

ALL THE NEWS IN
The Democrat,
 \$1.50 PER YEAR.

Ping Pong Sets
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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 hygienic clean modern mill. The flour is purified, astringed and sifted through delicate silk cloths before it is sacked. Absolute purity is thus assured.

QUAKER MILL COMPANY.
 Makers of Pure Flour.

Stoneware.

"I am near down w' the ten things, father," she answered. "I'll be with you anon." And in a minute or two she stood beside him in all her homely sweetness, the odor and breath of the ocean around her.

"Are you wanting me in particular, father?" she asked.

"I am. I was meeting the minister today, and he was talking about you. He is loving you, Helen, loving you perfectly and unspokeably."

"Well, then, I am not caring for him to speak. What would the like of me do in a manse? It is a Glasgow pulpit he is seeking, and how could I live in the city and away from the sight and the sound of the sea? It is not thinkable, father."

"The minister is well to do. It is not a stipend that he is depending on. He has dry silver in the bank of Scotland, and I would be fain and proud to see you married on him. It is a great thing to belong to the kirk and the ministry."

"I am thinking it is just as great to belong to the boat and the sea. The first kirk was a boat, and the first ministers came out the boats. I am minded to marry a fisher lad. They suit me—fine."

"The siller, though—the minister is rich and like to be richer."

"Siller is well enough, father, but there is something better than siller. It is to be lean and true to what is set dearest and deepest in the single heart of him who made it. To marry the minister, and me not loving him, would be a sworn lie to God and man. You would not bid me so forever my own soul."

Harry Stewart.

Those
Qualities of Style and Service

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.

... By ...
AMELIA E. BARR

A LASS of ARRAN

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CHAPTER I.
BETWEEN the fertile shores of Arran and the rugged peninsula of Kintyre lies the beautiful isle of Arran—a land of indescribable grandeur and loveliness, linked by many a romantic tie to the world and the church universal. Here the mighty Fingal kindled his signal fires when the fleet of Aricaia darkened the waters of the Clyde; here Ossian, "the king of many songs," came to wait for "that dark and narrow house whose mark is one gray stone"; here settled the great, silent, fighting Norsemen, who hated lies and whose religion it was to be brave; here Robert Bruce lit the beacon that was the dawn of Bannockburn; here the Stuarts hunted the red deer, and Cromwell hunted the adherents of the Stuarts.

It was also in this rugged land that religion, pure and undefiled, took the deepest root, for what Knox planted there the covenanted waters and the free kirk perfected. No peasantry in the whole world are so proud of their spiritual lineage and so leamed in the holy book that makes their title clear to a heavenly inheritance; here, fisherman and farmer, walking erect in the ever-conscious dignity of being sons of God.

Such a man was Robert Brodick, farmer and fisher, whose cottage was in a cleft of the hills between Cataca and Inachar. Five hundred years this cottage had stood in its naked granite strength. It had often been ratheted, but its original unmarred stones were still to be seen when Gillian Brodick laid them on the few acres of land given him by Robert Bruce for some personal service. And through that 500 years Robert Brodick could trace his truth and liberty and followers after righteousness. He was fifty-five years old, with the massive stature of his forbears; a simple, dignified manner and a disposition serious, shrewd and straightforward.

He was sitting in the door of his cottage one summer evening watching the boats drift slowly out to the fishing ground and listening vaguely to his daughter Helen, who was singing softly by herself as she mended the spots interior putting things to rights after the evening meal. Now Helen Brodick was a beautiful woman, tall and shapely, with a finely formed face, eyes gray, tender and eloquent; a brilliant complexion, wavy masses of fair hair rolled into a loose coil and possessing in a remarkable degree the fine Roman calm of a definite ancestry.

And she lived the very life of the sea. Her blood had tides in it, and was subject to ebb and flow. Away from the sea she would have pined like a stormy petrel in a cage. Yet it was just this possibility which occupied her father's thoughts as he sat gazing at her here, as she mended the spots interior putting things to rights after the evening meal. His staff was between his knees and his hands were folded on it, and as he came suddenly to some decision he lifted it slightly and then let it fall with all the emphasis of a stamping foot.

