THE BARRIER

BY

REX BEACH

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CHAPTER XII.

TANGLED SKEIN.

WHEN Burrell entered he wasted no time in greetings.

"I know why you sent for me, Poleon. I've heard the news, and I would have been up anyhow to congratuate her very soon. I call it pretty fine."

"Yes, dere's been beeg strike all right, an' Necia is goin' be riche gal."

"I'm as pleased as if the claim were mine, and you feel the same way, of course."

"You know me for good man, eh? An' you know I ain' try for bre'k up oder fellers' bisnesse, never! Waal, I'm come to you now lak wan good man to 'noder, biccause I'm got bad trouble on de min', an' you mus'n't get sore."

"There's no danger, Poleon. Let's have it. If there is anything I can do you may count on me."

"Waal," he began nervously, clearing his throat, "it's lak dis. Dere's feller

"I'm tired of the game, and you interest me no longer."

been talk some 'bout Necia, an' it ain' nice talk neider."

"Who is he?" exclaimed the soldier in a tone that made the girl's heart leap.

"Wait! Lemme tol' you w'at he say; den we'll talk 'bout feex 'im plaintee. He say dere's joke down on Stark's saloon dat Necia Gale is mak' fool of herse'f on you an' dat you ain' care for marry her."

"Runnion!" cried Burrell and started for the door. "I'll settle with him now for fair!" But Poleon blocked his way and, observing him gravely, continued in a tone that the other could not disregard nor mistake:

"No, m'sieu. Before you pass on dat place you'll tol' me if it's true."

"True!" the lieutenant retorted angrily. "What business is it of yours? This concerns me."

"An' me too! I'm w'at you call gardeen for Necia till John Gale come back, an' I'm broder of her too. You promis' jus' now you don' get mad, an' I don' say she's Runnion neider w'at spik dose t'ing. Dere's more dan 'im been talkin'. Is it true?"

His sternness offended Burrell, for the soldier was not the kind to discuss his affairs in this way; therefore he drew back, scowling.

"Poleon Doret," he said, "it's not one's enemies who do him injury; it's his d——d fool friends. I have learned to regard you highly, because you are a brave man and an honest one, but it seems that you are a sentimental idiot."

"Dem is tough word," Doret replied. "But dere's reason w'y I can't tak' on no madness. You say I'm hones'. Waal, I'm hones' now, an' I come to you wit' fair words, an' I show my han' to you—I don' hol' out no cards, m'sieu'—but I don' t'ink it is you who have play square altogeder. I'm Necia's frien', an' I'll fight for her jus' so queecker lak you, but I mus' know dis t'ing for sure, so if you have de good heart an' de courage of good man you'll tell me de truth. Do you have the feelin' for marry on her?"

The pause that followed was awkward for both of them, while the girl, who stood concealed near by, held her breath and buried her nails in her palms. Why did he hesitate? Would he never speak?

"I am amazed at myself for listening to you," he said at last, "and quite shocked, in fact, at my answering your questions, but perhaps I'd better, after all. First, however, let me say that the little girl is just as pure now as she was before she knew me."

Poleon threw up his hand. "M'sieu, dat's more closer to de insult dan w'at you call me jus' now. You don' need for spoke it."

"You're right. There's no need to tell you that. As for showing her certain attentions—well, I admit that I have, as you know; but, thank God, I can say I've been a gentleman and addressed her as I would the fairest lady I've known."

"An' you mean for marry, eh?" probed the other.

"I did not say so," Burrell declared at last. "It's a thing I can't discuss, because I doubt if you could understand what I would say. This life of yours is different from mine, and it would be useless for me to explain the reason why I cannot marry her. Leaving out all question of my sentiment, there are insurmountable obstacles to such a union. But, as to this talk, I think that can be stopped without annoyance to her, and, as for the rest, we must trust to time to bring about a proper adjustment"—

A low, discordant sound of laughter arrested his words, and, turning, he beheld Necia standing revealed in the dimness.

"What an amusing person you are!" she said. "I've had hard work holding in all this time while you were torturing your mind and twisting the honest English language out of shape and meaning. I knew I should have to laugh sooner or later. That's your Dixie chivalry, I suppose. Well, I've played with you long enough, Lieutenant Burrell. I'm tired of the game, and you interest me no longer."

"You—you—say you've been playing with me!" stammered the man. The bottom of things seemed suddenly to slide from under him. He was like one sinking in some hideous quagmire. He felt as if he were choking.

