

The Witch of Cragenstone

By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ,
Author of "In Love and Truth"

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CHAPTER IX.

As dawn gray spread over Taunston's face, white foam came on his lips, and removing his hat, he mopped his forehead with his handkerchief. For the moment he was stunned with disappointment and anger, so much so that he did not appear to hear Margaret's second imperative command to give way to her, and stood looking at her dumbly. A woman to scorn him! Since Taunston's majority in all the councils of the village his voice had ever been heard the loudest, carrying conviction with it. The people bowed him; he was a leader, and in his own family the women obeyed his sternest orders without question or even hesitation. In consequence he had commanded all about him for so many years he knew no other way of attaining his desires, so he thought now to conquer this girl, by the usual rise in his path to block it, by his first harsh methods of procedure.

"Before I leave this place tonight thou'lt unsay those words or I shall force them from thee!" he said in a choked voice, endeavoring to suppress his passion. Margaret laughed scornfully. "Force!" she exclaimed, lifting her skirts preparatory to moving away in the opposite direction. "Thou'st established a poor rule to win a woman, good cousin!" She stood before him, maddening in her fearlessness, her contempt of him and her beauty. With his heart full of baffled hope and despair at seeing failure close at hand, to control his desire to spring upon her and by sheer physical strength compel her to promise to marry him he dug his nails into his clenched hands until he almost forced the blood.

Not understanding his strong and passionate nature or indifferent to his suffering, Margaret continued lightly: "Thou'st ever been so generous with this advice to me, Jostiah, that I go I'll give thee, forsooth, some small coinance in return. Learn, then, that while force may be successful in driving men and animals, fair words, a gallant bearing and proper attentions are shafts that sooner reach a woman's heart."

She moved away. Jostiah sprang toward her, laying a strong, detaining hand on her arm. "Stay!" he exclaimed. "I would speak further. Dost think I heed thy foolish counsel? This time thou knowest, cousin, that God made woman to serve man, to recognize his better judgment in thankfulness and to bow her head in submission to his will. An eye hadst the wily, Margaret, the world would be ruled by distaffs, an' all would come to ruin."

In the dull hopelessness that took possession of him at the sight of the detestation now upon her face, and her pale face his voice grew less harsh and his manner slightly entreating as he said, "Mayhap my ways are not so soft and supple as those of the wicked worldly men, but I have black guards, that thou hast met abroad, but thou would find me true, Margaret, and just, and under my direction thou would soon see the value of my ways and follow the good-example I will ever seek to set for thee."

"I want none of thee nor thine examples," Margaret cried angrily. "And thou must cease thy persecutions! Know now for once and for all that I must make thee, that I loathe and hate thee, and that I hope our paths will never cross again!"

"An' thou hast no gratitude, woman, for my service on this estate, for thy present value on account of mine servants?"

"Thou hast had the yearly stipend that thou didst agree sufficient," she replied. "Now an' for the last time, let me pass."

Seeing the expression of strength and resolution on her face, he was maddened so disdained of him, Jostiah sickened as a realization of his absolute inability to control this woman came over him. Almost crazed with despair, he spoke furiously, hardly knowing what he said.

"Hear me once more, an' then thou canst go the downward path thou hast chosen unmoested. The honest prayer of an upright man is as a stench in thy nostrils because, wanton, thou lovest the wicked ways of thy French lover!"

Her blue eyes grew black, then fairly blazing. "Take care!" she said. Jostiah, unheeding, went on sneeringly. "I'll tempt up hatred and jealousy in his heart coming out of his white lips in taunting phrases."

"Thy French lover, whose sweet enticing ways and gallant bearing thou dost so much admire—he that was to follow these anon, to press his black, woe-there an' live restfully on this estate, spending thy gold for his pleasure until he died—why cometh he not? Whom art thouwive about him, keeping him away?"

across the face. He looked at her for an instant, not comprehending what had happened, with open mouth and staring eyes. Then as a realization of what she had done swept over him blood so angry flew to his head that it maddened him. Springing toward her, he caught her in his arms in a close embrace.

"Thou'lt kiss me where thou struck me," he cried with wild passion, "or else I'll kill thee!" She rocked and swayed in his embrace.

