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- Viney's Free Papers by Paul Lawrence Dunbar
- The Storming of Jared Taylor's Heart by Imogen Clark
- Dave Shock and The Union by Herman Whittaker
- The Honeymoon Ship by Morgan Robertson
- The Wreck of the 1019 by Francis Lynde
- The Ace of Hearts by Everett Holbrook
- The Peacock's Tail by Edith Wyatt

All of the stories are copyrighted and illustrated. The first one will be printed in our next issue.

Yours for pleasant evenings,

THE EDITOR.

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Every old or new subscriber to the Democrat, who pays one year's subscription in advance, is entitled to receive one of the elegant premiums it gives to its advance paying subscribers, by calling at this office and making the selection from the large number of premiums to select from.

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POETIC JUSTICE

By Herbert E. Hamblen

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"**CLAR!**" A yellow tusk gleamed cheerily through Captain Zeke Hawkins' grizzled mustache as he shouted the time honored slogan from the Betsy Ann's quarter deck, while the boat steered the limpid sperm from try pot to cooling tank. A sky flying smudge from the try works first caught the captain's eye, and he girded the horizon with an anxious glance as he resumed his endless patrol.

He was tall, gaunt, shuffling and sixty, yet there were a litheness and virility in his movements and a restless alertness in his glance like that of the tiger guards of the king of Oude's palace at Garden Reach. And, like them, he sniffed an ever present danger just before he left Honolulu the small had brought news of the burning of the capital at Washington by the British admiral, Lord Cockburn. The long continued outrages by British men-of-war upon American merchant seamen had culminated in this.

Should Captain Zeke fall in with one of those maritime bullies now he would be a ruined man. The pests swarmed in all seas. He was liable to meet one of them anywhere. After a long confab with his mate, Amos Cokburn, he decided to carry out the original plan of the voyage. So they continued on the coast to the New Zealand grounds. Captain Zeke scanned the horizon continually for suspicious sails, muttered incoherently into a scraggy beard, worried the little remaining flesh off his bones and discovered obstacles numerous and grave.

The Betsy Ann, full nearly to the hatches, would prove a rich prize, and the speed and precision of her guns and lances could not prevail against solid shot, nor would a whaler's crew be able to beat off a boarding party of English bluejackets. The cry of "Land ho!" disturbed his ruminations among the mazes of this distressing family puzzle, discouragingly unsolvable puzzle. A half tangible blur on the hazy western horizon developed into a beautiful semi-transparent islet wooded to the glistening white beach. Wood and water were needed for the long passage home, and as there were no whales in sight he felt his way into the little landlocked harbor to leeward while daylight lasted.

Next morning friendly natives plotted the boats to a tiny stream of clear, sweet water cascading over a mossy pile of rock, a slow but handy place to fill casks. Amos took a party to cut wood, while Captain Zeke yielded to his turbulent Yankee crew and accompanied the approaches to the small haven, whereby he acquired valuable information.

On the third day a patch of brown hemp canvas appeared above the cocoon palms on the sand spit to the eastward and gilded smoothly toward the point. Captain Zeke watched it anxiously as it grew and developed, spars and rigging coming into view, until a trim little ten gun brig swung within range and point and dropped anchor abreast of his waterline place. Her yards hardly settled upon the lifts before the men were on them, firing the sails with the speed and precision of a machine in a naval vessel. The furled sails unmasked the flag he had long seen dreading to see, the British white ensign. A boat dropped from the brig's quarter davits and left her gangway a moment later, headed for the Betsy Ann.

The crisis had arrived.

Before Captain Zeke could collect his badly scattered wits the oars were in and the bow man hooked on to a chain plate midshipman, disdaining to call for the rope that was not offered, sprang nimbly up the side. Like a gaudy tropic bird, he appeared on the old whaler's dingy quarter deck, his spars, his spars, his spars, and glittering brass buttons contrasting painfully with the somber surroundings. He strutted pompously aft, favored Captain Zeke with a supercilious glance and, attuning his piping voice to an authority, asked, "Are you the sailing master of this craft?"

"No, I ain't!" Captain Zeke replied explosively.

The young officer raised his eyebrows slightly, clapped a hand to his forehead and dagger at his side and asked with rapidly increasing dignity, "Where is he?"

"There ain't any. I'm the captain, if that's what you mean."

"Captain?" sneered the embryo Nelson. "Well, sir, I am ordered by Captain Armstrong of his majesty's brig Grampus to demand by what right you trespass on British territory. Come, now, speak up, sharp!" he added, with another comprehensive survey of Captain Zeke's faded, patched and herring-boned presence.

