

# THE CONQUEST of CANAAN

By BOOTH TARKINGTON,  
Author of "Cherry," "Monsieur Beaucaire," Etc.

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CHAPTER IV.

ARIEL had worked all the afternoon in the kitchen, washing, dishing, and two hours were required by her to get ready for the dance. She curled her hair frizzily, burning it here and there, with a slate pencil heated over a lamp chimney, and she placed above one ear three or four large artificial roses, taken from an old hat of her mother's, which she had found in a trunk in the storeroom. Possessing no slippers, she carefully blacked and polished her shoes, which had been clumsily resoled, and fastened into the straps of her shoes the small rosettes of red ribbon, after which she swung the train of her skirt until she was proud of her manipulation of it. She had no powder, but found in her grandfather's room a lump of meringue that she was in the habit of taking for heartburn and passed it over and over her brown face and hands. Then a lingering gaze into her small mirror gave her joy at last. She yearned so hard to see herself charmingly dressed, and she had done so well that she was more attracted to look at than she had ever been in her life and that perhaps at last she might begin to be sought for like other girls.

It was in the dining room that the change began to come. There was a big chival glass at one end of the room, and she faced it when her turn came—for the mirror was popular with a sinking spirit. There was the contrast, like a lightning bolt, and she framed. The other girls all wore their hair after the fashion introduced to Canada by Mamie Pike the week before on her return from a visit to Chicago. None of them had "crimped" and none had detected their tresses with artificial flowers. Her alterations of the wedding dress had not been successful; the skirt was too short in front and higher on one side than on the other, showing too much of her legs, and shoes, which had lost their polish in the walk through the snow. The ribbon rosettes were fully revealed, and as she glanced at their reflection she heard the words, "Look at that train and those rosettes!"

"I tell you something," she heard her and saw in the mirror two pretty young women turn away with their handkerchiefs over their mouths and retreat hurriedly to an alcove. All the rest in the room except Ariel's were in the habit of looking at the color of the dresses from which they glistened out, and only Ariel wore a train. She went away from the mirror and pretended to be busy with a hanging thread in her hand.

Ariel sat in one of the chairs against the wall and watched the dancers with a smile of eager and benevolent interest. In Canada no parents, no guardians, no aunts or uncles, no friends of light to disannoy the dancer's youth. Ariel sat conspicuously alone. There was nothing else for her to do. It was not an easy matter.

Once or twice between the dances she saw Miss Pike speak appealingly to one of the superstitious, glancing at the same time in her own direction, and Ariel could see, too, that the appeal proved unsuccessful, until at last Mamie approached her and, taking her hand, flitted away, stood disconsolately beside her waiting for the music to begin. Ariel was grateful for him.

The orchestra furnished into "La Paloma." He put his arm mournfully about her and, taking her right hand with his left, carried her arm out to a rigid right angle, beginning to pump and balance for time. They made three false starts and then got away. Ariel danced badly; she hopped and lost the step, but received compliments from other couples continually.

She caught her partner making a burlesque face of suffering over her shoulder and, turning her head quickly, saw for whose benefit he had constructed it. Eugene Bantry, flying expertly by, Mamie was bestowing upon Mr. Filicoff a consecutively complimentary wink. The next instant she tripped in her train and fell to the floor at the feet of her partner with her.

There was a shout of laughter. The young hostess stopped Eugene, who would have gone on, and he had no choice but to stoop to Ariel's assistance.

"It seems to be a habit of mine," she said, laughing loudly.

She did not appear to see the hand he offered, but got to her feet without help and walked quickly away with Norbert, who received a wink up to the character he had given himself.

"Perhaps we had better not try it again," she laughed.

"Well, I should think not," he returned. "I am sure the dance is a good one. With the air of conducting her home he took her to the chair against the wall where he had brought her. There his responsibility for her seemed to cease. He will you excuse me?" he asked, and there was no doubt that he felt that he had been given more than his share that evening, even though he was fat.

