THE BARRIER

By Rex Beach

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Gale looked up from beneath his thatch of brow and asked quietly:

"Why?"

"You 'member story I tol' you wan day two, 'tree mont' ago," Poleon remarked, with apparent evasion, "'bout Johnny Platt w'at I ketch on de Porcupine all et up by skeeter bugs?"

"I do," answered Gale.

"Waal"—he met their eyes squarely, then drew another long breath from his cigarette—"I'm jus' hopin' nobody don' pick it up dis Runnion feller de same way. Mebbe dey fin' hees han's tie' behin' 'im wit' piece of hees shirt."

"Good God!" cried the trader, starting to his feet. "You—you"—

"Of course I'm jus' s'posin'. He was feel purty good w'en I lef'. He was feel so good I tak' hees coat for keepin' off dem bugs from me, biecause I lef' it my own shirt on de canoe. He's nice feller dat way. He give up easy. Ba gosh, I never see worse place for skeeters!"

Gale fell silent, and "No Creek" Lee began to swear in little, useless, ineffective oaths, which were but two ways of showing similar emotions. Then the former stepped up and laid a big hand upon Poleon's shoulder.

"That saves us quite a trip," he said.

Father Barnum found the three still talking in the store when he had finished an hour's counsel with Necia, so came straight to the point. It was work that delighted his soul, for he loved the girl and had formed a strong admiration for Burrell.

The priest returned to Necia after giving directions about the wedding, leaving the trader and Poleon alone.

"I s'pose it's best," said the former.

"Yes."

"Beats the deuce, though, how things work out, don't it?"

"I'm glad for see dis day," said the Frenchman. "He's good man, an' he ain' never goin' to hurt her none." He paused. "Dere's jus' wan t'ing I want for ask it of you, John. You 'member dat day we stop on de birch grove an' you spik 'bout her an' tol' me dose story 'bout her moder. Waal, I was dreamin' dat tam', so I'm goin' ask it you now don' never tell her w'at I said."

"Doesn't she know, my boy?"

"No. I ain' never spoke 'bout love. She t'inks I'm broder wit' her, an'—dat's w'at I am, ba gar!" He could not hold his voice even—it broke with him—but he avoided the old man's gaze. Gale took him by the shoulders.

"There ain't nothing so cruel in the world as a gentlewoman," said he, "but she wouldn't hurt you for all the world, Poleon; only the blaze of this other thing has blinded her. She can't see nothing for the light of this new love of hers."

"I know! Dat's w'y—nobody onderstan's but you an' me."

Gale looked out through the open door, past the sunlit river which came from a land of mystery and vanished into a valley of forgetfulness; past the forest and the hills, in his deep set eyes the light of a wondrous love that had lived with him these many weary years, and said:

"Nobody else can understand but me. I know how it is. I had even a harder thing to bear, for you'll know she's happy at least, while I"— His voice trembled, but after a pause he continued: "They neither of them understand what you've done for them, for it was you that brought her back. But some time they'll learn how great their debt is and thank you. It'll take them years and years, however, and when they do they'll tell their babes of you, Poleon, so that your name will never die. I loved her mother, but I don't think I could have done what you did."

"She's purty hard t'ing, for sure, but I ain' t'ink 'bout Poleon Doret none w'en I'm doin' it. No; I'm t'ink 'bout her all de tam'. She's li'l' gal, an' I'm beeg, strong feller w'at don' matter much an' w'at ain' know much, 'cep singin' an' lovin' her. I'm see for sure now dat I ain' fit for her. I'm beeg, rough, fightin' feller w'at can't read, an' she's de beam of sunlight w'at blin' my eyes."

"If I was a fool I'd say you'd forget in time, but I've lived my life in the open, and I know you won't. I didn't."

"I don' want to forget!" the brown man cried hurriedly. "Le bon Dieu would not let me forget. It's all I've got to keep wit' me w'en I'm lookin' for my 'new countree.'"

"You're not goin' to look for that 'new country' any more," Gale replied.

