THE CONQUEST of CANAAN

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

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CHAPTER XII.

MAMIE, waiting just inside the door as Ariel and Eugene entered, gave the visitor a pale greeting and a moment later, hearing the wheels of the brougham crunch the gravel of the carriage drive, hurried away down the broad hall and disappeared. Ariel dropped her parasol upon a marble topped table near the door and, removing her gloves, drifted into a room at the left, where a grand piano found shelter beneath crimson plush. After a moment of contemplation she pushed back the coverlet and, seating herself upon the plush covered piano stool (to match), let her fingers run up and down the keyboard once and fall listlessly in her lap as she gazed with deep interest at three life sized colored photographs in carved gilt frames upon the wall she was facing—Judge Pike, Mamie and Mrs. Pike, with her rubies.

"Please don't stop playing, Miss Tabor," said a voice behind her. She had not observed that Eugene had followed her into the room.

"Very well, if you like," she answered, looking up to smile absently at him, and she began to play a rakish little air which, composed by some rattlebrain at a cafe table, had lately skipped out of the Moulin Rouge to disport itself over Paris. She played it slowly in the minor, with elfish pathos, while he leaned upon the piano, his eyes fixed upon her fingers, which bore few rings—none, he observed with an unreasonable pleasure, upon the third finger of the left hand.

"It's one of those simpler Grieg things, isn't it?" he said, sighing gently. "I care for Grieg."

"Would you mind its being Chaminade?" she returned, dropping her eyes to cloak the sin.

"Ah, no; I recognize it now," replied Eugene. "He appeals to me even more than Greig."

At this she glanced quickly up at him, but more quickly down again, and hastened the time emphatically, swinging the little air into the major.

"Do you play 'The Pilgrim's Chorus?'"

She shook her head.

"Vous name pas Wagner?" inquired Eugene, leaning toward her.

"Oh, yes," she answered, bending her head far over, so that her face was concealed from him, except the chin, which, he saw with a thrill of inexplicable emotion, was trembling slightly. There were some small white flowers upon her hat, and these shook too.

When she turned to him he was surprised to see that she looked astonishingly happy, almost as if she had been struggling with joy instead of pain.

"This chair," she said, sinking into it, "makes me feel at home."

Naturally he could not understand.

"Because," she explained, "I once thought I was going to live in it. It has been reupholstered, but I should know it if I met it anywhere in the world."

"How very odd!" exclaimed Eugene, staring.

"I settled here in pioneer days," she went on, tapping the arms lightly with her finger tips. "It was the last dance I went to in Canaan."

"I fear the town was very provincial at that time," he returned, having completely forgotten the occasion she mentioned, therefore wishing to shift the subject. "I fear you may still find it so. There is not much here that one is in sympathy with intellectually—few people really of the world."

"Few people, I suppose you mean," she said softly, with a look that went deep into his eyes—"few people who really understand one."

Eugene had seated himself on the sill of an open window close by. "There has been," he answered, with the ghost of a sigh, "no one."

Mamie appeared in the doorway, and Eugene rose swiftly. "I have been trying to persuade Miss Tabor," he explained, with something too much of laughter, "to play again. You heard that little thing of Chaminade's"—

Mamie did not appear to hear him. She entered breathlessly, and there was no color in her cheeks. "Ariel," she exclaimed, "I don't want you to think I'm a tale bearer"—

"Oh, my dear!" Ariel said, with a gesture of deprecation.

"No," Miss Pike went on, all in one breath, "but I am afraid you will think it, because papa knows, and he wants to see you."

"What is it that he knows?"

"That you were walking with Joseph Louden!" (This was as if she had said, "That you poisoned your mother.") "I didn't tell him, but when he saw you with him I was troubled and asked Eugene what I'd better do, because he always knows what is best."

"It's one of those simpler Grieg things, isn't it?" he said.

(Mr. Bantry's expression, despite this tribute, was not happy.) "And he advised me to tell mamma about it and leave it in her hands. But she always tells papa everything"—

"Certainly; that is understood," said Ariel slowly, turning to smile at Eugene.

The daughter of the house exhibited signs of consternation. "He wants to see you," she repeated falteringly. "He's in the library."

Having thus discharged her errand, she hastened to the front door, which had been left open, and out to the steps, evidently with the intention of removing herself as soon and as far as possible from the vicinity of the library.

