The KING of DIAMONDS.

By Louis Tracy,

Author of "Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," Etc.

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This development took place early in the new year, and the new company allowed Mrs. Anson to occupy her tiny abode until the last day of March. It was now March 5, and how the widow and her son had lived during the past two months the doctor could only guess from the gradual depletion of their little store of furniture.

It was odd that such an intelligent and well bred woman should be so completely shut off from the rest of the world, and his first question to Phil sought to determine this mystery.

"Surely," he said, "there is some one to whom you can appeal for help. Your father and mother must have had some relatives, even distant cousins, and if they are written to a friendly hand may be forthcoming."

Philip shook his head. The mere taste of food had provoked a ravenous appetite. He could not eat fast enough. The doctor stayed him.

"Better wait a couple of hours, Phil, and then you can tackle a hearty meal. That's the thing. I like to see such prompt obedience, but you certainly have wonderful self control for one so young. I may tell you, to relieve present anxieties, that a few employees of your father's firm have guaranteed the expenses of your mother's funeral, and they also gave me a sovereign to tide you over the next few days."

Funeral! The word struck with sledge hammer force. Phil had not thought of that. He remembered the dismal pomp of such events in this squalid locality, the loud sobbing of women, the hard faced agony of men, the frightened curiosity of children. His mother, so dear, so tender, so soft cheeked—the bright, beautiful, laughing woman of their life in Dieppe—to be taken away from him forever and permitted to fade slowly into nothingness in some dreadful place, hidden from the sunshine and the flowers she loved! For the first time he understood death. When his father was killed, his mother was left. Anxious tending on her dispelled the horror of the greater tragedy. Now all was lost. The tears that he hated were welling forth again, and he savagely bit his lip.

"You have been—very good—to us, doctor," he forced himself to say. "If ever—I can repay you"—

"There, there, not a word! Bless my soul, yours is a difficult case."

Again the doctor tackled his glove. He glanced at his watch.

"Four o'clock. I am an hour late of my rounds. No, Phil. Don't go upstairs. There are some women coming. Wait until they have tended your mother. And—one last word. It will do you no good to keep vigil by her side. Best think of her as living, not dead. You will be grateful for my advice in after life."

The women arrived, coarse but kindly hearted creatures. One of them gave the boy a packet of letters.

"I found 'em under the dear lydy's pillow," she said. Neither poverty nor death robbed Mrs. Anson of the respect paid to her by all who came in contact with her.

He sat down, untied a string which bound the letters together and looked at the address on the first envelope. It bore his mother's name and a recent postmark. Wondering dolefully what correspondence she could have had during these later months that demanded such careful preservation, he took out the letter. Suddenly he hesitated. Perhaps these documents alluded to something which his mother did not wish him to know. For an instant his impulse was to consign the packet to the fire. No; that might be wrong. He would glance at their general purport and then commit them to the flames if he thought fit.

The letter in his hand was headed, "The Hall, Beltham, Devon," and dated about a month earlier. It read:

Dear Madam—I am requested by Sir Philip Morland to ask you not to trouble him with further correspondence. This is the fourth time I have been desired by him to write in these terms, so please note that your letters will in future remain unanswered. Yours truly,

LOUISA MORLAND.

The curt incivility of the note brought an angry flush to the boy's face. Who was Sir Philip Morland that he should dare to offer this insult to a lady? Evidently a relative, and a near one, for Morland was his mother's name, and his own Christian name suggested a family connection. Yet she had never spoken of any such person.

Three other letters of preceding dates showed that "Louisa Morland" kept accurate reckoning. There were half a dozen more, from a firm of solicitors. Some of these were merely formal acknowledgments of letters received and forwarded, but one stated that they "were instructed by Lady Morland to inform Mrs. Anson that Sir Philip Morland declined either to see or hear from her."

That was all. Philip sprang up with face aflame. He was alone in the house now, alone with his dead mother.

He went upstairs, with the letters crushed in his right hand as though he would choke a reptile which had stung the only being he loved. He bent over the shrunken form, so placid, so resigned, so angelic in the peace of death, and his hot tears fell unchecked.

"You poor darling!" he murmured. "I believe you humbled yourself even to beg from these people for my sake. What can I do to show my love for you?"

CHAPTER II.

