THE CONQUEST of CANAAN

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

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CHAPTER XXII.

JOE helped to carry what was mortal of Eskew from Ariel's house to its final abiding place. With him in that task were Buckalew, Bradbury, the colonel and the grandsons of the two latter, and Mrs. Louden drew in her skirts grimly as her stepson passed her in the mournful procession through the hall. Her eyes were red with weeping (not for Eskew), but not so red as those of Mamie Pike, who stood beside her.

On the way to the cemetery Joe and Ariel were together in a carriage with Buckalew and the minister who had read the service, a dark, pleasant eyed young man, and the squire, after being almost overcome during the ceremony, experienced a natural reaction, talking cheerfully throughout the long drive. He recounted many anecdotes of Eskew, chuckling over most of them, though filled with wonder by a coincidence which he and Flitcroft had discovered—the colonel had recently been made the custodian of his old friend's will, and it had been opened the day before the funeral. Eskew had left everything he possessed, with the regret that it was so little, to Joe.

"But the queer thing about it," said the squire, addressing himself to Ariel, "was the date of it, the 17th of June. The colonel and I got to talkin' it over out on his porch last night, tryin' to rec'lect what was goin' on about then, and we figgered it out that it was the Monday after you come back, the very day he got so upset when he saw you goin' up to Louden's law office with your roses."

Joe looked quickly at Ariel. She did not meet his glance, but, turning instead to Ladew, the clergyman, began, with a barely perceptible blush, to talk of something he had said in a sermon two weeks ago. The two fell into a thoughtful and amiable discussion, during which there stole into Joe's heart a strange and unreasonable pain. The young minister had lived in Canaan only a few months, and Joe had never seen him until that morning, but he liked the short, honest talk he had made, liked his cadenceless voice and keen, dark face and, recalling what he had heard Martin Pike vociferating in his brougham one Sunday, perceived that Ladew was the fellow who had "got to go" because his sermons did not please the judge. Yet Ariel remembered for more than a fortnight a passage from one of these sermons. And as Joe looked at the manly and intelligent face opposite him it did not seem strange that she should.

He resolutely turned his eyes to the open window and saw that they had entered the cemetery, were near the green knoll where Eskew was to lie beside a brother who had died long ago. He let the minister help Ariel out, going quickly forward himself with Buckalew, and then, after the little while that the restoration of dust to dust mercifully needs, he returned to the carriage only to get his hat.

Ariel and Ladew and the squire were already seated and waiting. "Aren't you going to ride home with us?" she asked surprised.

"No," he explained, not looking at her. "I have to talk with Norbert Flitcroft. I'm going back with him. Goodby."

His excuse was the mere truth, his conversation with Norbert in the carriage which they managed to secure to themselves continuing earnestly until Joe spoke to the driver and alighted at a corner near Mr. Farbach's Italian possessions. "Don't forget," he said as he closed the carriage door, "I've got to have both ends of the string in my hands."

"Forget!" Norbert looked at the cupola of the Pike mansion rising above the maples down the street. "It isn't likely I'll forget!"

When Joe entered the "Louis Quinze room" which some decorator, drunk with power, had mingled into the brewer's villa, he found the owner and Mr. Sheehan, with five other men, engaged in a meritorious attempt to tone down the apartment with smoke. Two of the five others were prosperous owners of saloons, two were known to the public (whose notion of what it meant when it used the term was something of the vaguest) as politicians; the fifth was Mr. Farbach's closest friend, one who (Joe had heard) was to be the next chairman of the city committee of the party. They were seated about a table, enveloped in blue clouds and hushed to a grave and pertinent silence which clarified immediately the circumstance that whatever debate had preceded his arrival, it was now settled.

Their greeting of him, however, though exceedingly quiet, indicated a certain expectancy as he accepted the chair which had been left for him at the head of the table. He looked thinner and paler than usual, which is saying a great deal, but presently, finding that the fateful hush which his entrance had broken was immediately resumed, a twinkle came into his eye, one of his eyebrows went up, and a corner of his mouth went down.

"Well, gentlemen?" he said.

