The Island of Regeneration

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Illustrations by Ray Walters

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CHAPTER I.

The Primitive Norm.

Whether she had fainted or fallen asleep, she did not know, but this one thing she was sure, it had been dark when consciousness left her and it was now broad day, although the light seemed to come to her with a greenish tinge which was quite unfamiliar. The transition between her state of yesterday and that of to-day was as great as if she had been born into morning from the womb of midnight and like a young animal she drank it in blindly with closed eyes. She could hear the thunderous roaring of the breakers crashing upon the barrier reef. Alone—her boat had been wrecked in the darkness of the night before—the sound softened and mellowed by distance came to her in a deep, low accompaniment to the sharper and nearer sounds of the birds singing and the breeze rustling gently through the long leaves of the trees overhead.

The dry sand on which she lay was soft and yielding and made a comfortable bed for her tired body racked with weary days in the constraint and narrowness of a small boat. It was warm, too. She had been drenched when she scrambled on the shore and fell prostrate on the beach, retaining just strength enough and purpose enough to crawl painfully inward to where the tall palms grow before she lapsed in whatsoever way it might have been into oblivion.

Incoherent thoughts raced through her bewildered brain; each one, however, bringing her a little nearer the awakening point of realization. Then there ran through her young body a primal pang which dispelled the tremulous and vague illusions which her fancy had woven about herself as she lay warm and snug and sunny at the foot of the tall trees, and she realized that she was frightfully thirsty, so thirsty that she did not know how hungry she was.

The demand for the material awakened the animal in her. Her thoughts centered instantly; they were at once focused on one supreme desire. Coincidently her eyes unclosed and she sat up blinking in the strong light. The rising sun still low on the horizon smote her full in the eyes and left her for the moment dazed again. She sat leaning upon her hands extended behind her back staring seaward, saying nothing, thinking nothing, until a strange sound to the right of her attracted her attention. It was a sound made by a human voice and yet it was like nothing human that she had ever heard. It was a wordless, language-less ejaculation, but it roused her interest at once despite her material cravings.

She weakly turned her head and there standing erect with folded arms looking down upon her was a man. He was unclothed entirely save for a fantastic girdle of palm leaves about his waist. She stared at him puzzled, amazed, affrighted. He returned her look with an intent curiosity in which there was no suggestion of evil purpose, rather of great incomprehension, and amazing wonderment. There was nothing about him, save the fact that he was there, which should have caused any alarm in her heart, for with a woman's swift mastery of the possibilities of the other sex, she noticed in her vague terror and wonderment that he was remarkably good to look at. Indeed, she thought that she had never seen so splendid a specimen of physical manhood as that before her. In color he was white. Save that he was bronzed by the tropic sun, he was perhaps whiter than she was. His hair, which hung about his head in a wild, matted tangle, not unpicturesque, was golden; his eyes bright blue. Beneath his beard, unkempt but short and curly, she could see his firm, clean-cut lips. His proportions were superb. He was limbed and chested like the Apollo Belvedere. In him grace and strength strove for predominance. He was totally unlike all that she had read of the aborigines of the South seas.

It was the man who broke the silence, as it had been the man who had broken the spell of her slumber. He made that queer little chuckling noise in his throat which sounded familiar enough and yet she had heard it from the lips of no man before. It meant nothing to her except that he who stood before her at least was not dumb, although the noise he made was certainly no articulate speech as she knew speech or could imagine it.

At any rate it was a stimulus to her. She opened her own parched lips and strove to make reply, but her thirst, with a rising terror and nervousness made her dumb and no sound came forth. The man might be preparing to kill her. He could do so, if he willed, she thought, but she must drink or die. If she could not speak, she could make signs. She leaned forward raised her arm, hollowed her hand and dipped as if from a well and made as if to pour it into her lips. Then she stretched out both her hands to him in the attitude of petition. The man stared hard at her. His brow wrinkled.

It was such a simple sign that any savage would have comprehended it, she thought, and yet it appeared to her, watching in despair, that it took a long time for the idea to beat into his brain. She could wait no longer. She rose to her knees and stretched out her hands again.

"Water!" she gasped in a hoarse whisper. "Water, or I die!"