"Today," said the other quietly, "dis affernoon. De blood in me is callin' for travel, John. I'm livin' here on dis place five year dis fall, an' dat's long tam' for voyageur. I'm hongry for hear de ax in de woods an' de moose blow at sundown. I want for see the campfire t'rough de brush w'en I come from trap de fox an' dem little wild fellers. I want to smell smoke in de dusk. My work she's finish here, so I'm paddle away today, an' I'll fin' dat place dis tam', for sure. She's over dere." He raised his long arm and pointed to the dim mountains that hid the valley of the Koyukuk, the valley that called good men and strong year after year and took them to itself.

"Have you heard the news from the creeks? Your claims are blanks. Your men have quit."

The Frenchman shook his head sadly, then smiled—a wistful little smile.

"Waal, it's better I lose dan you or Necia. I ain' de lucky kin', dat's all, an', affer all, w'at good to me is riche gol' mine? I ain' got no use for money any more."

They stood in the doorway together, two rugged, stalwart figures, different in blood and birth and every other thing, yet brothers withal whom the ebb and flow of the far places had thrown together and now drew apart again. And they were sad, these two, for their love was deeper than comes to other people, and they knew this was farewell, so they remained thus side by side, two dumb, sorrowful men, until they were addressed by a person who hurried from the town.

He came as an apparition bearing the voice of "No Creek" Lee, the mining king, but in no other way showing sign or symbol of their old friend. Its style of face and curious outfit were utterly foreign to the miner, for he had been bearded with the robust, unkempt growth of many years, tanned to a leathery hue and garbed perennially in the habit of a scarecrow, while this creature was shaved and clipped and curried, and the clothes it stood up in were of many startling hues. Its face was scraped so clean of whiskers as to be a pallid white, but lack of adornment ended at this point, and the rest was overladen wondrously, while from the center of the half brown, half white face the long, red nose of Lee ran out. Beside it rolled his lonesome eye, alive with excitement.

He came up with a strut, illumining the landscape, and inquired:

"Well, how do I look?"

"I'm darned if I know," said Gale. "But it's plumb unusual."

"These here shoes leak," said the spectacle, pulling up his baggy trousers to display his tan footgear, "because they was made for dry goin'. That's why they left the tops off, but they've got a nice, healthy color, ain't they? As a whole, it seems to me I'm sort of nifty. But I'm a plain man without conceit. Now let's proceed with the obsequies."

It was a very simple, unpretentious ceremony that took place inside the long, low house of logs, and yet it was

A blanketed man upon a stretcher carried by a doctor and a priest.

a wonderful thing to the dark, shy maid who hearkened so breathlessly beside the man she had singled out. When they had done he turned and took her reverently in his arms and kissed her before them all. Then she went and stood beside Gale and the red wife who was no wife and said simply:

"I am very happy."

The old man stooped and for the first time in her memory pressed his lips to hers, then went out into the sunlight, where he might be alone with himself and the memory of that other Merridy.

The first word of the wedding was borne by Father Barnum, who went alone to the cabin where the girl's father lay, entering with trepidation. He was there a long time alone with Stark, and when he returned to Gale's house he would answer no questions.

"He is a strange man, a wonderfully strange man—unrepentant and wicked. But I can't tell you what he said. Have a little patience and you will soon know."

The mail boat, which had arrived an hour after the mission boat, was ready to continue its run when just as it blew a warning blast down the street of the camp came a procession so strange for this land that men stopped, eyed it curiously and whispered among themselves. It was a blanketed man upon a stretcher, carried by a doctor and a priest. The face was muffled so that the idlers could not make it out, and when they inquired they received no answer from the carriers, who pursued their course impassively down the runway to the water's edge and up the gangplank to the deck. When the boat had gone and the last faint cough of its towering stacks had died away Father Barnum turned to his friends:

"He has gone away, not for a day, but for all time. He is a strange man, and some things he said I could not understand. At first I feared greatly, for when I told him what had occurred—of Necia's return and of her marriage—he became so enraged I thought he would burst open his wounds and die from his very fury. But I talked a long, long time with him, and gradually I came to know somewhat of his queer, disordered soul. He could not bring himself to face defeat in the eyes of men or to see the knowledge of it in their bearing. Therefore he fled. He told me that he would be a hunted animal all his life, that the news of his whipping would travel ahead of him and that his enemies would search him out to take advantage of him. He said the only decent thing he could or would do was to leave the daughter he had never known to that happiness he had never experienced and wished me to tell her that she was very much like her mother, who was the best woman in the world."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CALL OF THE OREADS.

