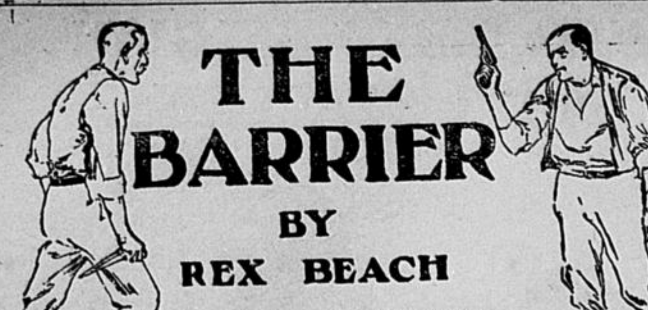

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—John Gale is a trader at Flambeau, a rough outpost of civilization in Alaska. His daughter Necia is a beautiful young girl, generally believed to be a half breed, daughter of Gale and the Indian squaw Alluna, with whom he lives. Some hidden burden weighs continually on the trader's mind, and he views with apprehension the arrival of a squad of soldiers at Flambeau. "That means the law," he says uneasily to Necia, who has become acquainted with and admired by Lieutenant Burrell, commander of the soldiers. II—It becomes known that Napoleon Doret, an honest, faithful French Canadian employed by Gale, is deeply in love with Necia. One Runnion, a dissolute gambler and "bad man," arrives at Flambeau by steamer and in a fight with Burrell is worsted and forced to leave town. On the departing steamer's deck he menacingly says, "I will return to take a hand in the game." III—Doret gives Necia a handsome silk gown brought by him from Dawson City for her. Arrayed in this, she meets Lieutenant Burrell, who falls madly in love with her, and he wonders if her blood is really tainted. Gale reasserts that she is the illegitimate daughter of himself and the squaw. IV—Runnion returns with Ben Stark, a professional gambler and man killer with plenty of money. Stark builds a saloon and dance hall at Flambeau. "No Creek" Lee discovers gold in a valley some miles distant, and Necia persuades Burrell to take her there and locate a claim for her, their trip requiring a day and a night in the forest.

CHAPTER IX.

THE AWAKENING.

EARLY the next morning Corporal Thomas came into the store and found Necia tending it while Gale was out. Ever since the day she had questioned him about Burrell this old man had taken every occasion to talk with the girl, and when he asked her this morning about the reports concerning Lee's strike she told him of her trip and all that had occurred.

"You see, I'm a mine owner now," she concluded. "If it hadn't been a secret I would have told you before I went, so you could have been one of the first."

"I'm goin' anyhow," he said, "if the lieutenant will let me and if it's not too late."

Then she told him of the trail by Black Bear creek which would save him several hours.

"So that's how you and he made it?" he observed, gazing at her shrewdly. "I supposed you went with your father?"

"Oh, no! We beat him in," she said and fell to musing at the memory of those hours passed alone with Meade, while her eyes shone and her cheeks glowed. The corporal saw the look, and it bore out a theory he had formed during the past month, so as he lingered he set about a task that had lain in his mind for some time. As a rule, he was not a careful man in his speech, and the delicacy of this maneuver taxed his ingenuity to the utmost, for he loved the girl and feared to say too much.

"The lieutenant is a smart young fellow," he began, "and it was slick work jumpin' all those claims. It's just like him to befriend a girl like you. I've seen him do it before"—

"What!" exclaimed Necia. "Befriend other girls?"

"Or things just like it. He's always doin' favors that get him into trouble."

"This couldn't cause him trouble, could it, outside of Stark's and Runnion's grudge?"

"No, I reckon not," assented the corporal, groping blindly for some way of expressing what he wished to say. "Except, of course, it might cause a lot of talk at headquarters when it's known what he's done for you and how he done it. I heard somethin' about it down the street this mornin', so I'm afraid it will get to St. Michael's and then to his folks."

"I don't understand," said Necia. "He hasn't done anything that any man wouldn't do under the same circumstances."

"No man's got a right to make folks talk about a nice girl," said the corporal, "and the feller that told me about it said he reckoned you two was in love." He hurried along now without offering her a chance to speak. "Of course that had to be caught up quick; you're too fine a girl for that."

"Too fine?" laughed Necia.

"I mean you're too fine and good to let him put you in wrong, just as he's too fine a fellow and got too much ahead of him to make what his people would call a messy-alliance."

