THE CONQUEST of CANAAN

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

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"You mean Martin Pike?" he asked.

"Yes. I want you to take charge of everything I have for me."

He bent a frowning regard upon the lampshade. "You ought to look after your own property," he said. "You surely have plenty of time."

"You mean—you mean you won't help me?" she returned, with intentional pathos.

"Ariel!" he laughed shortly in answer; then asked, "What makes you think Judge Pike isn't trustworthy?"

"Nothing very definite perhaps, unless it was his look when I told him that I meant to ask you to take charge of things for me."

"He's been rather hard pressed this year, I think," said Joe. "You might be right—if he could have found a way. I hope he hasn't."

"I'm afraid," she began gayly, "that I know very little of my own affairs. He sent me a draft every three months,

"Joe," she cried in a voice of great pain, "you mustn't feel like that!"

with receipts and other things to sign and return to him. I haven't the faintest notion of what I own—except the old house and some money from the income that I hadn't used and brought with me. Judge Pike has all the papers—everything."

Joe looked troubled. "And Roger Tabor, did he"—

"The dear man!" She shook her head. "He was just the same. To him poor Uncle Jonas' money seemed to come from heaven through the hands of Judge Pike"—

"And there's a handsome roundabout way!" said Joe.

"Wasn't it!" she agreed cheerfully. "And he trusted the judge absolutely. I don't, you see."

He gave her a thoughtful look and nodded. "No, he isn't a good man," he said, "not even according to his lights, but I doubt if he could have managed to get away with anything of consequence after he became the administrator. He wouldn't have tried it probably unless he was more desperately pushed than I think he has been. It would have been too dangerous. Suppose you wait a week or so and think it over."

"But there's something I want you to do for me immediately, Joe."

"What's that?"

"I want the old house put in order. I'm going to live there."

"Alone?"

"I'm almost twenty-seven, and that's being enough of an old maid for me to risk Canaan's thinking me eccentric, isn't it?"

"It will think anything you do is all right."

"And once," she cried, "it thought everything I did wrong!"

"Yes. That's the difference."

"You mean it will commend me because I'm thought rich?"

"No, no," he said meditatively, "it isn't that. It's because everybody will be in love with you."

"Quite everybody!" she asked.

"Certainly," he replied. "Anybody who didn't would be absurd."

"Ah, Joe!" she laughed. "You always were the nicest boy in the world, my dear!"

At that he turned toward her with a sudden movement, and his lips parted, but not to speak. She had rested one arm upon the desk and her cheek upon her hand; the pen she had picked up, still absently held in her fingers, touching her lips, and it was given to him to know that he would always keep that pen, though he would never write with it again. The soft lamplight fell across the lower part of her face, leaving her eyes, which were lowered thoughtfully, in the shadow of her hat. The room was blotted out in darkness behind her. Like the background of an antique portrait, the office, with its dusty corners and shelves and hideous safe, had vanished, leaving the charming and thoughtful face revealed against an even, spacious brownness. Only Ariel and the roses and the lamp were clear, and a strange, small pain moved from Joe's heart to his throat as he thought that this ugly office, always before so harsh and grim and lonely—loneliest for him when it had been most crowded—was now transfigured into something very, very different from an office; that this place where he sat, with a lamp and flowers on a desk between him and a woman who called him "my dear" must be like—like something that people called "home."

And then he leaned across the desk toward her as he said again what he had said a little while before, and his voice trembled:

"Ariel, it *is* you?"

She looked at him and smiled.

"You'll be here always, won't you? You're not going away from Canaan again?"

For a moment it seemed that she had not heard him. Then her bright glance at him wavered and fell. She rose, turning slightly away from him, but not so far that he could not see the sudden agitation in her face.

"Ah," he cried, rising, too, "I don't want you to think I don't understand or that I meant I should ever ask you to stay here! I couldn't mean that. You know I couldn't, don't you? You know I understand that it's all just your beautiful friendliness, don't you?"

"It isn't beautiful; it's just me, Joe," she said. "It couldn't be any other way."