"Helen!" he called in a tone of authority.

"I am near down w' the ten things, father," she answered. "I'll be with you anon." And in a minute or two she stood beside him in all her homely sweetness, the odor and breath of the ocean around her.

"Are you wanting me in particular, father?" she asked.

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"I see that I have spoken too late," strong, murmuring Helen, who to kirk could govern and that God himself could not please. It isn't kind, it isn't just. You know well I shall do the thing that is right if I break my heart to do it."

"What talk is there of breaking hearts? Parfect nonsense! A good heart never breaks. It has no occasion to break. What you cannot change you may call the will of God, and if you will what God will then there is peace. Dinna let me hear again of such foolishness as a breaking heart."

He waited for no reply, and Helen was not inclined to make one. She walked to the open door and let the fresh breeze blow in her hair and face, and her eyes wander away to the boats where her two lovers were busy with the lines. At least she thought so, but it was not many minutes ere she heard a step and a voice that made her heart beat to the tune it set.

"That is Roy," she whispered, "and I'll have the truth from him ere things go a bit further." But she stepped out of the cottage and went down the little garden to the low stone wall which closed it. He saw her leaning on it, and he waved his cap above his head and came rapidly forward, but yet timing his steps to the joyous melody—

"The wind's veering aft."

"Then speak, as ye said."

"She'll bear all her canvas a-trip!"

He was a dark, slim youth, much sunburned, with curling hair, splendid teeth, and a voice that might wile a bird from a tree.

"Helen! Helen! My beauty!" He stopped in the middle of the song to say the words, and he said them on her lips, with his hands on her shoulders, his face to face with her. Then he leaped the wall and asked if she would come down to the water and have a walk and a talk with him.

And Helen grew suddenly ten times lovelier. Her heart throbbled like a live in June. Yes, she wanted to go down to the water, for love has still some thing of the sea, but she said, "I must first go and tell father, for he is in the byre."

"Let the auld man be, my beauty! He will be sure to say, 'Don't go, Helen, or it is too late and near the exercise, or 'There's a fog coming from the east,' or the like of that. Take your own leave. You are no bairn now."

"Aye, but I am. I am father's bairn always. Wait a minute. I'll be back anon."

She returned in a few minutes a little dashed, but she lifted her plaid, and Roy took it over his arm. Then they strolled down to the water together. As soon as they were a little distance from the cottage Roy asked:

"What did the auld man say?"

"Dinna speak of father that way, Roy," answered Helen. "I'm not liking it. Father isn't auld. He can do as big a day's work as any man in Arran, and he has neither sign nor feel of old age yet. God forever bless him!"

"I am meaning no harm, Helen. He was speaking very sharp to me a few days since, and I was not liking it. But for you, my dautie, I would have given him as good as he sent."

"What were you saying to make fa-

ther sharp with you? It isn't his way to be interfering."

It was only telling Will Semex about Mattie Robinson and her two lovers. The lass is a very butterfly of vanity and conceit, and any lad that will flatter her can."

"I'm not caring to hear about Mattie Robinson. It is few people that know about Mattie Robinson and her two lovers. Maybe, but there is not a man or woman between here and Inachar that does not ken how poor Archie Lagg is treated by that wife of his. She won't even go to the kirk he likes. She says she can't stand to be with him."

"How can she have the presumption?" asked Helen, with a dubious little laugh, whose mocking character Roy did not notice. "St. Paul would never have believed in such a woman."

"Indeed he wouldn't!" answered the unsuspecting young man. "You know, Helen, it is the Scripture rule that women shall ask their husbands about things they are ignorant of. And I was just saying this and that about women in general when the auld man—I mean the elder—snapped me up with a very impertinent remark about my auld mother."

"Roy, father was hearing something I can't believe possible about your cousin Will's boat."

"I ken what you mean."

"Some one was telling you did the deed, but I am sure that is simply unthinkable."

"Of course! Of course! Worldly, for anything, snare the name of the woman I love better than my own life. I would be a horn fool to do it! I would think shame of myself forever."

