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Just received another car load of New York Apples.

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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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PENTONY & HOAG

OFFICE OVER BLAKE & SON'S STORE.
Manchester, Iowa.

M'CULLER'S CREATION

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"A PORTRAIT of Zuleika," tall, sheer, with the introspective gaze of old time saintship in the eyes that looked out from under gold shot hair lying in dappled rings across the forehead; short lips on which the paint gleamed fresh. McCuller bent his head critically.

"As good as you make 'em," suggested his friend from a lounge in the corner.

"No," said McCuller; "wants life. It is the artistic basis which I lack; expresses her, though, 'soft as the memory of buried love.' Humph! Not quite. What do you say, Pybus?"

He turned, weighing the palette in his hands. "Strange how the face clings to me! An idea, my idea, materialized, created from nothing, like God's world. For the furtherance of what? My own glory? Not as long as the eyelids appear as if they had never winked. See; they stare too much."

Pybus raised himself on one elbow to look at the picture through half shut eyes. "Push it back against the portiere—so. Crimson sets it, as it were, in relief. There; that's better. Now she breathes."

"No; but I wish she did. Pybus, it is Pygmalion over again. I could love her if she lived."

"And feed her? McCuller, you are crazy. If she lived, you would have to

They gazed at each other.

support her, and she would worry you. As it is, you possess her and she need not eat. Be thankful."

"I am. But, Pybus, what a glorious conceit to command life to the eyes, call the blood from heart to lips"—

"You did not paint the heart."

"None the less possible to will it into existence. To will—do you understand? For, if the emanations of a divine will can effuse themselves into created material substance, why should not human will by the potency of its divine germ evolve into a sentient, an already visible, conception?"

"Goodby, McCuller. I came here to recreate, not to speculate upon divine emanations. There is nothing divine about me. Goodby."

"Yes; it is speculation, Pybus. Everything is speculation. You and I are speculations. Do not imagine"— But Pybus slammed the door, and McCuller finished his speech alone.

* * * * * * *

"Pybus."

"Well?"

"Will we succeed in getting this insane idea out of McCuller's head?"

"Don't know."

"Jones says he's getting morbid on the subject."

"Who is—Jones?"

"No; McCuller."

"He's about right."

"Who—McCuller?"

"No; Jones."

There was a knock at the door, and Stedd blew away a cloud of smoke as he said, "Come in!"

The door not opening immediately, he rose, swearing beneath his breath at the trouble. He got half way across the room before a slight figure crossed the threshold and a tremulous voice began:

"I was told to come in"—

"Yes," Stedd executed a bow, "Miss"—

"Peyton."

"Ah! Mr. Jones sent you?"

"Yes."

"Has he told you what you are to do?"

"Yes, sir. He said I was to stand in a frame and personate 'Zuleika' for a joke. I—he told me it was being done to ridicule a friend of his out of some morbid idea."

"Yes; it is all right. Mr. Jones happened to see you at your window and was struck with your resemblance to the picture. You are almost an exact reproduction. We concocted this plan in order to have a laugh over our friend."

"So Mr. Jones said. And—you will pay me as soon as it is over?"

"Oh, yes! You said—Mr. Jones said—your father was ill, unconscious?"

"Yes." Her lip quivered suddenly. "It was solely on his account that I consented to come. We are very poor. I can't get anything for him, and I am afraid he will"—

She broke off abruptly. Stedd thought she was going to cry.

"Mr. Jones offered me so much," she ended brokenly, "I could not refuse."

"No." The affair seemed gradually to be assuming tragic proportions. The two men exchanged looks.

"We shall wait outside the studio to hear the particulars of the joke," said Stedd half heartedly. It struck him as incongruous that this girl was to perpetrate it. Her face was too white, and the strained expression in her eyes smote him.

"It is tonight?" she asked in a resigned tone, and he nodded seriously.

"Yes. Can you go with us now?"

"Yes." She drew down her veil, adjusting her wraps, and they went down the stairs.

"Say, Pybus, call a cab." Stedd whispered it shamefacedly, pushing his friend forward, and Pybus led the way up. Miss Peyton followed.

"Do you mind," he asked deferentially after he had explained matters—"will you stand here?"

Miss Peyton posed obediently against the canvas, from which the "Portrait of Zuleika" had disappeared. Her gray draperies threw out the soft tints of eyes and hair, and Pybus, lowering the lamp on the mantel, left the room with a lugubrious "perfect" on his lips. Soon after, as he and Stedd stared reflectively from their hiding place behind the stairs, McCuller passed them and went up the steps.

