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A. E. PETERSON.

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At Cost.

If you want anything of this kind come and see me.

J. Harry Stewart.

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For Cold Drinks of All Kinds.

Phosphates, Ice Cream Sodas, Fruit and Nut Sundays or Ice Cream. Plain Schoster Malt Tonic on ice all the time, Coca Cola and Root Beer. It is a fact that you can get a fine cold treat at

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Soda Fountain.

Call and see for Yourself.

THE MUSIC OF THE BELLS

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

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"YOU'LL not be goin' a great ways this threatenin' weather an' the dark so early?" said his wife anxiously, looking out on the gray river, where the whitecaps were running against the tide.

"Not too far," said the fisherman.

"Tomorrer bein' Chris'mus," added the wife, "'twould be a sorry Chris'mus an' you not comin' in safe."

"I allus have come in," said Joe. "I ain't much fear but what I allus shell. I wouldn't miss my Chris'mus," getting into his long boots, "fer the best fish swimmin'. Got the turkey?"

"Down sullar on the swingin' shelf—a big gobbler. You want pertater stuffin'?"

"Waal, I do' know. Which you want? Chestnuts an' things is tasty 'ith summer savory. Here, you fix this string. Sis can get the chestnuts ter the corner."

"Oh, the boys went nuttin' along the fall, an' I got quite a few set by. I'll put some raisins in. There's some left over from the pies."

"Them pies 'll go right ter the spot. Lots o' cider in 'em? Got some turnovers fer the stockin's?"

"An' a bunch o' w'ite grapes apiece," threading her needle to sew on a loose button for him. "They'll have things ter the Sunday school tree, but I'd like 'em ter have good times ter hum ter remember bimeby."

"An' so," looking up with a gleam of mischief in the blue eyes, "you've been a-wastin' money on Sis"—

"I did jest git her a little fur collar," said the wife hesitatingly.

"Sho', now, you don't suppose I begrutch anything to Sis? Didn't you git nothin' fer the boys?"

"Yes," she said again doubtfully. "I know we hadn't orter, but Chris'mus on'y comes oncet a year, an' they did so want 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Pilgrim's Progress,' an' it keeps 'em ter hum nights. An' I'll make my ole bunnit an' shawl do"—

"You're a good mother, Mary."

"You can't be children but oncet, you know," biting her thread off. "There!"

"I know, an' I don't want ter be. W'en I remember the lickin's I had all over the place, I don't want ter be a child ag'in. My mittings dry? I'd ruther be a grown man 'ith you fer my wife than all the children in Christendom. You're a good wife, Mary. Ef ever I have Peter's luck an' ketch a fish 'ith a piece o' money in his mouth, I'll dress you like a queen, now, you bet!"

Mary stood on tiptoe to kiss him. She would have liked to say that she would rather have him for a husband than all the kings going, but she was a woman of few words. Only the color springing to her cheek as she twisted up her dark hair, only the sudden flame in the dark of her wistful eyes, spoke for her, and as her husband went out with his basket and lines, striding down the lane like a young giant going to fight the foe, he was saying to himself: "I never see anything like Mary's eyes. Somehow they allus do make me think o' stars on a summer's night—pitiful sort o' stars. George! This ain't goin' ter be any summer's night, though; reg'lar squall."

And Mary, looking after him, was saying to herself: "I never do watch him out o' sight in that boat 'thout feelin' 's ef I'd never lay eyes on him ag'in!"

But there was too much to do before dark to waste time at the windows. The children would be swarming in directly, and there were the doughnuts yet to fry. "Jimmy likes hands, an' so does Dave, an' Johnny likes rings," said the mother to herself, "an' Sissy likes the hole, so I'll cut out all sorts." And she had just set them aside and brushed up the stove and laid the table when the young persons stamped in covered with light snow. "Land! You don't mean ter say it's snowin'!" exclaimed the mother.

"Jest a spit," said Jimmy.

"I hope that's all," said she, going to the door and looking up the lane and down the harbor.

"Say, ma," said Johnny as she came back, "did you know Sis was goin' up ter St. Paul's ter help ter put up the green tonight?"

"W'y, o' course I knowed. All her Sunday school class is goin', an' I expec' Sis ter behave reel pretty," with a fond look at the flower sweet little girl.

"And the saxon's ast Jimmy"—

"Sexon," said the mother instructively.

