The Filigree Ball

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,

Author of "The Mystery of Agatha Webb," "Lost Man's Lane," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Several mysterious deaths have occurred in the Moore house in Washington. It is vacant. Uncle David Moore, a prosperous heir, a widower recluse, lives across the street. His neice, Veronica Moore, in a fit of caprice opens the house to celebrate her wedding with Francis Jeffrey. A supposed guest was found lying dead in the fatal room before the ceremony was finished. When the story opens, the house is again empty, and Uncle David notifies the police that a light is seen there at night. II—A detective goes with Uncle David and after a view from the outside concluded that there is some one in the house. Summoning aid, he enters, while Uncle David retires within his own home and begins playing the organ. The detective finds the body of a woman on the floor in front of a settle which has played a part in previous tragedies. A pistol is attached to her wrist by a ribbon. III—In an upstairs room the detective finds burned matches, candles, a rich wrap lying with the bridal bouquet and a handkerchief marked "Veronica," with dust upon it. On a mantel are finger marks in the dust, and a picture on the wall has recently been dusted. IV—Veronica's half sister, Cora Tuttle, is strangely affected on the scene of the tragedy. The dead woman's watch had fallen and stopped at 7:13. Jeffrey comes in with a note from his wife saying that she did not love him as she thought. Miss Tuttle evidently loves him. V—Uncle

He sank rather melodramatically into his seat, yet his face and form did not lose that sudden accession of dignity which I had observed in him ever since my entrance into the house.

"I am overwhelmed by this news," he remarked. "She has shot herself? Why?"

"I did not say that she had shot herself," I carefully repeated. "Yet the facts point that way and Mr. Jeffrey accepts the suicide theory without question."

"Ah, Mr. Jeffrey is there!"

"Most certainly; he was sent for at once."

"And Miss Tuttle? She came with him of course?"

"She came, but not with him. She is very fond of her sister."

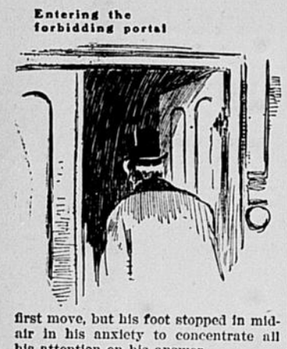
"I must go over at once!" he cried, leaping again to his feet and looking about for his hat. "It is my duty to make them feel at home; in short, to—to put the house at their disposal." Here he found his hat and placed it on his head. "The property is mine now, you know," he politely explained, turning, with a keen light in his gray eye, full upon me and overwhelming me with the grand air of a man who has come unexpectedly into his own. "Mrs. Jeffrey's father was my younger brother—the story is an old and long one—and the property, which in all justice should have been divided between us, went entirely to him. But he was a good fellow in the main and saw the injustice of his father's will as clearly as I did, and years ago made one on his own account bequeathing me the whole estate in case he left no issue or that issue died. Veronica was his only child; Veronica has died; therefore the old house is mine and all that goes with it—all that goes with it."

There was the miser's gloating in this repetition of a phrase sufficiently gloating of a man who sees himself suddenly rich after a life of poverty. There was likewise a callousness as regarded his niece's surprising death which I considered myself to have some excuse for noticing.

"You accept her death very calmly," I remarked. "Probably you knew her to be possessed of an erratic mind."

He was about to bestow an admonitory kick on his dog, who had been indiscreet enough to rise at his master's

Entering the forbidding portal



first move, but his foot stopped in mid-air in his anxiety to concentrate all his attention on his answer.

"I am a man of few sentimentalities," he coldly averred. "I have loved but one person in my whole life. Why, then, should I be expected to mourn over a niece who did not care enough for me to invite me to her wedding? It would be an affectation unworthy the man who has at last come to fill his rightful position in this community as the owner of the great Moore estate. For great it shall be," he emphatically continued. "In three years you will not know the house over yonder. Despite its fancied ghosts and death dealing fireplace, it will stand A1 in Washington. I, David Moore, promise you this, and I am not a man to utter fatuous prophecies. But I must be missed over there."

