THE BARRIER

By Rex Beach

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE LOVE OF POLEON DORET.

To the girl crouching in the stern of Runnion's boat it seemed as if this day and night would never end. It seemed as if the procession of natural events must have ceased, that there was no longer any time, for she had been suffering steadily for hours and hours without end and began to wonder dreamily whether she had not skipped a day in her reckoning between the time when she first heard of the strike on her claim and this present moment. It occurred to her that she was a rich girl now in her own right, and she smiled her crooked smile as she reflected that the thing she had longed for without hope of attainment had come with confusing swiftness and had left her unhappier than ever.

Restless and tired of her lonely vigil, she gave a premonitory cough and said to her companion:

"You must be tired rowing so steadily?"

"Oh, I don't mind it!" he replied.

At the sound of his voice she sat bolt upright. It couldn't be. If this were Runnion he would have spoken before. She ventured again tremulously:

"Have you any idea what time it is?"

"About 3 o'clock, I fancy."

"Who are you?" The question came like a shot.

"Don't you know?"

"What are you doing here, Mr. Runnion?"

"I'm rowing," he answered carelessly.

"I've changed my mind, Mr. Runnion," she said. "I don't want to go down to the mission. I want you to take me back."

"Can't do it," he said. "The current is too swift."

"Then set me ashore and I'll walk back. It can't be far to town."

"Twenty-five miles. We've been out about three hours."

"Please do as I ask you, Mr. Runnion. I've decided I don't want to go any farther." He laughed, and the sound aroused her. "Put me ashore this minute!" she cried indignantly. "What do you mean?"

When he made no answer, except to continue the maddening monotony of his movements, she was seized with a

"What are you doing here, Mr. Runnion?"

rash resolve to wrench the oars out of his hands and made a quick motion toward him, at which he shouted:

"Sit down! Do you want to upset us?"

The unstable craft lurched and dipped dangerously, and, realizing the futility of her mad impulse, she sank back on her knees.

"Stark told me to board the first boat for St. Michael's," he said, "but I've made a few plans of my own the last hour or so."

"St. Michael's! Mr. Stark told you—why, that's impossible! You misunderstood him. He told you to row me to the mission. I'm going to Father Barnum's house."

"No, you're not, and I didn't misunderstand him. He wants to get you outside, all right, but I reckon you'd rather go as Mrs. Runnion than as the sweetheart of Ben Stark."

"Are you crazy?" the girl cried. "Mr. Stark kindly offered to help me reach the father at his mission. I'm nothing to him, and I'm certainly not going to be anything to you. If I'd known you were going to row the boat I should have stayed at home, because I detest you."

He rested again on his oars and said, with deliberation:

"Stark 'kindly offered,' did he? Well, whenever Ben Stark 'kindly' offers anything I'm in on the play. He's had his eye on you for the last three months, and he wants you, but he slipped a cog when he gave me the oars. You needn't be afraid, though. I'm going to do the square thing by you. We'll stop in at the mission and be married, and then we'll see whether we want to go to St. Michael's or not, though personally I'm for going back to Flambeau."

The girl's beauty, her indifference, the mistaken attitude of Stark, urged him, and, strongest of all, he was drawn by his cupidity, for she would be very rich, so the knowing ones said. Doubtless that was why Stark wanted her, and, being a man who acknowledged no fidelity to his kind or his Creator, Runnion determined to outwit his principal, Doret, Burrell and all the rest.

Necia saw what a frail and helpless thing she was. Nothing about her was great save her soul, and that was immeasurably vexed and worried. She had just lived through a grief that had made her generous, and now she gained her first knowledge of the man-animal's gross selfishness.

"You are absolutely daft," she said. "You can't force me to marry you."

"I ain't going to force you. You'll do it willingly."

"I'll die first. I'll call the first man we see. I'll tell Father Barnum, and he'll have you run out of the country. It would only take a word from me."

"If you haven't changed your mind when we get to his place I'll run through without stopping, but there isn't another priest between there and St. Mike's, and by the time we get to the mouth of the river I guess you'll say 'Yes' to most anything. However, I'd rather marry you at Holy Cross if you'll consent, and I'm pretty sure you will when you think it over."

