THE CONQUEST of CANAAN

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

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There were others, here and there, who were less self contained than the brewer. A farmhand struck a fellow laborer in the harvest field for speaking ill of Joe, and the unraveling of a strange street fight one day disclosed as its cause a like resentment on the part of a blind broommaker, engendered by a like offense. The broommaker's companion, reading the Tocsin as the two walked together, had begun the quarrel by remarking that Happy Fear ought to be hanged once for his own sake and twice more "to show up that shyster Louden." Warm words followed, leading to extremely material conflict, in which, in spite of his blindness, the broommaker had so much the best of it that he was removed from the triumphant attitude he had assumed toward the person of his adversary, which was an admirable imitation of the dismounted St. George and the dragon, and conveyed to the jail. Keenest investigation failed to reveal anything oblique in the man's record. To the astonishment of Canaan, there was nothing against him. He was blind and moderately poor, but a respectable, hardworking artisan and a pride to the church in which he was what has been called an "active worker." It was discovered that his sensitiveness to his companion's attack on Joseph Louden arose from the fact that Joe had obtained the acquittal of an imbecile sister of the blind man, a two-thirds witted woman who had been charged with bigamy.

The Tocsin made what it could of this, and so dexterously that the wrath of Canaan was one farther jot increased against the shyster. Aye, the town was hot, inside and out.

Let us consider the forum. Was there ever before such a summer for the National House corner? How voices first thundered there, then cracked and piped, is not to be rendered in all the tales of the fathers. One who would make vivid the great doings must indeed "dip his brush in earthquake and eclipse." Even then he could but picture the credible and must despair of this—the silence of Eskew Arp. Not that Eskew held his tongue, not that he was chary of speech—no! O tempora, O mores! No! But that he refused the subject in hand, that he eschewed expression upon it and resolutely drove the argument in other directions, that he achieved such superbly un-Arplike inconsistency, and with such rich material for his sardonic humors, not at arm's length, not even so far as his finger tips, but beneath his very palms, he rejected it. This was the impossible fact.

Eskew—there is no option but to declare—was no longer Eskew. It is the truth. Since the morning when Ariel Tabor came down from Joe's office, leaving her offering of white roses in that dingy, dusty, shady place, Eskew had not been himself. His comrades observed it somewhat in a physical difference, one of those alterations which may come upon men of his years suddenly, like a "sea change." His face was whiter, his walk slower, his voice filed thinner. He creaked louder when he rose or sat. Old always from his boyhood, he had in the turn of a hand become aged. But such things come and such things go. After eighty there are ups and downs. People fading away one week bloom out pleasantly the next, and resiliency is not at all a patent belonging to youth alone. The material change in Mr. Arp might have been thought little worth remarking. What caused Peter Bradbury, Squire Buckalew and the colonel to shake their heads secretly to one another and wonder if their good old friend's mind had not "begun to go" was something very different. To come straight down to it, he not only abstained from all argument upon the "Cory murder" and the case of Happy Fear, refusing to discuss either in any terms or under any circumstances, but he also declined to speak of Ariel Tabor or of Joseph Louden or of their affairs, singular or plural, masculine, feminine or neuter, or in any declension. Not a word committal or noncommittal. None!

And his face when he was silent fell into sorrowful and troubled lines.

The voices of the fathers fell to the pitch of ordinary discourse; the drowsy town was quiet again; the whine of the planing mill boring its way through the sizzling air to every wakening ear. Far away on a quiet street it sounded faintly, like the hum of a bee across a creek, and was drowned in the noise of men at work on the old Tabor house. It seemed the only busy place in Canaan that day, the shade of the big beech trees which surrounded it affording some shelter from the destroying sun to the dripping laborers who were sawing, hammering, painting, plumbing, papering and ripping open old and new packing boxes. There were many changes in the old house—pleasantly in keeping with its simple character—airy enlargements now almost completed so that some of the rooms were already finished and stood, furnished and immaculate, ready for tenancy.