The smokers continued to smoke and to do nothing else, the exception being Mr. Sheehan, who, though he spoke not, exhibited tokens of agitation and excitement which he curbed with difficulty, shifting about in his chair, gnawing his cigar, crossing and uncrossing his knees, rubbing and slapping his hands together, clearing his throat with violence, his eyes fixed all the while, as were those of his companions, upon Mr. Farbach. So that Joe was given to perceive that it had been agreed that the brewer should be the spokesman. Mr. Farbach was deliberate, that was all, which added to the effect of what he finally did say.

"Choe," he remarked placidly, "you are der next mayor off Canaan."

"Why do you say that?" asked the young man sharply.

"Bickoss us here," he answered, interlocking the tips of his fingers over his waistcoat, that being as near folding his hands as lay within his power, "bickoss us here shall try to fix it so, und so hef ditcided."

Joe took a deep breath. "Why do you want me?"

"Dot," replied the brewer, "iss someding I shall tell you." He paused to contemplate his cigar. "We want you bickoss you are der best man fer dot positsion."

"Louie, you mustn't make a mistake at the beginning," Joe said hurriedly. "I may not be the kind of man you're looking for. If I went in"— He hesitated, stammering. "It seems an ungrateful thing to say, but—but there wouldn't be any slackness—I couldn't be bound to anybody"—

"Holt up your hosses!" Mr. Farbach once in his life was so ready to reply that he was able to interrupt. "Who hef you heert speak off bounding? Hef I speakt off favors? Dit I say der shoult be slackness in der city gofer'ment? Litsen to me, Choe." He renewed his contemplation of his cigar, then proceeded: "I hef been t'inkin' it ofer now a couple years. I hef mate up my mind. If some peobles are gombelt to keep der laws and oders are not, dot's a great atwantitch to der oders. Dot iss what iss ruining der goundry, und der peobles iss commencement to take notice. Efer'veres in oder towns der iss housecleaning. Dey are reforming und indieding, und pooty soon dot mofement comes here—shoo-er! If we intent to holt der pardy in power, we shoult be a leetle ahead off dot mofement so when it shoult be here we hef a goot 'minadstration to fall beck on. Now, dere iss anoder brewery opened und trying to gombete mit me here in Canaan. If dot brewery owns der mayor, all der tsaloons buying my beer must shut up at 'leven o'glock und Sundays, but der oders keep open. If I own der mayor, I make der same against dot oder brewery. Now, I am pooty sick off dot ways off bitsness und fighting all times. Also," Mr. Farbach added, with magnificent calmness, "my trade iss larchly owitside off Canaan, und it iss bedder dot here der laws shoult be enforced der same fer all. Litsen, Choe! All us here beliefs der same way. You are square. Der whole tsaloon element knows dot und knows dot all voult be treated der same. Mit you it voult be fairness fer each one. Foolish peobles hef sait you are a law tricker, but we know dot you hef only mate der laws brotect as well as bunish. Und at such times as dey het been broken you hef made dem as mertsiful as you coult. You are no tricker. We are willing to help you make it a glean town. Oderwise der fightin' voult go on until der mofement strikes here and all der granks vake up und we git a fool reformer fer mayor und der town goes to der dogs. If I try to put in a man dot I own, der oder brewery iss goin' to fight like h—l, but if I work fer you it will not fight so hart."

"But the other people," Joe objected, "those outside of what is called the saloon element—do you understand how many of them will be against me?"

"It iss der tsaloon element," Mr. Farbach returned peacefully, "dot does der fightin'."

"And you have considered my standing with that part of Canaan which considers itself the most respectable section?" He rose to his feet, standing straight and quiet, facing the table, upon which, it chanced, there lay a copy of the Tocsin.

"Uud yet," observed Mr. Farbach, with mildness, "we got some pooty risbeedable men right here."

"Except me," broke in Mr. Sheehan grimly, "you have."

"Have you thought of this?" Joe leaned forward and touched the paper upon the table.

"We hef," replied Mr. Farbach; "all of us. You shall beat it."

There was a strong chorus of confirmation from the others, and Joe's eyes flashed.

"Have you considered," he continued rapidly, while a warm color began to conquer his pallor—"have you considered the powerful influence which will be against me, and more against me now, I should tell you, than ever before—that influence, I mean, which is striving so hard to discredit me that lynch law has been hinted for poor Fear if I should clear him? Have you thought of that? Have you thought"—

"Martin Pike owns Beaver Beach!"