Ariel sat through more dances, interminable dances and intermissions, in that same chair, in which, it began to seem, she was to live out the rest of her life. Now and then if she thought people were looking at her as they passed she broke into a laugh and nodded slightly, as if still amused over her mislay.

After a long time she rose and, laughing cheerfully to Mr. Filicoff, who was standing in the doorway and replied with a wince, stepped out quickly into the hall, where she almost ran into her grandfather's arms. He was going toward the big front doors with Judge Pike, leaving just come out of the latter's library, down the hall.

Jones was breathing heavily and was shockingly pale, though his eyes were very bright. He turned his back upon his grandniece sharply and went out of the door. Ariel turned from him quite as abruptly and re-entered the room where she had come. She laughed again to her fat friend as she passed him and, still laughing, went toward the fatal chair, when her eyes caught sight of Eugene Bantry and Mamie coming in through the window. She went to the window and looked out.

gesture and dejected.

"No ice for me," said Joe.

"Won't you please go now?" she entreated.

"I wouldn't be good manners," he responded. "They might think I only came for supper."

"Hand me back the things. The waiter might come for them any minute."

"Take them, then. You'll see that jealousy hasn't spoiled my appetite."

A bottle shaped figure appeared in the window, and she had no time to take the plate and cup which were being pushed through the palm leaves. She whispered a syllable of warning, and the dishes were hurriedly withdrawn as Norbert Filicoff, wearing a solemn expression of injury, came out upon the veranda.

He halted suddenly. "What's that?" he asked, with suspicion.

"Nothing," answered Ariel sharply.

"Where?"

"Behind those palms."

"Probably your own shadow," she replied. "Or it might have been a draft moving the curtains."

He did not seem satisfied, but stared hard at the spot where the dishes had disappeared, meantime edging back cautiously nearer the window.

"They went away," he said, after a pause. "Some one's come for you."

"Oh, is grandfather waiting?" she rose, at the same time letting her handkerchief fall. She stooped to pick it up with her face away from Norbert, and toward the palms, whispering tremulously, but with passionate urgency, "Please go!"

"Isn't your grandfather that has come for you," said the fat one slowly. "It is old Eskew Arp. Some thing's happened."

She looked at him for a moment, beginning to tremble violently, her eyes growing wide with fright.

"Is my grandfather—is he sick?"

"You better go and see. Old Eskew's waiting in the hall. He'll tell you."

She was by him and through the window instantly. Norbert did not follow her; he remained for several moments looking earnestly at the palms; then he stepped through the window and beckoned to a youth who was lounging in the doorway across the room.

"There's somebody hiding behind those palms," he whispered when his friend reached him. "Go and tell Judge Pike to send some of the negroes to watch outside the porch, so that he doesn't get away. Then tell him to get his revolver and come here."

Mr. Filicoff had found Mr. Arp waiting in the hall talking in a low voice to Mrs. Pike.

"Your grandfather's all right," he told the frightened girl quickly. "He sent me for you, that's all. Just hurry and get your things."

She was with him again in a moment, and, seizing the old man's arm, hurried him down the steps and toward the street almost at a run.

"You're not telling me the truth," she said—"you're not telling me the truth."

"Nothing has happened to Roger," he said. "Nothing to mind, I mean. Here we're going this way, not that." They had come to the gate, and as she turned to the right he pulled her round sharply to the left. "We're not going to your house."

"Where are we going?"

"We're going to your Uncle Jones'."

"Why?" she cried in supreme astonishment. "What do you want to take me there for? Don't you know that he's stopped speaking to me?"

"Yes," said the old man grimly, with something of the look he wore when delivering a clincher at the National House; "he's stopped speaking to everybody."

Manhattan Island.

Indiana who accepted \$24 from Governor Peter Munst for Manhattan Island in 1626 did not make such a bad bargain, for if they had invested that sum of money at compound interest at the prevailing rates since then their heirs would now have \$12,000,000,000.

Keeping Pace With the Service.

Patron (angrily)—Bring me some lunch. Restaurant Waiter—But you've already ordered a breakfast, sir! Patron—Yes, but it was breakfast time then.

Courage!