"Why, of course," she cried scornfully, "just as you took me up for amusement. You were such a fine, well dressed, immaculate mound of conceit that I couldn't resist the temptation, and you hid your condescension so poorly that I thought you ought to be taken down a peg. I knew I was a squaw, but I wanted to see if I were not like other women, after all, and if you were not like other men." She was talking rapidly now, almost shrilly, for she had never attempted to act before, while he stood dazed and speechless, fumbling at his throat while she railed at him. "You needn't waste time debating whether I'm good enough for you, because I'm not—decidedly I'm not your kind, and you are a joke to me."

He uttered an inarticulate cry, but she ran on unheeding, her eyes wide and glowing like coals, her lips chalk white. "You see, it's time I stopped such foolishness anyhow, for I'm to be married on Sunday."

"You are going to be married?" he muttered laboriously.

"Yes, to Poleon. Why, that's been understood for years."

He whirled upon the Canadian in a fury, and his words came hot and tumbling.

"D-don't blame him!" cried the girl hysterically. "It is all my doing. He had no part in it."

"Yes," said Doret in a restrained voice, "dis ain' no work of mine."

"You're a liar!" breathed the Kentuckian, now fairly wild with anger, but the other looked him squarely between the eyes and made no move.

"M'sieu'," he cried, "I'm livin' t'orty year an' never took no nam' lak dat before, but dere's reason here w'y I can't mak' no answer."

"Why, you aren't really angry, lieutenant?" mocked Necia. "It's only the joke of an ignorant half breed girl whose sense of humor is all out of gear. You mustn't quarrel over a squaw!"

She taunted him like a baited badger, for this thing was getting beyond her control, and the savage instincts of the wilderness were uppermost.

"You are quite right," he replied. "I am very foolish, and the laugh is with you." His lips tried to frame a smile, but failed. He bowed low and, turning, walked out.

The moment he was gone she cried breathlessly:

"You must marry me, Poleon. You've got to do it now!"

"Do you mean dat for sure?" he said.

"Can't you see there's nothing else for it after this? I'll show him that he can't make me a toy to suit his convenience. I've told him I would marry you on Sunday, and I'll do it or die. Of course you don't love me, for you don't know what love is, I suppose. How—could you?" She broke down and began to catch her breath amid coughing sobs that shook her slender body, though they left her eyes dry and feverish. "I—I'm very unhappy, b-but I'll be a good—wife to you. Oh, Poleon, if you only knew"—

He drew a long breath. When he spoke his voice had the timbre of some softly played instrument, and a tremor ran through his words.

"No! I don' know w'at kin' of love is dis, for sure. De kin' of love I

"Five year I've watt—an' jus' for dis."

know is de kin' I sing 'bout in my songs. I s'pose it's different breed to yours, an' I'm begin to see it don' live nowhere but on dem songs of mine. Dere's long tam' I waste here now—five year—but tomorrow I go again lookin' for my own countree."

"Poleon," she cried, looking up with startled eyes, "not tomorrow, but Sunday! We will go together."

He shook his head. "Tomorrow, Necia! An' I go alone."

"Then you won't—marry me?" she asked in a hushed and frightened voice.

"No! Dere's wan t'ing I can't do even for you, Necia; dere's wan t'ing I can't geeve, dat's all—jus' wan on all de worl'. I can't kill de li'l' god wit' de bow an' arrer. He's all dat mak' de sun shine, de birds sing an' de leaves w'isper to me; he's de wan li'l' feller w'at mak' my life wort' livin' an' keep music in my soul. If I keel 'im dere ain' no more lef' lak it, an' I'm never goin' fin' my lan' of content [illegible] sing her laugh no more. I'm [illegible] fin' I would rather sing songs to [illegible] de stars beside [illegible] an' talk wit' 'im in my [illegible] can go livin' wit' you in fine house an' let 'im get col' an' die."

"But I told him I'd marry you—that I had always intended to. He'll believe I was lying," she moaned in distress.

"Dat's too bad, but dis t'ing ain' no doin's wit' me. Dere's wan t'ing in dis worl' mus' live forever, an' dat's love. If we kill 'im den it's purty poor place for stoppin' in. I'm cut off my han' for help you, Necia, but I can't be husban' to no woman in fun."