"We won't discuss it."

"You don't understand yet," he continued slowly. "What will people say when they know you ran away with me?"

"I'll tell them the truth."

"Huh! I'm too well known. No man on the river would ever have you after that."

"You—you"— Her voice was a-quiver with indignation and loathing, but her lips could not frame an epithet fit for him. He continued rowing for some time, then said:

"Will you marry me?"

"No. If this thing is ever known Poleon will kill you—or father."

For a third time he rested on his oars.

"Now that we've come to threats let me talk. I offered to marry you and do the square thing, but if you don't want to I'll pass up the formality and take you for my squaw, the same as your father took Alluna. Just remember you're alone with me in the heart of a wilderness, and you've got to make a choice quick, because I'm going ashore and make some breakfast as soon as it's light enough to choose a landing place. If you agree to come quietly and go through with this thing like a sensible girl I'll do what's right, but if you don't then I'll do what's wrong, and maybe you won't be so d——d anxious to tell your friends about this trip or spread your story up and down the river."

She saw Runnion gazing over his shoulder in search of a shelving beach or bar. They rounded a bend where the left bank crumbled before the untiring teeth of the river, forming a bristling cheval-de-frise of leaning, fallen firs awash in the current. The short side of the curve protected a gravel bar that made downstream to a dagger-like point, and toward this Runnion propelled the skiff. The girl's heart sank.

* * * * * * *

The mind of Poleon Doret worked in straight lines. Moreover, his memory was good. Stark's statement, which so upset Gale and the lieutenant, had a somewhat different effect upon the Frenchman, for certain facts had been impressed upon his subconsciousness which did not entirely jibe with the gambler's remarks, and yet they were too dimly engraved to afford foundation for a definite theory. What he did know was that he doubted. Why? Because certain scraps of a disjointed conversation recurred to him, a few words which he had overheard in Stark's saloon, something about a Peterborough canoe and a woman. He knew every skiff that lay along the water front, and of a sudden he decided to see if this one was where it had been at dusk, for there were but two modes of egress from Flambeau, and there was but one canoe of this type. If Necia had gone up river on the freighter, pursuit was hopeless, for no boatman could make headway against the current, but if, on the other hand, that cedar craft was gone— He ran out of Stark's house and down to the river bank. It was just one chance, and, if he was wrong, no matter. The others would leave on the next up river steamer, whereas if his suspicion proved a certainty, if Stark had lied to throw them off the track and Runnion had taken her down stream—well, Poleon wished no one to hinder him, for he would travel light.

The boat was gone. He searched the line backward, but it was not there, and his excitement grew now, likewise his haste. He stumbled up to the trading post and around to the rear, where, bottom up, lay his own craft, a birch canoe, frail and treacherous for any but a man schooled in the ways of swift water. He laid it carefully in the whispering current, then stripped himself with feverish haste, for the driving call of a hot pursuit was on him, and, although it was the cold, raw hours of late night, he whipped off his garments until he was bare to the middle. He seized his paddle, stepped in, then knelt amidships and pushed away. The birch bark answered him like a living thing, leaping and dancing beneath the strokes, while rippling, rising ridges stood out upon his back and arms as they rose and fell.

* * * * * * *

Runnion drove his Peterborough toward the shore with powerful strokes and ran its nose up on the gravel, rose, stretched himself and dragged it farther out, then looked down at Necia.

"Well, what is it—yes or no? Do you want me for a husband or for a master?" She cowered in the stern, a pale, fearful creature.

She cast her despairing eyes up and down the river, then at the wilderness on either shore, but it was as silent and unpeopled as if it had been created that morning. She must have time. She would temporize, pretending to yield, and then betray him to the first comer. A promise exacted under duress would not be binding.

"I'll go quietly," she said in a faint voice.

"I knew you'd see that I'm acting square. Come! Get the cramp out of yourself while I make a pot of coffee." He held out his hand to assist her, and she accepted it, but stumbled as she rose, for she had been crouched in one position for several hours, and her limbs were stiff. He caught her and swung her ashore. Then, instead of putting her feet to the ground, he pressed her to himself roughly and kissed her. She gave a stifled cry and fought him off, but he laughed and held her the closer.