Eugene, visibly perturbed, followed her to the doorway of the room and paused.

"Do you know the way?" he inquired, with a note of solemnity.

"Where?" Ariel had not risen.

"To the library."

"Of course," she said, beaming upon him. "I was about to ask you if you wouldn't speak to the judge for me. This is such a comfortable old friend, this chair."

"Speak to him for you?" repeated the nonplused Eugene.

She nodded cheerfully. "If I may trouble you. Tell him certainly I shall be glad to see him."

Eugene went. There was nothing else to do. And he wished with every step that the distance to the portals of the library might have been greater.

In whatever guise he delivered the summons, it was perfectly efficacious. A door slammed, a heavy and rapid tread was heard in the hall, and Ariel, without otherwise moving, turned her head and offered a brilliant smile of greeting.

"It was good of you," she said as the doorway filled with red, imperial wrath, "to wish to have a little chat with me. I'm anxious, of course, to go over my affairs with you, and last night after my journey I was too tired. But now we might begin, not in detail, of course, just yet. That will do for later when I've learned more about business."

The great one had stopped on the threshold.

"Madam," he began coldly, "when I say my library I mean my"—

"Oh, yes," she interrupted, with amiable weariness; "I know. You mean you keep all the papers and books of the estate in there, but I think we'd better put them off for a few days"—

"I'm not talking about the estate!" he exclaimed. "What I want to talk to you about is being seen with Joseph Louden!"

"Yes," she nodded brightly. "That's along the line we must take up first."

"Yes, it is!" He hurled his bull bass at her. "You knew everything about him and his standing in this community! I know you did, because Mrs. Pike told me you asked all about him from Mamie after you came last night, and see here, don't you"—

"Oh, but I knew before that," she laughed. "I had a correspondent in Canaan, one who has always taken a great interest in Mr. Louden. I asked Miss Pike only to get her own point of view."

"I want to tell you, madam," he shouted, coming toward her, "that no member of my household"—

"That's another point we must take up today. I'm glad you remind me of it," she said thoughtfully, yet with so magically compelling an intonation that he stopped his shouting in the middle of a word, stopped with an apoplectic splutter. "We must arrange to put the old house in order at once."

"We'll arrange nothing of the sort," he responded after a moment of angry silence. "You're going to stay right here."

"Ah, I know your hospitality," she bowed graciously. "But of course I must not tax it too far. And about Mr. Louden? As I said, I want to speak to you about him."

"Yes," he intervened harshly, "so do I, and I'm going to do it quick! You'll find"—

Again she mysteriously baffled him. "He's a dear old friend of mine, you know, and I have made up my mind that we both need his help, you and I."

"What!"

"Yes," she continued calmly, "in a business way, I mean. I know you have great interests in a hundred directions, all more important than mine. It isn't fair that you should bear the whole burden of my affairs, and I think it will be best to retain Mr. Louden as my man of business. He could take all the cares of the estate off your shoulders."

Martin Pike spoke no word, but he looked at her strangely, and she watched him with sudden keenness, leaning forward in her chair, her gaze alert but quiet, fixed on the dilating pupils of his eyes. He seemed to become dizzy, and the choleric scarlet which had overspread his broad face and bull neck faded splotchily.

Still keeping her eyes upon him, she went on: "I haven't asked him yet, and so I don't know whether or not he'll consent, but I think it possible that he may come to see me this afternoon, and if he does we can propose it to him together and go over things a little."

Judge Pike recovered his voice. "He'll get a warm welcome," he promised huskily, "if he sets foot on my premises!"

"You mean you prefer I shouldn't receive him here?" She nodded pleasantly. "Then certainly I shall not. Such things are much better for offices; you are quite right." She swept lightly and quickly to the door, where she paused, gathering her skirts. "I shall not detain you another instant! And if Mr. Louden comes this afternoon I'll remember. I'll not let him come in, of course. It will be perhaps pleasanter to talk over my proposition as we walk!"

There was a very faint, spicy odor, like wild roses and cinnamon, left in the room where Martin Pike stood alone, staring whitely at the open doorway.

CHAPTER XIII.