"Sexon, then, 's ast Jimmy ter ring the bell fer him tonight. Wisht 'twas me."

"I wisht he'd ast me," said Dave, tugging at his boots.

"There's more bells than one in town," said Jimmy.

"By gum, that's so!"

"Waal, they ain't your bells," said their mother, "an' you'd better keep away from 'em. Come; here's the beans all baked ter a crisp. My! Don't they smell good? Come; I want ter git the rest back ter keep hot fer your father."

"I wonder what they ring the bells fer Chris'mus eve anyway," said Dave, with his mouth full.

"Ter scare off the bad spirits, ter be sure," answered Jimmy.

"There ain't any bad spirits," said Sis.

"'Less'n ourselves," said the mother. "I guess they ring the bells because they're glad Christ was born. I'm sure I be, an' so's your father."

"Say, ma, is pa a good man?"

"John Markham, ef you're ever half as good as"—

"He don't go ter church."

"He done his churchgoing early. He loves God, an' he loves his neighbor. There ain't a better man walks this footstool"—

"Say, I'm glad he's pa," said Johnny.

"So'm I," said his mother, "an' I wisht he was ter hum this minute. It's gittin' reel thick outside, an' he'd orter hed his trawls set long ago. I didn't feel ter let him go anyhow w'en I see it sed fallin' weather an' the wind risin'. Waal, he knows all they is about a boat, an', as he says, he allus has come in."

"I guess pa's all right, ma," said Jimmy, pushing back his chair and coming and putting his arms round her neck. "The sea ain't run yit that's goin' ter swamp him."

"You're ma's great boy, ain't you, Jimmy?" said the little woman, leaning her cheek down on the rough hand. "She do' know where she'd be 'thout you."

"An' 'thout me!" said Davy, his rosy face peering over the other shoulder.

"An' me, ma!" cried Johnny, springing into her lap, while Sis ran to get there first.

"Without any one o' you," she said, half laughing and half crying.

"You're the best mother I got!" cried Johnny.

"I declare," she said then, "you ain't half et your suppers. An' it's time the lamp was lighted. The dark shuts down like a dish cover these days. If you're goin' ter see Sis up ter St. Paul's, you'd better be off, though. An' you wait an' come home with her, Jimmy. You put on your comforter now. You got your artics, Sis? Yes, I do wisht your father was in. There's the light ter the point blazin' up. My land, how it's come on ter blow! You all be home early now or I'll be reel worried."

"Don't you fret, ma," said Jimmy. "We'll take care o' Sis."

"Bring her back fer a Chris'mus present," echoed Johnny.

"We'll be home in time fer the stockin's," called Dave, but their gay voices came back to her on the eddy of the wind that puffed out her light as she held the door open. "You go right in, ma. You'll ketch cold," Jimmy shouted back.

"An' I guess that's all pa 'll ketch," Johnny added, walking backward.

She watched them a moment in the twilight, trudging on with the wind behind them, scuffing the snow, pushing one another, tumbling down and rolling over and up again and filling the air with their happy outcry, and she caught a little of their jollity as she shut the door and relit her lamp and went about her tasks.

But the jollity presently grew faint. "He certainly 'd orter be in now," she said, going again and again to the window, where under her shading hand the flakes whirled and soared and fell and slanted by like sparks of fire. "I do' know. I declare I'm main frightened. I never felt jest so shaky an' limp in my life," she said. "Oh, Joe, Joe, ef you don't come back"—

She went into the bedroom presently to find the stockings, and as she darned a small hole she thought of Sis up at St. Paul's among the green boughs and felt a little awe as she saw her helping at the last wreaths about the chancel, with the old aisles like the aisles of some dim, sweet wood, all green and dark and spicy. "I guess I know how mothers feel w'en their sons are priests," she said, and then suddenly the bell rang out, the old cracked bell, giving a glad, rolling peal on the full of the gale. "That's my Jimmy," she thought. "He's jest makin' that bell praise God. My! It jest takes me right inter church, 'ith the hemlock boughs an' all the woody, cool green things there."

And then another bell, one much more close at hand, rang out like a roaring echo. "It's the Old South!" she exclaimed. "I vum, I believe them boys have clim' the Old South belfry in spite o' me! My, my! That's the North church—no; it's the Oldtown. My soul ter gracious, it's both o' them! That's my Johnny, then. An' that's Dave. I suppose the sexon's let 'em, an' they've got some o' the other boys along."