"Have we thought o' Martin Pike?" exclaimed Mr. Sheehan, springing to his feet, face aflame and beard bristling. "Aye, we've thought o' Martin Pike, and our thinkin' of him is where he begins to git what's comin' to him! What d'ye stand there pickin' straws fer? What's the matter with ye?" he demanded angrily, his violence tenfold increased by the long repression he had put upon himself during the brewer's deliberate utterances. "If Louie Farbach and his crowd says they're fer ye, I guess ye've got a chanst, haven't ye?"

"Wait," said Joe. "I think you underestimate Pike's influence"—

"Underestimate the devil!" shouted Mr. Sheehan, uncontrollably excited. "You talk about influence! He's been the worst influence this town's ever had—and his tracks covered up in the dark wherever he set his ugly foot down! These men know it, and you know some but not the worst of it, because none of ye live as deep down in it as I do! Ye want to make a clean town of it, ye want to make a little heaven of the Beach"—

"And in the eyes of Judge Pike," Joe cut him off, "and of all who take their opinions from him. I represent Beaver Beach!"

Mike Sheehan gave a wild shout. "Whooroo! It's come! I knowed would! The day I couldn't hold my tongue, though I passed my word I would when the coward showed the deed he didn't dare to git recorded! Waugh!" He shouted again, with bitter laughter. "Ye do! In the eyes o' them as follow Martin Pike ye stand fer the Beach and all its wickedness, do ye? Whooroo! It's come! Ye're an offense in the eyes o' Martin Pike and all his kind because ye stand fer the Beach, are ye?"

"You know it!" Joe answered sharply. "If they could wipe the Beach off the map and me with it"—

"Martin Pike would?" shouted Mr. Sheehan, while the others, open mouthed, stared at him. "Martin Pike would?"

"I don't need to tell you that," said Joe.

Mr. Sheehan's big fist rose high over the table and descended crashing upon it. "It's a lie!" he roared. "Martin Pike owns Beaver Beach!"

(CONTINUED.)

PHOEBE COUZINS DROPS SUFFRAGE

Formerly Ardent Worker in Movement, Says Country Isn't Ready for Equal Rights.

St. Louis, June 17.—Phoebe W. Couzins, the first woman United States marshal this country ever had, for many years one of the most ardent advocates of equal rights for women, and a prominent figure at every woman's rights convention, declares that suffrage for her sex has been a failure. She expressed the belief that the country is not ready for women's votes, and won't be for some time to come. Miss Couzins declared that the suffragists were on the wrong track.

In demanding prohibition for the District of Columbia, Miss Couzins said the women again were wrong. She said prohibition does not necessarily prohibit, and that it would be absurd to establish such a law for the District of Columbia, where foreign diplomats, who are used to their beer and toddy, congregate.

Sunken Launch Brought Up.

Washington, D. C., June 17.—Secretary Metcalf has just received a long-distance telephone message from Admiral Berry, commanding the Norfolk navy yard, saying that the Minnesota's launch has been raised to the surface and the body of one fireman found. The search for the other bodies is being continued.

Norfolk, Va., June 17.—The second body of the eleven victims who perished when the launch of the battleship Minnesota went down in Hampton Roads a week ago with six United States midshipmen and five seamen aboard, was found floating in the waters of lower Chesapeake bay, directly in front of the cottage line east of Ocean View, a summer resort, eight miles north of Norfolk. It has not been identified.

"Newsboys' Friend" Is Dead.

Omaha, Neb., June 17.—Colonel Alexander Hogeland, of Louisville, author of the curfew law and known all over the country as the "newsboys' friend," was found dead in bed at the Murray hotel in the morning.

Bees Tie Up Trolley Traffic.

Philadelphia, Pa., June 17.—A Swarm of bees which pre-empted the trolley pole of an electric car on one of the chief streets of the city blocked traffic for two hours when the trolley wheel slipped off the wire.

HE SPANKED THE GIRLS

They Complained to the School Board and the Spankings Are Most Pointedly Approved.