THERE was a custom of Canaan, time worn and seldom honored in the breach, which put Ariel that afternoon in easy possession of a coign of vantage commanding the front gate. The heavy Sunday dinner was finished in silence (on the part of Judge Pike deafening) about 3 o'clock, and soon after Mamie tossed a number of cushions out upon the stoop between the cast iron dogs. Sam Warden having previously covered the steps with a rug and placed several garden chairs near by, on the grass, These simple preparations concluded, Eugent sprawled comfortably upon the rug and Mamie seated herself near him, while Ariel wandered with apparent aimlessness about the lawn, followed by the gaze of Mr. Bantry until Miss Pike begged her a little petulantly to join them.

She came, looking about her dreamily and touching to her lips now and then, with an absent air, a clover blossom she had found in the longer grass against the fence. She stopped to pat the neck of one of the cast iron deer and, with grave eyes, proffered the clover top first for inspection, then as food. There were those in the world who, seeing her, might have wondered that the deer did not play Galatea and come to life.

She had put on her hat after dinner, and Mamie now inquired if she would not prefer to remove it, offering to carry it indoors for her, to Ariel's room, to insure its safety. "You look so sort of temporary, wearing it," she urged; "as if you were only here for a little while. It's the loveliest hat I ever saw, and so fragile, too, but I'll take care"—

"I am wearing my hat," answered Ariel, "because at any moment I may decide to go for a long walk."

"Oh, I hope not," said Mamie. "There are sure to be people. A few still come, even though I'm an engaged girl. I expect that's just to console me, though," she added, smiling over this worn quip of the betrothed and shaking her head at Eugene, who grew red and coughed. "There'll be plenty today, but they won't be here to see me. It's you, Ariel, and they'll be terribly disappointed if you weren't here. I shouldn't wonder if the whole town came. It's curious enough about you!"

And now the young men of the town, laboriously arranged as to apparel, began to appear on the street in small squads, making their Sunday rounds, the youngest working in phalanxes of threes and fours, those somewhat older inclining to move in pairs, the eldest, such as were now beginning to be considered middle aged beaus or (by the extremely youthful) "old bachelors," evidently considered it advantageous to travel alone. Of all these there were few who did not before evening fell turn in at the gate of the Pike mansion. Consciously, shyly or confidently, according to the condition of their souls, they made their way between the cast iron deer to be presented to the visitor.

Ariel sat at the top of the steps and, looking amiably over their heads, talked with such as could get near her. There were many who could not, and Mamie, occupying the bench below, was surrounded by the overflow. The difficulty of reaching and maintaining a position near Miss Tabor was increased by the attitude and behavior of Mr. Flitcroft, who that day cooled the feeling of friendship which several of his fellow townsmen had hitherto entertained for him. He had been the first to arrive, coming alone, though that was not his custom, and he established himself at Ariel's right, upon the step just below her, so disposing the great body and the ponderous arms and legs the gods had given him that no one could mount above him to sit beside her or approach her from that direction within conversational distance.

Norbert, not ordinarily talkative, had nothing to say. He seemed to find sufficient occupation in keeping the place he had gained, and from this close vantage he fastened his small eyes immovably upon Ariel's profile. Eugene, also apparently determined not to move, sat throughout the afternoon at her left, but as he was thin others who came and went were able to approach upon that side and hold speech with her.

The conversation of the gallants consisted for the greater part of witticisms at one another's expense, which, though evoked for Ariel's benefit (all eyes furtively reverting to her as each shaft was loosed), she found more or less enigmatical. The young men, however, laughed at each other loudly and seemed content if now and then she smiled. "You must be frightfully ennuied with all this," Eugene said to her. "You see how provincial we still are."

She did not answer. She had not heard him. The shadows were stretching themselves over the grass long and attenuated. The sunlight upon the trees and houses was like a thin, rosy pigment, blackbirds were calling each other home to beech and elm, and Ariel's eyes were fixed upon the western distance of the street where gold dust was beginning to quiver in the air. She did not hear Eugene, but she started a moment later when the name Joe Louden was pronounced by a young man, the poetic Bradbury, on the step below Eugene. Some one immediately said, "Sh!" But she leaned over and addressed Mr. Bradbury, who, shut out not only from the group about her, but from the other centering upon Miss Pike as well, was holding a private conversation with a friend in like misfortune.

[CONTINUED.]

Over There.

"And, best of all," said the boastful American, "we have no titled aristocracy to support over here."

"No," replied the foreigner, "but you have a good many titled sons-in-law to support over there."—Judge.

"There are some people who believe that the whole human race will be saved," said an old lady, "but for my part I hope for better things."

False Messiahs.