Poleon waited patiently until her paroxysm of sobbing had passed, then gently raised her and led her out through the back door into the summer day, which an hour ago had been so bright and promising and was now so gray and dismal. He followed her with his eyes until she disappeared inside the log house.

"An' dat's de end of it all," he mused. "Five year I've walt—an' jus' for dis."

Meade Burrell never knew how he gained his quarters, but when he had done so he locked his door behind him, then loosed his hold on things material. He raged about the room like a wild animal and vented his spite on every inanimate thing that lay within reach. As yet his mind grasped but dully the fact that she was to marry another, but gradually this thought in turn took possession of him. She would be some one else's wife in two days. The thought drove the lover frantic, and he felt that madness lay that way if he dwelt on such fancies for long.

As he grew calmer his reason began to dissect the scene that had taken place in the store, and he wondered whether she had been lying to him, after all. No doubt she had been engaged to the Frenchman and had always planned to wed Poleon, for that was not out of reason. She might even have set out mischievously to amuse herself with him, but at the recollection of those rapturous hours they had spent together he declared aloud that she had loved him, and him only. Every instinct in him shouted that she loved him in spite of her cruel protestations.

A man came with his supper, but he called to him to begone. There are those who believe that in passing from daylight to darkness a subtle transition occurs akin to the change from positive to negative in an electrical current and that this intangible, untraceable atmospheric influence exerts a definite psychical effect upon men and their modes of thought. Be this as it may, it is certain that as the night grew darker the lieutenant's mood changed. He lost his fierce anger at the girl and reasoned that he owed it to her to set himself right in her eyes; that in all justice to her he ought to prove his own sincerity.

An up river steamboat was just landing as he neared the trading post—a freighter, as he noted by her lights. In the glare at the river bank he saw Poleon and the trader, who had evidently returned from Lee's creek, and without accosting them he hurried on to the store. Peering in from the darkness, he saw Alluna. No doubt Necia was alone in the house behind. So he stumbled around to the back to find the window of her room aglow behind its curtain, and, receiving no answer to his knock, he entered, for it was customary at Gale's to waive ceremony. Inside the big room he paused, then stepped swiftly across and rapped at her door, falling back a pace as she came out.

Instead of speaking at once, as he had planned, to prevent her escaping, he was struck speechless, for the vision that met his eyes was that which he had seen one blithe spring morning three months before, but tonight there was no shawl to conceal her sweetly rounded neck and shoulders, whose whiteness was startling against the black of the ballroom gown. The slim gold chain hung around her neck, and her hair was piled high, as before. He noted every smallest detail as she stood there waiting for him to speak, forgetful of everything else.

She had put on the gown again to see if perchance there might be some mark of her blood or breed that had escaped her previous scrutiny, and, as there was no one to observe her, she had attired herself slowly, absorbed in her whimsy. Her wistful beauty dazed the young man and robbed him of the words he had rehearsed, but as she made to flee from him, with a pitiful gesture, toward her room the fear of losing her aroused him and spurred his wit.

"Don't go away! I have something I must tell you. I've thought it over, and you've got to listen, Necia."

"I am listening," she answered very quietly.

"Understand me, I'm not whining, and I'm willing to take my medicine. I couldn't talk or think very straight this afternoon, but you were wrong."

"Yes, I know now I was wrong. It was most unladylike, wasn't it? But, you see, I am only a little savage."

"I don't mean that. I mean you were wrong when you said I had played with you. In the sight of God, I swear you were mistaken. You have made me love you, Necia. Can't you see?"

She made no sign.

"If you can't, I owe it to you and to myself to set you right. I am not ashamed to acknowledge my love, and even when you are married to Poleon I want you to know that I shall love you always."

Even yet she made no sign. Was he not merely repeating the same empty words with which he had so often beguiled her? There was no word of marriage. He still considered her unworthy, beneath him.

"You do love me, Necia—you do! I see it in your eyes!" And he started toward her with open arms, but she shrank away from him.

"No, no! Don't touch me!" she almost screamed.

"My dear one," he breathed, "you must listen to me. You have nothing to fear, for I love you—love you—love you! You were made for me! You'll be my wife. Yes; you'll be married on Sunday, but to me, not to Poleon or any other man!"

Did she hear aright? Was he, her soldier lover, asking her, the Indian girl?

"You do love me, don't you?" he pleaded. But still she could not speak, and he tried to read the answer in her swimming eyes.