"No, no, no!" she gasped, writhing like a wild thing, but he crushed his lips to hers again and then let her go, whereupon she drew away from him panting, disheveled, her eyes wide and filled with horror. She scrubbed her lips with the back of her hand, as if to erase his mark, while he reached into the canoe and brought forth an ax, a bundle of food and a coffeepot. Then, still chuckling, he gathered a few sticks of driftwood and built a fire. She had a blind instinct to flee and sought for a means of escape, but they were well out upon the bar that stretched a distance of 300 feet to the wooded bank. On one side of the narrow spit was the scarcely moving, half stagnant water of a tiny bay or eddy; on the other the swift, gliding current tugging at the beached canoe, while the outer end of the graveled ridge dwindled down to nothing and disappeared into the river. An instant later, when he turned to the clearer water of the eddy to fill the coffeepot, she seized her chance and sped up the bar toward the bank. The shingle under foot and her noisy skirts betrayed her, and with an oath he followed. It was an unequal race, and he handled her with rough strong hands when he overtook her.

"So! You lied to me! Well, I'm through with this foolishness. If you'll go back on your word like this you'll 'bawl me out' before the priest, so I'll forget my promise, too, and you'll be glad of the chance to marry me."

"Let me go!" she panted. "I'll marry you. Yes, yes, I'll do it, only don't touch me!"

He led her back to the fire, which had begun to crackle. She was so weak now that she sank upon the stones shivering.

"That's right. Sit down and behave while I make something hot to drink. You're all in." After a time he continued as he busied himself about his task: "Say, you ought to be glad to get me. I've got a lot of money, or I will have, and once you're Mrs. Runnion nobody 'll ever know about this or think of you as a squaw."

He was still talking when the girl sprang to her feet and sent a shrill cry out over the river, but instantly he was up and upon her, his hand over her mouth, while she tore at it, screaming the name of Poleon Doret. He silenced her to a smothered, sobbing mumble and turned to see, far out on the bosom of the great soiled river, a man in a bark canoe. The craft had just swung past the bend above and was still a long way off, so far away, in fact, that Necia's signal had not reached it, for its occupant held unwaveringly to the swiftest channel, his body rising and falling in the smooth, unending rhythm of a master boatman under great haste, his arms upflung now and then as the paddle glinted and flashed across to the opposite side.

Runnion glanced about hurriedly, then cursed as he saw no place of concealment. The Peterborough stood out upon the bar conspicuously, as did he and the girl. But the chance remained that this man, whoever he was, would pass by, for his speed was great, the river a mile in width and the bend sharp. Necia had cried Poleon's name, but her companion saw no resemblance to the Frenchman in this strange looking voyager. In fact, he could not quite make out what was peculiar about the man—perhaps his eyes were not as sharp as hers—and then he saw that the boatman was naked to the waist. By now he was drawing opposite them with the speed of a hound.

The girl, gagged and held by her captor's hands, struggled and moaned despairingly, and, crouching back of the boat, they might have escaped discovery in the gray morning light had it not been for the telltale fire—a tiny, crackling blaze no larger than a man's hat. It betrayed them. The dancing craft upon which their eyes were fixed whipped about, almost leaping from the water at one stroke, then came toward them, now nothing but a narrow thing, half again the width of a man's body. The current carried it down abreast of them, then past, and Runnion rose, releasing the girl, who cried out with all her might to the boatman. He made no sound in reply, but drove his canoe shoreward with quicker strokes. It was evident he would effect his landing near the lower end of the spit, for now he was within hearing distance and driving closer every instant.

Necia heard the gambler call:

"Sheer off, Doret! You can't land here!"

She saw a gun in Runnion's hand, and a terrible, sickening fear swept over her, for he was slowly walking down the spit, keeping abreast of the canoe as it drifted.

"Keep away or I'll fire!" threatened Runnion again, and she screamed: "Don't try it, Poleon! He'll kill you!"

