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Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

4w4

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PENTONY & HOAG

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

...The VILLAGE ALIEN

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By Viola Roseboro'

Of course Andy accepted Blossier in exactly Jane's spirit. He felt a little at a loss as to how to conduct himself with a Frenchman, finding himself without social traditions on that point, but he had the best will in the world to adapt himself as well as he could to any new etiquette required. Neither he nor Jane had a touch of the usual sore contempt for ways new to them, so little may a large spirit be dependent on experience or intellectuality.

Andy had been home a week, and it was the evening after they had first persuaded Blossier to sup with them. Janey, her curls tumbled into merely human tresses, but presumably dreaming French dreams, lay in her trundle bed, and close by Jane and Andy sat

Blossier, with a bow, handed the old lady her staff.

at the window, cooling off and, as they said, "talking things over." Jane now opened up the subject she had had so long at heart.

"'Pears, Andy, like Mr. Blossy's too good to be doing niggah's work all the time. Of course with a Frenchman things is different, but seems like if he can teach Janey he might teach others."

"It 'pears like it would be more fitting," said Andy, seizing the idea.

"It's called a smart thing to know French. There's Babe Tucker."

"Blossy must know all about it," responded Andy again.

"Yes; I heard Judge Caldwell say years ago that he was educated."

"It's bad time now, Jane."

"I know that, Andy, but we must just try and get him started. The war's over, and people got to educate their children quick if they're going to at all."

"French is extry."

"Well, Blossy's right here, and a heap of houses beside ourn would 've burnt down if he hadn't been. It won't cost much. He'll be better off anyhow than working all the time like a niggah. You talk to your brother Ben, Andy. He'll like to have his girls as smart as Janey," concluded the self sacrificing Jane, with a sigh.

Ten years from that night Judge Caldwell was saying to a guest, a lawyer from west Tennessee: "Yes, sir; Strathboro can show more people, old and young, accomplished in the French tongue, sir, than any town—a larger proportion, sir, so accomplished—than any town in the state. There are numerous children in Strathboro that talk French with each other together at their play, sir, sometimes. In fact, there is a little niggah here about the house somewhere now that I heard saying— You, 'Liza, where's that pickaninny of yours?" The judge interrupted himself to call a servant passing the door.

"She done sleep, jedge."

"Very well; never mind."

"Well, sir, I must let you hear that little darky talk French in the morning. It sounds comic; it does indeed. She picked it up from my grandchildren. Strathboro always had a literary taste. This county has produced a large proportion of the great men of middle Tennessee, Mr. Hunter—a large proportion, even take the whole state together, sir—and, owing to the circumstances I have related to you, a rivalry in the French language and literature sprang up among our people—ladies and children, that is, chiefly—till now, sir, almost as many of them have read 'Corinne,' sir, Mme. de Stael's masterpiece, as are familiar with the 'Beulah' or 'St. Elmo' of our own Miss Evans."

The judge spoke truly. It had come about that learning French was the game the town most affected, and Blossier was, of course, the teacher.

The tone about him had not greatly changed. A familiarity with French had not much decreased Strathboro's sense of the anomalous in the existence of a Frenchman, but the face of life had greatly altered to Blossier. Stimulated by the gentle proddings of Jane McGrath he had studied to fit himself for his new calling, and it had come about that he had developed a little genuine simple interest in exercising his few wits, and, bless him, was enjoying the sweets of the intellectual life.

Moreover, though the tone of the town about him had not much altered, its tone to him was necessarily in the new circumstances more friendly and considerate, and that deeply touched and pleased the little man.

He still lived by himself, but now it was in "the office," in Mrs. Pembroke's yard, and so he was within the pale of civilization and could be looked after if he fell sick. Jane had not rested till that possibility was provided for. But fate is apt to pass over the possibilities scrupulously provided for. Blossier had never spent a day in bed since he recovered from his burns when one autumn the dear Jane herself sickened and died and was laid away in that shadow village always growing, growing silently and ominously, by Strathboro's side.

