

The KING of DIAMONDS.

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

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They were heavy, too, weighing several pounds each. In placing them side by side close to the wall beneath the front window he suddenly realized an unforeseen difficulty.

If these shreds of matter—the mere husk, as it were, of the meteor—were so ponderous, what would be the weight of the meteor itself? How could he hope to lift it from the hole in which it lay, how convey it from Johnson's house to a new and safer habitation? He might as well endeavor to move an unwilling elephant.

The thought chilled him. For the first time since his parting interview with Mr. Abington, Philip experienced a dread of failure. With something of panic in his blood, he snatched the candle and ran hastily into the yard. He knelt and held the light low in the excavation. Then he cried aloud:

"What! Am I to ready to lose faith in mother?"

For the huge metallic mass—so big that it would not enter the bore of the largest cannon known to modern gunnery—was split asunder in all directions. Its fissures gaped widely, and to mock at him the heat and steam had done their work well. It was even possible that he would not need the spade, but he would be able to pick out each separate chunk with his hand.

Instantly he put the thought of excavation and succeeded in lifting several pieces to the yard level. He noted that they were gored with the dull white pebbles, some being the size of pigeon's eggs. He could not help comparing them to the small stones which he had seen in the meteorite.

Any other person in the wide world might have been excited if he pinched himself or wakened ferociously by looking at the gold fillets which he had found. But he was not excited. Not so Philip. The only dominant feeling in his brain was one of annoyance that he should have doubted for one single instant that means would be given him to secure absolute and undisputed control of his treasure.

But there remained the problem of weight. His original idea was to wrap the actual body of the meteor in the stout sack he obtained from O'Brien and then inclose it in a heavy tin trunk which he would purchase next morning. Any ordinary trunk would certainly be spacious enough, but its phenomenal weight would unquestionably evoke more comment than he desired, and it would need two strong men to lift it.

This portion of his plan needed to be entirely remodeled, and he was now more than ever thankful that the \$50,000 he expended, repaid in his pocket. With money, all things, or nearly all things, were possible.

Owing to the cramped space in which the meteor lay, it was no small task to bring it to the surface in sections, but he persevered. By strenuous endeavor he accumulated an astonishing pile of iron ore studded with diamonds, looking not unlike almonds in a brown cake, and the guttering candle held down failed to reveal anything else in the hole. There was a good deal of debris at the bottom, and the depth was now over four feet. To reach to its full extent he was compelled to jam his head and shoulders into the excavation and feel blindly with one hand, so he rightly concluded that a final examination might be made at daylight.

By this time he was hot and covered with dirt. He stripped, washed himself in front of the fire and changed into his new clothes.

He did not possess a looking glass, but he felt sure that he presented a remarkably different appearance when attired in a neat serge suit, a clean shirt and trousers. His first impulse was to thrust his discarded garments into the fire, but sentiment prevailed, and he folded them into a parcel.

Then he extinguished his candle and went out. To his exceeding surprise he discovered that it was nearly 9 o'clock. Time had indeed flown.

The shops in the end road opened early and close late. He entered a restaurant where he was unknown, passing, as a matter of policy, the coffee stall of his kindly helper of those former days now so remote in his crowded memories. After eating a hearty meal, for which he was thoroughly prepared, he tendered a sovereign in payment.

The proprietor barely glanced at him. Philip was now well dressed, according to local ideas, and his strong erect figure, his resolute face, added two or three years to his age when contrasted with the puny standard of fifteen as set by the poverty stricken East End.

He had forgotten to buy a necktie and a new pair of stockings. These omissions he now rectified, and he also purchased a warm, dark gray traveling rug, several yards of druggist, a ball of twine and a pair of scissors. A couple of stout but worn leather portmanteaus caught his eye.

"Those are cheap," said the salesman quickly, "only 15 shillings each."

"I'm not sure I can afford so much," said Philip hesitatingly, for the rug alone cost 10 shillings.

"They're a real bargain—real leather. They were never made under 25 shillings. Oh, very well! I will take them."

He produced 50 shillings and walked away with his goods without causing any wonderment. The shopman was only too glad to have such a customer at that late hour.

Philip now knew that he was fairly safe, but he decided that a bilkcock had given him a more mature appearance than a cap. This alteration being effected, he hurried off to Johnson's house and re-entered his domicile without incident worthy of note.

