A Present for You!

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Baldwins and Greenings are the kind of apples to buy from now on. We have them. We want you to have them.

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Now is the time to look up your seedstock. We have good ones and lots of them.

A. E. PETERSON.

To California Sensibly

Two-thirds of the people who go to California make trip in a tourist sleeping car. It is the sensible way to go—almost as comfortable as a "palace" car, and very much less expensive.

Rock Island tourist cars are operated over both the "Scenic" and "Southern" routes—daily via Kansas City and El Paso; twice a week via Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City.

If you expect to go to California in the near future, and want to make the trip as inexpensively as possible, you will be interested in the extraordinary low rates which the Rock Island offers, February 15th to April 30.

Rock Island System

JNO. G. FARMER, D. P. A., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

4w4

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and on all terms. Call and see samples of grains and grasses raised on $8.00 land. Excursions to our lands every Tuesday. Railroad fare refunded to purchasers.

PENTONY & HOAG

OFFICE OVER BLAKE & SON'S STORE.

Manchester, Iowa.

JACK SPRAT

By Edith Wyatt

Copyright, 1902, by S. S. McClure Co.

IN Lake View there once lived as neighbors two children, a little boy named Milo Cox Atkinson, but called Butter, and a little girl named and called Pearl Porter.

To this little girl her grandfather, Major Porter, showed an affection so devoted as to be, popularly supposed, almost ruinous. "He just spoils that child," Mrs. Atkinson would say as she looked out of her window and saw Pearl fastening up the major's mustaches with hairpins, and she would turn away with a sigh. It was perhaps this devotion, but more probably a native impulse of the heart, that had made Pearl an unusually vain child.

She was a pretty little thing, with a floating mist of hair and large brown eyes, always beautifully dressed in little, stiff, white embroidered clothes. She was born with a sense of carriage, and she could not help knowing when ladies said in loud whispers, "Isn't she sweet?"

Her reputation as "a proudy cat" among the children of Lake View had, however, been founded less by her personality than by an incident of her early youth.

When she was only four years old, she had been given a little blue silk parasol with an ivory handle. With this at church she had been left in the pew by her aunt when that lady went up to the communion rail. When Mrs. Burden had reached it and turned that those returning might pass her, what was the amusement of the congregation and her own astonishment on seeing Pearl tripping lightly up the aisle with her new blue parasol opened and held gracefully above her head.

The aunt herself was a very dressy lady, and she more thoroughly than any other member of the family sympathized with Pearl in her taste for making calls, for wearing kid gloves and for carrying a small cardcase with a rose folded in it.

This aunt, Major Porter's daughter, was a large woman, with long red cheeks, tilted blue eyes and an overwhelming, tightly busked figure. At the top of her small forehead, long face and towering bulk she always wore a glittering little bonnet. She lived in Washington, and she was able to pet and indulge her niece only on occasional visits.

On these visits Mrs. Atkinson used to watch with longing these two opposite and fashionable types walking out to the carriage together.

She loved Butter, but she had always dreamed of having just such a child as Pearl.

All Butter's tastes were different from Pearl's. He had no imagination for the world of graceful convention.

His companions were other grubby, freckled little boys, most of them disregardfully dressed in trousers bagging about two inches below the knee. Butter numbered among his acquaintances a boy who had run away from home, a boy who had a whip tattooed on his arm and a man supposed by Butter's circle to be a murderer. Butter cut the man's grass, and when the man gave him 15 cents—the market price is 10—Butter handed him back the unnecessary 5 and said, "No blood money for me." The man had laughed in a puzzled way. Of course if he had done anything else it would have given him away.

Butter also knew a boy who had a printing press, and in partnership with him he had conducted successfully an enterprise of printing pink and green highly glazed calling cards for the ladies of the neighborhood. Besides the cash capital they derived from this source, they realized every summer a large income of pins and newspapers from circuses in the barn.

Major Porter sometimes attended these circuses with Pearl and sat in a box for ten newspapers, and, though he was so enchanted with Pearl, he used to watch with a pang of envy Butter's lithe, wiry frame turning handsprings in the back yard, for, though he had never had golden curls or carried a parasol, he had once tumbled on the grass and chased fire engines in a dusty and happy oblivion of the customs of the world.

Once a year a circus came to one of the empty lots of Lake View west of the Porters'. It stayed for one day and then pursued its glorious march in honor of more western cities. This day was one long haze of delight for Butter Atkinson. Its ecstasy began in the morning, when he went with his friends over to the lot to see the tent pitched, and it lasted through the concert at the end of the circus.