Here he gave the mastiff the long delayed kick. "Rudge, stay here! The vestibule opposite is icy. Besides, your howls are not wanted in those old walls tonight even if you would go with me, which I doubt. He has never been willing to cross to that side of the street," the old gentleman went on to complain, with his first show of irritation. "But he'll have to overcome that prejudice soon, even if I have to tear up the old hearthstone and reconstruct the walls. I can't live without Rudge, and I will not live in another place than in the old home of my ancestors."

I was by this time following him out.

"You have failed to answer the suggestion I made you a minute since," I hazarded. "Will you pardon me if I put it now as a question? Your niece, Mrs. Jeffrey, seemed to have everything in the world to make her happy, yet she took her life. Was there a taint of insanity in her blood, or was her nature so impulsive that her astonishing death in so revolting a place should awaken in you so little wonder?"

A gleam of what had made him more or less feared by the very urchins who dogged his steps and made sport of him at a respectful distance shot from his eye as he glowered back at me from the open door. But he hastily suppressed this sign of displeasure and replied with the faintest tinge of sarcasm:

"There! You are expecting from me feelings which belong to youth or to men of much more heart than understanding. I tell you that I have no feelings. My niece may have developed insanity or she may simply have drunk her cup of pleasure dry at twenty-two and come to its dregs prematurely. I do not know and I do not care. What concerns me is that the responsibility of a large fortune has fallen upon me most unexpectedly and that I have pride enough to wish to show myself capable of sustaining the burden. Besides, they may be tempted to do some mischief to the walls or floors over there. The police respect no man's property. But I am determined they shall respect mine. No rippings up or tearings down will I allow unless I stand by to supervise the job. I am master of the old homestead now and I mean to show it." And with a last glance at the dog, who uttered the most mournful of protests in reply, he shut the front door and betook himself to the other side of the street.

As I noticed his assured bearing as he disappeared within the forbidding portal which, according to his own story, had for so long a time been shut against him, I asked myself if the candle which I had noticed lying on his mantelshelf was of the same make and size as those I had found in my late investigations in the house he was then entering.

CHAPTER VI.

NEXT morning the city was in a blaze of excitement. All the burning questions of the hour—the rapid mobilization of the army and the prospect of a speedy advance on Cuba—were forgotten in the engrossing topic of young Mrs. Jeffrey's death and the awful circumstances surrounding it.

Though I was the hero of the hour and, as such, subjected to an infinite number of questions, I followed the lead of my superiors and carefully refrained from advancing any theories beyond the obvious one of suicide. The moment for self exploitation was not ripe; I did not stand high enough in the confidence of the major, or, I may say, of the lieutenant of my own precinct, to risk the triumph I anticipated ultimately by a premature expression of opinion.

I had an enemy at headquarters; or, rather, one of the men there had always appeared peculiarly interested in showing me up in the worst light. The name of this man was Durbin, and it was he who had uttered something like a slighting remark when on that first night I endeavored to call the captain's attention to some of the small matters which had offered themselves to me in the light of clews. Perhaps it was the prospect of surprising him some day which made me so wary now as well as so alert to fill my mind with all known facts concerning the Jeffreys. One of my first acts was to turn over the [illegible] of the Star and read the following account of the great wedding. As it is a sensational description of a sensational event, I shall make no apology for the headlines which startled all Washington the night they appeared:

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"Halls which had moldered away in an unbroken silence for years echoed again with laughter and palpitated to the choicest strains of the Marine band. All doors were open save those of the library—an exception which added a pleasing excitement to the occasion—and when by chance some of the more youthful guests were caught peering behind the two Corinthian pillars guarding these forbidden precincts the memories thus evoked were momentary and the shadow soon passed.