"Would his people object to—to such a thing?" questioned the girl. They were alone in the store, and so they could talk freely. "I'm just supposing, you know."

"O Lord! Would they object?" Corporal Thomas laughed in a highly artificial manner that made Necia bridle and draw herself up indignantly.

"Go ahead and tell me; I won't be offended," insisted the girl. "You must. I don't know much about such things, for I've lived all my life with men like father and Poleon and the priests at the mission, who treat me just like one of themselves. But somebody will want to marry me some day, I suppose, so I ought to know what is wrong with me." She flushed up darkly under her brown cheeks.

Corporal Thomas began to perspire uncomfortably, but went on doggedly:

"I'm goin' to tell you a story, not because it applies to Lieutenant Burrell"—

"Of course," said the girl.

—"but just to show you what I mean. It was a good long spell ago, when I was at Fort Supply, which was the frontier in them days, like this is now. We freighted in from Dodge City with bull teams, and it was sure the fringe of the frontier—no women, no society, nothin' much except a fort, a lot of Injuns and a few officials with their wives and families. Now, them kind of places is all right for married men, but they're tough sleddin' for single ones, and after awhile a feller gets awful careless about himself. He seems to go backward and run down mighty quick when he gets away from civilization and his people and restaurants and such things. He gets plumb reckless and forgetful of what's what. There was a captain with us, a young feller that looked like the lieutenant here and a good deal the same sort—high tempered and chivalrious and all that sort of thing, a West Pointer, too, good family and all that, and, what's more, a captain at twenty-five. Now, our head freighter was married to a squaw, or leastways he had been, but in them days nobody thought much of it any more than they do up here now, and particularly because he'd had a government contract for a long while, ran a big gang of men and critters and had made a lot of money. Likewise he had a girl, who lived at the fort and was mighty nice to look at and restful to the eye after a year or so of cactus trees and mesquite and buffalo grass. She was twice as nice and twice as pretty as the women at the post, and as for money—well, her dad could have bought and sold all the officers in a lump, but they and their wives looked down on her, and she didn't mix with them none whatever. To make it short, the captain married her. Seemed like he got disregardful of everything, and the hunger to have a woman just overpowered him. She'd been courted by every single man for 400 miles around. She was pretty and full of fire, and they was both of an age to love hard, so Jefferson swore he'd make the other women take her, but soldierin' is a heap different from any other profession, and the army has got its own traditions. The plan wouldn't work.

"By and by the captain got tired of tryin' and gave up the attempt—just devoted himself to her—and then we was transferred, all but him. We shifted to a better post, but Captain Jefferson was changed to another company and had to stay at Supply. Gee, it was a rotten hole! Influence had been used, and there he stuck, while the new officers cut him out completely, just like the others had done, so I was told, and it drifted on that way for a long time, him forever makin' an uphill fight to get his wife reco'nized and always quittin' loser. His folks back east was scandalized and froze him cold, callin' him a squaw man, and the story went all through the army, till his brother officers had to treat him cold in order to keep enough warmth at home to live by, one thing leadin' to another till he finally resented it openly. After that he didn't last long. They made it so unpleasant that he quit the service—crowded him out, that's all. He was a born soldier, too, and didn't know nothin' else nor care for nothin' else; as fine a man as I ever served under, but it soured him so that a rattlesnake couldn't have lived with him. He tried to go into some kind of business after he quit the army, but he wasn't cut out for it and never made good as long as I knew of him. The last time I seen him was down on the border, and he had sure grown cultus. He had quit the squaw, who was livin' with a greaser in Tucson"—

"And do you think I'm like that woman?" said Necia in a queer, strained voice. She had listened intently to the corporal's story, but he had purposely avoided her eyes and could not tell how she was taking it.

"No! You're different, but the army is just the same. I told you this to show you how it is out in the States. It don't apply to you, of course"—

"Of course!" agreed Necia again. "But what would happen to Lieutenant Burrell if—if—well, if he should do something like that? There are many half breed girls, I dare say, like this other girl, or—like me."

She did not flush now as before. Instead her cheeks were pale.

"It would go a heap worse with him than it did with Captain Jefferson," said the corporal, "for he's got more ahead of him, and he comes from better stock. Why, his family is way up."

"I never thought of myself as an Indian," said Necia dully. "In this country it's a person's heart that counts."

"That's how it ought to be," said the corporal heartily, "and I'm mighty sorry if I've hurt you, little girl. I'm a rough old rooster, and I never thought but what you understood all this. Up here folks look at it right, but outside it's mighty different. Even yet you don't half understand."

