Over the Border

By ... ROBERT BARR,

Author of "Jennie Baxter, Journalist," Etc.

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After riding a few miles at a slow pace they came to the end of a road with a horizontal lane at its head, extending east and west. As they turned to the right some object loomed in the fog ahead, and there came a sharp cry:

"Who goes there?"

"To the left," whispered Armstrong, turning his horse. Frances obeyed instantly, but the man in front fired his musket into the air and raised a shout, whereupon four others sprang from the dripping bushes, and two of them seized the reins of the startled horses.

"Resistance is useless," said the soldier, hanging to the rein of the plunging Bruce. "There are a hundred men along this lane."

"I have no need to resist," cried Armstrong, with affected indignation, although none realized so well as he that the game was up. "We are peaceful travelers under safe conduct from General Cromwell himself."

"The lieutenant will be here directly," said the man, and as he spoke a party of horsemen came galloping down the lane.

"Who fired that shot?" cried the officer in charge. Before an answer could be given he came upon the two captives. "Who are you?" he demanded.

"Travelers to Carlisle, who have lost their way in the mist and are seeking the highroad."

"If you have a pass, let me see it."

"Here it is."

"Your name is Armstrong perhaps?"

"The pass does not say so."

"Do you deny it?"

"No."

TWO CAVALIERS BURST UPON THEM OUT OF THE FOG.

"You are prisoners. Where is the bugler?"

"Here, sir."

"Sound the recall."

The man placed the bugle to his lips, and the merry notes rang out into the obscurity. After a roll call, every name being answered, the lieutenant gave the word to march, and horse and foot set out for the west, the two prisoners in the center of the phalanx. The head of Frances drooped, and Will rode close by her side as cheerful as ever, trying to comfort her.

"Clever man, this Cromwell," he whispered, with admiration in his tones. "You see what he has done? He has run thin lines across the country as fast as horses could gallop, stringing out the local men as they went along. We have probably blundered through one or two of these lines, but were bound to be caught sooner or later unless we made for the coast on either side, and that would but have delayed things a bit, for there was little chance of us getting ship with all ports in his hands. It serves me right. I should have killed De Courcy and then galloped for it. However, the Lord stands by us, Frances. Never forget that."

"It doesn't look much like it," said the girl despondently.

"Oh, well, nothing looks like itself in this accursed fog. Why couldn't we have had this mist on the road from York? Still, I don't think it would have made any difference once Cromwell's riders got to the north of us. Resourceful man, Oliver. I like him."

"And I don't. Yet you are supposed to be against him, and I am supposed to be for him. I fear him."

"Oh, there's no danger; not the slightest for either of us. I'm in no danger; neither are you."

"I trust it will appear so."

"It cannot appear otherwise. He was trying to frighten you when he said he would hang me. He is a sly, capable dog, who will be satisfied with having beaten me and will not court trouble with my countrymen by hanging even a borderer. It cost one of our kings his throne to do the like of that."

This conversation, with which there was no interference on the part of their captors, was brought to a conclusion by their arrival at the main road. Here a halt was called, and the bugle was sounded, again to be answered as before, from different directions. "Dismount," said the officer to Armstrong, whereupon the latter without a word sprang to the ground. Against the next move he protested, but his opposition was unavailing and indeed unreplied to. The officer gave the lady and the two horses in charge of a party of six with orders to take them to Lichfield and install them in the cathedral. A guard was to be set at the door, and no communication was to be allowed with any one outside. Orders from headquarters were to the effect that the lady was to be treated with every deference, and these orders were impressed upon the six men. The detached squad disappeared down the road in the fog, and Armstrong stood disconsolate and angry, but helpless, surrounded by troopers.

Presently Armstrong heard the trampling of horse to the south, and presently the sound of voices became quite audible through the fog. There seemed to be a dispute going forward, which was something unusual in the parliamentary forces, where, if discipline appeared lax, instant obedience was invariably required.

"I tell you, colonel, I am to take charge of the lady and escort her to Cromwell."

"I have no orders to that effect."

