HEARTS COURAGEOUS

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

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Synopsis

CHAPTER I—Anne Tillotson, a blue blood of Virginia, is touched with the spirit of the Revolution, an admirer of Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson. Gossip connects her name with Francis Byrd and Captain Jarrat, officers of the king's army. Old Lord Fairfax, whom Anne loves with reverence, is loyal to the crown. Williamsburg is filled with leading Virginians talking revolution. II—The ship Three Sisters, from London to Yorktown, has on its passenger list Captain Jarrat, Marquis de la Trouerie, and Armand, secretary of the marquis. Jarrat conspires to get audience with the marquis, but is told by the captain that the nobleman died on the voyage and was given to the fishes. Armand fights with the ship's mate to rescue the dead babe of a Woman passenger who is a bond slave. III—The Two Sisters in port. The Slave woman is sold to a brutal master named Rolph and won from him at dice by Armand, who presents her to Anne, a spectator at the landing. Anne takes Armand home in her coach. Jarrat is snubbed by Anne and, bribing the Captain of the ship, tears from the log book the entry of the marquis' death. IV—Armand protests admiration for Anne. A trees falls on the coach, and he rescues his companion from being crushed to death. At parting she tells him she is glad that she owes her life to him. V—Jarrat bribes Armand to impersonate the dead Marquis de la Trouerie, who had been sent on a mission to the colonies by Louis XVI. He is to send home to France gloomy reports of the Revolution and thus discourages French intervention. VI—Anne goes to Winchester, where the court of Lord Dunmore, the Tory governor, is located. Patrick Henry brings news from the Continental congress. An aid of Dunmore one Foy, insults Colonel George Washington's name in the presence of Washington's friend, Lord Fairfax. Armand pledges Washington "a brave man". He is challenged by Foy. Henry seconds Armand. VII—Armand makes love to Anne on the evening of the duel. She is coy, yet praises his valor, then pleads with Dunmore to stop the duel. VIII—Armand tires Foy out with skillful fencing. The governor's messenger cuts short the duel, but Foy wounds his unarmed foe. Henry carries Armand to Greenway Court, the home of Fairfax.

Henry held Armand's coat and waistcoat after he had stripped them off and stood, slight and young, in his shirt. He looked at him with rising pity. All Virginia knew of Foy's sword skill. He had a black record in the army of Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, and these tales had been whispered wide in Williamsburg. There he had come, to no open quarrel as yet and was made a boon companion by such pot tipsters as Burnaby Rolph and lesser toad eaters like young Brooke. But the better class gave him a cold shoulder as unworthy to mix with gentlemen of character and would have needed little to have named him to his face for a sneaking whelp that smelled strong of the hangman.

The young Frenchman took Henry's hand between both his own. "I have been so occupied these last three hours," he protested contritely. "Have I said to you that you are generous and kind to assist thus in the affair of a stranger? Have I said that I was grateful?"

"Colonel Washington," said Henry, "is my best friend. An I had been in the tun parlor, sir, I had drunk that toast with you."

The night was very still. Scarce a leaf stirred in the vagrant breeze or shivered in the haze. Only a dull humming chirr of night insects from the thicket and drifting across this—a gold snake on a sad carpet—the rich, plaintive bubble of a whippoorwill.

"Gentlemen," cried Rolph, "is all ready?"

"Have you no command, monsieur?" Henry asked.

The young man's eyes were soft as he shook his head. "How sweet it sings!" he said. "Listen!"

It died, and the tapping of a bell, very faint and far and tenuous, came over the still valley. Henry knew the sound. Away to the eastward on a high knoll, stood a long, low structure of limestone, with a wide veranda. Perched upon its roof were two wooden belfries with alarm bells, which had been hung twenty years before, after Braddock's defeat, when the Indians turned their tomahawks against the white chief that dwelt there. The Indians had been driven westward long ago, but the bells still rang whenever the master, with yelping hounds or by flaring torches, came back to his lodge. At this moment, while Armand stood in the moonlight with a naked sword in his hand, my Lord Fairfax, for whose affront he stood, was come again saddened to Greenway Court.