In that which had been Roger Tabor's studio sat Ariel, alone. She had caused some chests and cases stored there to be opened and had taken out of them a few of Roger's canvasses and set them along the wall. Tears filled her eyes as she looked at them, seeing the tragedy of labor the old man had expended upon them, but she felt the recompense. Hard, tight, literal as they were, he had had his moment of joy in each of them before he saw them coldly and knew the truth. And he had been given his years of Paris at last and had seen "how the other fellows did it."

A heavy foot strode through the hall, coming abruptly to a halt in the doorway, and, turning, she discovered Martin Pike, his big Henry VIII. face flushed more with anger than with the heat. His hat was upon his head and remained there, nor did he offer any token or word of greeting whatever, but demanded to know when the work upon the house had been begun.

"The second morning after my return," she answered.

"I want to know," he pursued, "why it was kept secret from me, and I want to know quick."

"Secret?" she echoed, with a wave of her hand to indicate the noise which the workmen were making.

"Upon whose authority was it begun?"

"Mine. Who else could give it?"

"Look here," he said, advancing toward her, "don't try to fool me! You haven't done all this by yourself. Who hired these workmen?"

Remembering her first interview with him, she rose quickly before he could come near her. "Mr. Louden made most of the arrangements for me," she replied quietly, "before he went away. He will take charge of everything when he returns. You haven't forgotten that I told you I intended to place my affairs in his hands?"

He had started forward, but at this he stopped and stared at her inarticulately.

"You remember?" she said, her hands resting negligently upon the back of the chair. "Surely you remember?"

She was not in the least afraid of him, but coolly watchful of him. This had been her habit with him since her return. She had seen little of him except at table, when he was usually grimly laconic, though now and then she would hear him joking heavily with Sam Warden in the yard, or, with evidently humorous intent, groaning at Mamie over Eugene's health; but it had not escaped Ariel that he was on his part watchful of herself and upon his guard.

He did not answer her question, and it seemed to her as she continued steadily to meet his hot eyes that he was trying to hold himself under some measure of control, and a vain effort it proved.

"You go back to my house!" he burst out, shouting hoarsely. "You get back there! You stay there!"

"No," she said, moving between him and the door. "Mamie and I are going for a drive."

"You go back to my house!" He followed her, waving an arm fiercely at her. "Don't you come around here trying to run over me! You talk about your 'affairs!' All you've got on earth is this two for a nickel old shack over your head and a bushel basket of distillery stock that you can sell by the pound for old paper!" He threw the words in her face, the bull bass voice seamed and cracked with falsetto. "Old paper, old rags, old iron, bottles, old clothes! You talk about your affairs! Who are you? Rothschild? You haven't got any affairs!"

Not a look, not a word, not a motion of his escaped her in all the fury of sound and gesture in which he seemed fairly to envelop himself. Least of all did that shaking of his—the quivering of jaw and temple, the tumultuous agitation of his hands—evade her watchfulness.

"When did you find this out?" she said very quickly. "After you became administrator?"

He struck the back of the chair she had vacated a vicious blow with his open hand. "No, you spendthrift! All there was to your grandfather when

"I want to know," he pursued, "why it was kept secret from me."

you buried him was a basketful of distillery stock, I tell you! Old paper! Can't you hear me? Old paper, old rags"—

"You have sent me the same income," she lifted her voice to interrupt. "You have made the same quarterly payments since his death that you made before. If you knew, why did you do that?"

He had been shouting at her with the frantic and incredulous exasperation of an intolerant man utterly unused to opposition, his face empurpled, his forehead dripping and his hands ruthlessly pounding the back of the chair, but this straight question stripped him suddenly of gesture and left him standing limp and still before her, pale splotches beginning to show on his hot cheeks.

"If you knew, why did you do it?" she repeated. "You wrote me that my income was from dividends, and I knew and thought nothing about it, but if the stock which came to me was worthless how could it pay dividends?"