THERE were mingled rejoicing and lamentation in the household of John Gale this afternoon. Molly and Johnny were in the throes of an overwhelming sorrow the noise of which might be heard from the barracks to the Indian village. They were sparing of tears, as a rule, but when they did give way to woe they published it abroad, yelling with utter abandon, their black eyes puckered up, their mouths distended into squares, from which came such a measure of sound as to rack the ears and burden the air heavily with sadness. Poleon was going away—their own particular Poleon! They had found the French Canadian at the river with their father loading his canoe, and they had asked him whither he fared. When the meaning of his words struck home they looked at each other in dismay; then, bred as they were to mask emotion, they joined hands and trudged silently back up the bank with filling eyes and chins a-quiver until they gained the rear of the house. Here they sat down all forlorn and began to weep bitterly and in an ascending crescendo.

"What's the matter with you tikes, anyhow?" inquired the lieutenant. He had always filled them with a speechless awe. He was a nice man, they had both agreed long ago, and very splendid to the eye, but he was nothing like Poleon, who was one of them, only somewhat bigger.

"Come, now! Tell me all about it," the soldier insisted. "Has something happened to the three legged puppy?"

Molly denied the occurrence of any such catastrophe.

"Then you've lost the little shiny rifle that shoots with air?" But Johnny dispelled this horrible suspicion by drawing the formidable weapon out of the grass behind him.

"Well, there isn't anything else bad enough to cause all this outlay of anguish. Can't I help you out?"

"Poleon's goin' away!" said Johnny.

"Now, that's too bad, of course," the young man assented. "But think what nice things he'll bring you when he comes back."

"He ain't comin' back!" wailed the little girl and, being a woman, yielded again to her weakness, unashamed.

Burrell tried to extract a more detailed explanation, but this was as far as their knowledge ran. So he sought out the Canadian and found him with Gale in the store, a scanty pile of food and ammunition on the counter between them.

"Poleon," said he, "you're not going away?"

"Yes," said Doret. "I'm takin' li'l' trip."

"Oh, but you can't," cried Burrell. "I—I"— He paused awkwardly, while down the breeze came the lament of the two little Gales. "Well, I feel just as they do." He motioned in the direction of the sound. "I wanted you for a friend, Doret. I hate to lose you."

"I ain' never got my satisfy yet, so I'm pass on—all de tam' pass on. Mebbe dis trip I fin' de place."

"I'm sorry—because—well, I'm a selfish sort of cuss—and"— Burrell pulled up blushingly, with a strong man's display of shame at his own emotion. "I owe all my happiness to you, old man. I can't thank you—neither of us can. We shall never live long enough for that. But you mustn't go without knowing that I feel more than I'll ever have words to say."

He was making it very hard for the Frenchman, whose heart was aching already with a dull, unending pain. And then, as if he were not tried sufficiently, the girl herself came flying in.

"What's this I hear?" she cried. "Alluna tells me"— She saw the telltale pile on the counter, and her face grew white. "Then it's true? Oh, Poleon!"

He smiled and spoke cheerily. "Yes, I been t'inkin' 'bout dis trip long tam'."

"It's the wanderlust," murmured Burrell to himself. "He'll never rest."

"What a child you are!" cried Necia, half angrily. "Can't you conquer that roving spirit and settle down like a man?" She laid her hand on his arm appealingly. "Haven't I told you there isn't any 'far country?'"

He laughed aloud, for all the world as if the sun were bright and the fret for adventure were still keen in him, then, picking up his bundle, said:

"Dere's no use argue wit' Canayen man. Mebbe some day I come paddle back roun' de ben' down yonder an' you hear me singin' dose chanson. But now de day she's too fine, de river she's laugh too loud, an' de birds she's sing too purty for Frencheman to stop on shore. Ba gosh, I'm glad!" He began to hum, and they heard him singing all the way down to the river bank as if the spirit of youth and hope and gladness were not dead within him:

"Chante, rossignol, chante!
Toi qui a le coeur gai;
Tu as le coeur a rire
Mai j' l' ai-ta pleurer,
Il y a longtemps que j' t'aime
Jamaise je ne t'oublierai."