"British territory, hey! You fellows are getting so you think you own the whole world!"

"Silence, fellow! None of your insolence!" thundered the midjet. "Get into the boat there! I will take you aboard with me. Captain Armstrong will know how to deal with you."

"And his crew been on board Captain Zeke would have been ordered to hold King George's representative as a boat hostage, but they were not. He was half inclined to refuse to comply with the insulting order if only to see what would come of it. He was still more strongly inclined to do so when the boat steered off and he saw the midjet receding, perhaps forever. Before he was through wondering what they would do with him and how recent news the brig's captain might have of the relations between the two countries the boat arrived alongside the brig. He was gruffly ordered up and marched aft like a boy caught stealing apples. Captain Armstrong languidly rolled out of his hammock and ordered King Zeke to follow him below. Having learned who he was, his vessel's name and hulling port, he asked, as the midshipman had done, why the American trespassed on British territory. In his diplomatic role Captain Zeke bridled his unruly member and replied:

"I've been to sea sign on fifty years, and this is the first time anybody ever said anything to me for getting wood and water at any of these little islands.

They don't belong to I heard of."

"That is where you are wrong, my man. I took possession of this island in the name of my sovereign some two years ago and christened it King Alfred's island. I have planted the flag on dozens of these little outlying islands since I've been out here, thereby constituting them British possessions. As you seem a rather civil fellow, I will permit you to take what wood and water you require this time, but if I ever catch you poaching again I'll not let you off so easy. You may go now."

When Captain Zeke approached the lordly midshipman with a request to set back aboard his vessel his self respect again suffered martyrdom. As he halted the Betsy Ann from the brig's forecastle head—like any old turkey returning from shore leave—he breathed a hearty prayer that some day he might get that impudent youngster just where he wanted him. In the scotia of his own cabin Captain Zeke and Amos agreed that Captain Armstrong could not have heard the news, else they would have been prisoners.

Next day a watering party landed from the brig. True to their national traditions, the British seamen regarded with supreme contempt the tattered raiments who opposed their landing. But a royal surprise was in store for them. The boats became a mimic Lexington, and a short half hour later those British returned on board with their neat uniforms in tatters and the American declaration of independence written upon their features and persons in large and legible characters. They were jeered by their shipmates—who had not enjoyed their experience—and the seed of race hatred quickened into vigorous life. Later the whaler succumbed to overwhelming numbers, but they invariably turned the tables on the withdrawal of the enemy's reinforcements. The tide of mimic war ebbed and flowed about the little stream in ever increasing bitterness, an object lesson for the native savages—this meeting of civilized men of the same other tongue.

The Betsy Ann's stock of wood completed, a battle royal followed. The Englishmen accounted for the result

by saying they took short handed. There had been many desertions during their long cruise.

The day before Captain Zeke was ready to sail Captain Armstrong's gig appeared. "What now?" they had met but once. This call would be regarded to the trouble between the crews, no doubt. Armstrong would be ugly. Diplomacy had served Captain Zeke once. He would trust it again; he would soon be out of here now, anyway. A ladder was hustled over the side and enough prompt manroves ostentatiously displayed.

The king's fighter was all urbanity. He approached Captain Zeke with a pleasant smile, bowed, not too formally, and, taking the whaler's hand, said: "How do you do, Mr. Rawlins? Why haven't you been over to see me? I hoped we would have become well acquainted before this. Good fellowship should prevail among those of our language, almost the same nationality, meet in such out of the way places. Don't you agree with me?"

"Yes, I suppose so," replied Captain Zeke guardedly. The unexpected affability of the Englishman puzzled him.

"Tomorrow is my birthday," continued Captain Armstrong. "A somewhat important event to me. I had hoped to have a dinner in this beastly hole, anyway, and I have come to ask you to dine with me. Have you ever eaten kangaroo tail?"

"No, I replied Captain Zeke curtly. "And I guess I'll have to disappoint you, Mr. Armstrong."

"Beg pardon," interrupted the other, stroking his flowing sideboards with ill suppressed irritation. "Captain, if you please. Not posted yet, to be sure, but lieutenants' commanding are captains by courtesy in the absence of a ranking officer."

"Oh, they be, be they? I was always captain, too, aboard my own vessel till that whippersnapper of yours dismissed me. I had hoped to give you a pleasant surprise. What signifies half a day more or less in your business? Why, you might sail right away from whales enough to fill you up. Now, now, grant me this small favor. I really wish to know you better."