Foy's voice broke in, sneeringly wrathful. "Are we come to string beads"—

"En garde!" cried Armand, turning sharply, and the two blades rang together with a clash.

Foy's attack was wonderfully strong. He had the trick of carrying the head well back and resting the whole weight of his body upon the left leg, a sign of one whose learning had been without masks. The other's method was as different from that of his antagonist as night from day. He fought far forward, engaging much with the point.

A maitre d'escrime might have seen in his action some of the freedom and directness which later gave Bertrand, the greatest fencing master of Europe, the surname of the "Terrible." But to the watchers it seemed to be utterly without method—barren of rule—to be loose, uncontained. He possessed the appearance of a child at careless play with a serpent, not conscious of its sinister intention.

A pain came into Henry's dark eyes and a paler tinge to his cheeks. He groaned inwardly as Foy suddenly came at Armand, pressing him back in a furious chasse-croisse, first the right foot forward, then the left.

The lieutenant stood close to Henry, his lips parted, watching. "They say Foy was taught of Angelo," he whispered, "and that the pupil could best his master. Your friend is in evil case."

So indeed it seemed. Foy was a brute, and he fought like one, with face distorted and breath rattling with rage. He came on with the lunge of a hunter at a boar, his blade hate heavy, and the very fury of his rush sent the young Frenchman back to the verge of the bushes.

Armand returned with a stop thrust, parried a lunge and answered by a riposte. Then for a moment there was nothing but the du-tac-au-tac of slim steel, cutting wayward blue white flashes where the milky light caught its edge.

"End the cub, Foy," cried Rolph with an oath, "and let us to town! You could have spitted him forty times!"

"By heaven!" suddenly burst out Henry. "Bravo!"

The Frenchman's blade, beating up a flanconnade, had nicked a crimson gash on Foy's shoulder.

The latter, smarting from the prick and enraged beyond measure, came on again cursing, his chin set forward from his neck and a fleck of foam on his lips.

Armand had changed his tactics. He still had the appearance of looseness and lack of close defense; but, strangely enough, Foy's point, though wielded by the redoubtable swordsman that he was, had not so much as slit a ruffle of his shirt. He was untouched, immaculate, careless and debonair.

Now he became of a sudden winged. He turned, circled, was here and there with the rapidity of an insect. The fight turned this way and that, crushed the bushes, was all over the ground. There was a maze of pricking, whirling arrows of sulphur colored flame in the moonlight. Foy's breath was coming hoarsely in his throat like that of a strangled dog. Armand began to laugh outright as he thrust and parried.

The lieutenant wedged an exclamation amid the flick and scrape of steel. Foy's face was become a welter of sweat and rage. This was a sort of fighting new to him. He tried every attack, every feint, double engage, coupe—each ineffectual. Armand, nimble, laughing, began to hum a tune as he ran.

Nothing could have been better calculated to goad his adversary to point of impotency. Already Foy had begun to cut and lunge in utter, whirling madness. Rolph no longer called to him to end the matter. All alike saw that such ending was fast coming into Armand's power alone.

Again and again Foy laid his guard open to Armand's thrust, taking no thought, but still the Frenchman withheld it. Instead his leaping point slashed the other's coat to flapping ribbons, pricked him on the thigh, in the armpit, in the hand—wasp stings that drew blood and rage, but harmed not.

At the first spurt of crimson Rolph leaped forward, crying that it was enough, at which Armand politely lowered his blade, but Foy reviled his second with such curses that he went back to his station gritting his teeth.

The lieutenant raised his hand, withdrawing his eyes an instant from the combatants. Henry listened, and his ear caught the tattoo of hoof beats flinging over the road, mixed with the falling of a lash upon horse's flanks—a frenzy of impatience in the sound. As it came nearer Rolph turned his head with a quick gleam of relief.

At the same instant Armand, swerving far forward, wounded his antagonist in the right wrist, and, Foy's fingers relaxing on the hilt, with a sweeping twist sent his sword rattling a good ten feet away.