"I'm glad I'm what I am," cried the girl. "There's nothing in my blood to be ashamed of, and I'm white in here." She struck her bosom fiercely. "If a man loves me he'll take me, no matter what it means to him."

The corporal slid down from the counter where he had been sitting. "I'm goin' to hunt up the lieutenant and get him to let me off. Mebbe I can stake a claim and sell it."

The moment he was gone the girl's composure vanished, and she gave vent to her feelings.

"It's a lie! It's a lie!" she cried aloud, and with her fists she beat the boards in front of her. "He loves me! I know he does!" Then she began to tremble and sobbed. "I'm just like other girls."

She was still wrestling with herself when Gale returned, and he started at the look in her face as she approached him.

"Why did you marry my mother?" she asked. "Why? Why did you do it?"

He saw that she was in a rage and answered bluntly, "I didn't."

She shrank at this. "Then why didn't you? Shame! Shame! That makes me worse than I thought I was. Oh, why did you ever turn squaw man? Why did you make me a breed?"

"Look here! What ails you?" said the trader.

"I've just begun to realize what I am. I'm not respectable. I'm not like other women and never can be. I'm a squaw—a squaw!"

"You're not!" he cried.

"No honest man can marry me. I'm a vagabond! The best I can get is my bed and board, like my mother."

"By heaven! Who offered you that?" Gale's face was whiter than hers now, but she disregarded him.

"He can play with me, but nothing more, and when he is gone another one can have me, and then another and another and another."

"That's all infernal rot," he said. "There's fifty good men in this camp would marry you tomorrow."

"Bah! I mean real men, not miners. I want to be a lady. I don't want to pull a hand sled and wear moccasins all my life and raise children for men with whiskers. I want to be loved—I want to be loved! I want to marry a gentleman."

"Burrell!" said Gale.

"No," she flared up—"not him nor anybody in particular, but somebody like him, some man with clean finger nails."

He found nothing humorous or grotesque in her measure of a gentleman, for he realized that she was stung to a pitch of unreason and unnatural excitement and that she was in terrible earnest.

The old man hesitated. "I'll own I was wrong," he said finally, staring out into the sunshine with an odd expression. "It was thoughtless and wrong, dead wrong, but I've loved you better than any daughter was ever loved in this wide world, and I've worked and starved and froze and saved, and so has Alluna, so that you might have something to live on when I'm gone and be different from us. It won't be long now, I guess. I've given you the best schooling of any girl on the river, and I'd have sent you out to a convent in the States, but I couldn't let you go so far away. I loved you too much for that! I couldn't do it, girl. I've tried, but you're all I've got, and I'm a selfish man, I reckon."

"No, no! You're not!" his daughter cried impulsively. "You're everything that's good and dear, but you've lived a different life from other men, and you see things differently. It was mean of me to talk as I did." She put her arms around his neck and hugged him. "But I'm very unhappy, dad."

"Don't you aim to tell what started this?" he said gently, caressing her with his great, hard hand as softly as a mother. But she shook her head, and he continued, "I'll take the first boat down to the mission and marry your ma if you want me to."

"That wouldn't do any good," said she. "We'd better leave things as they are." Then she drew away and smiled at him bravely from the door. "I'm very bad to act this way. Scuses."

He nodded, and she went out.

Necia was in a restless mood, and, remembering that Alluna and the children had gone berrying on the slopes behind the Indian village, she turned her way thither. All at once a fear of seeing Meade Burrell came upon her. She wanted to think this out, to find where she stood, before he had word with her. She had been led to observe herself from a strange angle and must verify her vision, as it were. What if he had changed now that he was alone and had had time to think? It would kill her if she saw any difference in him, and she knew she would be able to read it in his eyes.

As she went through the main street of the camp she saw Stark occupied near the water front, where he had bought a building lot. He spoke to her as she was about to pass.

"Good morning, miss. Are you rested from your trip?"

She answered that she was and would have continued on her way, but he stopped her.

"I don't want you to think that mining matter was my doing," he said. "I've got nothing against you. Your old man hasn't wasted any affection on me, and I can get along without him, all right, but I don't make trouble for girls if I can help it."

