

THE CONQUEST of CANAAN

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

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CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN Joe left Ariel at Judge Pike's gate she lingered there, her eyes upon the uppermost crossbar, like a village girl at twilight, watching his thin figure vanish into the heavy shadow of the maples, then emerge momentarily as a ghostly figure in the light of the crossing down the street, to disappear again under the trees beyond, followed a second later by a brownish streak as the mongrel heeled after him. When they had passed the second corner she could no longer be certain of them, although the street was straight, with flat, draftsmenlike western directness, both figures and Joe's quick footsteps merging with the night. Still she did not turn to go, did not alter her position nor cease to gaze down the dim street. Few lights shone almost at the windows of the houses were darkened, and save for the summer murmur, the faint creak of upper branches and the infinitesimal voices of insects in the grass there, the silence of the pleasant and somnolent town, swathed in which that part of Canaan crosses to the far side of the eleventh hour.

But Ariel, not soothed by this, sought beyond to see that banquet Canaan whither her old friend took his steps and found his labor and his dwelling—that other Canaan where peace did not fall comfortably with the coming of night; a place as alien in habit, in thought and almost in speech as if it had been upon another continent. And yet—so strange is the quality of towns—it lay but a few blocks distant.

Here about Ariel as she stood at the gate of the Pike mansion the houses of the good (secure of salvation and daily bread) were closed and quiet, as safely shut and sound asleep as the churches. But deeper in the town there was light and life and merry, evil industry, screened, but strong to last until morning. There were haunts of laughing merriment in plenty; surreptitious chambers, where roulette wheels swam beneath dizzied eyes; ill favored bars, reached by devious ways, where quavering voices offered song and were harshly checked. And through the burdened air of this Canaan wandered heavy smells of musk, that upon Happy Feet, who must now be pale beneath her rouge. And above all this and for all this and because of all this was that one resort to which Joe now made his way—that haven whose lights burn all night long, whose doors are never closed, but are open from dawn until dawn—the jail.

There in that desolate refuge lay Happy Feet, surrendered sturdily by himself at Joe's word. The picture of the little man was clear and fresh in Ariel's eyes, and though she had seen him when he was newly come from a thing so terrible that she could not realize it as a fact, she felt only an overwhelming pity for him. She was not even horror stricken, though she had shuddered. The pathos of the shabby little figure crossing the street toward the lighted doors had touched her. Something about him had appealed to her, for he had not seemed wicked. His face was not cruel, though it was desperate. Perhaps it was partly his very desperation which had moved her. She had understood Joe when he told her that this man was his friend and comprehended his great fear when he said: "I've got to clear him! I promised him."

Over and over Joe had reiterated: "I've got to save him! I've got to save him!" She had answered gently, "Yes, Joe," hurrying to keep up with him. "He's a good man," she said. "I've known few better, given his chances. And none of this would have happened except for his old friendship for me. It was his loyalty—oh, the rarest and most abundant loyalty!—that made the first trouble between him and the man he shot. I've got to clear him."

"Will it be hard?"

"They may make it so. I can only see part of it surely. I've got to leave the office she met Cory on the street. You saw what a pitiful kind of fool she was, irresponsible and helpless and feather brained. There are thousands of women like that everywhere—some of them are 'count' beauties, I dare say—and they always mix things up, but they are most dangerous when they're like Claudine, because then they live among men of action like Cory and Fear. Cory was artful. He spent the day about town telling people that he had always liked Happy; that his ill feeling of yesterday was all gone. He wanted to find him and shake his hand, bury past troubles and be friends. I think he told Claudine the same thing when they met and convinced her they had met of his sincerity. Cory was a master of that kind of thing, and I can see Claudine flattered at the idea of being peacemaker between two such nice gentlemen as Mr. Cory and Mr. Fear. Her honestest assertion, quite genuine, too, is that she doesn't like to have the gentlemen making trouble about her. So the poor little beetle led him to where her husband was waiting. All that Happy knew of this was in her cry afterward. He was sitting one when Cory threw open the door and said, 'I've got you this time, Happy!' His pistol was raised, but never fired. He waited long, meaning to establish his case of 'self defense' and Fear is the quickest man I know. Cory fell just inside the door. Claudine stumbled upon him as she came running after him, crying out to her husband that she 'never meant no trouble'; that Cory had sworn to her that he only wanted to shake hands and 'make up.' Other people heard the door break open, but they did not try to stop Fear. He warned them off and walked out without hindrance and came to me. I've got to clear him."