The man had started violently at her speech. Giving him no time to recover, she went through the motion again, this time with greater effect, for the man turned and vanished. She sank down on the sand too exhausted to follow him even with her eyes. If he brought the water she would drink it and live; if he did not, she would lie where she was and die. She did not care much, she thought, which would happen. She had so sickened of life before she essayed that open boat, that she believed it was simply an animal craving in her which would make her take the water in case it should be brought her. And yet when he did appear with a cocoanut shell brimming with clear, sparkling liquid, she felt as though the elixir of life had been proffered her.

She seized the shell with both hands which yet so trembled that most of the precious water spilled on her dress as she carried it to her parched lips. This was good in the end, for if that vessel had been the famed Jotuneheim drinking horn, she would have drained it dry ere she set it down. As it was, she got but little; yet that little was enough to set her heart beating once more. Emptying the shell of the last drop—and with that keenness of perception which her long training had intensified and developed, marking the while that it had not been cut clean by any knife or saw or human implement, but was jagged and broken as if from a fall, she dropped it on the sand and looked again toward the man. He held in his hand fruit of some kind, she did not know what it was. It might have been poison. What mattered it? Having drunk she must also eat. It looked edible, it was inviting to the eye and smell, and as she sunk her teeth into it, she found it agreeable to the taste also. He had brought it to her. If he had meant harm, present harm, surely he would not have given the water. She ate it confidently.

As the man saw her partake of what he had given her, he clapped his hands and laughed. She was grateful for that laugh. It was more human than the babbling sounds which he made before.

There was but little of the fruit, just what a child would have brought and this again was good for her, for had there been an abundance, in her need

"Water!" She Gasped in a Hoarse Whisper.

she would have eaten until she had made herself ill. When she had partaken, she rose to her feet. Before doing this she had extended her hand to him as if seeking assistance, but he had simply stared at her uncomprehending and she had been forced to get to her feet unaided. Once standing, she trembled and would have fallen, but that she caught his arm and steadied herself by holding tightly to it. The man started back at her touch. Color came and went in his face; little shudders swept over him; his mouth opened; he looked at her with a singular expression of awe not unmixed with terror in his eyes, for this was the first time in his recollection or what would have been his recollection if his retrospective faculties had been developed, that he had ever felt the touch of a woman's hand, of any human hand upon him.

Noticing his peculiar demeanor in the, to her, perfectly natural situation, the woman summoning some of the remains of the reserve of force which is in every human body until life is gone, released his arm and stared about her leaning against the trunk of the nearest palm. This time, and for the first time, she took in that expanse of sea, lonely yet beautiful, upon which her eyes were to look so often. Out of the deep and the night she had come. Into what deep and into what day had she arrived?

She turned and surveyed the shore. The beach curved sharply to the right and to the left, the long barrier reef following roughly its contour until the land obscured it on either side. Back of her stretched a grove of palms and back of that rose a hill; its crest bare and crag-like towered above a sea of verdure. Through a chance vista she saw the mass of rock as a mountain peak. On one side high precipitous cliffs ran down close to the shore and shut out the view. Over them water fell to the beach.

Save in the person of the man beside her there was not an evidence of humanity anywhere. No curl of smoke rose above the trees. No distant call of human voices smote the fearful hollow of her ear. The breeze made music in the tall palms and in the thick verdure farther up the hill side, birds sang softly here and there, but there was a tropical stillness to which the great heaving diapason on the distant barriers was a foundation of sound upon which to build a lonely quiet. Human beings there might be, there must be, on that island, if island it were; but if so, they must be abiding on the farther side. She and the man were alone.

Standing on her feet, with a slight renewal of her strength from what she had eaten and drunk, the woman now felt less fear of the man. He had treated her kindly. His aspect was gentle, even amiable. He looked at her wistfully, bending his brows from time to time and ever and again shaking his head, as a great dog looks at the master with whom he would fain speak, whose language he would fain understand, to whom he would fain impart his own ideas if he could.

She stared at him perplexed. She was entirely at loss what to do, until her eyes roving past him detected a dark object on the water line just where the still blueness touched the white sand. The sunlight was reflected from gleams of metal, and thinking that she recognized it, she stepped from the shade of the palms and made her way unsteadily toward it. The man, without a sound, followed closely at her side.

Her vision had been correct, for she drew out of the sand a leather handbag, such as women carry. It had been elaborately fitted with bottles and mirrors and toilet articles. Alas, it was in a sad state of dilapidation now. The bottles were broken, their contents gone. The bag had been lying in the boat when it had been hurled on the barrier in the night and the same storm and tide which had borne her ashore had hurled it also on the sand. But it had come open in the battering and its contents were pitiably ruined. With eager eyes and fingers she examined everything. She found intact a little mirror, a pair of scissors, a little housewife which was not a part of the fittings and she wondered how it failed of being washed away, two combs and a package of hairpins.