On Friday evening, March 19, a thunderstorm of unusual violence broke over London. It was notably peculiar in certain of its aspects. The weather was cold and showery, a typical day of the March equinox. Under such conditions barometric pressure remains fixed rather than variable, yet many whose business or hobby it is to record such facts observed a rapid shrinkage of the mercury column between the hours of 6 and 7. A deluge of rain fell for many minutes and was followed about 7:30 p. m. by a mad turmoil of thunder and an astounding electrical display not often witnessed beyond the confines of the giant mountain ranges of the world.

So violent and unnerving was the outburst that the social life of London was paralyzed for the hour. Theater parties, diners in the fashionable restaurants, the greater millions anxious to get away from offices and shops, those eager alike to enter and leave the charmed circle of the four mile radius, were ruthlessly bidden to wait while the awesome forces of nature made mad racket in the streets. All horseflesh was afraid. The drivers of cabs and omnibuses were unable to make progress. They had sufficient ado to restrain their maddened animals from adding the havoc of blind charges through the streets to the general confusion caused by the warring elements. Telegraph and telephone wires became not only useless, but dangerous, and the suburban train service was consequently plunged into a tangle from which it was not extricated until midnight.

So general was the confusion, so widespread the public alarm, that the sudden cessation of the uproar at 8 o'clock caused more prayers of thankfulness to be uttered in the metropolis

A boy ran forward to offer his services at the carriage door.

than had been heard for many a day. But worse remained. Thus far the lightning had been appalling, brilliantly lurid, but harmless. At 10 o'clock the storm raged again, this time without the preliminary downfall of rain, and the lightning, though less sensational in appearance, was demoniac in effect, levying a toll on human lives, causing fires and general damage to property, accounts of which filled many columns of the newspapers next morning. This second outburst was succeeded by heavy and continuous rain. At the hour when the theaters emptied their diminishing audiences into the streets London wore its normal rain sodden aspect. It was not until the following day that people fully understood the magnitude and terrifying results of the later display.

About a quarter to 8, while the first storm was at its height, a carriage and pair dashed into a fashionable West End square and pulled up outside a mansion cast in the stereotyped mold of the early Victorian period. The horses, overfed and underworked, had been rendered frantic by the drive through the park from the farther west. Fortunately, they knew this halting place, or the coachman would never have succeeded in stopping them. As it was, they sweated white with fear, and the footman, shouting to the occupants of the carriage that he could not attend to the door, ran to their heads after giving a vigorous tug at the house bell.

A boy, tall and thin, and scantily attired for such weather, who had taken shelter in the dark portico of the mansion, ran forward to offer his services at the carriage door. A bundle of evening papers, covered with a piece of sacking, somewhat impeded the use of his left hand, and, as it happened, in his right he held a large bun on which he had just commenced to dine.

Before he could turn the handle the carriage door opened from the inside. A man sprang out.

"Get out of the way," he said impatiently, and the newsboy obeyed, glad that he had not followed his first impulse and flung away the bun.

A vivid flash of lightning made the horses rear and plunge.

"Look sharp, 2317!" cried the stranger in no more cordial tone. "Gather your wraps and jump out. On a night like this these nervous brutes!"—

A peal of thunder that rattled the windows interrupted him. The two animals reared and bucked with one accord. The plucky footman, hanging on to the crossbars of the bits, was lifted off his feet and banged violently against the pole. He was forced to let go and fell, staggering backward some yards before he dropped. There was a smash of iron and wood, and the near hind wheel of the carriage jammed against the curb. A slight scream came from the interior. Certain that the vehicle would turn over instantly, the man who had alighted slammed the door and sprang clear. In doing so he tripped over the newsboy and fell heavily on the pavement. The boy, quicker to note that the breaking of the pole had given a momentary respite, rushed into the roadway, throwing away both precious bun and still more precious stock of unsold papers.

He wrenched the other door open and shouted:

"This way, madam. Quick!"

"Madam" was quick. She sprang right into his arms and proved to be a girl of twelve or thereabouts, dressed all in white and wrapped in an ermine cloak.

Over went the carriage with a fearful crash. The coachman managed to jump from the box into the roadway. He retained the reins and whip in his grasp and now, losing his temper, lashed the struggling horses savagely. This cowed them, and they ceased their antics.