Foy was after it to snatch it up, with a snarl more like a wild beast than a man, when an officer, at a gallop, leading three soldiers, broke into the clearing and spurred fairly between.

"Stop!" he shouted, out of breath. "Stop! In the governor's name!"

Armand tossed his sword to the ground.

"Hell and fury!" foamed Foy as he sprang back, slashing at the horse's

"Stop! In the governor's name!"

legs. "Out of the way, curse you!" The animal plunged aside, and Foy came at Armand like the madman he was.

The officer threw himself off the horse too late, as Henry rushed forward. Armand stood perfectly still, his hand pressed to his side, where a stain was spreading crimsonly among the white ruffles.

"Bear witness," Rolph said with coolness, turning to the soldiers, "that Captain Foy is not himself for liquor."

"There has been no liquor drunk lately. You meant murder!" Henry turned fiercely upon Foy, who, his rage sullenly sobered, stood biting his nails.

"Enough, gentlemen," interrupted the officer. "There will be time for that. I have his excellency's orders to bring all here in his command to the fort. Captain Foy, Mr. Rolph, lieutenant, I call on you to accompany me without delay to town!"

"You are hurt, monsieur," cried Henry, throwing an arm about the young Frenchman, who staggered slightly. "Sir, you will not leave him so, bleeding, here by the roadside? Greenway Court is not far distant. In the name of humanity I ask you to assist me to take him where he can have proper attention for his wound."

"I have imperative orders, sir. Mount, gentlemen."

"Well to leave him to the dogs!" burst forth Foy in a sudden simmer of white fury as he turned in his saddle. "And you, you upstart rebel, Virginia would long have been the easier for your gibbeting!"

Their hoof beats grew fainter, then were gone in blankness and echo, and Henry, feeling the young man's form grow suddenly limp, laid him gently down upon the turf.

The baron had driven from Winchester that night with a hurt in his gallant old breast. When he settled back in his seat his hands trembled greatly, clasped atop his sword. The huge chariot, drawn by four wild ponies that would go at any gait except trot together, swung swaying from its leathern springs, and the road seemed very long.

"Are we almost there, Joe?" he asked more than once.

And the old negro riding behind him would reply stoutly, "Almos' dar, Mars' Torm; almos' dar."

The fog, fold on fold, shut out the beauty of the way. Lower in the wooded valley the shadows lay very thick, like dead men strewn on a battlefield. Riding, he heard the leaves fall, like the illusions of youth, like happiness, like glory, like power.

"Almost there, Joe?"

"Almos' dar, Mars' Torm; almos' dar."

Up the craggy way a flicker of light stabbed down through the drab-lace tree traceries, and the chariot, turning in to the clearing amid clamorous dogs, woke the cloistral silence of Greenway Court. A negro came out, beat back the dogs and let down the step, and the old man descended, leaning on Joe's arm.

Joe brought my lord his supper of venison and bordeaux, standing behind his chair till his master was done. This was not long tonight.

My lord took up a book, but threw it down again. Then he lit his pipe and sat long silent till the fire domed blackening. Joe came in, piled pine knots on it and went shuffling out again. The hounds yawned about the hearth or whimpered softly in their dreams.

Crackling steps roused them, and they scrambled out to bay and sniff and yelp, when the negro clubbed them back.

A heavy tread stumbled up the steps. An aged mastiff, curled under the old man's chair, hunched shoulders, growling, and the baron, sitting by the dead hearth, with the ashes fallen from his pipe, turned his head.

Henry stood on the threshold, carrying Armand in his arms.

As his bearer stood, rocking, the young man stirred, opened his eyes wide on the baron and thrust down his legs. "My lord," he cried gayly, but with weakness and husking breath, "I come early to—keep—my—appointment." He took a step and lurched forward on to the floor.

Lord Fairfax stood up like a blasted tree with two dead boughs left swinging. "Great heaven! The lad! Has Foy killed him?"

"Not yet," Henry answered. "No fault of his, my lord."