"I have come direct from Cromwell, and those were his orders."

"I do not take orders from you. I hold written instructions relating to both the man and the woman, and these I shall carry out."

"You will be wise to hang the man on the nearest tree and take his papers to Cromwell."

To this there was no reply, and Armstrong now knew that De Courcy had not been so badly hurt as he had pretended, for he had taken a long ride to the north since then. The prisoner recognized his voice long before his cavalier costume emerged from the mist. De Courcy had not changed his apparel, and it formed a strange contrast to the parliamentary uniform, as indeed did Armstrong's own dress.

"Ah, my young friend," cried De Courcy, the moment he recognized the prisoner, "you had your laugh in the morning, and I have mine in the evening."

"There is a time for everything," replied Armstrong indifferently, "and my time for laughing is in the morning. It is brighter then."

"Yes, it looks rather dark for you at the moment, and you seem less merry than when I met you earlier."

"Oh, there were more amusing things happening then, that's all. How's your horse?"

"We are neither of us the worse for our encounter. Don't you wish you could say the same for yourself?"

"I do, and I thank you for your sympathy."

"Have you sent the woman to Lichfield?" asked the officer in chief of his subordinate.

"Yes, colonel. Some two hours ago."

"Very well. We will relieve you of your prisoner. Take your men to Birmingham."

"Is there any truth in the royalist rising there, colonel?"

"None in the least. Have you heard anything?"

"Nothing but a rumor that there was an outbreak of some sort. I heard that a detachment from Lichfield was to leave for Birmingham."

"We will turn it back if we meet it. Good night."

At the word the lieutenant and his men marched off to the south, and Armstrong was taken in charge by the squadron of horse. A trooper was dismounted and his steed given to Armstrong, of whom no questions were asked, as he had expected. They seemed very sure of their man. The cavalry set off to the north, and De Courcy rode close beside his enemy, taking a delight in taunting him.

The angry Scot was forced to make the best of it in silence, while the Frenchman, very polite and jocular, pressed ironic services upon him, asked after the girl, and said he would use his influence with Cromwell to have a silken rope used at the coming execution of so distinguished a spy. It is ill to tamper with a border temper, as the Frenchman soon discovered. Armstrong slipped his knife from his belt and held it in readiness, when his attention was drawn to the trampling of an approaching host in front of them, and he remembered that here was coming the troop from Lichfield, which expected to meet a body of the king's men if the rumor from Birmingham were true.

The rumor had no doubt been started by the riding north in hot haste of this courtier now at his side, at a time when such costume was not seen outside Oxford. Besides, the country was in a constant state of alarm, and the wildest tales were current, whose constant contradiction by after events did nothing to allay ever recurring panic. Armstrong quietly gathered up his reins, watched his opportunity, and, instead of running his blade between the ribs of De Courcy, jabbed the point into the flank of the Frenchman's horse.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOWEVER graceful the Frenchman might be on foot, and no one denied his elegance of bearing, he was but an amateur on horseback, and when his steed unexpectedly plunged forward he relinquished the reins and grasped the mane. For one brief moment the attention of the troop was diverted toward the unexplained antics of the maddened horse and the imminent overthrow of its rider. If it had been the horse of Armstrong that had begun these dancings, his guards would have been instantly on the alert for an attempted escape, but at the very moment their eyes should have been on the Scot their attention was withdrawn. Armstrong did not laugh, but, thrusting back his knife, whipped out his sword and struck De Courcy's horse twice with the broad of it. His own steed leaped forward under the prick of the spur, and before the colonel could give a word of command the two had disappeared in the fog ahead. Even then the colonel, who was the only man that had his wits about him, did not think there was the least chance of escape, for he heard the troop coming toward him, and Armstrong must run directly into it. He rose in his stirrups to give the alarm to those ahead, when all heard a ringing shout: "Charge, cavaliers! God save the king! Charge!"

Out of the fog came a spattering fire, then a volley. Two horses and three men went down, while the other troopers hastily unslung their carbines and fired down the street without waiting for the word of command.