Bristow, Ia., June 17.—Professor D. H. Correl, principal of Bristow schools, has haled into court last week on a charge of assault and battery. The charges were filed by girl students at the school, who testied that the teacher spanked them, and that he made a practice of spanking the girls.

The teacher's defense was that the girls were naughty and that spankings were necessary to maintain discipline. He was acequitted and the school board immediately increased his salary.

No Council at Madrid, Ia.

Boone, Ia., June 14.—All of the councilmen of Madrid have resigned, and the town is in a dilemma. The men took the view that owing to the amount of work involved they could not afford to give up so much of their time for 50 cents a meeting, which is allowed. A majority vote of the council is necessary to make appointments, and the council can appoint other councilmen if there are resignations, but in the case of Madrid there is no council left.

Archbishop Keane Stricken.

Dubuque, Ia., June 17.—While addressing a state temperance meeting at Charles City Archbishop Keane suffered an attack of heart failure and was unable to speak for some moments. He finally concluded, however, and retired to his bed. He was able to go to supper but had another attack while talking to those at the table. He soon recovered and with a few days' rest is expected to be able to appear in public.

Jealous Murder by a Soldier.

Des Moines, Ia., June 17.—In a fit of jealous rage Private W. H. Johnson, of the Eleventh cavalry, stabbed Private James A. Keeley. Both men were attentive to the same young woman, Miss Bertha J. Kail, of Carlisle, Ia. Keeley was engaged in conversation with her near the post when Johnson came up. A quarrel followed in which Johnson stabbed Keeley, who died soon after.

VALUABLE STOCK SOLD BY LOWDEN

Congressman Disposes of Sixty-One Head of Cattle at an Average of $630 Each.

Chicago, June 13.—All records for live stock sales were shattered when Congressman Frank O. Lowden disposed of sixty-one head of prize cattle at the stockyards. The sale attracted the largest crowd in the history of such events in Chicago. Federal Judge K. M. Landis adjourned his court so that some interested litigants might attend. The cattle, which were from Colonel Lowden's "Sinnissippi" stock farm near Oregon, Ill., brought a total of more than $38,000, an average of $630 a head.

Dr. W. H. Earle, of Milwaukee, purchased one white shorthorn bull, "Cumberland's Last," for $3,000, and one cow, "Larmia II," for $2,000. The first ten animals in the lot, all females, sold at prices averaging $840 each. The highest price paid for one of the ten was $1,405 and the lowest $600.

Tramps.

Railroad presidents have pledged themselves to the National Conference of Charities and Corrections to assail the tramp problem with energy. The rude coupling-pin of the brakeman is to be reinforced by the finesse of the railway detective. Local authorities will be asked to co-operate with the men by severer punishment of vagrancy.

There are relatively fewer tramps now than in past ages, and probably fewer in this country than in Europe. Mediaeval literature is full of references to wanderers. Often they formed armed bands of marauders and their leaders played great parts in history. The vast monasteries were their hotels. Local tradition explains the almost inaccessible sites chosen for many monasteries by the desire of making it hard for tramps to climb up to them to claim free bed and board for the night. There were at one time 100,000 gysies in Scotland, as many in England, half a million or more in Central Europe. Their Romany dialect is the basis of much of the surviving slang of tramps. Their patteran is grand-father to the chalk mark on the gate of the sympathetic housewife.

France, Germany and German Austria have been severe with tramps, yet they exist in large numbers. Gorky has written depressing tales of the "go-barefoot" men of Russia. Passports do not hinder them. In this country they concentrate along the main railroad lines. The most skillful break-beam experts visit New York during the open season and go to California, Texas and Florida at will. It is estimated by a delegate to the conference that they do $2,500,000 a year damage to railroads by causing wrecks and robbing and burning stations. They view with philosophic calm the frantic farmer offering triple wages to men who will help get in his crops.

The difficulty with curing the tramp problem is partly legal. If a gentleman has leisure by temperament and a taste for travel, how are you going to blast his predestined career? How prove that he is not always hastening to a job in the next county? Jail in winter is no deterrent; in summer it is at worst an annoyance. The efforts of the railroad men to put down tramps will be viewed with sporting interest and long odds will lie against them in the betting.—World.