"You mean—you want to—marry me?" she murmured at last, hesitating shyly at the word that had come to play so momentous a part in her little world.

"Indeed I do," he declared, with emphasis, "in spite of everything, anything! Nothing else matters. I'll quit the army. I'll give up the service and my people too. I'll put everything back of me, and we'll start out anew—just you and I."

"Wait a moment," she said, retreating a little from his eager, outstretched arms. "Why do you need to do all that?"

"Never mind why. It's as good as done. You wouldn't understand."

"But I think I do understand now. Do I really mean all that to you?"

"Yes, and more!"

"Listen to me," said the girl quietly. "I want you to talk slowly so I may not misunderstand. If you—marry me must you forego all those great things you speak of—your profession, your family, your future?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the soldier. "If they don't bother me, Necia, why should you worry?"

"Would you really have to give up your family—your sister? Would those people you are so proud of and who are so proud of you—would they cut you off?"

"There is no question of cutting off. I have no inheritance coming. I don't want any. I don't want anything except you, dear."

"Won't you tell me?" she persisted. "You see, I am dull at these things."

"Well, what if they do?" he conceded. "You more than make it up to me. You outweigh a thousand families."

"And would your marriage to a—a—to me destroy your army career?"

"Well, it will really be much easier for both of us if I resign from the service," he finally admitted. "In fact, I've decided to do so at once."

"No, no! You mustn't do that. Tonight you think I am worth the price, but a day will come"—

He leaned forward and caught her hands in his.

"Meade, I can't let you do it."

"I'd like to see you help yourself," he said banteringly.

"I can and I will. You must not marry me, Meade. It's not right; it can't be." She suddenly realized what this renunciation would mean and began to shiver.

"It will be over before you know it," she heard him saying in a lame attempt at levity. "Father Barnum is an expert, and the operation won't occupy him ten minutes."

At that moment they heard the voices of the trader and his squaw outside, approaching the house. The girl's breath caught in her throat. She flung herself recklessly upon her lover's breast and threw her arms around his neck in an agony of farewell.

"Meade, Meade, my soldier," she sobbed, "kiss me goodby for the last time!"

"No," he said roughly.

"Now you must go," she said, tearing herself away, "and for my sake don't see me again."

"I will! I will! I will ask your father for you tonight."

"No, no! Don't, please don't! Wait till—till tomorrow—till I say the word! Promise me! On your love, promise!"

Her eyes held such a painful entreaty that he nodded acquiescence as the door opened and her father and Alluna entered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MYSTERY OF MARS.

Old but Unsolved Problem, Is There Animal Life on the Planet?

With a planet so old as Mars and so far along in the process of life extinction the conditions of life would be severe, and only a highly intellectual and scientifically developed race could endure and master them. The engineering skill and constructive capacity to control the annual floods from the poles, store the waters and build the thousands of miles of huge canals would require scientific knowledge beyond that possessed by us at the present time and financial resources in excess of those we have yet accumulated. The nation that finds the digging of a little ditch at Panama so great a task would be helpless in the face of such a problem as these thousands of miles of Martian canals, if, indeed, canals they be. Yet, in view of the greater life age of Mars, such higher intelligence would be natural in the regular process of development, assuming that it has ever been the abode of intellectual life.

Scientists are in the main in a receptive state on this subject. They are not ready to admit that the existence of life on that planet has been proved. They do not deny it, but call for greater proof than a plausible theory. Among others than scientists there is in the main a disposition not to accept the Martian human life theory or the theory of life on any of the thousands of spheres that wheel and glisten in illimitable space. They seem to think that such a theory conflicts with religion and dwarfs man and his importance in the scheme of creation.

This seems to be a very narrow view to take, since it appears to set bounds upon the infinite power and creative desires of the Almighty, whose great scheme of mortal and immortal life is not necessarily confined to a single planet or the few billions of human beings who are born and die upon it. As to dwarfing the importance of man, a few billions more added to the billions on earth would make little difference. Man is at best a small and insignificant creature, but if all embracing wisdom, power and love takes solicitous note of him it would be limiting those infinite qualties to say that one planet must be his abiding place. Therefore the question of human intelligence on Mars or any other planet of the solar system or the other great systems in remote space should be purely and simply a scientific one, to be accepted as true only when proved, but not to be rejected through sentiment or for any other reason whatever except lack of proof.—St. Louis Star.