* * * * * * *

McCuller threw himself into a chair. From the alcove where the frame stood came subdued sighing, as of some one in trouble.

"My very ears deceive me," McCuller said irritably. "Why on earth do these hallucinations persecute me? Have I daubed and striven for this, to degenerate at last into insanity? No; I have worked too steadily, brooded too much, perhaps. Humanity is not machinery, however much we may try to identify them. There is always the soul. Ah, that's it! With these higher powers, why might one not— Pshaw! I am nervous, run down. I need a tonic."

He strode toward the alcove and flung aside the portieres. Miss Peyton's eyes met his dreamily a second; then—

"You?"

"I."

They gazed at each other three minutes after that. Then the girl said:

"You have forgotten me, of course; but, believe me, I would not have come had I known."

"Who are you?" McCuller tried in vain to recall some incident connected with the girl's face, but it eluded him.

"Dora Peyton. You helped me over a crossing with my father a year ago. It was raining"—

"Yes; I remember now. Your father was"—

"Not himself." She drew in her breath quickly. Then all at once she gave him her hand. "Oh, I have never forgotten! There were so many looking on and—laughing. They were all unkind, but you"—

"Cleared the crossing and took you home," McCuller laughed lightly. "Well, as a reward you have come here to— What is it that you have come here for, and who told you to come?"

"Your friend, Mr. Jones. He said you were"—

"Insane?"

"No, morbid about 'Zuleika.' I was to personate her—for money—but had I known"—

"Were the boys going to play a joke on me? Well, you have spoiled it."

She started. "I did not think— Of course I will not take the money."

"Are you so much in need of money?"

"Yes. My father is lying at home unconscious. I had to come"— She paused hopelessly.

"So it was your face that clung to me." McCuller smiled. How utterly absurd that a factory girl leading home her drunken father in the dead of night, saved by him from being followed by a jeering mob—that this face seen for a moment in the gaslight should have formed his conception of "Zuleika." And the girl herself? He had forgotten her entirely.

"You say you remember me?" he asked curiously. "It was a year ago."

She only nodded. She did not say, "Yes; I thought of you, dreamed of you as the one chivalrous hero amid countless scores of ruffians whom I knew."

Well, it was natural that she should have remembered him. It was also natural that he should have forgotten her.

"You will not think I meant to play a joke on you?" she said anxiously, laying great stress upon the "you." Then she looked at him with "Zuleika's" eyes and smiled at him with "Zuleika's" mouth. McCuller was morbid. He had worked too steadily; he was run down and needed a tonic.

"If I let you go," he said irrelevantly, "'Zuleika' will seem more dead to me than ever."

"Well," she said in a little grieved, heartbroken way, "she is dead."

"Are you jealous of her?" he asked reflectively, for her eyes had grown quite wet.

"No," she said untruthfully, pushing back her gold shot hair—"no; I am not jealous. She is dead."

"That is true," he said. "Well, will you let me love you instead of 'Zuleika?'"

"If you wish it very much," she said, letting him take her hands with an affectation of reluctance which pleased McCuller greatly.

"So I have waked my 'Zuleika' after all," he said five minutes later and went to the head of the stairs and called:

"Come up here, you traitors!"

They came up.

"Stedd, Pybus," then, turning to them, "my future wife." And Pybus stammered something incoherently, while Stedd said explosively, "'Pon my word, McCuller, if you can originate nothing else you can create a sensation."

His Friend Geoffrey.

The following story, told by the Washington Post, leads us to wonder which to condemn first, the boaster or his critics. It concerns a certain man who has a large collection of autographs.

Indeed, the envy and sometimes the skepticism of his friends have been excited by the number of successful authors who have set down familiar and flattering inscriptions in his books. Some carpers have even gone so far as to hint darkly at a similarity of handwriting throughout the collection.

He recently purchased a rare edition of Chaucer, and one evening when a party was gathered at the house the precious book was passed from hand to hand. The owner lost sight of it, but the next morning he found it lying on his library table.

On the fly leaf was inscribed:

"To Jack ——, from his old friend and schoolmate, Geof. Chaucer."

Wit of Horne Tooke.