A Blackhawk Memorial.

Iowa has lost track of the spot where Black Hawk was originally buried, the site having been swallowed up long ago by a cornfield. It has lost the bones of the famous war chief, the ones which were returned by the man who had stolen them from the original grave,—and the settlers at that time were positive they were not the genuine bones, but the Indians were placated,—having been destroyed in a fire at Burlington many years ago. It has failed, quite recently, to provide a monument which the city of Burlington proposed to erect in the war chief's honor. The state in which Black Hawk spent the greater part of his life and where he started his people on the war path and where he died has allowed his memory to lapse.

In Wisconsin, however, it has been otherwise, a Black Hawk memorial having been dedicated last week on the site of the original Fort Atkinson, a stockade which sprang into existance during the Black Hawk war. Credit is due to the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution for the work.

The history of the original fort so far as it was concerned with Black Hawk is as follows: The main army of regulars in the year 1832 marched up to the foot of Lake Koshkonong, expecting to find Black Hawk there, that being a favorite camping ground of the Indians for many miles around. Black Hawk was not there, however, so the army divided, the part under General Atkinson marching five miles north along Rock river and building the fort on the river's edge. The army remained in this fort for about a couple of months, sending out scouting parties on several occasions when reports came in of Black Hawk's alleged whereabouts. Nothing of any moment was accomplished, and hearing that the rebellious Sacs and Foxes were in full retreat toward the Mississippi, General Alexander abandoned the fort and marched his forces westward, coming up with the main army in time to join in the battle of Bad Axe, just across the Mississippi from the northwestern corner of Iowa, in which the tribe was almost annihilated and Black Hawk himself was soon afterward taken prisoner.

Of recent years inquiry has frequently been made as to the exact location of the old post. The local Daughters of the Revolution took up the matter, located the spot and secured funds for a memorial This stands upon a high terrace and is surrounded by a neat iron fence. The boulder, weighing five tons, is of native stone and upon its southern fall is let in a tablet of Vermont granite bearing this inscription: "Near this spot General Atkinson built a stockade in the Black Hawk war, in 1832 To mark this historic ground the Fort Atkinson Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution place this memorial." On the northern face of the stone is inscribed in large letters "Black Hawk War." The cannon ball let in the cement of which the base of the monument is composed was found when excavating a cellar for one of the earliest houses of the town and upon the ground where the old fort stood.—Cedar Rapids Republican.

Jap Newspapers Warned.

Tokio, June 14.—The newspaper men of this city were summoned to appear before the home department and were then officially advised to abstain from the publication of any matter of an inflammatory or agitating nature upon the American question.

ROUNDING HELL GATE.

Hell Gate, near the very brink of the Continental divide in Colorado, is one of the most widely advertised and talked of bits of awe-inspiring scenery in the entire Rocky mountain region, and its name, together with its generally frightful appearnce, has caused many amusing stories to be told and printed.

ROUNDING HELL GATE.

Recently the publisher of a sectarian periodical at Denver, which bore the euphonious title, "The Pillar of Fire," called on C. H. Speers, general passenger agent of the Colorado Midland railway, on the line of which Hell Gate is situated, and requested the loan of a picture of this scene for his publication. He was furnished with the desired picture, and a few days later the general passenger agent was startled to find on his desk a copy of the paper with the picture, a splendid halftone, printed on the front page in flaming red ink. Under the picture these words were printed in boldface type, also in red ink:

"Around and above the deep gorge of sin, with its gateway to Hell, Jesus Christ, at the cost of his own life, built a roadway of escape for whomsoever will to be saved. Oh! ye wicked railroad man, pause at Hell Gate, reconsider, and give the signal to back up before it is too late."

Opie Read, the noted author, was the central figure in another amusing incident wherein Hell Gate played a part. Mr. Read and his wife were among the party which made a trip over the Midland during the meeting last summer in Denver of the International League of Press Clubs. As the train neared the familiar scene, "Rounding Hell Gate," Mr. Read, as did many others of the party as could find room, crowded out onto the guards to get a better look. There were many expressions of awe from the others, but Mr. Read was silent as the Sphinx. The solicitous representative of the road who conducted the party endeavored to get an expression from Mr. Read, but all to no avail. The great author simply looked, wearing an expression which might have been taken for one of displeasure. The train soon pulled up to Ivanhoe, the brink of the divide, where the scenery is a little more quiet, running to the gracefully sloping mountains and open valleys. Mr. Read breathed a sigh of evident relief, strolled into the observation car and rejoined Mrs. Read.