Mr. Atkinson always took Butter; had never thought of not taking him until one miserable day when an unconsidering vice president elect and his thoughtless wife spent twenty-four hours of being entertained in the neighborhood when the circus was entertaining.

A large afternoon reception was given for the Kendrickses at the Porter home. Mrs. Kendricks was an old friend of the major. Mrs. Atkinson assisted in receiving. Butter was invited by Mrs. Burden to open the door. She believed this to be a piece of kind consideration. Mrs. Atkinson, too, said that Butter would be glad to remember it when he was an old man, and she could not understand why he looked so morosely at the clean clothes she had with such pleasure put out on his bed.

He walked out to the woodshed after lunch, kicking his heels sullenly and listlessly against each other, and when he came out his eyes were red.

The thought of the white elephant had been too much for him. His father's suggestion that it had been whitewashed was not alleviating. Is a whitewashed elephant an everyday sight?

He had visions of running away, but he knew he should not run away. He would stay, scrawling his fingers in uncomfortable gloves and opening Porter's door for dressed up and worthless ladies, perfectly healthy and able to do it for themselves, while amid the sawdust the opening procession was shining and glittering past unseen, never to be seen, by his longing eyes.

He observed in the open window Pearl and Major Porter at their daily after dinner game of "old maid."

Major Porter was not a kindergartner, and he was almost invariably "old maid," each time, with ringing shouts of glee from his victorious grandchild poised elegantly on the window sill.

But today her poise seemed less airy in its light ease. Butter heard no shouts, and when she turned and waved her hand to him he saw that her eyes, too, were red.

Major Porter was smiting his head with despair and chagrin at being a third time doomed to a single life and eliciting from his opponent only a very faint smile.

Was Pearl, too, not going to the circus?

Far from it. For days her grandfather had been bringing home handbills and posters; for days he had discussed with Pearl what they both should wear, what time they should start, how many glasses of lemonade they should have, whether they should look at the animals before or after the performance, and now all this was to be on the day

He observed Pearl and Major Porter at their after dinner game.

of the reception. There were to be only ladies at the reception. There was no reason why Major Porter should remain at home for it, and his enthusiasm for the circus had shown no change, no abatement.

In the presence of his mistaken devotion Pearl could not endure to confess even to her mother that her heart was torn at the thought of her new fringed sash, the gift of her aunt, and how now she could not wear it at the reception or walk around with the ladies. She had the dignified delicacy of many honorable little girls, and she felt that it would be disloyalty to her grandfather to acknowledge that she was no longer interested in the circus.

Her aunt said she had cried because the heat made her nervous.

"She doesn't look to me able to go toting off to that hot circus, father," she said, coming up to the window.

"I'm afraid so," said Mr. Porter, following her. "Do you care so much about it, darling?"

Pearl's eyes filled again at this.

"Oh, Snooks 'll be all right for the circus," said Major Porter, with hasty, blind consolation, as Pearl's mother started into the house with her to bathe her eyes. It was his fixed belief that the circus was the most ecstatic pleasure of every child and any alternative an outrageous disappointment.

"Never mind if you are not all right, pet," said Mrs. Burden, with inspired dullness. "Here's Butter. He isn't going and doesn't want to go. He wants to see Mrs. Kendricks. And, Butter, Mrs. Kendricks has some little boys of her own—such nice, polite little boys. I wish you could know them."

Butter looked submissive as Mrs. Burden's benevolent, unperceiving eyes were impressively fixed upon him.

"Why isn't Butter going to the circus?" inquired Major Porter. Butter made no reply.

"Father too busy, I guess," pursued the major. "That it?"

"Butter is going to see Mrs. Kendricks this afternoon," replied Mrs. Burden. "He is going to open the door for the ladies."

Major Porter whistled. He looked suspiciously at Butter's red eyelids.

"Well, how would it be to have Butter come along with the circus party this afternoon and let Mrs. Kendricks open the door for the ladies herself?" He gave Butter a nudge under the table at this last abominably weak jest.

Butter could not refrain from a smile of hope.

"We'll all get ready right away," continued the major. "You can get your hat. I can black my shoes. Sam can hitch up the horses. Pearl can have a B. and S. or something, and then we'll go."