The girl believed that he meant what he said. His words rang true, and he spoke seriously. Moreover, Stark was known already in the camp as a man who did not go out of his way to make friends or to render an accounting of his deeds, so it was natural that when he made her a show of kindness Necia should treat him with less coldness than might have been expected. The man had exercised an occult influence upon her from the time she first saw him at Lee's cabin, but it was too vague for definite feeling, and she had been too strongly swayed by Poleon and her father in their attitude toward him to be conscious of it.

"I'm going to build a big dance hall and saloon here," said Stark, showing her the stakes that he had driven. "As soon as the rush to the creek is over I'll hire a gang of men to get out a lot of house logs. I'll finish it in a week and be open for the stampede."

"Do you think this will be a big town?" she asked.

"Nobody can tell, but I'll take a chance. If it proves to be a false alarm I'll move on."

"You've been in a great many camps, I suppose."

He said that he had; that for twenty years he had been on the frontier and knew it from west Texas to the circle.

"I've never known anything except this." She swept the points of the compass with her arm. "And there is so much beyond that I want to know about. Oh, I feel so ignorant! There is something now that perhaps you could tell me, you have traveled so much."

"Let's have it," said he, smiling at her seriousness.

She hesitated, at a loss for words, finally blurting out what was in her mind:

"My father is a squaw man, Mr. Stark, and I've been raised to think that such things are customary."

"They are in all new countries," he assured her.

"But how are they regarded when civilization comes along?"

"Well, they aren't regarded, as a rule. Squaw men are pretty shiftless, and people don't pay much attention to them. I guess if they weren't they wouldn't be squaw men."

"My father isn't shiftless," she challenged, at which he remained silent, refusing to go on record. "Isn't a half breed just as good as a white?"

"Look here," said he. "What are you driving at?"

"I'm a 'blood,'" she declared recklessly, "and I want to know what people think of me. The men around here have never made me feel conscious of it, but"—

"You're afraid of these new people who are coming, eh? Well, don't worry about that, miss. It wouldn't make any difference to me or to any of your friends whether you were red, white, black or yellow."

"But it would make a difference with some people," insisted the girl.

"Oh, I reckon it would with eastern people. They look at things kind of funny. But we're not in the east."

"That's what I wanted to know. Nice people back there wouldn't tolerate a girl like me for a moment, would they?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I guess you'd have a hard time breaking in among the 'bontonners.' But what's the use of thinking about it? This is your country, and these are your people."

A morbid desire was upon her to track down this intangible racial distinction, but she saw Runnion, whom she could not bear, coming toward them, so thanked Stark hurriedly and went on her way.

"Been making friends with that squaw, eh?" remarked Runnion casually.

"Yes," replied Stark. "She's a nice little girl, and I like her. I told her I didn't have any part in that miners' meeting affair."

"Huh! What's the matter with you? It was all your doing."

"I know it was, but I didn't aim it at her. I wanted that ground next to Lee's, and I wanted to throw a jolt into Old Man Gale. I couldn't let the girl stand in my way, but now that it's over I'm willing to be friends with her."

"Me too. By heaven, she's as graceful as a fawn. She's white too. Nobody would ever know she was a breed."

"She's a good girl," said Stark musingly in a gentle tone that Runnion had never heard before.

"Getting kind of mushy, ain't you? I thought you had passed that stage, old man."

"No; I don't like her in that way."

"I'll lay you a little eight to five that Burrell has thrown her down," chuckled Runnion.

"I never thought of that. You may be right."

"If it's true I'll shuffle up a hand for that soldier."

Meanwhile Necia had passed on out of the town and through the Indian village at the mouth of the creek until high up on the slopes she saw Alluna and the little ones. She climbed up to them and seated herself where she could look far out over the westward valley, with the great stream flowing half a mile beneath her. She stayed there all the morning, and, although the day was bright and the bushes bending with their burden of blue, she picked no berries, but fought resolutely through a dozen varying moods that mirrored themselves in her delicate face. It was her first soul struggle, but in time the buoyancy of youth and the almighty optimism of early love prevailed. And so she was in a happier frame of mind when the little company made their descent at midday.

As they approached the town they heard the familiar cry of "Steam-bo-o-o-at!" and by the time they had reached home the little camp was noisy with the plaint of wolf dogs. There were few men to join in the welcome today, every ablebodied inhabitant having disappeared into the hills, but the animals came trooping lazily to the bank and sat down on their haunches, watching the approaching steamer, in their soft eyes the sadness of a canine race of slaves.

