The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

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CHAPTER XXXII.

IN THE SAME GRAVE WITH SKAGGS.

DOWN in the village of Aratat there were signs of a vast commotion. Early risers and the guards were flying from house to house, shouting the news.

Outside the harbor lay the low, savage looking ship. Its guns were pointed directly at the helpless town. Its decks were swarming with white clothed men.

The plague was forgotten. The strategy that had driven off the ships of peace was lost in the face of this ugly creature of war. Rasula's reign of strategy was ended.

"They will not fire! They dare not!" he was shrieking as he dashed back and forth along the dock. "It is chance! They do not come for Chase! Believe in me! The tug! The tug! They must not land!"

The crash of the long unused six pounder at the chateau, followed almost immediately by a great roar from one of the cruiser's guns, brought the panic to a crisis.

The islanders scattered like chaff before the wind, looking wild eyed over their shoulders in dread of the pursuing cannon ball, dodging in and out among the houses and off into the foothills.

Rasula, undaunted, but crazed with disappointment, stuck to his colors on the deserted dock. He cursed and raved and begged. In time two or three of the more canny, realizing that safety lay in an early peace offering, ventured out beside him. Others followed their example, and still others slunk trembling to the fore, their voices ready to protest innocence and friendship and loyalty.

They had heard of the merciless American gunner, and they knew in their souls that he could shoot the island into atoms before nightfall.

The native lawyer harangued them and cursed them and at last brought them to understand in a feeble way that no harm could come to them if they faced the situation boldly. The Americans would not land on British soil; it would precipitate war with England. They would not dare to attempt a bombardment; Chase was a liar, a mountebank, a dog! After shouting himself hoarse in his frenzy of despair he finally succeeded in forcing the men to get up steam in the company's tug.

All this time the officers of the American warship were dividing their attention between land and sea. Another vessel was coming up out of the misty horizon. The men on board knew it to be a British man-of-war!

Suddenly a party of white men approached the startled Rasula. A hundred eager hands were extended, a hundred voices cried out for mercy, a hundred Mohammedans beat their heads in abject submission.

Hollingsworth Chase, Lord Deppingham and a familiar figure in an ill fitting red jacket and forage cap strode briskly, defiantly between the rows of humble Japatites. Close behind them came a tall, resolute grenadier of the Rapp-Thorberg army.

"Make way there! Make way!" Mr. Bowles was crying, brandishing the unique broadsword that had come down to Wyckholme from the dark ages. "Stand aside for the British government! Make way for the American!"

Rasula's jaw hung limp in the face of this amazing exhibition of courage on the part of the enemy. He was staring insanely at the calm, triumphant face of the man from Brodney's, who was now advancing upon him with the assurance of a conqueror.

"You see, Rasula, I have called for the cruiser, and it has come at my bidding." Turning to the crowd that surged up from behind, cowed and cringing, Chase said: "It rests with you. If I give the word that ship will blow you from the face of the earth. I am your friend, people. I would do you no harm, but good. You have been misled by Rasula. Rasula, you are not a fool. You can save yourself even now. I am here as the servant of these people, not as their master. I intend to remain here until I am called back by the man who sent me to you. You have"—

Rasula uttered a shriek of rage. He had been crouching back among his cohorts, panting with fury. Now he sprang forward, murder in his eyes. His arm was raised, and a great pistol was leveled at the breast of the man who faced him so coolly, so confidently. Deppingham shouted and took a step forward to divert the aim of the frenzied lawyer.

A revolver cracked behind the tall American, and Rasula stopped in his tracks. There was a great hole in his forehead. His eyes were bursting. He sank to the ground dead!

The soldier from Rapp-Thorberg, a smoking pistol in his hand, the other raised to his helmet, stepped to the side of Hollingsworth Chase.

"By order of her serene highness, sir," he said quietly.

"Good God!" gasped Chase, passing his hand across his brow. Deppingham, repressing a shudder, addressed the stunned natives:

"Take the body away. May that be the end of all assassins!"

* * * * * * *

The King's Own came alongside the American vessel in less than an hour. Accompanied by the British agent, Mr. Bowles, Chase and Deppingham left the dock in the company's tug and steamed out toward the two monsters. The American had made no move to send men ashore.

Standing on the forward deck of the swift little tug, Chase unconcernedly accounted for the timely arrival of the two cruisers.

"Three weeks ago I sent out letters by the mail steamer, to be delivered to the English or American commanders, wherever they might be found. Undoubtedly they were met with in the same port. That is why I was so positive that help would come sooner or later. I knew that we'd need help, and I knew that if I brought the cruisers my power over these people would never be disturbed again."

