a thousand reefs, each with its spouting breakers. The din of the surf came to them loudly up the wind. A flock of sea fowl, screaming and circling, sailed out to escort them in, and ahead, behind the banks of breakers, drawing them on as water will draw a choking man, were the rusted smokestack and the stripped masts of a derelict merchant steamer.

There is a yarn about an open boat which had voyaged 1,200 miles over the lonely Pacific coming upon a green atoll and being sailed recklessly in through the surf and drowning every soul on board, and the yarn is easy believable. Captain Kettle and his companions had undergone horrible privations. Here at last were the isle of their hope and the treasure, as it seemed, in full view, but by some intolerable fate they were barred from it by relentless walls of surf. Kettle ran in as close as he dared and then flattened in his sheets and sailed the lifeboat close hauled along the noisy line of breakers, looking for an opening.

The two Portuguese grumbled openly, and when not a ghost of a landing place showed and Kettle put her about to sail back again even the cautious McTodd put up his word to "run in and risk it."

But Kettle, though equally sick as they were of the boat and her voyage, had all a sailor's dislike for losing a ship, whatever she might be, and cowed them all with voice and threats, and at last his forbearance was rewarded. A slim passage through the reefs showed itself at the southern end of the island, and down it they dodged, trimming their sheets six times a minute, with an escort of dangers always close on either hand, and finally ran into a rocky bay, which held comparatively smooth water.

There was no place to beach the boat. They had to anchor her off, but with a whip on the cable they were able to step ashore on a ledge of stone and then haul the boat off again out of harm's way.

It may be thought that they capered with delight at treading on dry land again, but there was nothing of this. With their cramped limbs and disused joints it was as much as they could do to hobble, and every step was a wrench. But the lure ahead of them was great enough to triumph over minor difficulties. Half a mile away along the rocks was the Duncansby Head, and for her they raced at the top of their crippled gait, and the sea fowl screamed curiously above their heads.

They scratched and tore themselves in this frantic progress over the sharp volcanic rocks, they choked with thirst, they panted with their labor, but none of these things mattered. The deserted steamer when they came to her was lying off from the shore at the other side of a lake of deep water, but they were fit for no more waiting, and each as he came opposite her waded in out of his depth and swam off with eager strokes. Davit falls trailing in the water gave them an entrance way, and up these they climbed with the quickness of apes, and then with one accord they made for the pantry and the steward's storeroom. The gold which had lured them was forgotten. The immediate needs of their famished bodies were the only things they remembered. They found a cheese, a box of musty biscuit and a filter full of stale and tepid water, and they gorged till they were filled and swore they had never sat to so delicious a meal.

With repletion came the thoughts of fortune again, and off they went to the charthouse to finger the coveted gold, but here was a disappointment ready and waiting for them. They had gone up in a body, neither nationality trusting the other, and together they ransacked the place with thoroughness. There were papers in abundance, there were clothes furry with mildew, there was a broken box of cheap cigars, but of money there was not so much as a bronze piece.

"Eh, well," said Kettle, sitting back on the musty bedclothes, "we have had our trouble for nothing. Some one's been here first and skinned the place clean." McTodd pounced upon the counterpane and caught something, which he held between his black thumb and finger.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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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 2:10 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 4:50 p. 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* 12:13 a m	..Fast Train..	No 2* 3:37 a m
No 3* 2:18 p m.	Thro Express..	No 4* 3:16 p m
No 33 †6:22 p m	....Clipper....	No 34†8:55 a m
No 5 † 8:53 a m	Local Express	No 6† 3*40 p m
No 939 2:05 p m.	..Way Freight.	No 60*1:45 p m
	.Thro Freight.	

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

North Bound —Arrive—	Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No.306 6:05 p.m	...†Passenger..	No 305 9:00 a.m
No. 332 8:40 a.m	..†Passenger..	No .335 6:30 p.m
No. 353 1:30 p.m	... †Freight...	No.300 4:00 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 Include

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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."

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
3:10 a m No. 6 Chicago & St. Louis Ex. 3:30 a m
1:05 ngt No. 8 Chicago Fast Express. 1:01 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; 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 Vestibuld Pullman Buffet sleepers and coaches to Minneapolis and St. Paul.

DECORAH DIVISION.

9:10 p m.....Decorah Passenger..... 8:20 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, Dypt Pass.....7:15 a m
7:35a m.....Burl. & Ia City Pass .....9:40 p m

"Trains numbers 5, 6, 8, 13, 19, and Minn & Dakota Pass run daily, all other trains daily except Sunday." No *2 daily between Cedar Rapids and West Liberty.

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Cedar Rapids Iowa.

Illinois Central

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Kansas City, Mo.—American Royal Cattle and Swine Show and Kansas City Horse Show, Oct. 20-25.

New Orleans, La.—Annual Meeting, American Bankers' Association, Nov. 11-13.

One Fare.

Boston, Mass.—Brotherhood of St. Andrew Convention, Oct. 9-12.

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J. F. MERRY Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, Dubuque, Iowa.

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Via Chicago Great Western Railway, on sale Oct. 15, 16 and 18th. For further information apply to any Great Western Agent, or J. P. Elmer, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

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.

24 H. G. PIERCE, Agt.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

NEW ORLEANS A delightfully unique city for the tourist to visit. Winter tourists rates now in effect. Double daily service and fast steam heated vestibule trains with through sleeping cars, buffet library smoking car service and all meals en route in dining cars. Ask for an illustrated book on New Orleans.

MEXICO Tour of all Mexico via the Illinois Central under the auspices of the American Tourist Association, will leave Chicago January 28th, 1902. Tickets include all expense. Railway sleeping and dining car, fare, hotels, carriages, etc.

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 thejscenic 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 Homeseekers 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 Rates to Dubuque Fall Festival, October 13—18.

For the Fall Carnival and Festival at Dubuque, October 13—18, inclusive, Illinois Central Agents at stations within one hundred miles of Dubuque will sell excursion tickets to Dubuque, Oct. 13—18, inclusive, limited to October 20, for return at one and one-third fare.

Tickets will also be sold October 15th and 16th, good to return until October 17th at a one fare rate.

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, Tennesseee, 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 E. P. Skene, Land Commissioner Y. & M. V. R. R., Chicago.

Annual Meeting of Bankers, New Orleans, La., Nov. 11 to 13.

For the above occasion the I. C. R. R will sell tickets from Manchester to New Orleans and return at a rate of one fare plus two dollars for the round trip. Tickets sold Nov. 7th to the 9th, limited to return ten days from date of sale.

H. G. PIERCE, Agent.

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Low Rates West.

One way or round trip to Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana, etc., via the Chicago Great Western Ry. Tickets on sale daily during September and October. Full information free. For further particulars inquire of any Great Western Agent, or J. P. Elmer, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill. 39-w6.

Notice of Appointment of Administratrix.

STATE OF IOWA, } ss
Delaware County

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as Executrix of the Estate of William E. Lawrence, late of Delaware County, Iowa, deceased. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them, duly authenticated, to the undersigned for allowance.

Dated Manchester, Iowa, Sept. 23rd, 1902.

LIZZIE LAWRENCE
Administratrix.

Hubert Carr
Atty, for Estate — 40w3

Farm For Sale.

A fine Stock and Dairy farm of 200 acres 5 miles south of Manchester, 1 mile from railroad station and creamery. Comfortable house, good horse and cow barn, hog house corn cribs and other out buildings, a fine well of water with wind mill attached, 10 acres of splendid timber 3 miles east of farm will be sold with same if desired. For terms inquire of

ABNER DUNHAM OR O. A. DUNHAM, Manchester, Iowa.

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