Precisely that had happened, for when the sexton of St. Paul's began to tell Jimmy what to do the other boys crowded round, jostling and pushing, and Jimmy gave Johnny a kick, and Johnny transferred it to Dave, and Dave hit out all round, and a scuffle and scramble followed that would have ended in open disgrace if the sexton had not ordered them all out and away without benefit of clergy.

And at this Jimmy, remembering that there were other bells in town, had instantly organized several rival bell ringing parties, and they started at full run to get into the meeting houses the best way they could and make the belfries rock and drown out St. Paul's by all the superior metal of the bigger bells, and when one of the lads heard the peal of the other sound out like the boom of fire bells and answered it, with the peal from his own steeple tossing out upon the dark, their hearts were almost bursting with the delight in the clash and clang and roar beating out the air about them.

"I wisht their father was hearin' o' 'em," the mother said again, pressing her face against the cold glass, while the snow drove by something less furiously. "'Twould reely tickle him. It's mighty pretty music. Jest hear the echoes! Oh, Joe, where be you?" And as the bells pealed on she was walking up and down the little house, stopping at every turn to peer through the pane, to open the door and feel the blast, more than once to cry out with a voice that the wind pressed back soundless, making her feel her helplessness before the great forces of nature which benumb and destroy, shutting the door and walking up and down again as she wrung her hand and pausing at every shudder of sash and door to listen. "Oh, what sort o' a Chris'mus eve is this?" she cried. "Oh, Joe, Joe, Joe!"

But even while the bells were ringing it seemed as if the wind were falling. "Jimmy said it was jest a spit," she murmured. "P'raps he's right, one o' them quick squalls o' snow, but one o' them can founder a ship taken unawares, an', oh, it must have took him unexpected or he'd be home!"

What a long, interminable hour it was before the great, glad uproar of the bells was over! And then presently she was sure it was time the boys and Sis were at home, and without staying to imagine they were plunging and slipping and rolling and snowballing together on the way, the wind having abated as suddenly as it had arisen, she felt that everything had come to an end and husband and children alike were lost to her, and, full of a wild unreasoning panic, she was crying like one possessed when the door burst open and a chorus of glad voices smote her—sweet, oh, sweeter, clearer than the peal of all the bells. Meanwhile, out in the bay, Joe had found his trawls much richer than he had expected, and he was so busy in stripping them and in baiting and in setting them again that he gave little heed to the rising of the storm till its fury was all about him. "'Twon't last long like this. Them suddent ones go as they come. Jest keep her head ter the wind," he said to himself. "She'll ride it out." And then the snow was wrapping him, blind and thick, and all at once the dark had fallen. "Waal," he muttered, "ef one o' them concerned big coal steamers don't come rippin' along I'll weather it. It's a tussle, but we're good fer it, ef the stick holds. Pleasant an' me."

It was a tussle. It took all his will and all his strength to keep the boat trimmed to meet the squall and riding on the top of the great seas that came roaring and hissing on and only just fell short of washing over and filling the little Pleasant, and when the furious hour was past he would have given all the rake of fish to lie down in the bottom of the boat and get his breath.

The sea was still rolling, in long swell succeeding swell, and the snow was falling in a thick sheet through which not a glimmer of light penetrated. Only a wide, faint dimness seemed to swim up grayly from the great tops and hollows about him. He felt that the boat was drifting, but he could not tell in what direction. He thought perhaps the tide was running in, but as he looked about him there was nothing by which he could make sure. The Ipswich light, he said, ought to be just out here. The revolving ruby and gold of the light at the shoals ought to be on the other hand. Plum Island light ought to be over his shoulder. If he could but see a spark of one of them, he would know how to shape his course, but there was not a ray over all the wide welter of the water through all the dim veil of the snow. He felt as if he had gone blind. He listened for the dull blare of the whistling buoy, but the snow muffled every sound, and one wave tossed him still to another.