The deserted aspect of the town puzzled the captain of the steamer, and upon landing he made his way at once to John Gale's store, where he learned from the trader of the strike and of the stampede that had resulted. Before the recital was finished a man approached and spoke excitedly:

"Captain, my ticket reads to Dawson, but I'm getting off here. Won't you have my outfit put ashore?" He was followed by a group of fellow passengers, who made a similar request.

"This place is good enough for me," one of them said.

"Me, too," another volunteered. "This strike is new, and we've hit her just in time."

Outside a dozen men had crowded "No Creek" Lee against the wall of the store and were clamoring to hear about his find.

Stark wasted no time. With money in his hands, he secured a dozen men who were willing to work for hire, for there are always those who prefer the surety of ten coined dollars to the hope of a hundred. He swooped down with these helpers on his pile of merchandise that had lain beneath tarpaulins on the river bank since the day he and Runnion landed, and by midafternoon a great tent had been stretched over a framework of peeled poles built on the lot where he and Necia had stood earlier in the day. Before dark his saloon was running. To be sure, there was no floor, and his polished fixtures looked strangely new and incongruous, but the town at large had assumed a similar air of incompleteness and crude immaturity, and little wonder, for it had grown threefold in half a day. Stark swiftly unpacked his gambling implements, keen to scent every advantage, and out of the handful of pale faced jackals who follow at the heels of a healthy herd he hired men to run them and to deal.

By night Flambeau was a mining camp.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHINA'S GRAND CANAL.

Sometimes It Holds Water Enough to Float the Boats.

Of some of the crude and outgrown methods used on China's Grand canal a writer in the North China Daily News remarks: "The junction of the real canal with the Wei river was not by means of a lock, but simply a high and steeply sloping mud bank, over which the grain vessels had to be dragged by the force of perhaps many hundreds of men. It should be borne in mind that in China the lock of a canal is not much more like our idea of what that name connotes than it is like a padlock. Amid constant and often serious changes of level, with an uncertain and not infrequently a scanty supply of water, and with a grain fleet which traveled in blocks of some eighty vessels under one officer, it was necessary to devise some way for keeping them together and for transferring them as a consolidated unit with this in view.

"For this reason a Chinese lock on the Grand canal is nothing but a stone gateway into which large boards may be lowered through a groove in the stones, restraining most of the water from its flow, until there is a depth sufficient to float all the craft, when the boards are pulled up and the entire fleet passes through.

"After this the boards are again lowered for another division of the grain boats. In case the water gives out—a by no means unlikely occurrence—there is nothing to do but to wait until more comes from somewhere."

THREE EMPIRES.

Governments That Practically Sprang Into Being Overnight.

Prior to Jan. 18, 1871, the German empire, as we know it today, had no existence. Instead it was a jumble of kingdoms, states, duchies, grand duchies and principalities, all joined together by a like language and common political aspirations, it is true, but otherwise quite separate and distinct.

Then came the historic ceremony in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. Paris had just been captured by King William of Prussia, and it was held to be a fitting time and place to proclaim him the first German emperor. Never since the dawn of history was an empire born more dramatically.

By a strange irony of fate, too, its birth took place amid the ruins of the French empire, itself the creation of a day, or, rather, to be strictly accurate of a night. France went to bed on the evening of Dec. 1, 1851, a republic. When it awoke next morning it was an empire. During the hours of darkness Paris had been occupied by troops, and the prince-president had become Napoleon III.

Equally sudden and almost as sensational in its way was the birth of the modern Greek empire. After the yoke of the Turks had been thrown off in the war of independence the country became a republic. But the people soon tired of that democratic form of government and promptly proceeded to assassinate their first and only president. Then they met together, elected a king and settled themselves down to be ruled by him in a quite orderly and contented fashion.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Food and Emotion.

The following really happened on board a pleasure steamer in the Kyles of Bute. A young honeymoon couple were sitting side by side gazing on the lovely scenery around them.

"Isn't it heavenly, George?" she murmured. "I feel thrills all over me."

Then without a pause, as if still carried away by the inspiration of the moment, "Dearest, if there are any left I think I would like a chocolate."

No good reason exists why spiritual emotions should not make one hungry. The bride who demanded sweets was wiser than a girl who once remained starving and inconsolable in her room after the departure of her lover for India. At last an amateur Hebe ventured upstairs with a cup of coffee and a plate of toast. Yielding to persuasion, the afflicted maiden was induced to eat and drink and began to look somewhat less dejected.