The baron shouted for his servants and for cloths, hot water and lily vinegar. "He must have a leech," he said.

"I will ride myself for the doctor at Ashby's Gap," Henry answered. "But I will dress the wound first." With Joe's help skins were spread on one of the couches and Armand laid thereon. Then, with a woodsman's knowledge of wounds, Henry drew his knife and cut away the clothing.

"It is not mortal?" asked the old man anxiously.

"No. But 'twas a foul lunge. Think not he was the poorest swordsman. Never was such a skill seen in the Virginias as he showed this night."

"Is it so?"

"Sir, he held that rat's life on the point of his steel. I swear to you he could have run him through a score of times an he would. They stopped the duel—soldiers from the fort—and that red devil of Dunmore's attacked him when he had thrown his weapon by and was empty handed."

"Ah!" cried the baron.

At length Henry stood up. "I am off to the Gap now. I shall not return with the doctor, since I must go on to Williamsburg tomorrow. But for safety's sake I shall pray him speed."

A struggle showed in the baron's face. No one had ever gone uncheered from his door. He kept open table at the Winchester courts, fed the poorer settlers with his own produce and would have filled the ragged hat of a beggar with guineas. One passionate hatred he had—hatred against the enemies of his king. All were alike to him, high or low. The times, growing beyond him, had put forward patriots. But, all alike, he deemed them vipers that bit the hand that fed them.

As Henry approached the door my lord was fidgeting in his chair. The hand was upon the latch when he could restrain himself no longer.

"Joe," he thundered, "fetch a stirrup cup! You may be a rebel, sir, but, blast my whips and spurs, you shall drink before you go! I could wish you were not an enemy of the king."

"Not of the king," said Henry, and smiled. "Not of the king, but of the king's rule."

A gleam of fierceness, of the uncompromising principle of his life, shot from under the old man's brows. "I hold with no disloyalty."

"I hold," said Henry in a low voice, "with my friend Colonel Washington."

"I abet no treasons," flamed the old man.

Henry's eyes hid a sudden gleam of satiric humor. He stretched out the glass the negro had brought him and proffered it to his host.

"I must decline," he said, "to accept hospitality from any man on earth who has aught to say against the character of Colonel Washington."

The baron stood for a moment with his jaw dropped, then coughed. "God knows"—he said, his voice shaking like a child's—"God knows I"—

But he got no further. "My dear Lord Fairfax!" exclaimed Henry, and drank the glass at a draft.

CHAPTER IX.

IN the gray wreathed dawn Lord Dunmore, at the head of his Virginia troops, marched off with fife and drum for Fort Pitt, and the buff and scarlet passed the King's Arms, where Anne peered from the window to see them off. In one of the scarlet groups she distinguished Francis Byrd. Drawing the curtains close under her chin, she put out a hand and waved to him, smiling, and he saluted her face with a flash of his sword and a wistful look as he rode by. Immediately behind the governor, near Jarrat, rode Foy, and a sting of resentment made her clinch her hands, with the steel in her eyes.

When they had gone she crept back into the warm bed and lay smilingly thinking. She should see Armand soon again, and he should never know what she had done. So thinking, she dropped to sleep and did not wake till the sun was high.

She breakfasted with gay spirits, insisted on riding horseback and, followed by John the Baptist, galloped off a half hour in advance of her aunt's chariot along the way to Greenway Court.

She entered. No one was in the hall, and her feet fell noiselessly in the thick buffalo robe on the floor.

She pushed open the door of the living room and then stopped, startled.

She saw a settle strewn with skins, a wave of curling brown hair pillowed on it, and under this a glimpse of a pale face turned away. There was a shaded window opposite, and light came through it whitely. A hand and wrist hung over to the floor. There was something desolate in the silence, something appealing in the droop of that hand that brought a smart to Anne's eyes as she looked.

Suddenly she caught her breath and took quick steps forward into the room, gazing searchingly at the figure on the couch—the strong hair, setting all the paleness of the face in a shadowy frame; the blue circles under the closed lids, the young mouth, the upward sweep of the rounded chin. She began to tremble exceedingly, her lips unsteady, her great blue eyes misting, her whole face caught in a quaking terror. She had gone whiter than a moon flower.