It had grown cold. The snow stung now like sleet. Rope and sail were stiff with ice. "By George, it'll be my windin' sheet!" he exclaimed, and he fell back in the boat, and the thought of his wife's terror and grief struck him to the heart like a knife. It was Christmas eve, and the children would be capering and carrying on, opening oys-

"Didn't I say I allus come home?"

ters on top of the stove, roasting chestnuts and apples and looking over their shoulders for him to be coming in the door, and he would never be coming in the door again. What would become of them? O God, what would become of them? He gave a great sob, a sob of pity for them and for himself, and in the next moment he caught his breath in irrepressible alarm, for here was music. Certainly, then, he would soon be dying, dying of the cold and storm. They heard music when they died. Here it came again—bells! Ah, what a great wide surge of sound, one moment resonant on the black air, then repeating itself in a whisper, a sigh! Again it came, a shower of tones, skimming over the water like a flight of gray and silver gulls, and now one strong clash and ring and roll rose above them all—the Old South bell—and with that came the steely flash of the North church bell, the hum of the old town bell, the quaver of St. Paul's. And then the wind sung in, blowing the sweet alarm all back to shore and closing the lanes of the mist and snow through which they had sifted, and only a faint exquisite echo sighed and died away.

But what matter? Now he knew where he was—Salisbury sands to the left of him, old Newbury to the right. About ship and up sail, up sail for the channel across the bar! Slowly he brought the boat round. Here was old Newbury now on the left; here was the North breaker, singing like a nest of eagles, off Plum island; yonder, on the right, rose the screams of the great South breaker, sucking down the Salisbury shore; here was the roar of the waves tumbling on the bar. A spark gleams with a wide, hazy halo through the snow—Plum island light; another, the Bug light, the harbor lights! He knows every inch of the way now. The channel grows clearer. The Pleasant is good for it. He steers through foam and fury; he sweeps by the Hump sands and Black rocks into stiller water; he rushes straight to the mooring.

The children were just knocking the snow off their feet at the door as he ran up from the wharf. Good was the touch of solid earth, and sweeter than any strain of music in his ears was his wife's shriek of joy. "Didn't I say I allus come home?" he cried joyously, catching her in his arms.

"Oh, Joe," she sobbed, "ef we live a hundred years we shan't ever have such a Chris'mus eve as this ag'in! Come, children; come right in out of the snow. I guess you've had frolic enough tonight. I s'pose it was you rung the bells."

"You bet it was!" said Jimmy, unwinding his comforter.

"Waal," said Joe, slamming the door behind them, "'tain't often work an' play does the same thing, but your frolic did a lot of work tonight, fer ef I hadn't heard them bells there 'd 'a' been no father an' no Chris'mus in this house. Got a bowl o' coffee, wife? George! I could eat the hull bean pot!"

The Yucatan Toe.

The toes of civilized people have lost much of their cunning as helpful members of the body in any work that requires skill. The Maya people of Yucatan, however, have kept the free and easy use of the toes in doing many kinds of work. It is said that the Maya women, who always go barefooted, will pick up a pin from the floor as easily with their oes as with their fingers. An archeologist who spent some time among that people in the interest of the Peabody museum of Harvard university tells the following anecdote of his landlady at Chichen Itza:

Coming into the house one day, the American noticed that the pig had been rash enough to trespass upon the domain of the mistress of the house. The woman was in close pursuit of the intruder, but piggy would look in any direction other than toward the door.

Had she been compelled to stoop and seize the animal with her hand the outcome of the chase might have been doubtful. Mayan training, however, gave her a great advantage. She reached out her foot as the pig ran by, seized him by the tail between her great toe and the second toe, and with a graceful swing of the leg she landed the pig some yards beyond the threshold.

When told by the American that he had never seen the thing done in his own country, the Mayan woman replied that it was as easily done with the toes as with the fingers.

It Was Not All There.

A couple of old philosophers living in the country were one day discoursing on mind and matter with their backs to the fire and their faces turned toward the table, which was being set for dinner. That morning the servant had caught a rabbit in the warren belonging to the master of the house and was about to serve it up in the form of a stew.

"Oh, no," said one philosopher; "mind and matter cannot blend."

"Still," replied the second, "some great intellects have thought the contrary."

"That is an error. And, look here; when I gaze upon this rabbit, which only this morning thought, moved and obeyed the instincts of its kind, I cannot for a moment doubt the existence of those two elements which enter into the composition of every creature endowed with life. No; a thousand times no! The whole rabbit is not there."

Just then the cook entered the room. She was observed to blush and grow fidgety. At last she said in a trembling voice:

"You are quite right, sir. I shouldn't have told; but, as you have guessed the fact, I admit that it isn't the whole rabbit. There is a piece missing out of the back, which I gave to my cousin of the twenty-seventh of the line, who arrived yesterday."—Papillon.

