

Iowa State Bystander

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE MOST WORTHFUL UNITED GRAND LODGE OF IOWA, A. F. & A. M.

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We will not return rejected manuscript unless accompanied by postage stamps.

Governor Jackson is holding good meetings at every place he speaks. He understands the issues before the country and presents them in a fair and honest manner.

The Chinese soldier is paid off once a month. He gets \$4, out of which he has to buy his food and clothing.

Out of a possible 170,000 women voters in the state of Connecticut there were only 3,040 availed themselves of the opportunity.

People's Defender: "Principle is what the Negro must stand on if he would succeed, be it in business, religion or politics."

The campaign cry all over the south is "the Negro in politics." "Negro domination." "White supremacy!"

Capt. J. A. T. Hull is making a fine canvass and doing good work for the Republican cause.

Congressman Wilson received an ovation in free trade England by the nobility.

The Counselor Herald: The first and most sacred duty of the Negro Press is to educate the people up to that point that they will know that the Negro editors have to eat and wear clothes and live as other men.

After the failure of Debs' strike last summer many of the southern and western railroads supplied the place of the strikers with Afro-Americans.

If the Republican party was to nominate a candidate for president to-day it would not be hard to name the man.

The statement going the rounds that there are 27 Afro-Americans in European universities must be taken with a large grain of salt.

Chicago has an Afro-American population of 40,000, forty churches, forty-two letter carriers, and 150 men holding offices under the local government.

The Jackson Christian Index says that "at a recent barbecue at Zolten, Miss., it was decided to send two Afro-Americans to Africa to size up the country."

All the Afro-American composers in the government printing office at Washington have been exempted three times.

Hon. J. S. Clarkson stopped long enough in Iowa, on his way from the far west to the east, to give some decided views on the current issues of the day.

Mr. Owen Bromley has been doing some very successful campaigning in the Sixth congressional district.

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What the Negroes Have Accomplished in Thirty Years of Freedom.

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BRIEF EDUCATIONAL HISTORY

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LA GRANGE (MO.) NEWS.

Special Correspondence to Iowa State Bystander.

Mr. Sol Glory, one of the oldest blacksmiths in the city, departed this life Wednesday.

Rev. W. A. West united in marriage Mr. John Jackson and Miss Julia Johnson, both of Palmyra, Mo.

Rev. Crews, the ex-pastor of the A. M. E. church was sent to Macon City as pastor and Rev. Sexton will take this charge for the ensuing year.

The members of the sewing circle gave an entertainment Saturday night, which was quite a success.

Prof. A. L. Stewart is in the city again visiting his wife and friends.

Mrs. Sarah Wilson is on the sick list.

CLINTON ITEMS.

Special Correspondence to Iowa State Bystander.

THE BYSTANDER should be read by every Negro in the state.

Rev. L. J. Phillips will fill the pulpit this conference year.

Rev. James Robinson of Lyons, who has been visiting Chicago has returned after a pleasant visit.

Mrs. E. Fairfax has returned from Pittsburg, Pa.

Mrs. M. Glanton and Miss Lancy visited Lyons last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Jackson, Mrs. William Dodson, Mr. James Cooper and Miss Florence, Mr. D. Green drove over to Morrison, Ill., and were guests at Whiteside Hotel.

Mrs. Hillman is quite sick.

Rev. P. D. Taylor spent Sunday in the city and preached a very impressive sermon Sunday morning at Bethel A. M. E. church.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Dayman have moved from Sterling, Ill., to this city.

For the last two weeks your correspondent has been sick.

ALBIA NEWS.

Special Correspondence to Iowa State Bystander.

Albia is not dead.

On account of my absence for the past five weeks there has not been any news from our city.

I hope that our dear readers won't think that Albia is dead.

Rev. A. Ford returned home Monday. He is packing his things to move to his appointment at Monmouth, Ill. We are sorry to see him take his departure.

There are many warm friends here to grieve his going, though we wish him much success.

Mrs. Mason and her daughter, Miss Stella, have returned to Albia to spend the winter. We are proud to have them return.

There will be a grand Farmer's Supper in honor of Rev. A. Ford and wife at the residence of G. Davis.

Miss Cora Thomas took her departure for Muchakino a few days ago.

Mrs. Mollie Ward is on the sick list.