Very quickly, with the help of druggist, scissors and twine, the two small portmanteaus were packed with pieces of the meteor and the paper covered parcels already prepared. When each bag weighed about forty pounds he stuffed the remaining space with rolled up newspapers, closed and locked them. He estimated that the three larger leather bags, these being less noisy than tin, would hold the remainder of the meteor.

As the next morning would find him occupied enough, he decided to do as much as possible that night. Three times he sallied forth and returned with a good sized valve. He paid prices varying from £2 10s. to £3 10s. and always brought secondhand goods.

He had locked and strapped the



He glanced at the window and saw a face.

arms and ran with it into the tiny scullery. On the front window there was no blind, only a small, much worn curtain covering the lower panes, and he did not want any stray loafer to gaze in at him and discover a large quantity of luggage in such a respectable hole.

When the fourth bag was disposed of in the dark recess of the scullery he paused for an instant to listen. There was not a sound. Through the window he could dimly discern the roof of the deserted stable opposite.

He bent again to the task of packing the fifth portmanteau and was placing in it the last parcel of ore and diamonds when a faint light came from the street. He looked out and saw a pale face peering over the curtain.

"Here! I want to speak to you." Intuitively grasping the essential fact that his best friend was one of ready acquiescence, Philip stepped toward the door and unlocked it. He stood on the step. The constable approached.

"I hope I didn't startle you," he began, "but I just looked in on the off chance."

"I'm very glad indeed to see you," interrupted the boy. "I'm leaving here tomorrow. Just now, while I was packing some of my belongings, a very nasty looking man came and peeped in at me in the same way you did."

He backed into the house. The policeman followed him, his quick glance noting the open portmanteau and its array of old clothes.

"Just now," he questioned. "Do you mean some time ago?"

"No, no. Not half a minute—a few seconds ago."

"But where can he be? He hasn't left the news or I must have seen him. I crossed the road, and no one came out in so short a time as you did."

"Well, he is somewhere in the place. He had a horrid appearance—a man with a broken nose. He made me jump. I can assure you."

"A man with a broken nose! By Jove! I'm looking for a part of that description. A rank wrong 'un. Robbery with violence and a few other little things. What sort of a man was he? You saw his face only, I suppose?"

The constable stepped back into the paved court. A rapid twist of his hand sent a vivid beam of light dancing over ruined tenements, disheveled doorways and shattered windows.

"A tall man," said Philip, "taller than you, for I could see his chin over the string of the curtain. He had a big face, with eyes that stuck out boldly."

Both Were Collectors. A local newspaper artist in a letter one day from a man over in Indiana who said he was making a collection of sketches. "I have drawings from well known newspaper artists in nearly every state in the Union," the Indiana man wrote, "but I have none from Ohio. I have seen some of your work, and I think it is good. If you will send me some little sketch for my collection I shall be glad."

The artist in question, who had a letterhead that the Indiana man was connected with a bank in one of the small towns over in the state of literature. That gave him a hunch, and he wrote back as follows:

"I am making a collection of ten dollar bills. I haven't secured specimens from every state in the Union, but I have several and a few twenties, and I am particularly anxious to have a ten dollar bill from Indiana. I notice that you are employed in a place where ten dollar bills are kept, and if you send me one for my collection I shall be glad to have it framed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BISHOP M'QUAID IS THREATENED

Supposed Members of the Black Hand Society Try to Extort \$5,000 from the Divine.

Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 23.—Bishop McQuaid of the Roman Catholic diocese of Rochester made the startling declaration before a large crowd which had gathered for the ceremony of blessing the graves in Holy Sepulchre cemetery that an attempt was made a short time ago by supposed members of the Black Hand to extort \$5,000 from him and that he was told that four of the men were sent to jail.

Chief of Police Hayden says that he has been informed by the officers of the Black Hand that the threatening letters had been found.

SHIP GOES ON THE ROCKS

Miles from Any Human Habitation—Seven of Her Crew, Including the Captain, Are Dead.

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 23.—The \$30,000 lake steamer Alexander Nimmick, of Cleveland, O., was wrecked Saturday night on the bleak southern shore of Lake Superior, thirteen miles west of Attleboro Point. No living soul was within many miles of the desolate place where the survivors laboriously managed to land. Six or seven were drowned, as follows: Captain John Randall, of Algona, Mich.; Steward Thomas Parent, of Port Huron, Mich.; First Mate James Hayes, of Ecorse, a suburb of Detroit; four sailors.

Unconscious Humor.