"Jostiah, I hate thee! Let me go!" "Then," he said, with gloating in his voice, "if e'er thy gallant courtier lover happen doth give thee thought enough to ride this way I'll make my boasts on thee! So kiss me, wanton, and not for nothing, for I'll be avenged!" She felt his hot breath on her cheek, saw relentless determination in the steady eyes above her, and, desperately trying to free an arm, felt herself in his arms in a vise of iron.

"Godfrey!" she called, now greatly frightened. "Aye, call him! He'll come anon when he doth grow weary of the maids in Lannon," he panted sneeringly. Both young and strong, they struggled desperately, Margaret trying to reach his face with her clutching fingers, but he held down her hands and laughed at her tauntingly.

"Godfrey, Godfrey!" Her voice rang out strong and clear through the forest. "Doth some one call?" Footsteps were heard running. Jostiah looked his hold slightly, listening. "It is I, Margaret Mayland!"

A man burst through the thicket and, with a sharp exclamation, caught Taunston by the shoulders, swung him round with the strength of a giant and with a well directed blow felled him to the ground, where he lay apparently lifeless.

"Godfrey!" Margaret, white faced and fainting, was clasped in the embrace of her lover, who, holding her to his heart, looked at the prostrate figure with fiercer advances of anger.

"The scene that I have witnessed here drew his sword. 'I'll kill him where he lays!'" "Nay, dear Godfrey, have not murder on thy soul," she said tremblingly, not without good reason. "Thy cousin, Jostiah Taunston, was out-angled by me, and I would not consent to wed with him."

"La Fabienne's brow grew dark. "God's pity! 'Twere not murder to slay that wicked living head! Rather 'twould be a deed of kindness to the world," he answered sternly, sheathing his sword with reluctance. "But to please thee, sweet, an' because I would not add further to thine horrors, I shall not molest him further."

He kissed her face and wound his arm about her in a manner affectionate and protecting. "Come with me, Margaret." She advanced a step or two, then paused, looking back hesitatingly. "Is he dead, Godfrey? I think but of his mother and poor Hetty."

"La Fabienne laughed scornfully. "Nay, my love, fear not, but come with me. His kind dieth not so easily."

"As the last sound of their voices died on the breeze Jostiah Taunston, his face livid, with blood dripping from his nostrils, staggered to his feet and, clinging to a tree for support, raised with a groan of hatred in the direction of the lovers had taken.

"So, thou hast arrived!" he panted with quick drawn breath. "Fool, thou didst not die, but art here! If the flesh to thy persuasions with my cousin against me an' my rightful claims! Insistence an' firmness, had you not, would have I the long run won her, an' the farm lands would have been mine!"

He stood erect, endeavoring to stanch the flow of blood and muttering promises and threats to himself. "But with that woman dangle's arms about her, Jostiah Taunston, thou hast no hope of Margaret Mayland now! So, ho, thou must use thy brain with subtle skill to smooth this complication out!"

Turning to go, he paused, shaking his finger in the direction that had taken, a sinister, wicked expression spreading over his drawn features. "Happen how if matters fall out not to thy liking, Mistress Mayland, thou'lt recall to mind too late that I offered thee the best a man could offer kindly in a good spirit until thou didst anger me beyond countenance! Thou didst flout me an' left me stunned an' bleeding—for all thy knowledge dead—to walk away with thy choice. 'Fair words, a gallant bearing an' a loving attitude,' he sneered, then shook his finger menacingly. "Thou hast chosen now, an' forsooth, something more that thou wot not of—an enemy, a man whose word will be taken here on all accounts an' who can bring thee into his power, one who would have loved thee, but who now hates thee. Thou'lt live to regret this night, mistress, and I to remember it!"

and howling of a dog—long, loud and forth, with blithe farewells to the tavern door, down the mountain to find the right road that brought us at last happily to Cragenstone. Sweet, art glad to see me?"

Margaret pressed the hand gently that held hers, saying, with a sigh of content: "Thou knowest well, dear Godfrey, how glad I am. Such nights of suspense, such burning fevers of impatience, such days of hourly heart-beat expectation, no mortal e'er before experienced. Methought perchance that thou wert dead, Godfrey, that thou wast so long in coming."