M. H. Jones is on the sick list.

The young folks take great interest in the A. M. E. Church. They came together and planned the church in general to welcome Rev. J. P. James.

The young people will organize a young folks' social club Monday evening.

NEWTON NOTES.

Special Correspondence to Iowa State Bystander.

Miss Lettie Miller and Mesdames James Bell and Maggie Wilton have returned from Des Moines. They report a grand time.

Paul Watson and Will Fine attended the McKinley meeting at Des Moines last Friday.

Mrs. Jason Green, who has been ill, has now improved.

A swell party was given at the residence of L. Mays Saturday evening by the members of the A. M. E. Church and friends.

The number of people present was thirty-one. They prepared an elegant supper.

The presents given were as follows: Miss Emma Mays, a beautiful silver holder; Mrs. Hayes, a beautiful present; Miss Eldora Green, a beautiful ornament and picture; Miss Gen. vie Green, a picture; Mrs. George A. Brown, an elegant set of glasses; Mrs. Green gave a beautiful throw.

Mrs. Tillman gave many friends in Newton. She departed for her new work last night.

Rev. Tillman and wife are both good Christian workers. They have won many souls to Christ in our midst.

When they take up their new work, we wish them success.

Thomas Watson and three children are visiting her father in Savannah, Mo.

Charles Gray, the oldest colored man in Newton, is very ill. We hope to see Uncle Charles around again soon.

Mrs. Georgia Brown.

KEOKUK ITEMS.

Special Correspondence to Iowa State Bystander.

Rev. William, formerly of Bettel A. M. E., now stationed at Alton, visited in Keokuk last week before entering upon his new work.

Rev. Stevenson occupied the pulpit last Sunday and impressed his hearers with his eloquence.

He leaves this week for Deatur to remove his family.

Mrs. Edward Martin is in St. Louis visiting relatives.

Mrs. Minnie Scott visited her mother in St. Louis last week.

Mrs. M. Bland and daughter, Miss Lucy, spent Sunday in Chicago, the guests of Mrs. Rice.

Mrs. Henrietta Burkey has returned from an extended visit to Milwaukee, and while there was the guest of Mrs. Tom Elliott. She also visited Chicago and while there was the guest of Mrs. Rice.

Mrs. Ames Johnson and son, Wilbert, Mrs. G. C. Barister, Mrs. E. D. Bland and Miss Jessie Johnson composed a party who took passage on the steamer Mary Morton for St. Louis to enjoy the fall festivities. They returned last Friday and report a delightful time.

Miss Lida Smith spent last week in St. Louis, the guest of Miss Lena Johnson.

Mrs. C. T. Smith is convalescent.

Mrs. Will Shortridge, who has been on the sick list for some time, is improving.

Subscribers for THE IOWA STATE BYSTANDER, the only Negro Republican paper in Iowa and the only Negro journal in Des Moines. See agent at once.

OSKALOOSA NOTES.

Special Correspondence to Iowa State Bystander.

Frank Allen was called suddenly to Canton, Mo., to the bedside of his father, Wm. Allen, who is very low.

Grandmother Tolbert after a very

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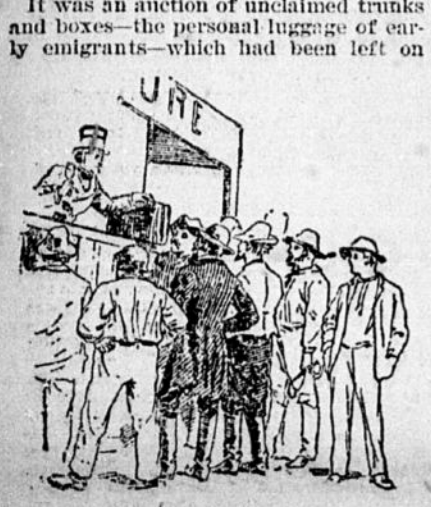
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OUT OF A TRUNK.

By Bret Harte.

It was a slightly cynical, but fairly good-humored crowd that had gathered before a warehouse on Long Wharf in San Francisco one afternoon in the summer of '51. Although the occasion was the auction, the bidders' chances more than usually hazardous and the season and locality famous for reckless speculation, there was scarcely any excitement among the bystanders, and a lazy, half-humorous curiosity seemed to have taken the place of any zeal for gain.