The defease of different persons claiming to be the Messiah has cost the Jews a great expense, both in treasure and human life. One of these Coziba, who lived in the second century of our era, put himself at the head of the Jewish nation as their Messiah, and many of that people adhered to and defended him. The Romans made war upon Coziba and his followers, and, according to admissions made by eminent Jewish authority, they lost somewhere between 500,000 and 600,000 men in his defense. The last of these impostors was Mordecai, a German, who first claimed to be of divine origin in the year 1682. When the authorities threatened to punish him as an impostor he fled, and his end is not known.

Coming Forth.

Stage Manager—Why didn't you go on when you got your cue, "s'ome forth?" Super—Oi was waitin' for the other three to go on first. Sure, an' how could Oi come forth if I wint first?"

Cheap.

The clubwoman giggled.

"You know, my husband's birthday is next week," she said, "and I"—

Laughter overcame her for the moment.

"And I have been taking a cigar out of his case every day for the last three months. Well," she went on, "I've got a hundred now, and I'll give them to him for a birthday present." — Exchange.

The Peculiar Frigate Bird.

The frigate bird is a native of tropical seas and rarely comes to land except during the breeding season. It has the habit, unusual among sea birds, of nesting in trees, large companies of them building together in the tops of the tallest mangroves. Like the cormorant and the albatross, the frigate bird lays but one egg. It lives by fishing and also by robbing other fishers of what they have caught. In plumage the frigate bird is brownish black, with metallic green and purple reflections. The dilatable throat sac in the male is of bright scarlet, while the female, of a duller general hue, has a white patch on the breast. It is a beautiful sight to watch one or more floating overhead against the deep blue sky, the long forked tail alternately opening and shutting like a pair of scissors and the head, which is, of course, kept to windward, inclined from side to side, while the wings are to all appearance fixedly extended, though the breeze may be constantly varying in strength and direction.

An Egyptian Custom.

More than 1,000 years ago Herodotus observed a remarkable custom in Egypt. At a certain season of the year the Egyptians went into the desert, cut off branches from the wild palm and, bringing them back to their gardens, waved them over the flowers of the date palm. Why they performed this ceremony they did not know, but they knew that if they neglected it the date crop would be poor or wholly lost. Herodotus offers the quaint explanation that along with these branches there came from the desert certain flies possessed of a "vivific virtue," which somehow lent an exuberant fertility to the dates. But the true rationale to the incantation is now explained. Palm trees, like human beings, are male and female. The garden plants, the date bearers, were females, the desert plants were males, and the waving of the branches over the females meant the transference of the fertilizing pollen from the one to the other.

The Dangers of the Mines.

Great and mystically dreadful is the earth from a mine's depth. Man is in the implacable grasp of nature. It has only to tighten slightly and he is crushed like a bug. His loudest shriek of agony would be as impotent as his final moan to bring help from that fair land that lies like heaven over his head. There is an insidious silent enemy in the gas. If the huge fanwheel on the top of the earth should stop for a brief period there is certain death, and a panic more terrible than any occurring where the sun has shone ensues down under the tons of rock. If a man may escape the gas, the floods, the "squeezes" of falling rock, the cars shooting through little tunnels, the precarious elevators, the hundred perils, there usually comes to him an attack of "miner's asthma" that slowly racks and shakes him into the grave.—Stephen Crane.

Ptolemy's Big Boat.

Ptolemy (Philopator) was fond of building big boats. One of these is said to have been 420 feet long, 57 feet broad and 72 feet deep from the highest point of the stern. This vessel had four rudders or what some would call steering oars, as they were not fastened, each forty-five feet long. She carried 4,000 rowers, besides 3,000 marines, a large body of servants under her decks and stores and provisions. Her oars were fifty-seven feet long, and the handles were weighted with lead. There were 2,000 rowers on a side, and it is supposel that these were divided into five banks. That this extraordinary vessel ever put to sea is doubted, but that she was launched and used at times, if only for display, several historians are agreed.

Getting Round It.

A famous mountaineer said of mountain climbing at a dinner in Brooklyn:

"Peaks that seem inaccessible may be climbed by turns and twists. Mountain climbing is a question of getting around the bad places. Getting around your difficulty—that is the secret of mountain climbing. Liszt, the great musician, had the ability to get around things; hence I am sure he'd have made a good mountaineer. Once at a dinner Liszt's hostess cried in a horrified voice that there were thirteen at table.