"Much blame do I take to myself for my carelessness, heart's love," La Fabienne replied, "but for the nonce my anxiety to be with thee put caution and heedfulness out of my mind. As I was telling thee, we came safely to a house below the fork in the mountain where the two roads lead in opposite directions. At first methought to continue our way on the dingle winding upward to our right, but, glancing at the two dark, craggy roads, difficult of ascent and steep, and realizing what a dire mishap it would be to wend our way on the wrong one, I asked for right direction from a maid at the cottage. Either from ignorance or a desire for mischief she said that Cragenstone lay at the end of the road leading to the left. So, trusting absolutely to her knowledge of the country hereabout, we fared forth on our journey."

"An' did thou meet no person to tell thee of this error?" Margaret inquired, with gentle sympathy. "Marry! Not one soul except a poor lad of vacant mind who mumbled and chattered at us as we passed," he replied. "Soon the drizzling dampness changed to steady rain that fell harder and heavier as we progressed, until at last it came down in great sheets of water, blinding our vision, washing rocks and gravel down the rough and dangerous path and almost sweeping our horses off their feet. Such an awful mountain storm, such cloudbursts, we had ne'er seen in France. Brave Gaston was struck with terror, declared we would be lost and entreated me to turn on horses' heads, but I, disregarding his pressed forward, knowing that the sweet expiring me, and myself scolding with impatience to hold thee in mine arms."

He paused a moment, looking intently from his high place into the dark valley below him. Margaret's upturned face regarding his with anxious interest. "What then, Godfrey?" "Soon we came upon a stream that ran bubbling and foaming across our path. With many round boulders from Gaston and some sharp rocks from myself, we contrived to get across."

Just then the moon rose over the hills, and the light of the moon shone so that the lovers could discern the pathway without trouble, and soon they turned the corner of the road, passing out of sight.

"The rough forest path or this stone, sweet Margaret, an' thou art on either. Is the portal of welcome that best befits my station," he rolled. "But I will go with thee gladly, oh, my love, an' thou leadest the way, even to the end of the world."

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stream was passable, and we rode forth, with blithe farewells to the tavern door, down the mountain to find the right road that brought us at last happily to Cragenstone. Sweet, art glad to see me?"

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MISS NETTIE PAYNE.

She is the Only Police Desk Sergeant in the County.

Miss Nettie Payne of Butler, Pa., is engaged in an occupation which, so far as known, is not followed by any other young woman in the country. She is desk sergeant of the police force in that city. Miss Payne does not wear a uniform.

For several hours each night Miss Payne is in charge of the force. Seated at a desk in headquarters from 9 p. m. to 12 a. m. she receives the hourly telephone reports of the patrolmen as they go over their beats and marks the time of the calls.

Simultaneous with the appearance of Miss Payne as sergeant a new police system was put into effect. Now there is a call for police assistance from any part of the town Miss Payne turns a button which flashes a red light hanging from an arm at the top of the building. It can be seen by the main street "signal" and from many other parts of the town. Every policeman calls up headquarters the moment he sees the red light and is informed by Miss Payne of the nature and location of the trouble.

Formerly Miss Payne was a seamstress, and she says she likes her police work very much. The appointment of Miss Payne was suggested by Chief Edward Schultz, who believed that she could do the work as well as any man. The objection was raised that she would not be able to respond in person to the calls for police services. The chief overruled this argument with the common sense reply that such a qualification was not necessary in a desk sergeant, for while he (or she) was not responding to one of the others might come on hand to receive them.

The force of the argument was appreciated by the police committee of the city council, which appointed Miss Payne. The Philadelphia North American.

The Art of Dressing.
The woman who has the most costly costumes is not always the best dressed. She of the correct selection of the work as well as any man. The objection was raised that she would not be able to respond in person to the calls for police services. The chief overruled this argument with the common sense reply that such a qualification was not necessary in a desk sergeant, for while he (or she) was not responding to one of the others might come on hand to receive them.