The Unclaimed Trunk.

storage in bulk or warehouse at San Francisco, while the owner was seeking his fortune in the mines. The difficulty and expense of transport, often obliging the gold-seeker to make part of his journey on foot, restricted him to the smallest impedimenta, and that of a kind not often found in the luggage of ordinary civilization. As a consequence, during the emigration of '49 he was apt on landing to avail himself of the invitation usually displayed on some of the doors of the rate hotels on the shore—"Rest for the Weary and Storage for Trunks." In a majority of cases he never returned to claim his stored property. Enforced absence, protracted equally by good or evil fortune, accumulated the big stores of trunks until they usually far exceeded the actual value of the goods; sickness, further emigration, or death also reduced the number of possible claimants, and that more wonderful human frailty—absolute forgetfulness of deposited possessions—combined together to leave the bulk of the property in the custodian's hands. Under an understood agreement they were always at public auction after a given time. Although the contents of some of the trunks were exposed, it was found more in keeping with the public sentiment to sell the trunks unlocked and unopened. The element of curiosity was kept up from time to time by the incautious disclosures of the lucky or unlucky purchaser, and general bidding was encouraged—except when the speculator, with the true gambler's instinct, gave no indication in his face of what was drawn in this lottery. Generally, however, some suggestion in the exterior of the trunk, a label, or some other mark, or the idea that he might be secretly present in the hope of getting his property back for less than the accumulated dues, kept up the bidding and interest.

A modest-looking, well worn portmanteau had just been put up at a small opening bid, when Harry Flint joined the crowd. The young man had arrived the week before at San Francisco friendless and penniless, and had been forced to part with his own effects to procure necessary food and lodging while looking for employment. In the irony of fate that morning the proprietors of a dry goods store, struck with his good looks and manners, had offered him a situation, and he could make himself presentable to their fair clients. Harry Flint was gazing half abstractedly, half hopefully, at the portmanteau without noticing the auctioneer's persuasive challenge.

In his abstraction he was not aware that the auctioneer's assistant was also looking at him curiously, and that possibly his dejected and half-dazed appearance had excited the attention of one of the cynical bystanders who was exchanging a few words with the assistant. He was, however, recalled to the moment later when the portmanteau was knocked down at \$15, and considerably startled when the assistant placed it at his feet with a grim smile.

"That's your property, Fowler, and I reckon you look as if you wanted it back bad."

"But—there's some mistake," stammered Flint. "I didn't bid."

"No, but Tom Flynn did for you. You see, I spotted you from the first, and told Flynn I reckoned you were one of those chaps who came back from the mines dead broke. And he up and bought your things for you—like a square man. That's Flynn's style, if he is a gambler."

"But," protested the unhappy Flint, "I never saw my property. My name isn't Fowler, and I never left anything here."

"The assistant looked at him with a grim, half-credulous, half-sneering smile. "Have it your own way," he said, "but I oughter to tell ye, old man, that 'im the warehouse man, and I reckon he's got you. I'm here for that purpose. But

man, which startled him with his marvelous resemblance to himself! In a flash of intelligence he understood it all now. It was the likeness of the former owner of the trunk, for whom the assistant had actually mistaken him! He glanced hurriedly at the envelopes of the letters. They were addressed to Shelby Fowler, the name by which the assistant had just called him. The mystery was plain now. For the present he could fairly accept his good luck and trust to later fortune to justify himself.

Transformed in his new garb, he left his lodgings to present himself early to the possible employer. His way led past one of the large gambling saloons. It was yet too early to find the dry goods trader disengaged; perhaps the consciousness of more decent, civilized garb emboldened him to mingle more freely with strangers, and he entered the saloon. He was scarcely abreast of one of the faro tables when a man suddenly leaped up with an oath and discharged a revolver full in his face. The shot missed. Before his unfeeling assailant could fire again the astonished Flint had closed with him and instinctively clutched the weapon. A brief but violent struggle ensued. Flint felt his strength failing, when suddenly a look of astonishment came into the furious eyes of his adversary and the man's grasp mechanically relaxed. The half-fired pistol thrown upward by this movement, was accidentally discharged point blank into his temple and he fell dead. No one in the crowd stirred an interest in the event. "You're done for French Pete this time, Mr. Fowler," said a voice at his elbow. He turned gaspingly and recognized his strange benefactor, Flynn. "I call you all to witness, gentlemen," continued the gambler, turning directly to the crowd, "that this man was first attacked and was unarmed."