An Oriental Blessing.

A well known representative from China, who was a guest at a wedding in a capital city, was approached after the ceremony by the best man and jocularly asked to go over to the young couple and pronounce a parental blessing. The obliging dignitary complied with pleasure. Placing his hands on the blushing bride and shaking bridegroom, he said: "May every new year bless you with a man-child offspring until they shall number twenty-five in all. May these twenty-five man children offspring present you with twenty-five times twenty-five grandchildren, and may there grandchildren"—

But the little bride grew hysterical about this time, and the oriental blessing was ended amid the laughter of the guests.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Cowboy Spider.

"Taking aside," said the nature student, "there is in New Zealand a cowboy spider. This creature throws a coil of web like a lasso over its prey's head, then adds more and more coils and when the prey is bound hand and foot devours it.

"There is a Borneo spider that in the spring days plays a fiddle. It is a common thing for a lovesick spider to dance before his girl, but this Borneo boy my drawing his arm across his tum produces a sweet, clear note. Whenever he sees a good looking young lady spider he stops and gives her a tune, hoping to win her by music."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

PAPER FOR MONEY.

Extreme Care and Secrecy Used In Its Manufacture.

The various great nations devote much study to the improvement of their secret processes of manufacturing paper for money and banknotes, the principal object being, of course, to render counterfeiting more and more difficult.

Our own government guards with extreme care every detail of the manufacture of this paper, laying special importance upon its secret of getting silk thread into the composition of the paper itself.

The efforts of this government, however, are not nearly so painstaking as those put forth in making the flimsy paper used for Bank of England notes, which are probably the finest paper money in the world. These notes are manufactured from fine Irish linen, and the peculiar properties of the Test water (so called from the river of that name) produce paper of a purity and texture unsurpassed. The secret of the security of the Bank of England note against forgery and counterfeiting is said to be entirely in the paper itself and not in the printing.

In addition, the notes show a watermark so cleverly devised that an expert from the mill can tell by a glance at the date of manufacture the very name of the employee who made it. The watermark is produced by a design countersunk in the woven wire bottoms of the trays in which the hot paper pulp is poured and dried. It has never been successfully imitated.

Extraordinary precautions are taken for the security of the mill where these notes are made, as well as of everything in the mill. There is, of course, a staff of police constantly in attendance and a private wire to police headquarters, nine miles away.

The watchmen who patrol the mill corridors every night must pass at each quarter of an hour clocks of wonderfully ingenious construction, the revolving dials of which are pierced with holes, which at the precise moment the watchman is due before them pass over a slot. The watchman pushes through a peg he carries, and the clock ticks on. Should he not present himself at the moment scheduled for him to appear, however, the timepiece immediately sounds an alarm.—New York Tribune.

ARAB SCHOOLS.

Their Peculiar Methods In Teaching and Studying.

"An Arab school," said a traveler, "is one of the most interesting places in Cairo to visit. The children, with the schoolmaster, sit upon the floor or the ground in a semicircle, and each has a tablet of wood which is painted white and upon which the lessons are written. When the latter are learned they are washed out and replaced by other lessons.

"During study hours the Arab schools remind one of the Chinese, for the children all study aloud, and as they chant they rock back and forth like trees in a storm, and this movement is continued for an hour or more at a time. The schoolmaster rocks back and forth also, and altogether the school presents a most novel appearance as well as sound. Worshipers in the mosques always move about while reciting the Koran, as this movement is believed to assist the memory.

"The desks of the Arab schools are old contrivances of palm sticks, upon which is placed the Koran or one of the thirty sections of it. After learning the alphabet the boys take up the study of the Koran, memorizing entire chapters of it until the sacred book is entirely familiar.

"A peculiar method is followed in learning the Koran. The study begins with the opening chapter, and from this it skips to the last. The last but one is then learned, then the last but two, and so on in inverted order, ending finally with the second chapter.

"During the student's progress it is customary for the schoolmaster to send on the wooden tablet a lesson painted in black and red and green to the father, who returns it after inspection with a couple of plasters pasted upon it. The salaries of the schoolmasters are very meager indeed."—Washington Herald.

MANNING THE STATIONS.

Discipline Aboard Ship at Sea In Times of Emergency.