At her words Runnion raised his weapon and fired. She heard the woods behind reverberate with the echoes like a sounding board, saw the white spurt of smoke and the skitter of the bullet as it went wide. It was a long shot and had been fired as a final warning, but Doret made no outcry, nor did he cease coming. Instead his paddle clove the water with the same steady strokes that took every ounce of effort in his body. Runnion threw open his gun and replaced the spent shell. On came the careening, crazy craft in a sidewise drift, and with it the girl saw coming a terrible tragedy. She started to run down the graveled ridge behind her enemy, not realizing the value or moment of her action nor knowing clearly what she would do, but as she drew near she saw Runnion raise his gun again and without thought of her own safety threw herself upon him. Again his shot went wide as he strove to hurl her off, but his former taste of her strength was nothing to this now that she fought for Poleon's life. Runnion snarled angrily and thrust her away, for he had waited till the canoe was close.

"Let me go, you devil!" he cried and aimed again. But again she ran at him. This time, however, she did not pit her strength against his, but paused, and as he undertook to fire she thrust at his elbow, then dodged out of his way. Her blow was crafty and well timed, and his shot went wild. Again he took aim, and again she destroyed it with a touch and danced out of his reach. She was nimble and light and quickened now by a cold calculation of all that depended upon her.

Three times in all she thwarted Runnion, while the canoe drove closer every instant. On the fourth, as she dashed at him, he struck to be rid of her, cursing wickedly—struck as he would have struck at a man. Silently she crumpled up and fell, a pitiful, draggled, awkward little figure sprawled upon the rocks. But the delay proved fatal to him, for, though the canoe was close against the bank and the huge man in it seemed to offer a mark too plain to be missed, he was too close to permit careful aim. Runnion heard him giving utterance to a

They grappled and fought, alone and unseen.

strange, feral, whining sound, as if he were crying like a fighting boy. Then as the gambler raised his arm the Canadian lifted himself up on the bottom of the canoe until he stood stretched to his full height and leaped. As Runnion fired he sprang out and was into the water to his knees, his backward kick whirling the craft from underneath him out into the current, where the river seized it. He had risen and jumped all in one moment, launching himself at the shore like a panther. The gun roared again, but Poleon came up and on with the rush of the great brown grizzly that no missile can stop. Runnion's weapon blazed in his face, but he neither felt nor heeded it, for his bare hands were upon his quarry, the impact of his body hurling the other from his feet, and neither of them knew whether any or all of the last bullets had taken effect.

Poleon had come, like an arrow, straight for his mark the instant he glimpsed it, an insensate, unreasoning, raging thing that no weight of lead nor length of blade could stop. In his haste he had left Flambeau without weapon of any kind, for in his mind such things are superfluous, and he had never fought with any but those God gave him nor found any living thing that his hands could not master. Therefore he had rushed headlong against this armed and waiting man, reaching for him ever closer and closer till the burning powder stung his eyes. They grappled and fought, alone and unseen, and yet it was no fight, for Runnion, though a vigorous, heavy muscled man, was beaten down, smothered and crushed beneath the onslaught of this great naked fellow, who all the time sobbed and whined and mewed in a panting fury.

They swung half across the spit to the farther side, where they fell in a fantastic convulsion, slipping and sliding and rolling among the rocks that smote and gouged and bruised them. The gambler fought for his life against the naked flesh of the other, against the distorted face that snapped and bit like the muzzle of a wolf, while all the time he heard that fearful, inarticulate note of blood hunger at his ear. The Canadian's clinched hands crushed whatever they fell upon as if mailed with metal. The fingers were like tearing tongs that could not be loosed. It was a frightful combat, hideous from its inequality, like the battle of a man against a maddened beast whose teeth tore and whose claws ripped, whose every move was irresistible. And so it was over shortly.

Poleon rose and ran to the fallen girl, leaving behind him a huddled and twisted likeness of a man. He picked her up tenderly, moaning and crooning. But as her limp head lolled back, throwing her pale, blind features up to the heavens, he began to cry, this time like a woman. Tears fell from his eyes—burning tears, the agony of which seared his soul. He laid her carefully beside the water's edge, and, holding her head and shoulders in the crook of his left arm, he wet his right hand and bathed her face, crouching over her, half nude, dripping with the sweat of his great labors, a tender, palpitating figure of bronzed muscle and sinew, with all his fury and hate replaced by apprehension and pity. The short moments that he worked with her were ages to him, but she revived beneath his ministrations, and her first frightened look of consciousness was changed to a melting smile.