"It did not," he answered huskily. "That distillery stock, I tell you, isn't worth the matches to burn it."

"But there has been no difference in my income," she persisted steadily. "Why? Can you explain that to me?"

"Yes; I can," he replied. And it seemed to her that he spoke with a pallid and bitter desperation, like a man driven to the wall. "I can if you think you want to know."

"I do."

"I sent it."

"Do you mean from your own"—

"I mean it was my own money."

She had not taken her eyes from his, which met hers straightly and angrily, and at this she leaned forward, gazing at him with profound scrutiny.

"Why did you send it?" she asked.

"Charity," he answered after palpable hesitation.

Her eyes widened, and she leaned back against the lintel of the door, staring at him incredulously. "Charity!" she echoed in a whisper.

Perhaps he mistook her amazement at his performance for dismay caused by the sense of her own position, for as she seemed to weaken before him the strength of his own habit of dominance came back to him. "Charity, madam!" he broke out, shouting intolerably. "Charity, d'ye hear? I was a friend of the man that made the money you and your grandfather squandered; I was a friend of Jonas Tabor, I say! That's why I was willing to support you for a year and over rather than let a niece of his suffer."

"'Suffer!'" she cried. "'Support!' You sent me a hundred thousand francs!"

The white splotches which had mottled Martin Pike's face disappeared as if they had been suddenly splashed with hot red. "You go back to my house," he said. "What I sent you only shows the extent of my"—

"Effrontery!" The word rang through the whole house, so loudly and clearly did she strike it—rang in his ears till it stung like a castigation. It was ominous, portentous of justice and of disaster. There was more than doubt of him in it—there was conviction.

He fell back from this word, and when he again advanced Ariel had left the house. She had turned the next corner before he came out of the gate, and as he passed his own home on his way downtown he saw her white dress mingling with his daughter's near the horse block beside the firs, where the two, with their arms about each other, stood waiting for Sam Warden and the open summer carriage.

Judge Pike walked on, the white splotches reappearing like a pale rash upon his face. A yellow butterfly zigzagged before him, knee high, across the sidewalk. He raised his foot and half kicked at it.

[CONTINUED.]

SKILL OF THE ANCIENTS.

The Old Timers Apparently Did Many Things Better Than We.

"We are losing all our secrets in this shabby age," an architect said. "If we keep on, the time will come when we'll be able to do nothing well.

"Take, for instance, steel. We claim to make good steel, yet the blades the Saracens turned out hundreds of years ago would cut one of our own blades in two like butter.

"Take ink. Our modern ink fades in five or ten years to rust color, yet the ink of mediaeval manuscripts is as black and bright today as it was 700 years ago.

"Take dyes. The beautiful blues and reds and greens of antique oriental rugs have all been lost, while in Egyptian tombs we find fabrics dyed thousands of years ago that remain today brighter and purer in hue than any of our modern fabrics.

"Take my specialty, buildings. We can't build as the ancients did. The secret of their mortar and cement is lost to us. Their mortar and cement were actually harder and more durable than the stones they bound together, whereas ours—horrors!"—New York Press.

Presence of Mind.

The Duke of Wellington was writing in his library when, chancing to look up, he saw a stranger near him who had entered unheard.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" asked the duke.

"I am Apollyon and have been sent to kill you."

The nobleman realized that he had an insane person to deal with, but he was equal to the emergency. With the utmost carelessness he inquired, "Got to do it tonight?"

"No."

"I am very glad, as I am quite busy now. Just send me word before you come again, and I shall be ready for you," politely bowing the crazy person out of the room.

Shortly the fellow was safe in the bedlam whence he had managed to escape.

The Home of a Genius.

Beethoven was born in a small house in Bonn. His father had inherited the vice of drinking, and often Beethoven and his younger brother were obliged to take their intoxicated father home. He was never known to utter an unkind word about the man who made his youth so unhappy, and he never failed to resent it when a third person spoke uncharitably of his father's frailty. Young Beethoven was thus taught many a severe lesson in the hard school of adversity, but his trials were not without advantage to him. They gave to his character that iron texture which upheld him under his heaviest burdens.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

One Day's Work of a Sixteenth Century Law Student.