Overwhelmed by the gentleman's eloquence, Captain Zeke reluctantly accepted for himself and his officers, stipulating, however, that he should sail immediately after dinner was over.

That evening Captain Zeke and Amos sought the Englishman's motive in vain. There was hidden deviltry, they were sure, but they were unable to lay a finger on it.

Shortly before midnight Ad Larabee, the second mate, slipped ashore with the third mate, four boat steers and six of the hands who could handle a harpoon. They took with them the ship's seine and a dozen whale irons fastened to short warps. Keeping the Betsy Ann between them-

and the brig, they arrived at the thick undergrowth which skirted the proposed picnic ground. The seine was stretched out and its bottom edge secured to convenient saplings. The net was then flaked down clear for furling, like the braces when tacking ship. An end of each short warp, carrying a harpoon, was bent to its upper edge at regular intervals. They then sunrise Captain Zeke moored his ship by a slip rope to a big tree, got his anchor, loosed all sails and set his fore and aft canvas. The brig's cook and steward were performing their rites the beach, while the dingy plied between ship and shore with provisions.

At seven bells—half past 11—the boatswain and his mates piped a merry chorus and two boats dropped from the brig's davits. The Betsy Ann followed suit, all but the piping. Captain Zeke had impressed four of his like-appearing foremast hands to impersonate those of his officers who were on the jungle detail, and in a few minutes the commanders and their runners met on the beach. Three naval officers, resplendent in blue and gold, welcomed their guests with profuse hospitality. The wheelmen, though clad in their best, made a sorry contrast, and not until they were seated at the improvised table—"running gunwales under" with good things, did they regain their equality.

There were jams, plantains and breadfruit which had lain buried in the sand with hot stones until the burning jackets revealed the succulent wealth within. Pyramids of luscious tropical fruits glowed richly through a garnishment of green leaves and sweet flowers, while the necks of bottles, both stout and slim, peered cheerfully from brine tins, where they had been placed to cool. The trade wind whispered a merry tale to the overhanging foliage, and there was "peace on earth and good will toward men."

The whalers were seated on the landward side, while the brig's boat's crew lay about on the sand, conveniently near their officers. At a signal from Captain Armstrong four sturdy blue-jackets emerged from the bush, bearing the "pieces de resistance," the baker's kangaroo tail. The savory odor which preceded its appearance had honed the waiting appetites to the keen edge of perfection.

Captain Armstrong served his guests at once, and they fell to with a hearty good will. The Englishmen were perfect hosts, the food was toothsome and the wines were generous. As his waist-band tightened Captain Zeke's conscience pricked him. He feared he had sinned an honorable gentleman. As the last sigh of repletion fluttered seaward on the freshening breeze Captain Armstrong asked them to fill their glasses and drink a toast standing.

"The whalers bowed in goodly good company at my birthday dinner. And, yet, it is a more important event to you than to me. It is more emphatically a birthday to you than it is to me, for today you will emerge from the "pieces de resistance" in which you have heretofore existed to become cleanly and respectable seamen in the service of King George, God bless him!"

Englishmen uncovered and drained their glasses. Amos was saved the reasonable act by an elbow jig from a savage glance from his captain. The others stood firm. Disregarding their boorishness, Captain Armstrong continued:

"You are probably unaware that the king has decided to reclaim his own. Cockburn, having smoked out the central nest of treason in Washington, will have ravaged your whole coast by this time. I might have boarded you when I first came in, but you are treacherous devils and would probably have used those murderous whaling tools on us, and I hold that one British bluejacket is worth more than a thousand of you. I great sink or burn your old grease boat because, filthy as it is, there's prize money in it, and my loyal boys in blue shall spend the money you have earned, while you shall holystone my decks and train my guns on the enemies of the king. Now, Rawlins, are you ready to die with me in the copper punt? And you shall keep her copper like gold plate or I promise you frequently recurring weddings with the 'gunner's daughter.' Settle them, men, and take them aboard!"

"Avast, there!" Captain Zeke held up a big brown palm, and the trained seamen halted instinctively at the word

and handclapped by the enticing net, their arms rendered useless, the Englishmen went down in a squirming, crushing heap.

Unlike the fondling of an infant by his mother was the measure meted out to them. When thoroughly subdued they were ingeniously tied with the short warps and further secured with the wreckage of the table and handy bench drift.

"Think nobody heard of the declaration of war but you, do ye?" Captain Zeke called back to his discomfited foe as he marshaled his men to the boats. "If the Betsy Ann wasn't so near full I'd swap ships with ye. Come, hurry up, boys, and catch those boats."