"They were too late!" she whispered. "You fought, then? Ah, while I was so glad!"

She crouched down by the settle, her hand pressed tight against her heart, full of a joyful anguish she had never known. Something she had fought down hitherto rose in her throat and choked her at sight of this hurt, this helplessness.

At last, yielding all at once, with a little sob and a gesture of pride and longing and surrender, she bent slowly, like a swaying lily, and kissed him on the forehead.

He stirred and opened his eyes with wonder in them to see her face so near.

"Mademoiselle!"

"You have been wounded!" she breathed.

He tried to rise and, failing, smiled at her. "It is a little thing. The doc-

She bent slowly, like a swaying lily.

tor has told me that. And you care! Then it is nothing—less than nothing."

"You make light of it."

He lifted himself on one elbow and stretched out an uncertain hand toward her. "Mademoiselle," he said, "was I dreaming when you came or did—or did"—

She was on her feet now, and her eyes turned their gaze away.

"No, no," she answered; "you were asleep."

"As I opened my eyes just now it seemed—as if you had—kissed me on the forehead. Was that a dream, mademoiselle?"

"It was a dream," she said hurriedly, her voice wavering.

"You kissed me?" Joy was in his look.

"No."

"Ah, mademoiselle!" He fell back on the skins.

With suddenly rosying cheeks she ran toward the door to meet the old baron entering from the hall.

There was at last a long November week while Anne was at Winchester and when she and Armand, his wound healed, rode together along the valley ways. The young Frenchman still remained a guest, for the baron would hear no word of departure. He swore he should not leave him till the season opened again at Williamsburg.

The day before their return to Gladden Hall the ladies spent at Greenway Court. As the mild November afternoon faded Armand and Anne sat in the rustic house, built of twisted grapevine, set where the round spur on which the lodge was built fell steeply down. A book lay on her knee.

Far away against the long sashes of sapphire light the sweep of ragged Blue Ridge stood listlessly. The river bottom was a violet gray reach of stain soaked grasses, hung with wreaths of trailing Virginia creeper, dabbled in the summer's blood, or as if the peaks ran down with red wine wasting.

Anne pointed where just below the river wavered like a sheet of spun silver, edged with soaked velvet.

"The Indians call it Shennando," she said, "Daughter of the Stars."

He leaned forward and lifted the little book, its binding of parchment, pale yellow, like antique ivory. "It is a tale of my own land," he said softly, "of Normandy, in the old days when the troubadours sang."

"I have not yet read it," she answered. "Tell me the story."

"It is of the son of a poor woodcutter. Toiling once by his hut in the forest, he saw by chance the daughter of a king as she rode past with her cavalcade. He brought her a cup of water, and she smiled on him. So fair she was that he loved her to desperation and could not rest nor sleep from thinking of her face. He traveled far and came by night beneath her window and sang songs to her, songs delicate and beautiful, in phrases that only his great love had taught him, and when he sang he touched the strings of his own heart. The lady listened, and her tears fell down from the window in the palace wall. She was a great lady and he the lowest of the land, and in the hopelessness of his passion he sang that he was a prince of a hostile country, wooing in attire of rags the darling to whose presence he might not rightly come. His were not like the songs of the gilded courtiers that flocked her father's gate. They were more noble and true, and his love climbed upon them as if on stairs of gold and drew her heart out to him over the sill. One night she slipped out to his arms in the darkness. Then he knelt on the yellow forest leaves and told her the truth and pleaded as excuse his great love. And he would have gone from her and left her to go back alone."

"What then?" demanded Anne.

"She took his hand and kissed him and went away with him to his hut in the forest."

Both were silent a moment.

The vivid tints in the sky were paling. The river's silver dulled to mauve. The gloom, all luminous, seemed an impatient suitor stealing amorous upon the drowsy day. The day stirred, glowed again and spread out a tawny flood as a woman drops her hair under some golden lamp to please a lover's whim.