If law students of the present day are laboring under the delusion that when the world was younger there was less law to study and more relaxation for young men of their class, let them read the following extract that an English contemporary has taken from the "Memoirs of Henri de Mesmes," descriptive of a day's work of a law student at Toulouse in the sixteenth century:

"We used to rise from bed at 4 o'clock, and, having prayed to God, we went at 5 o'clock to our studies, our big books under our arms, our inkhorns and candles in our hands. We heard all the lectures without intermission till 10 o'clock rang. Then we dined after having hastily compared during a half hour our notes of the lectures.

"After dinner we read as a recreation Sophocles or Aristophanes or Euripides and sometimes Demosthenes, Cicero, Virgil or Horace. At 1 o'clock to our studies, at 5 back to our dwelling places, there to go over and verify passages cited in the lectures until 6; then supper, and after supper we read Greek or Latin.

"On holy days we went to high mass and vespers; the rest of the days, a little music and walks."

Doesn't Know It All.

"What do you study at school, my little man?"

"I am studying the history of France, sir."

"Indeed. What can you tell me about Charlemagne?"

"Oh, sir, we have only got as far as Adam and Eve."—Paris Journal.

Can't Be Coined.

Gaily—Why don't you cheer up? Every cloud has a silver lining. Dumps—That may all be, but did you ever see anybody that could coin it?—Detroit Free Press.

Roasting Coffee.

In Norway, where superb coffee is made, a bit of butter is added to the beans while they are roasting in the covered shovel used there for that purpose. In France as well a piece of butter the size of a walnut is put with three pounds of the coffee beans, and also a dessertspoonful of powdered sugar. This brings out both flavor and scent and, moreover, gives the slight caramel taste which will be remembered as a pleasing part of French coffee.

FRANKLIN'S KITE.

The Philosopher's Famous Experiment as Described by Himself.

The famous kite experiment is described by Franklin in a letter dated Oct. 19, 1752: "Make a small cross of light sticks of cedar, the arms so long as to reach to the four corners of a large, thin silk handkerchief when extended. Tie the corners of the handkerchief to the extremities of the cross, so you have the body of a kite, which, being properly accommodated with a tail, loop and string, will rise in the air like those made of paper, but being made of silk is better fitted to bear the wet and wind of a thunder gust without tearing. To the top of the upright stick of the cross is to be fixed a very sharp pointed wire rising a foot or more above the wood. To the end of the twine next the hand is to be tied a silk ribbon, and where the silk and twine join a key may be fastened. This kite is to be raised when a thunder gust appears to be coming on, and the person who holds the string must stand within a door or window or under some cover, so that the silk ribbon may not be wet, and care must be taken that the twine does not touch the frame of the door or window. As soon as the thunderclouds come over the kite the pointed wire will draw the electric fire from them, and the kite, with all the twine, will be electrified and stand out every way and be attracted by an approaching finger. And when the rain has wet the kite and twine you will find the electric fire stream out plentifully from the key on the approach of your knuckle."

OLD TIME THEATERS.

The Way House and Stage Were Lighted In Garrick's Time.

It must have often struck people when reading of the performances in the eighteenth century how it was that the lightning was contrived. The power of oil lamps was limited enough. Theaters like Drury Lane and Covent Garden were of enormous size. There were no footlights, at least until about the middle of the eighteenth century, and they were the humble "floats," dim enough. Yet there was ample light to observe expression and play of features, so necessary in interpreting the fine old comedies of character. Nowadays the stage is one blaze. It is literally bathed and suffused in light. There are no shadows, and yet it might be said the amount of necessary light is no more than there used to be and is not nearly as satisfactory. How was it then?