She had fought against starvation and thirst and loneliness and despair as she had fought against men and she had not given way. She had set her teeth and locked her hands and endured hardship like the stoutest hearted, most determined soldier in the history of human struggles. But as the realization of this small misfortune burst upon her, she sank down on the sands and put her head in her hands and sobbed. Tears did her good. She had her cry out, utterly unhindered, for the man stood by, shaking his head and staring at her and making those strange little sounds, but offering in no way to molest her.

The water was beautifully clear and she could see on the other side of the barrier the remains of her boat. Perhaps some time, if there were need, she could get to that boat, but for the present all the flotsam and jetsam of her wild and fearful voyage lay in a water-soaked bag full of broken glass and battered silver from which she had rescued a pair of scissors, a mirror, two combs, a housewife full of rusty needles and some hairpins. O vanitas vanitatum!

She was wearing a serviceable dress of blue serge with a sailor's blouse and a short skirt. Putting her precious treasure trove within the loose blouse and carrying the battered bag which she meant to examine more carefully later, she turned and made for the shade of the trees again. For one thing the sun rising rapidly was gaining power and beating down with great force upon her bare head. She had enjoyed the protection of a wonderfully plaited straw hat on her long voyage else she could not have borne the heat, but that, too, was gone.

As she walked inland, she noticed again off to her right that stream of water which dropped over the tall cliff in a slender waterfall a sweet inviting pool at the base before it ran through the sands toward the sea. She made her way thither and at the brink knelt down and took long draughts of it. Eating and drinking evidently went together in the mind of the man, for when she raised her head, she found him standing before her with both hands filled with some of the fruit she had partaken of before and other fruit. She thought she recognized the breadfruit and a species of banana. At any rate, she ate again and having by this time recovered to some extent her mental poise, she ate sparingly and with caution.

Then having satisfied her material needs, she knelt down by the stream and washed her face and hands. How sweet was the freshness of that water to her face burned by the sun and the wind and subjected for a long time to the hard spray of the briny seas. She would have been glad to have taken off her clothing and plunged into the pool, to have washed the salt of days from her tired body, to have had the stimulus and refreshment of its sparkling coolness over her weary limbs. But in the presence of her dog-like attendant this was not yet possible.

Still she could and must arrange her hair. Of all the articles in her dressing bag, she was more fervently thankful at that moment for the combs than anything else, the combs and the little mirror and the hairpins—small things indeed, but human happiness as a rule turns on things so small that the investigator and promotor thereof generally overlook them. And we know not the significance of the little until upon some desert island we are left with only those.

It was still early, about eight o'clock. How was she to pass the day? She must do something. She felt she could not sit idly staring from sea to shore. She must be moving. No business called her; she must invent some. The compelling necessity of a soul not born for idleness was upon her. She would explore the land. That was logically the first thing to be done any way and this was a highly trained woman who thought to live by rule and law albeit her rules were poor ones.

She started inland, the man following after. She had gained confidence in herself with every passing moment. The man who looked at her as a dog she would treat as one. She must have some privacy. She could not always have him trailing at her heels. She turned by a great boulder, pointed to it, laid her hand on the man's shoulder and gently forced him to a sitting position by it. Then she walked away. He stared wistfully after her departing figure, and as she turned around to look at him, he sprang to his feet.

"No, no!" she cried imperatively, making backward threatening motions with her hands, whereat he resumed his sitting position, staring at her until he lost her among the trees.

Presently she turned and came back to him. It was so deathly lonely without him. He leaped to his feet as he saw her coming and clapped his hands as a child might have done, his face breaking out the while into a smile that was both trustful and touching. She felt better since she had him under this control, and together they walked on under the trees.

CHAPTER II.

Conscious of His Manhood.

High noon and they were back at the landing place and she at least was very tired. Accompanied by the man, who made not the slightest attempt to guide her, after some difficulty she had succeeded in forcing her way through the trees to the top of the hill. Part of the time she had followed the course of the rivulet from which she had drank at the foot of the cliff. She was determined to get to the top, for she must see what was upon the other side. Humanity's supreme desire when facing the hills has always been to see what was on the other side. The stimulus of the unknown was upon her, but it was coupled with a very lively desire begot of stern necessity to know what there was to be known of the land upon which she had been cast up by the sea.