The boy and the girl found themselves standing on the sidewalk close to the ruined vehicle.

"You have saved my life!" said the girl sweetly and without any trace of the nervousness which might naturally be expected after such a narrow escape from a serious accident.

The boy noted that her eyes were large and blue, that she wore a great shining ornament in her hair and that she appeared to be dressed in somewhat fanciful manner, though the big cloak she wore concealed the details.

The door of the mansion opened, and servants came running out.

Suddenly the boy received a violent blow on the side of the head.

"Confound you!" shouted the man who had fallen on the pavement, "why didn't you get out of the way when I told you?"

The boy, astounded by such recognition of his timely help, made no reply, but the girl protested vehemently.

"Oh, uncle," she cried, "why did you strike him? He got me out of the carriage just before it turned over. He did, indeed!"

Another vivid flash of lightning illumined the scene. It lit up the group with startling brilliancy. The boy, still somewhat shaken by the vicious blow, was nevertheless able to see clearly the pale, handsome, but dissipated features of his enraged assailant, whose evening dress and immaculate linen were soiled by the black mud of the pavement. The girl, dainty and fairy like, a little maid of aristocratic type, and of a beauty that promised much in later years, was distressed now and almost tearful.

Through the crowd of frightened servants, augmented by a few daring pedestrians, a burly policeman, gigantic in waterproof overalls, was advancing with official bluster.

"What has happened?" he demanded. "Is anybody hurt?"

The man answered:

"My horses were startled by the storm. I jumped out and was endeavoring to extricate my niece when this wretched boy got in the way."

"Uncle," protested the girl, "you closed the door on me, and the boy"—

"Shut up!" he growled curtly. "Go inside the house!"

But his niece shared with him at least one characteristic. She possessed the family temper.

"I will not go away and let you say things which are not true. Listen to me, Mr. Policeman. Lord Vanstone did close the door because he thought the carriage would turn over on top of him. For some reason the accident did not happen immediately, and the boy ran round to the other side and helped me out just in time."

"Confound the brat! I think he was the real cause of the whole affair. Why was he hiding in my doorway?"

Lord Vanstone was more enraged than ever by the girl's obstinate defense of her rescuer and her insistence on his own seeming cowardice.

"I was not hiding. I only took shelter from the storm. I tried to help you because the footman was struggling with the horses. I do not claim any credit for simply opening a door and helping the young lady to alight, but I lost both my dinner and my papers in doing so."

Every one experienced a shock of surprise at hearing the boy's elegant diction. The policeman was puzzled. He instantly understood the facts, but dared not browbeat an earl.

"You do not bring any charge against him, my lord?" he said.

But his lordship deigned no reply. He told the coachman to arrange for the removal of the carriage, grasped his niece by the arm and led her, still protesting, into the house.

The policeman saw the bundle of papers scattered over the roadway and near them the partly eaten bun. After a wrench at his garments he produced a penny.

"Here," he said to the boy. "Buy another bun and be off. It's a good job for you the young lady spoke up the way she did."

"She merely told the truth. That man was a liar."

Refusing the proffered penny, the boy turned on his heel. The policeman looked after him.

"That's a queer kid," he thought. "Talked like a regular young gent. I wonder why he is selling papers. Poor lad! He lost a bob's worth at least, and small thanks he got for it."

Passing out of the square by the first eastward street, Philip Anson, with his head erect and hands clinched in his pockets, strode onward at a rapid pace. The lightning was less frequent now, and the thunder was dying away in sullen rumblings. He was wet and hungry, yet, although he had three halfpence, the remaining balance of the only sales effected that evening, he passed many shops where he could have bought food.

In Piccadilly, where the cessation of the storm created a rush of traffic, he was nearly run over by reason of his own carelessness and received a slash from a whip, accompanied by a loud oath from an angry cabman. He shivered, but never even looked around. Crossing Trafalgar square, he plunged through the vortex of vehicles without troubling to avoid them in the slightest degree. Once the hot breath of a pair of van horses touched his cheek while a speechless driver pulled them back onto their haunches. Again, the off wheel of an omnibus actually grazed his heel as he sped behind the statue of Charles I.

At last he reached the comparative seclusion of the Embankment and stood for a moment to gaze fixedly at the swirling, glinting river.

"Not here," he muttered aloud. "I must be nearer to mother—dear old mother! She is there waiting for me."