"Stop, you fools!" yelled the colonel. "You are shooting your own men." Then to the oncomers he roared a like warning, which was drowned in another volley. The Lichfield men were not to be taken in, even if they had heard the warning. With their own eyes they had seen two cavaliers burst upon them out of the fog with a strident cry for the king. De Courcy, coming first, they concentrated upon him, and he went down before them. Armstrong, swinging his sword, smiting right and left, bellowing like a fiend in true cavalier style, a very Prince Rupert come again, dashed at the weakest spot, and his impetuosity carried all before him.

"Never mind him!" cried the leader as some would have pursued. "Fire, and break their charge!" And fire they did right stoutly until a maddened officer, with a bravery that scorned the bullets around him, galloped along their front, waving his sword and commanding them to stop.

"You are killing your own men!" There are no royalists, but an interfering fool of a Frenchman and an escaped Scot. Back to Lichfield!" Nevertheless a battle is not quelled at a word, and the brave colonel pressed through among them and galloped in pursuit of his late prisoner.

Once clear of the clash Armstrong was not sparing of a horse that belonged to some one else. At great risk to his neck he raced through the blind fog, sword in hand, ready for further opposition should he meet it. He emerged from the fog with a suddenness that startled him. The sun had set, and there, barely a mile away, stood out against the darkening sky the great red bulk of the cathedral with its war broken towers and the little town huddled at its feet. At the same moment he became aware that some one was thundering after him, and again he dug the cruel spurs into the laboring horse.

A glance over his shoulder showed him the colonel breaking through the bank of fog, and he thought of turning and fighting him on the run, but the sound of firing had ceased, and he knew the colonel would prove a stouter combatant than the Frenchman, so he hurried on. Aside from this, Lichfield had been roused by the sound of the guns, and he saw the long, narrow street that lay between him and the cathedral becoming alive with pikemen and knew he would have his work cut out for him if he was to get safely through the town. As soon as he came within earshot he shouted to them:

"Barricade the street! The king is upon us. I have just escaped. Our men are on the retreat. Defend the town to the south. Barricade! Barricade!" Thus he clattered through Lichfield, shouting.

The soldiers began the running out of carts and whatever other obstructions they could lay their hands upon to make the way difficult for the oncoming colonel, who swore as loudly at their stupidity as if he were the king's own.

"What are you about, you accursed clodhoppers? Don't you know a king's man when you see one? Leave that rubbish and follow me to the cathedral."

Armstrong's horse, nearly done, staggered over the bridge and up the slight incline that led to the cathedral precincts. Across the gounds surrounding the church had been raised a great earthwork, and the battered west front of the sacred building showed that war had been no respecter of sculptured beauty. A lone pikeman paced up and down before the cathedral door, but paused as he saw this impetuous rider, whose horse had stumbled and fallen at the top of the rubbish heap.

"What do you there?" shouted Armstrong, springing nimbly from his fallen horse. "Didn't you hear the firing? Down to the street and help your comrades! The town is attacked! Run!"

"I was told to stand here," objected the bewildered guard.

"Run, confound you! Do you question the word of an officer?"

The man, trailing his pike, ran and disappeared down the street.

"Frances, Frances, are you within? Open the small door. It is I, Armstrong."

"Yes, yes; I knew you would come," he heard her say, and then followed the welcome rattle of the bolts. But they must be speedily drawn if they were to clear the way for a man hard pressed. Over the barricade surged a wave of pikemen, twoscore or more, the mounted colonel behind them urging them on with pungent oaths.

"Sanctuary! Sanctuary!" shouted Armstrong, raising his sword aloft, standing under the arched doorway, steadfast as one of the stone knights beside him.

In spite of the cursing of the colonel, in spite of the battered condition of the great church, in spite of the deadening influence of the war, the cry of "Sanctuary!" struck home to many of the hearts there opposed to the fugitive, and the pike topped crest of the human wave paused for one brief instant, yet it was enough. Before the wave broke and fell the small door gave and swung inward. As the pikes rattled against it Armstrong had the bars and bolts in their places again.