The brig's boats, each with its keeper sculling homeward for dear life, were quickly overhauled, the men captured and the boats stove and set adrift.

The Betsy Ann's cook, a shrewd old spouter, got his clew from the miniature naval action with the boats. He hauled in the slip rope, set the courses and had her headed for blue water before the boats arrived. As the old lady swished across the brig's stern, Captain Zeke hailed his friend the midjet, who had been left in charge: "Hey, sonny! When your sailing master gets back ask him how he likes Yankee sauce with kangaroo tail."

The youngster had heard of that tide which, "taken at the flood leads on to fortune." Surmising that this might be it, he hastily dispatched a cutter ashore and was soundly berated by his irate captain for not having sent the pinnace ashore. He then remembered that "to err is human."

Before the Betsy Ann's topgallant sails were set the Grampus was after her with every rag drawing. The brig was gaining like a swordfish on a porpoise, and Captain Zeke's crew was full of large and exceedingly sharp fishhooks. They were running dead before the wind, which enabled Armstrong to "yaw" from side to side and fire on the defensive whaler. A thirty-two pound shot cut Captain Zeke's own boat in two, leaving the ends dangling pathetically from the davits. A quick gleam of recollection displaced the angry glare with which he regarded the wreck. He dived below and returned with a chart containing the discoveries he had made on those lazy boating trips. He took a hasty, but careful, cross bearing, made a rapid mental calculation and kept away two points and a half. Then he watched his vicious, feet footed pursuer with increased anxiety. If now Armstrong would only make the moves he had so carefully planned for him!

The supply of wood Amos had laid in was being rapidly augmented by splinters from the bulwarks and spare spars, when the thirty-two spoke again, and the entire stock was rendered unavailable by the demolition of the galley. Carefully Captain Zeke conned his vessel, luring the brig upon the course he had designed her to take as though she had been under his orders. One by one the wrinkles smoothed out of his brow and the strained look in his eyes changed to a triumphant glitter. When the brig yawed to fire she shot that raked the pots and kettles he leaped upon the skylight, swung his old straw hat at arm's length and yelled like a boy killing snakes.

The falling smoke showed the brig stationary, her fore foot high out of water and with a heavy starboard list which bared her copper, the copper

As Armstrong had said he should "pitch" to the turn of the bilge.

"This was Captain Zeke's chance. He hauled out his bowlines and went to windward, keeping an eye on the brig. She was harmless, her port battery star gazing, the starboard looking toward the coral beds. All her fighting men were in the boat, straining to pull her off.

The old man hoisted his flag, squared away and ran down to her, keeping the weather gauge. He ran as close as he dared for the rock. His ensign snapped defiantly above his head. Leaping far out, he hailed the arnica bandaged one on the brig's quarter deck:

"Hey, don't ye wisit ye had us? Good chance to scrub yer copper, Mr. ———— What's name?"

"Then, wheeling inboard: "Port brace! Sharp up, Amos! Lively, men, lively! Down helm! There, down with it—hard down!"

Ponderously the Betsy Ann luffed around the brig's bow and waded like an avenging Gulliver among her boats. The sound of rending wood and British oaths was mingled under her bow as, her chere done, she bobbed serenely off to windward.

A battered figure in disheveled blue struggled frantically with the brig's stern chaser. A puff of smoke and a round shot splashed harmlessly on the whaler's weather quarter. Captain Zeke shook a hard brown fist at the helpless brig and exclaimed, "Hang there, dum ye! Bet ye won't steal no more men nor islands for a spell!"

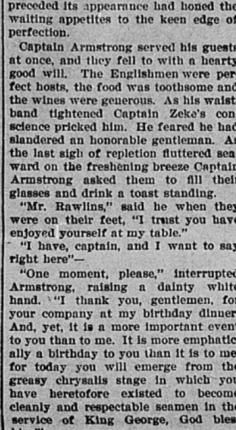
The Balty Circus House.

Nowhere else is the mean or unreliable horse so utterly unendurable, for a day, as about a circus. The balking brute may throw a parade into confusion or cause the most expectant of a circus to be a train. The beast that shies at some trivial alarm to his eyes or ears may inspire a disastrous runaway at any moment, and the vicious licker or kicker in the dressing tent is liable to lame a performer for life. In other conditions of life men may have time to waste on the whims of such ill regulated beasts and gradually wean them from their evil ways, but a big circus is like an enormous piece of clockwork, in which the exactness of a hair's breadth makes the go wrong, and anything not exactly right must be fixed at once. Horse sharps have classified under nearly a hundred names the particular follies or vices demonstrated by horses. The exciting causes of which may be either excessive nervousness or inherent clumsiness, and cases are infrequent in which an animal has more than two or three of them. Generally a horse has only one fault, although a few of that and he becomes a good horse. If it cannot be corrected he should either be got rid of or killed. Circus men are difficult to persuade that any horse is too bad for reformation, so successfully have they been in handling bad ones.—Chicago Tribune.

