

Iowa State Bystander.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE AFRICAN-AMERICAN PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION OF IOWA.

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

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Communications must be written on one side of the paper only and be of interest to the public. "Brevity is the soul of wit," remember.

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

The Afro-Americans of Massachusetts pay taxes on \$9,001,122 worth of property.

The teller of the sub-treasury in San Francisco is an Afro-American named A. Damas Jones. He has held the position for over nine years.

It is not every alderman who can serve ten years or less at the magnificent salary of about \$99 per year and retire with a competence.

Coon river water without filtering is a poor man's luxury in Des Moines. It smelted badly and was full of dirt nearly all summer, but a "chemist" said it was not impure.

Wall street capitalists are now busily engaged in taking the \$500,000 in gold out of the back door of the United States treasury preparatory to buying the next bond issue. Great is Democracy.

This is the first time the Democratic party has had entire charge of the affairs of the government since 1860. The two events are worthy of careful comparison by those Afro-Americans who want a divided vote.

All respectable men and newspapers have ceased to make war on Miss Ida B. Wells and Frederick Douglass, and are doing all in their power to relieve the suffering of colored citizens at the hands of southern rebels and Democrats.

"To him that hath shall be given; he shall have abundance, but he that hath not it shall be taken away that which he seemeth to have." The foregoing will be offered in committee of the whole at the next meeting of the city council.

The operation of lynch law and mob violence is spreading rapidly. The past week several white men have been taken from prison and summarily dealt with by mobs. If it is not stopped it will soon know no section or race. Mob rule is working out its own destiny.

The city council is very generous this year and has given away some of the city's real estate and now the street railway company wants a baggage privilege. Of course it wanted it for the "better accommodation of the dear people," not for its own remuneration. Give them a ninety-nine year grant.

A friend of this paper says it is "too young to die." Don't worry or lose any sleep about this paper. The men who started this paper had visible means of support before they started, and at no time in their lives were they fed by the hand of charity. They have always been willing to do honest labor for their existence.

Mr. Gompers, ex-president of the Federation of Labor, received a salary of \$5,000 per annum and \$100 for each lecture he delivered. The colored men and women who are organizing anti-lynching societies do not receive a dollar. But they do occasionally receive something for their lectures. The members of the Federation of Labor do not question Mr. Gompers' fidelity to the cause of labor.

Appeal: DuBis, an Afro-American who was one of the commencement orators at Harvard, class of '90, has been elected professor of ancient languages at Wilberforce University, Ohio. He took honors at the high school in Massachusetts, took the Fisk University course at Nashville, Tenn., then went to Harvard, where he tutored, lectured and won prizes, and so got through. He has just returned from the famous Berlin University, where he earned the Ph. D.

The editor of the Davenport Democrat, Tillinghast, in a recent search for noted Davenporters found a man by the name of John H. Warricks, who is now 72 years of age. He is a barber and has the honor of shaving such great men as Henry Clay, Booth, the famous actor, was an acquaintance of Edgar Allan Poe, the mysterious yet famous author of Poe's "Raven," together with many other noted Americans. Mr. Warricks is cultured and dignified.

Savannah Tribune: The election laws of South Carolina have been in effect for the past twelve years, and after the defeat of Senator Butler for reelection by ex-Governor Tillman, he just found out that they are unconstitutional, and is taking steps to have them tested. Butler claims that these laws were enacted for the purpose of "keeping the Negro down." It is truly said that whatever a man sows he will eventually reap; thus the Tillmans are making Butler and his gang swallow some of the dose that have been given to our people in that state, since these laws were in effect.

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MULTUM IN PARVO.

The first shipment of iron ore from the United States to Europe was made in 1608.

A red-haired girl of the name of Helbrand has been discovered in Eastern Maine.

During the first three months of last year not a single passenger and only one employe was killed on railroads in Great Britain.

One hundred and eighty-six islands of the Thousand Islands group, in the St. Lawrence aggregating 250 acres, were sold this season.

Brickmakers are now proposing to make brick of all colors by mixing many materials.

A Chinaman's pigtail caused the death of his owner at Northfield, Ore., a few days ago.

A young man who had no previous experience in raising pigs invested about \$1,000 in erecting houses in a village on the Hudson eighteen months ago.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Love always weeps when it has to whip.

Spare moments are the gold dust of time.

Love never bestows a burden that is heavy.

Birds with bright plumage are seldom fat.

Law wears iron shoes, and don't care where it steps.

There is no use in talking any higher than we live.

One symptom of backsliding is a lack of thankfulness.

There are no real strong people in the world but good people.

True merit is like a river, the deeper it is the less noise it makes.

A man acquires more glory by defending than by abusing others.

The truth we hate the most is the truth that hits us the hardest.

There is no work so humble that faithfulness in it will not be noticed and rewarded.

An envious man repines at his neighbor's life as much as though he supported him.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh.

The Practical Side of its last ode, have you?

"I think I have. It seems to me he last owed me \$10."

Subscribe Now For The Des Moines, Iowa, Twice-a-Week News, 50 cents a year.

On July 6 the earth is further away from the sun than at any other time of the year.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Hox's Cure for Consumption.

An infidel is a man who builds a house without windows and then blames God because he has to live in the dark.

I is a great deal easier for some people to pray for the preacher than it is to do their part toward his support.

Banking on the insolvency basis is apt to have its trials.

Apprehension crawls into the cellar to look at the sun.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refining and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package.

He paused, wiped his forehead, and went on.