If you get a job the first day you look for it don't be discouraged. You may lose it Saturday.—Atlanta Journal.

Where Angels Fear to Tread.

A company of young American tourists visited the home of Beethoven in Bonn and were unimpressed in their expressions of wonder, admiration and approval of the room where the master had lived and worked. They asked many questions about Beethoven, and finally one young lady seated herself at his piano and proceeded, with true American confidence, to play the "Moonlight Sonata," Beethoven's own work, in his own room, on his own piano. Such an interesting combination!

The old caretaker stood there, stern and silent. When the performance was over the young lady turned to the old man and said:

"I suppose many musicians have been here and have played on this instrument?"

"Faderewski was here once, ma dame."

"Ah!" she sighed.

"But," continued the faithful guardian, "when some one urged him to play on Beethoven's piano he said, 'No, I am not worthy.'"

When the Disease Let Go.

An old man was just recovering from an operation, and as he lay regaining consciousness he heard the doctor say to a nurse regarding some powders to be given him, "if one every hour is too much give him a half one every half hour." The old gentleman raised himself up on his elbow and said:

"Say, doc, that reminds me of a man that had a Newfoundland dog. His wife got so tired of having him (the dog, not the man) track up the floors and porches that finally she made her husband take the dog to town and sell him. That afternoon he returned radiant. 'Well,' he said, 'I've sold him for \$25.' 'Good!' cried his wife. 'I can get that hot now.' 'But,' continued the man, 'I bought two puppies with the money.'"

The doctor looked at the nurse and said:

"I think he'll recover."

P. S.—He did.—Judge.

The Reason For It.

"No," said the imberbered person, "when I want financial assistance I go to strangers. I do not ask friends or relatives."

"Well," answered the logical man, "maybe that's the best way. Friends and relatives are in a position to keep posted on a man's record."—Washington Star.

Test Superstitions.

Superstitions as to toads having been early inculcated, it has been exceedingly difficult to get rid of them. One remnant of this ancient credulity still exists. It is in regard to the absolute imperishable character of the toad. There are well educated Americans who believe that a toad hops out alive from a slab of stone though he has been imprisoned there for several millions of years. We give in brief Dr. Buckland's experiments with toads in 1825. He took twelve toads and had the toads put in twelve cells cut in sandstone, and over these he put plates of glass. They were buried in a garden for over a year. When exhumed they were all dead. Then some were put in porous sandstone, and at the end of a year a few were found "greatly emaciated." When buried for another year, they all died. Toads were inclosed in wood, and they all died. The conclusion is that, deprived of atmosphere or without food, toads must die. If a toad as a tadpole could have entered a crevice in a rock, it might have grown, but would have died in time for want of air and food. This toad nonsense is so ineradicable that it is supposable it never can be dissipated.

Pellisson's Little Adventure.

Pellisson, the famous French historian, was frightfully ugly. One day as he was walking down the street a beautiful girl took him by the hand and conducted him to a house close by. Dazzled by the girl's charms and flattered himself that this adventure could not possibly entail any unpleasant consequences, he had not the strength to offer any resistance. His fair captor introduced him to the master of the house, a French nobleman, whereupon she took her departure, "Line for line, exactly like this," Pellisson, on recovering from his astonishment, demanded an explanation. "The master of the house, after sundry apologies, confessed that he was a painter."

"I have undertaken," he added, "to supply the lady with a picture of the 'Templation in the Wilderness.' We have been debating for a couple of hours as to the mode of representing the scene, and I have decided by saying that she wished me to take you for a model."—Revue Anecdotique.

The Judge Sinned Too.

Wirt Gerrard, in his volume on "Greatest Men of the World," in the czar's country one may not call another a fool. There is a Scriptural injunction against that, and it is consequently a legal offense too. Not long ago a "vint" player called his partner a fool for needlessly trumping their trick and offending the particular accuser before the court. The culprit pleaded provocation and, knowing that the judge was a passionate follower of the national game, explained the matter in detail. The judge became interested and asked the particulars of the play. The vint player took the trick with my queen, and, instead of throwing away, my partner played the king," shouted the accuser. "The fool!" said the judge. Then he hastily dismissed the case.