Poor Andy McGrath was indeed left, as A'nt 'Cindy said, like the half of a pair of scissors. Yes; that was it. He was now a something absurdly useless, unnaturally unfit for existence, a something to provoke the mirth of Olympus.

How strange a thing, still strange in its awful familiarity, that a creature so inoffensive, living in dumb, helpless good faith the life thrust on him, could seem so played upon!

At the funeral, after Jane was laid in the ground and the earth was well heaped over her, Andy turned his poor, bewildered, pain dazed eyes upon the faces about him, and amid their wearied assumption of solemnity, beneath which the usual easy little interest in the commonplace was already asserting itself, he saw Blossier, his features working convulsively as he gazed with eyes that did not see upon the hideous mound.

It was not in Andy to feel resentment against the others. Perhaps he, too, realized in the depths of his wordless consciousness that poor humanity could hardly exist except as it is "well wadded with stupidity," but his heart went out to Blossier and was eased a little at the sight of his grief.

He went to him and took his hand, and without a word the two men, the two piteous old children, went away together from Jane's grave.

Months went by, and Strathboro became used to seeing them together and had almost ceased to gossip about the queer taste Andy showed when one June day new fuel fed the flame of popular criticism.

The week before Blossier had overheard one of his pupils, a middle aged unmarried lady, say in his class to her nearest neighbor that "it was a plum shame the way poor Mrs. McGrath's little girls was running wild, with nobody but A'nt 'Cindy to look after 'em, and she so old she didn't know what she was doing anyhow," and that it was her "'pinion that pore Miss Jane would rather they had a stepma than to have 'em left with no raising at all like that."

Jane had left four daughters. This little incident gave Blossier food for profound reflection. He reflected to some purpose. That night, instead of going and sitting on the gallery steps after supper with Andy, as usual, he stopped outside the front gate and called with a portentous, mysterious air, "Mees-tere Andee, Mees-tere Andee—non, non!" in answer to the invitation to enter, and then he beckoned, still mysteriously, with sidelong, backward nods of the head, for Andy to come to him. "Howdy?" said he when Andy reached the gate, now assuming a light, degage air, totally inconsistent with his previous manner. "Come chez-moi, these eve-ning."

When Andy was seated on the steps of "the office," Blossier brought him a mint julep and, with a glass of cheap claret for himself, the one luxury of his prosperity, sat himself down in the doorway.

"Mighty nice," said Andy politely. "Get your mint close by?"

But Blossier was so absorbed in trying to arrange his thoughts for presentation that he forgot to answer.

"Mees-tere Andee," he at last began, "your leetle daughtere air-r much upon my meditation. I weis zey have ze bess condition possible."

Andy stopped with the uplifted glass half way to his mouth and began with a troubled countenance scrupulously to study its contents.

"My fatere was one taileur, Mees-tere Andee," Blossier inexplicably proceeded, putting his glass down on the step and talking eagerly, with outstretched palms, "and my moo-tere was—was—she make tay, mose delicate wiz fin-gere, et moi, me—I help, I help bote when I leetle, when I biggere."

Andy had forgotten his glass now and was staring and yet trying to look polite and not too conscious of the strangeness of French ways.

"And, Mees-tere Andee, my fin-gere also, alway, even now—I sew for my clo'es myse'f alway, you not know? I know I do ainyt'ing zat way easee, beautiful, and ze maniere, ze politeness—ah, Mees-tere Andee, you know ze French peepul zey have ze maniere—I teach ze leetle daughtere all, I keep ze houze, I sew de clo'es, so not in Strathboro is such clo'es, Mees-tere Andee, si vous—peremeet me, Mees-tere Andee, come chez vous to your houze—you comprehend?"