IN THE EVERGLADES

HAT day of the month and year is it?" "May 8, 1890." "Is it possible? So I have been here in this dreary region less than fifteen months. It seems a century! I must leave soon. My mind is clearer this evening.

Albert. Memory is at work. I can recall—my God! what does it mean?"

Albert Giovanni leaned over his sick friend until their eyes met.

"It means, Leon, that death is even now grinning at your elbow! I knew that before you passed away reason would resume her throne and that you would suffer great mental torture as a punishment of sin and crime."

The sick man made no answer. He lay perfectly still, his eyes gradually assuming a look of agony as a tide of memory swept through his erstwhile clouded brain.

Outside the rain was softly falling; a gust of wind now and then shook the door and windows of the cabin.

It was a rude structure made of rough pine boards running up and down, with mud and stick chimney at one end. The one room was nearly devoid of furniture.

The occupants were in keeping with their surroundings. The sick man lay on a pallet, at one side of which was a table containing vials of medicine, including a curiously shaped bottle partially filled with a white powder, and at the other a bed similar to the one he occupied.

He looked like a college professor just from a German university with his dark glittering eyes and his hair falling in unkempt locks around his shoulders.

Quiet and self-contained, there was that about him which disclosed that his capacity for love or hate was unbounded.

Sitting upright in the bed, Arnosi said feebly but resolutely: "Tell me everything—everything!"

"With pleasure. Fourteen months ago, Arnosi, you, a leader in New York society, member of the most popular city club, courted for your handsome face, the glass of fashion and the mold of form, suddenly disappeared.

"Dr. Albert Giovanni, the celebrated physician, the famous savant, also disappeared exactly at the same time. The New York dailies printed columns about us, the magazines published various theories, reporters and



detectives vainly searched for us; and to this hour our disappearance is one of the mysteries of the metropolis, never, perhaps, to be explained.

One of the papers that employed a corps of detectives to find us gave the key to it in a little eight-line item stating that the lovely Marie Gordon, step-sister to Dr. Giovanni, had lost her mind, and was to be sent to a private sanitarium in the interior of Florida.

"I was in the hope that a change of scene and climate might restore mental and physical health."

"Arnosi, you broke her heart, wrecked her life! The love that I would have given the wealth of the world to win—sacrificed honor—aye, even life itself to possess—you threw aside as a child would cast away a broken toy! I loved her secretly, it is true, yet none the less passionately, and when she told me that she could love no one but you, even though you spurned her affection, I swore to avenge her. From that moment I hated you. I determined to ruin you peculiarly, destroy your reason, and finish your life."

"My hobby in my profession was the concoctions of poisons and the study of their operation. I prepared a subtle powder, which, when administered, saps reason, destroys vitality, and stealthily carries its victim to the grave, defying detection in the event of a medical investigation being made."

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"My revenge is complete. Your death is only a question of hours, perhaps minutes. I have given you daily a dose of that white powder—pointing to the curiously shaped bottle—and it has fulfilled the mission I created it to perform."

Arnosi still sat upright in his pallet staring at Giovanni, grasping his meaning little by little, while drops of sweat rolled down his face.

"And Marie?" he whispered. "She is dead. The institution in which she was confined is not far from here. She escaped from it and perished in the everglades."

A strange smile crossed Leon's face. "You lie—murderer! Mario still lives. Listen!"

The sound of some one singing floated to the cabin from the lake. Giovanni started; a look of terror came into his eyes.

"What is it?" "Marie! It is her voice before, but never so near the hut. Listen!"

Giovanni listened an instant, then, darting from the hut with a cry of terror, disappeared in the jungle.

Left alone, Arnosi still sat upright, his eyes fastened on the lake. Near and nearer came the voice. Another instant and a light skiff came in sight, seemingly dancing on the bosom of the water.

In the frail craft, standing erect, a paddle in her hand, was a young girl, who, thinly and fantastically clad, with sprays of Spanish moss floating around her, her hair streaming down her shoulders, and a crown of white lilies on her brow, appeared like an inhabitant of this waste when it existed at the preglacial time rather than a human being of to-day.

Arnosi had strength enough left to strike on the windows with his hand. She observed the signal. Mooring the skiff, she sprang on the beach and ran up to the cabin. She recognized Arnosi, bounded to him, knelt by his side, and flung her wasted arms about his neck without uttering a word.

"Forgive me, Marie!" he whispered. "Perhaps at that moment reason was restored to the darkened mind. But if so, the excess of joy was too much. The rain pattered on the roof of the hut, the wind swayed the open door to and fro, but the two figures clasped in each other's arms never stirred. Soon darkness enveloped them as in a shroud."

In October of that year a party of hunters who chanced to wander into that quarter of the everglades found three dead bodies—two in the hut and one outside. A rusty pistol lay near the latter, indicating suicide; but who they were or how they came in that dreary waste the hunters could only conjecture.

Moved by a human instinct they hollowed out a rude grave, and placed the remains in it. Then they went their way.

RUN TO EARTH.

How the Great Detectives Seize Upon the Evil-Doers.

"Officer Sleuth," said the great chief of the Western city, "what report have you to make on your murder case?"

"Sleuth—Arrested a woman and locked her up, sir."

"Ha, good! Any clues?" "Took a file of officers in and told her her husband had given the whole thing away."

"Ah, ah! Did she show any confusion?"

"Yes, indeed! Said she was confused to know what he gave away, who he gave it to, and why the fool man didn't sell it."