"Father," murmured Mrs. Burden in important haste, "Mrs. Atkinson got a new suit for him especially for this. Don't think"—

"Well, Butter, I guess I'll have to go over and get your mother to let you open the door at the evening reception. That's the way we'll fix it up with her."

Meanwhile Mrs. Porter had by inspiration divined the cause of her daughter's distress. She came back as the major was starting off.

"I think Pearl would better stay with us, father," she said. "I really believe she wishes to assist in receiving. I am going to let her pass around the crackers."

It would seem that Providence has arranged for a variety of tastes in the world, for on that afternoon Pearl floated airily and elegantly among groups of gloved ladies, and under the bulging, billowing tent, amid the odors of sawdust and the cries of lemonade men, sat Butter, between Major Porter and Sam, throwing peanut shells between the open board benches, his happy eyes absorbed in the passing giraffes and ponies.

Major Porter was not looking at the ponies and giraffes, but he was very happy. He was watching Butter.

A Trick Sparrow.

The famous Chinese conjuring birds are Java sparrows. A sedate old gentleman sitting at a street corner in Hongkong put one of his birds through its tricks for the benefit of Commander F. M. Norman.

Each birdcage has a sliding door, and just outside this is a pack of little cardcases, each containing a picture and a small pot holding half a dozen grains of rice.

"Cumshaw (fee) can do. No cumshaw, no can do," remarks the man, shuffling the cards and pointing to the bird, which meantime knowingly eyes the proceedings.

I produce a halfpenny.

"No can do," observes the man quietly. "One picy penny good pidgin."

I hand over the necessary coin, which he places with the pack of cards at the cage door. Then he undoes the fastening of the door. The bird, eying the penny, then the cards, then the penny again, as if he thought his performances too cheaply valued, descends from his perch, opens the door with his beak, hops outside, draws a card from the pack and passes it to his master. He receives in reward one grain of rice.

The man takes the little picture from the case received from the bird, and hands it to me to inspect. He then returns it to the case, accompanied by the tiniest flat slip of bamboo, and shuffles the case up with the rest of the pack. The bird descends, selects a case, and I open it, to find it the identical one containing the bamboo.

How can this be accounted for? The only possible way of explaining it is, in my mind, that the bamboo slip is slightly scented.

Straining the Language.

An amusing liberty which a native of Muscle shoals took with a word in our language comes out in a story told in the New York Times. A man borrowed the native's horse without stopping to ask permission. In the course of a few days the animal was returned, but the native did not take a kindly view of the matter and concluded to have legal redress. He announced his intention of having the offender arrested.

"What will you have him arrested for?" he was asked.

"For horse stealing, of course."

"How can you make horse stealing out of it when he returned the horse?"

"Ain't it stealing if he brought 'im back?"

"I'm not a lawyer, but I don't see how it can be."

"All right, then; I'll have 'im arrested for usury."

"I don't see how you can make usury out of it either."

"Why, hang it all, he used 'im, didn't he? Yes sir, he used 'im three or four days, an' used 'im mighty hard, too, by the looks of 'im."

A Battle With a Whale.

Chased by a huge whale, with nothing but a pair of oars with which to defend himself, is the story told by a fisherman, Fred Campbell of Mainadieu, Cape Breton. Mr. Campbell went out in a small boat. He was not very far from land when he noticed a huge sea monster approaching him. Not wishing to encounter it Mr. Campbell bent himself to the oars and tried to get in shore before the monster reached him. The whale gained on him, and he soon recognized that his efforts to reach the shore ahead of his pursuer were futile. His means of defense were not of much account, but he made good use of what was at hand. The monster opened his jaws wide and tried to swallow the boat, man and all. Mr. Campbell reached over with an oar and for a few minutes succeeded in keeping the whale away. When it looked as though Campbell was doomed, a small boat hove in sight, and its occupants, noticing the man's perilous position, hastened to his aid. The whale then disappeared.

Early Reading.

It may seem superfluous to say that one cannot put old heads on young shoulders, yet it is a truth of which many parents require to be reminded who are very anxious for their boys to "get on" and who deplore with uplifted eyes their offspring's fondness of "adventure books." That is the tendency of the average boy. Occasionally the precocity of genius asserts itself in a Goethe, a Shelley or a Byron; but, speaking generally, childhood is mentally prone to follow after the new and the wonderful. It is a principle the operation of which should not be interfered with as long as a boy's excursions into the realm of fiction are kept within reasonable bounds.—Chambers' Journal.