"Break down that door!" he heard the colonel roar outside, while the impetuous William clasped the girl in his arms and kissed her.

"Lassie, I'm glad to meet you again, although it's just dark enough in this place for the seeing of any one."

The young woman shook herself free.

"We wasted too much time at that before. Let it be a lesson to us. This place is a stable. Our horses are well fed, and the saddles are still on them."

"But is there a way out?"

"Yes; a small door in the northeast corner. Come."

"It will be guarded surely."

"No. I think they wanted me to escape, for they went out that way after barring the front door. But they didn't think you would be with me when I took my leave. Come quickly or they will be round to it from the front."

The two made their way to the farther end of the cathedral, where the horses were stalled. The vast nave was dark and would soon be black as a cellar until the moon rose. It was used as a military storehouse, as a stable, and as a dormitory for troops when the accommodation in the town was overtaxed. As Armstrong and his companion stumbled over obstructions toward the horses, the spacious chamber rang with the impact of timber against the stubborn doors. Frances, knowing the geography of the place, led the way with her horse, and Armstrong followed with his. Once outside, there was more light than he wished for, but their way to the rear was clear, and, mounting, he took the lead, crossing an alpine ridge which had done duty during the siege, and taking a somewhat terrifying leap down to the greensward of the field at the back of the cathedral. Then they ran north through a slight valley and for the moment were safe from observation.

"The moon will be up soon," said the young man, "and I don't know whether to welcome it or fear it."

"We shall do neither, as we have no influence one way or another, and must bear its disadvantages or the reverse, as chance wills. Now tell me what happened. How did you escape?"

The tale was soon told, half humorously, as if it were an escapade rather than an escape, and the narrator wound up with a determination to avoid the main road in future.

"I give you full credit for great ingenuity, but we stumbled upon the parliamentarians with no plans made. Everything has been done on the spur of the moment, and has not been thought out before the crisis came. A few chance remarks got us clear at Warwick, while inspiration and a fog were your safety at Lichfield, and even then by one brief instant of time. The recurrence of such strokes of luck and good management are not to be looked for. Some time the moment needed will go against us, and then all is lost. I propose we take to the main road again, which must be near at hand on our left."

"You forget we have no pass from Cromwell now. The lieutenant has it."

"You will have a pass for yourself the moment you are north of Manchester, which cannot be more than fifty miles away. We must get over those miles as speedily as possible. Therefore the main road is our route."

"Yes, if it were practicable. Surely danger lies thick along the main road."

"I do not think so. While in the cathedral I heard troop after troop of men going northward. They will carry the news of your capture, but not of your escape. Until they beat in the door of the cathedral and search the place thoroughly no messenger will be sent north. We are ahead of them once more, with the news of your capture traveling in front of us. We will keep ahead so long as we ride fast and until we stop somewhere for the night. Then they, having relays of horses, while we have only our own, will pass us. We cannot ride all night or we shall kill our horses. But we can cover a good deal of the ground between here and Manchester. Once north of Manchester I think you are fairly safe. So I propose we ride now for the main road and keep going as long as our horses are able to travel."

"Agreed! But, following your own instructions, what are we to say when we are stopped? We have no pass, so how am I to account for myself?"

"You are a Roundhead soldier, sent on to Manchester by the colonel at Lichfield."

"I look like a Roundhead soldier!" cried William, with a laugh.

"You will. It is always well to have some one in a traveling party who can think. Have you not noticed the load you carry behind your saddle?"

Armstrong turned. The rising moon displayed a steel cap that looked like an overturned pot and a bundle of cloth, all neatly strapped on.

"The cathedral is a storehouse for uniforms and accouterments enough to fit out a regiment. I selected the largest suit I could find, with cloak and cap, and belted them to your saddle. Now I shall hold your horse while you to into the thicket and change your raiment. Conceal your cavalier costume as well as you can, so that if they trace us over this fog sodden turf, which is likely, they will get no hint of your new appearance. It might be well to climb a tree and tie your discarded shell among the leaves with the straps that bind the bundle to your horse, and be careful to leave neither the king's message nor your purse with your finery."