A class of little folk in an English elementary school were recently asked to define "a lady," with curious results. The definition of Lizzie, aged seven, will strike a responsive chord in the heart of the busy woman and shows that Lizzie must be an observing person. "A lady is something like a man," said Lizzie, "but she's got long hair and she's got a different face and different clothes, and she's got a lot of work to do." Charlie, aged six, is impressed by the difference between the sexes. "A lady is like a man, but she's got a different face and a different body from a man, and a lady has different shoes from a man."

Not a Stranger to Her.

The conductor of the Pullman car had for some time had his eye on the man who seemed to be fishing for an excuse to speak to the lady across the aisle. The passenger finally left his seat and looked beside her, and when they had conversed for a few minutes the lady seemed to be protesting, and the conductor's opportunity had come. He stepped forward and said:

"Madam, if this man is forcing his attentions upon you he must resume his own seat."

"He is not exactly a stranger to me," she admitted.

"But you seemed to be annoyed, madam."

His Nerve Escape.

A jolly old steamboat captain with more grivel than height was asked if he ever had any very narrow escapes.

"Yes," he replied, his eyes twinkling. "Once I fell off my boat at the mouth of Bear creek, and although I'm an expert swimmer, I guess I'd be there until I died. I got up on my feet, you see, the water was just deep enough so's to be over my head when I tried to wade out, and just shallow enough"—he gave his body an explanatory pat—"so that whenever I tried to wade out I dragged bottom."

Horrible Example.

"My dear," said Mrs. Stroumgland, "I want you to accompany me to the town hall to see the execution."

"What for?" queried the meek and lowly other half of the combine.

"An life to lecture on the 'Dark Side of Married Life,'" explained Mrs. S., "and I want you to sit on the platform and pose as one of the illustrations."

A Financial Pessimist.

Gaye—Yes, he is what you might think of as a financial pessimist. Myer—What is a financial pessimist? Gaye—A man who is afraid to look pleasant for fear his friends will want to borrow money.

Early Use of Tobacco.

I have heard my grandfather say that one pipe was handed from man to man round about the table. They had first silver pipes; the ordinary sort made of a walnut shell and a straw. Tobacco was sold then for its weight in silver. I have heard some of our old-fashioned neighbors say that when they were a boy they had a pipe in their pocket which they culled out their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco. Sir W. R., standing in a stand at Sir Robert Poyntz's park at Aston, took a pipe of tobacco, which made the other guests of the party do the same. "Bring Lines Set Down by John Aubrey," 1609-68.

Two Acre Farms.

In Belgium a two acre holding is sufficient to maintain a farmer and his family. The typical two acre farm in that country contains a patch of wheat or rye and another of barley. Another fair portion grows potatoes. A row of cabbage grows all round the sloping sides of the ditches, with a row of onions just outside, leaving bare walking round between them and the grain. The shade trees round the house are pear trees. Every foot of land is made to produce, and the farmer keeps pigs and chickens.

The Ring in His Speech.

Elyth—You ought to have heard Mr. Huggins' ringing speech last night. May—Why, I wasn't aware that he could make a speech. Elyth—Well, I can't repeat the speech, but I can show you the ring.—Westminster Gazette.

Too True.

After our landlord had pocketed the \$30 which we pay monthly for our little apartment he looked painfully at me. "Why do you color so?" I asked. "Because I have a rent in my trousers," he murmured.—Exchange.

Unlucky at Bridge.

"Do you believe in this thirteen superstition?" asked Ted de Veau. "I do," replied L'Origan. "I could never understand why I was so unlucky at bridge till I discovered that I was always dealt a hand of just thirteen."—Exchange.

A Little Mixed.

A Hindoo barbershop thus excused an absent client whom sickness had prevented from coming to court: "The man has fallen down, your honor and he has sent a man here to say that he is lying and cannot come."

A Hideous Dream.

I had a horrible dream a few nights ago. I dreamed that I was the sub-editor of a religious weekly. There is nothing dreadful in that, of course. The horrible part came later. My editor, just off for a holiday—editors generally are, you know—instructed me to write to several people of eminence and ask them to tell me their favorite prayer. I received this little story in all reverence, you understand. Well, many of the eminent people replied, including a lady novelist of great fame. The lady wrote:

"Dear Sir—In reply to your esteemed favor I have many prayers in informing you that my daily prayer is, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'"

I placed it at the head of the column, put the paper to bed and went to myself, feeling pleased. Next morning when I opened my copy of the religious weekly I found that three letters had been dropped from the lady novelist's favorite prayer, which, to my consternation, this day our daily bread. I woke up screaming.—Koble Howard in Sketch.