"It's enough that you should be here now," he went on bravely, his voice steady, though his hand shook. "Nothing so wonderful as your staying could ever actually happen. It's just a light coming into a dark room and out again. One day long ago, I never forgot it, some apple blossoms blew by me as I passed an orchard, and it's like that too. But, oh, my dear, when you go you'll leave a fragrance in my heart that will last!"

She turned toward him, her face suffused with a rosy light. "You'd rather have died than have said that to me once," she cried. "I'm glad you're weak enough now to confess it!"

He sank down again into his chair, and his arms fell heavily on the desk. "Confess it!" he cried despairingly. "And you don't deny that you're going away again—so it's true! I wish I hadn't realized it so soon. I think I'd rather have tried to fool myself about it a little longer!"

"Joe," she cried in a voice of great pain, "you mustn't feel like that! How do you know I'm going away again? Why should I want the old house put in order unless I mean to stay? And if I went you know that I could never change. You know how I've always cared for you"—

"Yes," he said, "I do know how. It was always the same, and it always will be, won't it?"

"I've shown that," she returned quickly.

"Yes. You say I know how you've cared for me, and I do. I know how. It's just in one certain way—Jonathan and David"—

"Isn't that a pretty good way, Joe?"

"Never fear that I don't understand!" He got to his feet again and looked at her steadily.

"Thank you, Joe." She wiped sudden tears from her eyes.

"Don't you be sorry for me," he said. "Do you think that 'passing the love of women' isn't enough for me?"

"No," she answered humbly.

"I'll have people at work on the old house tomorrow," he began. "And for the"—

"I've kept you so long!" she interrupted, helped to a meek sort of gayety by his matter of fact tone. "Good night, Joe." She gave him her hand. "I don't want you to come with me. It isn't very late, and this is Canaan."

"I want to come with you, however," he said, picking up his hat. "You can't go alone."

"But you are so tired, you"—

She was interrupted. There were muffled, flying footsteps on the stairs, and a shabby little man ran furtively into the room, shut the door behind him and set his back against it. His face was mottled like a colored map, thick lines of perspiration shining across the splotches.

"Joe," he panted, "I've got Nashville good, and he's got me good too. I got to clear out. He's fixed me good, but he won't trouble nobody"—

Joe was across the room like a flying shadow.

"Quiet!" His voice rang like a shot, and on the instant his hand fell sharply across the speaker's mouth. "In there, Happy!"

He threw an arm across the little man's shoulders and swung him toward the door of the other room.

Happy Fear looked up from beneath the down bent brim of his black slouch hat. His eyes followed an imperious gesture toward Ariel, gave her a brief, ghastly stare and stumbled into the inner chamber.

"Wait!" Joe said cavalierly to Ariel. He went in quickly after Mr. Fear and closed the door.

This was Joseph Louden, attorney at law. And to Ariel it was like a new face seen in a flashlight—not at all the face of Joe. The sense of his strangeness, his unfamiliarity in this electrical aspect, overcame her. She was possessed by astonishment. Did she know him so well after all? The strange client had burst in, shaken beyond belief with some passion unknown to her, but Joe, alert and masterful beyond denial, had controlled him instantly; had swept him into the other room as with a broom. Could it be that Joe sometimes did other things in the same sweeping fashion?

She heard a match struck in the next room and the voices of the two men—Joe's, then the other's, the latter at first broken and protestive, but soon rising shrilly. She could hear only fragments. Once she heard the client cry, almost scream, "Joe, I thought Claudine had chased him around there to do me!" And instantly followed Louden's voice:

"Steady, Happy, steady!"

The name "Claudine" startled her, and, although she had had no comprehension of the argot of Happy Fear, the sense of a mysterious catastrophe oppressed her. She was sure

"Steady, Happy, steady!"

that something horrible had happened. She went to the window, touched the shade, which disappeared upward immediately, and lifted the sash. The front of a square building in the courthouse square was bright with lights, and figures were passing in and out of the Main street doors. She remembered that this was the jail.