Ariel knew what he meant. She realized the actual thing as it was, and though possessed by a strange belief that it must all be mediæval and not possibly of today, understood that he would have to fight to keep his friend from being killed; that the unhappy creature who had run into the office from the dark stood in high danger of having his neck broken unless Joe could help him. He made it clear to her that the state would kill Happy if it could; that it would be a point of pride with certain deliberate men holding office to take the life of the little

the first degree, and the people of this city and county are outraged and incensed that such a crime should have been committed in their law abiding respectable community. With whom does the fault and the blame lie? Is this murder? Not with the authorities, for they do not countenance crime. Has it come to pass that, counting on juries of the law, criminals believe that they list without punishment and that they list without punishment? Is this to be another instance of the law's delays and immunity for a hideous crime, compassed by a cunning and cynical trickster of legal technicalities? The people of Canaan cry out for a speedy trial, speedy conviction and speedy punishment of this cold blooded and murderous monster. If he is not dealt with quickly according to his deserts the climax is upon us, and the limit of Canaan's patience has been reached.

"One last word, and we shall be glad to have its significance noted. J. Louven, Esq., has been retained for the defense. The murderer before being apprehended by the authorities, fled straight from the scene of his crime to place his retainer in his attorney's pocket! How long is this to last?"

The Tocsin was quoted on street corners that morning, in shop and store and office, wherever people talked of the Cory murder, and that was everywhere, for the people of Canaan and of the country roundabout talked of nothing else. Women chattered of it in parlor and kitchen; men gathered in small groups on the street and shook their heads ominously over it; farmers, meeting on the road, halted their teams and loudly damned the little man in the Canaan jail; milkmen lingered on back porches over their cans to agree with cooks that it was an awful thing and that it ever any man deserved hanging that there Fear deserved it—his lawyer along with him. Topsy men hammered bars with fists and wore glasses, inquiring if there was no hope to be had in the town, and Joe Louise, returning to his office from the little restaurant where he sometimes ate his breakfast, heard hisses following him along Main street. A clerk, a fat shouldered, blue aproned, plucked cheeked youth, stood in the open doors of a grocery and as he passed stared him in the face and said "Yah!" with supreme disgust.

Joe stopped. "Why?" he asked mildly.

The clerk put two fingers in his mouth and whistled shrilly in derision. "You'd better be run out of town!" he exclaimed.

"I believe," said Joe, "that we have never met before."

"Go on, you shyster!"

Joe looked at him gravely. "My dear sir," he returned, "you speak to me with the familiarity of an old friend."

The clerk did not recover so far as to be capable of repartee until Joe had entered his own stallway. Then, with a bitter sneer, he seized a hot potato from an open barrel and threw it at the mongrel, who had paused to examine the landscape. The missile failed and Respectability, after bestowing a slightly injured look upon the clerk, followed his master.

In the office the red bearded man sat waiting. Not so red bearded as of yore, however, was Mr. Sheehan, but grizzled and gray and, this morning, gray of face, too, as he sat, perspiring and anxious, wiping a troubled brow with a black silk handkerchief.

"Here's the devil and all to pay at last, Joe!" he said unceremoniously to the other's entrance. "This is the worst I've seen of it, and I had to say it, but I doubt yer pullin' it off."

"I've got to, Mike."

"I hope on my soul there's a chance of it! I like the little man, Joe."

"So do I."

"I know ye do, my boy. But here's the Tocsin kickin' up the public sentiment, and if there ever was a follerin' sheep on earth it's that same public sentiment."

"If it weren't for that"—Joe rang himself heavily in a chair—"there'd not be so much trouble. It's a clear enough case."

"But, don't ye see," interrupted Sheehan, "the Tocsin's tried it and convicted ed him aforehand? And that if we keep goin' the way they've started to do, the grand jury's bound to indict him and the trial jury to convict him? They wouldn't dare not to. What's more, they'll want to. And they'll rush the trial, summer or no summer, and I know, I know."

"I'll tell ye one thing," said the other, wiping his forehead with the black handkerchief, "and that's this, my boy: Last night's business has just about put the cap on the Bench for me. I'm sick of it, and I'm tired of it. I'm ready to quit, sir."

Joe looked at him sharply. "Don't you think my old notion of what might be done could be made to pay?"

Sheehan laughed. "Whoo! You and yer hints, Joe! How long past have ye come around me with 'em? I'd believe ye'd make more money, Mike—that's the way ye'd put it—if ye altered the

CHAPTER XVII.