In the theaters of Garrick and earlier days the stage was really lit by four great chandeliers, which hung directly over the heads of the actors from the arch of the proscenium and just outside the curtain. When the play was over, these were lowered slowly, a signal for the audience to depart. These chandeliers furnished a goodly amount of light on a circular zone immediately below them. The actors' faces and figures were lit in the natural way, as the sun would light them, but the rest of the stage was comparatively dark or gloomy.—Blackwood's.

The Influence of Books.

Books have always a secret influence on the understanding. We cannot at pleasure obliterate ideas. He that reads books of science, though without any desire fixed of improvement, will grow more knowing. He that entertains himself with moral or religious treatises will imperceptibly advance in goodness. The ideas which are often offered to the mind will at last find a lucky moment when it is disposed to receive them.—Samuel Johnson.

Precious Spices.

There are portions of the globe today where spices are worth more than gold or silver. "In the arctic region spices are essential to health and happiness," wrote an explorer. "A dash of pepper, a pinch of ground cinnamon, a little nutmeg or a piece of ginger root revives the jaded appetite wonderfully in the north. I have seen shipwrecked sailors fight over an ounce of spices with more fierceness than they ever did for money."

"E Pluribus Unum."

We are indebted to John Adams for our national motto, "E Pluribus Unum." While he was minister to England Sir John Prestwick suggested it to Mr. Adams as a good motto to indicate the union of the colonies. It was submitted to congress and adopted by act of congress June, 1782. The eagle in its beak bears a ribbon on which is the motto. In the early days of its use the eagle bore also in its talons a bundle of thirteen arrows, but when, in 1841, a new seal was made to take the place of the old one, which had become worn, only six arrows were placed in the talons. Whether this change was ordered by law or not is not known. The old Latin motto was in use in England as far back as 1730 on the Gentleman's Magazine.

Blind Pupils.

An artist in Paris had much difficulty in getting his pupils to make use of the extremely "impressionistic" ideas of art. One evening at a large dinner party he asked an elderly gentleman next to him, who was very shortsighted, how the gentleman at the foot of the table appeared to him.

"Well," replied the nearsighted one, "I see a very white spot, which I take to be his shirt front, and a flesh colored spot, which I know to be his face."

"Ah," exclaimed the artist enthusiastically, "how I wish my pupils could see things as you do!"—Searchlight.

Feeling Heat and Cold.

The principal reasons that we feel objects that are cold when brought in contact with the skin quicker than those that are warm is that the skin, being a very poor conductor of heat, absorbs heat slowly from an object of a higher temperature than itself, while other objects which are cooler and which in nearly every instance are better conductors of heat than the skin absorb heat readily from the skin, and hence a sensation of cold is felt at once.

The Marsh Wren's Sagacity.

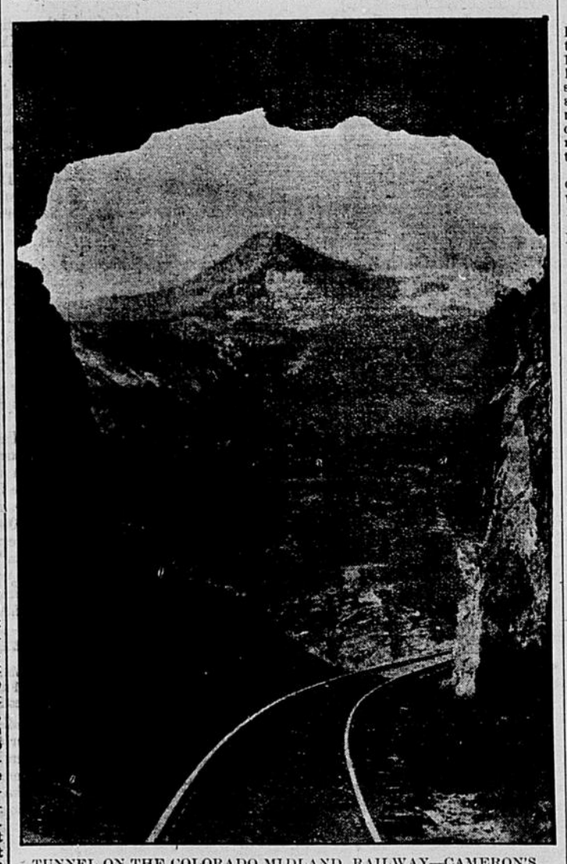
Birds often have more sagacity than is generally accredited them. The long billed marsh wren, which builds a substantial nest of rush leaves, swinging in the tall rushes of a marsh, invariably makes several nests, but only uses one. This is undoubtedly for the purpose of misleading its enemies. The nest used is always the best hidden, while those not used—the decoy nests—may be easily found by those who seek them.