He lifted Flint's limp and empty hands and then pointed to the dead man, who was still grasping the weapon. "Come!" He caught the half-paralyzed arm of Flint and dragged him into the street.

"But," stammered the horrified Flint, as he was borne along, "what does all this mean? What made that man attack me?"

"I reckon it was an case of shooting on sight, Mr. Fowler; but he missed it by not waiting to see if you were armed. It wasn't the square thing, and you're all right with the crowd now, whatever he might have had again you."

"I never laid eyes on the man before, and my name isn't Fowler."

Flynn halted and dragged him in a doorway. "Who the devil are you?" he asked roughly.

Briefly, passionately, almost hysterically Flint told him his scant story. An odd expression came over the gambler's face.

"Look here," he said abruptly, "I have passed the word to the crowd that you are a dead-broke miner called Fowler. I allowed that you might have had some row with that Sydney duck, Australian Pete, in the mines. That satisfied them. If I go back now and say it's a lie, that your name isn't Fowler, and you never



know who Pete was, they'll just pass you over to the police to deal with you, and wash their hands of it altogether. You may prove to the police who you are, and how that d-d clerk mistook you, but it will give you trouble. And who is there who knows who you really are?"

"No one," said Flint, with sudden hopelessness.

"And you say you're an orphan and ain't got any relations living that you're beholden to?"

"No one."

"Then take my advice and be Fowler, and stick to it! Be Fowler until Mr. Fowler turns up, and then you'll be Fowler. Fowler's life, as Pete would never have faked and lost his grit over Fowler as he did with you; and you've the right to his name."

He stopped and the same odd, superstitious look came into his dark eyes. "Well, I'll tell you. You're in the biggest streak of luck a man ever had. You've got the cards in your own hands! They spell 'Fowler.' Play Fowler first, last and all the time! Good night and good luck, Mr. Fowler."

The next morning's journal contained an account of the justifiable killing of the notorious desperado and convict, Australian Pete, by a courageous young miner by the name of Fowler. The other evening he met the friend said the Pioneer, which will go far to counteract the terrorism produced by those lawless ruffians.

In his new suit of clothes and with this paper in his hand, Flint sought the dry goods proprietor—the latter was satisfied and convinced. That morning Harry Flint began his career as salesman and as Shelby Fowler. From that day Shelby Fowler's career was one uninterrupted prosperity. Within the year he became a partner. The same mercenary fortune followed, other ventures later. He was mill owner, mine owner, bank director—a millionaire! He was popular, the reputation of his brief achievement over the desperado kept him secure from the attack of envy and rivalry. He never was confronted by the real Fowler. There was no danger of exposure by others—the one custodian of his secret, Tom Flynn, died in Nevada the year following. He had quite forgot ten his youthful partner, and even the more recent lucky portmanteau; remembered nothing, perhaps, but the pretty face of the daguerreotype that had fascinated him. There seemed to be no reason why he should not live and die as Shelby Fowler.

It took to the porter, when his eyes fell on the young lady's face. For an instant he started, and it was the face of the daguerreotype. "I beg pardon," he stammered, "but are these your initials?" she hesitated; perhaps it was the abruptness of the question, but he saw she was confused. "No," a friend's, she disappeared into another carriage, but from that moment Harry Flint knew that he had no other aim in life than to follow this clue and the beautiful girl who had dropped it. He bribed the guard at the next station, and discovered that she was going to New York. On their arrival he was ready on the platform to respectfully assist her. A few words disclosed the fact that she was a fellow-countrywoman, although residing in England and present on her way to join some friends at Harrogate. Her name was West. At the mention of his name he again fancied she looked disturbed.

They met again and again; the informality of his introduction was overlooked by her friends, as his assumed name was already known beyond California. He thought no more of his future. He was in love. He even dared to think it might be returned; but he felt he had no right to seek that knowledge until he had told her his real name and how he came to assume another's. He did so alone, scarcely a month after their first meeting. To his alarm, she burst into a flood of tears, and showed an agitation that seemed far beyond any apparent cause. What she had partly recovered she said, in a low, frightened voice:

"You are bearing my brother's name. But it was a name that the unhappy boy had so shamefully disgraced in Australia, that he abandoned it, and as he lay upon his deathbed, the last act of his wasted life was to write an imploring letter begging me to change mine too. For the infamous companion of his crime, who had first tempted him to betray him had possession of all his papers and letters, many of them from me, and was threatening to bring them to our Virginia home and expose him to our neighbors. Maddened by desperation, the miserable boy twice attempted the life of the scoundrel, and might have added that blood to his other sins had he lived. I did change my name to my mother's maiden one, left the country and have lived here to escape the revelations of that desperado should he fulfill his threat."