By this time Blossier was standing on the walk in front of Andy, rapidly pantomiming his ideas and pleading with gesture as well as voice, as if begging that children of his own should be cared and labored for by Andy. For a moment Andy stared on in silence, and Blossier's heart was in his mouth. Then he got up, caught and wrung the Frenchman's hand an instant, dropped it and, turning his back, pulled his old soft hat over his face.

Two days later Strathboro had the enormous excitement of seeing Blossier's household goods—a queer little cartload they made—moved to Andy McGrath's house, and behind the cart walked Blossier, carrying our old friend, the double bass.

So was established the oddest household south of Mason and Dixon's line.

It was a year before Strathboro sounded the full depths of its oddity and ceased to vibrate with the excitement of fresh discovery. Blossier took completely a woman's place in the household economy, and the world has rarely seen few more touchingly funny sights than that little man sitting cross legged on the floor of Jane's old sitting room making feminine fripperies of an unmistakably Parisian character, frivolous and modish, airy and coquettish, to be worn by his favorite, the faithful but stolid Janey. He sits there yet, bald, a little shaky, annoyingly dim of sight, but still enjoying turning out, for Janey's babies now, such dainty confections of laces and ribbons as no other fingers in Strathboro have ever concocted. Strathboro has long ago accepted Andy McGrath's establishment—for Andy still heads it—as one of its peculiar possessions and takes much pride in it, and Jimmy Pendleton, who buys goods in Memphis, or one of Judge Caldwell's granddaughters, who is a belle and visits the best people from Louisville to New Orleans, or any of the most traveled residents of the place, will tell you again and again that the fame of its French and its Frenchman has gone abroad as far as west Tennessee and southern Kentucky and even northern Alabama.

Janey only of the children, with her husband and her children, lives in the old place. The rest are married and scattered, and Andy and Blossier seem to depend on each other more and more as the years go by. They never had anything to say to each other, and they have nothing now, but they love to sit side by side on the gallery on summer evenings or by the open fire in winter, as might two rough coated, long acquainted old dogs and with no more sense of failure of companionship in the silence. Each understands how past and present are mingled in the other's mind as Janey's children tumble about, nightgowned for their final romp, and each knows the dear figure that as wife or patron saint is ever in the other's thoughts, though Jane McGrath has been buried so long that even in this small world she is become to others little more than a name on a tombstone, and together these two look forward quite trustfully to the time when their names also shall be on tombstones. And, surely, if there is assurance for the merciful and the meek and the pure in heart—for the salt of the earth, in short—as to that veiled and awful door through which poor humanity is always crowding, they may be assured.

More to His Taste.

Mrs. Young (proudly)—The landlord was here today. I gave him the month's rent and showed him the baby.

Young (who was kept awake last night)—It would have been better, my dear, if you had given him the baby and shown him the month's rent.

Never Needed Vindication.

"You were never compelled to ask for a vindication?"

"A vindication?" echoed Senator Sorghum scornfully. "I should say not. My motto is, 'Don't get caught in the first place.'"—Washington Star.

BADGES FOR BALLS.

Gorgeous Styles In Vogue on the East Side In New York.

One of the most necessary adjuncts is the equipment of badges. For an average ball about forty of these are required, and they are made up on a scale of magnificence that evidently appeals to the east side committeeman. The floor manager and his assistant have the most elaborate, rivaling even that of the president of the association under whose auspices the festivities are given, says the New York Mail and Express. The secretaries, corresponding and financial; the treasurer, the chairman of the committee of arrangements and his assistants are all provided for, as well as the sergeant-at-arms and the marshal.

These badges are from two to four inches in diameter, of pink, white, blue and green silk ribbon, with tinsel galore, and on the rosette in the center the initials of the association and the rank of the wearer. The badges for the sergeants-at-arms and marshal have miniature policeman's clubs as an additional decoration.

It is the custom to place these badges in a frame and exhibit them in some favored window, flanked on either side by the cards announcing the ball itself. Many a youthful chest swells with pride as its owner sees in the window before him the decoration that will indicate that for one evening at least he will be "in de real push, see?"