Bad Penmanship.

Mr. Youngwed—This dessert is—pardon me—perfectly dreadful. Mrs. Youngwed—I'm sorry, dear, but the fact is the recipe was given me by a friend, and her handwriting is simply atrocious.—Fliegende Blatter.

MOUNTAIN RAILROAD BUILDING.

Mountain railroad construction is a progressive industry which involves an expense second to no other enterprise in the present years, yet the number of men who are versed, or even interested in this stupendous undertaking is surprisingly few. Out on the plains and along the smooth river



TUNNEL ON THE COLORADO MIDLAND RAILWAY—CAMERON'S CONE IN THE DISTANCE.

bottoms of the West and Middle West, where railroad construction is figured on the basis of the number of men and teams it will take to remove or fill in a certain amount of loose dirt in a given territory, there are none of the problems—or even dangers—to be encountered or reckoned with, so consequently the "flat lands" contractor, engineer or workman knows little—probably, in many cases, cares less—about the troubles of his brother, the mountaineer.

One instance here cited will serve to open the eyes of even the uninitiated in railroad building: The Colorado Midland railway was completed and opened for traffic in 1887. Civil engineers the country over broke into the magazines with brainy, theoretical papers declaring that the feat of constructing a standard-gauge railroad over the very top of the sky-scraping peaks, where scarcely the foot of civilized man had then left its mark, was an idea hatched in the mind of a fanatic, and that it was far from practical, even in theory, let alone fact. Having thus unburdened themselves for the benefit of an enlightened world, they dismissed the subject, apparently satisfied that they had put down and set at rest the wild, weird idea. But half a dozen stalwart empire builders, seated on the very backbone of the American continent, poring over blue prints and figures, were of an entirely different opinion, and as proof of their confidence in themselves there today winds two strings of shining steel over the very brink of Colorado's highest peaks, extending from Denver toward the setting sun to the great briny Pacific, ending at Los Angeles and San Francisco.

But there is tragedy in the story of the building. Human lives were sacrificed; money was spent and brave men went to their graves with broken hearts. Over a certain portion of the road, where every foot of the road-bed had to be fought through solid granite, it was found that the expense of construction had exceeded the engineers' outside estimate $10,000 per mile, and this for some sixty miles!

And today? Today the Colorado Midland enjoys international fame. The very tunnels through solid rocks which meant manifold hardships in the building of the road are now looked upon by the sight-seer and transcontinental passenger as mere matters of course and necessity. The Midland recently attracted considerable attention in railroad circles by issuing one of the handsomest photographic booklets ever produced by a railroad. The publication contains over thirty scenes in the Rockies. It is a work of art and quite expensive, but is sent free to any one who takes the time and trouble to mail a card to C. H. Speers, the general passenger agent at Denver.

For your liver and stomach ills,
Take Beacom's Picnic Pills,
They will surely do you good
They will stimulate your blood,
And make you feel happy as a clam,
Try them. 25c All druggists. 5off

The Gambler's Hands.