"I believe I was dying for something all the time," she finally confessed, "but I was afraid to ask lest people would believe me to be less unhappy than I really am."—London Black and White.

A Tribute to Sauerkraut.

Those Americans who have visited Munich know well the noble statue at the head of the Kartoffelsaladstrasse, raised by grateful Bavaria to the memory of St. Hermann of Pilsen, inventor and protagonist of sauerkraut. The genial old saint, a smile upon his face, is seen stirring a large kettle of kraut with an oar of gilt bronze, and so lifelike is the carving that the traveler, standing by, can well nigh scent the perfumed steam and hear the flutter of angelic wings. In these unromantic United States we have no public monuments to Hermann, and his very name indeed is unknown to all save a few cognoscenti. But nevertheless and notwithstanding this neglect the delicious victual he gave to the world is firmly enshrined in the hearts of the American people. Stewed gently in Rhine wine, it tickles the esophagi of the opulent; boiled in plain hydrant water, it nourishes the son of toil. It is at once a viand, a passion and a public institution.—Baltimore Sun.

Scared Out of the Duel.

One day M. Edmond About called upon Grisier, the most celebrated fencing master of his day. "I am in a quandary," said About. "I allowed myself yesterday the pleasure of a joke in bad taste, and a duel is to be the result. I know nothing whatever about fencing, and, as you can see, I am fat. Will you give me a lesson, so that I may not make myself too ridiculous?" The lesson was given, but About proved a very poor pupil. On his way out he saw a photograph of Grisier. "I suppose," he said, "I must not ask you for one of these?" "With the greatest pleasure," said the fencing master. And, with a chuckle, Grisier wrote across the photograph, "To M. Edmond About, the best pupil I have ever had." A few hours afterward the seconds of About's adversary called on the writer, saw the photograph on the mantelpiece and, fearing for their friend at the hands of so redoubtable a swordsman, arranged the affair without any duel.

How Henry Irving Wanted to Die.

"What have I got out of it?" said Henry, stroking his chin and smiling slightly. "Let me see. Well, a good cigar, a good glass of wine, good friends"— Here he kissed my hand with courtesy. Always he was so courteous—always his actions, like this little one of kissing my hand, were so beautifully timed. They came just before the spoken words and gave them peculiar value.

"That's not a bad summing up of it all," I said. "And the end—how would you like that to come?"

"How would I like that to come?" He repeated my question lightly, yet meditatively too. Then he was silent for some thirty seconds before he snapped his fingers—the action again before the words.

"Like that!" — Ellen Terry in McClure's Magazine.

Microbes.

"Speaking of the ark," he said, "I saw a little boy at play with his Noah's ark the other day. I watched him put aboard all the people, all the painted animals, and then I saw him place carefully in a sheltered spot two tiny splinters of wood.

"'What are they, my son?' I asked.

"'Them's microbes,' said he.

"It had never occurred to me before but there must of course have been a pair of microbes in the ark."—Harper's Weekly.

The Honest Way.

"Money? Pooh!" exclaimed a successful financier contemptuously. "There are a hundred ways of making money."

"Ah, but only one honest way!" protested his companion.

"What's that?"

"Um! I thought you wouldn't know."—London Telegraph.

Indulgent.

"I have such an indulgent husband," said little Mrs. Doll.

"Yes, so George says," responded Mrs. Spiteful. "Sometimes indulges a little too much, doesn't he?"—London Tit-Bits.

Sweeping.

"That is a sweeping argument," remarked a husband whose wife used a broom to convince him that he ought to have been home several hours previously.

The weeping at a wedding is never as real as that which sometimes comes afterward.—Atchison Globe.

Siege of Crete.

Crete can claim to have been the scene of one of the longest sieges on record, longer than the siege of Troy, for in the seventeenth century it took the Turks more than twenty years to capture its capital city. The island, in fact, is famous for protracted military operations, for, though the revolution of 1821 was speedily successful in the open country, the fortified towns were still uncaptured when the powers intervened in 1830.

Awkward For the Aeronaut.

An element of humor characterized one of Mr. Spencer's Indian experiences. One day, after making a parachute descent, his balloon, traveling on, came down among some fisher folk, who promptly unpicked the net to use for fishing lines and cut up the balloon to make waterproof clothing!—London Captain.

Humility and Vanity.

It is the humble man that advances. He recognizes his imperfections and strives to improve. His progress is the result of his knowledge of self. The vain, conceited, arrogant man stands still.

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Harness, Whips, Etc. always on hand.