Joke Not on the Farmer.

The scene was a Brooklyn rapid transit car. Uptown in Brooklyn a passenger got aboard, one who bore in his tanned and seamed face, brown and gnarled hands, bent shoulders, whiskers growing from his neck, not his face, and in his clothes the evidence that he was a countryman from the agricultural "deestricts." The conductor was flip and smart. To him the countryman handed five pennies as his fare. The conductor, disgusted, showed his feelings in the way he regarded the pennies in his palm. He went up to the motorman and back again, stopping to tell an acquaintance sitting immediately in front of the countryman of the agriculturist who carried pennies. Then the acquaintance thought he would have some fun with the countryman. Winking to all about, he turned to the old man, saying:

"Say, old man, did you ever get up in the night and shoe horses?"

Without a change of countenance, but most promptly, the old man replied:

"No, but I have shooed chickens in the daytime."

Everybody roared except the acquaintance, who immediately called on the conductor for a transfer to the crosstown line.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE EXPERT CASTER.

Placing His Fly Is Not Mere Chance, but a Fine Art.

The art of casting is in itself simple and may be readily acquired by any painstaking fisherman. The rod passes only through a quadrant; it starts parallel with the water and, coming to the perpendicular, stops. The motion is a quick, rigid jerk as fast as it can be made, and the rod does the rest. The motion forward is at the beginning a gradual feeling for the tension of the line—that is, when it is about to straighten. Once this is assured the movement increases in rapidity from butt to tip, the result being much the same as driving at a peg with a long handled hammer—slow at the start and quick at the finish, the bend of the rod being first at the butt and gradually ascending to the tip.

In casting nothing is left to chance by the expert caster. He knows exactly where he wants to put his fly, within a foot or two, and puts it there, the feathered barb traveling past him at from six inches to four feet above the water, as he may elect, although it may go above the shoulder if desired. In some long casts one may see the fly pass below the hip. Indeed the degree of command one can gradually acquire is really wonderful.

A single cast where fish are located is, as a rule, sufficient. They will rise at once, and if the fisherman is an expert at dropping his fly he can bring fish to the spot from some distance. One may frequently see fish attracted from a point so far from the fly that they break water two or three times before taking the hook. On the other hand, a fly awkwardly dropped will be taken with a leisurely grab, the fish simply sucking it in, and the exhilaration of a spirited rise is lost. The more expert a fisherman is at fly casting the more thoroughly he enjoys the sport.—Collier's Weekly.

A Little Too Clever.

Sir Charles Napier was at one time governor of Gibraltar. One day by some mischance he mislaid the keys of his safe. Search being unavailing, he sent down to the engineers' yard to know if they had a man capable of picking a lock.

A certain sapper, whose skill at lock picking was well known, was sent to the governor's house, and, with the aid of a few pieces of wire, he very shortly succeeded in opening the safe. Napier was amazed at his celerity, but said nothing.

Next morning the sapper was sent for by his colonel, who handed him a five pound note and informed him that, by Napier's order, he was to return to England, for home service, by the next boat, as the governor did not think it safe to keep a man on the rock who could pick the most complicated lock as easily as he could eat his breakfast.

Our Common Woe.

"Beg pardon, sir," remarked the man who was hanging to strap No. 1, "but do you get off at the next corner?"

"I don't see that it is any of your business," replied his fussy neighbor.

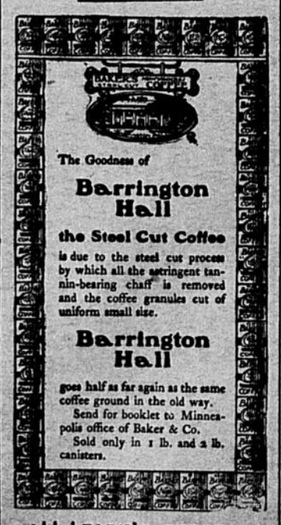
"Well, no," admitted the mild gentleman, "but I was merely going to remark that I get off there and if you will be so kind as to lift I'd like to take that foot with me!"—Baltimore News.

The Artist.

Palette—De Auber is the most egotistical chap I ever met.

Brusher—How's that?

Palette—Why, every time he paints a landscape he imagines he flatters nature.—Chicago News.



ALL LEADING GROCERS.