The Picture In the Watch.

The following anecdote is related of Jerome Bonaparte: He had been playing cards until he lost all his ready money, then pledged his rings and finally laid his watch on the table. It was a small gold one, the back of which opened with a spring. A lady overlooking the game admired the watch and took it up to examine it. On her attempting to open the back Jerome immediately clasped it and said that must not be done. His wife, who stood by, insisted upon knowing what was in it, grew angry, reproached him with having some keepsake of a favorite there and finally, bursting into tears, quit the room.

Jerome then opened the watch and showed to all present that it contained a beautiful miniature of his first wife, Betsy Patterson, with the remark, "You see, I hope, that I could not with propriety let her see it." It was notorious that he remained deeply attached to his first wife long after their separation.

Swelled the Conscience Fund.

The legislator took up his hat to leave the statehouse. It was in Connecticut some years ago. Tucked in under the sweatband was a roll of greenbacks. The legislator counted the bills. "H'm! Five hundred dollars," he said, and put the money into his pocket. Later in the day he encountered a man with a shifty glance of the eye who asked him, "Did you, ah, that is, h'm, did yo'uns find anything in your hat?" "Yes, I found something in my hat." "Well, it was a mistake." "It looked like one." "See here, that roll was meant for another hat, see?" "I see." "As it's a mistake, I suppose you are willing to rectify it?" "Not I," said the legislator. "I'm going to send that money to the conscience fund. Good morning."

Making Up For Lost Time.

Husband (to second wife)—You don't cook like Mary, my first wife, used to do, Alice, he said, in tones of gentle, exasperating reproof. No, it seems to me you can't cook like she used to.

On another occasion he remarked:

"You are not so smart at getting about as Mary was. You don't appear to catch on where she left off."

About this time a heavy rolling pin came in contact with his head.

"What do you mean by that, you —?" he exclaimed, in agony.

"I am doing the work that Mary neglected," she replied.

There was more peace in that family afterward.

Black Bucks of India.

The black buck of India is a very graceful animal, weighing between thirty and fifty pounds. The hide of the male when full grown is of inky blackness on the back, while the belly is as white as snow, the contract being very striking. The horns are black and spiral in shape and in length average about eighteen inches, although they have been known to reach twenty-six inches. The animals are usually found in herds and are difficult to approach on foot, as the bucks toss their heads in the air from time to time in a very graceful manner, and some of them are almost sure to detect any attempt at stalking.

Roll Butter.

The young housekeeper who told the fishman that she wanted some eels and when he asked her how much replied, "About two yards and a half," has a rival.

"I wish to get some butter, please," she said to the dealer.

"Roll butter, ma'am?" he asked politely.

"No. We wish to eat it on toast. We seldom have rolls."—Chicago News.

Giving Authority.

A worthy parson, on being accused of cribbing, owned to it cheerfully, but added naively, "I always acknowledge the fact by raising two fingers at the opening words, and two fingers again at the end of the borrowed matter, to indicate quotation marks."

She Furnished Bulletins.

"Their marriage was a surprise, wasn't it?"

"Well, his friends were surprised, but I believe her friends were expecting it."—Brooklyn Life.

Study is the bane of boyhood, the ailment of youth, the indulgence of manhood and the restorative of old age.—Landor.

Making It Easy.

"You never allow yourself to read a book until you have read a review of it? Why is that?"

"Well, I prefer to use only predigested mental food."

Improving Upon Nature.

"What on earth are you doing in here, Tommy?" asked his mother, peering into the darkness of the henhouse, whence had been coming for five minutes or more a series of dismal squawkings, accompanied by a loud flapping of wings.

"I am trying," said Tommy, who seemed to be doing something with a knotted rope, "to fix this rooster so his alarm won't go off before 7 o'clock tomorrow morning."—Current Literature.

Business.

Merchant—Did you find out what that gentleman wanted?

New Clerk—No, but I found out what he didn't want.

Merchant—What? How dare you—

New Clerk—And I sold it to him.—Catholic Standard and Times.

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, Catarrh 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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The Quick, Clean Cure

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LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER CIGAR

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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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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 5:45p. 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 p m.	Thro Express.	No 4* 8:16 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 98† 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 9:00 a.m
No 332 8:40 a.m	...†Passenger...	No.333 3:35 p.m
No. 353 1:00 p.m	....†Freight....	No.360 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 3-4-6-1-8 & 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."