WILL NICKERSON, Manager,

206 Main St. Manchester

Her Sympathy.

Little Margaret was enduring a visit from her boisterous cousins from the west. One evening after the children said their prayers, their talk turned on heaven. Henry, Dick and Bob wished to know if they would go there when they died. When an affirmative answer was given, little Margaret exclaimed with heartfelt sympathy: "Poor Dad."—Life.

Tender Touch.

A man who is rough and awkward at everything else will show a delicacy and skill greater than any woman's when he has to patch a ten-dollar bill.—Atchison Globe.

Now's the time to take Rocky Mountain Tea. It drives out the germs of winter, builds up the stomach, kidneys and liver. The most wonderful spring tonic to make people well. You'll be surprised with results. 35c, Tea or Tablets.—R. A. Denton.

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Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Greatest spring tonic, drives out all impurities. Makes the blood rich. Fills you with warm, tingling life. Most reliable spring regulator. That's Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35c, Tea or TTablets.—R. A. Denton.

FOR SALE.

200 acres of
CHOICE FARM LAND,,
within seven miles of Manhester at $60.00 per acre. Easy terms.
One half of this years crop can go with place.
For particulars apply to
Bronson, Carr & Sons,
19tf Manchester, Iowa.

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 a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis.
GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE
44-8t

It coaxes back that well feeling, healthy look, puts the sap of life in your system, protects you from disease. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea has no equal as a spring tonic for the whole family. 35c, Tea or Tablets.—R. A. Denton.

FOR SALE.

120 acres of land, 75 acres in cultivation and in all there can be 90 acres in cultivation, has 2 acres of fruit trees, and this land is a clay soil and raises the best corn, oats, barley and clover, and lies 8 miles from town, one and one-half mile to church and one mile to school; has a fair house, good barn, with a lean to it, which holds 30 head of cattle, and a granary and other out buildings, cisterns and ponds with plenty of water, all fenced and cross fenced and has 160 rods of hog wire fence and can be bought for $31.00 per acre. This is a very nice piece of land and a bargain for any one.

Also have several good bargains in land ranging from 80 acres at $20.00; 120 acres at $27.50 an acre; 128 acres at $29.00 an acre; 160 acres at $52.00; 440 acres at $40 an acre; 545 acres at $34.50 an acre. Enquire of
C. J. WAGNER,
17-4 Lansing, Iowa.

Live Rat in Beer Bottle.

Up in prohibition Maine there's a living rat in a beer bottle. Wilbur Meady of Randolph has the curiosity. The beer bottle has a small neck and the rat must have crawled into it about as soon as he could move, for although he is only three inches long now he cannot get out again. The Kennebec Journal vouches for the yarn.

There are more McCall Patterns sold in the United States than of any other make of patterns. This is on account of their style, accuracy and simplicity.

McCall's Magazine (The Queen of Fashion) has more subscribers than any other Ladies' Magazine. One year's subscription (12 numbers) costs 50 cents. Latest number, 5 cents. Every subscriber gets a McCall Pattern Free. Subscribe today.

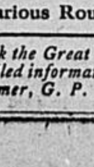
Lady Agents Wanted. Handsome premiums or liberal cash commission. Pattern Catalogue (of 600 designs) and Premium Catalogue (showing 400 premiums) sent free. Address THE McCALL CO., New York.

If you desire a clear complexion take Foley's Orino Laxative for constipation and liver trouble as it will stimulate these organs and thoroughly cleanse your system, which is what everyone needs in the spring in order to feel well.

Go West

Colonist Tickets
to points in
California, Colorado, Mexico, Montana, Washington, Oregon, Canadian Northwest
and Various Other Points

On Sale Daily, March 1st to April 30th
via



CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY
MAPLE LEAF ROUTE

Various Routes and Stopovers

Ask the Great Western Agent for detailed information, or write to J. P. Elmer, G. P. A., St. Paul, Minn.

RAILROAD

Time Cards

Manchester & Oneida RY

TIME TABLE.