In a flash of recollection Flint remembered the startled look that had come into his assailant's eye after they had clinched. It was the same man who had too late realized that his antagonist was not Fowler. Thank God! you are forever safe from any exposure from that man," he said gratefully, "and the name of Fowler has never been known in San Francisco since in all respect and honor. It is for you to take back—fearlessly and alone."

She did, but not without she shared it with her husband.—Strand Magazine.

CORBETT ON EXERCISE.

He Prescribes a Regimen for Women Who Want to Be Healthy.

Mr. James J. Corbett, whose physical achievements entitle him to consideration when he speaks of exercise and training, tells what he thinks women ought to do to attain health and beauty says the New York World. He has not too high an opinion of the development of modern women, and he compares them with the women of Greece and Rome, greatly to the advantage of those ancient dames.

A cold pip is the first feature of Mr. Corbett's regimen of women. He admits that it may require some courage on the morning in winter, but he intimates that after a few trials women will become wedded to the practice. It will waken and invigorate them as nothing else can; it will clear their skin and strengthen their muscles, the great champion says.

After the cold pip he recommends some simple exercise with one-pound dumb bells to bring the muscles of the upper part of the body into action, loosen the sinews, reduce superfluous flesh and muscular tension. Then a rub down with a Turkish towel follows and the body is prepared for its day's work. Mr. Corbett also recommends hot water drink some coffee before breakfast or hot tea. Coffee bears the weight of a training and he believes also in mild milk lunches and advises the seeker after strength to drink two a day, one between breakfast and luncheon and one between luncheon and dinner. He does not add whether or not he takes this form of nourishment, but he does not believe in lawn tennis, but he does not believe in all in the way women act after they have been playing. They should not stand around often in draggats, the great man says and run the risk of taking cold, but he does not object to their rooms and take a sponge bath, followed by a vigorous rubbing down. A cold bath, he thinks should end the day.

THIS WAS MEAN.

How the Fish Dealer Spoiled the Colonel's Story.

The colonel is at all times quite testy, and he is especially sensitive on the subject of his ability as a fisherman. The other evening he met the fish dealer, and he was red in the face that the doctor was alarmed, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Hello, Colonel," he exclaimed, "what's the matter?"

"Matter enough," replied the colonel; "but you can't help me."

"Tell me, anyhow."

"You know I went fishing day before yesterday," said the colonel, "and I brought home a nice string of fish. I showed them to you?"

"Well, last night," continued the colonel, "I was telling some friends of mine about my catch, when that infernal fish and game dealer who has his miserable shop right around the corner from me, and everybody knows him, came up to me, and right before all my listeners stuck a bill before me and says: 'Excuse me, Colonel, for intruding on you, but I need the money, and if you will pay me for them fish you brought me yesterday, it will be a great favor.'

"Everybody broke out into a laugh, and before I could kick the scoundrel in two, he had slipped away, and there I was, feeling like an oolud looking it. I'm sure, and just because of that infernal fish dealer, and he'd been fishing with me too, and knew I hadn't bought anything from his measly old stand. I went around there this morning, but he couldn't be found. I'll get him one of these days, though, and when I do he'll wish he had never had fun with a sky full of chain lightning."

And the colonel jabbed his cane into the unoffending pavement, and the doctor didn't dare to smile.

PILFERINOS CEASED.

Proprietor Doctored some Lózenges and Left Them on His Desk.

He was in the habit of keeping odd cigars, chocolates and things of that sort lying around his office desk, and the clerks, messengers and office boy were in the habit of helping themselves without so much as asking the privilege. It was some time before he took any official notice of it. But of late he could scarcely turn around before everything was gone. When this freedom finally extended to the disappearance of a little box of bon-bons purchased for his wife he began to inquire into it.

"It's that boy," suggested the clerk.