"My word!" exclaimed the admiring Bowles.

"Chase, you may be theatric, but you are the most dependable chap the world has ever known," said Deppingham, and he meant it.

The warships remained off the harbor all that day. The British captain consented to leave a small detachment of marines in the town to protect Chase and the bank. To a man the islanders pledged fealty to the cause of peace and justice. They shouted the names of Chase and Allah in the same breath and demanded of the latter that he preserve the former's beard for all eternity.

The King's Own was to convey the liberated heirs to Aden, whither the cruiser was bound. At that port a P. and O. steamer would pick them up. One white man elected to stay on the island with Hollingsworth Chase, who steadfastly refused to desert his post until Sir John Brodney indicated that his mission was completed. That one man was the wearer of the red jacket, the bearer of the king's commission in Japat, the undaunted Mr. Bowles.

The Princess Genevra, the wistful light deepening hourly in her blue gray eyes, avoided being alone with the man whom she was leaving behind. She had made up her mind to accept the fate inevitable. He had reconciled himself to the ending of an impossible dream. There was nothing more to say except farewell.

The last day dawned. The sun smiled down upon them. The soft breeze of the sea whispered the curse of destiny into their ears. It crooned the song of heritage; it called her back to the fastnesses where love may not venture in.

The chateau was in a state of upheaval. The exodus was beginning. The princess waited until the last moment. She went to him. He was standing apart from the rest, coldly indifferent to the pangs he was suffering.

"I shall love you always," she said simply, giving him her hand—"always, Hollingsworth." Her eyes were wide and hopeless; her lips were white.

He bowed his head. "May God give you all the happiness that I wish for you," he said. "The end!"

She looked steadily into his eyes for a long time, searching his soul for the hope that never dies. Then she gently withdrew her hands and stood away from him, humbled in her own soul.

"Yes," she whispered. "Goodby."

He straightened his shoulders and drew a deep breath through compressed nostrils. "Goodby! God bless you!" was all that he said.

She left him standing there. The wall between them was too high, too impregnable, for even love to storm.

Lady Deppingham came to him there a moment later. "I am sorry," she said tenderly. "Is there no hope?"

"There is no hope—for *her!*" he said bitterly. "She was condemned too long ago."

On the pier they said goodby to him. He was laughing as gayly and as blithely as if the world held no sorrows in all its mighty grasp.

"I'll look you up in London," he said to the Deppinghams. "Remember, the real trial is yet to come. Goodby, Brownie. Goodby, all. You may come again another day."

The launch slipped away from the pier. He and Bowles stood there, side by side, pale faced, but smiling, waving their handkerchiefs. He felt that Genevra was still looking into his eyes even when the launch crept up under the walls of the distant ship.

Slowly the great vessel got under way. The American cruiser was already low on the horizon. There was a single shot from the King's Own, a reverberating farewell.

There was a single shot from the King's Own.

Hollingsworth Chase turned away at last. There were tears in his eyes, and there were tears in those of Mr. Bowles.

"Bowles," said he, "it's a beastly shame they didn't think to say goodby to old man Skaggs. He's in the same grave with us."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A TOAST TO THE PAST.

THE middle of June found the Deppinghams leaving London once more, but this time not on a voyage into the mysterious south seas. They no longer were interested in the island of Japat, except as a reminiscence, nor were they concerned in the vagaries of Taswell Skaggs' will.

The estate was settled—closed!

Two months have passed since the Deppinghams departed from Japat, "for good and all." Many events have come to pass since that memorable day, not the least of which was the exchanging of £500,000, less attorneys' and executors' fees. Lady Deppingham and Robert Browne divided that amount of money and passed into legal history as the "late claimants to the estate of Taswell Skaggs."

It was Sir John Brodney's enterprise. He saw the way out of the difficulty, and he acted as pathfinder to the other and less perceiving counselors, all of whom had looked forward to an endless controversy.

The business of the Japat company and all that it entailed was transferred by agreement to a syndicate.

Never before was there such a stupendous deal in futures.

The grandchildren of the testators were ready to accept the best settlement that could be obtained. Theirs was a rather forlorn hope to begin with. When it was proposed that Agnes Deppingham and Robert Browne should accept £250,000 apiece in lieu of all claims, moral or legal, against the estate, they leaped at the chance.