"And did she show any concern?"

"Yes, sir; said she had only \$1 in her pocket, but if we wanted that—"

"Anything further?"

"Then we ran her husband down in his place of business."

"Was he started?"

"Very much. Wanted to know what it meant."

"Well?"

"We locked him up and told him his wife had given the whole thing away."

"Was he confused?"

"Not a bit. Said we lied; that his wife was too blank stinky to give anything away."

"Well?"

"We told him she confessed that he murdered the man—"

"Hah! Then he confessed?"

"Yes! Said he was ready to confess that—"

"Good! Good! Go on, sir."

"We were the most disgusting and pig-headed lot of idiots he had ever met."

"And you learned nothing from either about the murder?"

"Nothing."

"Not the faintest clue?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"And what are you now doing?"

"We have imprisoned both of them on suspicion."

"Good! Keep a close watch on them. We are on the right track! Make them confess if possible!"

GLADSTONE SPEAKS.

Strongly Arraigns the Sultan for Armenian Outrages.

LONDON, Dec. 31.—In an address to a deputation from the Anglo-Armenian association on his birthday, Gladstone said that it was not their duty to assume that all the allegations of outrages were true, but rather to await the result of the inquiry which had been instituted.

However, he said, the published accounts pointed strongly to the conclusion that the outrages, sins and abominations committed in 1876 in Bulgaria had been repeated in 1894 in Armenia. If this were true it was time that there should be one general shout of execration against these deeds of wickedness from outraged humanity.

If the facts were established, it should be written in letters of iron upon the records of the world that a government which could be guilty of countenancing and covering up such atrocities was a disgrace to Mahomet, the prophet, a disgrace to civilization at large, and a disgrace to mankind.

Mr. Gladstone, continuing, said: "Don't let me be told that one nation has no authority over another. Every nation, aye, every human being, has authority in behalf of humanity and justice." He had been silent, he said, because he had full confidence that the government knew its duty.

If the allegations made should prove true, it was time that the execration of humanity should force itself upon the ears of the sultan of Turkey and make him sensible of the madness of such a course as was being pursued.

Mr. Gladstone spoke for a quarter of an hour.

IOWA PATENT OFFICE REPORT.

The interference, Tilden vs. Lee, heard in the U. S. Patent Office at Washington, D. C., on the 11th inst., has been decided in favor of Tilden, of Des Moines. He made a machine in 1891 to facilitate the sowing of coarse and fine broom corn as required for making brooms.

The machine was advantageously operated in the Mount Broom Factory, and is a "Hurl" Stermer and Sorter. Lee obtained a patent for the same invention in 1892. Tilden filed an application for a patent in June, 1893, and has proven beyond a doubt that he is the first original inventor, as required to invalidate Lee's patent and to secure a pioneer patent for his pioneer invention.

Printed copies of the drawings and specifications of any one patent sent to any address for 25 cents. Valuable information for inventors free. THOMAS G. AND J. RALPH ORWIG, Solicitors of Patents, Des Moines, Dec. 31, 94.

HOTEL BURNS.

Seventeen People Supposed to Be in the Ruins.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 2.—The Delavan House has burned to the ground. Hundreds of people were in the hotel at the time and many narrow escapes occurred. All of the guests escaped, although some were injured by jumping, but the remains of seventeen of the employes of the house are supposed to be in the ruins.

Final Up Desperadoes.

GUTHRIE, Okla., Jan. 4.—Two star desperadoes of Oklahoma territory have been run to the ground. Before they died they fought their pursuers and seriously wounded one of them. The outlaws are Bob Moore and George East, both of whom are suspected of having been implicated in the Canadian, Texas, express robbery and the killing of Sheriff McGee.

THE LEGISLATURES.

MAINE. Augusta, Jan. 4.—Governor Cleaves was inaugurated yesterday for the second time. Senator Frye has been renominated.

NEW HAMPSHIRE. Concord, Jan. 4.—Governor Hushiel was inaugurated yesterday.

MASSACHUSETTS. Boston, Jan. 4.—Governor Greenbaige was inaugurated yesterday. This is his second term.

NEBRASKA. Lincoln, Jan. 4.—Silas A. Holcomb was inducted into the office of governor yesterday.

MISSOURI. Jefferson City, Jan. 4.—The republicans have organized the house.

NEBRASKA. Lincoln, Jan. 3.—The republican caucus nominated John M. Thurston for senator.

NEBRASKA. Denver, Jan. 3.—The republicans have renominated Senator Wolcott.

MICHIGAN. Lansing, Jan. 3.—Republicans nominated Senator McMillan.

Lansing, Jan. 4.—Congressman Burrows has been nominated to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Stockbridge.

NEW MEXICO. Santa Fe, Jan. 3.—House is in a deadlock.

CONGRESS.

SENATE—Washington, Jan. 3.—Quay introduced an amendment to the urgent deficiency bill, amending the tariff law by striking out all provision for an income tax and substituting a new wooden schedule, including a duty on raw wool. Morgan addressed the senate on the Nicaragua canal.

HOUSE—House went into committee of the whole on the currency bill. Black of Georgia, McCrea of Buckner spoke in favor of the bill, and Haugen and Adams opposed it.

Talmage to Preach in New York. NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, who twice rebuilt the Brooklyn Tabernacle during his pastorate of twenty-five years, announces that beginning January 6 he will hold services and preach every Sunday at the Academy of Music, this city.