He had reached by this time a large rock, and Roy sat down and drew Helen close to his side. He then tried to turn the conversation, but Helen was not satisfied.

"Roy," she said, "I am not doubting you, but I would be pleased to have the denial, straight and plain, from you. There's folk that will be talking, and I want to be able to speak the words for you that you will perhaps be too proud and too angry to speak for yourself. So, my dear lad, did you paint your cousin's boat name out or did you not?"

"I did not. I will swear it if you want me to."

"No, no! If I could not take your word, I would think still less of your oath. Yes or no is enough for any man to say; but I am a weakling."

"I say 'No' then."

"That is all I want. Who do you think is the guilty person? I wish to give him, whoever he is, a warning. I know well the look on my father's face when he told me of his name and my name being blacked out. And just because he said so little and threatened none I know he is set on making an example of the blackguard, whoever he may be. So I would like to warn him either by confessing to the elder and get his forgiveness or else put himself out of the reach of his just anger. Who do you think was able for such a bit of contemptible spite?"

"I think Will Anderson did the deed with his ain hands."

"You do not know what you are saying, Roy."

"I know fine. Will Anderson did it himself. He thought I would get the blame of it and so lose your respect and liking."

"You are clean mistaken! Will did not do it. I would as soon blame myself. An act like that is clean below my beyond him. The very thought of blackening his heart and hands in you would never enter into Will's mind. Why, you fright me, Roy; you fright me! If I could believe you—tut, tut; the thing is impossible!"

"What for are you setting yourself in such a blaze of passion? Let the black guard's boat name out or did you not talk about it. I am asking you to be my wife, and I want your 'Yes' this night. I will not listen to 'No.' If I am right in thinking you love me, Helen, say 'Yes.' I am that anxious I am fairly trembling with the fear that you did not mean again by the smiles you let me take this very night. Helen, my dear lassie, say 'Yes.' If you don't, I shall go to the minister."

"Willst, Roy! You do not surely think I am not frightened into marrying you. I am not that kind of a woman. And

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TO BE CONTINUED.

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ENNIS BOGGS,
 MANAGER.

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.

Clinton, Iowa—Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. of Iowa, Oct. 21-24.

OPEN RATE OF FARE AND ONE-THIRD, Clinton, Iowa—Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. of Iowa, Oct. 21-24.

Open Rate of Fare Plus \$2.00.

Home-seekers' Excursions, West, South and Southwest, Oct. 21.

Kansas City, Mo.—American Royal Cattle and Swine Show and Kansas City Horse Show, Oct. 22.

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

One Fare.

Boston, Mass.—Birmingham of St. Andrew Convention, Oct. 19-21.

LESS THAN ONE FARE.

One Way, Second-class, Retainers' Rates to points in California, and the West and Northwest, tickets on sale until Oct. 31.

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

Omaha and Return for One Fare.

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

National Convention of the Christian Church.

To be held at Omaha, Neb., October 15-23. 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.

Railroads.

Manchester & Oneida Ry.

TIME TABLE.

Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 5 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 2:30 p. m. Connects with the north bound C. M. & St. P. No. 22. 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 7:30 a. m. arrives at Manchester at 8:20 a. m.

Train No. 6 leaves Manchester at 8:45 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 9:15 a. m. Connects with the north bound C. M. & St. P. No. 22. Returning leaves Oneida at 8:20 a. m. arrives at Manchester at 8:50 a. m.

Train No. 8 leaves Manchester at 2:15 p. m. arrives at Oneida at 2:45 p. m. Connects with C. G. W. No. 4. Returning leaves Oneida at 3:30 p. m. arrives at Manchester at 3:30 p. m.

Train No. 10 leaves Manchester at 4:20 p. m. arrives at Oneida at 4:50 p. m. Connects with south bound C. M. & St. P. No. 21. Returning leaves Oneida at 4:50 p. m. arrives at Manchester at 5:20 p. m.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN,
 Gen. Traffic Manager.