"Claudine!" The voice of the husband of Claudine was like the voice of one lamenting over Jerusalem.

"Steady, Happy, steady!"

"But, Joe, if they git me, what'll she do? She can't hold her job no longer—not after this."

The door opened, and the two men came out, Joe with his hand on the other's shoulder. The splotches had gone from Happy's face, leaving it an even, deathly white. He did not glance toward Ariel. He gazed far beyond all that was about him, and suddenly she was aware of a great tragedy. The little man's chin trembled, and he swallowed painfully. Nevertheless he bore himself upright and dauntlessly as the two walked slowly to the door, like men taking part in some fateful ceremony. Joe stopped upon the landing at the head of the stairs, but Happy Fear went on, clumping heavily down the steps.

"It's all right, Happy," said Joe. "It's better for you to go alone. Don't you worry. I'll see you through. It will be all right."

"Just as you say, Joe," a breaking voice came back from the foot of the steps—"just as you say."

The lawyer turned from the landing and went rapidly to the window beside Ariel. Together they watched the shabby little figure cross the street below, and she felt an infinite pathos gathering about it as it paused for a moment, hesitating, underneath the arc lamp at the corner. They saw the white face lifted as Happy Fear gave one last look about him; then he set his shoulders sturdily and steadfastly entered the door of the jail.

Joe took a deep breath. "Now we'll go," he said. "I must be quick."

"What was it?" she asked tremulously as they reached the street. "Can you tell me?"

"Nothing; just an old story."

He had not offered her his arm, but walked on hurriedly a pace ahead of her, though she came as rapidly as she could. She put her hand rather timidly on his sleeve, and without need of more words from her he understood her insistence.

"That was the husband of the woman who told you her story," he said. "Perhaps it would shock you less if I told you now than if you heard it tomorrow, as you will. He's just shot the other man."

"Killed him!" she gasped.

"Yes," he answered. "He wanted to run away, but I wouldn't let him. He has my word that I'll clear him, and I made him give himself up."

[CONTINUED.]

The Poor Girl.

"The woman I marry," he said, "must be glad to take me with all my faults."

"Oh, she will be," the girl replied. "She'll be so desperate that faults won't cut any figure with her."

Logical.

Little Dot—Oh, mamma, there's a sign, "Puppies For Sale." Won't you buy me one? Mamma—Wait till you are a little older, dear. Little Dot—But they'll all be dogs then.—London Answers.

If doctors fail thee, be these thy doctors—rest, cheerfulness and moderate diet.—Latin Proverb.

The Joys of Relic Hunting.

Quite apart from the beauty and intrinsic worth of such things, it is astonishing on looking back on one's experiences of collecting to realize how much pleasure one has got out of even a dilettante quest of antiques. The exhilarating joy of this treasure hunt, the finding of the treasure, the bargaining for it and the final bearing of it home in triumph, unwrapping it and discussing its beauties and merits, are things which add zest to life. And, as the taste for beautiful old things is more or less an acquired one and can be cultivated, this is a joy in which most people who are fortunate enough to have a little spare cash and a little spare time can share.—London Tatler.

The Joy of Owning Land.

There is a distinct joy in owning land, unlike that which you have in money, in houses, in books, pictures or anything else which men have devised. Personal property brings you into society with men. But land is a part of God's estate in the globe, and when a parcel of ground is deeded to you and you walk over it and call it your own it seems as if you had come into partnership with the original Proprietor of the earth.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Cause of His Joy.

"What are you looking so happy over, old man?"

"I am rejoicing over the birth of twins."

"Great Scott! I congratulate you!"

"Don't congratulate me. Go and congratulate Evans. He's the lucky man. I never did like him."—Philadelphia Enquirer.

His Attentions.

Nan—How attentive young Mr. Allgawn is to his pretty wife! Fan—I don't wonder you notice it, but you must have been misinformed. They are not married yet.—Chicago Tribune.

BRAIN AND BULLET.

What Happens When the Skull Is Pierced by a Shot.