Dr. Talmage said further that the arrangements he has made to preach in New York are of a permanent nature. The style of music and singing for the new venture will be conducted after the regulations of the Congregational Church.

Natural Gas Supply Runs Short. PORTLAND, Ind., Dec. 31.—Many consumers of natural gas in eastern Indiana are to-day shivering with cold on account of the great scarcity of that article in this city.

The supply is very short. The opinion prevails here that with the heavy draft on the field to supply Dayton, Lima, Indianapolis, Chicago, and other large cities, the Indiana field will soon follow in the footsteps of the Ohio field and be exhausted.

Natural Gas Inspector Jordan, of Indiana, in his report just made to the governor, takes a gloomy view of the future prospects of the field.

Royal Baking Powder advertisement. You can make better food with Royal Baking Powder. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Lighter, sweeter, more wholesome. 108 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

BITS OF BANTER.

Lick—Hello, Jim. Where do you work now? Jim—Work? What yer workin' us? I don't work. I'm a plumber's helper, I am.

First Citizen—So he punched your head? Second Ditto, with his head bound up—Oh, yes, rather. First Citizen—But did nothing come of it? Second Ditto—Nothing come of it? Why, look at my head.

Tommy—Paw, the teacher, told us to-day that if a man kept on telling lies he would soon find himself stealing. Is that so? Mr. Figg—Mebbe so. Many a man has got himself into the city council by telling lies.

"Yes," said the girl who makes collections, "it is one of the best autographs I have in my collection." "But are you sure it is genuine?" "Positive. I cut it from a telegram that his wife received from him with my own hands."

The lady was making some remarks about the kind of clothing some other ladies at church had on. "The finest garment a woman can wear," said her husband, "is the mite of charity." "Yes," she snapped, "and it's about the only one some husbands want their wives to wear."

To California in a Tourist Steeper. The Burlington Route's Personally Conducted Excursions to the Pacific Coast are just the thing for people of moderate means.

Thursday morning. Through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without change. Experienced Excursion Managers and uniformed Pullman porters in charge. Second class tickets accepted. Cars are carpeted and upholstered and have spring seats and backs, mattresses, blankets, curtains, pillows, towels, etc.

Only \$60 from Chicago and \$30 from Omaha for a double berth, wide enough and big enough for two. The route is over the "Scenic Line of the World," through Denver, Salt Lake City and Sacramento. You can do so at Burlington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Albia, Osceola, Alton or Omaha. Write for information and illustrated excursion folder. J. P. LANCHE, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

This is the season that begets the vocal surrus—"Shut the door."

SHREDS AND REMNANTS.

Famine killed 600,000 Europeans in 450.

Wisconsin is to have a druggists' insurance company.

While turning a double somersault a Boston athlete fell and broke his neck.

Fish sausage, made of fresh haddock, is the latest addition made to the German bill of fare.

Medic's circulating library in London has 3,500,000 books constantly in circulation and employs 175 people.

Fort Garland, Col., is believed to be the driest spot in the United States. The rainfall is only six inches a year.

The annual rainfall in the Atlantic states is 36 inches; in the Southern, 55; in the Western, 26; in the Pacific, 62.

The heaviest rain ever recorded in Great Britain was in Argyle, December 7, 1863—seven inches in twenty-four hours.

Siberian peasants clean, starch and dry the skin of the turbot for leather bags and as a substitute for glass window panes.

The mean temperature of Missouri is 55 degrees; of Illinois, 52; of Iowa, 46; of Kansas, 53; of Arkansas, 60; of Maine, 43; of Texas, 74.

A guardian of the peace of Gardner, Mo., was recently found asleep by a townsman, who handcuffed him and relieved him of his valuables.

The Fifth avenue Presbyterian church of New York supports three large missions, and another at a cost of \$100,000 is being erected in a destitute part of the city.

Awful Threat. "You are right in it," remarked the while to Jonah.

"You bet I am in it," was the answer. "And what is more, I'll am not out of it in less than a week. I'll give you the biggest case of appendicitis on record."

The sequel is history.

Great Rock Island Route Playing Cards.

If you send 15 cents in stamps or coin to JNO. SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. R. I. & P. R. Y., Chicago, you will receive postpaid the slickest pack of playing cards ever handled.

Beautiful steel engraved Whist Rules accompany them free.

The organ grinder drags melody down to the gutters.

Get Up a Club. To any person sending us six new subscribers for a twice-a-week News we will send a copy free one year. The News, Des Moines, Iowa.

The earth is thirty-two times larger than the moon.

If the Baby is Crying Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children's Teething.

Women have sense enough to admire brains more than looks.

Hegeman's Glycerine Ice-cream with Glycerine. Cakes, Creams, Pies, etc. C. O. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

Men are most nearly right when they admit they are wrong.

Hanson's Magic Corn Salve. Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 5 cents.

Extravagance begets temptation and temptation crime.

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

There is no wisdom in having a man to watch a bank who believes that stealing chickens is right.

Sanitary smokers are not addicted to drug-store cigars.

Taking the world over, there are 109 women to every 100 men.

Pretty faces bring big prices in the fool's market.

For twenty years folks all over the world have cured rheumatism, neuralgia, and all other pains and aches by using St. Jacobs Oil.

There must be something in it, for you couldn't fool all the people for so many years.

Weak Mothers

and all women who are nursing babies, derive almost inconceivable benefits from the nourishing properties of Scott's Emulsion.

RARE AND READABLE.

People never think of whistling in Iceland. It is a violation of the divine law.