"Well," inquired his wife, "what did you think of it?"

"Well," began the author with that inimitable drawl of his, "I'm d—d glad the trainmen knew the way out of that place."

The friends of a well-known Leadville business man are fond of telling a story on him which does not sound to his ears as funny as to those who hear it for the first time declare it to be; this because of its truth. The man's wife was returning from an extended trip to California, and her husband had wired her that he would come up the line on the westbound train to meet her. He sent the wire to Glenwood, then consulted the conductor of the westbound train and ascertained that the two trains were scheduled to meet at Humphrey, the nearest station to Hell Gate. Thinking to locate the place more definitely, than by merely giving the name of the obscure station, the man rushed into the depot and wired (so he intended) his wife as follows:

"We will meet in Hell Gate.—John."

When he boarded the eastbound train at Humphrey he found his better half in throes of violent hysteria, with a physician who happened to be aboard, working over her. He pushed his way through the crowd and finally succeeded in getting her to recognize him. Explanation, from his point of view, followed during the remainder of the trip, but he would not believe that he had been responsible for the state of affairs until the operator at Leadville produced the original telegram, in the man's own handwriting.

In his hurry he had failed to add the word "gate" in the message.

BIG SUIT HAS BEEN BEGUN

Government Attacks the Anthracite Railways for a Combine in Restraint of Trade.

Philadelphia, Pa., June 13.—The suit of the United States government against the anthracite coal-carrying railroads which are charged with carrying on a monoply in the production, transportation and sale of hard coal, has been filed in the United States circuit court in this city. The defendants are the Reading company, Philadelphia and Reading company, Lehigh Valley Railroad company, Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, Central Railroad Company of New Jersey, Erie Railroad company, New York, Susquehanna and Western Railroad company, Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron company, Lehigh Valley Coal company, Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal company, Hillside Coal and Iron company, New York, Susquehanna and Western coal company, and the Temple Iron company.

They have until the first Monday in August to make an appearance in the suit, and until the first Monday in September to file an answer or demurrer to the proceedings. This is the opening move of what is expected to be a great contest between the government and the coal roads and the filing took but a few minutes.

Gray-Fish Wedding.

New York, June 13.—One of the most notable social events of the season was the marriage of Miss Marian Fish, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, and Albert Z. Gray, son of Judge John Clinton Gray. The ceremony occurred at 4 o'clock at St. Bartholomew's church. A wedding reception followed the ceremony at the Fish home. Nearly 5,000 invitations were sent out for the wedding ceremony, which was performed by Dr. Morgan Dix, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Garrison, N. Y.

Slayer of Four Is Dead.

Bloomington, Ill., June 13.—Thomas Baldwin, slayer of four people, died in the county jail here from nervous collapse, aged 58. Feb. 28, at Arrowsmith he shot Mrs. Sim Elseman and daughter, Cora, and Thomas Kennedy and wife. He was then out on bail charged with criminal assault on the Elseman girl. He killed the girl and those who were witnesses against him. He became a nervous wreck immediately after arrest, necessitating postponement of trial.

Saloon Keepers to the Rock Pile.

Cherokee, Kan., June 13.—One of the most drastic moves ever made to enforce the Kansas prohibitory law was taken here when four saloon keepers who pleaded guilty to violating the law were fined $100 each, ordered to pay the cost of the suit, and were sentenced to thirty days on the rock pile, effective at once. The men sentenced were W. A. Doss, George Shewerd, Adolph Ahrens and E. C. Johnson. They say they will appeal.

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ONE FARE TO CALIFORNIA AND THE NORTHWEST, on account of the Meetings of the National Educational Assn., 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 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, stop-overs, 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, also via Boston. Write for illustrated printed matter, rates, and particulars as to stop-overs.

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

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., Knights Templars Triennial Conclave, July 9 13. One fare plus $2 00

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

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., National Encampment, G. A. R. Sept. 9-14.