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 2:05 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 3:42 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* 12:13 a m	..Fast Train..	No 2* 3:42 a m
No 3* 2:18 p m	Thro Express..	No 4* 3:16 p m
No 33 †6:22 p m	....Clipper....	No 34†6:55 a m
No 5 † 8:53 a m	Local Express	No 8† 8:40 p m
No 93† 2:00 p m	..Way Freight.	No 94 11:45 a m

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

North Bound —Arrive—	Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No.306 6:05 p.m	..†Passenger..	No.305 9:10 a.m
No. 304 8:40 a.m	..†Passenger...	No.329 6:35 p.m
No. 360 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 3-4-6-1-3 & 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, 1903

"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 coaches.

"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.....3:30 p m
Way Freight daily ex. Sunday.....11:30 a m
Going West, North and South.
Way Freight, daily ex. Sunday.....11:20 a m
Day Express daily.....3:16 p m
St Paul & Kansas City Exp. daily.....5:31 a 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	12:30 ngt
5:45 a m	No. 13 Chicago Passenger	
11:50 p m	No. 19 Chicago Passenger	

No. 1—Free chair car and coaches to Albert Lea. No. 5—Wide Vestibuld Pullman Buffet sleepers and coaches to Minneapolis and St. Paul.

DECORAH DIVISION.

9:10 p m	Decorah Passenger	8:30 a m
10:50 a m	West Union Passenger	3:40 p m
4:05 p m	Decorah Freight	8:30 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	8:05 p m
7:45 p m	Clin., Ia City, Dvpt Pass	7:15 a m
7:35a m	Burl. & Ia City Pass	3:40 p m

"Trains numbers 5, 6, 8, 12, 19, and Minn & Dakota Pass run daily, all other trains daily except Sunday." No 29 daily between Cedar Rapids and West Liberty.

JNO. G. FARMER, Gen'l Pass & Tkt Agt.
W. H. DUTTON, Ticket Agent
Cedar Rapids Iowa.

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, round trip 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 I. & M. V. R. R., Chicago.

INVESTMEMTS IN SOUTHERN LANDS

Such investments are not speculative. The South is not a new country. Market and shipping facilities are adequate and first class. The climate is mild and favorable. Notwithstanding these and other advantages, southern lands are selling for prices far below their real value, and at present prices net large returns on the investment. For a free set of circulars Nos. 1 to 10, inclusive, concerning the possibilities of lands in Kentucky, West Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, on and near the Illinois Central Railroad, for homeseekers and investors, address the undersigned.

J. F. MERRY
Ass't Gen'l Pass'r Agent I. C. R. R.
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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.

M. & O. Excursion Rates.

Manchester to Seattle,—Portland, Tacoma, Wash., Vancouver, Victoria, B. C. and return via, Manchester & Oneida Railway. Dates of sale Aug. 1st to 14th, good for return until Oct. 15th, with stop-over privileges, at many points. Call upon Jno. L. Sullivan, at M. & O. depot, Manchester, Ia.

National Encampment G. A. R.—$50.00 Manchester to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Pacific Coast points and return. Tickets will be on sale at the Manchester & Oneida Railway depot Aug. 1st to 14th, good for returning Oct. 15th, with stop-over privileges and excellent train service. Call upon Jno. L. Sullivan, M. & O. depot, Manchester, Iowa.

FARM LANDS!

If you are looking for a home or an investment, do not forget that the best farm lands in the Northwest are along the line of The Minneapolis & St. Louis R. R. where crop failures are unknown. Good soil, good climate, good people there. Farm values are rising rapidly and the time to buy is NOW.

Low excursion rates from point on Iowa Central and Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroads, if you wish to investigate. For particulars address,

A. B. CUTTS,
G. P. A., Ia. Cent, and M. & St. L. R. R.
20tf Minneapolis, Minn.

Low One Way Colonist Rates.

On sale via Chicago Great Western Railway on the first and third Tuesdays in each month to September 15, 1903, to points West and Southwest. For further information apply to any Great Western Agent, or J. P. Elmer, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill. 18-14w

Chautauqua Assembly, Iowa Falls, Iowa, August 1 to 14th.

On account of the above meeting the I. C. R. R. will sell tickets to Iowa Falls and return at a rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale August 4 and August 7th limited to return until August 15th.

29w4. H. G. Pierce, Ag't.

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