It was a happy omen for future domestic peace that the huge man did at once and without question what the comparatively fragile young woman bade him, she holding his horse while he made the rapid change. When he emerged the horse plunged, and she had some ado to hold him until he heard his master's voice and laugh.

They speedily came upon the main road and cantered on through the beautiful night, determined to put fifty miles or thereabout between themselves and Lichfield, but before they had accomplished half that distance Armstrong saw that the girl was completely exhausted in spite of her disclaimers, for aside from the tiresome day's travel she had had little sleep the night before. It was most tempting to push on, for the night was perfect and the road was good. Even though they passed through several villages they were not questioned. Soldiers in drab cloaks and steel caps were too common on the road to cause comment, and they were as yet in advance of any news of escape.

At last they came to a farmhouse near the roadside, and Armstrong beat up the inmates, bringing a woman's head to an opened window. At first she would admit no one at that hour of the night, but the moon shining on the steel cap and the long cloak apparently gave her confidence. Her husband was in the south with Cromwell, she said. She could make a place in the house for the lady, but the soldier would find better accommodation than he was accustomed to in an outhouse.

With this Armstrong expressed himself as amply satisfied. They dismounted, and he led away the horses. He found a place for them in a shed, examined them and rubbed them down with care. Having satisfied himself that they were none the worse for their long journey, he attended to their wants and flung down some bundles of straw for his own night's lodging. He began to think he must go supperless or run the risk of foraging in an unknown pantry, if he could find entrance, when he saw Frances approach from the house with a loaf of bread and a lump of cheese on a trencher and a measure of ale.

CHAPTER XXIX.

GREAT is the recuperative power of youth, and shortly after sunrise the two were on the road again, refreshed and with high courage, to face the outcome of another long ride. They had traveled farther than their estimate of the night before and so found themselves but little more than twenty miles south of Manchester. In the night the weather had undergone another change, and the sun was hidden, while now and then a scurry of rain passed over them.

"I have made up my mind," said Frances, "that we must part."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOMAN'S WORLD

MRS. L. S. WADSWORTH.

One of the Patriotic Club Women of Massachusetts.

One of the prominent patriotic club women of Massachusetts is Mrs. Lue Stuart Wadsworth of Boston, who is particularly distinguished for her work in the Woman's Relief corps. Mrs. Wadsworth is a member of Dahlgren corps, No. 20, of South Boston. She was born in California, but during her childhood her parents, Samuel and Margaret Turner Stuart, came to Boston. She received her education in the public schools. A descendant of seven soldiers of the Revolution, she is justly proud of her escutcheon.

In 1887 she became intensely interested in patriotic work and joined the Woman's Relief corps. Later she married Captain Edward B. Wadsworth, prominently connected with the Massachusetts volunteer militia. Mrs. Wadsworth has been honored three times

MRS. LUE STUART WADSWORTH.

with the presidency of corps 20. For ten years she has been a patriotic instructor and was the first to obtain permission of the Boston school board to place flags in the public schools. Through her efforts nearly all the public and parochial schools in South Boston have had placed in their rooms copies of the Declaration of Independence, flags and drawings giving the origin of the stars and stripes.

Mrs. Wadsworth is historian of John Adams chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution and an associate member of Paul Jones chapter of the same society. She is a chapter member of the George Washington Memorial association, a life patron of the National Council of Women, a member of the Eastern Star, the Woman's Charity club, the Ladies' Aid association of the Soldiers' home and Mattapannock club of South Boston.—Boston Traveler.

Always Keep Faith.

Many a woman who would not think of lightly breaking a promise made to a grownup person is utterly careless about keeping her word with her children. She promises whatever is convenient at the moment and apparently thinks that the breaking or keeping of those promises is a matter in which she can please herself and that her children have no right to consider themselves aggrieved if she does not do so.