He trudged steadily away through Queen Victoria street, Cornhill, Leadenhall street, and so on to Johnson's Mews, in the Mile End road. Pausing at a marine store dealer's shop kept by an army pensioner, an Irishman, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, he entered. An elderly man was laboriously reading a paper of the preceding day's date.

"Good evening, Mr. O'Brien," he said. "Can you oblige me with a piece of rope? I want a strong piece about three or four yards in length. I can only spare three halfpence."

"Faix, I dunno. They use nails on the crates mostly nowadays. If I have a bit it's at yer sarvice. I wouldn't be afther chargin' the likes o' you."

Philip's story was known in that humble locality, and the old soldier sympathized with the boy. "He has rale spunk an' no mistake," was his verdict when others said Philip was proud and overbearing. O'Brien moved rheumatically about the squalid shop. At last he found some portion of a clothesline.

[CONTINUED.]

Entertaining.

"Is your family entertaining this season?" inquired the society devotee.

"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "mother and the girls seem kind of amusing to me, but everybody else seems to take 'em seriously."—Washington Star.

Force of Habit.

New Arrival—Is my wife in there? St. Peter—Yes. What are you doing? New Arrival—Merely removing my shoes before going upstairs.—Harper's Bazar.

The New England Conscience.

The New England conscience isn't an idea. It's an inherited disease.—Life.

Work is not a man's punishment. It is his reward and his strength.—George Sand.

All That's Necessary.

"Do Mr. and Mrs. Henpeck live happily?"

"Mrs. Henpeck does."—Houston Post.

An Unintentional Joke.

An English writer tells the story of his first sixpence, which he earned by an unpremeditated joke. His father had been for twenty-seven years engaged in a suit in chancery and had just gained his cause. The expenses of the suit, however, had swallowed up the entire estate, the residue being merely 3s. 6d. The writer says:

My father ranged the seven sixpences on our breakfast table.

"My boy," said he, "see what comes of going to law in Great Britain! Your mother has told you that I have won my suit in chancery?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, then, look! That is all I get of it," and he pointed grimly at the sixpences.

I opened wide my eyes. "All you get of the whole suit?" I echoed with a puzzled air, convinced that a suit in chancery was composed, as other suits are, of a coat, waistcoat and trousers. "Why, papa, those are only the buttons!"

It was this deplorable joke that earned me my sixpence, for my father, laughing, tossed me one across the table, and I rushed off with it like a dog pelted with a bone.

The Blacksmith's Sleeves.

An aged woman was standing before a beautiful picture of a blacksmith in a local department store. The picture was a remarkable painting and had evoked so much praise that hundreds of visitors thronged around it. The figure was that of a village blacksmith standing at his forge, which was blazing with a light that illuminated the whole room. The woman came to the canvas with several younger women, apparently her children. All stood with rapt attention before the work of art, contemplating the light effects and the beautiful shadows. One of the younger women asked of the elderly one what she thought of the picture.

"Well, it's all right but the sleeves," she replied. "I lived in the country a long time, and I know something that the painter with all his knowin' didn't know. That blacksmith's sleeves are rolled out. Now, they don't wear them that way. A blacksmith always turns his sleeves in so the flyin' sparks won't catch."—Indianapolis News.

A Friend In Need.

Immediately after the earthquake in California in 1906 relief stations were established in San Francisco and Oakland. Supplies poured in from neighboring ranches, other towns and other states, but almost all that was sent needed to be cooked before it could be eaten, and of course in many instances homeless wanderers were in immediate need of food. The volunteer cooks did the best they could. They boiled great kettles of soup, caldrons of coffee and oceans of tea, but it was impossible to cook rapidly enough to supply all comers. Late one afternoon when the cooked food supply was running low and a long line of hungry persons still waited to be fed a wagon halted before one of these stations, and a bluff old ranchman addressed the lady in charge.

"Say," said he, "I've brought you 300 dozen of the best eggs in the state, but you won't need to cook them. They're already cooked. I've been boiling eggs since 8 o'clock this morning."

Earthquake Pranks.