Change Your Hair Parting.
Hair nearly always begins to fall from one of two places—at the temples and where it is parted. If a parting be given, the old one will be afforded a chance of recovering itself, provided, of course, that proper measures be employed. The chief reason for hair falling out where it is parted seems to be the strain that is brought to bear by comb and brush.

Kitchen Shelves.
One of the greatest conveniences in the modern kitchen is the number of shelves made like the leaves of an old-fashioned table, which hang flat against the wall when not in use, but are held up by a bracket covered with white oilcloth tacked on by brass-headed nails. They are invaluable for extra cooking and serving have to be done.

Iron Rust.
Nothing acts on iron rust in cloth so quickly as lemon juice and salt. Be sure that the material is well wet with the lemon and completely cover the spot with salt. After reasonable exposure to strong sunlight not a trace of the rust will remain.

Handsome Shoulders.
The system by which One Woman's Figure Was Transformed.
"There is a society woman in Washington who publicly let it be known a few seasons ago that she desired a handsome pair of shoulders. 'I would give anything in the world,' she said, 'for a handsome pair of arms and shoulders.'"

"When pressed to be specific she said that she would give \$1,000. And with the help of \$1,000 the shoulder specialist went to work. They were to make her arms full and beautiful and her shoulders broad and handsome. They were also to pump out her neck sufficiently to match her shoulders."

"It took a long time, fully the three months stipulated in the contract, at the end of that time it was done. The woman had a handsome neck and a pair of lovely arms. Her shoulders were dreams, and evening after evening they glowed resplendent in the cabinet circle veiled only by a little chiffon. 'They are too handsome to be hidden,' said the woman proudly."

"The secret was all to be found in massage, in applications of cocoa butter, almond oil, coconut oil, cream and plenty of rubbing. And there were dashes of alcohol and hot water. The neck was pumped out very beautifully in that manner. To pump out a thin neck, a yellow neck and a neck that is shapeless with sharp shoulders and high shoulder blades joined with some hot water. Let the skin be steamed, but do not scald it, of course. Then apply the oils and creams, alternating them from day to day. Work steadily on the pores of the skin, for it is through them that the neck and arms are plumped."—Marian Martineau in Commercial Tribune.

A LOUNGING ROOM.
Clever Way to Utilize a Superfluous Small Apartment.
On the first floor of many houses there is an unnecessary little room, called through courtesy a den, a library or a reception room. As a matter of fact it is without purpose, and I have never yet been able to understand why an architect should add this superfluous room to a house. It is a waste of space, and since the room is there it must be considered fittingly furnished. This little room can, well be done in bamboo, suggests Vogue. Procure the kind of curtains that are used on

plazas to protect one from the sun and have the room covered in these with strips of bamboo partitioning off three foot spaces and covering the seams; a strip of bamboo is also run at the top close to the eave of ceiling, and another finishes the matting at the bottom. High bookcases painted a deep cream stretch along the walls, and natural color wicker furniture is effective in such a room. A square table, a lounging chair and a small high backed stool comprise the furnishing. Very coarse curtains are dyed a golden brown, and brown and yellow pottery in quaint shapes is placed on top of the bookcases—a box of flaming red geraniums are the one touch of vivid color in the room. On the table are the latest magazines and periodicals. The little room can thus be used as a restful lounging or waiting room.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.
Never leave soap lying in the water. A common screw with a stout string tied around the top makes a fair substitute for a corker.
To extinguish a chimney on fire take a large handful of sulphur and throw it into the fire. When the sulphur fumes ascend they will at once put out the fire.
Remove the footplate from the sewing machine occasionally after taking out the needle and clean the feeder with gasoline, using a darning needle to lift out the lint.
When it is not advisable to open the windows of a sickroom, yet necessary to change the heavy atmosphere, sprinkle a few spoonfuls of cologne in a basin and set fire to it.
To clean a terra cotta vase wash the vase well with soap and water; then scour it with sand. When clean, rinse it thoroughly and put it near the fire to dry, when its color will be found much improved.
Hot Water Bag Iron.
A resourceful woman ironed her gown with a hot water bag. She was making a short stay at a large hotel, and the only gown she had was her suitable to wear to dinner she had on late in the afternoon, was caught in a shower with it, and by the time she reached the hotel, after a crowded street car experience, her gown was a mass of unrecognizable wrinkles. At her wits' end, for guests were not allowed in the kitchen; therefore she could not get a hot iron. She filled her hot water bag with very hot water, laid her dress on the bed and ironed it in this way, making it look quite presentable.—Good Housekeeping.