"Indeed, I never teach 'em," said the boy. "Everybody what comes along bites into everything."

The next day the proprietor brought home some doctor's lozenges and went out to lunch, leaving a box half full on his desk in plain sight. About an hour after his return to the office one of the clerks in the next room came in and asked to be excused for the rest of the day on account of illness. As soon as the man had gone an investigation of the lozenge box betrayed the fact that all had disappeared. He rang his bell and the office boy appeared, pale and trembling.

"I left some lozenges on my desk at noon—I hope you're not—"

"No, sir; I didn't see 'em."

"I'm glad of that," said the employer. "Of course, you wouldn't have touched them. I was afraid that you might have done so. Not that they were of any value particularly, but because they were fixed up for cat medicine. You see—"

But Billy suddenly bolted for the door. His unceremonious exit was immediately followed by the entrance of another clerk. He was accompanied by a man friend, and both looked highly embarrassed and uneasy. Billy had rushed in upon them and told them in an awful whisper that they had all been poisoned. They manfully faced the music.

"I—wo—that is—"

"Ah, I see!" interrupted the boss. "You, too, have been eating my cat medicine." He tried to look serious, but his is not a serious nature, and he laughed instead. The young man hereof at once up.

"Then they ain't—were not poisoned? Billy says they were fixed for rats, sir. I know we oughtn't to have eaten them, but—"

"Oh, they were not exactly poisoned, but—let's see (taking out his watch)—if you'll go down to the corner drugstore and take an emetic you'll be all right in a short time."

Both young men disappeared in a twinkling, and the laughing old practical joker leaned back in his chair and lit a fresh cigar. "It is well enough not to let them off too easily," he so illoquuted. "They'd have got over it in another minute."

There are no more petty pilferings around that office. But then that office boy has never come back.

OFF WITH THE PAINT.

An Artist's Diplomatic Way of Asking His Sitter to Wash Her Face.

A young woman once went to the studio of the artist, Mr. Healy, with her face so covered with paint and powder that every characteristic line was obliterated. He was, of course, in a dilemma, says Kate Field's Washington. He could not order the girl to go and wash her face; he would lose his commission, and he was too polite a gentleman. He could not lay the same paint on canvas that there was on her face; it would not be satisfactory to the family. When the sketch was lined in, he rose from his seat, sat down beside his subject, and kindly asked her if she was feeling as well as usual. Surprised, of course, she replied that she was. "Miss Jones, you walked from your hotel, did you not?" "Yes." "And you came hurriedly upstairs without stopping to rest?" "Why, yes, of course." "Ah, yes, Miss Jones; but you see, though you may not be feverish, you have exerted yourself so severely that there is so much color in your face that I fear it would mislead me. Now, to-morrow, if you will be good, please bathe your cheeks in cool water the last thing, come in a close carriage and stop and rest yourself upon the sofa you will find on each landing. If you do that, I am sure we shall have no more trouble."

The faint flush on her face when she came the next day was perfectly natural, and did not at all retard the picture.

Scared.

The clocks of the city were pointing all the way from 1:35 to 2:15 a. m. It was, however, long past midnight.

"Who's there?" shrieked the woman in the brownstone house, upon which the electric light was shining with a garish glare as often as once around.

"I am a burglar!" responded the man who stood beside her with a pistol in his hand.

"I know better," she cried, "you can't fool me. You are my husband!"

"Can I not convince you?" he faltered.

"Never. I'll teach you to come home at this time!"—Detroit Tribune.

With or Without.

Seedy Customer, to drug clerk—Can you give me something that will stop my headache?

Drug Clerk—Certainly. I've got an excellent preparation here; something I can recommend every time; it will fix you up in good style; in fact, it's the only thing we know of that will positively cure headache. The price is fifty cents.

Seedy Customer—I was in hopes you would fix me up for nothing; I haven't got a cent.

"Then the best thing you can do, my friend, is to go home and go to bed, and take my word for it—'Se' will be all right in the morning!"—Boston News.

HERE AND THERE.

A Spaniard recently arrived in Amaca, Mexico, and secured permission to search for the buried treasure of an old baron full of coins near the foundation of the cathedral. Ramon puts the contents at \$500,000.

A schooner went ashore off the coast of Maine recently and the captain and crew abandoned her to get aid. In the meantime the schooner worked off the sandbank and sailed away, going several hundred miles before being picked up by a steamer.