"The wedding had been set for high noon, and as the clock in the drawing room struck the hour every head was craned to catch the first glimpse of the bride coming down the old fashioned staircase. But five minutes, ten minutes, a half hour, passed without this expectation being gratified. The crowd above and below were growing restless when suddenly a cry was heard from beyond the gilded pillars framing the library door, and a young lady was seen rushing from the forbidden quarter, trembling with dismay and white with horror. It was Miss Abbott of Stratford Circle, who in the interim of waiting had allowed her curiosity to master her dread and by one peep into the room, which seemed to exercise over her the fascination of a Bluebeard's chamber, discovered the outstretched form of a man lying senseless and apparently dead on the edge of the hearthstone. The terror which instantly spread among the guests shows the hold which superstition has upon all classes of humanity. Happily, however, an unseemly panic was averted by the necessity which all felt of preserving some sort of composure till the ceremony for which they had assembled had been performed, for simultaneously with this discovery of death in the library there had come from above the sound of the approaching bridal procession, and cries were hushed and beating hearts restrained as Miss Moore's charming face and exquisite figure appeared between the rows of flowering plants with which the staircase was lined. No need for the murmur to go about: 'Spare the bride! Let nothing but cheer surround her till she is Jeffrey's wife!' The look of joy which irradiated her countenance and gave a fairylike aspect to her whole exquisite person would have deterred the most careless and self centered person there from casting a shadow across her pathway one minute sooner than necessity demanded. The richness of the ancestral veil which covered her features and the natural timidity which prevents a bride from lifting her eyes from the floor she traverses saved her from observing the strange looks by which her presence was hailed. She was consequently enabled to go through the ceremony in happy unconsciousness of the forced restraint which held that surging mass together.

"But the bridesmaids were not so happy. Miss Tuttle especially held herself upright simply by the exercise of her will, and, though resplendent in beauty, suffered so much in her anxiety for the bride that it was a matter of small surprise when she fainted at the conclusion of the ceremony.

"Mr. Jeffrey showed more composure, but the inward excitement under which he was laboring made him trip more than once in his responses, as many there noted whose minds were not fixed too strongly on flight.

"Only Dr. Auchincloss was quite himself, and by means of the solemnity with which he invested his words kept the hubbub down, which was already making itself heard on the outskirts of the crowd. But even his influence did not prevail beyond the moment devoted to the benediction. Once the sacred words were said, such a stampede followed that the bride showed much alarm, and it was left for Mr. Jeffrey to explain to her the cause of this astonishing conduct on the part of her guests. She bore the disclosure well, all things considered, and once she was fully assured that the unhappy man whose sudden death had thus interrupted the festivities was an intruder upon the scene and quite unknown, not only to herself but to her newly made husband, she brightened perceptibly, though, like every one around her, she seemed anxious to leave the house, and, indeed, did so as soon as Miss Tuttle's condition warranted it.

"The fact that the bride went through the ceremony without her bridal bouquet is looked upon by many as an unfavorable omen. In her anxiety not to impose any longer upon the patience of her guests, she had descended without it.

"As to the deceased, but little is known of him. Letters found on his person prove his name to be W. Pfeiffer and his residence Denver. His presence in Miss Moore's house at a time so inopportune is unexplained. No such name is on the list of wedding guests, nor was he recognized as one of Miss Moore's friends either by Mr. Jeffrey or by such of her relatives and acquaintances as had the courage to enter the library to see him.

"With the exception of the discolored mark on his temple, showing where his head had come in contact with the hearthstone, his body presents an appearance of natural robustness, which makes his sudden end seem all the more shocking.

"His name has been found registered at the National hotel."