Hindustan has had many important geological changes effected by earthquakes. In 1762 Chittagong was violently shaken, the earth opening in many places and throwing up water and mud of sulphurous smell. Then sixty square miles of coast suddenly and permanently subsided, one of the Mug mountains entirely disappeared, and another sank so low that only the summit remained. At the same time a corresponding rise of ground took place at Ramree, an island farther along the coast. Again, at Cutch, in 1819 the fort and village of Sindree were submerged, and about five miles distant a long elevated mound was raised, measuring some fifty miles by sixteen in places, out of what had been a perfectly level plain.

A Few Years Hence.

As she tiptoed into the bedroom her husband raised his head from the pillow sleepily.

"Mrs. Jay was here to see you," he murmured. "She said she'd call again some other evening."

"And what did you tell her, John?" the wife asked as she laid her money and latch key on the bureau.

"Oh," he answered, "I just gave her the address of your club."—New York Press.

When Longfellow Dined.

"Yesterday I dined with Dominican friars at the convent of San Clemente. Archbishop Manning and several people of note were there. We had a jovial dinner and good wine, and every dish was Italian, not to say Italianissimo. After dinner we went into a small coffee room, where the inquisitor tried to light a fire, with small success. Some one cried out, 'Ah, padre, the days have gone by when fires can be lighted by inquisitors!' and there was a roar of laughter, in which the padre aforesaid joined heartily."

"Yesterday Lowell gave a supper to Thackeray. We sat down at 10 o'clock and did not leave the table until 1. It was a very gay affair, with stories and jokes.

"'Will you take some port?' said Lowell to Thackeray.

"'I dare drink anything that becomes a man,' replied T.

"'It will be a long while before that becomes a man.'

"'Oh, no,' cried Felton; 'it is fast turning into one.'"—Extracts From Longfellow's Letters.

A North Atlantic Curiosity.

"In the midst of the north Atlantic there is an enormous field of floating seaweed which kept its place presumably for centuries," said an old sea captain. "It occupies an immense eddy about the fifty-sixth degree of west longitude and between the twenty-second and twenty-eighth degrees of north latitude. There is a great difference of opinion regarding the origin of this floating mass. Some believe it to be detached from rocks at a considerable depth in the latitude where it floats. Others suppose it to come from the shores of the northern seas, having been detached from the rocks by the violence of the winds. Some again imagine that it comes from the rocky shores of Florida and Mexico, while many others agree with me in believing that it has never had any other than its present place of abode. No one has ever seen it attached to rocks, nor have roots ever been discovered belonging to it."

The Old Feather Bed.

What has become of the old fashioned feather bed? We mean the kind so high it required the service of a stepladder to climb into it? Did you ever climb into one of them when you were a kid and sink down, down, down, till you gasped and wondered when you would touch bottom and if you didn't need a life preserver? And do you remember how good it felt upon a cold morning when you poked your head from under the covers and saw the window panes frost covered? And do you remember how you used to climb out of its billows, half dress yourself, shivering, teeth chattering, run downstairs and steal behind the kitchen stove, half your clothes in your arms? And how good those griddlecakes and sausages smelled! Feathers may not be healthy to sleep on, as claimed by doctors, who probably never slept on them, but they seemed mighty good to the kid. Why doesn't somebody write a song about "The Old Feather Bed?"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Legend of the White Sky Calf.

The Kiowa Indians have a queer story of the "white sky calf." According to the legend, that portion of the American desert was formerly very fertile, supporting large herds of pure white buffaloes, each having a black tail. These creatures were held sacred by the savages and never killed for any purpose. Finally an old medicine man, Ne-ka-ta-mah, vowed that he would have a tepee built from the sacred white skin. The chiefs of the tribe tried hard to dissuade him from the notion, but all to no purpose. He declared that he would commence to collect the skins on the morrow. During the night a great white light appeared in the sky and in its center a white buffalo calf. The calf slowly descended to the earth, took charge of the herds, leading them northward, and from that day to this the Kiowas have never seen a white buffalo.

Leadership.

"Pa, what's a political leader?"

"A man who is able to see which way the crowd is going and follows with loud whoops in that direction."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Better Than Some.

Managing Director—Well, and what are your qualifications for the post of night watchman? Applicant—Well, sir, for one thing, the least noise wakes me up.—Bystander.

Strange Story of a Dream.