A doctor who was passionately fond of cards was called to the bedside of a patient. He pulled out his watch, felt the sick man's pulse and began to count, "seven, eight, nine, ten, jack, queen, king, ace." The patient immediately burst out laughing and got well again.

A custom that has existed for several centuries is still maintained in some towns on the lower Rhine. On Easter Monday—Easter day—the town crier or clerk calls all the young people together and to the highest bidder sells the privilege of dancing with the chosen girl, and her only during the entire year. The fees flow in to the public poor-box.

Burglars lately broke into the house of an old gentleman in Paris, and after helping themselves to the silver and valuables gave him a lecture on his wickedness in hoarding up capital which belongs to society in general. The papers in telling of the robbery spoke of a bundle of securities worth 20,000 francs which the thieves had overlooked, and that night they had asked again at the house, demanded the securities and carried them off.

Professor Leslie says that water, at a depth of 362 miles, would be of the density of quicksilver, and that at a depth of only thirty-four miles would be as thick and heavy as water. It is true that we are ignorant of the laws of compression beyond a depth of a paltry few thousand feet, but it is believed that water at the center of the earth would be as dense as lead, and that a block of steel four feet square would be reduced to the size of a child's ABC book.

ALLEGED WITTCISMS.

She—When will you call and see papa. He, nervously—I don't know. When will he be out?

What, going to make a tour of Africa? Why, man, it's 100 degrees in the shade there. "Well, suppose it is; it's not dangerous for me to travel in the shade, is it?"

Wool—I didn't take any vacation this year; I didn't need one. Van Pelt—but you worked hard, didn't you? Wool—Yes, but you see I saved myself a good deal by not taking any last year.

Ethel—Here is the loveliest housecoat that I bought for Tom, and he doesn't seem to care for it the least bit. Clara—I can tell you how to make him value it above everything. Ethel—Oh, how. Clara—Tell him that you have given it away to some poor man.

She had met him for the first time that evening at a function, and half an hour or so later, when some of the party rather doubted a story he had told, he appealed to her. "You don't think I'd tell a lie, do you?" he asked in a somewhat tender strain. "Well," she replied cautiously, "I don't know. What business are you in?"

"I wonder," said Mr. Wedderford, "if there is anything in the theory that sunlight will cure baldness? I have half a notion to try it." "I don't believe there is anything in it," responded Mrs. Wedderford. "You have been right in the glare of the footlights for more than ten years, and the closer you sit the bolder you get."

Rev. Dr. Fourthly, accompanied by Mrs. Fourthly, was making a pastoral call at the Schackelford dwelling, and had unconsciously prolonged his stay until the afternoon sun was low in the sky and Tommy Shackelford had begun to grow hungry. Burning with righteously indignation and moved by a strong sense of national self-interest, Tommy strode into the parlor.

"Maw," he said, in a high-pitched voice, "you'd better get a gait on you. If paw comes home and finds 'app'r ain't ready again he'll raise the darndest row you ever went through anywhere!"

HISTORICAL DATA.

The first newspaper was published in the English language.

The Egyptian alphabet is said to have been invented B. C. 1022.

Painting in both oil and water colors was known in Egypt 1900 B. C.

The first recorded eclipse of the moon was observed at Babylon B. C. 721.

Do You Wish the Finest Bread and Cake?

It is conceded that the Royal Baking Powder is the purest and strongest of all the baking powders.

The purest baking powder makes the finest, sweetest, most delicious food.

The strongest baking powder makes the lightest food. That baking powder which is both purest and strongest makes the most digestible and wholesome food.

Why should not every housekeeper avail herself of the baking powder which will give her the best food with the least trouble?

Dr. Haines, of Rush Medical College, Consulting Chemist of the Chicago Board of Health, says: "Royal is not only the purest, but the strongest baking powder with which I am acquainted."

AFFAIRS ABROAD.

One-third of the women in France are farm laborers.

In Italy thirty out of every 10,000 people die by the knife of the assassin.

The estimated cost of the new Jura-Simplon tunnel through the Simplon, Switzerland, is \$11,000,000.

A movement is on foot to drain the delta of the Danube and restore it to its condition of five centuries ago, when it was covered with forests and fertile fields.