Classed as an Antique Also.

A charming hostess of one of the "big houses," as they are called by those who are welcomed into them, has the added beauty of prematurely white hair, says the Washington Star. That which seems to her contemporaries an added charm may appear to the crudely young a mark of decline, at least so it appears in one instance of which the hostess herself tells with enjoyment.

"The lady is a connoisseur of antiques, and she has a very fine collection of the glow of youth, but sadly constrained with her sense of her own novelty, was handed a cup of tea. The cup was beautifully blue and wonderful old. The hostess, desiring to lighten the strain on her youthful guest by a pleasantly diverting remark, said, 'That little cup is 150 years old.'"

Trades That Kill.

One of the most dangerous of trades, according to the Pilgrim, "is the covering of toy animals with skin, chamoles leather being used, for instance, for the elephants, catfish for the horse and goat skin for the camels. This covering must of course fit without a wrinkle to look natural, so the wooden model is first dipped into glue, then sprinkled with chalk dust, then the skin is put on. The chalk is so fine that it fills the air and is drawn into the throat and lungs. A year of this sort of work often results in death. Another very injurious trade is the rubber balloon. The fumes and solvent used in reducing sheet rubber to the necessary thickness while retaining its strength and the dyeing of the brilliant yellows, greens and purple are most of them poisonous."

A Scotch Excuse.

A canny Scot has brought before a magistrate on the charge of being drunk and disorderly. "What have you to say for yourself, sir?" demanded the magistrate. "You look like a respectable man and ought to be ashamed to stand there."

"I'm a very sorry, sir, but I came up in bad company from Glasgow," humbly replied the prisoner.

"What sort of company?"

"A lot of testoterials!" was the startling response.

"Do you mean to say testoterials are bad company?" thundered the magistrate. "I think they are the best of company for such a son."

"Beggin' yer pardon, sir," answered the prisoner, "ye're wrong; for I had a little of whiskey an' I had to drink it all myself!"—Reynolds' Newspaper.

Strong Soup.

In the life of William Stokes, written by his son, it is told how Stokes was sent over to Dublin during the great famine to show the people how to make soup. Stokes asked a starving beggar why she did not go and get some of the soup that was being freely distributed.

"Soup is it, your honor? Sure, it isn't soup at all!" and what is it, then? inquired Stokes. "It is nothing, your honor, but a quart of water boiled down to a pint to make it strong!"

Mixed Liquors Barred.

Rory MacSherry was the village blacksmith and one of the most powerful singers in the choir of the kirk at Acheucheries. To show off his voice to full advantage he would vary his style from bass to alto and from alto to tenor in the same hymn. The minister had long observed that Rory's methods were upsetting the general melody of the congregation's singing, and at length he resolved to bring the culprit to book.

"Rory," he announced, "and a thegither, And, Mr. MacSherry, if ye're taug sing tenor, sing tenor, or if ye're taug sing bass, sing bass, but we'll have ye sing yer shandygaff!"—Dundee Advertiser.

The Reason.

All sorts and conditions of men have excellent reasons for their position in life. Illustrated Bits tells of a tramp who had no illusions about the cause of his own condition:

"Mrs. Finehealth (at hotel entrance)—No, I have no money to spare for you. I do not see why an abledomed man like you should go about begging."

"Tramp—'I s'pose, mum, it's fer about the same reason that a healthy woman like you boards at a hotel, instead of keeping house."

A Rebuff.

"Do you think your father would like me as a son-in-law?"

"Yes, I believe he would."

"Oh, jdy! I!"

"Papa and I never agree about anything, you know."

Domestic Nerves.

There are nervous women; there are hysterical women. But women so nervous that the continual rustle of a silk skirt makes them nervous—no, there are no women so nervous as that!

Error of Opinion may be Tolerated.

where reason is left free to combat it.—Jefferson.

The Builders.

"The Egyptians were the builders," said a contractor enviously. "No wonder their monuments will endure forever. Labor was nothing to them. As you would spend a cent on a newspaper you would an Egyptian king put 10,000 men to work upon a temple. Labor, you see, cost nothing. A striking example of the Egyptian prodigality of labor lies in this fact: No less than 2,000 men were employed for three years in carrying a single stone, a stone of unexampled size, from Elephantine to Saïs."