At no time is the perfect organization aboard ship so well illustrated as in the time of an emergency. The slightest scent of danger in the wind must find every man ready. And every man is ready. Every man has a number. Every man has a station. A bell tap may send your dining room steward off at a run just when he is serving your soup. At the bell tap he is no longer your steward. He is "No. 78" in the ship's emergency organization, and when he gets to his station he finds Nos. 54, 45, 236, 117, 248 and some others there to act with him like a machine. Aboard a big ship there are sometimes as many as sixty stations about the vessel, and at the sound of an alarm bell thirty seconds have not elapsed before every man has responded to his number at his station and is ready to act, to fight fire, to man the lifeboats, or what not.

Up in the wheelhouse is further exemplification of what system will do. Within reach of the officers are a dozen contrivances of machinery that connect with every part of the ship. A touch of one lever closes a bulkhead in this or that compartment of the hold, a touch of another mans all emergency stations, a lever here mans lifeboat so-and-so, and a lever there mans any one or all. Here is a telephone, its wires extending to every part of the ship, and an officer's voice carried to a distance station in the bowels of the ship is so magnified by mechanical means that it can be heard twenty feet from the receiver and fairly bellows its orders.

A sailor or steward never knows at what minute, day or night, he may be called to his station. At the sound of the signal bell he must be at his post. There is a drill of some kind every day aboard ship, but the men never know whether they are running to a real fire or only a drill. Boats are uncovered, falls overhauled, davits swung out. Every boat must have its compass, night signals, fresh water and provisions ready for immediate action. From the chart room the captain can start a squad in the most remote part of the ship simply by pressing a button, and the flashing of tiny electric lights faithfully record how every detail of the drill is being carried out. A chart gives the location of all bulkheads, and a tiny light sparkles when this or that water tight compartment is closed. In case of a collision every bulkhead below the water line is closed by a turn of a lever in the wheelhouse, making the modern ship practically unsinkable.—Van Vliet Adling in Bookkeeper.

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He Dazed Lew Wallace.

Shortly after the first success of "Ben-Hur" Lew Wallace had occasion to go over to London and one day picked up a pirated copy of the novel at a railroad newsstand. To his amazement he found the subtitle left off, a preface interpolated and one of the chapters rewritten. Of course he boiled with rage, and as soon as possible he called on the publisher. That gentleman coolly admitted his crime and told Wallace he thought the amended form better adapted to the British taste, doncherknow. His gall was so stupendous that the novelist was awed and went away without spilling his gore.

It Was Good Advice.

A wildly turbulent peasant was once a witness in a trial before Chief Baron O'Grady. The counsel, after pestering him for some time, put a question to him which reflected on the witness' character.

"If ye ax me that again I'll give ye a kick in the gob!" was the answer.

The counsel appealed to the court, stating that an answer was necessary to his client's case, ending up with the query, "What would your lordship advise me to do?"

"If you are resolved to repeat the question," replied the court, "I'd advise you to move a little from the witness."

The Poultice Is a Barbaric Relic.

The poultice is a barbarous relic of the days of witch burning. The typical home poultice is made of flaxseed. It is a soggy, unsavory, germ infested instrument of torture. Clapped upon the suffering baby's chest, it interferes with the poor child's breathing, infects his skin with the germs that cause pimples and boils and makes him unbearably uncomfortable and unhappy. The heat in the poultice is its only valuable feature. The dampness does damage, and the flaxseed is as inert as so much sawdust or breakfast food. Why not use hot water bags or, better still, hot cloths?—Delineator.

Mixed.

Patience—Did you ever ride in a submarine boat? Patrice—No, but I rode in an ultramarine boat once. I just love that color!—Yonkers Statesman.

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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 CO. PLANT, Madison, Wis.

GOLDEN NUGGET 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.

McCALL PATTERNS 10 15 HOME HINTS — McCALL'S MAGAZINE 50 YEAR WELCOMING A FREE PATTERN

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.

Foley's Honey and Tar is especially recommended for chronic throat and lung troubles and many sufferers from bronchitis, asthma and consumption have found comfort and relief by using Foley's Honey and Tar.

Anders & Philipps.

House for Sale.

A well improved residence property with two acres of land for sale at a bargain. Two blocks from Fair Grounds. Inquire of Bronson Carr & sons, Manchester, Iowa.

Novelty Hitch Stables

Feed, Sale and Boarding Barn.
Blankets and Plush Robes at cost.
Harness, Whips, Etc. always on hand.