It is said that Horne Tooke, who excelled in that duellike controversy exhibited by two disputants when pitted against each other with only the breadth of a mahogany board between them, was exceedingly quick and sharp at retort. When he made his most deadly thrusts, it was with a smiling countenance and without seeming effort or emotion. Replying to a man who contended that only landowners should be allowed to vote at elections, he said, "Pray tell me how many acres does it take to make a wiseacre?" When asked by George III. whether he ever played cards, he replied, "I cannot, your majesty, tell a king from a knave." What can be more uniquely comic than his saying to his brother: "You and I, my dear brother, have inverted the laws of nature. You have risen in the world by your gravity, and I have fallen by my levity?"—Saturday Evening Post.

Deep Sea Feelings.

Tomdix—Did you ever cross the ocean?

Hojax—Yes; once.

Tomdix—What were your feelings?

Hojax—Oh, same as usual. I wanted the earth.—Kansas City Independent.

Many a man's haste to get ahead in the world results only in his getting a headstone before it is due.—Chicago News.

DOCTORS IN CHINA.

They Feast Themselves Before They Physic Their Patients.

When a man in China becomes ill, his family sends for a doctor, and as no Chinese physician of established reputation will walk to a patient a carriage or a donkey must be sent to fetch him.

As soon as he reaches the house he is conducted into the best room and is entertained with tea, brandy and sweetmeats; or, if he has come a good distance, with a meal of several courses. No matter how ill his patient may be he will not approach him until he has thoroughly refreshed himself in this manner.

When at last he goes to his bedside, he first asks the patient if he is still able to eat, and he next examines his pulse. After the patient has bared his entire forearm the physician places his finger on the pulse and for several moments does not utter a word. Sometimes only one of his fingers and at other times all of them are employed at this work. When he breaks his silence, he describes minutely the disease from which the patient is suffering and writes a prescription.

Then the doctor takes his leave, promising to call again if necessary. He receives, as a rule, no fee for this service, but if he is a druggist he charges a large price for the medicine, or if he is not a druggist he receives a satisfactory commission from the one who prepares it. Moreover, the patient, if he recovers, generally gives him a handsome present.

If the Bible Perished?

If every complete copy of the Bible were destroyed, would it be possible of reproduction by ministers, theologians and others?

The probability is that it would, even if, as the question supposes, all the type kept up by the various printers of Bibles and Testaments and prayer books were also destroyed. In the first place, such a vast number of commentaries have been published in different languages on various portions of the Bible that it would almost be possible to reconstruct the Scriptures from them, and such deficiencies as existed would be supplied by ancient writings, mainly controversial works, which reproduce the text very fully. Sermons, homilies and kindred works would also be of great assistance, and such deficiencies as might still remain would certainly be supplied from the memories of the vast numbers of Biblical students who have studied the Scriptures in so many different languages.—London Answers.

A True Friend.

It takes a great soul to be a true friend—a large, catholic, steadfast and loving spirit. One must forgive much, forget much, forbear much. It costs to be a friend or to have a friend. There is nothing else in life except motherhood that costs so much. It not only costs time, affection, strength, patience, love—sometimes a man must even lay down his life for his friends. There is no true friendship without self abnegation, self sacrifice.

Born With Them.

"Mamma," said the little girl, her eyes wide with excitement, "I do believe the minister told a story!"

"Why, the idea!" said her mother. "You don't know what you are saying."

"But I do, mamma. I heard papa ask him how long he had worn whiskers, and he said he had worn them all his life."

A Synonym.

"What? Fifty cents a box for those pills!" cried the customer. "Why, it's robbery."

"I wouldn't say that," returned the druggist coolly.

"No?"

"No. Since pills are under discussion, I'd try to be humorous and call it 'pillage.'"—Philadelphia Press.

The Scotch Sunday.

As an instance of the observance of the Sabbath in Scotland, an English paper tells of a postman having a route between Stirling and Blairdrummond. He was observed to ride a bicycle over his six miles on weekdays and to walk the same distance on Sunday, and when asked why he replied that he was not allowed to use the machine on Sunday. An investigation followed, and the postman's explanation proved to be correct.

The Poet Turned.

Office Boy—I told dat poet wot called dat you wuz out of town.

Editor—Good! What did he say?

Office Boy—He said he thought he noticed an improvement in de paper.—New York Journal.

Wit on the Stump.

It must have been rather disconcerting to the declamatory speaker who, despising all technicalities, tried to storm his hearers by sheer force of eloquence, but who on uttering the words "in the book of nature it is written" was interrupted by a quiet looking gentleman with a mild request that he would "name the page." Sometimes, however, the interrupter receives a "retort courteous" he hardly bargained for, and a capital story illustrative of this is told of Lord Palmerston. His lordship, who was an inveterate joker, possessed a readiness of repartee and a quaint sense of humor that often stood him in good stead. Once when canvassing Hampshire in conjunction with Sir George Staunton he held a meeting at a hotel which was but dimly lighted at each end by two small windows.