"W-what happened, Poleon?" she said. "I was afraid."

He stood up to his full height, shaking and weak as the water that dripped from him, the very bones in him dissolved. For the first time he uttered words, "T'ank God, ba gosh!" and ran his hand up over his wet face.

"Where is he?" She started to her knees affrightedly; then, seeing the twisted, sprawling figure beyond, began to shudder. "He—he's dead?"

"I don't know," said Poleon carelessly. "You feel it purty good now, eh, w'at?"

"Yes—I—he struck me!" The remembrance of what had occurred surged over her, and she buried her face in her hands. "Oh, Poleon, Poleon! He was a dreadful man."

"He don' trouble you no more."

"He tried—he— Ugh! I—I'm glad you did it!" She broke down, trembling at her escape, until her selfishness smote her, and she was up and beside him on the instant. "Are you hurt? Oh, I never thought of that! You must be wounded."

The Frenchman felt himself over and looked down at his limbs for the first time. "No; I guess not," he said, at which Necia noticed his meager attire, and simultaneously he became conscious of it. He fell away a pace, casting his eyes over the river for his canoe, which was now a speck in the distance.

"Ba gosh! I'm h—l of a t'ing for lookin' at," he said. "I'm paddle hard; dat's w'y. Sacre, how I sweat!" He hitched nervously at the band of his overalls, while Necia answered:

"That's all right, Poleon." Then, without warning, her face froze with mingled repulsion and wonder. "Look, look!" she whispered, pointing past him.

Runnion was moving slowly, crawling painfully into a sitting posture, uplifting a terribly mutilated face, dazed and half conscious, groping for possession of his wits. He saw them and grimaced frightfully, cowering and cringing.

Poleon felt the girl's hand upon his arm and heard her crying in a hard, sharp voice:

"He needs killing! Put him away!"

He stared down at his gentle Necia and saw the loathing in her face and the look of strange ferocity as she met his eyes boldly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

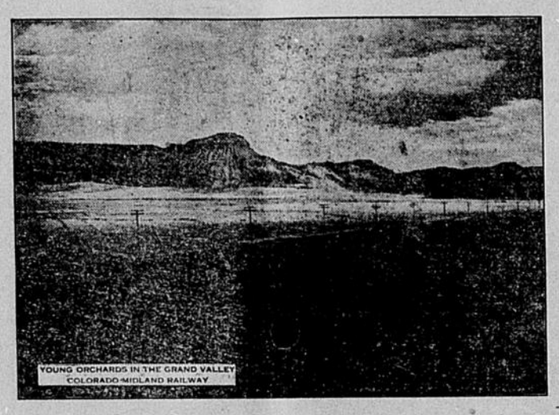
Stories of Colorado and The Rocky Mountains

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE WONDERFULLY RICH GRAND VALLEY.

In the great valley of the Grand River, on the Western Slope of Colorado, thousands of fruit growers are getting rich off of five and ten-acre tracts of land. They work a few months each year real hard, and a majority of them spend their winters in California—or go to Europe. Grand Junction is the largest town in the valley, being located near the confluence of the Grand and Gunnison Rivers, only a short distance from the Utah line. Residents of the valley leave home at 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon over the Colorado Midland and are in Denver for breakfast. Palisade, twelve miles east of Grand Junction, is the second largest town in the valley.

One by one the Eastern farmers are learning of the advantages offered them in Colorado, and once they are convinced do not hesitate long in surrendering the big 160-acre farm back East for the little peach and pear and apple orchards of the Western Slope. For instance, H. J. Box of Perry, Iowa, came to Palisade a short time ago and looked around. He saw and was convinced. A few days ago he bought a six-year-old orchard of fifteen acres at $2,250 per acre. Six years ago the same land changed hands at $45 an acre. The fruit trees made the difference. Box's Iowa farm probably brought $150 an acre, and his fifteen acres will pay double that amount annually on each acre.