"Think you," he asked then very low, "that such a love might be?"

"'Twas for love of her," she said softly.

When he spoke again she felt a thrill in his voice.

"Mademoiselle, suppose a man loves with a love that fills all the sky; that for him there was but the one woman in the world. Suppose she found that he was not what she had thought him when she first loved him; that the idol she had worshiped was just clay. If he stood mean and small before the world—before her—but still loving her, adoring her! If it were not a princess going to a hut in the forest, but a woman prideful and—and ashamed! Could she still love him as before? Could she? Could she?"

Her eyes could not meet his burning ones.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Her Sorrow.

One of the closest friends of Princess Mathilde was Count Benedetti, the French ambassador whom the king of Prussia was said to have insulted at Ems. Her words on hearing of his death, after he had been her intimate counselor for more than forty years, are worth recalling. "Alas," she said, "now there is no one left who will dare to contradict me."

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11w6

M. & O.

One way settler's excursion rates to Minnesota, North Dakota, Manitoba, Ontario, Saskatchewan and Assiniboia March 15, 22 and 29, April 5, 12, 19 and 26, 1904 at about one half one way rates.

For further particulars call or address

J. L. KELSEY,
Traffic Mgr. M. & O. Ry.
11w7 Manchester, Iowa.

I. C. Ry. Excursions.

General Conference Methodist Episcopal Church, Los Angeles, Cal., commencing May 3, 1904.

National Assn., of Retail Grocers of the W. S., San Francisco, Cal., May 3 to 8, 1904.

For the above meetings the I. C. Ry. will sell tickets to San Francisco or Los Angeles and return at less than one first class fare for the round trip.

Tickets on sale April 23rd to May 1 inclusive.

Final limit June 30th.

For rates and full particulars apply to the undersigned.

11w-7 H. G. PIERCE, Agent.

Homeseekers Rates to North and South Dakota.

Every Tuesday until October 25, the C. G. W. Ry. will sell round trip tickets to points in the above named states at a great reduction from the usual fare. For further information apply to any Great Western Agent, or J. P. Elmer, G. P. A., Chicago. 11w32.

Illinois Central

EXCURSION RATES.

Excursion tickets will b sold by the Illinois Central, to the points, and at rates, as follows:

TOURIST RATES

Tickets on sale every day until April 30, 1904 limited to June 1, 1904; for return; to Hammond La., New Orleans, La., Havana, Cuba, and many other Tourist points in Porto Rico, Cuba, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Mexico, Arizona and California.

Write for rates and free copies of New Orleans pamphlet, Hammmond folder, Cuban folder, California folder, Cuban folder, California or Florida folder.

Fare and one-third on Certificate Plan.

ONE FARE.

Mason City, Iowa,—State G. A. R. Encampment, June 7-9.

OPEN RATE OF ONE FARE PLUS $2.00. LESS THAN ONE FARE.

One Way, Second-class. Colonists' tickets to points in the South and South west on the same dates as Home seeker's Excursion tickets.

One Way, Second Class, Colonists' Rates to points in California and the Northwest. Tickets on sale daily, to April 30, 1904.

Los Angeles, Cal.—General Conference M. E. Church, May 3.

San Francisco, Cal.—National Association of Retail Grocers, May 3-8.

For particulars as to dates of sale, rates, etc., apply to any Illinois Central ticket agent, or address the undersigned.

J. F. MERRY Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent,
9w10 Dubuque, Iowa.

One way second class rates to Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Manitoba, Western Ontario, Saskatchewan and Assiniboia points.

Tickets on sale each Tuesday during the months of March and April.

In the above territory and on the above dates the I. C. R. R. will sell one way settlers' tickets. For rate apply to the undersigned.

H. G. PIERCE,
9x9 Agent, I. C. R. R.

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.

$50.00 to California and Return.

Via Chicago Great Western Railway. Tickets on sale April 23rd, to May 1st, inclusive. Good to return until June 30th. For further information apply to any Great Western Agent, or J. P. Elmer, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill. 15w3

Colonists Rates to Washington, Oregon, Etc.