Lv. Manchester time and train	Connect with	Arrive at	Time
• No. 2 5:15 a.m	C. G. W. No. 5	Oelwein.... St. Paul Minneapolis Waterloo... Marshall'tn Des Moines Kansas City	6 a. 12:46 p.m 1:20 p.m 8:10 a.m 9.50 a.m 11:55 a m 8.00 p.m
§ No. 4 7:15 a m	C. G. W. No. 6	Dubuque.... Chicago....	9.20 a.m 2:15 p.m
§ No. 6 8:45 a.m	C. M. & St. P No. 22	Calmar..... Charles City Mason City	12:10 p.m 12:47 p.m 1:45 p m
§ No. 8 2:00 p.m	C. G. W. No. 4 No. 3	Dubuque.... Chicago.... Oelwein..... Waterloo..... Marshalltown Des Moines.. Kansas City. St. Paul..... Minneapolis..	5:20 p.m 10:00 p.m 3.25 p m 4:35 p.m 6:25 p.m 8:35 p.m 6:50 a m 9:00 p m 9:35 p m
• No. 10 4:45 p.m	C. M. & St. P No. 21	Monticello.. Marion...... Cedar Rapids Davenport ..	6:30 p.m 7:50 p m 8:10 p m 9:35 p.m

§ Daily trains.
• Daily except Sunday.
Through tickets on sale to all points, Phone 196 for further information.
E. E. BREWER, Traffic Manager

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No 1* 11:53 pm	Fast Train	No 2* 2:08 a m
No 401 11:32 pm	Thro Express	No 402 3:41 a m
No 5 † 8:10 a m	Fast Mail	No 4 3:10 p m
No 8 3:10 p m	Day Express	No 6† 10:35 a m
No 21 7:23 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
No 23 5.40 p m	Clipper	No 24 8:55 a m

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

North Bound —Arrive—	Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No 306 8.00 a.m	†Passenger	No. 305 8:25 a.m
No. 322 4:45 p.m	†Passenger	No. 330 5:10 p.m
No. 358 12:20 p	†Freight	No. 360 11:15 a.m

All above trains carry passengers.
*Daily.
†Daily ExceptSunday.
H. G. PIERCE, Station Agent.
No. 5 runs to Omaha, Sioux City and St. Paul.
No. 3 runs to Fort Dodge only.
No. 1 has connections to Omaha, Sioux City, Sioux Falls, St. Paul and Minneapolis and No. 2 from same points.
No. 22 has Chicago sleeper.
Dining car on trains No. 5 and 4.

REV. I. W. WILLIAMSON'S LETTER

Rev. I. W. Williamson, Huntington, W. Va., writes: "This is to certify that I used Foley's Kidney Remedy for nervous exhaustion and kidney trouble and am free to say that it will do all that you claim for it." Foley's Kidney Remedy has restored health and strength to thousands of weak, run down people. Contains no harmful drugs and is pleasant to take.—Anders & Philipp.

THE CHILDREN LIKE IT
KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

E. E. COWLES,
Proprietor of
DRAY - LINE,

Am prepared to do all kinds of work in my line. Moving safes, musical instruments, household goods and heavy articles a specialty.
Residence Phane No. 265.

Many weak, nervous women have been restored to health by Foley's Kidney Remedy as it stimulates the kidneys so they will eliminate the waste matter from the blood. Impurities depress the nerves, causing nervous exhaustion and other ailments. Commence today and you will soon be well. Pleasant to take.—Anders & Philipp.

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. 5tf

If you want to feel well, look well and be well take Foley's Kidney Remedy. It tones up the kidneys and bladder, purifies the blood and restores health and strength. Pleasant to take and contains no harmful drugs. Why not commence today?

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.

Hoarseness, bronchitis and other throat troubles are quickly cured by Foley's Honey and Tar as it soothes and heals the inflamed throat and bronchial tubes and the most obstinate cough disappears. Insist upon having the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar.—Anders & Philipp.

A CARD.

This is to certify that all druggists are authorized to refund your money if Foley's Honey and Tar fails to cure your cough or cold. It stops the cough, heals the lungs and prevents pneumonia and consumption. Contains no opiates. The genuine is in a yellow package.—Anders & Phillips.

OSTEOPATHY TREATMENT.

Dr. W. A. Cole of Dubuque, osteopath, will be at Hotel Clarence Tuesdays and Fridays of each week. Call or telephone for appointments. 15-tf.

Cherries in England.

It is still asserted in schoolbooks that cherries were introduced to this country by the "fruiterer" or greengrocer of Henry VIII.; also that they were not common for a hundred years after that time. It is a surprising error. Mr. Thomas Wright found the name in every one of the Anglo-Saxon vocabularies which he edited. So common were they, and so highly esteemed, that the time for gathering them became a recognized festival—"cherry fair" or "feast."—London Cornhill Magazine.