The results of firing a bullet at a flat brittle bone and into a soft substance like the brain are very different. The bone is pierced, and the lateral displacement of its particles is very slight, but the brain is thrown aside in all directions. The difference is due to the different degree of cohesiveness of the particles composing the two bodies or, in other words, to the greater fluidity of the softer structure.

Next, the importance of fluid contents in intensifying the effects of a bullet fired through a closed receptacle is shown by one of Kocher's experiments. Two identical tin canisters were filled with equal quantities of lint, which in one was dry and in the other saturated with water.

A bullet of moderate velocity fired through them simply perforated the dry one, but caused the wet one to burst explosively. Kocher also filled a skull with water and found that a bullet fired through it caused bursting of the sutures.

Very remarkable is the shattering that results when skulls that have been filled with water or with wax are treated in this way, and if they are compared with others showing the effects of bullet wounds under normal conditions it is easy to appreciate that the variations presented are dependent, in part at least, upon the difference in the character of the contents.—Current Literature.

ANIMAL SAGACITY.

The Instinct That Leads the Ostrich to Protect Its Eggs.

The nature students—everybody is a nature student nowadays—were trying to outdo one another.

"Eagles when the sun is overhot shade their young with outspread wings," said the first. "On August afternoons I have seen a mother eagle stand patiently two full hours, her left wing spread like an umbrella, while in its cool shade her nestlings slept."

"Squirrels," said the second, "can tell whether a nut is good or bad without opening it. A chestnut, a walnut, a shellbark, they lift it in their little paws, hold it to their faces a moment, then if it is bad cast it aside. How do they tell? By the weight, by the sound? I incline to think they do it by the smell."

"Ostriches never sit," said the third. "They lay their eggs on the pale Saharan sands, and the sun does the rest. But before the ostriches depart from their eggs they place on the top of each a pinch of sand, for they know that the germ will mount to the top and that the sun's heat would kill the germ were it not protected."

"A trained elephant," said the fourth student, "danced very badly at a matinee performance and was accordingly beaten cruelly by its master. That night, hearing a shuffling noise outside, the master crept forth, and there in the moonlight he found the elephant carefully practicing its dance steps."

A PRIVILEGE RESERVED.

Ceremonies Witnessed at a Jeweler's Ring Counter.

"I want a plain gold ring for a lady. Best you've got in the store."

"For this lady?"

"Sure! Who else would it be for? Pull off your glove, Katie, and let the gentleman measure your finger."

The girl withdrew her woolen glove and bashfully extended her small hand, red and toil worn, toward the clerk.

"There, that's about the size," said the jeweler to the girl.

"Do you wish him to put it on?"

"No—not yet," said the blushing girl. "When he puts that ring on, it's on to stay."

Size, quality and price at last were settled satisfactorily, and the young man pulled from his pocket a shining coin.

"Here you are, gold for gold!" he exclaimed proudly. "Nothin' but gold 'll pay for that ring."

"Haven't you anything smaller?" asked the sordid clerk.

"Plenty, but nothin' good enough to pay for that ring."

"Bit of sentiment, eh?" queried an interested bystander.

"Oh, yes, sir," said the girl, with evident pride. "He's been saving that twenty dollar gold piece for nearly four months, waiting to buy this ring."—New York Press.

Your Own Body.

Think deliberately of the house you live in—your body. Make up your mind not to abuse it. Eat nothing that will hurt it; wear nothing that distorts or pains it. Do not overload it with victuals or drink or work. Give yourself regular and abundant sleep. Keep your body warmly clad. At the first signal of danger from any of the thousand enemies that surround you defend yourself. Do not take cold; guard yourself against it. If you feel the first symptoms, give yourself heroic treatment. Get into a fine glow of heat by exercise. This is the only body you will ever have in this world. A large share of pleasure and pain of life will come through the use you make of it. Study deeply and diligently the structure of it, the laws that should govern it, the pains and penalties that will surely follow a violation of every law of life or health.

His Business.

The lady in black pointed toward the sky.

"My husband," she sighed, "is up there, but he is looking down. Perhaps he sees all that we do."

"How long has he been dead, ma'am?" we inquired gently.