"That man is a 'night worker,' probably a faro dealer," said a detective to a friend as the two stood on a street corner the other afternoon, while the person alluded to by the detective passed by. "Know him?" asked the friend. "Not yet," replied the detective, "but I may later." "How do you know he's a faro dealer, then?" "I don't know it," was the reply, "but that he is in some such business is evident from the peculiar pallor of his face, which you may have noticed. You wouldn't get that particular shade if you worked in a bank or at a desk all day long. It's the artificial light and the bad ventilation that do it, I guess. Keeping in the noise of the rattling chips keeps out the air in most cases, and those dealers work as steadily and as regularly as anybody else. Perhaps you noticed, too, that his hands were smooth and clean, in far better condition than yours or mine or the average business man's. The professional gambler may not like his pallor, but he takes great pride in his hands."—Philadelphia Record.

Cowbirds Unnatural Parents.

The cowbird is the only bird that we have in this country which is unnatural in its parental duties. It never builds a nest for itself, but lays its eggs in other birds' nests, thus forcing the rightful owners to assume parental duties. It it sagacious enough to choose the nests of birds smaller than itself, so that its young, when it is hatched, being inevitably the largest of the brood, must necessarily receive the lion's share of the attention of its foster parents. The birds thus afflicted resort to various means to rid themselves of this unwelcome addition to their litter. The most ingenious method is that frequently used by the little fellow wabbler, who will often build a substructure on top of her original nest, thus burying the eggs of the cowbird and often some of her own with it. Nests have frequently been found with two of these substructures in cases where the wabbler has twice been visited by the cowbird.

A Fatal Advertisement.

Vestris, the great dancing master, died at eighty-three, and it was said he would have lived till a hundred but for a sudden and mortal blow in the shape of an advertisement. One day he asked for a newspaper, probably for the first time in his life. Scarcely had he opened the sheet when his eyes lighted upon the following: "Wanted, a professor of dancing at Calcutta. Must be a skillful chiropodist at the same time." He took to his bed and never left it again alive.

A False Alarm.

Dechard's tailor (forcing his way into the house)—Sir, I want my money. Dechard—You relieve me. I thought it was mine you were after.—Pele-Mele.

There is no greater misfortune than not being able to bear misfortune.—Latin Proverb.

It never occurs to fools that merit and good fortune are closely united.—Goethe.

Where To?

Excursion Rates

If you are going to take a trip, free information as to excursion rates will be gladly furnished by any Illinois Central Ticket Agent, or a postal card to the undersigned will bring it.

Rates are now authorized to many different points and sections of the country, for instance:

ONE FARE TO CALIFORNIA AND THE NORTHWEST, on account of the Meetings of the German Baptist Brethren at Los Angeles; the Baptist Young People's Union at Spokane; the Christian Endeavorers at Seattle; and the Good Templars at Seattle; tickets on sale May 18 and June 8-15 to Los Angeles and San Francisco; June 25-July 12 to Spokane, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma and other points in the Northwest. Liberal limit, stopovers, and diverse routes allowed.

JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION, NORFOLK, VA., Fifteen Day, Sixty Day, and Season tickets on sale daily. Diverse routing one way via New York City on season, and sixty day tickets. Write for illustrated printed matter, rates, and particulars as to stop-overs.

DUBUQUE, IOWA, Iowa G. A. R. Encampment, and United Spanish War Veterans of Iowa, first annual reunion, June 11-14. One fare for the round trip, except fare and one third from all points where one way rate is $1 00 or less.

SIOUX CITY, IA., State Firemen's Tournament, June 18 21. Rate of one fare plus 50 cents, except where fare and one-third makes less.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., American Medical Assn. June 4 7. One fare plus $2 00.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., Knights Templars Triennial Conclave, July 9-13. One fare plus $2.00.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., National Educational Assn., July 8-12. One fare plus $2.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Elks Convention, July 15 20. One fare plus $2.00

HOME-SEEKERS round trip tickets on 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of May and June to many points southeast, south, southwest and west.

19 4w H. J. PHELPS,
Division Passenger Agent, I. C. R. R
603 Bank Bldg., Dubuque, Iowa.