Paderewski's Distinction.

There was a day when Paderewski's English was not fluent. One evening before a choice company in his elegant apartments in New York he was showing a few highly flattered callers how to do this, that and t'other on the keys of his grand piano, explaining in bad English as he went. Of course the man was present who is ever ready to supply a word when a speaker hesitates. The famous artist, landing with both hands as if he had just dropped from the ceiling, exclaimed, "Harmony!" All applauded the perfect concord. He shot down again, like a triphammer, and would have exclaimed again, but the word refused to come. "What you call—er—er"— "Discord," put in the supplier of words. Paderewski's hair stood straight out, and his face was white and red with anger. Jumping up from the stool, he sputtered: "Deescort! No! With me a deescort iss eempossible!" He would not be persuaded to touch the instrument again that night. The unintentional insult struck deep.

Queer Goldfish.

Beautiful and most interesting of all goldfish is a native of Japan, and it is noted for the beauty of its tail and the abnormal length of its fins.

The tail resembles a delicate veil, and the fins are developed to such an extent that it is impossible for the fish to make rapid progress in the water.

It is therefore solely on account of its beauty that it is prized and because in this respect it differs widely from other varieties of goldfish, such as the "telescope fish," the eyes of which bulge out of the head in most unsightly fashion; the "celestial eyed fish," which is also uncomely because its eyes are bullet shaped and are ever turned skyward, and the "egg fish," which is so called because its body is somewhat amorphous, but resembles an egg more than anything else.

His Last Exception.

Some time after the closing hour of a large eastern bank which makes a specialty of the accounts of wealthy women an elegantly dressed woman attempted vigorously to open the door.

"Shall I let her in?" asked the janitor.

"Yes; we'll make an exception in her case," replied the teller, who was rather impressed by her appearance.

"I should like to open an account," she said, looking at the teller through her lorgnette.

"For how much, madam?"

"About seventy-five," she answered.

The teller made out a book for $75. The woman handed him 75 cents. That was the last time the cashier ever made an exception.—Youth's Companion.

Appreciative.

A housekeeper who has been employing a colored washerwoman for several months was surprised to see her appear last week in a hat trimmed heavily with crape.

"Why, Julia," she asked, "is any of your family dead?"

"No, no," was the reply, "but one of my best customers gave me this hat, and I didn't want her to think I don't 'preciate nothin'."

Man's Influence.

The only responsibility that a man cannot evade in this life is the one he thinks of least, his personal influence. Man's conscious influence when he is on dress parade, when he is posing to impress those around him, is woefully small, but his unconscious influence, the silent, subtle radiation of his personality, the effect of his words and acts, the trifles he never considers, is tremendous. Every moment of life he is changing to a degree the life of the whole world. Every man has an atmosphere which is affecting every other. So silently and unconsciously is this influence working that man may forget that it exists.—W. G. Jordan.

Material For a Whole Chapter.

"Have you—aw—ever thought what you would do," asked the literary foreigner, "if this structure should cave in when you were about half way through?"

"Often," replied the Chicago man. "I should demand the return of my nickel."

And the literary foreigner made a memorandum in his notebook. He had discovered another interesting peculiarity in Americans.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A German Custom.

In some parts of Germany the girls have a pretty custom in which the queen of flowers plays a part. If a girl has several suitors and wishes to know which of them would be true to her, she takes rose petals and drops them into a bowl of water, giving each the name of one of her admirers. The leaf that remains floating longest represents the man whose faithfulness she may rely on and whom she would therefore do well to choose.

Ask "Why?"

If boys could learn at school all about education, that would only leave them very dull persons. The object of their education at school is to give boys mental alertness and an eternal curiosity, and its real test is whether it leaves them always saying to themselves, "Why?" I do not know whether you have ever thought about it, but all the great discoveries of the world have come because some one has asked that question. The records of industry show nothing more clearly than that all real mental skill depends on asking questions. The answer is sure to follow. The real mental capacity is not displayed by the man who answers the question, but by the man who asks it.—Bishop Creighton's "Thoughts on Education."