The Victoria medal is made out of bronze from Russian guns captured in the Crimean war. The design is the work of the prince consort of Queen Victoria. The medals are made separately and only when it is needed. Thus when some soldier or sailor, no matter what his rank may be, has shown "conspicuous bravery or devotion to the country in the presence of danger," as the act reads, the war office sends to the royal jewellers the bronze needed for the medal. It is carefully cast, filed smooth around the edges and then the design is brought out by chasing. The soldier's medal is suspended by a red ribbon and that of the sailor by a blue piece of silk.



"How do you do, Mr. Rawlins?"



"Avast, there!"

Railroads.

Manchester & Oneida Ry.

TIME TABLE.

Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 5 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 7:30 a. m. Connects with west bound C. & N. W. No. 5 at Oneida at 8:00 a. m. arrives at Manchester at 8:45 a. m.
Train No. 4 leaves Manchester at 7:15 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 9:45 a. m. Connects with east bound C. & N. W. No. 6 at Oneida at 10:00 a. m. arrives at Manchester at 10:45 a. m.
Train No. 6 leaves Manchester at 8:45 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 11:15 a. m. Connects with the north bound C. & N. W. No. 4 at Oneida at 11:30 a. m. arrives at Manchester at 12:15 p. m.
Train No. 8 leaves Manchester at 10:15 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 12:45 p. m. Connects with the north bound C. & N. W. No. 4 at Oneida at 1:00 p. m. arrives at Manchester at 1:45 p. m.
Train No. 10 leaves Manchester at 11:45 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 2:15 p. m. Connects with the north bound C. & N. W. No. 4 at Oneida at 2:30 p. m. arrives at Manchester at 3:15 p. m.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

TIME TABLE.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No. 101 leaves Chicago at 6:00 a. m. arrives at St. Paul at 10:00 a. m.	No. 102 leaves Chicago at 7:00 a. m. arrives at St. Paul at 11:00 a. m.	No. 103 leaves St. Paul at 6:00 a. m. arrives at Chicago at 10:00 a. m.
No. 104 leaves Chicago at 8:00 a. m. arrives at St. Paul at 12:00 p. m.	No. 105 leaves Chicago at 9:00 a. m. arrives at St. Paul at 1:00 p. m.	No. 106 leaves St. Paul at 8:00 a. m. arrives at Chicago at 12:00 p. m.
No. 107 leaves Chicago at 10:00 a. m. arrives at St. Paul at 2:00 p. m.	No. 108 leaves Chicago at 11:00 a. m. arrives at St. Paul at 3:00 p. m.	No. 109 leaves St. Paul at 10:00 a. m. arrives at Chicago at 2:00 p. m.

NEW SHORT LINE

Omaha - Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Omaha to St. Paul	St. Paul to Omaha
No. 101 leaves Omaha at 6:00 a. m. arrives at St. Paul at 10:00 a. m.	No. 102 leaves St. Paul at 6:00 a. m. arrives at Omaha at 10:00 a. m.
No. 103 leaves Omaha at 8:00 a. m. arrives at St. Paul at 12:00 p. m.	No. 104 leaves St. Paul at 8:00 a. m. arrives at Omaha at 12:00 p. m.
No. 105 leaves Omaha at 10:00 a. m. arrives at St. Paul at 2:00 p. m.	No. 106 leaves St. Paul at 10:00 a. m. arrives at Omaha at 2:00 p. m.

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The through-Nashville sleeping car, now being carried on the Illinois Central H. R. on its East Mall from Chicago and arriving at Nashville the next evening, will, on and after Sunday, November 15, be carried out of Chicago on its East Limited train leaving at 6:30 p. m. daily, and arrive at Nashville at 9:25 the next morning. In addition to its up-to-date equipment, this train, leaving at 6:30 p. m., carries a dining car and a buffet library car out of Chicago. This Chicago-Nashville sleeper connects en route with through sleeping car, on same train, for Chattanooga, Atlanta and Jacksonville, thus allowing passengers to change from the Chicago-Nashville car to the through Jacksonville car while en route. Tickets and full information of agents of the Illinois Central and connecting lines.

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