HOMESEEKERS round trip tickets on 1st and 3d Tuesdays of June to many points southeast, south, southwest and west. H. J. PHELPS,
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Am prepared to do all kinds of work in my line. Moving safes, musical instruments household goods and heavy articles a specialty.
Residence Phone No 265.

Bert Barber of Elton, Wis., says, "I have only taken four doses of your Kidney and Bladder Pills and they have done for me more than any other medicine has ever done I am still taking the pills as I want a perfect cure" Mr. Barber refers to DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, which are unequaled for Backache, weak kidneys, inflamation of the bladder and all urinary troubles. A week's treatment for 25c. Sold by all druggists.

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY
MAPLE LEAF ROUTE
LOW RATES
To the Jamestown Exposition. Tickets on sale daily.
Summer Tourist Rates to various Resorts in the United States, Canada and Mexico. Tickets on sale daily to Sept. 30th
Homeseekers' Excursions (round trip) to the Northwest, West, Southwest, and South. Tickets on sale 1st and 3rd Tuesdays during June and July
Triennial Conclave, Knights Templar, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., July 9th to 13th. Tickets on sale July 3, 4, 5 and 6 at nearly half fare, good to return July 16th, with extension privilege
For further information apply to the
Great Western Agent.

HOLLISTER'S
Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets
A Busy Medicine for Busy People.
Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor.
A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Live 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 COMPANY, Madison, Wis.
GOLDEN NUGGET FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

RAILROAD Time Cards.

Manchester & Oneida Ry.

TIME TABLE.

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

Train No. 4, leaves Manchester at 7:15 a. m arrives at Oneida at 7:48 a. m., connects with east bound C. G. W. No 6. Returning leaves Oneida at 7:48 a. m., arrives at Manchester at 8:10 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 9:28, 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
Beiknap's Crossing, Platform at Quaker Mill Switch, Franklin Street Crossing, Sly's Crossing, Miller's Crossing, Twin Crossing, Westbrook Crossing.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.
TIME TABLE.
Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No 1* 11:58 pm	..Fast Train..	No 2* 2:03 a m
No 401 11:32 pm	Thro Express..	No 402 3:41 a m
No 33 †5:54 p m	....Clipper....	No 34 †8:55 a m
No 5 †8:10 a m	..Fast Mail...	No 6 † 10:35a m
No 3 3:10 p m	..Day Express.	No 4 3:10 p m
No 21 7:20 a m	Ft Dodge Ex	No 22 7:50 p m
No 93 1:00 p m	Way Freight	No. 94 11:45 a m
	CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.	

North Bound —Arrive—	Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No.322 5:45p.m	...†Passenger...	No.325 9:00 a. m
No 334 8.00a.m	..†Passenger...	No.333 6:00 p. m
No.86011:15a.m	....†Freight....	No.358 12:45 p.m

All above trains carry passengers.
*Daily.
†Daily Except Sunday.
H. G. PIERCE, Station Agt
No. 5 Runs to Omaha, Sioux City and St. Paul
No. 3 Runs to Ft. Dodge only.
No. 1 has connections to Omaha, Sioux City, Sioux Falls, St Paul and Minneapolis and No. 2 from same points.

Compound Vapor, Tub and Shampoo Baths.
Baths
Vapor, Tub, and Shampoo.
I give the Conant system of baths, the most scientific ever invented or discovered for preventing and curing disease.
LADIES' DEPARTMENT.
Better Equipt Than Ever Before.
Ladies' Department
My ladies' department is in charge of Mrs. Nellie Howick, an expert in the art of giving baths and shampooing.
Office and bath rooms on Franklin street, opposite Globe Hotel.
G. D. GATES.

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.

PAINTING
All kinds of exterior and interior painting. A specialty made of Carriage painting. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.
8tf S. J. Maley.
Over Atkinson's Blacksmith Shop.

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

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.

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. 50tf

THE YAZOO MISSISSIPPI VALLEY
Is the title of a new phamplet now ready for distribution and published by the Illinois Central Railroad Company. It describes in detail the resources and possibilities of the richest valley in the United States. For a free copy address the undersigned at Manchester, Iowa.
J. F. MERRY,
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.