Turning over the files I next came upon the following dispatch from Denver:

"The sudden death in Washington of Wallace Pfeiffer, one of our best known and most respected citizens, is deeply deplored by all who knew him and his unfortunate mother. He is the last of her three sons, all of whom have died within the year. The demise of Wallace leaves her entirely unprovided for. It was not known here that Mr. Pfeiffer intended to visit Washington. He was supposed to go in quite the opposite direction, having said to more than one that he had business in San Francisco. His intrusion into the house of Miss Moore during the celebration of a marriage in which he could have taken no personal interest is explained in the following manner by such as knew his mental peculiarities: Though a merchant by trade and latterly a miner in the Klondike, he had great interest in the occult and was a strong believer in all kinds of supernatural manifestations. He may have heard of the unhappy reputation attaching to the Moore house in Washington and, fascinated by the mystery involved, embraced the opportunity afforded by open doors and the general confusion incident to so large a gathering to enter the interesting old place and investigate for himself the fatal library. The fact of his having been found secluded in this very room, at a moment when every other person in the house was pushing forward to see the bride, lends color to this supposition; and his sudden death under circumstances tending to rouse the imagination shows the extreme sensitiveness of his nature.

In the hotel reading room

"He will be buried here."

The next paragraph was short. Fresher events were already crowding this three days old wonder to the wall.

"Verdict in the case of Wallace Pfeiffer, found lying dead on the hearthstone of the old Moore house library.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Hours and Luck.

As strong as the superstition of Friday is that concerning certain hours in European and oriental countries.

In Paris the superstition is so prevalent that an enterprising business is that of selling cards on which are printed the hours that should be avoided.

The famous Gambetta consulted a reader of cards as to the auspicious day for embarking on any important enterprise.

President Carnot was skeptical of such things, and he chose an unlucky hour for his journey to Lyons, where he was assassinated.—American Queen.

HEARTS COURAGEOUS

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

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"To have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health'"—

"To have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health'"—

She was sobbing now so that she could scarcely frame the words:

"To love and to cherish—till death us do'—join, Louis! It cannot, it shall not, part us!"

"My own love!" he said in choked tones, and held her quivering against his breast.

"The time is up," said the voice.

Anne clasped Armand with her young arms—tightly, desperately, as if her warm, yielding body, her face fragrant with white fragrance, could keep back the death that looked from those muzzles.

His hands disengaged her own to pin to his coat a yellow bauble he had taken from his pocket, and then, as she clung, her strained senses became conscious of a wheeling plunge of horsemen at the porch, hurried steps, a voice shaking with a strange vibration, asking questions in broken English.

At the sound Armand threw back his head and stood like a stone image.

There was a pause. Then—

"Louis Armand," said the sibilant, halting tongue, "I command you to open thees door! You will not, eh? You know who I am?"

The sideboard fell with a crash, the splintered door tumbled upon it, and Armand stood to attention in the blaze of lantern light. At a glance Anne knew the officer who stood in the doorway, surrounded by a glittering staff. He was the major general commanding the division.

"You surrendair, then? Good! An' where, Major Woodson, is the informair who has done such brilliant sairvice to denounce—eh? Come stan' beside me, M'sieu Jarrat, an' let us overwhelm thees villain!"

He advanced a step into the room, his bright eyes on the pair.

"Ha! An' you theenk I have never recognize you, Charles, all thees time—me who was your old brother in the College du Plessis? Me—Lafayette? Take off that wig! Take it off, I tell you!"

Mechanically, Armand put his hand to his head. He drew off the black peruke, and, all at once unconfined, his brown, curling hair fell to his shoulders, the ends just touching the yellow Cross of St. Louis which sparkled like a topaz on his breast. The act transformed him. The set mouth was gone, the face all softened to youthfulness.

"Louis Armand, the impostor, seized at Williamsburg!" shouted Jarrat. "Armand, who escaped the clutches of the congress! Armand, the traitor, gentlemen. Tear off his cross!"

One of the circle about Lafayette turned facing him with an oath, but the general was before him.

"No!" he cried. "No! Not Louis Armand the traitor, but Charles Louis Armand, colonel of Armand's legion and Marquis de la Trouerie!"

There was an instant of silence that turned a babel behind the speaker.

"A lie!" shouted Jarrat. "A lie! The Marquis de la Trouerie is dead!" Anne had risen, trembling, speechless, her eyes fixed and glittering.