To Rest His Eyes.

The people who quit reading "just to rest their eyes" might take a hint by inference from the reply made by an old Mississippi illiterate. A passing man found him apparently deeply interested in a paper.

On looking close it became apparent that his paper was upside down, and he was asked forthwith why he held it thus.

His reply almost knocked the questioner out. It was:

"Just to rest my eyes!"—Kansas City Independent.

Browning.

Browning loaned Lord Coleridge one of his works to read, and afterward, meeting the poet, the lord chief justice said to him: "What I could understand I heartily admired, and parts ought to be immortal. But as to much of it I really could not tell whether I admired it or not, because for the life of me I could not understand it."

Browning replied, "If a reader of your caliber understands 10 per cent of what I write, I think I ought to be content."

A Bullseye.

"I'm afraid my remarks this morning hit you rather hard," said the Rev. Dr. Scorum, who had observed Mr. Gayman leave in the midst of the sermon.

"What led you to jump at that conclusion?" asked Mr. Gayman rather haughtily.

"I noticed you jumped before the conclusion."—Catholic Standard and Times.

In Korea a serviceable umbrella costs about 12 cents. The covering is of oiled paper.

Her Little Joke.

"Henry," she exclaimed as he came home to dinner, "I heard something this morning that opened my eyes."

"What was it?" he demanded excitedly.

"The alarm clock."—Scraps.

You pay 10 cents for Cigars not so good as

LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER CIGAR

STRAIGHT 5¢

F. P. LEWIS, MANF'R
PEORIA, ILL.

The New Steel Cut Coffee

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Is a Fine Coffee to begin with. The steel cutting is a great improvement as the coffee is not ground in a mill, but steel cut into small granules of uniform size, also removing by our exclusive patent process the chaff which remains in all ground coffee.

This chaff is not coffee. Its flavor is bitter, unpleasant and strongly astringent (from tannin). The removal of the chaff insures a smooth rich flavor of pure coffee.

Send for booklet about the steel cut process to the Minneapolis office of

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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 5:26 p. m. Connects with south bound C. M. & St. P., No. 21. Returning leaves Oneida at 5:45p. 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 pm.	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† 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.806 6:05 p.m	..†Passenger...	No 805 9:00 a.m
No 382 8:40 a.m	..†Passenger...	No.385 6:35 p.m
No. 853 1:00 p.m	....†Freight....	No.860 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 Dyerville 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 26, 1900

"THE LIMITED"	Lv. Omaha 7.35 p. m. Ar. Minneapolis 7.30 a. m. Ar. St. Paul 8.00 a.m.	Lv. St. Paul 8.00 p. m. Lv Minneapolis 8.30 p. 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. Ar. Minneapolis 7.00 p. m. Ar. St. Paul 7.30 p.m.	Lv. St. Paul 9.00 a. m. Lv Minneapolis 9.30 a. 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."

Time card, Oneida, Iowa.

Chicago Special, Daily, Going East.....7:47 a m
Day Express daily.....2:43 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.....3:00 p m
St Paul & Kansas City Exp, daily.....5:31 a m
For information and tickets apply to
C. A. Robinson, Agent, Oneida.

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CEDAR RAPIDS TIME CARD.

MAIN LINE GOING EAST AND SOUTH.

Arrive — Leave
9:30 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.

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, 12, 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. Cuba will leave Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Louisville January 28, 1903, reaching same points on the return February 8. A delightful voyage across the fairly Mexico, a six days' stay on the Island with including a visit to Havana, Mantanzas, Valley of Yumuri, the Caves of Belle Potash, interesting points under the escort of the Ameriican Tourist Association. Rate from points mentioned will be $160 for the round trip which amount will include all expenses except meals. Itineraries, giving full particulars, of your 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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