Control Your Temper.
Would you be well? Then control your temper. You do not know that of this passion, this giving way to the worst that is in you, do you not only mental and mental, but actual physical harm? Temper invariably interferes with the process of digestion. It carries its lines on your face. It shows that the tissues and leaves you physically and mentally exhausted as well as morally weaker through each indulgence.

The Wooden Pie Plate.
The wooden pie plate is something that cooks are enthusiastic over. The pie is baked in it in the ordinary fashion and absorbs the grease while leaving the crust light and porous. The pie has been baked in the bottom. When done, it is slipped from the plate, which is then burned, to help bake another one, perhaps.

Sea Water.
Sea water is a complicated mixture of a great variety of substances. Roughly speaking, it consists of 90% per cent of fresh water plus 3% per cent of mineral salts. Three-fourths of these salts are chloride of sodium, or common salt, and the next largest constituent is chloride of magnesium. After these come sulphate of magnesium, sulphate of lime, sulphate of soda, bromide of magnesium and carbonate of lime. In addition to these substances sea water contains borate quantities of quite a variety of elements, including iodine, phosphorus and arsenic. It also contains iron, silver, copper, zinc, nickel, cobalt, iron and gold. There is said to be 2 cents' worth of gold in every gallon of sea water, but as yet nobody has found a way to extract it. Copper and zinc are found in some seaweeds, and certain species of coral is three-millionths silver.

Stonewall Jackson's Battles.
Stonewall Jackson's negro body servant knew before anybody else when a battle was imminent. "The general tells you, I suppose," said one of the soldiers. "Lawd, no, sir! De general never tell me nothin'." I observed de 'tention of de general dis way: Co'se he prays jes' like we all mor'nin' an' night, but when he gets up two, three times in a night to pray den I rubs my eyes an' gets up, too, an' packs de haversack, 'cause I done fine out dere's gwine to be old boy to put right away."—From Mrs. Roger A. Pryor's "Reminiscences."

Edible Birds' Nest.
The nests eaten by eastern people are made by birds of the swift tribe, which are remarkable for the character of their saliva. This, being extremely sticky, quickly sets into a substance resembling gelatin, of which their edible nests are made. In shape these resemble half a saucer and are usually found in caves, attached to rocks. They have no particular taste, but serve as a basis for thick, clear soup, to which various flavorings may be added at pleasure.

Spiders as Medicine.
Formic acid has been used for a long time by the Matabele natives in Africa as a cure for malaria and ague. It is taken by them in the form of spiders' webs, which contain a large proportion of formic acid. A traveler in Africa says that a meal of two of spiders cured him permanently of an attack of ague.

RAILROAD Time Cards.

Manchester & Oneida Ry.

TIME TABLE.	
Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 8:15 a. m. and arrives at Oneida at 9:30 a. m. Connects with west bound C. G. W. No. 8. Returns to Manchester at 6:00 p. m.	
Train No. 4 leaves Manchester at 7:15 a. m. and arrives at Oneida at 8:30 a. m. Connects with east bound Oneida at 7:00 a. m. Returns to Manchester at 6:15 a. m.	
Train No. 6 leaves Manchester at 6:45 a. m. and arrives at Oneida at 8:00 a. m. Connects with west bound C. G. W. No. 8. Returns to Manchester at 5:45 p. m.	
Train No. 8 leaves Manchester at 5:45 p. m. and arrives at Oneida at 7:00 p. m. Connects with east bound Oneida at 7:15 a. m. Returns to Manchester at 6:15 a. m.	
Train No. 10 leaves Manchester at 4:45 p. m. and arrives at Oneida at 6:00 p. m. Connects with south bound C. G. W. No. 8. Returns to Manchester at 5:30 p. m.	