They had seen but little of each other since landing in England, except as they were thrown together at the conferences. Lady Agnes went in for every diversion imaginable. For a wonder, she dragged Deppingham with her on all occasions. It was a most unexpected transformation. Their friends were puzzled. The rumor went about town that she was in love with her husband.

As for Bobby Browne, he was devotion itself to Drusilla. They sailed for New York within three days after the settlement was effected, ignoring the enticements of a London season. The Brownes were rich. He could now become a fashionable specialist. They were worth nearly a million and a quarter in American dollars. They now had nothing in common with Taswell Skaggs. Skaggs is not a pretty name.

Mr. Britt afterward spent three weeks of incessant travel on the continent and an additional seven days at sea. In Baden-Baden he happened upon Lord and Lady Deppingham. It will be recalled that in Japat they had always professed an unholy aversion for Mr. Britt. Is it cause for wonder, then, that they declined his invitation to dine in Baden-Baden? He even proposed to invite their entire party, which included a few dukes and duchesses who were leisurely on their way to attend the long talked of nuptials in Thorberg at the end of June.

In Vienna the Deppinghams were joined by the Duchess of N., the Marchioness of B. and other fashionables. In a week all of them would be in the castle at Thorberg for the ceremony that now occupied the attention of social and royal Europe.

"And to think," said the duchess, "she might have died happily on that miserable island. I am sure we did all we could to bring it about by steaming away from the place with the plague chasing us. Dear me, how diabolically those wretches lied to the marquis! They said that every one in the chateau was dead, Lady Deppingham, and buried. If I am not mistaken. It would be much better for poor Genevra if she were to be buried instead of married next week," lamented the duchess.

"Other women have married princes and got on very well," said Prince Lichtenstein.

"Oh, come now, prince," put in Lord Deppingham; "you know the sort of chap Brabetz is. There are princes and princes, by Jove."

"He's positively vile!" exclaimed the duchess, who would not mince words.

"She's entering upon a hell of a—I mean a life of hell," exploded the duke, banging the table with his fist. "That fellow Brabetz is the rottenest thing in Europe. He's gone from bad to worse so swiftly that public opinion is still months behind him."

"Nice way to talk of the groom," said the host genially. "I quite agree with you, however. I cannot understand the grand duke permitting it to go on unless, of course, it's too late to interfere."

"Poor dear! She'll never know what it is to be loved and cherished," said the marchioness dolefully.

Lord and Lady Deppingham glanced at each other. They were thinking of the man who stood on the dock at Aratat when the King's Own sailed away.

"The grand duke is probably saying the very thing to himself that Brabetz's associates are saying in public," ventured a young Austrian count.

"What is that, pray?"

"That the prince won't live more than six months. He's a physical wreck today and a nervous one too. Take my word for it, he will be a creeping, imbecile thing inside of half a year—locomotor ataxia and all that. It's coming positively with a sharp crash."

"I've heard he has tried to kill that woman in Paris half a dozen times," remarked one of the women, taking it as a matter of course that every one knew who she meant by "that woman."

"She was really responsible for the postponement of the wedding in December, I'm told. Of course I don't know that it is true," said the marchioness, wisely qualifying her gossip. "My brother, the grand duke, does not confide in me."

"Well, my heart bleeds for her," said Deppingham.

"She's going into it with her eyes open," said the prince. "It isn't as if she hadn't been told. She could see for herself. She knows there's the other woman in Paris and— Oh, well, why should we make a funeral of it? Let's do our best to be revelers, not mourners. She'll live to fall in love with some other man. They always do. Every woman has to live at least once in her life—if she lives long enough. Come, come! Let us forget the future of the Princess Genevra and drink to her present!"

"And to her past, if you don't mind, prince!" amended Lord Deppingham, looking into his wife's somber eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WATCH FOR IT!!

THE DIVA'S RUBY

ENGLISH SCHOOLS.

Quaint Customs That Are Maintained With Religious Care.

The head master of Manchester Grammar school, in a speech at Rochdale, referred to a custom at Rugby school which forbids a boy of less than three years' standing to turn up his trousers and insists on his doing so after that period.

The custom is only a minor instance of the quaint practices that exist at all the great public schools in England and are maintained with religious care, though in many cases their origin is obscure or unknown. The Shrove Tuesday tossing of the pancake at Westminster school, with its ensuing scramble for the largest fragment, which gains for its possessor a guinea from the dean, is perhaps the best known among them. A curious custom at Marlborough requires every boy to bring to school with him a cushion, technically termed a "kish"—with the "i" long. This article is his inseparable companion in school time and, in addition to the ordinary functions of a cushion, is employed to carry books from one form room to another.