Portland, Me., is the winter port for all Canada, which sends out and receives over \$50,000,000 worth of goods every winter.

The outcome of a libel suit the supreme court of Brooklyn has under consideration, turns on the meaning of the word "bunco."

A five-cent restaurant for women, opened some time ago in Boston, has proved quite as great a success as those for men usually are.

In A. D. 43 the Nile failed to rise because of the lack of rain in the heart of Africa, the crops failed and over 1,000,000 people perished in Egypt.

A Rockledge, Fla., farmer discovered a tramp asleep in his barn. He sent for the town marshal to have the man arrested, but when the tramp was being questioned it was discovered that he was a long lost brother of the farmer.

A New York man who had just married received a present of a set of window fasteners from a manufacturer, who was presently astonished to see him come back seeking to exchange them for a cheaper kind and get the difference in money.

Worship in Japan is a simple affair. In many of the temples the chief feature is a looking-glass emblematic of purity of soul. Near it is a font of water in which the worshiper washes on entering. He then prays before the glass, drops a few coppers into a box and rings a bell three times as he goes out.

Claude Wetmore who has been banished from Hawaii for trying to set up a revolution for the restoration of the monarchy, was an unknown Pittsburg reporter who received a bonus of \$200 and an offer to join its staff from a New York newspaper which he served by being the first reporter to get into Johnston, Pa., after the flood. He went to New York and was a flat failure, but unless his subsequent methods have been altered he has managed to get hold of a pot of ex-Chicago Lil's money.

Dairying in Nebraska.

Is a profitable industry. The grasses found there are excellent and abundant. Suitable land can be bought at the lowest prices and on easy terms. Write to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, C. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill. for detailed information.

Artistic merit, like eloquence, never needs a clause.

Great Rock Island Route Playing Cards.

LOCAL NEWS.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1895. Read our Ads. every week for good Bargains by first-class houses. Mary Lewis is on the sick list. Miss Carrie Jett is on the sick list. The baby of Mrs. and Mrs. G. Lewis is ill. Chas. Lewis was on the sick list this week. Peter Hodlin is again laid up with tonsillitis. Mrs. George Cleggett's little child is very sick. Mrs. Clay Lewis is improving from her recent illness. Miss Sarah Porter visited in Kansas City during the holidays. Mrs. J. D. Carter and Miss Anna Smith visited Muchakineok this week. Mrs. Lydia Baker has returned to Savannah, Mo., after several days attendance upon her sick son, Riley Bell. Mrs. Peter Bell, of Menlo, Iowa, has been visiting relatives and friends in this city, returned to her home Thursday. Randall Woods, father of Mrs. Riley Bell, and James Woods, who has been at the home of his daughter for several days, returned home Thursday. THE IOWA STATE BYSTANDER will be found on sale at the barber shop of Thurman Brown, on Fourth street, and also at T. E. Barton's shop on the corner of Fifth and Locust streets. Salem Hampton left for his home in Texas after a pleasant visit with his relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Bell, whom he had not seen for over fifty years. He is a great uncle of A. L. Bell, the lawyer. Mr. Henry Craven has entire charge of the city circulation of THE IOWA STATE BYSTANDER and he is now actively engaged in the work. He will call on every family in the city for subscriptions and also upon those who desire to pay. All entertainments, festivals, concerts, etc., for which an admission fee is charged will hereafter receive notice in this paper at the rate of 5 cents per line. We make a decided reduction from our regular rates. Benefit entertainments for the poor and needy will be advertised free. The cantata of "Queen Esther" given at Oskaloosa was a financial and artistic success. The opera house was crowded and the performers distinguished themselves in the rendition of their several parts. The leading white papers of the city gave excellent accounts of the play and the people generally attended and were well pleased. R. N. Hyde is the proud possessor of thoroughbred colts, one a Guy Wilkes and the other a Chestnut Wilkes. While each is in its second year the greatest degree of speed has been shown. The Chestnut Wilkes colt is the only one in the state. Horse flesh is very valuable property when backed up by a standard breeding and it is to be hoped that Mr. Hyde will be successful in raising the colts to horses and in making a barrel of money. The literary program rendered by the East Side Baptist church literary society Thursday evening was a pronounced success. Those who appeared on the program did exceedingly well. Mr. M. N. Bell is president of the society and we look forward to great advancement being made in literary attainments. Following are the names of some of those who will appear next Thursday evening: Rev. Caston, address: Blanche Renix, recitation; Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Brown, duet; Edna Johnson, recitation; Blanche Renix, solo. The H. B. S. R. C. met with Mrs. Birney 1112 Center street, with president in the chair. After the installation of officers a good program was carried out. After an excellent lunch which was served by the hostess assisted by Miss Ethel Stewart and Miss Sarah Topson, the circle adjourned to meet with Mrs. Brown at 1112 Center street, where the following program will be rendered: General History, Mrs. Stewart; U. S. History, Mrs. Palmer; Questions, Mesdames Warlick, Wilburn and Williamson; Select Reading, Mrs. Denny; A Historical sketch, Mrs. Wilburn. Thursday evening a very pleasant social was given in the parlors of the A. M. E. Church under the supervision of Miss Zella Davis. The title of the entertainment was a "Pig Tail Social." Considerable curiosity was aroused by this announcement and many wondered what it meant. It was an agreeable surprise. The casual appendage of many pigs or hogs or swineverous quadrupeds were served in the most enticing way and the faces of the diners shown like new silver dollars as they asked for a napkin. The last word Mr. Geo. Burnham said, as he reached the door, was "have you got any more pig tails?" NOTICE. Does any of our readers know of the whereabouts of Steve Martin, who twelve years ago was employed in a Des Moines bank? His sister, who is now Mrs. Sarah Borrass, of 312 West Third street, Leadville, Colorado, wishes to find him. SHOES, SHOES, SHOES. Buy your shoes of Harris & Land, 608 Walnut street. Women's \$2 shoes at \$1.50, and \$3 shoes at \$2.50. Men's \$3 shoes at \$2.50, and \$2.50 shoes at \$2. All honest, good goods. Now is your chance to save some money, as they wish to make room for spring stock.

AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

Father and Mother Bell, of Fremont Street, Overwhelmed With Joy. The Return of a Brother of Mrs. Bell After an Absence of Half a Century - A Short Sketch or Narrative. Another page has been turned in the history of the Hampton family. This time Salem Hampton, brother of Mother Bell, of East Ninth and Fremont streets, put in an appearance at her home, after an absence of half a century. Think of the joy and anxiety occasioned by such a meeting. That which was least expected has become the most true, and the old, yet cherished, couple are brought to enjoy great happiness in their declining years. As it was no unusual thing fifty years ago for colored people to be cruelly separated by the hand of slavery, it is not difficult for those acquainted with slave history to readily understand the situation. Families were bought, sold or exchanged at will, and brothers, sisters, fathers or mothers taken from the parental roof perhaps never to again meet on earth. To this end could be accounted the separation of Father and Mother Bell and Salem Hampton fifty years ago, computed by seventy and eighty years, to learn of each other's whereabouts a correspondence was effected between other members of the family, which led to locating Mr. Hampton in Taylor, Texas, where he and his family, consisting of a wife, three boys and two girls, reside. By economy and industry he has acquired over 500 acres of land and is a progressive farmer. The boys assist in farming the land, while the daughters, both of whom are well educated and accomplished, are school teachers. This is indeed a good showing. Father and Mother Bell have a nice home and received Mr. Hampton with due civility. The right kind of timber seems to have been predominant, as the family have made a most excellent showing. Mr. Hampton spent a very pleasant visit and is greatly impressed by peerless Iowa and her people. SOCIAL FUNCTIONS. The announcement that the ladies of Naomi Court No. 3 would receive callers on New Year's day, was read with delight by many. Everything was tastefully arranged for the reception. James Bros., furnished delightful music for the occasion and the ladies had choice refreshments. The large Masonic hall was crowded from the beginning to the ending of the reception. The following names were added to the list: Mesdames Thomas McDaniels, Gertrude Poindexter, Walter Birney, Carrie Reeler, Alex Wilburn and J. F. Blagburn. The ladies are known as the most of conversationalists and entertainers, and on this occasion they all seemed in the very best of humor and started off the new year with happiness and vivacity that we hope will continue for the next twelve months. Cards were exchanged, new acquaintances formed and friends united, which is a good omen for the beginning of the year 1895. At the pleasant home of Mrs. M. L. Astin were entertained on the evening of January 3, 1895, about thirty guests. The hostess omitted no care to make the evening one to be remembered. An old-fashioned candy pulling was the feature of the evening's entertainment. The young people cast aside the cares of the world and entered into the spirit of the season. There were many private dinners given at the pleasant and happy homes of Des Moines people in all parts of the city, and we only hope that the year which has had such happy commencement may continue throughout the present year only to begin anew on January 1, 1896, with renewed vigor. A NIGHT OFF. There will be a grand musical entertainment given by Fireman Fred Jackson at Wagner's hall, Thursday, January 10. Among other features there will be a soul-stirring "Rescue scene" at promptly 12 o'clock, which promises to be something never before witnessed by the public. Prof. Thayer's fall orchestra will furnish the music. Come and have a good time. Admission 75 cents. The Young Men's Social Club met at the home of Charles Woods New Year's day. An organization was effected by the election of the following officers: President, Herbert Jacobs; vice president, James Emanuel; secretary, J. E. Smith; treasurer, J. M. Fletcher. Refreshments were served by Mr. and Mrs. Woods in a very neat and appropriate manner. The guests departed for their homes pleased with their entertainment and wishing for a return of such happy occasions. The question for debate at the A. M. E. literary society next Tuesday evening will be: "Resolved, That the Flag of the United States does not protect all of its citizens alike." This subject will be discussed by some of the best talent in the city. It is hoped that there will be a large attendance and that all will come early. The Young Men's Congress meets at the East Side Baptist church Thursday evening. There is much interest manifested in this society and the attendance is large. John D. Reeler is in the city. Conversation Flagged. An American girl, on being asked by a certain pompous and self-satisfied Lord Somebody-or-other among what people she had met the most perfect, polished, and cultured gentlemen, replied shortly: "Among the British nobility, my lord." "Yes," said the questioner, beamingly, "I felt very sure you would so reply, and among what people have you encountered the exact reverse, if I may ask?" "Among the British nobility, my lord," answered the lady without hesitation. Whereupon the conversation flagged. Argonaut. Tale of a New York Cat. A New York cat had quite an experience the other day. It was sitting on a fourth story window sill, when the window was closed behind it, leaving it in its perilous position. Its cries brought to the neighborhood all the cats in the vicinity, and they sat on the pavement looking up at their quondam companion, mingling their cries with hers. When she was finally rescued her claws were found deeply buried in the old and half-rotten

A TURNED-DOWN PAGE.