Her view from the hilltop—she did not essay the unclothed and jagged peak; she could make her way around its base and see all that there was to see—was not reassuring. She could detect on the other side of the island no more evidence of life than were presented by that she had first touched upon. In every direction lay the unvexed sea. The day was brilliantly clear; there was not a cloud in the sky. No mist dimmed the translucent purity of the warm air. Nothing broke the far horizon. The island, fair and beautiful, was set alone in a mighty ocean. In so far as she could tell, she and the man were alone upon it. The thought oppressed her. She strove to throw it off. The silence of the man oppressed her as well. She turned to him at last and cried out, the words wrung from her by the horror of the situation.

"Man, man, whence came you? How are you called? What language do you speak? Why are you here?"

The sound of her own voice gave her courage. Waiting for no answer, and indeed she realized that none could come, she stepped to the brow of the hill where the trees happened not to be and raising her voice called and called and called. There were answering echoes from the jagged crag behind her, but when these died away there was silence unbroken save by the queer babbling, chuckling noises of the man.

She looked at him with a sudden sinking of the heart. Had this godlike creature roaming the woods, this faun of the island been denied a brain, articulate speech? Was she doomed to spend the rest of her life alone in this paradise of the Pacific with a harmless madman forever by her side? What a situation was that in which she found herself!

She was a highly specialized product of the greatest of universities. In science and in philosophy she was a master and a doctor. She should have had resources within herself which would enable her to be independent of the outside world, a world in which her experience, self-brought, had been bitter, in which the last few weeks had been one long disillusionment. And yet she was now overwhelmed with craving for companionship, for articulate speech, as if she had never looked into a book or given a thought to the deep things of life. If this man beside her would only do something, say something, be something rather than a silent satellite forever staring in wonder. If she could only solve the mystery of his presence, answer the interrogation that his very existence there alone presented.

Her future, her present, indeed, should have engrossed her mind. What she was to do, how she was to live, the terrible problems in which his presence on the island involved her should have been the objects of her attention; they should have afforded food for thought to the keenest of women. She simply forgot them in her puzzled wonder at him. It would have been much simpler from one point of view if she had found the island uninhabited, and yet since the man was human and alive, in spite of her judgment, her heart was glad that he was there.

She motioned to him to sit down and then she sat in front of him and studied him. He looked as little like a fool as like a knave. She could, indeed, detect no evidence of any intellectual capacity, but she thought, as she studied him keenly, that he possessed unlimited intellectual possibilities. There was a mind back of those bright blue eyes, that broad noble brow, but it seemed to her a mind entirely undeveloped, mind utterly latent. Here was a soul, she thought

The Silence of the Man Oppressed Her.

half in fancy, half in earnest, that was virgin to the world. How wise, how deeply learned she might be she was face to face with this primeval norm.

Could she teach this man anything? He seemed tractable, reverential, deferential now. Knowledge was power. Would it be power with him? Could she open those sealed doors of his mind, what floods would outpour therefrom, of power, of passion? Would she be swept away? It mattered not. She must try. The impulse seized her to begin now. Fixing her dark eyes upon him, she pointed directly at him with her finger.

"Man," she said clearly and emphatically.

He was always looking at her. He had scarcely taken his eyes from her since she had seen him in the tall grass by the shore, but at her gesture and word his eyes brightened. There was that little wrinkling of the brow again which she had noticed, outward and visible sign of an inward attempt at comprehension.

"Man!" she said passionately. "Man," she repeated over and over again.

And then the unexpected happened. After innumerable guttural attempts, her unwitting pupil managed to articulate something that bore a distinct resemblance to the clearly cut monosyllable.

"Man!" he said at last.

It was a tremendous step in evolution, almost too great for any untutored human brain, for at once the man before her received a name and the idea of name as well. In that instant, on the heaven kissed hill, he was differentiated from all the rest of creation forever. His consciousness hitherto vague, floating, incoherent, indefinite, was localized, given a habitation and a name. He knew himself in some way to be.

"Man!" he cried, growing more and more confident with every repetition and more and more accurate in catching the very intonation with which she spoke.

"Man!" he cried, laying his hand upon his breast. "Man!"

He leaped to his feet and stretched out his arms. The doors were open a little way. Ideas were beginning to edge their way through the crack.

"Man! Man! Man!" he cried again and again, looking eagerly at her.