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

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No. 12:15 a. m. Fast Train.	No. 7:35 a. m. Fast Train.	No. 7:35 a. m. Fast Train.
No. 8:21 a. m. Local Express.	No. 8:45 a. m. Local Express.	No. 8:45 a. m. Local Express.
No. 9:45 a. m. Local Express.	No. 9:45 a. m. Local Express.	No. 9:45 a. m. Local Express.
No. 10:15 a. m. Local Express.	No. 10:15 a. m. Local Express.	No. 10:15 a. m. Local Express.
No. 11:30 a. m. Local Express.	No. 11:30 a. m. Local Express.	No. 11:30 a. m. Local Express.
No. 12:15 a. m. Local Express.	No. 12:15 a. m. Local Express.	No. 12:15 a. m. Local Express.

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH

North bound	South bound
No. 306 6:05 p. m. Passenger.	No. 306 6:05 p. m. Passenger.
No. 306 6:05 p. m. Passenger.	No. 306 6:05 p. m. Passenger.
No. 306 6:05 p. m. Passenger.	No. 306 6:05 p. m. Passenger.
No. 306 6:05 p. m. Passenger.	No. 306 6:05 p. m. Passenger.
No. 306 6:05 p. m. Passenger.	No. 306 6:05 p. m. Passenger.

All above trains carry passengers.

H. G. PIERCE, Station Agt.

Low Rates to Dubuque and Albert Lea.

No. 8 & 22 run between Dubuque and Albert Lea, Iowa, via Chicago, on Saturdays only.

No. 2, except that it carries coal of here as well as passengers, runs between Dubuque, East Rockford, Genoa & Coleman. This train is a Pullman sleeping car, with dining car from Omaha to Rockford. No. 2 & 4 only stop at Davenport between Manchester and Dubuque.

No. 4-6-8-10 & 11 run daily Sunday included.

NEW SHORT LINE
Omaha - Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Illinois Central between Omaha and Fort Dodge via Council Bluffs, Dubuque, Davenport, Des Moines, Iowa City, and St. Paul, also by way of Rockford, Genoa & Coleman.

Omaha	St. Paul
Ar. Omaha 7:30 p. m.	Ar. St. Paul 8:00 p. m.
Ar. Minneapolis 8:30 p. m.	Ar. Minneapolis 8:30 p. m.
Ar. St. Paul 8:30 p. m.	Ar. St. Paul 8:30 p. m.
Ar. Omaha 8:00 a. m.	Ar. Omaha 8:00 a. m.
Ar. Minneapolis 7:00 p. m.	Ar. Minneapolis 7:00 p. m.
Ar. St. Paul 7:00 p. m.	Ar. St. Paul 7:00 p. m.

Fast day train except Sunday, carrying through-trip car and coaches.

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RY.
"The Maple Leaf Route."

Time card, Oneida, Iowa.

Chicago Special, Daily, Going East.	7:47 a. m.
Day Express daily.	8:45 a. m.
Way Freight daily.	11:05 a. m.
Way Freight, daily, except Sunday.	10:20 a. m.
Way Freight, daily, except Sunday.	10:20 a. m.
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For information and tickets apply to C. E. Markham, Agent, Oneida.

B. C. R. & N. Ry.

CEDAR RAPIDS TIME CARD.

MAIN LINE GOING EAST AND SOUTH.

Arrive	Leave
6:30 a. m. No. 4 Chicago & Burlington Pass.	9:00 a. m.
10:40 a. m. No. 4 Chl. & Burlington Pass.	11:05 a. m.
1:00 p. m. No. 4 Chicago & Burlington Pass.	1:15 p. m.
1:00 p. m. No. 4 Chicago & Burlington Pass.	1:15 p. m.
1:00 p. m. No. 4 Chicago & Burlington Pass.	1:15 p. m.
1:00 p. m. No. 4 Chicago & Burlington Pass.	1:15 p. m.

For information and tickets apply to C. E. Markham, Agent, Oneida.

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Republican and democrat alike can read the Three-a-Week World with absolute confidence in its truth and its reliability. In addition to news, its public first-class serial stories and other features added to the home and foreign news of the Three-a-Week World's regular subscription price is \$1.00 per year and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the Manchester Democrat together one year for \$2.10.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.50.

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