There's a turned down page, as some writer says. In every human life - A hidden story of happier days - Of scenes and scenes that were not - A love dream faded, crushed - The sight of a face that is not forgot - Although the voice be hushed. The far distant sounds of a harp's soft strings, An echo on the air; The hidden page may be full of such things, Of things that once were fair. There's a hidden page in each life, and mine A story might unfold; But the best part of the dream divine - I better rests unrolled. - J. E. Bennett. MRS. LEIGH'S GOVERNESS. A Story of the Problems of Modern Society. BY HELEN J. THORNTON. It was a cruel moment when Grace Contenry, after her change of fortune, first met her former rival, the rich and haughty Miss Marlowe. They had been long hours fighting down her miser. "Yes, there was no doubt," she said to herself. "Only the closest intimacy, only an approaching marriage, could explain her tone and manner: it was that of ownership; and his was that of only too willing service." And Leigh said to herself: "How I despise myself, for being affected by it all." The next day broke more sultry than ever. Mrs. Leigh, who was a kind-hearted woman in her way, noticed Grace's exhausted air, and, attributing the heat and the confusion of her room, suggested that the children should take a holiday. "They look a little peaked, poor things, themselves," she said. "I have been promising them a picnic all summer, down on Briery beach. Suppose you all bundle off together, in the donkey cart, and have your picnic. I will have a nice lunch put up for you. The road for most of the way lies through shady lanes. You will be the better for it, my dear, yourself." They had gone about a mile, and were slowly climbing a sandy hill, Grace driving, and the two little girls were sitting in the donkey cart. She was the highest spirit, when suddenly a pedestrian came out from the woods on the right, and, springing nimbly down the bank, was going in the opposite direction, when "Little May" called aloud: "Don't you know me, Mr. - Mr. -" She pointed to the little girl who lost her penny yesterday in the village, and you were the kind gentleman to find it for me." Grace would have given the world if the child had not spoken, for she had recognized again, only too well, that tall, thin form and that free, swinging step. She could not help exclaiming: "He was hurrying away, and now this voracious child has called him back; he will think I whispered to her to do it, and he and his bride will jeer at me all the more." Stuyvesant Mortimer turned at May's call, and coming up to the cart, with a quick step he said, holding out his hand to the child: "Why, so it is, absolutely my little fairy, but now disconsolate no longer. We are going on quite an expedition, too, aren't we? A picnic, or something like it?" Grace's whole body was a quiver of nerves. She sat half averted, apparently absorbed in studying her right hand, which held the reins. "Oh, yes," answered May, "on a picnic. And we're going to have such a jolly time. Don't you wish you were coming, too?" With a hearty sympathetic laugh, "Jolly times are not so frequent with me, I assure you, that I can afford to miss a chance of one. But will Miss - Miss - I beg pardon for not knowing her name - allow me - Good God! it is Grace herself!" Up to this moment he had been so courteous, so kind, so generous, so full of a vague idea that there was a governess sitting next to her; but who the governess was or even if she were pretty, he had no thought. But now, as he looked up, rather expecting to see some sour-visaged, middle-aged spinster, he beheld the sweet, downcast profile of the girl whom he had once touched his hand, and who was now looking at the more lovely because of her half-mourning dress and the traces of sorrow and suffering on her face. Hence the broken ejaculations with which he checked the reins, and the question he had been about half sportively to utter. His hat, too, was off in a moment. He looked so eager, so astonished, so glad, so rapturous, all in succession, that Grace, who had turned to him coldly at first, was herself astonished, and - shall we say it? - stirred also to her inmost heart. For what could it mean? Was it possible there had been some terrible mistake? Surely that look, the passionate emotion of the voice, were not counterfeit! Her head swam, and she thought she would faint. "Miss Contenry," said Mortimer, observing her agitation, and not uttering a word more, "I see that you have been seeking you for months - ever since my return from Europe, indeed, May - I - and the pleading tones of his voice were eloquence itself - "do in earnest what I proposed just now in jest? May I join you? I'll give me a chance at least to explain. The vilest criminal is allowed that. Afterward, if you say so, I will go away - forever." He did not wait for a reply in words. He had always been masterful, and Grace felt the old spell on her. She made no objection, therefore, when he went to the donkey's head, and, muttering something about "helping it to the hill," took it by the bridle and led it to the top of the ascent. Her heart was in such a flutter that she could not have spoken if she had tried. Of course she was with great difficulty, and that before long. The beach was only a short quarter of a mile off, on the declivity of the hill below, and when the children, shoeless and stockingless, and with many a merry shout, were dabbling in the water, he drew Grace's arm within his own, and told his story, as he passed to and fro on the sands, with her by his side. At first she had been cold, even haughty; for, after her surprise was over, she told herself that there could have been no mistake, that he was false to the core - that he was only, even now, seeking to amuse himself. But when he drew her arm within his own, when he looked at her with that small, but yet his story in his frank, yet impassioned way, she broke