"Aye," said Armand sternly, stretching his arm toward him. "He has been dead these five years. But he did not die when you supposed. That was but a play necessary to deceive a dog one would not wish barking at his heels. He called himself a secretary, and you—you jackal—you thought to buy him, a Frenchman, to betray his master, his king and these colonies!"

He advanced a step.

Lafayette laughed like a child. "He bribe him to be—what you theenk, gentlemen?—to be himself! A rare pleasantree, eh? And the congress, they theenk he trick them in seventee-six. They would arres' him yet, when he is denounce'—even my General Hazen!"

Jarrat had fallen back, his face black, his fingers convulsively working, his teeth gritting one on another like pebbles in the hand.

Armand's eyes were upon Anne, though he seemed to address all present:

"The marquis had a mission, and he found it to his purpose to—to become himself. He found many thorns in his way. But he found one rose—one rose so pure and fragrant that he wished to gather it. He found a lady—a lady of Virginia, who loved him and believed in him. The marquis was living then. He found himself in peril, and he trusted her. And at last—he thought she had betrayed him."

"Ah, my friend," cried Lafayette wistfully, "these long months seeing you, and I have never told you I knew you—never asked wherefore you hid yourself from all. Was I not a friend, Charles?"

"Then," Armand continued, "God forgive his unbelief! Then was when he died!"

A great lovely light had come to Anne's face and smiled from her colorless lips—a light more lovely than the aurora over snows.

"Is it true?" she faltered, looking at him in a sort of unbelieving wonder. "Is it true? And will he live again?"

For answer he knelt down at her feet and come to its dregs prematurely. I do not know and I do not care. What concerns me is that the responsibility of a large fortune has fallen upon me most unexpectedly and that I have pride enough to wish to show myself capable of sustaining the burden. Besides, they may be tempted to do some mischief to the walls or floors over there. The police respect no man's property. But I am determined they shall respect mine. No rippings up or tearings down will I allow unless I stand by to supervise the job. I am master of the old homestead now and I mean to show it." And with a last glance at the dog, who uttered the most mournful of protests in reply, he shut the front door and betook himself to the other side of the street.

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Anne clasped Armand with her young arms—tightly, desperately, as if her warm, yielding body, her face fragrant with white fragrance, could keep back the death that looked from those muzzles.

His hands disengaged her own to pin to his coat a yellow bauble he had taken from his pocket, and then, as she clung, her strained senses became conscious of a wheeling plunge of horsemen at the porch, hurried steps, a voice shaking with a strange vibration, asking questions in broken English.

At the sound Armand threw back his head and stood like a stone image.

There was a pause. Then—

"Louis Armand," said the sibilant, halting tongue, "I command you to open thees door! You will not, eh? You know who I am?"

The sideboard fell with a crash, the splintered door tumbled upon it, and Armand stood to attention in the blaze of lantern light. At a glance Anne knew the officer who stood in the doorway, surrounded by a glittering staff. He was the major general commanding the division.

"You surrendair, then? Good! An' where, Major Woodson, is the informair who has done such brilliant sairvice to denounce—eh? Come stan' beside me, M'sieu Jarrat, an' let us overwhelm thees villain!"

He advanced a step into the room, his bright eyes on the pair.

"Ha! An' you theenk I have never recognize you, Charles, all thees time—me who was your old brother in the College du Plessis? Me—Lafayette? Take off that wig! Take it off, I tell you!"

Mechanically, Armand put his hand to his head. He drew off the black peruke, and, all at once unconfined, his brown, curling hair fell to his shoulders, the ends just touching the yellow Cross of St. Louis which sparkled like a topaz on his breast. The act transformed him. The set mouth was gone, the face all softened to youthfulness.

"Louis Armand, the impostor, seized at Williamsburg!" shouted Jarrat. "Armand, who escaped the clutches of the congress! Armand, the traitor, gentlemen. Tear off his cross!"

One of the circle about Lafayette turned facing him with an oath, but the general was before him.

"No!" he cried. "No! Not Louis Armand the traitor, but Charles Louis Armand, colonel of Armand's legion and Marquis de la Trouerie!"