Through tickets for sale at Manchester to all points North, Ontario, etc.
Trains Will Stop Only At—
Belknap Crossing, Platform at Quaker Mill Switch, Franklin Street Crossing, 3 1/2 Miles from Belknap Crossing, Twin Crossing, West Coast Crossing.
J. L. KELSEY,
Gen. Traffic Manager.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R. TIME TABLE.

Main Line Passenger Trains.	
WEST BOUND	EAST BOUND
No. 12 11:15 a. m. Pass. Train. No. 2 8:45 a. m. Pass. Train.	
No. 14 10:15 a. m. Pass. Train. No. 4 7:45 a. m. Pass. Train.	
No. 16 9:15 a. m. Pass. Train. No. 6 6:45 a. m. Pass. Train.	
No. 18 8:15 a. m. Pass. Train. No. 8 5:45 a. m. Pass. Train.	
No. 20 7:15 a. m. Pass. Train. No. 10 4:45 a. m. Pass. Train.	

Chicago Great Western Ry.
"The Maple Leaf Route."
Time card, Oneida, Iowa.
Chicago Special, Daily, Going East, 7:45 a. m. Day Express daily, 11:30 a. m. Night Special, Daily, Going West, 11:30 p. m. Way Freight, daily, Sunday, 11:30 a. m. Chicago Special, Daily, Going East, 7:45 a. m. St. Paul & Kansas City Exp. daily, 5:31 a. m. For information, see Chicago & St. Paul, Ill. C. A. Robinson, Agent, Oneida.

INVESTMENTS IN SOUTHERN LANDS

Such investments are not speculative. The South is not a new country. Market and shipping facilities are adequate. The climate is mild and favorable. Notwithstanding these advantages, the land is cheap. The price of land is well below its real value, and there are many opportunities for investment. For a free set of the possibilities of land investment, send for the "Maple Leaf Route" to Chicago, and send the Illinois Central Railroad for a prospectus. Write to the undersigned.
J. F. MERRY,
Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, Oneida, Iowa.

Compound Vapor and Shampoo Baths.

Most all diseases are caused by poisonous excretions, which are eliminated from the system by the use of NATURE's VAPOR and SHAMPOO. The name of the symptoms may vary, but the cause is the same. The name of the disease can usually be traced to the imperfect action of the excretory organs of the human body. A bath in accordance with scientific requirements is the best preventative and remedy for all diseases. The name of the disease may vary, but the cause is the same. The name of the disease can usually be traced to the imperfect action of the excretory organs of the human body. A bath in accordance with scientific requirements is the best preventative and remedy for all diseases.

Illinois Central Excursion Rates.

Excursion tickets will be sold by the Illinois Central, to the points mentioned below, on certain dates.
SUMMER TOURIST RATES.
Tickets on sale daily during the summer months. St. Louis, Mo.; Chicago, Ill.; St. Paul, Minn.; Denver, Colo.; Omaha, Neb.; Kansas City, Mo.; Springfield, Colo.; and Salt Lake City, Utah. Limited to 15 days. For rates and conditions, apply to the Ticket Office, Chicago, Ill. Tickets on sale only on certain dates.
ONE FAIR FARE \$2.00.
Home-ever-kept Excursions, West, South, South-east and South-west.
Tickets at 75 cents and third Tuesday of each month until October. To certain points in Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Canada and the Territory until October 31st. Will be sold every Tuesday until October 31st. For particulars, see General Agent, Oneida, Iowa.

SUMMER EXCURSION RATES.

Via the M. & O. to Summer Tourist Points, North, East, South and West.
Commencing June 1st and continuing daily thereafter until September 30, 1908, the M. & O. will sell round trip summer tourist tickets at greatly reduced rates with stop over privileges. For full particulars, see the information call on or address the undersigned at Manchester, Iowa.
J. L. KELSEY,
Traffic Mgr.

\$15 To Denver and Return, via M. & O. to National Encampment of G. A. R.

August 20th to September 4th, 1908. Return limit Sept. 4th to Sept. 12th. Except by depositing ticket with Joint Agent at Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, or Cheyenne, not later than Sept. 12th and by paying 50 cents additional at time of deposit, an extension of limit to Oct. 7th may be obtained.
J. L. KELSEY,
Traffic Mgr.