At Shrewsbury school, at the beginning of each term, "hall elections" are held for the posts of hall crier, hall constable, hall postman and hall scavengers. The genial brutality of youth often selects for the position of hall crier either the most nervous boy in the school or one who is afflicted with a stammer.

The new boy in the schoolhouse at Rugby is early called upon to take his part in "house singing." At this function, which is held in one of the dormitories, he has to render a song to the satisfaction of his audience, the penalty being the swallowing of a mouthful of soapy water.

Another ancient school custom is the parade of the Christ's hospital bluecoat boys before the lord mayor at the Mansion House on St. Matthew's day, when the "Grecians," who correspond to "sixth formers" elsewhere, receive a guinea each and the rank and file of the school are presented with new shillings.—London Mail.

BURGLARS' TOOLS.

Most of Them Made by Supposedly Respectable Mechanics.

Every little while, said a detective recently, the police arrest a man with a set of burglar's tools in his possession, and one naturally wonders where they all come from.

It is easy to buy a gun of any description, and the most reputable person would not be ashamed to be seen purchasing the most wicked looking knife ever made. But who would know where to get a "jimmy" or a device for drilling into a safe or any of the many tools used by the professional burglar in the pursuit of his calling?

There are places in the large cities where these things are made and sold to the users, but such places are exceedingly scarce. It may seem a little strange to learn that most of the tools used in burglaries are made by mechanics who are looked upon as respectable men in the community.

When a burglar wants any particular tool made he goes to a mechanic who can do the job and pays him perhaps five times what it is actually worth for making the tool and keeping quiet about it. Many detectives can recall cases of this kind that have come to light.

One in particular occurred some years ago when an escaped convict named Williams went to a blacksmith and got him to make a lot of drills to be used in safe cracking. He personally superintended the tempering of the steel, but when the job was nearly completed it leaked out, and Williams was arrested. In this instance the blacksmith knew nothing of the use to which the tools were to be put. Most of the tools used by burglars are secured in the same way.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Shoemaker's Candles.

I well remember some seventy years ago seeing flat candles in use. To produce what was known as the flat candle, which was also sometimes called "shoemaker's candle," two newly made "dips" were pressed close to each other while soft and then again lowered into the hot fat, thus holding them together as one candle with two wicks. The size could then be increased if desired. This flat candle was most generally used by shoemakers and tailors, but was made use of in some households whenever an extra bright light for working or reading was required.—Cor. Dickensian.

Too Much Like Work.

"Haven't you a home?" asked the sympathetic citizen.

"Yep," answered Plodding Pete. "I had a nice home, but de first t'ing I knew it had a wood pile and a garden and a pump, and den it got so much like a steady job dat I resigned."—Washington Star.

Impossible.

"How do you overcome insomnia?"

"Say the multiplication table up to twelve times twelve."

"But I can't get the baby to learn it."—Cleveland Leader.

"IN THE HOUR OF DEATH."

A Note on the Authorship of a Well Known Poem.

The question is often asked in newspapers and magazines, "Who wrote the poem beginning 'In the hour of death, after this life's whim?'"

The answer is given that nothing is known of the author. It is true this poem was published with only the initials of the writer in the University Magazine in 1879. But I held the manuscript of the poem, and I have also Blackmore's letter that accompanied it. Blackmore has been so long dead I do not feel that there can be any harm in giving his letter to the public. I subjoin an exact copy of it; also of his poem.

AGNES E. COOK.

"Teddn., Jan. 5, 1879.

"My Dear Sir—Having lately been at the funeral of a most dear relation, I was there again (in a dream) last night and heard mourners sing the lines inclosed, which impressed me so that I was able to write them without change of a word this morning. I never heard or read them before to my knowledge. They do not look so well on paper as they sounded. But if you like to print them here they are, only please do not print my name beyond initials or send me money for them. With all good wishes to Mrs. Cook and yourself, very truly yours,

"R. D. BLACKMORE.

"K. Cook Esqre LL. D."

Dominus illuminatio mea.

I.

In the hour of death, after this life's whim,
When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow dim,
And pain has exhausted every limb,
The lover of the Lord shall trust in him.

II.

When the will has forgotten the lifelong aim,
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
And a man is uncertain of his own name,
The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.

III.

When the last sigh is heaved and the last tear shed,
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
And the widow and child forsake the dead,
The angel of the Lord shall lift this head.

IV.