During the noble lord's speech he was frequently interrupted by cries of "No! No!" proceeding from a little fat man in one of the windows, who was butler to an old admiral in the neighborhood. There were loud calls to bring him forward, but Lord Palmerston promptly said: "Pray don't interfere with the gentleman. Let him remain in the window. Providence has denied him any intellectual light. It would be hard indeed to deprive him of the light of heaven!"—London Standard.

Self Respect.

Maintain your self respect as the most precious jewel of all and the only true way to win the respect of others, and then remember what Emerson says, for what he says here is true: "No young man can be cheated out of an honorable career in life unless he cheats himself."

"My boy Josh writes me that he is stoppin' at the best hotels," remarked Mrs. Corntossel.

"Is he a commercial traveler?"

"No. He's drivin' a transfer wagon."—Washington Star.

When Dame Fortune goes calling, she utterly disregards "at home" days.—Chicago News.

There is neither thunder nor lightning within the arctic circle.

"People don't often insult you when they mean to be gracious," said an artist the other day. "Insults are the creations of ill nature and not mere matters of words. But I had an experience that made me laugh and yet irritated me."

"Somebody take one of your snow scenes for a spring landscape?" inquired an amiable friend.

"No," replied the artist; "this was not a matter of professional pride. A tradesman sent me a bill in which he unintentially charged me only about a third of what I owed him."

"Thought he stood a better chance of getting it, I suppose," interrupted the facetious friend.

"Now, hold on, Billy, and let me tell the story. Well, that was the second time he had sent a bill for less than I owed, and I wrote him a note calling his attention to the error. This morning I got a letter from him in which he 'thanked me for my honesty.' A man may thank you for your courtesy or for your kindness, but when he thanks you for being honest it is an insult. One might as well praise a man for not beating his wife."

The Most Perfect BLOOD PURIFIER That Can Be Found Is

MATT. J. JOHNSON'S 6088

cures all kinds of blood trouble, Liver and Kidney trouble, Catarrah and Rheumatism, by acting on the blood, liver and kidneys, by purifying the blood, and contains medicines that pass off the impurities.

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LAWRENCE & GREMS,
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For Burns

Bruises, Bites—all inflammation—there's nothing that holds a candle to

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The Quick, Clean Cure.

At druggists, 25c and 50c.

GOODRICH & JENNINGS, Anoka, Minn.

Not a Big Profit Cigar.

Price to dealer $36.00 per M.

They cost the dealer some more than other 5c cigars, but the higher price enables the factory to use higher grade tobacco, thus giving the consumer better quality than is possible in a big profit cigar. Nature refuses to produce tobacco of fine quality every year, therefore, it has always been the policy of the Lewis Factory to carry a large reserve stock of best crops, thus insuring good tobacco for the

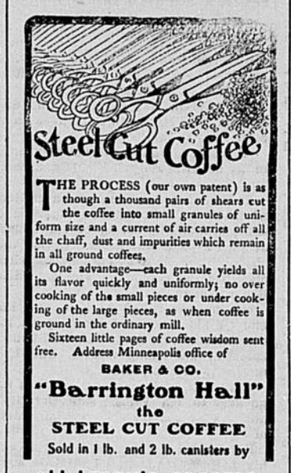
LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER

STRAIGHT 5c STRAIGHT

at all times and the consumer has learned to rely upon its uniform high quality. The reason so many manufacturers fail to maintain the quality of their brands is that they do not carry the reserve stock to tide them over a poor crop year. No other 5c cigar ever won so many 10c smokers. No other cigar ever had so many imitators. Don't let them fool you!

Quality is the true test of worth!

FRANK P. LEWIS
Manufacturer
Peoria, Illinois.



Steel Cut Coffee

THE PROCESS (our own patent) is as though a thousand pairs of shears cut the coffee into small granules of uniform size and a current of air carries off all the chaff, dust and impurities which remain in all ground coffees.

One advantage—each granule yields all its flavor quickly and uniformly; no over cooking of the small pieces or under cooking of the large pieces, as when coffee is ground in the ordinary mill.

Sixteen little pages of coffee wisdom sent free. Address Minneapolis office of

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"Barrington Hall" the STEEL CUT COFFEE

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ALL LEADING GROCERS.