She rose in turn and patted him on the shoulder encouragingly as she might a dog. And again the touch, the second touch that she had given him, affected him strangely, so strangely that for a moment she felt the soul within her shrink, but realizing instantly that her domination over him was spiritual and immaterial and that the slightest evidence of timidity would be translated into universal language which even the lowest creation understands and that her dominion would go on the instant, she mastered herself and mastered him. Although she was but a woman whom he might have broken in his hands, she dominated him as the conscious soul ever dominates the unconscious soul.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE OF PROBATE OF WILL.

State of Iowa, Delaware County,—ss.
To all Whom it May Concern:

You are hereby notified that the last will of Jay B. Smith deceased, has been filed, opened and read, and Monday, the 6th day of December A. D. 1909, fixed as the time, and the Court House in Manchester the place for hearing and proving the same.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court this 27th day of November, 1909. 48-3

JAMES BISHOP,
Clerk District Court.

ORIGINAL NOTICE.

In the District Court of the State of Iowa, in and for Delaware County, December Term, A. D. 1909.

The Monticello State Bank, Plaintiff,
vs.
J. M. Brayton, Stephen R. Brayton, Beiderbecke Miller Co., and Abby E Arnsburg, Defendants.

To said Defendants:—

You are hereby notified that on or before the 26th day of November, A. D. 1909, the petition of Plaintiff in the above entitled cause will be filed in the office of the Clerk of the District court of the State of Iowa, in and for Delaware county, claiming of the defendant J. M. Brayton, judgment for the sum of $1233.26 with interest thereon at 8 per cent. per annum from the 2d day of July, 1909, for statutory attorney fees and for costs, on his one promissory note, dated February 26, 1889, for one thousand Dollars, executed to W. M. Sawyer, duly transferred to and now owned by plaintiff; also praying for the foreclosure of a mortgage executed by said J. M. Brayton to said Sawyer to secure the payment of said note on the N. E. 1-4 of the N. E. 1-4 of Section 10, and the N. E. 1-4 of the S. E. 1-4 and the west 21 acres of the S. E. 1-4 of the S. E. 1-4 of Section 3, all in Township 87, North, Range 4 West in Delaware County, Iowa, and the sale of said mortgaged premises on special execution; that the equity of redemption of all the defendants be barred and cut off, and for general equitable relief. Reference is hereby made to the petition for a full statement of the facts and relief demanded.

And that unless you appear thereto and defend before noon of the second day of the next term, being the December term of the said Court, which will commence at Manchester, Iowa, on the 6th day of December, 1909, default will be entered against you and judgment and decree rendered thereon as provided by law.

Dated the23rd day of November, A. D. 1909.

Herrick, Cash & Rhinehart,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT OF ADMINISTRATOR.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as Administrator of the Estate of George V. Burrington, late of Delaware County, deceased. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same will present them, duly authenticated, to the undersigned for allowance.

49-3 Hubert Carr,
Administrator.

Dated December 2, 1908.

ORIGINAL NOTICE.

In the District Court of Iowa, in and for Delaware County.

In the maatter of the estate of Matthew Haran, deceased. December Term 1909. In Probate. Notice of Application for Admeasurement of Dower.

To John Haran, Elizabeth Burns, John Gaffney, Eleanor Gaffney, Catherine Gaffney, James Gaffney, Margaret Shafer, James Greer, Mary Ann Greer James Greer, John Greer, Philip Gaffney, Peter Gaffney, Cella Flanagan, Mary Kearney, Hattie Greer, Nellie Greer, Willie Greer, George Greer, Bridget Newton, Mary Ryan, Celia Gillispie, Anna Malone, Bridget Scott, Ellen Granfield, Esther Malone, Edward Malone, Dennis Malone, William Malone, Jary Van Barriger, and to all heirs at law and other persons interested in the estate of Matthew Haran, deceased.