With a frown, she answered:

"Dead? He isn't dead. He's an aeronaut."—Exchange.

Suspicious Signs.

"You better hurry up en collect de rent from Br'er Williams."

"How come?"

"Well, fer de las' six nights he been a-singin' 'Jerusalem, My Happy Home,' en it's my opinion he's a-fixin' to move."—Atlanta Constitution.

THE THIRD HOUSE.

Legislative Annex of the Special Interests in Congress.

The third house, as the lobby is sometimes called, is the legislative annex of the special interests. It is the house of special representatives, and its membership is a curious study in the widely different.

Its meeting place is the lobby and committee rooms of the nation's capitol, the hotel rotunda, the lawyer's office, the street, the banquet room, the little back room, the bar, the road house, the home, the brothel—anywhere the legislator may be found and personally approached. That is the object of a lobby—personal contact with the people's representatives and the influence upon legislation worked thereby.

If legislators were perfect, there would be no lobby. If they were perfectly wise, there would be no occasion for the lobbyist who desires "to inform" them; if perfectly honest, there would be no occasion for the lobbyist who desires to "make it worth while;" if perfectly patriotic, there would be no occasion for the lobbyist who desires for himself "a little personal favor"—at the people's expense. The existence of a lobby is premised on human frailty. It is present to prey on human weakness, to warp the action of the legislative body by appeal to vanity, ignorance, cupidity or fear.—Gilson Gardner in Success Magazine.

HARDY FERNS.

About Forty Species Are Suited to Outdoor Culture.

Among the hardy ferns are varieties greatly differing in size and form, from a hairlike creeping stem bearing a few simple mosslike leaves to the vigorous growing plants with large leaves, attaining a height of two or three feet. Ferns are interesting and extremely beautiful, especially when grown as specimen plants or in combination with other plants. The varying conditions in which the different species succeed are remarkable. Many of them require a warm temperature, while others do well in cool and shady places.

Of the 4,000 or more species of ferns not more than about forty species are suited to outdoor culture in ordinary soils and situations. These species can be planted in beds, borders or rockeries or in the foreground of shrubbery. As most of them require a somewhat shady place, they are especially useful for filling in places where grass and other light loving plants cannot grow. Perfect drainage is required. The soil should have leaf mold in it, or decayed peat or well decayed sod will answer.

Hardy ferns are best planted in the spring, but they can be planted in the summer if the fronds or leaves are cut back, making it easier for the plants to establish themselves before the winter sets in. From his florist the amateur gardener can obtain cuttings of varieties most suitable for the soil and climate in his vicinity. In the winter the ferns should be given protection, with a covering of leaves, hay or straw.—Washington Star.

Respected His Scruples.

In the mathematics class one day at Williams college Professor S., who was rarely made the subject of college jests, was excessively annoyed by some man "squeaking" a small rubber bladder. The noise seemed to come from near a certain Jack Hollis, and after querying each of his neighbors and receiving a negative answer Professor S. said sternly:

"Hollis, do you know who is making that unbearable noise?"

Hollis, who had been the guilty person all along, assumed an air of stoical bravery and said calmly, "I know, sir, but I prefer not to tell."

Professor S.'s angry face grew calmer, and with evident pleasure he replied: "I respect your scruples, Hollis. They do you credit and should shame the guilty man, sir."

John Milton's Cottage.

One of the best preserved historic country houses in all England is John Milton's cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, to which the blind and aging poet fled when the great plague swooped down on London. That was in July, 1665, and Milton had just finished "Paradise Lost" and received a five pound note for it, with a promise of three more five pound notes if the poem sold four editions of 1,300 copies each. The cottage stands at the top of the village, and it is in practically the same condition as when Milton left it. Here the poet received his distinguished guests during the latter part of his life.

THE SHORT NOSES.

Something to Be Said In Favor of Those Who Wear Them.

"Physiognomists tell us that the big nosed people do the world's work," said a short nosed man the other day, "and they generally add a lot of rubbish about Napoleon's big nose and how he always selected big nosed men to carry out daring undertakings.