The Berry He Was.

When Bishop Berry of the Methodist Episcopal church was a young preacher he once gave a lecture in a rural community. Washing to be witty, he announced to his audience that he was a berry and called upon them to state what kind of berry. Nearly every berry known in the vicinity was guessed, and the speaker refused to share the honors of his auditors. At last an old lady who was not sympathetic with the seeming levity of the lecturer, arose and exclaimed in a squeaky voice: "I know what kind of a berry you are. You are a gooseberry and a very green one at that." He went with the lecture. And the lecturer did quickly.—Christian Work.

Animal Shell.

It is a curious fact that the shells of certain animals, such as cephalopods, brachiopods and some bivalves, are commonly marked by retrogressive changes as age advances. "The old man returns to second childhood in mind and body," states a well known scientist as the result of the shell of the cephalopod has in old age, however distinct and highly ornamental the adult, very close resemblance to its own young.

Started Early Enough.

"I want to talk to you, Mary, about that young man of yours," said her father. "When did he see good night to you last evening?"

"At 10 o'clock," replied the fair girl.

"Why, it was 11 o'clock at least!"

"Oh, that was when he finished saying 'I'—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Second Book.

"Your first book was a success, generally leads to the success of the second," remarked a rising author.

"Yes, indeed," said another. "It was the success of my first book that made my second. My second book," he added, "was a bank book."

Old Age and Rushing.

You may join the mile a minute class, but no oil has been discovered yet that will keep all the cogs in condition. Good old age was never a sequel to a rush.—Manchester Union.

Modern Irish.

As a professional student of languages I have no hesitation in saying that modern Irish is more difficult than ancient Greek.—Manchester Guardian.

If the Poor cannot always get meat.

The rich man cannot always digest it.—Giles.

Siamese Debtor.

In Siam a debtor, after he has put off payment for three months, may be compelled to work out the debt.

The Job of My Millers' Inn.

The Job of My Millers' Inn, at Newbam, Cambridgeshire, England, has been kept by a family of the name of Misk for the last 400 years. It is recorded in Cambridge annals that Queen Elizabeth once stopped there and drank a smart "eye cold English ale" without getting down from her horse.

The Escorial.

The Escorial, the royal palace near Madrid, is so built that it would take four days to go through all the rooms and apartments, the distance which would have to be traversed being about 120 miles.

Shuffleboard.

Shuffleboard probably comes from the same source as quills, curling and bowling. It was immensely popular in England during the reign of Henry VIII. Subsequently it was one of the games forbidden by law because it turned the people from the practice of archery.

The Kindness of the Poor.

The old story that the poor are the best friends of the poor was instanced in the story of a chambermaid, who is a young widow with two children to support. After a lingering sickness the younger of the children died, and the young mother's bank account having been depleted from defraying the expenses of the weeks of medicine and doctor's visits, she was obliged to contract a debt at the undertaker's. After that she paid a small monthly installment until the bill was half settled, when one day there came through the door a receipt for the remainder. The receipt was accompanied by a badly written and blotted note from a scrubby woman in a large uptown hotel, who knew of the trouble, knew the family and the circumstances and in her note explained that she had no family nor near relatives and that she earned enough to support herself and that she wanted to use this surplus money for the little mother, who needed all that she could make extra to support the remaining child. As scrubwomen receive only 50 or 75 cents a day, one will readily appreciate the spirit which moved one kind soul to help another in distress.—Leslie's Weekly.

What Words Can Do.

"Any one who swears," declared the bishop of Carisle, "loses the largeness of his vocabulary." The Concord Patriot puts it in this fashion: "People swear because they do not know the possibilities of plain English or have not the skill to manipulate it so that it will yield the amount of fire they want. You can do almost anything with common words. No matter how tame and lifeless they look standing in stupid rows as if they didn't know enough to come in when called, they can be made to dance like imps, to frolic like fairies, to float angelicly on light wings, to glow like fire spirits. They can do things that make the ordinary bits of profanity look like feeble scarecrows."—The Boston Herald.