For even the purest delight may pall;
The power must fail, and the pride must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends grow small,
But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

—R. D. B. in Memoriam M. F. G.

—London Athenaeum.

The Diva's Ruby

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WATCH FOR IT—REMEMBER IN THIS PAPER ONLY

A WEST POINT HAZING

It Knocked All the Egotism Out of the New Cadet.

SINGING HIS OWN PRAISES.

He Was Kept at It to His Own Mortification and the Delight of the Upper Class Men—A Clipping From His Home Paper Started the Trouble.

Hazing at the United States Military academy, West Point, has in the past ten years been so frequently followed by punishment and otherwise discountenanced that it has practically become a thing of the past. A third of a century ago the modes of hazing were varied and many of them unique. A certain graduate who hailed from south of Mason and Dixon's line and from west of the Allegheny mountains told this story of his own experience:

He was a tall, rawboned fellow when he entered the academy as a "plebe" and had been assigned to a room with a bright little chap, with whom he soon became very friendly and confidential. Several weeks after he had entered the academy he received a letter from his good mother, in which she had inclosed a clipping from their county newspaper.

The article mentioned the fact that young Mr. —— had received an appointment to West Point and had left for that place several days before; that, whereas they extended congratulations to the young man, the United States government was to be much more greatly congratulated upon obtaining as one of its embryo soldiers a man from their community, the son of such a noble sire, whose sire and great-sires had been equally noble, a young man above reproach, of great intellect and bound to make his mark in any calling he might elect, etc.

This article inspired its recipient with pride and pleasure. He found it impossible to refrain from showing it to his roommate and an hour after having done so was accosted while going downstairs by an upper class man who had been drilling him and had been very severe. At this meeting the upper class man, who was about half his size, looked at him solemnly, removed his cap and said: "Mr. ——, I humbly beg your pardon for having been so stern with you. I did not know until a few moments ago what a distinguished and intellectual young man you were. You honor us by becoming one of us."

The pleased "plebe," never for a moment scenting mischief, grinningly replied: "That's all right, Mr. ——. I forgive you."

That evening while the "plebe" and his roommate were engaged in study there was a knock at their door, and there entered the upper class man who had accosted and apologized to the "plebe" on the stairs, he being accompanied by a dozen other upper class men. He thus addressed the "plebe:" "Mr. ——, here are a number of your brother cadets who are desirous of knowing what a particularly distinguished man they have among them. You will therefore kindly read what your newspaper says of you."

The "plebe" was inclined to demur, but the determined manner and steely eye of the little upper class man compelled obedience. Embarrassed, he stumblingly read the whole article, at the conclusion of which the little upper class man stated that the reader had mumbled in parts, had failed to enunciate distinctly and required the poor "plebe" to read it again. This having been done, all shook hands with him in an apparently most deferential manner, after which the little upper class man stated that they would call the next evening augmented by other cadets and that in the meantime the "plebe" would commit the article to memory and be in readiness to repeat it when they called.

His manner brooked no disobedience. The call was made the next evening, the number of cadets being nearly double that of the previous evening, and he repeated the article, being prompted by the little upper class man. Before the departure of his visitors he was informed that he would be visited the next evening by a still greater number of cadets, and he was ordered to be prepared to declaim the article depicting his virtues.

The visit was made and the declamation rendered. He was then informed that he would be again visited the following evening and would prepare himself so as to be able to render the article in song. This visit was made, the room being fairly packed with cadets, and the poor "plebe" was required to stand on a table and howl the article from start to finish, for he had not the faintest understanding of how to sing or turn a tune. In after years he said that if he had ever had any egotism in his composition it was completely knocked out of him by having to handle that article as he had to handle it.—J. W. Duncan in Lippincott's.

The Black Hand Business.

Mrs. Bart—My husband got a letter today saying something dreadful would happen if he didn't send the writer a sum of money. Mrs. Smart—My husband gets dunned for his bills too.—Boston Transcript.

HORSESHOE LUCK.

An Old Myth That Goes Back to the Greeks and Their Sea God.

Of all the emblems for good fortune the horseshoe stands among the first. Everybody knows it is unlucky to pass a horseshoe on the road without picking it up. It is a luck emblem of the greatest power. We are indebted for this statement to old tales centuries in age that have descended from father to son, from mother to daughter, through the years.

The old myths repay research. The luck of the horseshoe has a most respectable beginning. It is traced to the religion of the old Greeks and their sea god, Poseidon, who was identical with the Roman sea god Neptune.