"'Don't let that alarm you, madam,' said Liszt, with a reassuring smile, 'I'll eat for two.'"

If Lion Pulls and Horse Pulls.

If a lion and a strong horse were to pull in opposite directions, the horse would pull the lion backward with comparative ease. But if the lion were hitched behind the horse and facing in the same direction and were allowed to exert his strength in backing he could easily pull the horse down upon his haunches or drag him across the ring, so much greater is his strength when exerted backward from the hind legs than in forward pulling.—Chambers' Journal.

The Nursery of Statesmen.

A debating society in which the members are really keen is an institution of immense value in a school or a house. Success in the school debating society is frequently the beginning of a great career. — O. C. Williams in "The Captain."

Then the Mercury Froze.

"I think London is a lovely place for a honeymoon. Don't you, dear?"

"Yes, darling," he replied in an abstracted manner. "I shall always come here in the future."—Stray Stories.

Some evils admit of consolations, but there are no comforters for dyspepsia and the toothache.—Bulwer.

Luck In Falling.

"It's a peculiar thing the tricks that luck will now and then play a chap," said a prominent physician recently. "Take, for instance, the breaking of bones in one's body. Did you ever stop and think how very many hard and high falls a man can have, light on rocky ground with half his body twisted under the other half, so to speak, and come off with not even a scratch? Then, again, a fellow will just trip over his own foot and, falling to the ground, break a leg or an arm. A good many will say it all depends on how one alights, but that seems to have absolutely nothing to do with it, as I have seen a man alight in a certain way from a high fall and never injure himself, and then again have I seen a second chap alight in the same identical way and break a leg and an arm."—Columbus Dispatch.

Shifting the Blame.

Husband—Where did I leave my spectacles last night? Wife—Let me see! I saw them somewhere, but I can't remember where it was. Husband—That's just like a woman—can't remember anything.—Exchange.

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An Ungallant Actor.

A well known American actor, who is old enough not to consider himself a matinee idol by any means, was somewhat surprised and pleased in a St. Louis hotel a short time ago when a pretty girl stopped him in the corridor and presented him with a rose, without saying a word. He was more surprised and less pleased to receive a note the following day reminding him of the incident and asking him to send the giver of the flower two seats at the theater in which he was playing "as a memento of the occasion."

"My dear young lady," the actor replied, waxing sarcastic as he realized what had been the object of the attention he had been paid, "I would be glad to send you the seats you ask for, but, on consultation with the manager of the theater, I have been informed that the seats are all fastened down and that he is opposed to having them sent away as souvenirs in any event, so that you will have to be contented with an autograph for a souvenir of your benevolence of yesterday instead."—Harper's Weekly.

For the Future.

The secret of happiness is inward. People had good times when there were no friction matches, no brilliantly illuminated streets, no steamboats or railroads, no sewing machines, no postage stamps, no comfortably heated homes, no telegraphs or trolleys. The elements of happiness are not in things, but in human nature itself. But the fairer conditions, the greater opportunities, which the marvelous modern inventions afford to the masses of our humanity should augment our joy and expand our hopes. The most obvious fact of human history is that of progress. The race is following a flying and a growing ideal. It is inspired and saved by hope. Every helpful invention, every improvement of sanitary conditions, every new ray of intellectual and spiritual illumination, every scientific achievement, every amelioration of physical suffering, every new avenue of enjoyment, every victory of righteousness, every faithful deed in lowly and lofty places, increases the splendor and the power of our vision of the future.—Leslie's Weekly.

Surf Riding Is a Fine Sport.

At Waikiki, near Honolulu, is a famous bathing beach. Here winter and summer the surf canoes or, better yet, the surf boards come dancing in on the long rollers, and men become amphibious. There is no sensation quite comparable to riding a surf board on a Pacific roller. It is tobogganing on a moving hillside of water, or, if you are clever enough to stand up on your board, it is taking this hillside on a single big skee. The beach runs far out before it shelves into deep water, and at high tide the breakers begin to mount almost half a mile from the shore line. You go out there with your surf board and wait for the wave. You learn to catch it at the right moment, throw your board inshore and climb upon it just as the crest of the roller mounts and catches you. Then on this crest you sail in toward the shore, to slide down at last when the wave breaks, down the foaming incline into shallow water and churning foam. It is royal sport.—Travel Magazine.