A mother who acts thus does her child grievous harm. She forgets that the sense of justice is strong in quite a little child and that it is natural and reasonable that he should expect his parents to be as good as their word and to fulfill their promises even at the cost of convenience. Promises should not be lightly broken, and the parent who is guilty of this soon loses his children's confidence, which is one of the sweetest things which our little ones can give us.

When boys and girls learn to doubt their parents' truthfulness, says the London Gentlewoman, they soon look around for some one else whom they can trust, and on that person they shower their affection and bestow their confidence.

Rugs.

In the matter of rugs the inexperienced young housewife is very apt to err on the price. A cheap rug is an abomination, and bare floors are preferable. Better to have one good rug, representing self denial and strictest economy, than the hideous patterns and colors that are always the hall mark of the cheap article.

Such lovely stains, as far as coloring goes, come now for floors—rich dark blues, greens and browns—that the absence of a rug is hardly noticed. Some of the prettiest coverings for a floor, artistic and subdued, are the Dhurri rugs, but it is almost impossible to keep them flat. They will roll at the ends.

Of course, the real oriental rug is the very best, where it can be afforded at all, for beauty and durability. It is, however, rather heavy for the smaller rooms. In these, if the Navajo blanket will not be at open war with the other furnishings, choose that. Only the brilliant dyes in these substantial blankets make them difficult to use, red and white, with plenty of black, usually predominating.

The Woman Ocean Traveler.

The woman ocean traveler will make a serious mistake if she burdens her cabin trunks with an elaborate wardrobe and makes a display of her gowns. Common sense comfort is the only rule of dress that holds on shipboard. Even the society stars who go abroad with twenty or thirty trunks allow the glories of their millinered creations to remain behind the locks of these trunks and wear only the simplest, most comfortable and most inconspicuous garments while at sea.

Aside from the fact that salt air is not good for fine garments, custom has wisely decreed that it shall be so. The woman who makes a display of her gowns on an ocean steamship reveals either ignorance or bad taste, and ignorance is a bad taste. A single modest dinner gown, a walking skirt and two or three shirt waists, a pair of common sense rubber soled shoes for walking on deck, a severely plain hat or Tam o' Shanter and plenty of warm wraps are the outer essentials of the wardrobe for an ocean voyage.—Earl Mayo in Era Magazine.

Massage the Ears.

Women who will spend hours massaging their faces nearly always neglect to include their ears in this renovating process, the consequence being that their ears lose their color and freshness. The importance of massaging the ear is urged by a leading beauty specialist. As women advance in age and lose inevitably their girlishness the ear has a tendency to grow old with the rest of the face. It loses its pretty pink freshness and begins to stand out from the head as if it had taken to growing again. This is due probably to the sagging of the muscles in front of the ear and to the shriveling of the ligaments and the soft padding of fat. Delicate massage with the tips of the fingers is said to resuscitate the nerves, quicken the circulation and nourish the cartilage of the ear, in time restoring the delicate pink flush that is so much admired.

Pretty Toilet Idea.

Women nowadays like to express their individuality by having all their toilet powders, perfumes and other cosmetic accessories perfumed with the same odor. It is a pretty conceit which some girls have adopted, that of finding the flower for their birth month and using it to the exclusion of all other perfumes. One girl has carried out this idea quite extensively in all her dainty toilet preparations. All are of the hue of violets and possess the odor as well. Her face, toilet and tooth powder, as well as sachet, perfume and toilet water, all breathe of violets, and, furthermore, her cozy boudoir is hung with delicate violet hangings, etc.—New York Telegram.

The Apron Pocket.

If you have been annoyed by having your apron pocket always catching on door knobs and other projections, try putting them in this way: After front breadth is gored cut it out slightly at outer upper corner and face it around for pocket opening. Then sew pocket on underneath front before joining the back breadths on. They may be put on both sides or only the right, or the piece may be put clear across under front, making it wear better. These pockets are very convenient.

Children and Books.

Children should be taught to handle books with reverence. Let each child have a shelf in the library for his own particular books, making him a part owner in the home library, which will have its sure effect in teaching him to value books and to look upon the library as a family institution. Whether the books be schoolbooks, library books or home books, old or new, insist in a tactful way upon their receiving the best of care.