NEVER had the Tocsin on the morning of his trial, the community been stirred to deeper indignation than by the cold blooded and unmitigated brutality of the deliberate murder committed almost under the very shadow of the courthouse cupola last night. The victim was a man of good repute, it is true, but at the moment of his death he was in the act of performing a noble and generous action, which showed that he might have become if he lived a good and law abiding citizen. In brief, he went to forgive his enemy, who was about to forgive his hand of fellowship when that enemy shot him down. Not half an hour before his death Cory had repeated within the hearing of a dozen men what he had been saying all day, as many can testify: "I want to find my old friend Fear and shake hands with him. I want to tell him that I forgive him and that I am ashamed of whatever has been my part in the trouble between us." He went with that intention to his death. The wife of the murderer has confessed that this was the substance of what he said to her and that she was convinced of his peaceful intentions.

"When they reached the room where her husband was waiting for her Cory entered first. The woman claims now that as they neared the vicinity he hastened forward at a pace which she could not equal. Naturally her testimony on all points favoring her husband is practically worthless. She told the jury and heard the jury believe her, though what she says she speaks, though what her words were she declares she does not know, and of course the murderer, after consultation with his lawyer, claims that their nature was threatening. Such a statement in determining the truth is worse than valueless. It is known and readily proved that Fear repeatedly threatened the deceased's life yesterday, and there is no question in the mind of any man, woman or child who reads these words of the cold blooded nature of the crime. The slayer, who had formerly made a numerous attack upon his victim, lately quarreled with him and uttered threats, as we have stated, upon his life. The dead man came to him with protestations of friendship and was struck down a corpse.

"It is understood that the defense was found in desperation set up the theory of self defense, based on an unsubstantiated claim that Cory entered the room with a drawn pistol. No pistol was found in the room. The weapon used in the murder was found upon the person of the woman when she was arrested on the scene of the crime. This upon being strictly interrogated she said she had picked up from the floor in the confusion, thinking it was her husband's and hoping to conceal it. The chambers were full and undischarged, and we have seen that it was the defense men's contention that it was Cory's. Cory doubtless went on his errand of forgiveness unarmed, and being doubt the second weapon belonged to the woman herself, who has an unimpeachable record.

"The point of it all is plainly this: Here is an unquestionable murder in

Enforcing the Law.

"What are they moving the church for?"

"Well, stranger, I'm mayor of these diggers, and I'm fer law enforcement. We've got an ordinance which says that a saloon shall be nearer than 300 feet to a church. I gave 'em three days to move the church."—Judge.

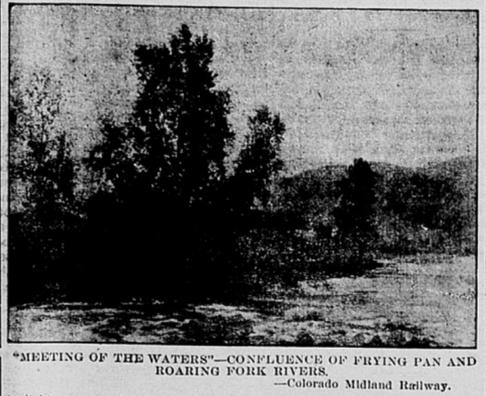
Confirmation Strong.

Mrs. McSosh—"You bruted! Is it possible that you are drunk again? Mr. McSosh—I think I must be, my dear, if I wasn't, I wouldn't have 'er nerve to come home 't you in this beastly condition o' 'toshication."—Cleveland Leader.

People in this world are so much alike that if you find fault with one you will hit a hundred.—Montreal Star.

INDIAN LORE.

The passenger department of the Colorado Midland railway at Denver has for some time past been gathering notes and statistics on Indian lore, which are extremely interesting. By visiting the homes of old scouts and partly-Indian fighters, and also the aged braves who are now government charges on the various reservations, an agent of the Midland has brought



"MEETING OF THE WATERS"—CONFLUENCE OF FRYING PAN AND ROARING FORK RIVERS.

to light many explanations of the peculiar names borne by mountains and streams.

The Frying Pan river, along the entire length of which the Midland runs, took its name from a stirring incident of the strenuous days of '49. A wagon train of gold hunters, relates an old chief of the Ute tribe, was en route to California, then "the land of promise." They had braved the hardships of the desert lying east of the great Rocky Mountain range; had passed in safety through the "bad lands" of Colorado territory; had toiled up the numberless badly broken trails of the mountain regions and had crossed the Continental divide at the point where, in later years, the Midland tracks were laid across the Nation's backbone, now known as Hagerman pass, just west of Leadville and Mount Massive. The story goes that the weary travelers had pitched camp for the night, having lathered their horses on a luxurious

accuracy, while the reds, armed for the most part with primitive bows, arrows and spears, soon discovered that they were outclassed and took to the hills.