There was an instant of silence that turned a babel behind the speaker.

"A lie!" shouted Jarrat. "A lie! The Marquis de la Trouerie is dead!" Anne had risen, trembling, speechless, her eyes fixed and glittering.

"Aye," said Armand sternly, stretching his arm toward him. "He has been dead these five years. But he did not die when you supposed. That was but a play necessary to deceive a dog one would not wish barking at his heels. He called himself a secretary, and you—you jackal—you thought to buy him, a Frenchman, to betray his master, his king and these colonies!"

He advanced a step.

Lafayette laughed like a child. "He bribe him to be—what you theenk, gentlemen?—to be himself! A rare pleasantree, eh? And the congress, they theenk he trick them in seventee-six. They would arres' him yet, when he is denounce'—even my General Hazen!"

Jarrat had fallen back, his face black, his fingers convulsively working, his teeth gritting one on another like pebbles in the hand.

Armand's eyes were upon Anne, though he seemed to address all present:

"The marquis had a mission, and he found it to his purpose to—to become himself. He found many thorns in his way. But he found one rose—one rose so pure and fragrant that he wished to gather it. He found a lady—a lady of Virginia, who loved him and believed in him. The marquis was living then. He found himself in peril, and he trusted her. And at last—he thought she had betrayed him."

"Ah, my friend," cried Lafayette wistfully, "these long months seeing you, and I have never told you I knew you—never asked wherefore you hid yourself from all. Was I not a friend, Charles?"

"Then," Armand continued, "God forgive his unbelief! Then was when he died!"

A great lovely light had come to Anne's face and smiled from her colorless lips—a light more lovely than the aurora over snows.

"Is it true?" she faltered, looking at him in a sort of unbelieving wonder. "Is it true? And will he live again?"

For answer he knelt down at her feet and kissed her tears upon it.

When they looked up they were alone in the room. From the yard came the rattle of bridle chains and the bustle of mounting. Lafayette met them on the threshold.

"I have search' all the place for a—what you call it?—sidesaddle," he laughed, "an' there ees one at las', Colonel, ma'amselle, you shall ride to town wit' me. We shall all be jus' like big children tonight! Ah, I have forget—you did not know that only two, t'ree hour ago, Cornwallis has surrendair to the Americans!"

THE END.

Nature's Great Invention

On de banks ob de Amazon, far away, far away,
Whar Dr. Green gits August Flowers to dis day;
Ah picked dose flowers in August in ole Brazil,
An' aldo' I'se a Yankee, ah longs to be dar still.

August Flower is the only medicine (free from alcoholic stimulants) that has been successful in keeping the entire thirty-two feet of digestive apparatus in a normal condition, and assisting nature's processes of digestion, separation and absorption—for building and re-building—by preventing ALL irregular or unnatural causes which interrupt healthy and perfect natural processes and result in intestinal indigestion, catarrhal affections (causing appendicitis—stoppage of the gall duct), fermentation of unhealthy foods, nervous dyspepsia, headache, constipation and other complaints, such as colic, biliousness, jaundice, etc.

August Flower is nature's intended regulator. Two sizes, 25c, 75c. All druggists.

National Democrat Convention
St. Louis Mo. July 6-1904

For the above convention the I. C. R. R. will sell tickets to St. Louis and return at a rate of one fare plus 25 cents for the round trip, tickets on sale July 2 to 6 inclusive limited to return until fifteen days from date of sale.
25w3 H. G. PIERCE, Agt.

Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, April 30 to Dec. 1, 1904.

Manchester & Oneida Railway will sell tickets at special rates to St. Louis and return April 30 to November 30.

Cheap Season tickets, good to go on or before November 30 and return any time before December 15.

Cheaper Tickets good to go and return within 60 days, not later than December 15.

Cheapest Tickets good to go and return within 10 days.