Varnished Furniture.

Spots on varnished furniture are readily removed by being rubbed with essence of peppermint or spirits of camphor and afterward with linseed or olive oil. Rub the oil in well with a piece of flannel and then take a clean piece and rub again. Furniture which has become quite shabby looks like new after this process.

The Tablecloth.

Never leave the white cloth on between meals. It does not look well, and, besides, its freshness soon becomes marred with constant use. It should be folded carefully in the virginal creases after each meal and laid away in a drawer. This will be found an economy after a little trial.

Marble Tops.

Don't allow your washstand, if it possesses a marble top (or your marble chimney piece), to remain with ugly stains upon it when by making a paste of vinegar and whitening, which you spread over the surface and leave on for twenty-four hours, you can make it perfectly clean.

Marking Ink on Linen.

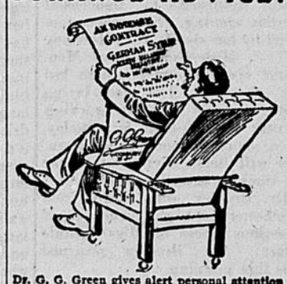
Remove marking ink from linen thus: Paint the mark with a solution of cyanide of potassium, applied with a camel's hair brush. As soon as the ink disappears the linen should be rinsed in cold water and then washed in the ordinary way.

A Mean Insinuation.

Towne—There goes Slopsy. He must be in debt again. Browne—Why, he looks quite prosperous. That suit of his is quite new. Towne—Yes, that's why I say he must be in debt.

We regret the low voices of those who pay us compliments almost as much as we regret the high voices of those who abuse us.—Atchison Globe.

STRANGE ADVICE!



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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 2:00 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, West brook's Crossing.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No 1* 12:13 a m	..Past Train..	No 2* 3:42 a m
No 3* 2:18 pm	Thro Express..	No 4* 3:16 p m
No 33 †6:05 p m	....Clipper..	No 34 †9:00 a m
No 5 †9:00 a m	Local Express	No 6† 8:40 p m
No 98† 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 6:00 p.m	...†Passenger..	No.305 9:10 a. m
No 334 8.40 a.m	..†Passenger..	No.335 6:20 p. m
No. 360 1:00 p.m	...†Freight....	No.360 8:30 p. m

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

H. G. PIERCE, Station Agt.

No. 5 Runs to Sioux City only.
No. 3 Runs to Omaha only.
No. 1 has connections to Omaha, Sioux City and Sioux Falls and No. 2 from same points.

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, 1900

"THE LIMITED"	Lv. Omaha 7.30 p. m.	Lv. St. Paul 8.00 p. m.
	Ar. Minneapolis 7.30 a. m.	Lv Minneapolis 8.30 p. m.
	Ar. St. Paul 8.00 a.m.	Ar. Omaha 8.15 a. m.

A fast vestibule night train, daily, carrying through Pullman sleeping car and couches.

"THE EXPRESS"	Lv. Omaha 7.00 a. m.	Lv. St. Paul 9.00 a. m.
	Ar. Minneapolis 7.00 p. m.	Lv Minneapolis 9.30 a. m.
	Ar. St. Paul 7.30 p. m.	Ar. Omaha 9.40 p. m.

Fast day train, daily except Sunday, carrying throughparlor car and coaches.

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RY.

"The Maple Leaf Route."

Time card, Oneida, Iowa.

Chicago Special, Daily, Going East.....7:47 a m
Day Express daily.....2:39 p m
Way Freight daily ex. Sunday.....11:30 a m
Going West, North and South.
Way Freight, daily ex. Sunday.....11:20 am
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.

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 ill nois 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 V. & M. V. R. R., Chicago.

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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.

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Ass't Gen'l Pass'r Agent I. C. R. R.
Dubuque, Iowa.

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

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Every Day in the Year the M& O.

Are selling round trip tickets, good for 30 days to Chicago and Great Western stations, inside of 166 miles at 10% discount. 49tf

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.