The Minneapolis & St. Louis R. R. will sell daily during March and April one way excursion tickets to Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Helena, Butte, and other points in the Northwest, at extremely low rates. Thru trains to St. Paul and Minneapolis daily, making direct connections in the Union Depot with thru trains to the coast, giving but one change of cars.

Rates and full particulars furnished on application to agents, or address A. B. Cutts, G. P. & T. A., Minneapolis, Minn. 8w8

G. A. R. Encampment.

For the G. A. R. Encampment at Mason City, Iowa, June 6 and 8, the M. & O. Ry. will sell round trip excursion tickets, good to return until June 11th at one fare for the round trip.

13-w11 J. L. Kelsey, Mgr.

Homeseekers Rates to North and South Dakota.

Every Tuesday until Oct. 25 the C. G. W. Ry. will sell round trip tickets to points in the above named states at a great reduction from the usual fare. For further information apply to any Great Western Agent, or J. P. Elmer, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill. 13w28

General Conference M. E. Church Los Angels, Cal. commencing May 3. 1904.

For the above occasion the Manchester and Oneida Railway Co. will sell round trip tickets April 23, to May 1st inclusive, with final limit June 30th, 1904 at $50.00 round trip via direct routes.

$61.00 round trip going via direct routes and returning via Portland Huntington and Mo. River or via Portland and St Paul or vice versa.

For furthur information apply to.

J. L. Kelsey
12 7w Traffic Mgs. Manchester Iowa.

Imperial Council Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, Atlantic City, N. J., July 13 and 15.

For the above occasion the M. & O. Ry. Co. will sell first class round trip tickets to Atlantic City, N. J., at one lowest regular first class fare plus $2 00 for the round trip.

For further particulars call on or address the undersigned at Manchester, Iowa.

J. L. Kelsey,
13-w18 Traffic Mgr.

Triennial Conclave Knights Templar, San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 5 to 9, 1904.

For the above occasion the Manchester and Oneida Ry. Co., will sell round trip tickets to San Francisco or Los Angeles going and returning via any of the direct routes, $50.00.

Destination, San Francisco, going via Missouri River and via Ogden, via Albuquerque or via El Paso, returning via Portland and Huntington or Billings and Mo. River or the reverse, or St. Paul or reverse $61.00.

Dates of sale Aug 15 to Sept. 2, 1904. Final return limits October 15, 1904.

For transit limits, stop over privileges side trips or other information call on or address. J. L. KELSEY,
15w21 Traffic Mgr.

THE NEW YORK WORLD.

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The regular subscription price of the two papers is $2.50 tf

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 2:30 p. m. Connects with C. G. W., No. 4, east bound, and No. 9, west bound. Returning leaves Oneida at 5:45 p. m. arrives at Manchester at 5:27 p. m.

Train No 10, leaves Manchester at 4:45 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 5:15 p. m. Connects with south bound C. M. & St. P., No. 21. Returning leaves Oneida at 5:30 p. m., arrives at Manchester 6:00 p. m.

J. L. KELSEY,
Gen. Traffic Manager.

Through tickets for sale at Manchester to all points in North America.

—TRAINS WILL STOP ONLY AT—

Belknaps Crossing, Platform at Quaker Mill Switch, Franklin Street Crossing, Sly's Crossing, Miller's Crossing, Twin Crossing, Westbrook's Crossing.

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 pm	Thro Express	No 4* 3:42 p m
No 35 †6:05 p m	Chipper	No 34 †9:00 a m
No 5 † 9:00 a m	Local Express	No 6† 8:40 p m
No 53† 2:00 p m	Way Freight	No 54 11:45 a m

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

North Bound —Arrive—	Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No.306 8:00 p.m	†Passenger	No.305 9:10 a.m
No 354 8:40 a.m	†Passenger	No.355 3:20 p.m
No. 300 1:00 p.m	†Freight	No.303 5:30 p.m

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