"That Napoleon story was invented by some one with a nose like Cyrano de Bergerac, who wanted an excuse for his proboscis and therefore pretended that his nose was but the introduction to a massive, imposing character. It is true that a big nose is sometimes indicative of firmness and determination, but only when it is associated with a strong jaw and long chin. A big nose with a retiring chin is almost idiotic in the expression it gives to the countenance. Every cartoonist knows this. Whenever you see a cartoon of a society dude it shows a long nose and a small chin.

"But there is something to be said in favor of the short noses. The short nose shows wit, imagination, tact, judgment, discretion. Socrates had a snub nose, and of the lively imaginative writers in almost any language a considerable proportion was short nosed people. Long nosed men may do their share of the world's work, but the short noses write the clever books and the entertaining plays. If Shakespeare had had a nose like the Duke of Wellington, do you ever suppose that he would have written the "Merry Wives of Windsor?" He might have been a successful theater manager, but would never have become a literary artist.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

POLITICAL SPIES.

They Are Quite Common All Over the Continent of Europe.

On the continent of Europe it is quite a common thing for royal personages to be subjected to espionage, mainly, of course, for political reasons.

In France, Spain, Russia, Germany and Austria the practice obtains. At one time during the reign of Napoleon III. a small army of political spies was engaged in watching royal subjects. In fact, the vigilance of the different parties was so great that there were three or four distinct secret services. The emperor had his; the empress had hers; the government and the republicans respectively had theirs—all employed to watch the other parties and their spies.

Moreover, Bismarck had his spy over the emperor. So that France was overridden by spies, the most important, however, being Bismarck's, to whom the war was indeed to a great extent due.

This secret service agent was a German doctor, whose advice the unfortunate emperor even preferred to that of his own court physicians, and thus Bismarck knew even better than Napoleon the real state of the latter's health, which was, of course, a very important factor in the political situation at those times.—Pearson's Weekly.

He Could Run.

He could run, all right, all right. He had to. Talk about your amatoors that spring for sport—this party had learned to run or starve, as a boy, an' had never forgot how. Why, say, when he tore hisself loose from a vicinity it seemed like the whole landscape was crippled. I used to try him out by givin' him a start an' shootin' at him. If he beat the bullet, we figgered he was up to form, but if the lead overtook him we'd call it an off day an' unload the ca'tridges. I've seen him scare a jack rabbit up till it was workin' under forced drafts, then limp up to it from behind an' kind of yawn an' stretch, an' then goad it to wake up or else get off the trail an' let somebody run that knowed how.—McClure's Magazine.

Oh, Yes, of Course.

Of the many children and women in Nazareth, Palestine, who have picked up a little English all have a way of saying "of course" instead of a simple "yes." The expression which French people catch up as characteristic of the American and Englishman is always "Oh, yes!" A correspondent, who has cycled down the Rhone valley, about Provence and along the Riviera, found himself greeted with "Oh, yes!" by the children in the streets of nearly every town. And he discovered when his attention had been called to the point in this way that "Oh, yes!" was really what he and his companions were always saying.

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TIME TABLE.

Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 5:15 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 6:40 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 8:10 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. KELSEY,
Gen. Traffic Manager.

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

TRAIN WILL STOP ONLY AT

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* 11:32 pm	..Fast Train..	No 2* 1:42 a m
No401 11:22 pm	Thro Express..	No 402 8:41 a m
No 33 †5:53 p m	....Clipper....	No 34†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 3:30 p m
No 21 7:20 a m	Ft Dodge Ex	No 22 7:50 p m
	Way Freight	No.94 11:18 a m

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

North Bound —Arrive—	Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No.322 5:45p.m	...†Passenger..	No.326 9:00 a.m
No 334 8.00a.m	..†Passenger...	No.335 6:00 p.m
No. 360 1:00p.m	....†Freight....	No.360 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.

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Vapor, Tub, and Shampoo.

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Better Equipt Than Ever Before.

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

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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 Main 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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Over Atkinson's Blacksmith Shop.