The pioneers, after the running battle, took an inventory, which showed that no lives had been lost, and that their horses and train were intact. The only missing article was their frying pan, the only one in the train, which had been left on the fire full of oil. As this utensil was the most important, if not entirely indispensable, article in the party, it was decided among the men that they would go back and recover it. So, with their rifles ever ready for another surprise, they rode back along the trail in the bright moonlight, reached the scene where they had been so rudely interrupted in camp, secured the coveted frying pan and bore it in triumph back to its place in the camp wagon. The Indian scouts, skulking in the canons



SCENE ALONG THE FRYING PAN RIVER.

and defiles along the trail, watched the movements of the "rescue" party and reported what they had seen to their chiefs. Up to this point the stream bore no name, but as the story was passed around from one tribe to another, it became known as the Frying Pan river, and it is so designated today on all state, national and railroad maps.

The river now enjoys a reputation of being one of America's most noted trout streams, and tourists on Midland trains are pointed out the very spot where the incident which gave the river its name, occurred. The entire Frying Pan river is now studded with modern homes and camping cabins, where hundreds of tired people spend their annual vacations.

IMPURE FOODS.

Tricks of the Trades Recorded by a Diarist of 1783.

"The pure food question is as old," said an antiquary, "as the hills."

He took down a volume bound in gray calf.

"This is the diary," he said, "of Helmsley Cruger, born in Amsterdam in 1724; died in New York in 1870. Listen to the pure food kick that Henry put up in 1783."

The antiquary read:

"Monday, 18th October.—If I would drink water I must quaff the filthy contents of a cursed opium aqueduct, exposed to all manner of defilement and impregnated with all the filth of the town.

"As for the interlocking potato sold as wine, it is a vile, unpalatable and pernicious sophistication, laced with elder, cold-spirit and the juice of aloes.

"The bread is a detestable paste, mixed up with clink, alum and bone ashes, insipid to the taste and destructive to the constitution.

"The table beer, gullest of hops or malt, is vapid and nauseous. The tall, waxy, rancid mass called butter is manufactured of candle grease and kitchen stuff. The fresh eggs were fresh once.

"The greens are boiled with brass halpence in order to improve their color, and the pickles, though very injurious to the eye, are often insupportably rank to the taste, the reason being that in their case also, the housewife has boiled a shilling's worth or two of halpence or a pound brass weight for the vinegar."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE MORNING WAKING.

Getting Up Exercises That Will Put the Brain in Order.

The difficulty most people experience in getting up in the morning can be easily overcome by a simple operation, according to a medical authority. After the night's long rest the brain is laden with somewhat impure blood, and the lymph vessels which remove waste matter are overfull and sluggish. This is why we all crave another ten minutes in bed and why most people are so morose at breakfast. Very slowly the brain gets rid of the matters which interfere with its vigorous action, but the process can be expedited.

If the finger tips are placed against the neck just under the ear and moved swiftly down to the front of the shoulder along the course of the jugular vein, the used up blood is drawn away and room left for a fresh supply. This should be done twice at each side of the neck. Then the hands should be placed on the back of the neck just under the skull and moved downwards as far as possible. This clears out the lymph vessels and effectually prevents swollen glands, from which so many people suffer.

After two brisk rubs of the lymph vessels return to the jugular veins and then back to the glands, half a dozen or eight times, until the operation will be found far better than a cup of coffee, and whenever the brain is dull through congestion this massage will be equally effective.—Parsons.

Mrs. Mrs. and Mistress.

"Miss" is an abbreviation of "mistress," which, as an English law dictionary explains, is the proper style of the wife of an esquire or a gentleman. By Dr. Johnson's time it had become "the term of honor to a young girl."

In the earliest part of the eighteenth century, however, it was used respectfully of girls below the age of ten school days. After that age "miss" was rare, implying gladness of behavior. In Smollett's writings an unmarried woman of mature years and her maid are both "Miss." It is certain that "miss" has grown older, so to speak, while "mistress" has become confined to boys.

The Riddle.

His Daughter—Papa, did you know mamma long before you married her? Her Father—Just between you and me, my dear, I don't know her yet.—Chicago News.

It's a sure thing that one can't be wiser of anything in this world.—Van Buren Current Local.

RAILROAD Time Cards.

Manchester & Oneida Rv.

TIME TABLE.

Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 8:15 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 9:45 a. m. Connects with west bound C. G. W. No. 5, returning leaves Oneida at 7:45 a. m., arrives at Manchester at 6:15 a. m.