TIRRILL & PIERCE

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No home is so pleasant, regardless of the comforts that money will buy as when the entire family is in perfect health. A bottle of Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup costs 50 cents. It will cure every member of the family of constipation, sick headache or stomach trouble. Anders & Phillip.

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To west and north west California points and Mexico City, Mexico, via I. C. R. R. These rates are about 75 cents 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. FRENCH, Agt. 517

A. J. HESNER, Successor to Geo. H. Keyes, Head of Shop is the place to get a SQUARE DEAL

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RAILROAD Time Cards.

Manchester & Oneida Rv.

TIME TABLE.

Train No. 1 leaves Manchester at 6:15 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 7:40 a. m. Connects with West Bound C. G. W. No. 5. Returning leaves Oneida at 6:17 a. m., arrives at Manchester at 7:42 a. m.

Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 7:15 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 8:40 a. m. Connects with West Bound C. G. W. No. 5. Returning leaves Oneida at 7:17 a. m., arrives at Manchester at 8:42 a. m.

Train No. 3 leaves Manchester at 8:15 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 9:40 a. m. Connects with West Bound C. G. W. No. 5. Returning leaves Oneida at 8:17 a. m., arrives at Manchester at 9:42 a. m.

Train No. 4 leaves Manchester at 9:15 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 10:40 a. m. Connects with West Bound C. G. W. No. 5. Returning leaves Oneida at 9:17 a. m., arrives at Manchester at 10:42 a. m.

Train No. 5 leaves Manchester at 10:15 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 11:40 a. m. Connects with West Bound C. G. W. No. 5. Returning leaves Oneida at 10:17 a. m., arrives at Manchester at 11:42 a. m.

Train No. 6 leaves Manchester at 11:15 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 12:40 p. m. Connects with West Bound C. G. W. No. 5. Returning leaves Oneida at 11:17 a. m., arrives at Manchester at 12:42 p. m.

Train No. 7 leaves Manchester at 12:15 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 1:40 p. m. Connects with West Bound C. G. W. No. 5. Returning leaves Oneida at 12:17 p. m., arrives at Manchester at 1:42 p. m.

Train No. 8 leaves Manchester at 1:15 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 2:40 p. m. Connects with West Bound C. G. W. No. 5. Returning leaves Oneida at 1:17 p. m., arrives at Manchester at 2:42 p. m.

Train No. 9 leaves Manchester at 2:15 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 3:40 p. m. Connects with West Bound C. G. W. No. 5. Returning leaves Oneida at 2:17 p. m., arrives at Manchester at 3:42 p. m.

Train No. 10 leaves Manchester at 3:15 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 4:40 p. m. Connects with West Bound C. G. W. No. 5. Returning leaves Oneida at 3:17 p. m., arrives at Manchester at 4:42 p. m.

Train No. 11 leaves Manchester at 4:15 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 5:40 p. m. Connects with West Bound C. G. W. No. 5. Returning leaves Oneida at 4:17 p. m., arrives at Manchester at 5:42 p. m.

Train No. 12 leaves Manchester at 5:15 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 6:40 p. m. Connects with West Bound C. G. W. No. 5. Returning leaves Oneida at 5:17 p. m., arrives at Manchester at 6:42 p. m.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R. TIME TABLE.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No. 11 11:30 a. m.	Fast Train	No. 27 8:00 a. m.
No. 12 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 28 8:00 p. m.
No. 13 8:30 a. m.	Fast Train	No. 29 8:00 a. m.
No. 14 8:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 30 8:00 p. m.
No. 15 11:30 a. m.	Fast Train	No. 31 8:00 a. m.
No. 16 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 32 8:00 p. m.
No. 17 8:30 a. m.	Fast Train	No. 33 8:00 a. m.
No. 18 8:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 34 8:00 p. m.
No. 19 11:30 a. m.	Fast Train	No. 35 8:00 a. m.
No. 20 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 36 8:00 p. m.
No. 21 8:30 a. m.	Fast Train	No. 37 8:00 a. m.
No. 22 8:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 38 8:00 p. m.
No. 23 11:30 a. m.	Fast Train	No. 39 8:00 a. m.
No. 24 11:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 40 8:00 p. m.
No. 25 8:30 a. m.	Fast Train	No. 41 8:00 a. m.
No. 26 8:30 p. m.	Fast Train	No. 42 8:00 p. m.

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