["Sing, little bird; oh, sing away,
You with the voice so light and gay!
Yours is a heart that laughter cheers.
Mine is a heart that's full of tears.
Long have I loved; I love her yet.
Leave her I can, but not forget."]

A moment later they heard him expostulating with some one at the water's edge, and then a child's treble rose on high.

"No, no! I'm goin', too. I'm goin', too-o-o-o"—

"Hey! John Gale!" called Poleon. "Come 'ere! Ba gosh, you better hory too! I can't hol' dis feller long!"

When they appeared on the bank above him, he continued, "Look 'ere w'at I fin' on my batteau," and held up the wriggling form of Johnny Gale. "He's stow hisse'f away onder dem blanket. Sacre! He's bad feller, dis man—don' pay for hees ticket at all; he's reg'lar toff mug."

It took the efforts of Necia and the trader combined to tear the lad from the Frenchman, and even then the foul deed was accomplished only at the cost of such wild acclaim and evidence of undying sorrow that little Molly came hurrying from the house, her round face stained and tearful, her mouth an inverted crescent. She had gone to the lame puppy for comfort and now strangled him absentmindedly in her arms, clutching him to her breast so tightly that his tongue lolled out and his three legs protruded stiffly, pawing an aimless pantomime. When Johnny found that no hope remained he quelled his demonstrations of emotion and, as befitted a stout hearted gentleman of the woods, bore a final present to his friend. He took his little air gun and gave it into Poleon's hands against that black night when the bears would come, and no man ever made a greater sacrifice. Doret picked him up by the elbows and kissed him again and again, then set him down gently, at which Molly scrambled forward and without word or presentation speech gave him her heart's first treasure. She held out the three legged puppy, for a gun and a dog should ever go together; then, being of the womankind aforesaid, she began to cry as she kissed her pet goodby on its cold, wet nose.

"W'at's dis?" said Poleon, and his voice quavered, for these childish fingers tore at his heartstrings terribly.

"He's a very brave doggie," said the little girl. "He will scare de bears away!" And then she became dissolved in tears at the anguish her offering cost her.

The time had come for the last goodby—that awkward moment when human hearts are full and spoken words are empty. Burrell gripped the Frenchman's hand. He was grateful, but he did not know.

"Good luck and better hunting," he said; "a heavy purse and a light heart for you always, Poleon. I have learned to love you."

"I want you to be good husban', m'sieu'. Dat's de bes' t'ing I can wish for you."

Gale spoke to him in patois, and all he said was:

"May you not forget, my son."

They did not look into each other's eyes. There was no need. The old man stooped and, taking both his children by the hand, walked slowly toward the house.

"Dis tam' I'll fin' it for sure," smiled Poleon to Necia.

Her eyes were shining through the tears, and she whispered fervently:

"I hope so, brother. God love you—always."

It was grief at losing a playmate, a dear and well beloved companion. He knew it well, and he was glad now that he had never said a word of love to her. It added to his pain, but it lightened hers, and that had ever been his wish. He gazed on her for a long moment, taking in that blessed image which would ever live with him.

"Goodby, li'l' gal," he said, then dropped her hand and entered his canoe. With one great stroke he drove it out and into the flood, then headed away toward the mists and colors of the distant hills, where the oreads were calling to him. He turned for one last look and flung his paddle high; then, fearing lest they might see the tears that came at last unhindered, he began to sing:

"Chante, rossignol, chante!
Toi qui a le coeur gai;
Tu as le coeur a rire
Mai j' l' ai-ta pleurer."

He sang long and lustily, keeping time to the dip of his flashing paddle and defying his bursting heart. After all, was he not a voyageur and life but a song and a tear and then a dream or two?

"I wish I might have known him better," sighed Meade Burrell as he

"I hope some time he will be happy."

watched the receding form of the boatman.

"You would have loved him as we do," said Necia, "and you would have missed him as we will."

"I hope some time he will be happy."

"As happy as you, my soldier?"

"Yes, but that he can never be," said her husband, "for no man could love as I love you."