You can't tell a woman's age after she takes Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Her complexion is fine. She is round, plump and handsome; in fact she is young again. 35 cents Tea or Tablets. R. A. Denton.

FOR SALE.
Good residence property on Franklin Street
8tf J. J. PENTONY.

Will Cure Consumption.

A. A. Herren, Finch, Ark., writes, "Foley's Honey and Tar is the best preparation for coughs, colds and lung trouble. I know that it has cured consumption in the first stages." You never heard of anyone using Foley's Honey and Tar and not being satisfied. Anders & Philipp.

Half Rates TO Dubuque FOR THE G. A. R.

For the 33d Annual Encampment, Department of Iowa, Grand Army of the Republic, at Dubuque, Iowa, June 11-14, 1907, the Illinois Central will sell Excursion tickets to Dubuque from all stations in Iowa, on June 10th, 11th and 12th; also June 13th for trains arriving at Dubuque before noon of that date, at a rate of ONE FARE for the round trip, limited to June 15th for return.

For an illustrated leaflet descriptive of Dubuque and the Encampment, apply to any Illinois Central Ticket Agent, or address the undersigned.

H. J. PHELPS,
Division Passenger Agent, I. C. R. R.
21-4 Dubuque, Iowa.

Why do you fret and grumble,
Why don't you take a tumble,
Use Beacom's Picnic Pills,
They will drive away your ills
Try them. 25 cents. All druggists. 50tf

ONE WAY COLONIST RATES

To west and north west California points and Mexico City, Mexico, via I. C. R. R. These rates are about fifteen dollars lower than the regular second class rates. Tickets on sale March 1st to April 30th inclusive and September 1st to October 31st inclusive. For further particulars and for rates to other intermediate points apply to the undersigned H. G. PIERCE, Agt. 5tf

HOLLISTER'S
Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets
A Busy Medicine for Busy People.
Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor.
A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Sluggish Bowels, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 35 cents box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER DRUG CO. COMPANY, Madison, Wis.
GOLDEN SURGEY FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

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General Immigration Agent.

All stomach troubles are quickly relieved by taking a little Kodol after each meal. Kodol goes directly to the seat of the trouble, strengthens the digestive organs, supplies the natural digestive juices and digests what you eat. It is a simple, clean, pure, harmless remedy. Don't neglect your stomach. Take a little Kodol after each meal and see how good it makes you feel. Money back if it fails. Sold by all druggists.

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Talking Machines and Supplies.

Talking Machines sold on easy payments. Nothing down and $1 a week until paid for. Call and see them.

S. K. MYERS
THE PIANO MAN.

Sour Stomach

No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, general debility, sour risings, and catarrh of the stomach are all due to indigestion. Kodol relieves indigestion. This new discovery represents the natural juices of digestion as they exist in a healthy stomach, combined with the greatest known tonic and reconstructive properties. Kodol for dyspepsia does not only relieve indigestion and dyspepsia, but this famous remedy helps all stomach troubles by cleansing, purifying, sweetening and strengthening the mucous membranes lining the stomach.

Mr. S. S. Ball, of Ravenswood, W. Va., says:—"I was troubled with sour stomach for twenty years. Kodol cured me and we are now using it in milk for baby."

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DeWITT'S KIDNEY and BLADDER PILLS—Sure and Safe
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Residence Phone No 265.

RAILROAD Time Cards.

Manchester & Oneida Ry.

TIME TABLE.

Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 5:15 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 8:40 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
No 101 11:22 pm	Thro Express	No 402 8:41 a m
No 33 †5:51 p m	Clipper	No 34†8:55 a m
No 5 † 8:10 a m	Fast Mail	No 64 10:58a m
No 3 2:54 p m	Day Express	No 4 3:39 p m
No 21 7:30 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.322 5:45 p.m	..†Passenger..	No.305 9:00 a. m
No 334 8.00 a.m	..†Passenger..	No.335 6:00 p. m
No.309 1:00 p.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.

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

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