A fruit country makes a good business town. Instead of drawing trade from big farms scattered over a wide territory of 160 to 320 acres each, the



YOUNG ORCHARDS IN THE GRAND VALLEY
COLORADO-MIDLAND RAILWAY

merchant has a population of about one to every acre. And so, although the Grand Valley is small in area, considered from the eastern standpoint, it is a rich and populous territory from the merchant's point of view.

The Grand Valley is only forty miles in length, with an average width of six miles. On either side loom high mountains, which shut off cold winds and from whence comes the precious water which makes the wealth of the fertile land. Approximately it has 150,000 acres of fertile land adaptable to the cultivation of fruit.

All of the fruit land is irrigated, but there is no lack of water. The available water supply can irrigate more than 1,000,000 acres. The United States government is now completing the surveys on what is known as the High Line ditch and actual work has started. This ditch alone will bring an additional 70,000 acres under irrigation, and some of the land is being planted now, with the expectation of getting water as it is needed.

Fruit is the poor man's harvest, so the people of the Grand Valley believe. Five acres will support a family, ten will make a man independent for life. They estimate that each acre of fruit will support one person. And acting on that theory, the Grand Valley will have a population of 150,000 depending upon fruit alone within a few years.

Chance for the Poor Man.

Ten acres, the fruit men say, will make a man rich. This is all one man can care for, and as the acreage under one control is increased, it is claimed, the productiveness must necessarily be less from lack of individual attention. Of course, all men do not hold to the same theory. Verner Z. Reed, the Colorado Springs millionaire, put out 1,000 acres to fruit on the Western Slope last year. W. B. Cross of Denver, who was and still is interested in the shoe business there, has recently moved to the Grand Valley, where he has planted 240 acres in fruit—apples, peaches, pears and cherries. He has one of the most magnificent ranches on the slope, on a high level stretch of ground, commanding a view of miles, and, with an ideal home. His is a new orchard—240 acres. In a few years at the estimate usually indulged in at Grand Junction, his farm will be producing an income of nearly $150,000 annually.

The poor man has the same chance with the man who can buy hundreds of acres—better. For he can produce more fruit to the acre than the man or corporation with the big acreage. Ten acres is the average sized fruit ranch in the valley. Many are but five acres, while one acre suffices in many cases for the man who lives in town. In Palisade are many homes with the average yard, where sufficent fruit is produced to pay the living expenses of the family. In Grand Junction the fruit trees within the city are few. In Palisade the reverse is true. A mile and a half from Palisade is a big country school house with six rooms. Three hundred students attend the school, which may give an idea of the density of the population.

The fruit industry in Grand Valley is conducted on a business basis. The farmers early learned the advantages of cooperation.

The fruit growers' organizations market the entire crop. The usual friction between farmer and commission man is thus eliminated. The fruit growers' association arranges for the shipments east and west and to Europe. It takes entire charge of the crop once it is ready for market. The grower need not bother his head after he gets his fruit packed. The association does the rest, thus giving the grower the advantage of carload rates in shipment, the profit of the best prices and also the assurance of a steady market.

Persons interested in visiting the valley for the purpose of sight-seeing, or with a view to settling there, are furnished full information in the form of literature, together with names of reliable real estate firms, upon application to C. H. Speers, general passenger agent, Colorado Midland Railway, Denver, Colo.

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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.

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Delay in taking Foley's Kidney or bladder trouble, fastens the disease upon you and makes a cure more difficult. Commence taking Foley's Kidney Remedy today and you will soon be well. Why risk a serious malady?

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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.

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Blankets and Plush Robes at cost.
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RAILROAD Time Cards.

Manchester & Oneida RY

TIME TABLE.

MANCHESTER & ONEIDA RY.

No. 2. Leaves Manchester 5:15 a. m. connects with Chicago Great Western train No. 5 west bound; returning reaches Manchester at 6:15 a. m.

No. 4. Leaves Manchester 7:25 a. m. connects with Chicago Great Western train No. 6, east bound; returning reaches Manchester at 8:10 a. m.