A plant in Sumatra called the Raflesia Arnoldi is said to bear the largest flower in the world. Some of the largest are thirty-nine inches in diameter, and the central cup will hold six quarts of water.

T. B. Adams of Newport, England, recently deceased, has bequeathed £30,000 to be devoted to teaching practical and theoretical agriculture to men and youths, and the knowledge of dairying and housekeeping to women and girls.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one direct disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

A Necessary Revision.

Hiland—On account of the dry weather the "Keep off the Grass" signs will have to be taken out of the parks and repainted.

Hakket—Why?

Hiland—They should be made to read "Keep off the Hay."

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Use our safe and reliable remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not honesty and good nature.—Montaigne.

Johnson's Single Corn Salve.

Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for the price inside.

A leading New York throat specialist says that "the best chest protector is worn on the sole of the foot."

Keegan's Cough Syrup with Glycerine.

Cure Croup, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, etc. C. S. Keegan, 100 West 4th St., New York, N. Y.

It wasn't for the folks in this world the rest of us would have a hard time getting along.

Karl's Clover Root Tea.

The great blood purifier, cures redness and clears the complexion and cures Constipation. 25c, 50c, 60c.

It would bankrupt heaven for angels to give company that some church pillars consider good.

"A Cup of Park's" Tea at night moves the bowels in the morning."

The more your enemy hates you, the hotter fire will your kindness kindle on his head.

The sweetest apples make the sourest cider.

KNOWLEDGE.

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Makes a Big Difference.

Mr. Timmnd—How would a girl feel if she received a proposal by letter?

"Friend—if she didn't care for you she'd feel insulted."

"I'm well—er—suppose she did care for me?"

"She'd say 'yes' by telegraph."

THIS AND THAT.

During the tenth century no woman was allowed to appear at church without a veil.

Before storing honey in trees, bees will clean the tree of all rotten wood and a refuse.

The oldest guide at Niagara falls declares that women are more courageous than men.

The Greeks had a female deity named Hygeia, whose duty it was to keep the babies well.

A woman over eighty years old has been arrested in New York on a charge of having set fire to her store.

There was an "irony of fate" in the destruction by fire of the plant of a "fire proof construction company" in New Jersey.

In Africa Mumbo Jumbo is an un-gallant god, who comes once a year to fog the women who have been trying to run the village.

Willie Jones of Girardville, Pa., having lost his shin bones by blood-poisoning, has been supplied by a surgeon with new ones of India rubber.

You don't have to hunt far to find a licking.

A pretty man is the last thing to envy.

BUDS, Society buds, young women just entering the doors of society, or even a good, require the wisest care. To be beautiful and charming is fairly must have perfect health, with all it implies—a clear complexion, bright eyes and good spirits. At this delicate time, the system is especially sensitive, and many nervous troubles, which crop up through life, have their origin at this time. If these be

WOMAN'S ILLS.

Mrs. W. R. Bates, of 215 North, Tremont Co., Ohio, writes:

"A few years ago I took Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which has been a great benefit to me. I am now an excellent health."

I hope that every woman who is troubled with "women's ills" will try the "Prescription" and be benefited as I have been.

Married Lajaps.

Send 10c for Royal Baking Powder by mail. Address: Emporium, 215 North 2nd St., OXFORD MFG. CO., 222 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

MAILED FREE.

to any Farmer or Farmer's Wife.

"UP TO DATE DAIRING"

containing full instruction how to secure Higher Grade Products, make

MORE BUTTER—BETTER PRICE.

and with Less Labor and More Money.

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THE NORMANDY (FRANCE) SYSTEM, DANISH DAIRY SYSTEM AND ELGIN SEPARATOR SYSTEM.

Write for the Valuable Information, Model FREE on application. Kindly send address of neighboring farmers who own cows. Address: R. LEPPINASSIE, 246 W. La St., Illinois Dairy Association, CHICAGO.

W. L. DOUGLAS'S \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

\$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH CALF, \$4.50. THE CALF-KICKER, \$3.50. POLICE, 3 SOLES, \$2.50. WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE, \$2.15. BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES, \$1.75. LADIES' \$3.25. \$2.15. GINGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing Douglas's shoes. W. L. Douglas is the largest manufacturer of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantees their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profit. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value than any other make. Make a substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

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Use ST. JACOBS OIL FOR RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, SCIATIC, AND all the World Knows the CURE is SURE.