Train No. 4 leaves Manchester at 7:15 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 8:45 a. m. Connects with east bound C. G. W. No. 5, returning leaves Oneida at 7:45 a. m., arrives at Manchester at 6:15 a. m.

Train No. 6 leaves Manchester at 8:45 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 10:15 a. m. Connects with north bound C. M. & St. P. No. 22, returning leaves Oneida at 9:25 a. m., arrives at Manchester at 8:00 p. m.

Train No. 8 leaves Manchester at 2:00 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 3:30 p. m. Connects with C. G. W. No. 4, east bound, and No. 5, west bound. Returning leaves Oneida at 5:25 p. m., arrives at Manchester at 3:00 p. m.

Train No. 10 leaves Manchester at 4:45 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 6:15 p. m. Connects with south bound C. M. & St. P. No. 22, returning leaves Oneida at 5:25 p. m., arrives at Manchester at 3:00 p. m.

J. L. KELSEY,
Gen. Traffic Manager.

Do not fail to attend this great musical festival or to secure your tickets early that you may have your choice of seats.

The Thomas Orchestra comes to us again this year, with the added prestige gained by its conductor, Frederick Stock during the past year.

The Quartette is of greater repute, even than that of last year, and will certainly please the audience. It consists of Mrs. Corinne Rider Kelsey, soprano, Miss Janet Spencer, contralto, Mr. Edward Johnson, tenor, and Mr. Herbert Witherspoon, bass.

The Choral Society, which will give "The Messiah" on Saturday evening, contains this year about two hundred voices, and with the Orchestra and soloists, will give a concert well worthy your attendance.

The symphony concert will be on Sunday afternoon, and the mixed concert on Friday evening.

Orders for tickets will be received at once and will be filled in the order of their receipt.

Single tickets, \$1.75 to \$1.50; two concerts, \$1.25 to \$2.00; course tickets, \$1.75 to \$2.50.

One and one-third fares on all railroads running into Cedar Falls, Good until May 27th. Special train on Illinois Central leaves Cedar Falls at 11:30 Saturday evening, stops at all stations to Fort Dodge.

Send orders to Mary E. Simmons, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R. TIME TABLE.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No. 11 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 25 7:15 a. m.
No. 12 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 26 7:15 a. m.
No. 13 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 27 7:15 a. m.
No. 14 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 28 7:15 a. m.
No. 15 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 29 7:15 a. m.
No. 16 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 30 7:15 a. m.
No. 17 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 31 7:15 a. m.
No. 18 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 32 7:15 a. m.
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No. 20 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 34 7:15 a. m.
No. 21 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 35 7:15 a. m.
No. 22 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 36 7:15 a. m.
No. 23 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 37 7:15 a. m.
No. 24 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 38 7:15 a. m.
No. 25 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 39 7:15 a. m.
No. 26 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 40 7:15 a. m.
No. 27 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 41 7:15 a. m.
No. 28 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 42 7:15 a. m.
No. 29 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 43 7:15 a. m.
No. 30 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 44 7:15 a. m.
No. 31 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 45 7:15 a. m.
No. 32 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 46 7:15 a. m.
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No. 35 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 49 7:15 a. m.
No. 36 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 50 7:15 a. m.
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No. 46 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 60 7:15 a. m.
No. 47 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 61 7:15 a. m.
No. 48 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 62 7:15 a. m.
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No. 59 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 73 7:15 a. m.
No. 60 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 74 7:15 a. m.
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No. 72 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 86 7:15 a. m.
No. 73 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 87 7:15 a. m.
No. 74 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 88 7:15 a. m.
No. 75 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 89 7:15 a. m.
No. 76 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 90 7:15 a. m.
No. 77 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 91 7:15 a. m.
No. 78 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 92 7:15 a. m.
No. 79 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 93 7:15 a. m.
No. 80 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 94 7:15 a. m.
No. 81 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 95 7:15 a. m.
No. 82 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 96 7:15 a. m.
No. 83 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 97 7:15 a. m.
No. 84 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 98 7:15 a. m.
No. 85 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 99 7:15 a. m.
No. 86 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 100 7:15 a. m.

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To Los Angeles and San Francisco. Tickets on sale May 1st to 18th; June 8th to 15th, and June 20th to 30th, inclusive.

Home-seekers' Excursions to the west, southwest, south and southeast. Tickets on sale 1st and 3rd Tuesdays during May.

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S. K. MYERS THE PIANO MAN.

Sour Stomach

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Mr. S. S. Ball, of Ravenswood, W. Va., says: "I was troubled with sour stomach for twenty years, could not eat and was now using it in milk for breakfast."

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