A correspondent sends the following anecdote, or, as he calls it, "case of thought transference," which was told him by an eminent engineer, whose name we withhold. This well known engineer had been to Bulawayo on the occasion of the opening of the railway to that place. A friend who accompanied him on the occasion contracted enteric fever and died on the homeward voyage. Half an hour before he died his hair turned perfectly white. On arriving in England the engineer went to break the news to the young man's sister. He found that not only did the lady know of the death of her brother, but she knew the time and the circumstance of the hair turning white. The engineer was requested to break the news to the father and mother as gently as possible, but to say nothing of the hair turning white. After a journey of 100 miles he found that both father and mother, whom he saw separately, not only knew of the death of their son, but knew of his hair turning white at the time of his death. Each had had a dream, a vivid dream, at the moment of the death taking place, and each had kept his and her own counsel, and they had not spoken to each other of the dream.—London Mail.

"To the Bitter End."

One of the most interesting phases of the study of language is the peculiar manner in which words and phrases originating in mistakes finally grow into the common speech of the people. An instance of this is the expression "to the bitter end," which is commonly used to denote the final extremity of a crisis. Although perfectly proper today, it is in reality a mistake. The correct phrase is "to the better end" and arose from the fact that when a vessel has paid out all her cable in a storm it has run out to the end which has been little used and therefore to the better end. Daniel Defoe uses the proper phrase in "Robinson Crusoe" in his description of the storm at Yarmouth when he says, "We rode with two anchors ahead and the cables veered out to the better end."

Romance of the Cigar.

A bride of a year ago gave her husband a box of long, lean and sickly looking cigars for a birthday present. The man smelled them, looked at the label and then, with tears in his eyes, said: "I cannot bear to smoke your present. I will keep them always as a token of your love." His wife was so touched that she went down town and ordered three boxes of the same brand and had them charged to her husband. When she gave them to him she said: "Here, dear; these are not a present. Smoke them and enjoy them."—Topeka State Journal.

Homeric Symbol.

You know the fine picture in Homer of the dead leaves which fall to make place for the young buds. It is as true of men as of trees; we have our time and pass away. Behind our vanished youth germinates the youth of others. Our children's destiny ought not to be dulled by what there has been in ours. —Revue des Deux Mondes.

A Lover.

"Is that baby strong?"

"Well, I should say so! He raised the whole family out of bed at 3 o'clock this morning, and scientists say that that's the hour when everybody's strength is at its lowest point."—London Answers.

Giving It Away.

The Young Man—Dicky, you think a good deal of your sister, don't you? Dicky (entertaining him)—You bet! So does ma and pa. She's been in the family mighty near forty years.—Chicago Tribune.

An obstinate fruit stain can generally be removed by holding the spot over the fumes of sulphur.

Tunneled the Register.

A bookworm or some such creature has left his mark upon a volume of the "British Annual Register" of the year 1810 in a club library of New York. The worm ate its way through seventeen leaves of the volume, and for much of the way its path has outlined something very like the crouching figure of a cat, with one ear erect and a short tail. This figure is repeated upon eight or ten leaves and then gradually becomes less clearly defined until the progress of the worm is marked by a single small hole.

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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 7:49 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* 11:55 pm	..Fast Train..	No 2* 2:03 a m
No 401 11:32 pm	Thro Express..	No 403 3:41 a m
No 33 †5:51 p m	....Clipper....	No 34†8:55 a m
No 5 †3:10 a m	..Fast Mail..	No 6† 10:55a 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—		Set Cedar Rpds and Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No.322 5:45p.m	...	†Passenger..	No.305 9:00 a. m
No 334 †.00a.m	..	†Passenger...	No 335 8:00 p. m
No.36011:15 a.m	..	†Freight....	No.258 12:45 p.m

All above trains carry passengers.
*Daily.
†Daily ExceptSunday.

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.

Nearly all old-fashioned Cough Syrups are constipating, especially those that contain opiates. They don't act just right. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup contains no opiates. It drives the cold out of the system by gently moving the bowels. Contains Honey and Tar and tastes nearly as good as maple syrup. Children like it. Sold by all druggist.

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. 5otf

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.

A cleansing, clean, cooling, soothing healing household remedy is DeWitt,s Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. For burns, cuts, scratches, bruises, insect bites, and sore feet it is unequalled. Good for Piles. Beware of imitations. Get DeWitt's. It is the best. Sold by all duggist.