Strenuous Chivalry.

It is complained that modern conditions are killing "the chivalry of the middle ages." But mediaeval tales and romances show what that chivalry really was. Wife beating was a common incident on the part of those knights and gentlemen whose gallantry was a mere convention. The Chevalier de la Tour-Landry in his book of counsels to his daughters tells them the story of a woman who used to contradict her husband in public. One day, after expostulating in vain, he knocked her down, then kicked her face and broke her nose. "And so," comments the good chevalier, "she was disfigured for life, and thus, through her ill behavior and bad temper, she had her nose spoiled, which was a great misfortune to her." But not a word is said about the husband's brutality.

Beats Radium For Cost.

If you object to paper money, but wish to carry big values in small compass, you might do worse than lay in a stock of best lenses for microscopes. Weight for weight, gold is not nearly so valuable as glass in the form of powerful lenses, and an ordinary purse filled with such lenses might easily represent a fortune. The record increase in the value of the manufactured article over the raw material is probably made by this variety of glass, which multiplies itself 50,000,000 times. The front lens of a micro objective instrument costing about £1 weighs no more than about .0017 of a gram; hence the value of such lenses to the weight of about two and a quarter pounds would be about £600,000. The cost of making this weight of glass is 1½ pence to 3 pence, and thus when worked up into the shape of a lens the glass has increased in value about 50,000,000 times.—London Express.

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Manchester & Oneida Ry.

TIME TABLE.

Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 5:15 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 5:40 a. m. Connects with west bound C. G. W. No. 5. Returning leaves Oneida at 5:47 a. m. arrives at Manchester at 6:15 a. m.

Train No. 4, leaves Manchester at 7:15 a. m arrives at Oneida at 7:48 a. m., connects with east bound C. G. W. No 6. Returning leaves Oneida at 7:48 a. m., arrives at Manchester at 8:19 a. m.

Train No. 6, leaves Manchester at 8:55 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 9:20 a. m. Connects with the north bound C. M. & St. P., No. 22. Returning leaves Oneida at 9:22, arrives at Manchester at 9:45 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 2:35 p. m arrives at Manchester at 3:00 p m.

Train No 10, leaves Manchester at 4:45 p. m. arrives at Oneida at 5:25 p. m. Connects with south bound C. M. & St. P., No. 21. Returning leaves Oneida at 5:28 p. m., arrives at Manchester 5:45 p. m

J. L. KELEY,
Gen. Traffic Manager.

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

TRAIN WILL TOP [illegible]

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

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No 1* 11:35 pm	Fast Train	No 2* 1:43 a m
No 401 11:22 pm	Thro Express	No 402 3:41 a m
No 23 *5:53 p m	Clipper	No 24 *8:55 a m
No 5 †8:10 a m	Fast Mail	No 6† 10:55a m
No 3 2:54 p m	Day Express	No 4 3:39 p m
No 21 7:20 a m	Ft Dodge Ex	No 22 7:50 p m
	Way Freight	No. 94 11:15 a m

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

North Bound —Arrive—	Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No.822 5:45 p.m	†Passenger	No.805 9:00 a.m
No. 834 8.00 a.m	†Passenger	No.833 8:00 p.m
No. 860 1:00 p.m	†Freight	No.860 3:15 p.m

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

H. G. PIERCE, Station Agt.

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

Compound Vapor, Tub and Shampoo Baths.

Baths
Vapor, Tub, and Shampoo.
LADIES' DEPARTMENT.
Better Equipt Than Ever Before.

I give the Conant system of baths, the most scientific ever invented or discovered for preventing and curing disease.

Ladies' Department
My ladies' department is in charge of Mrs. Nellie Howick, an expert in the art of giving baths and shampooing.

Office and bath rooms on Franklin street, opposite Globe Hotel.
G. D. GATES.

A. J. HESNER,
Successor to Geo. H. Keyes.

Hesner's Shop is the place to get a SQUARE DEAL IN
BLACKSMITHING
All of the old customers, who patronized me when I ran the independent blacksmith shop on the West side, are invited to again give me their work. I am now the proprietor of the shop on Franklin street, formerly owned by George H. Keyes.
A. J. HESNER.

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ADELBERT CLARK,
Dealer in General Merchandise
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When you want
Fine Furniture
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All kinds of exterior and interior painting. A specialty made of Carriage painting. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.
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Over Atkinson's Blacksmith Shop.