You and each of you are hereby notified that there is now on file in the office of the clerk of the District court of Iowa in and for Delaware County the application of the undersigned, widow of Matthew Haran, for the admeasurement of her dower interest in and to the real estate owned by the said decedent during his life-time, to-wit: Lots Five Hundred Seventy-nine (579), Five Hundred Eighty (580), Five Hundred Eighty-one (581), Five Hundred Eighty-two (582), Six Hundred Twenty-three (623) Six Hundred Twenty-four (624), Six Hundred Twenty-five (625), Six Hundred Twenty-six (626), Six Hundred Sixty-nine (669), Six Hundred Seventy-two (672), Six Hundred Seventy three (673) Six Hundred Seventy-four (674), Six Hundred Seventy-five (675), Six Hundred Seventy-six (676), Six Hundred Eighty (680), Seven Hundred Nine (709) Seven Hundred Ten (710), Seven Hundred Eleven (711), Seven Hundred Twelve (712), Seven hundred Thirteen (713), Seven Hundred Fourteen (714) Seven Hundred Fifteen (715), Seven Hundred Twenty-five (725), Seven Hundred Twenty-six (726), Seven Hundred Twenty-seven (727), Seven Hundred Twenty-eight (728), Seven Hundred Twenty-nine (729), Seven Hundred Thirty (730) and Seven Hundred Thirty-one (731) of Manchester, Iowa.

You are further notified that the hearing of said application and the time for making appointment of referees for the admeasurement of said dower has been fixed by said court for the 13th day of December, 1909, and that the same will be heard on said date, or as soon thereafter as the same can be reached in the Court house at Manchester, Delaware County, Iowa.

You are further notified that unless you appear and object thereto on or before noon of said 13th day of December, 1909, the prayer of said application admeasurement of said dower interest will be granted and referees for the appointed as therein prayed.

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OF THE EQUITABLE OF IOWA.
Fill out this blank and mail it to Albert Paul, Agent at Oelwein, Ia., and illustrated specimen policy will be sent you.
I was born on the..... .....
day of. .. ..
My name is.. ....
My address is ....
....
My occupation ....?
....

CITY NEWS STAND.
Stock and Fixtures
For Sale.
For futther particulars
enquire of
Geo. W. Webber.
Phone 443-282

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 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 34 Waterloo & Dub Clipper 8:35 a. m
No 6 Ft Dodge & Chi Express 1:25 p m
No 4 Sioux City, Omaha & St. Paul 3:45 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 8:40 a m
No 333 Pass daily ex Sunday 5:45 p m
No 360 Freight daily ex Sunday12:45p 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.

After exposure, and when you feel a cold coming on, take Foley's Honey and Tar, the great throat and lung remedy. It stops the cough, relieves the congestion, and expels the cold from your system. Is mildly laxative.

Anders & Philipp.

THE CHILDREN LIKE IT
KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

Scrub yourself daily, but see that you are clean inside. This means clean stomach, blood, bowels, liver, clean, healthy tissue in every organ. Moral: Take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, a thorough cleanser. Try it tonight.

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 Phone No. 265.

Hexamethylenetetramine.

The above is the name of a German chemical, which is one of the many valuable ingredients of Foley's Kidney Remedy. Hexamethylenetetramine is recognized by medical text books and authorities as a uric acid solvent and antiseptic for the urine. Take Foley's Kidney Remedy as soon as you notice any irregularities and avoid a serious malady.

Anders & Philipp.

The Following is my Little Gold Mine Without Money.

261 acres of land, 171 acres under cultivation, balance is timber and pasture land. This land is a clay soil, and raises the best of corn, oats, barley timothy and clover. Has a nice orchard. Has a 8 room house, and a barn 62 ft X 24 ft, with 16 ft. posts, cattle sheds with rock floors, two hen houses, 8ft X 14 ft., double corn cribs, with tool shed and wagon shed attached, 38 ft X 40 ft, machine shed 20 ft X 14 ft, single corn crib 8 X 16 ft, wood shed 16 ft X 20 ft, a good well and wind mill with reservoir and tanks, and a cistern and a spring in the pasture, and this pasture is a splendid blue grass pasture. Fenced and cross fenced and 40 acres of hog wire tight. This farm lies 4 miles from town and a church and 3-4 mile to school, farmers and telephone line and R. F. D. 241 acres of this land can be bought for $22.00 per acre and 20 acres of timber land that can be bought for $11.00 per acre, but must be sold in a body, this one of the very best bargains that I ever offered in the market, but a short time.

Write or call on C. J. Wagner, Lansing, Iowa. 47tf.

More Danville Proof.

Jacob Schrall, 432 South St., Danville, Ill., writes: "For over eighteen months I was a sufferer from kidney and bladder trouble. During the whole time I was treated by several doctors and tried several different kidney pills. Seven weeks ago I commenced taking Foley's Kidney Pills, and am feeling better every day, and will be glad to tell anyone interested just what Foley's Kidney Pills did for me."

Anders & Philipp.

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