And Besides Special limited 5 day coach excursions from time to time. These tickets (except special coach excursion tickets) are good on all trains and in parlor and sleeping cars, and include transfer of passengers and baggage at junction points.

There are many routes to choose from. For information as to special rates and routes apply to J. L. KELSEY, Traffic Mgr. 17-7mo.

Special Train to San Francisco, August 30th, 1904.

The Illinois Central Railroad Company will run a special Knights Templar train to San Francisco, leaving Manchester at 7:53 a. m. August 30th, making stops at Colorado Spring, Pikes Peak, Royal Gorge, Grand Canyon of the Arkansas, Glenwood Springs and Salt Lake City, arriving at San Francisco 5:20 P. M., September 4th. Round trip rate from Manchester $50.00, tickets limited to October 23rd and may be used returning via the direct route. $17.00 is the sleeping car rate per doule berth to San Francisco. Application for berths should be made direct to the undersigned at Dubuque, Iowa.

Many fine special trains have been run to California within the past few years, but it is safe that this special Knights Templar train, which will accommodate everybody who would enjoy a most delightful trip, will be made up of the best Pullman sleepers, and will run through to San Francisco, without change. The route is the Illinois Central, Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, Denver & Rio Grande, Rio Grande Western, and Southern Pacific. No more beautiful scenic route could possible be selected, and parties who expect to attend the Triennial Conclave or who would visit California, should take advantage of these low rates and send in their application at once for sleeping cars accommodations, and for a Knights Templar folders giving detailed information as to the trip and places of interest in and about San Francisco.

J. F. Merry,
21-14w Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent.

First and third Tuesday of Each Month.

The Chicago Great Western Railway will sell Homeseekers Tickets at one fare plus $2.00 to points in Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mexico, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, New Mexico, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia, and Wyoming. Further information apply to any Great Western Agent, or J. P. Elmer, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill. 19w33

Special Summer Tourist rates to St. Paul and Minneapolis, via the M. & O. Ry

On July 14 to 18, 1904, inclusive the Manchester and Oneida Ry. will sell round trip tickets to St. Paul and Minneapolis at one first-class fare plus fifty cents ($6.80) for the round trip, good to reture until Aug 5th except by depositing ticket with joint agent, an extension of limit may be obtained to return up to and including September 15, 1904.

J. L. Kelsey
Traffic Mgr.

Homeseekers' Excursions.

The Chicago Great Western Railway will on the first and third Tuesday up to October 18, sell tickets to points in Alberta, Arizona, Assiniboia, Canadian Northwest, Colorado, Indian Territory, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Saskatchawan, Texas, Utah and Wyoming. For further information apply to any Great Western Agent or J. P. Elmer, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.
18w24

Business Opportunities For All.

Locations in Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota and Missouri on the Chicago Great Western Railway; the very best agricultural section of the United States where farmers are prosperous and business men successful. We have a demand for competent men, with the necessary capital, for all branches of business. Some special opportunities for creamery men and millers. Good locations for general merchandise, hardware, harness, hotels, banks and stockbuyers. Correspondence solicited. Write for Maps and Maple Leaflets, W. T. Reed, Industrial Agent, 604 Endicott Building, St. Paul, Minn.

Sovereign Grand Lodge Independent Order of Odd Fellers San Francisco Cal. September 19, 25. 1904.

For the above named occasion the Manchester and Oneida Ry. Company will sell round trip tickets from Manchester to San Francisco or Los Angels, Going via Missouri River and via Albuquerque, via Ogden or via El Paso, returning via the same or any other of the above mentioned gateways, at $50.00 round trip.

To San Francisco, Going via Missouri River and via Ogden, via Albuquerque or via El Paso, returning via Portland and Huntington or Billings and Missouri River or the reverse, or St Paul or the reverse $61.00 round trip.

Date of sale Aug 15 to Sept 2rd 1904. Final return limits Oct 15th 1904.

For transit limits stop over prisileges side trips, or other information call on, or address the undersigned at Manchester Iowa. J. L. Kelsey
17-16 Traffic Mgr.

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. El