WILL NICKERSON, Manager,

206 Main St. Manchester

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At Seattle June 1 to Oct. 15, 1909

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Best Service and Lowest Rates

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Tickets at Very Low Rates on sale every day during summer

Full Information, Booklets, etc., from the Great Western Agent or

J. P. ELMER, Gen. Pass. Agent
Saint Paul

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....	5 a m
		St Paul	12:46 p m
		Minneapolis	1:20 p m
		Waterloo...	8:10 a m
		Marshalltn	9.50 a m
		Des Moines	11:55 a m
		Kansas City	8.40 p m
§ No. 4 7:15 a m	C. G. W. No. 6	Dubuque....	9.20 a m
		Chicago....	2:15 p m
§ No. 6 8:45 a.m	C. M. & St. P No. 22	Calmar.....	12:10 p.m
		Charles City	12:47 p.m
		Mason City	1:45 p m
§ No. 8 2:00 p.m	C. G. W. No. 4	Dubuque....	5:20 p.m
		Chicago....	10:00 p.m
	No. 3	Oelwein.....	3:25 p m
		Waterloo....	4:15 p.m
		Marshalltown	6:25 p m
		Des Moines..	8:35 p.m
		Kansas City.	6:15 a m
		St. Paul....	9:00 p m
		Minneapolis.	9:35 p m
* No. 10 4:45 p.m	C. M. & St. P No. 21	Monticello..	6:30 p m
		Marion.....	7:50 p m
		Cedar Rapids	8:10 p m
		Davenport..	9:25 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* 11:58 pm	..Fast Train..	No 2* 2:58 a m
No 601 11:32 pm	Thro Express..	No 403 8:41 a m
No 5 † 8:10 a m	..Fast Mail..	No 4 3:10 p m
No 3 3:10 p m	.Day Express	No 61 10:35 a m
No 21 7:25 a m	Ft Dodge Ex	No 32 7:50 p m
No 93 1:00 p m	Way Freight	No. 94 11:45 a m
No 33 5.40 p m	Clipper	No 34 8:55 a m

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

North Bound —Arrive—	Set Cedar Rpds as Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No. 306 6.00 a.m	...†Passenger..	No.306 8:20 a.m
No.322 4:45 p.m	...†Passenger..	No.420 5:10 p.m
No.353 12:00	... *Freight....	No.360 11:15a.m

All above trains carry passengers.
†Daily.
*Daily Except Sunday.

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.

MEN PAST FIFTY IN DANGER.

Men past middle life have found comfort and relief in Foley's Kidney Remedy, especially for enlarged prostate gland, which is very common among elderly men. L. E. Morris, Dexter, Ky., writes: "Up to a year ago my father suffered from kidney and bladder trouble and several physicians pronounced it enlargement of the prostate gland and advised an operation. On account of his age we were afraid he could not stand it and I recommended Foley's Kidney Remedy, and the first bottle relieved him and after taking the second bottle he was no longer troubled with this complaint."

Anders & Philipps.

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.

Everyone would be benefited by taking Foley's Orino Laxative for constipation, stomach and liver trouble, as it sweetens the stomach and breath, gently stimulates the liver and regulates the bowels and is much superior to pills and ordinary laxatives. Why not try Foley's Orino Laxative today?

Anders & Philipps.

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

Many of our citizens are drifting towards Brights disease by neglecting symptoms of kidney and bladder trouble which Foley's Kidney Remedy will quickly cure.

Anders & Philipps.

PAINTING

All kinds of exterior and interior painting. A specialty made of Carriage painting. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.

S. J. Maley.

Over Atkinson's Blacksmith Shop.

To avoid serious results take Foley's Kidney Remedy at the first sign of kidney or bladder disorder such as backache, urinary irregularities, exhaustion, and you will soon be well. Commence taking Foley's Kidney Remedy today.

Anders & Philipps.

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.

Colds that hang on weaken the constitution and develop into consumption. Foley's Honey and Tar cures persistent coughs that refuse to yield to other treatment. Do not experiment with untried remedies as delay may result in your cold settling on your lungs.

Anders & Philipps.

His Somnolent Influence.

"I has been tol'," said Brother Dickey, "dat my sermons puts folks ter sleep; but dat's all right. Dey isn't doin' any harm whilst dey is a-sleepin', an' dey'll wake up fast enough w'en de devil biul's a fire under 'um!"—Atlanta Constitution.