To Poseidon horses were sacred, and to him they were sacrificed. Poseidon was believed to have created the first horse when he struck the ground with his trident and a horse sprang from the hole, which afterward became a spring. The sea god was the lord of springs. To him all springs were ascribed. In the shape of a horse he sometimes wandered by the shores of his ocean domain, and where he struck his hoofs deeply there the waters gushed out and permanent springs were found. This is the reason why horseshoes are reckoned lucky. Going to the root of the matter, one sees a nature myth as the root principle. From the sea all rain comes, and to the sea all springs owe primal origin, and to the rain and the fresh waters, sea derived, we owe all fertility on earth.

The old Greeks therefore worshiped Poseidon as the fortune giver through his springs. They gave him horses, his precious beasts, and they adored the footprints of horses when they found them, for they might be the very footprints of the god himself.

When the horses came to be shod the transition of the luck emblem from the footprint itself to the shoe mark, practically the same thing, was easy.

Pegasus, the winged horse, from whose hoofs the water springs gushed copiously when he came to earth, has been credited with the origin of the horseshoe luck.

The horseshoe was a specific against earthquakes. It would keep a house safe from harm by earth shaking. Again one perceives the sea myth—Poseidon was the shaker of the earth.—Team Owners' Gazette.

Obeying the Autocrat.

That fine old New Englander, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, laid down the rule that the law of the road entitles a man to two looks at every pretty woman. This fair and proper limit provokes no complaint in Kansas City, and it is not commonly exceeded, though we would have to go far afield to find a locality with more women worth looking at than are seen on the streets of Kansas City every day.—Kansas City Times.

Had All the Others.

"Were you ever in love?" asked the sweet young thing.

"No," replied the bachelor, "but you can't mention any other fashionable disease that I haven't had."—Detroit Free Press.

Wanted Harmony.

Soda Fountain Attendant—What flavor, please? Silly Young Thing—Have you anything in pink to match this gown?—Harper's Weekly.

His Pun.

She (watching the steerage passengers)—See those two German girls! What lovely hair they have! Now that's what I call real golden hair. He—Nonsense. Can't you see it's plaited?—Philadelphia Press.

A Novel Dialogue.

Man (under the bureau)—If I get hold of that —— collar button I'll—I'll—

Collar Button (from under the bed)—Quite so. And you'll get it in the neck!—Brooklyn Life.

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You owe it to yourself to see, read and investigate the

NEW OPTION POLICY

OF THE EQUITABLE OF IOWA.

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I was born on the..... .....

day of.... ....

My name is.... ....

My address is.... ....

....

My occupation is.... ....

....

CITY NEWS STAND.

Stock and Fixtures

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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 3:45 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..7:25a. m.
No 3 Ft Dodge Express.. ..3:10 p. m.
No 23 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 8:35 a. m
No 6 Ft Dodge & Chi Express 11:25 a m
No 4 Sioux City, Omaha & Chi 3:10 p m
No 22 Ft Dodge Dub local . . m
No 94 Way Freight.... ..... . 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 9:40 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 4.

Why get up in the morning feeling blue,
Worry others and worry you;
Here's a secret between you and me,
Better take Rocky Mountain Tea.

Anders & Philipp.

THE CHILDREN LIKE IT KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs quickly, strengthens the lungs and expels colds. Get the genuine in a yellow package.—Anders & Philipp.

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.

NO CASE ON RECORD.

There is no case on record of a cough or cold resulting in pneumonia or consumption after Foley's Honey and Tar has been taken, as it will stop your cough and break up your cold quickly. Refuse any but the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar in a yellow package. Contains no opiates and is safe and sure.—Anders & Philipp.

SPECIAL LOW RATE TO THE WEST VIA CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, SEPTEMBER 15TH TO OCTOBER 15TH, INCLUSIVE, AT REDUCED RATES TO POINTS IN

CALIFORNIA
OREGON, WASHINGTON
BRITISH COLUMBIA
IDAHO, UTAH, COLORADO
TEXAS, ETC.

THE GREAT WESTERN AGENT WILL GLADLY GIVE YOU THE RATES, FULL INFORMATION IN REGARD TO TRAIN AND SLEEPING CAR SERVICE. ASK HIM.

Foley's Kidney Remedy will cure any case of kidney or bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. Cures backache and irregularities that if neglected might result in Bright's disease or diabetes.—Anders & Philipp.

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Makes blood and muscle faster than any other remedy. Gives health, strength and vitality. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea towers above all others remedies for making sick people well, and well people "weller." Take it tonight.—Anders & Philipp.