No. 6. Leaves Manchester at 8:45 a. m., connects with C. M. & St. P. No. 22, northbound, returning reaches Manchester at 9:45 a. m.

No. 8. Leaves Manchester 2:00 p. m. connects with Chicago Great Western No. 4, east bound, and Chicago Great Western No. 9, west bound; returning reaches Manchester at 3:00 p. m.

No. 10. Leaves Manchester at 4:45 p. m., connects with C., M. & St. P. No. 21, south bound; returning Manchester at 5:45 p. m.

Trains Nos. 3, 4, 7, and 8, daily; all other trains daily except Sunday.

Through tickets sold to all points in North America.

E. E. Brewer,
General Traffic Manager.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

TIME TABLE.

West Bound

No 5 Omaha, Sioux City and St. Paul Fast Mail.....8:10 a. m
No 21 Dub & Ft Dodge local..7:23a. m.
No 3 Ft Dodge Express.....3:10 p. m.
No 33 Dubuque & Waterloo..5:40 p m
No 1 Chicago, Sioux City & Omaha Ltd.....10:50 p m
No 401 St Paul .....11:42 p m
No 93 Way Freight..... 1 p m

East Bound

No 2 Omaha & Sioux City & Chicago Limited....2:05 a m
No 402 St Paul & Chicago Ltd 3:41 a m
No 24 Waterloo & Dub Clipper 8:55 a m
No 6 Ft Dodge & Chi Express 11:25a m
No 4 Sioux City, Omaha & Chi 3:10 p m
No 22 Ft Dodge Dub local ....7:35 p m
No 94 Way Freight.....11:45 a m

No. 22 has Chicago sleeper.
Dining Car on Trains Nos. 5 and 4

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH

Going South

No 305 Pass daily ex Sunday 8:40 a m
No 333 Pass daily ex Sunday 5:45 p m
No 360 Freight daily ex Sunday 12:45p m

Arrive from South

No 334 Pass daily ex Sunday 8:00 a m
No 330 Pass daily ex Sunday 5:30 p m
No 3 Freight daily ex Sunday 11:15 a m

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.

Dining car on trains No. 5 and 1.

Many people with chronic throat or lung trouble have found comfort and relief in Foley's Honey and Tar as it cures stubborn coughs after other treatment has failed. L. M. Ruggles, Reasnor, Iowa, writes: "The doctors said I had consumption, and I got no better until I took Foley's Honey and Tar. It stopped the hemorrhages and pain in my lungs and they are now as sound as a bullet."

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KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

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DRAY - LINE,

Am prepared to do all kinds of work in my line. Moving safes, musical instruments, household goods and heavy articles a specialty.

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Foley's Honey and Tar not only stops chronic coughs that weaken the constitution and develop into consumption, but heals and strengthens the lungs. It affords comfort and relief in the worst cases of chronic bronchitis, asthma, hay fever and lung trouble.

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

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

Anders & Philipps.

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S. J. Maley.

Over Atkinson's Blacksmith Shop.

If people with symptoms of kidney or bladder trouble could realize their danger would without loss of time commence taking Foley's Kidney Remedy. This great Remedy stops the pain and the irregularities, strengthens and builds up these organs and there is no danger of Brights' disease or other serious disorder. Do not disregard the early symptoms.

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LOW FARES VIA M. & O. RY.

For International Convention United Society of Christian Endeavor, St. Paul, Minn. July 7, to 12, $6.39 for the round trip. Tickets on sale July 6, 6 and 7. Return limit July 31.

For National Encampment Grand Army of the Republic—Salt Lake City, Utah, August 9 to 14, $32.10 for the round trip. Tickets on sale August 5, 6, 7 and 8. Return limit 30 days from date of sale. Diversed routed west of Missouri river. Stopovers allowed at all stations on return trip.

Low fares to the Pacific coast. Tickets on sale daily May 19 to September 30. Return limit October 31. Liberal stop over privileges.

Call on or address the undersigned for any further information.

E. E. Brewer,
Manchester, Iowa. Traffic Manager.