at once down, and would have fallen into his arms if it had not been for the children playing so near. As it was, the tears rolled along her cheeks, and her eyes emphasized the low whisper in which she begged forgiveness for having wronged him, as when things seemed so pronounced against him. "When your father failed and died," he said, for we tell his story in his own words, though less disjointed by his own, "my impulse was to fly at once. But as I was not an accepted lover - as I did not know, indeed, whether I ever would be - your manner now makes me fear I have, and never had, but little hope for - I had to wait the customary conventional period, before calling on you. Meantime, I thought it my duty to tell my father that I loved you, and that I intended to tell you so the first moment I saw you. I had expected some opposition. But I was surprised at the extent of it. My father, alas! good as he was to me, worthy as he was in most respects, had that excessive love of money which so many successful bankers acquire. He was desirous that I should marry an heiress. Rumor had once linked my name with that of Miss Marlowe, but I had never seriously thought of her. In fact, after I saw you, at that first Patriarch's ball - oh, shall I ever forget it! - I knew there was but one woman in the whole world that I could ever love. Stay, do not shake your head. Hear me out. I owed something, even you must admit, to my father. I was bound by duty, in some degree, at least. Well, my father, after a stormy interview, proposed a compromise. If I went to you, he said he would never forgive me. He did not believe in my affection; it was only a youthful fancy, were his words; as for you, he had understood, from your father, that an alliance for you had been settled elsewhere. False, you say? Thank you for the words. They are the first kind ones - do you know? - you have spoken to me. My father, then, had been misled. But it staggered me. Ah! you say there was some ground for it, your father had really wished you to marry him. And you would have nothing to do with it? Bless you again. Oh, had I only known that! Finally, my father, as I have said, promised that, if I would go abroad for two years, giving my word of honor not to see you or write to you, he would let me do as I pleased. I consented to his wish, if I still said I loved you. He urged that this was not much for him to ask, as he had always been a good parent to me, which, God knows, with emotion, "he was. Thus entreated, for he fairly begged now with tears in his eyes, I consented. Perhaps I did wrong. I have often thought I did. No? You never would have married me, you say, against my father's wishes? You would have torn me from your heart first? Does that mean, with a cry of joy, "that you will marry me now? Oh, Grace, if you will only have me, if you will only realize how much I love you! I went abroad. But my father relented, at the end of the first year, and I was coming home when I heard of his death. Since that time I have searched everywhere for you. But you had disappeared - lost to your old world completely; no clue of you was left. Yet you say that, three days ago, you met Miss Marlowe, and that you are sure she knew you? That she saw you again, yesterday? Why, it was only then that, for the twentieth time, that I was telling her of my anxiety to find you. In love with her? My manner? Ah, if you would only believe, whom I do love." All this so earnestly that Grace felt she had mistaken his manner, through her own sensitiveness, no doubt; for, after all, could a gentleman refuse an invitation from a lady? And when he accepted, ought he not to accept graciously? "So you really," he went on, "impetuously, catching her eye now, "forgive me all, at last, Oh, dearest!" The little romance," as Mrs. Leigh persisted in calling it, of Grace and Mortimer, made a great sensation at Seavergo and in New York. "It was quite a bit out of a story book," as the dowager, Mrs. Goldendrop, said. "It is like a fairy tale," said little May. "Yes, it's better than even Cinderella," added the other sister; and she danced, in irrepressible glee, up and down the school room. "And he's a bully fellow!" low - he gave me his pocket-knife, chimed in Master Jack, proudly displaying one with something like 20 blades. "Almost the only one who thought or spoke otherwise was Miss Marlowe. She had tried in vain to conceal her chagrin, but her efforts to entrap Mortimer had been too palpable, and, to escape the sarcastic condemnation of her "hundred and one" society friends, she was forced to go abroad, departing in time to avoid the wedding-day of Mortimer and Mrs. Leigh's governess. Luck. "If the face in the moon Wear a frown - alas! Luck will be poor till the moon shall pass. If the face in the moon Wear a smile - why, then, Luck will be good, till it frowns again." So runs a verse That I used to say; I have learned it, since, in another way. "If a face be marred By a frown - alas! Luck will be poor till the frown shall pass! If a smile be bright With a face - why, then, Luck will be good till it frowns again." If the first be true 'Twould be hard to say; But the last, if you, You can prove each day. - Wide Awakes. How a Newspaper Is Made. The most novel fair ever held in the world will be opened next fall by the New York Press club to raise funds to enable it to erect a commodious club house. The work of the fair will be the introduction of a complete newspaper office. A large share of the space will be given up to this. In one portion of the space visitors may see type being made. A complete pressroom, with foot presses running, will also be seen. Students will make plates and the papers from them. The editorial rooms will be complete and gorgeous. An editor-in-chief editorial writers, managing editor, city editor, reporters, and special writers will be employed, just the same as on a big daily. Special wires will carry into the fair the news of the world. An elaborate composing room with capable printers, will be employed to set up the news. Agents will be out soliciting advertisements, and the mail and business offices will be as complete as any in the world. In fact, the place is to show visitors how a newspaper is made from the casting of the type to the moment the newspapers get the damp papers from the press. It is calculated to make \$100,000 out of the venture. - New York Letter.

at once down, and would have fallen into his arms if it had not been for the children playing so near. As it was, the tears rolled along her cheeks, and her eyes emphasized the low whisper in which she begged forgiveness for having wronged him, as when things seemed so pronounced against him. "When your father failed and died," he said, for we tell his story in his own words, though less disjointed by his own, "my impulse was to fly at once. But as I was not an accepted lover - as I did not know, indeed, whether I ever would be - your manner now makes me fear I have, and never had, but little hope for - I had to wait the customary conventional period, before calling on you. Meantime, I thought it my duty to tell my father that I loved you, and that I intended to tell you so the first moment I saw you. I had expected some opposition. But I was surprised at the extent of it. 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