The cure for profanity—reformers and educators please make a note—is merely wit enough to handle your words so that swearing will seem like baby talk in comparison.

When Blondin Was Afraid.

One of Blondin's favorite jokes was to offer to carry some distinguished spectator across the rope with him on his back. Everybody naturally refused, and the great equilibrist, with a genial smile, would say, "I am sorry you are afraid I should drop you. But he was honest once with his own petard.

He was exhibiting in Paris and was about to make the same on his rope. Cham, the great caricaturist, had come to make a sketch. Blondin, recognizing him, at once invited him to cross with him.

"With pleasure," replied Cham, "but on one condition."

"And that is—?" queried Blondin.

"That I shall carry you on my back," answered Cham.

"Not if I know myself," answered Blondin.

"Ah," triumphantly exclaimed Cham, "this time, M. Blondin, it is you who are afraid!"

A Big Calculation in Water.

The ocean, sea and lake surface of our planet is estimated at something like 145,000,000 square miles, with an average depth of 12,000 feet, and is estimated to contain not less than 3,270,000,000,000 tons of water. The rivers of the earth are estimated to have a flow sufficient to cover thirty-six cubic miles of the above area each day. Now, if all the oceans were dried and the rivers could keep up their present rate of down which, of course, they could not without ocean evaporation, it would take 3,500 years to refill the basin.

Companionship of Books.

Will you go and gossip with your household or your stable boy when you may talk with kings and queens, while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, like chosen and the mighty of every place and time? Into that you may enter always, in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish. From that, once entered into it, you can never be ousted, but by your own fault.—John Ruskin.

Mislead the Pudding.

Dinner was late, but when the mistress started to make a mild remonstrance the new maid was on time with her excuse.

"Sure," she said, with an irresistible Irish smile as she placed the soup on the table, "sure, I mislead the pudding, and there I was lusting the house for it, and were would it be after all but in the oven?"

Shopping.

There is nothing finer for the temper than a new hat, no balm for fevered feelings like a fresh gewgaw. Ordering new frocks takes a woman out of herself. Cut a woman off her shopping and the result may be disastrous.—London World.

The Polish He Good.

"I stopped down the street," said the man who prided himself on being blunt, "to get a polish on my shoes."

"Don't you think," asked his sarcastic companion, "that you began at the wrong end?"—Baltimore American.

As Usual.

Friend—You took your son into your establishment some months ago to teach him the business, I understand. How did it turn out?—Business Man (wearily)—Great success. He's teaching me now.—Chicago Journal.

A man is never so on trial as in the moment of excessive good fortune.—Wallace.

Dehorning a Rhinoceros.

A rhinoceros which lived in the London zoo was troubled by its horn, which grew down in front of its mouth, so that only with difficulty could it eat or drink. To save his life the keeper decided on amputation. The horn of the rhinoceros is not a horn at all, but an accumulation of hair and skin which has hardened and become cemented together by some gummy substance. The owner of this one had a very touchy temper and was not easily approached. Its keeper, however, decided to try what he could do. For some days it required all his skill to persuade the beast to come to the front of the cage and put its horn through. Then for many days he stroked the horn, much to the animal's disgust at first, although later it seemed to like it. When it felt he meant no harm it let him take the horn in his left hand and then with the right imitate the motion of a saw across it. When this had been done some time and the rhinoceros no longer minded it, a piece of wood was held in the right hand, and at last, when even this no longer worried the animal, a real saw was brought in and the horn cut off without the slightest remonstrance from the owner or sight.

Andrew Jackson's Education.

During each winter for two or three years after he had reached the age of seven Andrew Jackson was sent to the old field school of Mr. Branch. After that he attended the select school which a Presbyterian preacher, the Rev. Dr. David Humphreys, taught in the Wagon settlement. He appears to have been going to this higher school in the spring of 1780, when the inroad of Tarleton created a panic in that portion of the Carolinas. At some later period of his youth he is said to have attended the old Queen college or seminary at Charlotte a couple of terms, but the time is not definitely known.