"Yours is a heart that laughter cheers.
Mine is a heart that's full of tears.
Long have I loved; I love her yet.
Leave her I can, but not forget."

came the voice of the singer far down the stream.

And thus Poleon of the great heart went away.

THE END.

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Indian Children.

"Affection for children is an Indian characteristic," says Dr. Charles S. Moody of Idaho. "I have never seen an Indian mother or father punish a child, nor have I ever seen an Indian child cry."

Trout Eggs.

A trout egg takes from thirty-five to sixty days to hatch, according to the temperature of the water.

British Territory.

It is possible to go round the world and touch on British territory all the way—viz, from England to Halifax, N. S., across Canada to Vancouver, across the Pacific to Hongkong, thence to Singapore, Penang, Cape Town, St. Helena and England.

Master In Scotland.

In Scotland the eldest son of a viscount or baron is known by the courtesy title of "master."

A Thrifty Wife.

A careful, prudent wife is a blessing to a man, especially to a poor man, but some wives are a little too careful. Lord Eldon's wife was somewhat "near," as they say in England. His lordship was very fond of hunting and retired to the country for a few weeks toward the end of the season, where he was in the habit of riding a little Welsh pony, for which he gave 50 shillings. One morning his lordship, intending to enjoy a few hours' sport, ordered Bob to be saddled. Lady Eldon objected, but as company was present gave no reason. In a few moments, however, the servant opened the door and announced that Bob was ready.

"Why, bless me," exclaimed his lordship, "you can't ride him, Lord Eldon. He has no shoes on."

"Yes, my lady, he was shod last week," said the servant.

"Shameful!" exclaimed her ladyship. "How dare any one have him shod without orders? John," she continued, addressing her husband, "you know you rode the pony only a few times last year, so I had the shoes taken off and have kept them ever since in my bureau. They are as good as new, and these people have shod him again. We shall be ruined at this rate."

First of the Swifts.

Gustavus Franklin Swift, the first of this commercial dynasty, was a Cape Cod Yankee, who bought a steer now and then and peddled the meat from the back of a certain gocart which has since become famous. He moved to Albany and went deeper into meats, discarding one after another partners who had not the foresight and daring which he possessed. He located in Chicago at the beginning of those days of great possibilities in bringing into touch the new west and the older east. It was he who invented the first refrigerator cars. This was the one revolutionary act which put his sons and a few other sons in very fair control of half of the meat of America. He saw the market for dressed beef extended only after the hardest of fights. All great revolutions are fought against. All the rest, all England, all Europe, fought the idea of dressed beef and then accepted it. I doubt if we could do without it now.—Cosmopolitan Magazine.

A Voice From the "Gods."

In a certain theater which makes a specialty of melodrama there is a large following of gallery "gods," and very naturally the "sky" assemblage is composed of knowing critics, who are loud in their demands to be pleased. Woe unto the actor who is unfortunate enough to incur their displeasure!

Recently a play with a hair raising plot was put on the boards. The hero was evidently new to his part, for he fumbled his lines badly and spoke in a faltering tone. Perhaps it was for this reason that he did not meet with the sympathy of the gallery.

Just before the crisis of the play the hero clasped his sweetheart in his arms and said:

"Keep a brave heart, my darling. The worst is yet to come."

Whereupon a voice that had no doubt received its training in crying "Extry!" on the street yelled out:

"What are y' goin' t' do, mister—sing?"—London Tit-Bits.

His Dilemma.

"I'm in a difficulty over my girl."

"What's wrong?"

"I've been saying such nice things to her that she's getting conceited. If I stop she'll think I don't care for her any longer, and if I go on she'll think she's too good for me."—London Mail.

A Previous Specimen.

He—If I'd known how sarcastic you were I never should have married you. She—You had a chance to notice it. Didn't I say, "This is so sudden," when you proposed to me after four years' courtship?—Boston Transcript.

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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 34 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 323 Pass daily ex Sunday 5:45 p m
No 360 Freight daily ex Sunday12:45p m

Arrive from South

No 324 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 4.

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."

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.

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.

Anders & Philipps.

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

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.

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.

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.

Anders & Philipps.

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. Stop overs 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.