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 p m
For information and tickets apply to C. A. Robinson, 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 Vestibuild 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, Dpt 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. Skeno, 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.

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Homeseekers rates to nearly all points in south at low rates by Chicago Great Western Ry. on the first and third Tuesdays of each month, to April, available on 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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36tf

A DEMOCRAT "AD." PAYS.

ORIGINAL NOTICE.

To G. W. MELLEN, THE UNKNOWN HEIRS, LEGATEES, DEVISEES OR CLAIMANTS, OF G. W. MELLEN; EDWARD C. DAVID, MRS. EDWARD C. DAVID, THE UNKNOWN HEIRS, LEGATEES, DEVISEES OR CLAIMANTS OF MRS. EDWARD C. DAVID; THOMAS HICKOX, MRS. THOMAS HICKOX, THE UNKNOWN HEIRS, LEGATEES, DEVISEES OR CLAIMANTS OF MRS THOMAS HICKOX; EBENEZER HITCHCOCK, MRS. EBENEZER HITCHCOCK, THE UNKNOWN HEIRS, LEGATEES, DEVISEES OR CLAIMANTS OF MRS. EBENEZER HITCHCOCK; C. LARSON, CHRISTIAN LARSON, N. C. AMSDEN, NOAH C. AMSDEN, J. S. CHRISTIE, AND JONATHAN S. CHRISTIE, DEFENDANTS:

You and each of you are hereby notified that there is now on file in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of the State of Iowa, in and for Delaware County, a petition of Clara A. Cooley claiming that she is the owner in fee simple of the following described real estate situated in Delaware County, Iowa, to-wit: The south one-third of the south half of the south-west quarter of section five; the south one-third of the south-east quarter of the south-east quarter of section six; and the north-west quarter of section eight, all in township eighty-eight north, range five west of the 5th P. M. That plaintiff and her grantors have been in the adverse possession of said premises for more than forty years past.

That the defendant G. W. Mellen and unknown heirs of G. W. Mellen are forever barred and estopped from having or claiming any title to s½ of s½ of sw¼ sec. 5, T. 88, R. 5, under sheriff's deed recorded in Book 3, page 551, Deed Records, Delaware County, Iowa.

That Mrs. Edward C. David and the unknown heirs of Mrs. Edward C. David be forever barred and estopped from having or claiming any title to the s½ of s½ of sw¼ of sw¼ sec., sec. 5, T. 88, R. 5., Edward C. David, being a single man when he conveyed said lands January 22nd, 1855.

That Mrs. Thomas Hickox, the unknown heirs of Mrs. Thomas Hickox be forever barred and estopped from having or claiming any title or interest in the e½ of the nw¼, sec. 8, T. 88, R. 5, Thomas Hickox being a single man when he conveyed said lands to N. C. Amsden, Aug. 20, 1857.

That Mrs. Ebenezer Hitchcock and the unknown heirs of Mrs. Ebenezer Hitchcock be forever barred and estopped from having or claiming any title or interest in and to the w½ of the nw¼ of sec. 8, T. 88, R. 5, he being a single man when he conveyed said lands to Jesse Allen on May 30th, 1861.

That C. Larson, grantee in Deed Book 6, page 563, and Christian Larson, grantor in deed in Book 6, page 601, are one and same person.

That N. C. Amsden, grantee in deed in Book H, p. 497, and Noah C. Amsden, grantor in deed in Book 1, p. 505, are one and same person

That Jonathan S. Christie, grantee in deed in Book 1, p. 505, and J. S. Christie, grantor in deed in Book 12, p. 141, are one and the same person.

And praying that the Court enter a decree quieting the title to all said lands in plaintiff as against each and all the defendants, and that each and all the defendants and their unknown heirs and claimants be forever barred and estopped from having or claiming any title or interest in said lands adverse to the title of plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as may be found equitable. See petition.

No judgment for costs asked against any defendant

And unless you appear thereto and defend on or before noon of the second day of the May term of said Court, which will commence and be held at Manchester in said county, on Monday, the 4th day of May, A. D., 1903, default will be rendered against you and judgment and decree rendered thereon.

Dated this 9th day of March, 1903.

YORAN, ARNOLD & YORAN, Attys. for Plff.

The foregoing Original Notice is hereby approved and ordered published for six weeks in the Manchester Democrat as provided by law.

A. S. BLAIN, Judge 10th Judicial Dist. of Iowa.

10-6w

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