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Orders by mail will receive careful attention.

We have complete copies of all records of Delaware county.

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 4:55 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 5:20 p. m. Connects with south bound C. M. & St. P., No. 21. Returning leaves Oneida at 5:45 p. m., arrives at Manchester 5:21 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* 12:18 a m	..Fast Train..	No 2* 3:34 a m
No 401 12:08 a m	Chi & St P lim	No 402 3:24 a m
No 3* 2:18 p m.	Thro Express..	No 4* 3:16 p m
No 83 †6:22 p m	....Clipper....	No 848† 5.55 a m
No 5 † 8:53 a m	..Local Express	No 6† 8:40 p m
No 93† 3:16 p m.	..Way Freight.	No 94 11:45 a m
	.Thro Freight.	No 60*1:35 p m

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

North Bound —Arrive—	Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No.306 6:05 p.m	...†Passenger...	No 305 5:00 a.m
No 332 8:40 a.m	..†Passenger...	No 335 5:35 p.m
No. 353 1:00 p.m	....†Freight....	No.303 3:30 p.m

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

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.

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RY.

"The Maple Leaf Route."

Sept. 15, 1902.
Time card, Oneida, Iowa.

Chicago Special, Daily, Going East.....7:47 a m
Day Express daily.....2:42 p m
Way Freight daily ex. Sunday.....11:55 a m
Going West, North and South.
Way Freight, daily ex. Sunday.....10:20 am
Day Express daily except Sunday.....3:97 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..12:20 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.

19:05 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, 13, 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.

FARMING IN THE SOUTH.

The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company is issuing monthly circulars concerning fruit growing, vegetable gardening, stock raising, dairying, etc., in the states of Kentucky, West Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. Every Farmer, or Homeseeker, who will forward his name and address to the undersigned, will be mailed free, Circulars Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, and others as they are published from month to month.

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

52-w19

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

Through Sleeping Car from Chicago to Jacksonville, Fla., via I. C. R. R.

Commencing Sunday January 11, 1903, a through sleeping car from Chicago to Jacksonville, Fla., will be run on the Illinois Central 'Dixie Flyer, leaving Chicago at 6:30 p. m. daily via Nashville, Chattanooga and Atlanta.

2tf H. G. PIERCE, Agent.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

CUBA Illinois Central Excursion to Cuba will leave Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Louisville January 23, 1903, reaching same points on the return February 3. A delightful voyage across the Gulf of Mexico, a week's stay on the Island of Cuba, including a visit to Havana, Manzanas, the Valley of Yumuri, the Caves of Belle Mar and other interesting points under the escort of the American Tourist Association. Rate from the points mentioned will be $100 for the round trip, which amount will include all expenses everywhere. Itineraries, giving full particulars, of your local Illinois Central ticket agent.

MARDI GRAS This occurs at New Orleans on February 24, 1903. For it excursion rates will be in effect to New Orleans on specific dates which your local ticket agent will be able to advise you.

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 27th, 1903. Tickets include all expense. Railway sleeping and dining car, fare, hotels, carriages, etc.

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

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 Tuesday and Friday from Cincinnati. Via Omaha and the scenic route every Friday night from Chicago.

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

Through Sleeping Car between Chicago and Hot Springs, carried on the Central's fast Pullman vestibule "Limited" train. Send for book describing this most interesting of health and pleasure resorts.

HOMESEEKERS The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company is issuing monthly circulars concerning fruit growing, vegetable gardening, stock raising, dairying etc., in the states of Kentucky, West Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. Every Farmer, or Homeseeker, who will forward his name and address will be mailed free Circulars Nos 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, and others as they are published from month to month, on application to J. F. Merry, A. G. P. A., I. C. R. R., Dubuque, Iowa.

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.
Apr. 1, 1903.

California.

The Chicago Great Western Ry. offers the choice of three through tourist cars via different routes making fast time and having every comfort. Ask for booklet about them. 2 11w.

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To California is afforded by taking the Chicago Great Western Ry. Close connection is made at Kansas City, with the finest trans continental "Limited." The choice of two tourist cars via the different routes may be had via this line. For further information apply to any Great Western Agent, or J. P. Elmer, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill. 2-11w.

Homeseekers' Excursion.

Homeseekers rates to nearly all points on sale at low rates by Chicago Great Western Ry. on the first and third Tuesday of each month, to April, available in the through tourist sleeping cars. For particulars apply to any Great Western Agent, or J. P. Elmer, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill. 2-14w.

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