As to education, therefore, it may be safely stated that Andrew Jackson enjoyed much more than the ordinary advantage of a backwoods boy of his time. At the age of ten he had become so good a reader that he was often chosen to read the newspaper to the assembled neighbors, and he remembered with pride in after years that he had thus had the honor of "reading out loud" the Declaration of Independence upon its arrival in the Waxhaws. For a lad of ten this was, indeed, something to remember with honest pride.—Thomas Watson in Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine.

Caustic.

Recently a worried looking little mother, carrying a small baby, boarded a street car and took a seat next to two men who were earnestly engaged in conversation. Neither of the men was very handsome, and it must have required considerable nerve on their part to hand out their photographs among their friends unless the pictures had been previously retouched by a handiwork. In a few minutes the baby began to cry with a reliable yelp that could be heard above the din of the street baffle for half a block, and, with a groaning glance at the youngster, one of the men across and peevishly remarked to his neighbor:

"I think we had better sit over here."

This ungalant act plainly embarrassed the little mother, but she was equal to the occasion.

"It won't do a bit of good to change your seats, gentlemen," said she in a finely sarcastic voice. "The baby can see you quite as plainly over there as he could here."

A Dying Glass.

In the glass collection at the Museum of Art in Dresden, Germany, there is a large drinking cup which stands apart from all other art objects under a heavy glass cover. It is of Dutch workmanship, and the inscriptions and style show that it was made early in the eighteenth century. The vessel is remarkable because it is known in the museum, says a Berlin paper, "as having consumption which has communicated to other objects of glass. On that account it is isolated. There are remedies against this glass disease, which is usually developed because of defects in the glass mixture, but these have not been applied to the Dutch vessel in order that the progress of the wasting disease may be observed."

THINGS THEATRICAL.

Edna May's part in "Nolly Nell" is that of a girl with socialist views. A new opera based on "The Gallop" is called "The Trouble Maker."

Pierre Decourcelle's new melodrama, "La Mome aux Deux Yeux," is being dramatized for presentation in this country.

Jose Echevarry's play under the German title "Svevi Sonnen" is being acted in a cycle of modern Spanish dramas in Berlin.

Will Cressy of vanderbilt fame may be starred next year by the Shuberts in a play built on his own sketch, "A Village Lawyer."

Ellen Terry's son, Gordon Craig, staged Ibsen's "Rosmersholm" for Eleanor Duse in Florence this winter before the great Italian actress' recent attack of pneumonia.

"The Snow Man," a musical piece by Stange and De Koven, will be the spring offering at the Lyric theater, New York, following the engagement of Sothern and Marlowe.

Miss Victory Bateman has been engaged by Charles E. Blaney to play the leading role in "Parted on Her Bridal Tour," a dramatization of one of her own novels by Miss Laura Joan Libbey.

### RAILROAD Time Cards.

Manchester & Oneida Rv.

TIME TABLE.

Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 6:15 a. m. at Oneida at 7:30 a. m. Connects with the Albany bound O. R. M. Returning leaves Oneida at 6:47 a. m. arrives at Manchester at 8:15 a. m.

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Train No. 8 leaves Manchester at 2:10 p. m. arrives at Oneida at 2:40 p. m. Connects with the Albany bound O. R. M. Returning leaves Oneida at 2:30 p. m. arrives at Manchester at 2:55 p. m.

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WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No. 11 11:30 pm	Fast Train	No. 12 11:45 am
No. 13 11:30 pm	Express	No. 14 11:45 am
No. 15 9:10 pm	Fast Mail	No. 16 9:10 am
No. 17 7:30 pm	Day Express	No. 18 7:30 am
No. 19 7:30 pm	Way Freight	No. 20 7:30 am

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North Bound	Set Cedar Rapids	South Bound
No. 21 5:45 pm	Passenger	No. 22 5:45 pm
No. 23 5:45 pm	Way Freight	No. 24 5:45 pm
No. 25 5:45 pm	Way Freight	No. 26 5:45 pm

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